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DON QUIXOTE
OF LA MANCHA



THE HISTORY OF
THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE
OF LA MANCHA

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH

BY

P. A. MOTTEUX



VOLUME THIRD

Edinburgh
JOHN GRANT

1908

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Designed and Etched by Ad. Lalauze.

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

BLESS me! reader, gentle or simple, or whatever you be, how impatiently by this time must you expect this Preface, supposing it to be nothing but revengeful invectives against the author of the* *second* Don Quixote. But I must beg your pardon; for I shall say no more of him than every body says, that Tordesillas is the place where he was begotten, and Tarragona the place where he was born; and though it be universally said, that even a worm, when trod upon, will turn again, yet I am resolved for once to cross the proverb. You perhaps now would have me call him coxcomb, fool, and madman; but I am of another mind, and so let his folly be its own punishment. But there is something which I cannot so silently pass over; he is pleased to upbraid me with my age; indeed, had it been in the power of man to stop the career of time, I would not have suffered the old gentleman to have laid his fingers on me. Then he reflectingly tells me of the loss of one of my hands, as if that maim had been got in a scandalous or drunken quarrel in some tavern, and not upon the most memorable † occasion that either past or present ages have beheld, and which, perhaps, futurity will

* A person, who wrote himself a native of Tordesillas, published an impertinent book by that name, printed at Tarragona, while our author was preparing his second part for the press.—See Appendix, Note 1.

† The battle of Lepanto.

never parallel. If my wounds do not redound to my honour in the thoughts of some of those that look upon them, they will at least secure me the esteem of those that know how they were gotten. A soldier makes a nobler figure as he lies bleeding in the bed of honour, than safe in an inglorious flight; and I am so far from being ashamed of the loss of my hand, that were it possible to recal the same opportunity, I should think my wounds but a small price for the glory of sharing in that prodigious action. The scars in a soldier's face and breast are the stars that by a laudable imitation guide others to the port of honour and glory. Besides, it is not the hand, but the understanding of a man, that may be said to write; and those years that he is pleased to quarrel with, always improve the latter.

I am not wholly insensible of his epithets of ignorant and envious, but I take heaven to witness, I never was acquainted with any branch of envy beyond a sacred, generous, and ingenuous emulation, which could never engage me to abuse a clergyman, especially if made the more reverend by a post in the inquisition; and if any such person thinks himself affronted, as that author seems to hint, he is mightily mistaken; for I have a veneration for his parts,* admire his works, and have an awful regard for the efficacious virtue of his office.

I must return this fine dogmatical gentleman my hearty thanks for his criticism upon my novels: he is pleased very judiciously to say, that they have more

* He means Lopez de Vega.

of satire than of morality; and yet owns, that the novels are good. Now I thought that if a thing was good, it must be so in every respect.

Methinks, reader, I hear you blame me for shewing so little resentment, and using him so gently; but pray consider, it is not good to bear too hard upon a man that is so over-modest and so much in affliction: for certainly this must needs be a miserable soul; he has not the face, poor man! to appear in public, but conscious of his wretched circumstances, conceals his name, and counterfeits his country as if he had committed treason, or some other punishable crime, Well then, if ever you should happen to fall into his company, pray in pity tell him from me, that I have not the least quarrel in the world with him: for I am not ignorant of the temptations of Satan; and of all hisimps, the scribbling devil is the most irresistible. When that demon has got into a man's head, he takes the possession for inspiration, and, full of his false ability, falls slapdash to writing and publishing, which gets him as much fame from the world as he has money from the booksellers, and as little money from the booksellers as he has fame from the world. But if he won't believe what you say, and you be disposed to be merry, pray tell him this story—

Once upon a time there was a madman in Seville that hit upon one of the prettiest out-of-the-way whims that ever madman in this world was possessed withal. He gets him a hollow cane, small at one end, and catching hold of a dog in the street, or anywhere else, he clapped his foot on one of the cur's

legs, and holding up his hind-legs in his hand, he fitted his cane to the dog's back-side, and blew him up as round as a ball: then giving him a thump or two on the guts, and turning to the bye-standers, who are always a great many upon such occasions: "Well, gentlemen," said he, "what do you think, is it such an easy matter to blow up a dog?" And what think you, sir, is it such an easy matter to write a book? but if this picture be not like him, pray, honest reader, tell him this other story of a dog and a madman.

There was a madman at Cordova, who made it his business to carry about the streets, upon his head, a huge stone of a pretty conscionable weight; and whenever he met with a dog without a master, especially such a surly cur as would stalk up to his nose, he very fairly dropped his load all at once, souse upon him: the poor beast would howl, and growl, and clapping his tail between his legs, limped away without so much as looking behind him, for two or three streets length at least. The madman, mightily pleased with his new device, served every dog, that had courage to look him in the face, with the same sauce; till one day it was his fortune to meet with a sportsman's dog, a cap-maker by trade, though that is neither here nor there. The dog was mightily valued by his master, but that was more than the madman knew; so slap went the stone upon the poor dog. The animal being almost crushed to death, set up his throat, and yelped most piteously: in-somuch that his master, knowing it was his dog by

the howl, runs out, and, touched with the injury, whips up a stick that was at hand, lets drive at the madman, and belabours him to some purpose, crying out at every blow, "You son of a bitch, abuse my spaniel! You inhuman rascal, did not you know that my dog was a spaniel?" and so thwacked the poor lunatic, till he had not a whole bone in his skin. At last he crawled from under his clutches, and it was a whole month before he could lick himself whole again. Nevertheless out he came once more with his invention, and heavier than the former; but coming by the same dog again, though he had a month's mind to give him the other dab, yet recollecting himself, and shrugging up his shoulders; "No," quoth he, "I must have a care, this dog is a spaniel." In short, all dogs he met, whether mastiffs or hounds, were downright spaniels to him ever after. Now the moral of the fable is this: this author's wit is the madman's stone, and it is likely he will be cautious how he lets it fall for the future.

One word more, and I have done with him. Pray tell the mighty man, that as to his menaces of taking the bread out of my mouth, I shall only answer him with a piece of an old song, *God prosper long our noble king, Our lives and safeties all*,*—and so peace be with him. Long live the great Conde de Lemos, whose humanity and celebrated liberality sustain me under the most severe blows of fortune! and may the eminent charity of the Cardinal of Toledo, make an eternal monument to his fame! Had I never pub-

* See Appendix, Note 2.

lished a word, and were as many books published against me, as there are letters in Mingo Revulgo's poems; yet the bounty of these two princes, that have taken charge of me, without any soliciting, or adulation, were sufficient in my favour; and I think myself richer and greater in their esteem, than I would in any profitable honour that can be purchased at the ordinary rate of advancement. The indigent men may attain their favour, but the vicious cannot. Poverty may partly eclipse a gentleman, but cannot totally obscure him; and those glimmerings of ingenuity that peep through the chinks of a narrow fortune, have always gained the esteem of the truly noble and generous spirits.

Now, reader, I have done with him and you. Only give me leave to tell you, that this Second Part of Don Quixote, which I now present you, is cut by the same hand, and of the same piece with the first. Here you have the knight once more fitted out, and at last brought to his death, and fairly laid in his grave; that nobody may presume to raise any more stories of him. He has committed extravagances enough already, he is sorry for it and that is sufficient. Too much of one thing clogs the appetite, but scarcity makes everything go down.

I forgot to tell you, that my Persiles is almost finished, and expects to kiss your hands in a little time; and the second part of the Galatea will shortly put in for the same honour.

THE
LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS
OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THE CURATE, THE BARBER,
AND DON QUIXOTE, CONCERNING HIS INDISPOSITION.

CID HAMET BENENGELI relates in the Second Part of this History, and Don Quixote's third sally, that the curate and the barber were almost a whole month without giving him a visit, lest, calling to mind his former extravagances, he might take occasion to renew them. However, they failed not every day to see his niece and his house-keeper, whom they charged to treat and cherish him with great care, and to give him such diet as might be most proper to cheer his heart, and comfort his brain, whence, in all likelihood, his disorder wholly proceeded. They answered, that they did so, and would continue it to their utmost power; the rather, because they observed, that sometimes he seemed to be in his right senses. This news was very welcome to the curate and the barber, who looked on this amendment as an effect of their contrivance in bringing him

home in the enchanted waggon, as it is recorded in the last chapter of the first part of this most important, and no less punctual history. Thereupon they resolved to give him a visit, and make trial themselves of the progress of a cure, which they thought almost impossible. They also agreed not to speak a word of knight-errantry, lest they should endanger a wound so lately closed, and so tender. In short, they went to see him, and found him sitting up in his bed, in a waistcoat of green baise, and a red Toledo cap on his head; but the poor gentleman was so withered and wasted, that he looked like a mere mummy. He received them very civilly, and when they inquired of his health, gave them an account of his condition, expressing himself very handsomely, and with a great deal of judgment. After they had discoursed a while of several matters, they fell at last on state affairs and forms of government, correcting this grievance, and condemning that, reforming one custom, rejecting another, and establishing new laws, as if they had been the Lycurguses or Solons of the age, till they had refined and new modelled the commonwealth at such a rate, that they seemed to have clapped it into a forge, and drawn it out wholly different from

what it was before. Don Quixote reasoned with so much discretion on every subject that his two visitors now undoubtedly believed him in his right senses.

His niece and house-keeper were present at these discourses, and, hearing him give so many marks of sound understanding, thought they could never return heaven sufficient thanks for so extraordinary a blessing. But the curate, who wondered at this strange amendment, being resolved to try whether Don Quixote was perfectly recovered, thought fit to alter the resolution he had taken to avoid entering into any discourse of knight-errantry, and therefore began to talk to him of news, and, among the rest, that it was credibly reported at court, that the Grand Seignior was advancing with a vast army, and nobody knew where the tempest would fall; that all Christendom was alarmed, as it used to be almost every year; and that the king was providing for the security of the coasts of Sicily and Naples, and the island of Malta. "His majesty," said Don Quixote, "acts the part of a most prudent warrior, in putting his dominions betimes in a posture of defence, for by that precaution he prevents the surprises of the enemy; but yet, if my counsel were to be taken in this matter, I would advise

another sort of preparation, which, I fancy, his majesty little thinks of at present.”—“Now heaven assist thee, poor Don Quixote,” said the curate to himself, hearing this, “I am afraid thou art now tumbling from the top of thy madness to the very bottom of simplicity.” Thereupon the barber, who had presently made the same reflection, desired Don Quixote to communicate to them this mighty project of his; “for,” said he, “who knows but, after all, it may be one of those that ought only to find a place in the list of impertinent admonitions usually given to princes.”—“No, good Mr Trimmer,” answered Don Quixote, “my projects are not impertinent, but highly advisable.”—“I meant no harm in what I said, sir;” replied the barber, “only we generally find most of those projects that are offered to the king, are either impracticable or whimsical, or tend to the detriment of the king or kingdom.”—“But mine,” said Don Quixote, “is neither impossible nor ridiculous; far from that, it is the most easy, the most thoroughly weighed, and the most concise, that ever can be devised by man.”—“Methinks you are too long before you let us know it, sir,” said the curate. “To deal freely with you,” replied Don Quixote, “I should be loth to tell it you here now, and have it

reach the ear of some privy-counsellor tomorrow, and so afterwards see the fruit of my invention reaped by somebody else.”—“As for me,” said the barber, “I give you my word here, and in the face of heaven, never to tell it, either to king, queen, rook,* pawn, or knight, or any earthly man, an oath I learned out of the romance of the Curate, in the preface of which he tells the king who it was that robbed him of his hundred doubloons, and his ambling mule.”—“I know nothing of the story,” said Don Quixote, “but I have reason to be satisfied with the oath, because I am confident Master Barber is an honest man.”—“Though he were not,” said the curate, “I will be his surety in this matter, and will engage for him, that he shall no more speak of it, than if he were dumb, under what penalty you please.”—“And who shall answer for you, Master Curate?” answered Don Quixote. “My profession,” replied the curate, “which binds me to secrecy.”—“Body of me then!” cried Don Quixote, “what has the king to do more, but to cause public proclamation to be made, enjoining all the knights-errant that are dispersed in this kingdom, to make their personal appearance at court, upon a certain day?

* In allusion to the game of Chess, so common then in Spain.

For though but half a dozen should meet, there may be some one among them, who, even alone, might be able to destroy the whole united force of Turkey. For pray observe well what I say, gentlemen, and take me along with ye. Do you look upon it as a new thing for one knight-errant alone to rout an army of two hundred thousand men, with as much ease as if all of them joined together had but one throat, or weremade of sugar-paste? You know how many histories are full of these wonders. Were but the renowned Don Belianis living now, with a vengeance on me, (for I will curse nobody else,) or some knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul, and he met with these Turks, what a woful condition would they be in! However, I hope providence will in pity look down upon his people, and raise up, if not so prevalent a champion as those of former ages, at least, some one who may perhaps rival them in courage; heaven knows my meaning; I say no more.”—“Alas!” said the niece, hearing this, “I will lay my life my uncle has still a hankering after knight-errantry.”—“I will die a knight-errant,” cried Don Quixote, “and so let the Turks land where they please, how they please, and when they please, and with all the forces they can muster; once more I say, heaven

knows my meaning.”—“Gentlemen,” said the barber, “I beg leave to tell you a short story of somewhat that happened at Seville; indeed it falls out as pat as if it had been made for our present purpose, and so I have a great mind to tell it.” Don Quixote gave consent, the curate and the rest of the company were willing to hear; and thus the barber begun:—

“A certain person being distracted, was put into the mad-house at Seville, by his relations. He had studied the civil law, and taken his degrees at Ossuna, though, had he taken them at Salamanca, many are of opinion that he would have been mad too. After he had lived some years in this confinement, he was pleased to fancy himself in his right senses, and, upon this conceit, wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him, with great earnestness, and all the colour of reason imaginable, to release him out of his misery by his authority, since, by the mercy of heaven, he was wholly freed from any disorder in his mind; only his relations, he said, kept him in still to enjoy his estate, and designed, in spite of truth, to have him mad to his dying day. The archbishop, persuaded by many letters which he wrote to him on that subject, all penned with sense and judgment, ordered one of his chaplains to inquire of the

governor of the house, into the truth of the matter, and also to discourse with the party, that he might set him at large, in case he found him free from distraction. Thereupon the chaplain went, and having asked the governor what condition the graduate was in, was answered that he was still mad; that sometimes, indeed, he would talk like a man of excellent sense, but presently after he would relapse into his former extravagances, which, at least, balanced all his rational talk, as he himself might find if he pleased to discourse him. The chaplain, being resolved to make the experiment, went to the madman, and conversed with him above an hour, and in all that time could not perceive the least disorder in his brain; far from that, he delivered himself with so much sedateness, and gave such direct and pertinent answers to every question, that the chaplain was obliged to believe him sound in his understanding; nay, he went so far as to make a plausible complaint against his keeper, alleging, that, for the lucre of those presents which his relations sent him, he represented him to those who came to see him, as one who was still distracted, and had only now and then lucid intervals; but that, after all, his greatest enemy was his estate, the possession of which

his relations being unwilling to resign, they would not acknowledge the mercy of heaven, that had once more made him a rational creature. In short, he pleaded in such a manner, that the keeper was suspected, his relations were censured as covetous and unnatural, and he himself was thought master of so much sense, that the chaplain resolved to take him along with him, that the archbishop might be able to satisfy himself of the truth of the whole business. In order to this, the credulous chaplain desired the governor to give the graduate the habit which he had brought with him at his first coming. The governor used all the arguments which he thought might dissuade the chaplain from his design, assuring him that the man was still frantic and disordered in his brain. But he could not prevail with him to leave the madman there any longer, and therefore was forced to comply with the archbishop's order, and returned the man his habit, which was neat and decent.

“Having now put off his madman's weeds, and finding himself in the garb of rational creatures, he begged of the chaplain, for charity's sake, to permit him to take leave of his late companions in affliction. The chaplain told him he would bear him company,

having a mind to see the mad folks in the house. So they went up stairs, and with them some other people that stood by. Presently the graduate came to a kind of a cage, where lay a man that was outrageously mad, though at that instant still and quiet; and addressing himself to him, 'Brother,' said he, 'have you any service to command me? I am just going to my own house, thanks be to heaven, which of its infinite goodness and mercy, has restored me to my senses. Be of good comfort, and put your trust in the Father of Wisdom, who will, I hope, be as merciful to you as he has been to me. I will be sure to send you some choice victuals, which I would have you eat by all means; for I must needs tell you, that I have reason to imagine from my own experience, that all our madness proceeds from keeping our stomachs empty of food, and our brains full of wind. Take heart then, my friend, and be cheerful; for this desponding in misfortunes impairs our health, and hurries us to the grave.' Just over against that room lay another madman, who having listened with an envious attention to all this discourse, starts up from an old mat on which he lay stark naked; 'Who is that,' cried he aloud, 'that is going away so well recovered and so wise?'—

‘It is I, brother, that am going,’ replied the graduate; ‘I have now no need to stay here any longer; for which blessing I can never cease to return my humble and hearty thanks to the infinite goodness of Heaven.’—‘Doctor,’ quoth the madman, ‘have a care what you say, and let not the devil delude you. Stir not a foot, but keep snug in your old lodging, and save yourself the cursed vexation of being brought back to your kennel.’—‘Nay,’ answered the other, ‘I will warrant you there will be no occasion for my coming hither again,* I know I am perfectly well.’—‘You well!’ cried the madman, ‘we shall soon see that.—Farewell, but by the sovereign Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, for this very crime alone that Seville has committed in setting thee at large, affirming, that thou art sound in thy intellects, I will take such a severe revenge on the whole city, that it shall be remembered with terror from age to age, for ever and aye; Amen. Dost thou not know, my poor brainless thing in a gown, that this is in my power? I that am the thundering Jove, that grasp in my hands the red-hot bolts

* In the original, *tornar a ander estationes*: i. e. to visit the station-churches again: Certain churches, with indulgences, appointed to be visited, either for pardon of sins, or for procuring blessings. Madmen, probably in their lucid intervals, were obliged to this exercise.

of heaven, with which I keep the threatened world in awe, and might reduce it all to ashes? But stay, I will commute the fiery punishment, which this ignorant town deserves, into another: I will only shut up the flood-gates of the skies, so that there shall not fall a drop of rain upon this city, nor on all the neighbouring country round about it, for three years together, to begin from the very moment that gives date to this my inviolable execration. Thou free! thou well, and in thy senses! and I here mad, distempered, and confined! By my thunder, I will no more indulge the town with rain, than I would hang myself.' As every one there was attentive to these loud and frantic threats, the graduate turned to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand; 'Sir,' said he, 'let not that madman's threats trouble you. Never mind him; for, if he be Jupiter, and will not let it rain, I am Neptune, the parent and god of the waters, and it shall rain as often as I please, wherever necessity shall require it.'—'However,' answered the chaplain, 'good Mr Neptune, it is not convenient to provoke Mr Jupiter; therefore be pleased to stay here a little longer, and some other time, at convenient leisure, I may chance to find a better opportunity to wait on you and bring

you away.' The keeper and the rest of the company could not forbear laughing, which put the chaplain almost out of countenance. In short, Mr Neptune was disrobed again, stayed where he was, and there is an end of the story."

"Well, Master Barber," said Don Quixote, "and this is your tale which you said came so pat to the present purpose, that you could not forbear telling it? Ah, Goodman Cut-beard, Goodman Cut-beard! how blind must he be that cannot see through a sieve! Is it possible your pragmatistical worship should not know that the comparisons made between wit and wit, courage and courage, beauty and beauty, birth and birth, are always odious and ill taken? I am not Neptune, the god of the waters, good Master Barber: neither do I pretend to set up for a wise man when I am not so. All I aim at, is only to make the world sensible how much they are to blame, in not labouring to revive those most happy times, in which the order of knight-errantry was in its full glory. But indeed, this degenerate age of ours is unworthy the enjoyment of so great a happiness, which former ages could boast, when knights-errant took upon themselves the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels,

the relief of orphans, the punishment of pride and oppression, and the reward of humility. Most of your knights, now-a-days, keep a greater rustling with their sumptuous garments of damask, gold brocade, and other costly stuffs, than with the coats of mail, which they should glory to wear. No knight now will lie on the hard ground in the open field, exposed to the injurious air, from head to foot inclosed in ponderous armour. Where are those now, who, without taking their feet out of the stirrups, and only leaning on their lances, like the knights-errant of old, strive to disappoint invading sleep, rather than indulge it? Where is that knight, who, having first traversed a spacious forest, climbed up a steep mountain, and journeyed over a dismal barren shore, washed by a turbulent tempestuous sea, and finding on the brink a little skiff, destitute of sails, oars, mast, or any kind of tackling, is yet so bold as to throw himself into the boat with an undaunted resolution, and resign himself to the implacable billows of the main, that now mount him to the skies, and then hurry him down to the most profound recesses of the waters; till, with his insuperable courage, surmounting at last the hurricane, even in its greatest fury, he finds himself above three

thousand leagues from the place where he first embarked, and, leaping ashore in a remote and unknown region, meets with adventures that deserve to be recorded, not only on parchment but on Corinthian brass? But now, alas! sloth and effeminacy triumph over vigilance and labour; idleness over industry; vice over virtue; arrogance over valour, and the theory of arms over the practice, that true practice, which only lived and flourished in those golden days, and among those professors of chivalry. For, where shall we hear of a knight more valiant and more honourable than the renowned Amadis de Gaul? Who more discreet than Palmerin of England? Who more affable and complaisant than Tirante the White? Who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? Who more cut and hacked, or a greater cutter and hacker, than Don Belianis? Who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? Who more daring than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? Who more sincere than Esplandian? Who more courteous than Ciriongilio of Thrace? Who more brave than Rodomont? Who more prudent than King Sobrino? Who more desperate than Rinaldo? Who more invincible than Orlando? And who more agreeable or more affable than Rogero, from whom, (according to Turpin in

his cosmography) the Dukes of Ferrara are descended? All these champions, Master Curate, and a great many more that I could mention, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry: Now, such as these are the men I would advise the king to employ; by which means his majesty would be effectually served, and freed from a vast expense, and the Turk would tear his very beard for madness. For my part, I do not design to stay where I am, because the chaplain will not fetch me out; though, if Jupiter, as Master Barber said, will send no rain, here stands one that will, and can rain, when he pleases. This I say, that Goodman Basin here may know I understand his meaning.”—“Truly, good sir,” said the barber, “I meant no ill; heaven is my witness, my intent was good: and therefore I hope your worship will take nothing amiss.”—“Whether I ought to take it amiss or no,” replied Don Quixote, “is best known to myself.”—“Well,” said the curate, “I have hardly spoken a word yet; and before I go, I would gladly be eased of a scruple, which Don Quixote’s words have started within me, and which grates and gnaws my conscience.”—“Master Curate may be free with me in greater matters,” said Don Quixote, “and so may well tell his

scruple ; for it is no pleasure to have a burden upon one's conscience."—"With your leave then, sir," said the curate, "I must tell you, that I can by no means prevail with myself to believe, that all this multitude of knights-errant, which your worship has mentioned, were ever real men of this world, and true substantial flesh and blood ; but rather, that whatever is said of them, is all fable and fiction, lies and dreams, related by men rather half asleep than awake."—"This is indeed another mistake," said Don Quixote, "into which many have been led, who do not believe there ever were any of those knights in the world. And in several companies, I have many times had occasion to vindicate that manifest truth from the almost universal error, that is entertained to its prejudice. Sometimes my success has not been answerable to the goodness of my cause, though at others it has ; being supported on the shoulders of truth, which is so apparent, that I dare almost say, I have seen Amadis de Gaul with these very eyes. He was a tall comely personage, of a good and lively complexion, his beard well ordered though black, his aspect at once awful and affable : a man of few words, slowly provoked, and quickly pacified. And as I have given you the picture

of Amadis, I fancy I could readily delineate all the knights-errant that are to be met with in history: for once apprehending, as I do, that they were just such as their histories report them, it is an easy matter to guess their features, statures and complexions, by the rules of ordinary philosophy, and the account we have of their achievements and various humours."

"Pray, good sir," quoth the barber, "how tall then might the giant Morgante be?"—"Whether there ever were giants or no," answered Don Quixote, "is a point much controverted among the learned. However, the holy writ, that cannot deviate an atom from truth, informs us there were some, of which we have an instance in the account it gives us of that huge Philistine, Goliah, who was seven cubits and a half high; which is a prodigious stature. Besides, in Sicily thigh-bones and shoulder-bones have been found of so immense a size, that from thence of necessity we must conclude, by the certain rules of geometry, that the men to whom they belonged were giants, as big as huge steeples. But, for all this, I cannot positively tell you how big Morgante was; though I am apt to believe he was not very tall, and that which

makes me inclinable to believe so, is, that in the history which gives us a particular account of his exploits, we read, that he often used to lie under a roof. Now if there were any house that could hold him, it is evident he could not be of an immense bigness.”—“That must be granted,” said the curate, who took some pleasure in hearing him talk at that strange rate, and therefore asked him what his sentiments were of the faces of Rinaldo of Montalban, Orlando, and the rest of the twelve peers of France, who had all of them been knights-errant.—“As for Rinaldo,” answered Don Quixote, “I dare venture to say, he was broad-faced, of a ruddy complexion, his eyes sparkling and large, very captious, extremely choleric, and a favourer of robbers and profligate fellows. As for Rolando, Rotolando, or Orlando, (for all these several names are given him in history) I am of opinion and assure myself, that he was of the middling stature, broad-shouldered, somewhat bandy-legged, brown-visaged, red-bearded, very hairy on his body, surly-looking, no talker, but yet very civil and good-humoured.”—“If Orlando was no handsomer than you tell us,” said the curate, “no wonder the fair Angelica slighted him, and preferred the brisk, pretty, charming, downy-chinned

young Moor before him; neither was she to blame to neglect the roughness of the one for the soft embraces of the other.”—“That Angelica, Mr Curate,” said Don Quixote, “was a dissolute damsel, a wild flirting wanton creature, and somewhat capricious to boot. She left the world as full of her impertinences as of the fame of her beauty. She despised a thousand princes, a thousand of the most valiant and discreet knights in the whole world, and took up with a paltry beardless page, that had neither estate nor honour, and who could lay claim to no other reputation, but that of being grateful, when he gave a proof of his affection to his friend Dardinel. And indeed, even that great extoller of her beauty, the celebrated Ariosto, either not daring, or rather not desiring, to rehearse what happened to Angelica, after she had so basely prostituted herself (which passages doubtless could not be very much to her reputation) that very Ariosto, I say, dropped her character quite, and left her with these verses,

Perhaps some better lyre shall sing,
How love and she made him Cataya's king :

And without doubt that was a kind of a prophecy; for the denomination of Vates, which signifies a prophet, is common to those

whom we otherwise call poets. Accordingly indeed this truth has been made evident; for in process of time, a famous Andalusian poet* wept for her, and celebrated her tears in verse; and another eminent and choice poet of Castile† made her beauty his theme.”—“But pray, sir,” said the barber, “among so many poets that have written in that lady Angelica’s praise, did none of them ever write a satire upon her?”—“Had Sacripante, or Orlando been poets,” answered Don Quixote, “I make no question but they would have handled her to some purpose; for there is nothing more common than for cast poets, when disdained by their feigned or false mistresses, to revenge themselves with satires and lampoons; a proceeding certainly unworthy a generous spirit. However, I never yet did hear of any defamatory verses on the Lady Angelica, though she made so much mischief in the world.”—“That is a miracle indeed,” cried the curate. But here they were interrupted by a noise below in the yard, where the niece and the housekeeper, who had left them some time before, were very obstreperous, which made them all hasten to know what was the matter.

* Luis Barahona de Solo.

† Lopez de Vega.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE MEMORABLE QUARREL BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA, AND DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER ; WITH OTHER PLEASANT PASSAGES.

THE history informs us, that the occasion of the noise which the niece and housekeeper made, was Sancho Panza's endeavouring to force his way into the house, while they at the same time held the door against him to keep him out.—“What have you to do in this house, ye paunch-gutted squob?” cried one of them. “Go, go, keep to your own home, friend. It is all along of you, and nobody else, that my poor master is distracted, debauched, and carried a rambling all the country over.”—“The housekeeper for the devil!” replied Sancho; “it is I that am distracted, debauched, and carried a rambling, and not your master. It was he led me the jaunt; so you are wide of the matter. It was he that inveigled me from my house and home with his colloquing, and saying he would give me an island; which is

not come yet, and I still wait for.”—“May’st thou be choaked with thy plaguy islands,” cried the niece, “thou cursed paunch! And what are your islands? any thing to eat, good-man greedy-gut, ha?”—“Hold you there!” answered Sancho, “they are not to eat, but to govern; and better governments than any four cities, or as many heads of the king’s best corporations.”—“For all that,” quoth the housekeeper, “thou comest not within these doors, thou bundle of wickedness, and sackful of roguery! Go, govern your own house! Work, you lazy rogue! To the plough, and never trouble your jolter-head about islands or oylets.”

The curate and barber took a great deal of pleasure to hear this dialogue. But Don Quixote fearing lest Sancho should not keep within bounds, but blunder out some discoveries prejudicial to his reputation, while he ripped up a pack of little foolish slander, called him in, and enjoined the women to be silent. Sancho entered, and the curate and the barber took leave of Don Quixote, despairing of his cure, considering how deep his folly was rooted in his brain, and how bewitched he was with his silly knight-errantry.—“Well, neighbour,” said the curate to the barber, “now do I expect no-

thing better of our gentleman, than to hear shortly he is gone upon another ramble.”—“Nor I neither,” answered the barber; “but I do not wonder so much at the knight’s madness, as at the silliness of the squire, who thinks himself so sure of the island, that I fancy all the art of man can never beat it out of his skull.”—“Heaven mend them!” said the curate. “In the meantime let us observe them; we shall find what will be the event of the extravagance of the knight, and the foolishness of the squire. One would think they had been cast in one mould; and indeed the master’s madness without the man’s impertinence, were not worth a rush.”—“Right,” said the barber, “and now they are together, methinks I long to know what passes between them. I do not doubt but the two women will be able to give an account of that, for they are not of a temper to withstand the temptation of listening.”

Meanwhile Don Quixote having locked himself up with his squire, they had the following colloquy.—“I take it very ill,” said he, “Sancho, that you should report, as you do, that I enticed you out of your paltry hut, when you know, that I myself left my own mansion-house. We set out together, continued to-

gether, and travelled together. We ran the same fortune, and the same hazards together. If thou hast been tossed in a blanket once, I have been battered and bruised a hundred times; and that is all the advantage I have had above thee.—“And reason good,” answered Sancho; “for you yourself used to say, that ill-luck and cross-bitings are oftener to light on the knights than on the squires.”—“Thou art mistaken, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote; “for the proverb will tell thee, that *Quando caput dolet*,” &c.—“Nay,” quoth Sancho, “I understand no language but my own.”—“I mean,” said Don Quixote, “that when the head aches, all the members partake of the pain. So then, as I am thy master, I am also thy head; and as thou art my servant, thou art one of my members; it follows therefore, that I cannot be sensible of pain, but thou too oughtest to be affected with it; and likewise, that nothing of ill can befall thee, but I must bear a share.”—“Right,” quoth Sancho; “but when I, as a limb of you, was tossed in a blanket, my head was pleased to stay at the other side of the wall, and saw me frisking in the air, without going snacks in my bodily trouble.”—“Thou art greatly mistaken, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “if thou thinkest I was not sensible

of thy sufferings. For I was then more tortured in mind, than thou wast tormented in body; but let us adjourn this discourse till some other time, which doubtless will afford us an opportunity to redress past grievances. I pray thee tell me now what does the town say of me? What do the neighbours, what do the people think of me? What say the gentry, and the better sort? How do the knights discourse of my valour, my high feats of arms, and my courteous behaviour? What thoughts do they entertain of my design, to raise from the grave of oblivion the order of knight-errantry, and restore it to the world? In short, tell me freely and sincerely whatever thou hast heard; neither enlarged with flattering commendations, nor lessened by any omission of my dispraise; for it is the duty of faithful servants to lay truth before their masters in its honourable nakedness. And I would have thee know, Sancho, that if it were to appear, before princes, in its nativesimplicity, and disrobed of the odious disguise of flattery, we should see happier days; this age would be changed into an age of gold, and former times compared to this, would be called the iron age. Remember this, and be advised, that I may hear thee impart a faithful account of these matters.”—“That I will, with

all my heart," answered Sancho, "so your worship will not take it amiss, if I tell what I have heard, just as I heard it, neither better nor worse."—"Nothing shall provoke me to anger," answered Don Quixote; "speak freely, and without any circumlocution."

"Why then," quoth Sancho, "first and foremost you are to know, that the common people take you for a downright madman, and me for one that has not much guts in his brains. The gentry say, that not being content to keep within the bounds of gentility, you have taken upon you to be a Don,¹ and set up for a knight, and a right worshipful, with a small vineyard, and two acres of land, a tatter before, and another behind. The knights, forsooth, take pepper in the nose, and say, they do not like to have your small gentry think themselves as good as they, especially your old-fashioned country squires that mend and lamp-black their own shoes, and darn ye their old black stockings themselves with a needleful of green silk."—"All this does not affect me," said Don Quixote, "for I always wear good clothes, and never have them patched. It is true, they may be a little torn sometimes, but that is more with my armour than my long

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chap. II.

wearing.”—“As for what relates to your prowess,” said Sancho, proceeding, “together with your feats of arms, your courteous behaviour, and your undertaking, there are several opinions about it. Some say he is mad, but a pleasant sort of a madman; others say he is valiant, but his luck is naught; others say he is courteous, but damned impertinent. And thus they spend so many verdicts upon you, and take us both so to pieces, that they leave neither you nor me a sound bone in our skins.”—“Consider, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that the more eminently virtue shines, the more it is exposed to the persecution of envy. Few or none of those famous heroes of antiquity, could escape the venomous arrows of calumny. Julius Cæsar, that most courageous, prudent, and valiant captain, was marked, as being ambitious, and neither so clean in his apparel, nor in his manners, as he ought to have been. Alexander, whose mighty deeds gained him the title of the Great, was charged with being addicted to drunkenness. Hercules, after his many heroic labours, was accused of voluptuousness and effeminaey. Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis de Gaul, was taxed with being quarrelsome, and his brother himself with being a whining, blubbering lover.

And therefore, my Sancho, since so many worthies have not been free from the assaults of detraction, well may I be content to bear my share of that epidemical calamity, if it be no more than thou hast told me now."— "Body of my father!" quoth Sancho, "there is the business; you say well, if this were all: But they don't stop here."—"Why," said Don Quixote, "what can they say more?"—"More," cried Sancho, "oddsnigs! we are still to flea the cat's tail. You have had nothing yet but apple-pies and sugar-plums. But if you have a mind to hear all those slanders and backbitings that are about town concerning your worship, I will bring you one anon that shall tell you every kind of thing that is said of you, without bating you an ace on it! Bartholomew Carrasco's son I mean, who has been a scholard at the versity of Salamanca, and is got to be a bachelor of arts. He came last night, you must know, and as I went to bid him welcome home, he told me, that your worship's history is already in books, by the name of the most renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha. He says I am in too, by my own name of Sancho Panza, and eke also my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; nay, and many things that passed betwixt nobody but us two, which

I was amazed to hear, and could not for my soul imagine, how the devil he that set them down could come by the knowledge of them.” —“I dare assure thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that the author of our history must be some sage enchanter, and one of those from whose universal knowledge, none of the things which they have a mind to record can be concealed.” —“How should he be a sage and an enchanter?” quoth Sancho. “The bachelor Samson Carrasco, for that is the name of my tale’s master, tells me, he that wrote the history is called Cid Hamet* Berengenas.” —“That is a Moorish name,” said Don Quixote. “Like enough,” quoth Sancho; “your Moors are main lovers of Berengenas.” —“Certainly, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “thou art mistaken in the surname of that Cid, that lord, I mean; for Cid in Arabic signifies lord.” —“That may very well be,” answered Sancho. “But if you will have me fetch you the young scholard, I will fly to bring him hither.” —“Truly, friend,” said Don Quixote, “thou wilt do me a particular kindness; for what thou hast already told me, has so filled me with doubts and expectations, that I shall not eat a

* A sort of fruit in Spain, which they boil with or without flesh; it was brought over by the Moors. Sancho makes this blunder, being more used to this fruit than hard names. He meant Benengeli.

bit that will do me good till I am informed of the whole matter.”—“I will go and fetch him,” said Sancho. With that, leaving his master, he went to look for the bachelor, and having brought him along with him a while after, they all had a very pleasant dialogue.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLEASANT DISCOURSE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE,
SANCHO PANZA, AND THE BACHELOR SAMSON
CARRASCO.

DON QUIXOTE remained strangely pensive, expecting the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himself, recorded and printed in a book, as Sancho had informed him: He could not be persuaded that there was such a history extant, while yet the blood of those enemies he had cut off, had scarce done reeking on the blade of his sword; so that they could not have already finished and printed the history of his mighty feats of arms. However, at last he concluded, that some learned sage had, by the way of enchantment, been able to commit them to the press, either as a friend, to extol his heroic achievements above the noblest performances of the most famous knights-errant; or as an enemy, to sully and annihilate the lustre of his great exploits, and debase them below the most inferior actions that ever were mentioned of any of the

meanest squires. Though, thought he to himself, the actions of squires were never yet recorded; and after all, if there were such a book printed, since it was the history of a knight-errant, it could not choose but be pompous, lofty, magnificent, and authentic. This thought yielded him a while some small consolation; but then he relapsed into melancholic doubts and anxieties, when he considered that the author had given himself the title of Cid, and consequently must be a Moor; a nation from whom no truth could be expected, they all being given to impose on others with lies and fabulous stories, to falsify and counterfeit, and very fond of their own chimeras. He was not less uneasy, lest that writer should have been too lavish in treating of his amours, to the prejudice of his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso's honour. He earnestly wished, that he might find his own inviolable fidelity celebrated in the history, and the reservedness and decency which he had always so religiously observed in his passion for her; slighting queens, empresses, and damsels of every degree for her sake, and suppressing the dangerous impulses of natural desire. Sancho and Carrasco found him thus agitated and perplexed with a thousand melancholic fancies, which

yet did not hinder him from receiving the stranger with a great deal of civility.

This bachelor, though his name was Samson, was none of the biggest in body, but a very great man at all manner of drollery; he had a pale and bad complexion, but good sense. He was about four-and-twenty years of age, round visaged, flat nosed, and wide mouthed, all signs of a malicious disposition, and of one that would delight in nothing more than in making sport for himself, by ridiculing others; as he plainly discovered when he saw Don Quixote. For, falling on his knees before him, "Admit me to kiss your honour's hand," cried he, "most noble Don Quixote; for by the habit of St Peter, which I wear, though indeed I have as yet taken but the four first of the holy orders,¹ you are certainly one of the most renowned knights-errant that ever was, or ever will be, through the whole extent of the habitable globe. Blest may the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli be, for enriching the world with the history of your mighty deeds; and more than blest, that curious virtuoso, who took care to have it translated out of the Arabic into our vulgar tongue, for the universal entertainment of mankind!"

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter III.

“Sir,” said Don Quixote, making him rise, “is it then possible that my history is extant, and that it was a Moor, and one of the sages that penned it?”—“It is so notorious a truth,” said the bachelor, “that I do not in the least doubt but at this day there have already been published above twelve thousand copies of it. Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they have been printed, can witness that, if there were occasion. It is said, that it is also now in the press at Antwerp. And I verily believe there is scarce a language into which it is not to be translated.”—“Truly, sir,” said Don Quixote, “one of the things that ought to yield the greatest satisfaction to a person of eminent virtue, is to live to see himself in good reputation in the world, and his actions published in print. I say, in good reputation, for otherwise there is no death but would be preferable to such a life.”—“As for a good name and reputation,” replied Carrasco, “your worship has gained the palm from all the knights-errant that ever lived: for, both the Arabian in his history, and the Christian in his version, have been very industrious to do justice to your character; your peculiar gallantry; your intrepidity and greatness of spirit in confronting danger; your constancy

in adversities, your patience in suffering wounds and afflictions, and modesty and continence in that amour, so very platonic, between your worship and my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso.”—“Odsbobs!” cried Sancho, “I never heard her called so before; that Donna is a new kick; for she used to be called only my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; in that, the history is out already.”—“That is no material objection,” said Carrasco.—“No, certainly,” added Don Quixote: “but pray, good Mr Bachelor, on which of all my adventures does the history seem to lay the greatest stress of remark?—“As to that,” answered Carrasco, “the opinions of men are divided according to their taste: some cry up the adventure of the wind-mills,¹ which appeared to your worship so many Briareus’s and giants. Some are for that of the fulling-mills: others stand up for the description of the two armies, that afterwards proved two flocks of sheep. Others prize most the adventure of the dead corpse that was carrying to Segovia. One says, that none of them can compare with that of the galley-slaves; another, that none can stand in competition with the adventure of the Benedictine giants, and the valorous Biscayner.”

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter III.

“Pray, Mr Bachelor,” quoth Sancho, “is there nothing said of that of the Yanguesians, an please you, when our precious Rozinante was so mauled for offering to take a little carnal recreation with the mares?”—“There is not the least thing omitted,” answered Carrasco; the sage has inserted all with the nicest punctuality imaginable; so much as the capers which honest Sancho fetched in the blanket.”—“I fetched none in the blanket,” quoth Sancho, “but in the air; and that, too, oftener than I could have wished, the more my sorrow.”—“In my opinion,” said Don Quixote, “there is no manner of history in the world, where you shall not find variety of fortune, much less any story of knight-errantry, where a man cannot always be sure of good success.”—“However,” said Carrasco, “some who have read your history, wish that the author had spared himself the pains of registering some of that infinite number of drubs which the noble Don Quixote received.”—“There lies the truth of the history,” quoth Sancho.—“Those things in human equity,” said Don Quixote, “might very well have been omitted; for actions that neither impair nor alter the history, ought rather to be buried in silence than related, if they redound to the discredit

of the hero of the history. Certainly Æneas was never so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so prudent as he is made by Homer."—"I am of your opinion," said Carrasco; "but it is one thing to write like a poet, and another thing to write like an historian. It is sufficient for the first to deliver matters as they ought to have been, whereas the last must relate them as they were really transacted, without adding or omitting any thing, upon any pretence whatever."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "if this same Moorish lord be once got into the road of truth, a hundred to one but among my master's rib-roastings he has not forgot mine: for they never took measure of his worship's shoulders, but they were pleased to do as much for my whole body: but it was no wonder; for it is his own rule, that if once his head aches, every limb must suffer too."

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are an arch unlucky knave; upon my honour you can find memory when you have a mind to have it."—"Nay," quoth Sancho, "though I were minded to forget the rubs and drubs I have suffered, the bumps and tokens that are yet fresh on my ribs would not let me."—"Hold your tongue," said Don Quixote, "and let the

learned bachelor proceed, that I may know what the history says of me.”—“And of me too,” quoth Sancho, “for they tell me I am one of the top parsons in it.”—“Persons, you should say, Sancho,” said Carrasco, “and not parsons.”—“Heyday!” quoth Sancho, “have we got another corrector of hard words? If this be the trade, we shall never have done.”—“May I be cursed,” said Carrasco, “if you be not the second person in the history, honest Sancho; nay, and some there are who had rather hear you talk than the best there; though some there are again that will say, you were horribly credulous, to flatter yourself with having the government of that island, which your master here present promised you.”—“While there is life there is hope,” said Don Quixote: “when Sancho is grown mature with time and experience, he may be better qualified for a government than he is yet.”—“Odsbodikins! Sir,” quoth Sancho, “if I be not fit to govern an island at these years, I shall never be a governor, though I live to the years of Methusalem; but there the mischief lies, we have brains enough, but we want the island.”—“Come Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “hope for the best; trust in providence; all will be well, and perhaps better than you imagine: but

know, there is not a leaf on any tree that can be moved without the permission of Heaven.” —“That is very true,” said Carrasco; “and I dare say, Sancho shall not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one; that is, if it be Heaven’s will.” —“Why not?” quoth Sancho; “I have seen governors in my time, who, to my thinking, could not come up to me passing the sole of my shoes, and yet forsooth, they called them your honour, and they eat their victuals all in silver.” —“Ay,” said Carrasco, “but these were none of your governors of islands, but of other easy governments: why man, these ought, at least, to know their grammar.” —“Gramercy, for that,” quoth Sancho, “give me but a grey mare* once, and I shall know her well enough, I’ll warrant ye. But leaving the government in the hands of him that will best provide for me, I must tell you, Master Bachelor Samson Carrasco, I am huge glad, that, as your author has not forgot me, so he has not given an ill character of me; for by the faith of a trusty squire, had he said any thing that did not become an old Christian † as I am, I had rung him such a peal,

* This jingle of the words *grammar*, *gramercy*, and *grey mare*, is done in conformity to the original, which would not admit of a literal translation.

† A name by which the Spaniards desire to be distinguished from the Jews and Moors.

that the deaf should have heard me.”—“That were a miracle,” said Carrasco.—“Miracle me no miracles,” cried Sancho; “let every man take care how he talks, or how he writes of other men, and not set down at random, higgledy-piggledy, whatever comes into his noddle.”

“One of the faults found with this history,” said Carrasco, “is, that the author has thrust into it a novel, which he calls *The Curious Impertinent*; not that it is ill writ, or the design of it be misliked, but because it is not in its right place, and has no coherence with the story of Don Quixote.”—“I will lay my life,” quoth Sancho, “the son of a mongrel has made a gallimawfry of it all.”—“Now,” said Don Quixote, “I perceive that he who attempted to write my history is not one of the sages, but some ignorant prating fool, who would needs be meddling, and set up for a scribbler without the least grain of judgment to help him out; and so he has done like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he painted, answered, ‘As it may hit;’ and when he had scrawled out a mis-shapen cock, was forced to write underneath, in Gothic letters, *This is a cock*. At this rate, I believe, he has performed in my history, so that it will require a commentary to explain it.”—“Not at all,” answered

Carrasco, "for he has made every thing so plain, that there is not the least thing in it but what any one may understand. Children handle it, youngsters read it, grown men understand it, and old people applaud it. In short, it is universally so thumbed, so gleaned, so studied, and so known, that if the people do but see a lean horse, they presently cry, 'There goes Rozinante.' But none apply themselves to the reading of it more than your pages; there is never a nobleman's ante-chamber where you shall not find a Don Quixote. No sooner has one laid it down, but another takes it up. One asks for it here, and there it is snatched up by another. In a word, it is esteemed the most pleasant and least dangerous diversion that ever was seen, as being a book that does not betray the least indecent expression, nor so much as a profane thought."—"To write after another manner," said Don Quixote, "were not to write truth but falsehood; and those historians who are guilty of that, should be punished like those who counterfeit the lawful coin.* But I cannot conceive what could move the author to stuff his history with foreign novels and adventures, not at all to the purpose, while there was a sufficient number of my own to have

* Clippers and coiners in Spain are burnt.

exercised his pen. But, without doubt, we may apply the proverb, With hay or with straw,* &c. for verily, had he altogether confined himself to my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my laudable designs, my adventures, he might yet have swelled his book to as great a bulk, at least, as all Tostatus's† works. I have also reason to believe, Mr Bachelor, that to compile a history, or write any book whatsoever, is a more difficult task than men imagine. There is need of a vast judgment, and a ripe understanding. It belongs to none but great geniuses to express themselves with grace and elegance, and to draw the manners and actions of others to the life. The most artful part in a play is the fool's, and therefore a fool must not attempt to write it. On the other side, history is in a manner a sacred thing, so far as it contains truth; for where truth is, the supreme father of it may also be said to be, at least, in as much as concerns truth. However, there are men that will make you books, and turn them loose into the world, with as much dispatch as they would do a dish of fritters."

"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor,

* The proverb entire is, *De paja o de heno el jergon ileno*, i.e. 'The bed or tick full of hay or straw,' so it be filled, no matter with what.

† A famous Spaniard, who wrote many volumes of divinity.

“but something good may be found in it.”—
“That is true,” said Don Quixote; “yet it is a quite common thing for men, who have gained a very great reputation by their writings, before they printed them, to lose it afterwards quite, or at least the greatest part.”—“The reason is plain,” said Carrasco; “their faults are more easily discovered after their books are printed, as being then more read, and more narrowly examined, especially if the author had been much cried up before, for then the severity of the scrutiny is so much the greater. All those that have raised themselves a name by their ingenuity, great poets and celebrated historians, are most commonly, if not always, envied by a sort of men, who delight in censuring the writings of others, though they never publish any of their own.”—“That is no wonder,” said Don Quixote, “for there are many divines, that could make but very dull preachers, and yet are very quick at finding faults and superfluities in other men’s sermons.”—“All this is truth,” replied Carrasco; “and therefore I could wish these censurers would be more merciful and less scrupulous, and not dwell ungenerously upon small spots, that are in a manner but so many atoms on the face of the clear sun which they murmur at. And if *aliquando bonus dormitat*

Homerus, let them consider how many nights he kept himself awake to bring his noble works to light, as little darkened with defects as might be. Nay many times it may happen that what is censured for a fault, is rather an ornament, like moles that sometimes add to the beauty of the face. And when all is said, he that publishes a book runs a very great hazard, since nothing can be more impossible than to compose one that may secure the approbation of every reader."—"Sure," said Don Quixote, "that which treats of me can have pleased but few."—"Quite contrary," said Carrasco; "for as *Stultorum infinitus est numerus*, so an infinite number has admired your history. Only some there are who have taxed the author with want of memory or sincerity; because he forgot to give an account who it was that stole Sancho's Dapple; for that particular is not mentioned there; only we find by the story that it was stolen; and yet, by and by, we find him riding the same ass again, without any previous light given us into the matter. Then they say, that the author forgot to tell the reader, what Sancho did with those hundred pieces of gold he found in the portmanteau in the Sierra Morena; for there is not a word said of them more; and many people have a great mind to

know what he did with them, and how he spent them; which is one of the most material points in which the work is defective."

"Master Samson," quoth Sancho, "I am not now in a condition to call up the accounts, for I am taken ill of a sudden with such a wambling in the stomach, and find myself so mawkish, that if I do not see and fetch it up with a sup or two of good old bub, I shall waste like the snuff of a farthing candle.* I have that cordial at home, and my chuck stays for me. When I have had my dinner, I am for you, and will satisfy you, or any man that wears a head, about any thing in the world, either as to the loss of the ass, or the laying out of those same pieces of gold." This said, without a word more, or waiting for a reply, away he went. Don Quixote desired, and entreated the bachelor to stay and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted his invitation, and staid. A couple of pigeons were got ready to mend their commons. All dinner time they discoursed about knight-errantry, Carrasco humouring him all the while. After they had slept out the heat of the day,¹ Sancho came back, and they renewed their former discourse.

* I shall be stuck upon St Lucia's thorn, supposed to be a cant phrase for the rack; for which the royal Spanish dictionary produces no other voucher but this passage.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter III.

CHAPTER IV.

SANCHO PANZA SATISFIES THE BACHELOR SAMSON CARRASCO IN HIS DOUBTS AND QUERIES: WITH OTHER PASSAGES FIT TO BE KNOWN AND RELATED.

SANCHO returned to Don Quixote's house, and beginning again where he left off; "Now," quoth he, "as to what Master Samson wanted to know; that is, when, where, and by whom my ass was stolen, I answer, that the very night that we marched off to the Sierra Morena, to avoid the hue and cry of the holy brotherhood, after the rueful adventure of galley slaves, and that of the dead body that was carrying to Segovia, my master and I slunk into a wood; where he leaning on his lance, and I without alighting from Dapple, both sadly bruised and tired with our late skirmishes, fell fast asleep, and slept as soundly as if we had four featherbeds under us; but I especially was as serious at it as any dormouse; so that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough to clap four stakes under the four corners of

the pack-saddle, and then leading away the ass from between my legs, without being perceived by me in the least, there he fairly left me mounted."—"This is no new thing," said Don Quixote, "nor is it difficult to be done: With the same stratagem Sacrepante had his steed stolen from under him by that notorious thief Brunelo at the siege of Albraca."

"It was broad day," said Sancho, going on, "when I, half awake and half asleep, began to stretch myself in my pack-saddle; but with my stirring, down came the stakes, and down came I souse, with a confounded squelch, on the ground. Presently I looked for my ass, but no ass was to be found. O how thick the tears trickled from my eyes, and what a piteous moan I made! If he that made our history has forgot to set it down word for word, I would not give a rush for his book, I will tell him that. Some time after, I cannot just tell you how long it was, as we were going with my lady the Princess Micomicona, I knew my ass again, and he that rid him, though he went like a gipsy; and who should it be, do you think, but Gines de Passamonte, that son of mischief, that crack rope, whom my master and I saved from the galleys."—"The mistake does not lie there,"

said Carrasco; "but that only the author sets you upon the same ass that was lost, before he gives an account of his being found."—"As to that," replied Sancho, "I do not know very well what to say. If the man made a blunder, who can help it? But mayhap, it was a fault of the printer."—"I make no question of that," said Carrasco; "but pray, what became of the hundred pieces? Were they sunk?"—"I fairly spent them on myself," quoth Sancho, "and on my wife and children; they helped me to lay my spouse's clack, and made her take so patiently my rambling and trotting after my master Don Quixote; for had I come back with my pockets empty, and without my ass, I must have looked for a rueful greeting. And now if you have any more to say to me, here am I, ready to answer the king himself; for what has any body to meddle or make whether I found or found not, or spent or spent not? If the knocks and swaddlings that have been bestowed on my carcase in our jaunts, were to be rated but at three maravedis a-piece, and I to be satisfied ready cash for every one, a hundred pieces of gold more would not pay for half of them; and therefore let every man lay his finger on his mouth, and not run hand over head, and mistake black for

white, and white for black; for every man is as heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse."

"Well," said the bachelor, "if the author print another edition of the history, I will take special care he shall not forget to insert what honest Sancho has said, which will make the book as good again."—"Pray, good Mr Bachelor," asked Don Quixote, "are there other emendations requisite to be made in this history?"—"Some there are," answered Carrasco, "but none of so much importance as those already mentioned."—"Perhaps the author promises a second part?" said Don Quixote.—"He does," said Carrasco; "but he says he cannot find it, neither can he discover who has it: so that we doubt whether it will come out or no, as well for this reason, as because some people say that second parts are never worth any thing; others cry, there is enough of Don Quixote already; however, many of those that love mirth better than melancholy, cry out, give us more Quixotery; let but Don Quixote appear, and Sancho talk, be it what it will, we are satisfied."—"And how stands the author affected?" said the knight.—"Truly," answered Carrasco, "as soon as ever he can find out the history, which

he is now looking for with all imaginable industry, he is resolved to send it immediately to the press, though more for his own profit than through any ambition of applause.”—“What,” quoth Sancho, “does he design to do it to get a penny by it? Nay, then we are like to have a rare history indeed; we shall have him botch and whip it up, like your tailors on Easter-Eve, and give us a huddle of flim-flams that will never hang together; for your hasty work can never be done as it should be. Let Mr Moor take care how he goes to work; for, my life for his, I and my master will stock him with such a heap of stuff, in matter of adventures and odd chances, that he will not have enough only to write a second part, but an hundred. The poor fellow, be-like, thinks we do nothing but sleep on a hay-mow; but let us once put foot into the stirrup, and he will see what we are about: this at least I will be bold to say, that if my master would be ruled by me, we had been in the field by this time, undoing of misdeeds and righting of wrongs, as good knights-errant used to do.”

Scarce had Sancho made an end of his discourse, when Rozinante's neighing reached their ears. Don Quixote took it for a lucky

omen, and resolved to take another turn within three or four days. He discovered his resolutions to the bachelor, and consulted him to know which way to steer his course. The bachelor advised him to take the road of Saragosa, in the kingdom of Arragon, a solemn tournament being shortly to be performed at that city on St George's festival; where, by worsting all the Arragonian champions, he might win immortal honour, since to out-tilt them would be to out-rival all the knights in the universe. He applauded his noble resolution, but withal admonished him not to be so desperate in exposing himself to dangers, since his life was not his own, but theirs who in distress stood in want of his assistance and protection. "That is it now," quoth Sancho, "that makes me sometimes ready to run mad, Mr Bachelor, for my master makes no more to set upon an hundred armed men, than a young hungry tailor to guttle down half a dozen of cucumbers. Body of me! Mr Bachelor, there is a time to retreat, as well as a time to advance; Saint Jago and Close Spain* must not always be the cry; For

* *Santiago cierra Espana*, is the cry of the Spanish soldiers when they fall on in battle, encouraging one another to close with the enemy: *Cerrar con el enemigo*. It is likewise an exhortation to the Spaniards to keep themselves compact and close together.

I have heard somebody say, and if I am not mistaken, it was my master himself, That valour lies just between rashness and cow-heartedness; and if it be so, I would not have him run away without there is a reason for it, nor would I have him fall on when there is no good to be got by it. But above all things I would have him to know, if he has a mind I should go with him, that the bargain is, he shall fight for us both, and that I am tied to nothing but to look after him and his victuals and clothes: So far as this comes to, I will fetch and carry like any water spaniel; but to think I will lug out my sword, though it be but against poor rogues, and sorry shirks, and hedge-birds, y'troth I must beg his diversion. For my part, Mr Bachelor, it is not the fame of being thought valiant that I aim at, but that of being deemed the very best and trustiest squire that ever followed the heels of a knight-errant: And if, after all my services, my master Don Quixote will be so kind as to give me one of those many islands which his worship says he shall light on, I shall be much beholden to him; but if he does not, why then I am born, do ye see, and one man must not live to rely on another, but on his Maker. Mayhaps the bread I shall eat without govern-

ment, will go down more savourily than if I were a governor; and what do I know but that the devil is providing me one of these governments for a stumbling-block, that I may stumble and fall, and so break my jaws, and ding out my butter-teeth? I was born Sancho, and Sancho I mean to die; and yet for all that, if fairly and squarely, with little trouble and less danger, heaven would bestow on me an island, or some such-like matter, I am no such fool neither, do ye see, as to refuse a good thing when it is offered me. No, I remember the old saying, When the ass is given thee, run and take him by the halter; and when good luck knocks at the door, let him in, and keep him there."

"My friend Sancho," said Carrasco, "you have spoken like any university-professor: However, trust in heaven's bounty, and the noble Don Quixote, and he may not only give thee an island, but even a kingdom."—"One as likely as the other," quoth Sancho; "and yet let me tell you, Mr Bachelor, the kingdom which my master is to give me, you shall not find it thrown into an old sack; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself sound enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands; I have told my master as much before now"—

“Have a care, Sancho,” said Carrasco, “honours change manners; perhaps, when you come to be a governor, you will scarce know the mother that bore ye.”—“This,” said Sancho, “may happen to those that were born in a ditch, but not to those whose souls are covered, as mine is, four fingers thick with good old Christian fat.* No, do but think how good-conditioned I be, and then you need not fear I should do dirtily to any one.”—“Grant it, good heaven!” said Don Quixote, “we shall see when the government comes, and methinks I have it already before my eyes.” After this he desired the bachelor, if he were a poet, to oblige him with some verses, on his designed departure from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. Every verse to begin with one of the letters of her name, so that joining every first letter of every verse together, they might make Dulcinea del Toboso. The bachelor told him, that though he were none of the famous poets of Spain, who, they say, were but three and a half,† he

* A Spanish way of expressing he was not of the Jewish or Moorish race.

† The first, Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the *Araucana*: (an epic poem, which I have read with a great deal of pleasure, nor did it cost me a little money to purchase it of the late Mr Rymer,) the second, Juan Rufo of Cordova, author of the *Austriada*; and the third, Christopher Verves of Valentia, author of the *Montserrat*. By the half-poet, Don Gregoir thinks Cervantes means himself.

would endeavour to make that acrostic; though he was sensible this would be no easy task, there being seventeen letters in the name; so that if he made four stanzas of four verses apiece, there would be a letter too much; and if he made his stanzas of five lines, so as to make a double Decima or a Redondilla, there would be three letters too little; however, he would strive to drown a letter, and so take in the whole name in sixteen verses."—"Let it be so by any means," said Don Quixote; "for no woman will believe that those verses were made for her where her name is not plainly to be discerned." After this, it was agreed they should set out within a week. Don Quixote charged the bachelor not to speak a word of all this, especially to the curate, Mr Nicolas the barber, his niece, and his housekeeper, lest they should obstruct his honourable and valorous design. Carrasco gave him his word, and having desired Don Quixote to send an account of his good or bad success at his conveniency, took his leave, and left him; and Sancho went to get every thing ready for his journey.

CHAPTER V.

THE WISE AND PLEASANT DIALOGUE BETWEEN
SANCHO PANZA, AND TERESA PANZA HIS WIFE :
TOGETHER WITH OTHER PASSAGES WORTHY OF
HAPPY MEMORY.

THE translator of this history, being come to this fifth chapter, thinks fit to inform the reader, that he holds it to be apocryphal; because it introduces Sancho speaking in another style than could be expected from his slender capacity, and saying things of so refined a nature, that it seems impossible he could do it. However, he thought himself obliged to render it in our tongue, to maintain the character of a faithful translator, and therefore he goes on in this manner.

Sancho came home so cheerful and so merry, that his wife read his joy in his looks as far as she could see him. Being impatient to know the cause, "My dear," cried she, "what makes you so merry?"—"I should be more merry, my chuck," quoth Sancho, "would but heaven so order it, that I were not so well pleased as I seem

to be.”—“ You speak riddles, husband,” quoth she; “ I don’t know what you mean by saying, You should be more merry if you were not so well pleased; for, though I am silly enough, I cannot think a man can take pleasure in not being pleased.”—“ Look ye, Teresa,” quoth Sancho, “ I am merry because I am once more going to serve my master Don Quixote, who is resolved to have another frolic, and go a hunting after adventures, and I must go with him; for he needs must, whom the devil drives. What should I lie starving at home for? The hopes of finding another parcel of gold like that we spent, rejoices the cockles of my heart: but then it grieves me to leave thee, and those sweet babes of ours; and would heaven but be pleased to let me live at home dry-shod, in peace and quietness, without gadding over hill and dale, through brambles and briars (as heaven might well do with small cost, if it would, and with no manner of trouble, but only to be willing it should be so,) why then it is a clear case that my mirth would be more firm and sound, since my present gladness is mingled with a sorrow to part with thee. And so I think I have made out what I have said, that I should be merrier if I did not seem so well pleased.”

“Look you, Sancho,” quoth the wife, “ever since you have been a member of a knight-errant, you talk so round about the bush, that nobody can understand you.”—“It is enough,” quoth Sancho, “that he understands me who understands all things; and so scatter no more words about it, spouse. But be sure you look carefully after Dapple for these three days, that he may be in good case and fit to bear arms; double his pittance, look out his pannel and all his harness, and let everything be set to rights; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to make our party good with giants, and dragons, and hobgoblins, and to hear nothing but hissing, and yelling, and roaring, and howling, and bellowing; all which would be but sugar-plums, if we were not to meet with the Yanguesian carriers,* and enchanted Moors.”—“Nay, as for that, husband,” quoth Teresa, “I am apt enough to think you squire-errants don’t eat their masters’ bread for nothing; and therefore it shall be my daily prayer, that you may quickly be freed from that plaguy trouble.”—“Troth, wife,” quoth Sancho, “were not I in hopes to see myself, ere it be long, governor of an island, o’ my conscience I should drop down dead on the

* Who beat the master and man before in the preceding volume.

spot.”—“Not so, my chicken,” quoth the wife. “Let the hen live, though it be with pip. Do thou live, and let all the governments in the world go to the devil. Thou camest out of thy mother’s belly without government, thou hast lived hitherto without government, and thou mayest be carried to thy long home without government, when it shall please the Lord. How many people in this world live without government, yet do well enough, and are well looked upon? There is no sauce in the world like hunger, and as the poor never want that, they always eat with a good stomach. But look ye, my precious, if it should be thy good luck to get a government, prithee do not forget thy wife and children. Take notice that little Sancho is already full fifteen, and it is high time he went to school, if his uncle the abbot mean to leave him something in the church. Then there is Mary Sancho, your daughter; I dare say the burden of wedlock will never be the death of her, for I shrewdly guess, she longs as much for a husband as you do for a government; and when all comes to all, better my daughter ill married, than well kept.”

“I’ good sooth! wife,” quoth Sancho, “if it be heaven’s blessed will that I get any thing

by government, I will see and match Mary Sancho so well, that she shall, at least, be called my lady.”—“By no means, husband,” cried the wife, “let her match with her match: if from clouted shoes you set her upon high heels, and from her coarse russet coat you put her into a fardingale, and from plain Moll and thee and thou, go to call her madam, and your ladyship, the poor girl won’t know how to behave herself, but will every foot make a thousand blunders, and show her homespun country breeding.”—“Tush! fool,” answered Sancho, “it will be but two or three years prenticeship; and then you will see how strangely she will alter; your ladyship and keeping of state will become her, as if they had been made for her; and suppose they should not, what is it to any body? Let her be but a lady, and let what will happen.”

“Good Sancho,” quoth the wife, “don’t look above yourself; I say, keep to the proverb, that says, Birds of a feather flock together.* It would be a fine thing, e’trow! for us to go and throw away our child on one of your lordlings, or right worshipfuls, who when the toy

* In the original it is, Wipe your neighbour’s son’s nose, and take him into your house, *i.e.* Marry him to your daughter. You had better take a neighbour you know with his faults, than a stranger you don’t know. *Stevens’ Dict.* under the word Hijo.

The same idea is expressed in a homely old Scots adage, “Better over the midden than over the moor.”

should take him in the head, would find new names for her, and call her country Joan, plough-jobber's bearn, and spinner's web. No, no, husband, I have not bred the girl up as I have done, to throw her away at that rate, I will assure ye. Do thee but bring home money, and leave me to get her a husband. Why there is Lope Tocho, old Joan Tocho's son, a hale jolly young fellow, and one whom we all know; I have observed he casts a sheep's eye at the wench; he is one of our inches, and will be a good match for her; then we shall always have her under our wings, and be all as one, father and mother, children and grandchildren, and heaven's peace and blessing will always be with us. But never talk to me of marrying her at your courts, and great men's houses, where she will understand nobody, and nobody will understand her."—"Why, thou beast," cried Sancho, "thou wife for Barabbas, why dost thou hinder me from marrying my daughter to one that will get me grandchildren that may be called your honour and your lordship!¹ Have not I always heard my betters say, that he who will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay? when good luck is knocking at our door, is it fit to shut him out? No, no, let us

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter V.

make hay while the sun shines, and spread our sails before this prosperous gale." [This mode of locution, and the following huddle of reflections and apophthegms, said to have been spoken by Sancho, made the translator of this history say, he held this chapter apocryphal.] "Can'st thou not perceive, thou senseless animal," said Sancho going on, "that I ought to venture over head and ears to light on some good gainful government, that may free our ankles from the clogs of necessity, and marry Mary Sancho to whom we please? Then thou wilt see how folks will call thee my Lady Teresa Panza, and thou wilt sit in the church with thy carpets and cushions, and lean and loll in state, though the best gentlewoman in the town burst with spite and envy. No, no, remain as you are, still in the same posture, neither higher nor lower, like a picture in the hangings. Go to, let us have no more of this; little Sancho shall be a countess in spite of thy teeth, I say."

"Well, well, husband," quoth the wife, "have a care what you say, for I fear me these high kicks will be my Molly's undoing. Yet do what you will, make her a duchess or a princess, but I will never give my consent. Look ye, yoke-fellow, for my part, I ever love to see every thing upon the square, and cannot

abide to see folks take upon them when they should not. I was christened plain Teresa without any fiddle-faddle, or addition of madam, or your ladyship. My father's name was Cascajo ; and because I married you, they call me Teresa Panza, though indeed by right I should be called Teresa Cascajo.* But where the kings are, there are the laws, and I am e'en contented with that name without a flourish before it, to make it longer and more tedious than it is already : neither will I make myself any body's laughing-stock. I will give them no cause to cry, when they see me go like a countess, or a governor's madam, Look, look, how Madam Hog-wash struts along ! It was but the other day she'd tug ye a distaff, capped with hemp, from morning till night, and would go to mass with her coat over her head for want of a hood ; yet now, look how she goes in her fardingale, and her rich trimmings and fallals, no less than a whole tradesman's shop about her mangy back, as if every body did not know her. No, husband, if it please heaven but to keep me in my seven senses, or my five, or as many as I have, I will take care to tie up people's tongues from setting me out at this rate.

* The custom of Spain is ever to call women, though married, by their maiden names, which makes Teresa say what she does.

You may go, and be a governor, or an islander, and look as big as bull-beef as you will; but by my grandmother's daughter, neither I nor my girl will budge a foot from our thatched house. For the proverb says:—

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

March you and your Don Quixote together, to your islands and adventures, and leave us here to our sorry fortune; I will warrant you heaven will better it, if we live as we ought to do. I wonder though who made him a Don; neither his father nor his grandsire ever had that feather in their caps."—"The Lord help thee, woman!" quoth Sancho, "what a heap of stuff hast thou twisted together without head or tail! What have thy Cascajos, thy fardingales and fallals, thy old saws, and all this tale of a roasted horse, to do with what I have said? Hark thee me, Gammar Addleplate, for I can find no better name for thee, since thou art such a blind buzzard as to miss my meaning, and stand in thy own light, should I have

* La Muger honrada,
La pierna quebrada,
y en casa;
La Donzella honesta
El hazer algo es su fiesta.

told thee that my girl was to throw herself head foremost from the top of some steeple, or to trot about the world like a gipsy, or, as the infanta Donna Urraca* did, then thou mightest have some reason not to be of my mind. But if in the twinkling of an eye, and while one might toss a pancake, I clap you a Don and a ladyship upon the back of her; if I fetch her out of her straw, to sit under a stately bed's tester; and squat her down on more velvet cushions, than all the Almohadas† of Morocco had Moors in their generation, why shouldest thou be against it, and not be pleased with what pleases me?"—"Shall I tell you why, husband?" answered Teresa; "it is because of the proverb, He that covers thee, discovers thee. A poor man is scarce minded, but every one's eyes will stare upon the rich; and if that rich man has formerly been poor, this sets others a grumbling and backbiting; and your evil tongues will never have done, but swarm about the streets like bees, and buz their stories into people's ears."—"Look you,

* A Spanish princess.

† Almohada, signifies a cushion, and was also the surname of a famous race of the Arabs in Africa, and from thence introduced among the Moors in Spain. So that here is a sort of pun or allusion to the name, and the women in Spain sit all upon cushions on the ground, which is the cause there is so much mention made of them. See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter V.

Teresa," said Sancho, "mind what I say to thee, I will tell thee things that perhaps thou never heardst of in thy life; nor do I speak of my own head, but what I heard from that good father who preached in our town all last Lent. He told us, if I am not mistaken, that all those things which we see before our eyes, do appear, hold, and exist in our memories much better, and with a greater stress than things past." [All these reasons which are here offered by Sancho, are another argument to persuade the translator to hold this chapter for apocryphal, as exceeding the capacity of Sancho.] "From thence it arises," said Sancho, going on, "that when we happen to see a person well dressed, richly equipped, and with a great train of servants, we find ourselves moved and prompted to pay him respect, in a manner, in spite of our teeth, though at that very moment our memory makes us call to remembrance some low circumstances, in which we had seen that person before. Now this ignominy, be it either by reason of his poverty, or mean parentage, as it is already passed, is no more, and only that which we see before our eyes remains. So then, if this person, whom fortune has raised to that height out of his former obscurity, by his father's means, be

well-bred, generous and civil to all men, and does not affect to vie with those that are of noble descent; assure thyself, Teresa, nobody will remember what he was, but look upon him as what he is, unless it be your envious spirits, from whose taunts no prosperous fortune can be free.”—“I do not understand you, husband,” quoth Teresa; “even follow your own inventions, and do not puzzle my brains with your harangues and retriicks. If you are so devolved to do as ye say——” “Resolved, you should say, wife,” quoth Sancho, “and not devolved.”—“Prythee, husband,” said Teresa, “let us have no words about that matter: I speak as heaven is pleased I should; and for hard words, I give my share to the curate. All I have to say now is this, if you hold still in the mind of being a governor, pray even take your son Sancho along with you, and henceforth train him up to your trade of governing; for it is but fitting that the son should be brought up to the father’s calling.”—“When once I am governor,” quoth Sancho, “I will send for him by the post, and I will send thee money withal; for I dare say I shall want none; there never wants those that will lend governors money when they have none. But then be sure you clothe the boy so, that

he may look not like what he is, but like what he is to be.”—“Send you but money,” quoth Teresa, “and I will make him as fine as a May-day garland.”*—“So then, wife,” quoth Sancho, “I suppose we are agreed that our Moll shall be a countess.”—“The day I see her a countess,” quoth Teresa, “I reckon I lay her in her grave. However, I tell you again, even follow your own inventions; you men will be masters, and we poor women are born to bear the clog of obedience, though our husbands have no more sense than a cuckoo.” Here she fell a weeping as heartily as if she had seen her daughter already dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised her, that though he was to make her a countess, yet he would see and put it off as long as he could. Thus ended their dialogue, and he went back to Don Quixote, to dispose every thing for a march.

* *Como un palmito*, in the original; *i. e.* As fine as a palm branch. In Italy and Spain they carry, in procession, on Palm Sunday, a palm-branch, the leaves of which are plaited and interwoven with great art and nicety.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, HIS NIECE,
AND THE HOUSEKEEPER : BEING ONE OF THE MOST
IMPORTANT CHAPTERS IN THE WHOLE HISTORY.

WHILE Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Caseajo had the foregoing impertinent* dialogue, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle, guessing by a thousand signs that the knight intended a third sally. Therefore they endeavoured by all possible means to divert him from his foolish design, but all to no purpose; for this was but preaching to a rock, and hammering cold stubborn steel. But among other arguments; "In short, sir," quoth the housekeeper, "if you will not be ruled, but will needs run wandering over hill and dale, like a stray soul between heaven and hell, seeking for mischief, for so I may well call the hopeful adventures which you go about, I will never leave complaining to heaven and the king, till there is a stop put to it some way or other."

* So it is in the original, viz. *impertinente platica*: but Mr Jarvis, very justly, suspects the irony to be here broke by the transcriber or printer, and not by the author himself, and that it should be (*importante*) *important*, which carries on the grave ridicule of the history.

“What answer heaven will vouchsafe to give thee, I know not,” answered Don Quixote: “neither can I tell what return his majesty will make to thy petition. This I know, that were I a king, I would excuse myself from answering the infinite number of impertinent memorials that disturb the repose of princes. I tell thee, woman, among the many other fatigues which royalty sustains, it is one of the greatest to be obliged to hear every one, and to give answer to all people. Therefore, pray trouble not his majesty with anything concerning me.”—“But pray, sir, tell me,” replied she, “are there not a many knights in the king’s court?”—“I must confess,” said Don Quixote, “that, for the ornament, the grandeur, and the pomp of royalty, many knights are, and ought to be, maintained there.”—“Why then,” said the woman, “would it not be better for your worship to be one of those brave knights, who serve the king their master on foot in his court?”—“Hear me, sweet-heart,” answered Don Quixote, “all knights cannot be courtiers, nor can all courtiers be knights-errant. There must be of all sorts in the world; and though we were all to agree in the common appellation of knights, yet there would be a great difference between the one and the other. For your

courtiers, without so much as stirring out of their chambers, or the shade and shelter of the court, can journey over all the universe in a map, without the expense and fatigue of travelling, without suffering the inconveniences of heat, cold, hunger, and thirst; while we who are the true knight-errants, exposed to those extremities, and all the inclemencies of heaven, by night and by day, on foot as well as on horseback, measure the whole surface of the earth with our own feet. Nor are we only acquainted with the pictures of our enemies, but with their very persons, ready upon all occasions and at all times to engage them, without standing upon trifles, or the ceremony of measuring weapons, stripping, or examining whether our opponents have any holy relics, or other secret charms about them, whether the sun be duly divided, or any other punctilios and circumstances observed among private duelists; things which thou understandest not, but I do: And must further let thee know, that the true knight-errant, though he met ten giants, whose tall aspiring heads not only touch but overtop the clouds, each of them stalking with prodigious legs like huge towers, their sweeping arms like masts of mighty ships, each eye as large as a mill-wheel,

and more fiery than a glass-furnace; yet he is so far from being afraid to meet them, that he must encounter them with a gentle countenance, and an undaunted courage, assail them, close with them, and if possible vanquish and destroy them all in an instant; nay, though they came armed with the scales of a certain fish, which they say is harder than adamant, and instead of swords had dreadful sabres of keen Damascan steel, or mighty maces with points of the same metal, as I have seen them more than a dozen times. I have condescended to tell thee thus much, that thou may'st see the vast difference between knights and knights; and I think it were to be wished that all princes knew so far how to make the distinction, as to give the pre-eminence to this first species of knights-errant, among whom there have been some whose fortitude has not only been the defence of our kingdom, but of many more, as we read in their histories."—"Ah! sir," said the niece, "have a care what you say; all the stories of knights-errant are nothing but a pack of lies and fables, and if they are not burnt, they ought at least to wear a Sanbenito,* the badge of heresy, or some other mark of infamy, that the world may

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

know them to be wicked, and perverters of good manners.”—“Now, by the powerful sustainer of my being,” cried Don Quixote, “wert thou not so nearly related to me, wert thou not my own sister’s daughter, I would take such revenge for the blasphemy thou hast uttered, as would resound through the whole universe. Who ever heard of the like impudence? That a young baggage, who scarce knows her bobbins from a bodkin, should presume to put in her oar, and censure the histories of knights-errant! What would Sir Amadis have said, had he heard this! But he undoubtedly would have forgiven thee, for he was the most courteous and complaisant knight of his time, especially to the fair sex, being a great protector of damsels; but thy words might have reached the ears of some, that would have sacrificed thee to their indignation; for all knights are not possessed of civility or good-nature; some are rough and revengeful; and neither are all those that assume the name of a disposition suitable to the function. Some indeed are of the right stamp, but others are either counterfeit, or of such an alloy as cannot bear the touch-stone, though they deceive the sight. Inferior mortals there are, who aim at knighthood, and strain to reach the height of

honour; and high-born knights there are, who seem fond of grovelling in the dust, and being lost in the crowd of inferior mortals. The first raise themselves by ambition or by virtue; the last debase themselves by negligence or by vice; so that there is need of a distinguishing understanding to judge between these two sorts of knights, so nearly allied in name, and so different in actions.”—“Bless me! dear uncle,” cried the niece, “that you should know so much, as to be able, if there was occasion, to get up into a pulpit, or preach * in the streets, and yet be so strangely mistaken, so grossly blind of understanding, as to fancy a man of your years and infirmity can be strong and valiant; that you can set everything right, and force stubborn malice to bend, when you yourself stoop beneath the burden of age; and what is yet more odd, that you are a knight, when it is well known you are none? For though some gentlemen may be knights, a poor gentleman can hardly be so, because he cannot buy it.”

“You say well, niece,” answered Don Quixote; “and as to this last observation, I could tell you things that you would admire

* A common thing in Spain and Italy, for the friars and young Jesuits, in an extraordinary fit of zeal, to get upon a bulk, and hold forth in the streets or market-place.

at, concerning families; but because I will not mix sacred things with profane, I waive the discourse. However, listen both of you, and for your farther instruction know, that all the lineages and descents of mankind are reducible to these four heads: First, of those who, from a very small and obscure beginning, have raised themselves to a spreading and prodigious magnitude. Secondly, of those who, deriving their greatness from a noble spring, still preserve the dignity and character of their original splendour. A third, are those who, though they had large foundations, have ended in a point like a pyramid, which by little and little dwindles as it were into nothing, or next to nothing, in comparison of its basis. Others there are (and those are the bulk of mankind) who have neither had a good beginning, nor a rational continuance, and whose ending shall therefore be obscure; such are the common people, the plebeian race. The Ottoman family is an instance of the first sort, having derived their present greatness from the poor beginning of a base-born shepherd. Of the second sort, there are many princes who, being born such, enjoy their dominions by inheritance, and leave them to their successors without addition or diminution. Of the third sort,

there is an infinite number of examples: for all the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, your Cæsars of Rome, and all the swarm (if I may use that word) of princes, monarchs, lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks and Barbarians: all these families and empires have ended in a point, as well as those who gave rise to them: for it were impossible at this day to find any of their descendants, or if we could find them, it would be in a poor grovelling condition. As for the vulgar, I say nothing of them, more than that they are thrown in as cyphers to increase the number of mankind, without deserving any other praise. Now, my good-natured souls, you may at least draw this reasonable inference from what I have said of this promiscuous dispensation of honours, and this uncertainty and confusion of descent, that virtue and liberality in the present possessor, are the most just and undisputable titles to nobility; for the advantages of pedigree, without these qualifications, serve only to make vice more conspicuous. The great man that is vicious will be greatly vicious, and the rich miser is only a covetous beggar; for, not he who possesses, but that spends and enjoys his wealth, is the rich and the happy man; nor

he neither who barely spends, but who does it with discretion. The poor knight indeed cannot shew he is one by his magnificence; but yet by his virtue, affability, civility, and courteous behaviour, he may display the chief ingredients that enter into the composition of the knighthood; and though he cannot pretend to liberality, wanting riches to support it, his charity may recompense that defect; for an alms of two maravedis cheerfully bestowed upon an indigent beggar, by a man in poor circumstances, speaks him as liberal as the larger donative of a vain-glorious rich man before a fawning crowd. These accomplishments will always shine through the clouds of fortune, and at last break through them with splendour and applause. There are two paths to dignity and wealth; arts and arms. Arms I have chosen; and the influence of the planet Mars that presided at my nativity, led me to that adventurous road. So that all your attempts to shake my resolution are in vain: for in spite of all mankind, I will pursue what heaven has fated, fortune ordained, what reason requires, and (which is more) what my inclination demands. I am sensible of the many troubles and dangers that attend the prosecution of knight-errantry, but I also know

what infinite honours and rewards are the consequences of the performance. The path of virtue is narrow, and the way of vice easy and open; but their ends and resting-places are very different. The latter is a broad road indeed, and down hill all the way; but death and contempt are always met at the end of the journey: whereas the former leads to glory and life, not a life that soon must have an end, but an immortal being. For I know, as our great* Castilian poet expresses it, that

‘Through steep ascents, through strait and rugged ways,
Ourselves to glory’s lofty seats we raise :
In vain he hopes to reach the bless’d abode,
Who leaves the narrow path, for the more easy road.’”

“Alack-a-day!” cried the niece, “my uncle is a poet too! He knows every thing. I will lay my life he might turn mason in case of necessity. If he would but undertake it, he could build a house as easy as a bird-cage.”—
“Why truly, niece,” said Don Quixote, “were not my understanding wholly involved in thoughts relating to the exercise of knight-errantry, there is nothing which I durst not engage to perform, no curiosity should escape my hands, especially bird-cages and tooth-

* Boscan, one of the first reformers of the Spanish poetry.

pickers." * By this somebody knocked at the door, and being asked who it was, Sancho answered it was he. Whereupon the house-keeper slipped out of the way, not willing to see him, and the niece let him in. Don Quixote received him with open arms; and locking themselves both in the closet, they had another dialogue as pleasant as the former.

* *Palillo de dientes*, i. e. a little stick for the teeth. Tooth-pickers in Spain are made of long shavings of boards, split and reduced to a straw's breadth, and wound up like small wax-lights.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ACCOUNT OF DON QUIXOTE'S CONFERENCE WITH HIS SQUIRE, AND OTHER MOST FAMOUS PASSAGES.

THE house-keeper no sooner saw her master and Sancho locked up together, but she presently surmised the drift of that close conference, and concluding that no less than villainous knight-errantry and another sally would prove the result of it, she flung her veil over her head, and, quite cast down with sorrow and vexation, trudged away to seek Samson Carrasco, the bachelor of arts; depending on his wit and eloquence, to dissuade his friend Don Quixote from his frantic resolution. She found him walking in the yard of his house, and fell presently on her knees before him in a cold sweat, and with all the marks of a disordered mind. "What is the matter, woman," said he, somewhat surprised at her posture and confusion, "what has befallen you, that you look as if you were ready to give up the ghost?"—"Nothing," said she, "dear sir, but that my master is departing!

he is departing, that is most certain.”—“How,” cried Carrasco, “what do you mean? Is his soul departing out of his body?”—“No,” answered the woman, “but all his wits are quite and clean departing. He means to be gadding again into the wide world, and is upon the spur now the third time to hunt after ventures, as he calls them,* though I don’t know why he calls those chances so. The first time he was brought home, was athwart an ass, and almost cudgelled to pieces. The other bout he was forced to ride home in a waggon, cooped up in a cage, where he would make us believe he was enchanted; and the poor soul looked so dismally, that the mother that bore him would not have known the child of her bowels; so meagre, wan, and withered, and his eyes so sunk and hid in the utmost nook and corner of his brain, that I am sure I spent about six hundred eggs to cocker him up again; ay, and more too, as heaven and all the world is my witness, and the hens that laid them cannot deny it.”—“That I believe,” said the bachelor, “for your hens are so well-bred, so fat, and so good, that they won’t say one thing and think another for the world. But is this all? Has no other ill luck befallen you,

* *Ventura*, signifies both good luck, and also adventures.

besides this of your master's intended ramble?" —"No other, sir," quoth she. "Then trouble your head no farther," said he, "but get you home, and as you go, say me the prayer of St Apollonia, if you know it; then get me some warm bit for breakfast, and I will come to you presently, and you shall see wonders."—"Dear me," quoth she, "the prayer of St Polonia! Why, it is only good for the tooth-ache; but his ailing lies in his skull."—"Mistress," said he, "do not dispute with me; I know what I say. Have I not commenced bachelor of arts at Salamanca, and do you think there is any *bachelorizing* beyond that?" With that away she goes, and he went presently to find the curate, to consult with him about what shall be declared in due time.

When Sancho and his master were locked up together in the room, there passed some discourse between them, of which the history gives a very punctual and impartial account. "Sir," quoth Sancho to his master, "I have at last reduced my wife, to let me go with your worship wherever you will have me."—"Reduced you would say, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and not reduced."*—"Look you, sir," quoth Sancho,

* But just now Sancho corrected his wife for saying devolved, instead of resolved.

“ if I am not mistaken, I have wished you once or twice not to stand correcting my words, if you understand my meaning: if you do not, why then do but say to me, Sancho, devil, or what you please, I understand thee not; and if I do not make out my meaning plainly, then take me up; for I am so forcible——” “ I understand you not,” said Don Quixote, interrupting him, “ for I cannot guess the meaning of your forcible.”—“ Why, so forcible,” quoth Sancho, “ is as much as to say, forcible; that is, I am so and so, as it were.”—“ Less and less do I understand thee,” said the knight.—“ Why then,” quoth Sancho, “ there is an end of the matter: it must even stick there for me, for I can speak no better.”—“ O! now,” quoth Don Quixote, “ I fancy I guess your meaning; you mean *docible*, I suppose, implying that you are so ready and apprehensive, that you will presently observe what I shall teach you.”—“ I will lay any even wager now,” said the squire, “ you understood me well enough at first, but you had a mind to put me out, merely to hear me put your fine words out a joint.”—“ That may be,” said Don Quixote, “ but prythee tell me, what says Teresa?”—“ Why, an’t please you,” quoth Sancho, “ Teresa bids me make sure work with your worship, and that we may

have less talking and more doing; that a man must not be his own carver; that he who cuts does not shuffle; that it is good to be certain; that paper speaks when beards never wag; that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. One hold-fast is better than two I will give thee. Now, I say, a woman's counsel is not worth much, yet he that despises it, is no wiser than he should be."—"I say so too," said Don Quixote; "but pray, good Sancho, proceed; for thou art in an excellent strain; thou talkest most sententiously to-day."—"I say," quoth Sancho, "as you know better yourself than I do, that we are all mortal men, here to-day and gone to-morrow; as soon goes the young lamb to the spit, as the old wether; no man can tell the length of his days; for death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door, mercy on the porter. He is in post-haste, neither fair words nor fowl, crowns nor mitres can stay him, as the report goes, and as we are told from the pulpit."—"All this I grant," said Don Quixote; "but what would you infer from hence?"—"Why, sir," quoth Sancho, "all I would be at is, that your worship allow me so much a* month for my wages, whilst I stay with you, and that the aforesaid wages be

* The custom of Spain is to pay their servants' wages by the month.

paid me out of your estate. For I will trust no longer to rewards, that mayhaps may come late, and mayhaps not at all. I would be glad to know what I get, be it more or less. A little in one's own pocket, is better than much in another man's purse. It is good to keep a nest egg. Every little makes a mickle; while a man gets he never can lose. Should it happen, indeed, that your worship should give me this same island, which you promised me, though it is what I dare not so much as hope for, why then I an't such an ungrateful, nor so unconscionable a muckworm, but that I am willing to strike off upon the income, for what wages I receive, cantity for cantity."—"Would not quantity have been better than cantity?" asked Don Quixote.—"Ho! I understand you now," cried Sancho: "I dare lay a wager I should have said quantity and not cantity: but no matter for that, since you knew what I meant."—"Yes, Sancho," quoth the knight, "I have dived to the very bottom of your thought, and understand now the aim of all your numerous shot of proverbs.—Look you, friend Sancho, I should never scruple to pay thee wages, had I any example to warrant such a practice. Nay, could I find the least glimmering of a precedent through all the

books of chivalry that ever I read, for any yearly or monthly stipend, your request should be granted. But I have read all, or the greatest part of the histories of knights-errant, and find that all their squires depended purely on the favour of their masters for a subsistence; till by some surprising turn in the knight's fortune the servants were advanced to the government of some island, or some equivalent gratuity; at least, they had honour and a title conferred on them as a reward.—Now, friend Sancho, if you will depend on these hopes of preferment, and return to my service, it is well; if not, get you home, and tell your impertinent wife, that I will not break through all the rules and customs of chivalry, to satisfy her sordid diffidence and yours; and so let there be no more words about the matter, but let us part friends; and remember this, that if there be vetches in my dove-house, it will want no pigeons. Good arrears are better than ill pay; and a fee in reversion is better than a farm in possession. Take notice too, there is proverb for proverb, to let you know that I can pour out a volley of them as well as you. In short, if you will not go along with me upon courtesy, and run the same fortune with me, heaven be with you, and make you a saint; I do not question but

I shall get me a squire, more obedient, more careful, and less saucy and talkative than you."

Sancho hearing his master's firm resolution, it was cloudy weather with him in an instant; he was struck dumb with disappointment, and down sunk at once his heart to his girdle; for he verily thought he could have brought him to any terms, through a vain opinion, that the knight would not for the world go without him. While he was thus dolefully buried in thought, in came Samson Carrasco, and the niece, very eager to hear the bachelor's arguments to dissuade Don Quixote from his intended sally. But Samson, who was a rare comedian, presently embracing the knight, and beginning in a high strain, soon disappointed her. "O flower of chivalry," cried he, "refulgent glory of arms, living honour and mirror of our Spanish nation, may all those who prevent the third expedition which thy heroic spirit meditates, be lost in the labyrinth of their perverse desires; and find no thread to lead them to their wishes!" Then turning to the house-keeper, "You have no need now to say the prayer of St Apollonia," said he, "for I find it written in the stars, that the illustrious champion must no longer delay the prosecution of glory; and I should injure

my conscience, should I presume to dissuade him from the benefits that shall redound to mankind, by exerting the strength of his formidable arm, and the innate virtues of his heroic soul. Alas! his stay deprives the oppressed orphans of a protector, damsels of a deliverer, champions of their honour, widows of an obliging patron, and married women of a vigorous comforter; nay, also delays a thousand other important exploits and achievements, which are the duty and necessary consequences of the honourable order of knight errantry. Go on then, my graceful, my valorous Don Quixote, rather this very day than the next: let your greatness be upon the wing, and if any thing be wanting towards the completing of your equipage, I stand forth to supply you with my life and fortune, and ready, if it be thought expedient, to attend your excellence as a squire, an honour which I am ambitious to attain.”—“Well, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, hearing this, and turning to his squire, “did I not tell thee I should not want squires? behold who offers me his service! the most excellent bachelor of arts, Samson Carrasco, the perpetual darling of the muses, and glory of the Salamanca schools, sound and active of body, patient of labour, inured to abstinence, silent in mis-

fortune, and, in short, endowed with all the accomplishments that constitute a squire. But forbid it heaven, that to indulge my private inclinations I should presume to weaken the whole body of learning, by removing from it so substantial a pillar, so vast a repository of sciences, and so eminent a branch of the liberal arts.—No, my friend, remain thou another Samson in thy country, be the honour of Spain, and the delight of thy ancient parents; I shall content myself with any squire, since Sancho does not vouchsafe to go with me.”—“I do, I do,” cried Sancho, relenting with tears in his eyes, “I do vouchsafe; it shall never be said of Sancho Panza, no longer pipe no longer dance. Nor have I heart of flint, sir; for all the world knows, and especially our town, what the whole generation of the Panzas has ever been: Besides, I well know, and have already found by many good turns, and more good words, that your worship has had a good will towards me all along; and if I have done otherwise than I should, in standing upon wages, or so, it were merely to humour my wife, who, when once she is set upon a thing, stands digging and hammering at a man like a cooper at a tub, till she clinches the point. But hang it, I am

the husband, and will be her husband, and she is but a wife, and shall be a wife. None can deny but I am a man every inch of me, wherever I am, and I will be a man at home in spite of any body; so that you have no more to do, but to make your will and testament; but be sure you make the conveyance so firm, that it cannot be rebuked, and then let us be gone as soon as you please, that Master Samson's soul may be at rest; for he says his conscience wont let him be quiet, till he has set you upon another journey through the world; and I here again offer myself to follow your worship, and promise to be faithful and loyal, as well, nay, and better, than all the squires that ever waited on knights-errant." The bachelor was amazed to hear Sancho Panza express himself after that manner; and though he had read much of him in the first part of his history, he could not believe him to be so pleasant a fellow as he is there represented. But hearing him now talk of rebuking instead of revoking testaments and conveyances, he was induced to credit all that was said of him, and to conclude him one of the oddest compounds of the age; nor could he imagine that the world ever saw before so extravagant a couple as the master and man.

Don Quixote and Sancho embraced, becoming as good friends as ever; and so, with the approbation of the grand Carrasco, who was then the knight's oracle, it was decreed, that they should set out at the expiration of three days; in which time all necessaries should be provided, especially a whole helmet, which Don Quixote said he was resolved by all means to purchase. Samson offered him one which he knew he could easily get of a friend, and which looked more dull with the mould and rust, than bright with the lustre of the steel. The niece and the house-keeper made a woeful outcry; they tore their hair, scratched their faces, and howled like common mourners at funerals, lamenting the knight's departure, as it had been his real death; and cursing Carrasco most unmercifully, though his behaviour was the result of a contrivance plotted between the curate, the barber, and himself. In short, Don Quixote and his squire having got all things in a readiness, the one having pacified his wife, and the other his niece and house-keeper; towards the evening, without being seen by anybody but the bachelor, who would needs accompany them about half a league from the village, they set forward for Toboso. The knight mounted his Rozinante,

and Sancho his trusty Dapple, his wallet well stuffed with provisions, and his purse with money, which Don Quixote gave him to defray expenses. At last Samson took his leave, desiring the champion to give him, from time to time, an account of his success, that according to the laws of friendship, he might sympathize in his good or evil fortune. Don Quixote made him a promise, and then they parted; Samson went home, and the knight and squire continued their journey for the great city of Toboso.

CHAPTER VIII.

DON QUIXOTE'S SUCCESS IN HIS JOURNEY TO VISIT
THE LADY DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

BLESSED be the mighty Alla,* says Hamet Benengeli, at the beginning of his eighth chapter; blessed be Alla! which ejaculation he thrice repeated, in consideration of the blessing that Don Quixote and Sancho had once more taken the field again; and that from this period, the readers of their delightful history may date the knight's achievements, and the squire's pleasantries; and he entreats them to forget the former heroical transactions of the wonderful knight, and fix their eyes upon his future exploits, which take birth from his setting out for Toboso, as the former began in the fields of Montiel. Nor can so small a request be thought unreasonable, considering what he promises, which begins in this manner.

Don Quixote and his squire were no sooner

* The Moors call God Alla.

parted from the bachelor, but Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray; which both the knight and the squire interpreted as good omens, and most fortunate presages of their success; though the truth of the story is, that as Dapple's braying exceeded Rozinante's neighing, Sancho concluded that his fortune should out-rival and eclipse his master's; which inference I will not say he drew from some principles in judicial astrology, in which he was undoubtedly well grounded, though the history is silent in that particular; however, it is recorded of him, that oftentimes upon the falling or stumbling of his ass, he wished he had not gone abroad that day, and from such accidents prognosticated nothing but dislocation of joints, and breaking of ribs; and notwithstanding his foolish character, this was no bad observation. "Friend Sancho," said Don Quixote to him, "I find the approaching night will overtake us, ere we can reach Toboso, where, before I enter upon my expedition, I am resolved to pay my vows, receive my benediction, and take my leave of the peerless Dulcinea; being assured after that of happy events, in the most dangerous adventures; for nothing in this world inspires a knight-errant with so much valour, as the

smiles and favourable aspects of his mistress.” —“I am of your mind,” quoth Sancho; “but I am afraid, sir, you will hardly come at her, to speak with her, at least not to meet her in a place where she may give you her blessing, unless she throw it over the mud-wall of the yard, where I first saw her, when I carried her the news of your mad pranks in the midst of Sierra Morena.” —“Mud-wall, dost thou say!” cried Don Quixote: “mistaken fool, that wall could have no existence but in thy muddy understanding: it is a mere creature of thy dirty fancy: for that never-duly-celebrated paragon of beauty and gentility, was then undoubtedly in some court, in some stately gallery, or walk, or as it is properly called, in some sumptuous and royal palace.” —“It may be so,” said Sancho, “though, so far as I can remember, it seemed to me neither better nor worse than a mud-wall.” —“It is no matter,” replied the knight, “let us go thither; I will visit my dear Dulcinea; let me but see her, though it be over a mud-wall, through a chink of a cottage, or the pales of a garden, at a lattice, or any where; which way soever the least beam from her bright eyes reaches mine, it will so enlighten my mind, so fortify my heart, and invigorate every faculty

of my being, that no mortal will be able to rival me in prudence and valour.”—“Troth ! sir,” quoth Sancho, “when I beheld that same sun of a lady, methought it did not shine so bright, as to cast forth any beams at all ; but mayhaps the reason was, that the dust of the grain she was winnowing raised a cloud about her face, and made her look somewhat dull.”—“I tell thee again, fool,” said Don Quixote, “thy imagination is dusty and foul ; will it never be beaten out of thy stupid brain, that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing ? Are such exercises used by persons of her quality, whose recreations are always noble, and such as display an air of greatness suitable to their birth and dignity ? Can’st thou not remember the verses of our poet, when he recounts the employments of the four nymphs at their crystal mansions, when they advanced their heads above the streams of the lovely Tagus, and sat upon the grass, working those rich embroideries, where silk and gold, and pearl embossed, were so curiously interwoven, and which that ingenious bard so artfully describes ? So was my princess employed when she blessed thee with her sight ; but the envious malice of some base necromancer fascinated thy sight, as it represents whatever is most grateful to me in

different and displeasing shapes. And this makes me fear, that if the history of my achievements, which they tell me is in print, has been written by some magician who is no well-wisher to my glory, he has undoubtedly delivered many things with partiality, misrepresented my life, inserting a hundred falsehoods for one truth, and diverting himself with the relation of idle stories, foreign to the purpose, and unsuitable to the continuation of a true history. O envy! envy! thou gnawing worm of virtue, and spring of infinite mischiefs! there is no other vice, my Sancho, but pleads some pleasure in its excuse; but envy is always attended by disgust, rancour, and distracting rage.”—“I am much of your mind,” said Sancho, “and I think, in the same book which neighbour Carrasco told us he had read of our lives, the story makes bold with my credit, and has handled it at a strange rate, and has dragged it about the kennels, as a body may say. Well, now as I am an honest man, I never spoke an ill word of a magician in my born days; and I think they need not envy my condition so much. The truth is, I am somewhat malicious; I have my roguish tricks now and then; but I was ever counted more fool than knave for all that, and so indeed I was bred

and born; and if there were nothing else in me but my religion, for I firmly believe whatever our holy Roman Catholic Church believes, and I hate the Jews mortally, these same historians should take pity on me, and spare me a little in their books. But let them say on to the end of the chapter; naked I came into the world, and naked must go out. It is all a case to Sancho, I can neither win nor lose by the bargain: and so my name be in print, and handed about, I care not a fig for the worst they can say of me.”—“What thou sayest, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “puts me in mind of a story. A celebrated poet of our time wrote a very scurrilous and abusive lampoon upon all the intriguing ladies of the court, forbearing to name one, as not being sure whether she deserved to be put into the catalogue or no; but the lady not finding herself there, was not a little affronted at the omission, and made a great complaint to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her, that he should leave her out of his list; desiring him at the same time to enlarge his satire, and put her in, or expect to hear farther from her. The author obeyed her commands, and gave her a character with a vengeance, and, to her great satisfaction, made her as famous for infamy as any woman about

the town. Such another story is that of Diana's temple, one of the seven wonders of the world, burnt by an obscure fellow merely to eternize his name; which, in spite of an edict that enjoined all people never to mention it, either by word of mouth, or in writing, yet is still known to have been Erostratus. The story of the great Emperor Charles the Fifth, and a Roman Knight, upon a certain occasion, is much the same. The emperor had a great desire to see the famous temple once called the Pantheon, but now more happily the church of All Saints. It is the only entire edifice remaining of heathen Rome, and that which best gives an idea of the glory and magnificence of its great founders. It is built in the shape of a half orange, of a vast extent, and very lightsome, though it admits no light, but at one window, or, to speak more properly, at a round aperture on the top of the roof. The emperor being got up thither, and looking down from the brink upon the fabric, with a Roman knight by him, who shewed all the beauties of that vast edifice: after they were gone from the place, says the knight, addressing the emperor, 'It came into my head a thousand times, sacred sir, to embrace your majesty, and cast myself with you, from the top of the church to the bottom,

that I might thus purchase an immortal name.' — 'I thank you,' said the emperor, 'for not doing it; and for the future, I will give you no opportunity to put your loyalty to such a test. Therefore I banish you my presence for ever;' which done, he bestowed some considerable favour on him. I tell thee, Sancho, this desire of honour is a strange bewitching thing. What dost thou think made Horatius, armed at all points, plunge headlong from the bridge into the rapid Tyber? What prompted Curtius to leap into the profound flaming gulph? What made Mutius burn his hand? What forced Cæsar over the Rubicon, spite of all the omens that dissuaded his passage? And to instance a more modern example, what made the undaunted Spaniards sink their ships, when under the most courteous Cortez, but that scorning the stale honour of this so often conquered world, they sought a maiden glory in a new scene of victory? These and a multiplicity of other great actions, are owing to the immediate thirst and desire of fame, which mortals expect as the proper price and immortal recompense of their great actions. But we that are Christian catholic knights-errant must fix our hopes upon a higher reward, placed in the eternal and celestial regions,

where we may expect a permanent honour and complete happiness; not like the vanity of fame, which at best is but the shadow of great actions, and must necessarily vanish, when destructive time has eat away the substance which it followed. So, my Sancho, since we expect a christian reward, we must suit our actions to the rules of Christianity. In giants we must kill pride and arrogance: but our greatest foes, and whom we must chiefly combat, are within. Envy we must overcome by generosity and nobleness of soul; anger, by a reposed and easy mind; riot and drowsiness, by vigilance and temperance; lasciviousness, by our inviolable fidelity to those who are mistresses of our thoughts; and sloth, by our indefatigable peregrinations through the universe, to seek occasions of military, as well as Christian honours. This, Sancho, is the road to lasting fame, and a good and honourable renown.”—“I understand passing well every title you have said,” answered Sancho, “but pray now, sir, will you dissolve me of one doubt, that is just come into my head—” “Resolve thou would’st say, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote: “well, speak, and I will endeavour to satisfy thee.”—“Why then,” quoth Sancho, “pray tell me these same Julys, and

these Augusts, and all the rest of the famous knights you talk of that are dead, where are they now?" — "Without doubt," answered Don Quixote, "the heathens are in hell. The Christians, if their lives were answerable to their profession, are either in purgatory, or in heaven." — "So far so good," said Sancho, "but pray tell me, the tombs of these lordlings, have they any silver lamps still burning before them, and are their chapel-walls hung about with crutches, winding sheets, old periwigs, legs and wax-eyes, or with what are they hung?" — "The monuments of the dead heathens," said Don Quixote, "were for the most part sumptuous pieces of architecture. The ashes of Julius Cæsar were deposited on the top of an obelisk, all of one stone of a prodigious bigness, which is now called *Aguglia di San Pietro*, St Peter's Needle. The emperor Adrian's sepulchre was a vast structure as big as an ordinary village, and called *Moles Adriana*, and now the castle of St Angelo in Rome. Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in so curious and magnificent a pile, that his monument was reputed one of the seven wonders of the world. But none of these, nor any other of the heathen sepulchres, were adorned with any winding-sheets, or

other offering that might imply the persons interred were saints." — "Thus far we are right," quoth Sancho; "now, sir, pray tell me, which is the greatest wonder, to raise a dead man, or kill a giant?" — "The answer is obvious," said Don Quixote, "to raise a dead man certainly." — "Then, master, I have nicked you," said Sancho; "for he that raises the dead, makes the blind see, the lame walk, and the sick healthy, who has lamps burning night and day before his sepulchre, and whose chapel is full of pilgrims, who adore his relics, on their knees; that man, I say, has more fame in this world and in the next, than any of your heathenish emperors or knights-errant ever had, or will ever have." — "I grant it," said Don Quixote. — "Very good," quoth Sancho, "I will be with you anon. This fame, these gifts, these rights, privileges, and what do you call them, the bodies and relics of these saints have; so that by the consent and good-liking of our holy mother the church, they have their lamps, their lights, their winding-sheets, their crutches, their pictures, their heads of hair, their legs, their eyes, and the Lord knows what, by which they stir up people's devotion, and spread their Christian fame. Kings will vouchsafe to carry the

bodies of saints¹ or their relics on their shoulders, they will kiss you the pieces of their bones, and spare no cost to set off and deck their shrines and chapels.”—“And what of all this?” said Don Quixote; “what is your inference?”—“Why, truly, sir,” quoth Sancho, “that we turn saints as fast as we can, and that is the readiest and cheapest way to get this same honour you talk of. It was but yesterday or the other day, or I cannot tell when, I am sure it was not long since, that two poor barefooted friars were sainted; and you cannot think what a crowd of people there is to kiss the iron chains they wore about their waists instead of girdles, to humble the flesh. I dare say, they are more revered than Orlando’s sword,² that hangs in the armoury of our sovereign lord the king, whom heaven grant long to reign! So that for aught I see, better it is to be a friar, though but of a beggarly order, than a valiant errant-knight; and a dozen or two of sound lashes, well meant, and as well laid on, will obtain more of heaven than two thousand thrusts with a lance, though they be given to giants, dragons, or hobgoblins.”—“All this is very true,” replied

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter VIII.

² See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter VIII.

Don Quixote, "but all men cannot be friars; we have different parts allotted us, to mount to the high seat of eternal felicity. Chivalry is a religious order,¹ and there are knights in the fraternity of saints in heaven."—"However," quoth Sancho, "I have heard say, there are more friars there than knights-errant."—"That is," said Don Quixote, "because there is a greater number of friars than of knights."—"But are there not a great many knights-errant too?" said Sancho.—"There are many indeed," answered Don Quixote, "but very few that deserve the name."

In such discourses as these the knight and squire passed the night, and the whole succeeding day, without encountering any occasion to signalize themselves; at which Don Quixote was very much concerned. At last, towards evening the next day, they discovered the goodly city of Toboso, which revived the knight's spirits wonderfully, but had a quite contrary effect on his squire, because he did not know the house where Dulcinea lived, no more than his master. So that the one was mad till he saw her, and the other very melancholic and disturbed in mind, because he had never seen her; nor did he know what to do,

¹ See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter VIII.

should his master send him to Toboso. However, as Don Quixote would not make his entry in the day-time, they spent the evening among some oaks not far distant from the place, till the prefixed moment came; then they entered the city, where they met with adventures indeed.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THINGS WHICH YOU
WILL KNOW WHEN YOU READ IT.

THE sable night had spun out half her course,¹ when Don Quixote and Sancho descended from a hill, and entered Toboso. A profound silence reigned over all the town, and all the inhabitants were fast asleep, and stretched out at their ease. The night was somewhat clear, though Sancho wished it dark, to hide his master's folly and his own. Nothing disturbed the general tranquillity, but now and then the barking of dogs, that wounded Don Quixote's ears, but more poor Sancho's heart. Sometimes an ass brayed, hogs grunted, cats mewed; which jarring mixture of sounds was not a little augmented by the stillness and serenity of the night, and filled the enamoured champion's head with a thousand inauspicious chimeras. However, turning to his squire, "My dear Sancho" said he, "shew me the way to Dulcinea's palace, perhaps we shall find her still awake."—"Body of me," cried San-

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter IX.

cho, "what palace do you mean? When I saw her highness, she was in a little paltry cot."—"Perhaps," replied the knight, "she was then retired into some corner of the palace, to divert herself in private with her damsels, as great ladies and princesses sometimes do."—"Well, sir," said Sancho, "since it must be a palace whether I will or no, yet can you think this a time of night to find the gates open, or a seasonable hour to thunder at the door, till we raise the house and alarm the whole town? Are we going to a bawdyhouse, think you, like your wenchers, that can rap at a door any hour of the night, and knock people up when they list?"—"Let us once find the palace," said the knight, "and then I will tell thee what we ought to do: but stay, either my eyes delude me, or that lofty gloomy structure, which I discover yonder, is Dulcinea's palace."—"Well, lead on, sir," said the squire; "and yet though I were to see it with my eyes, and feel it with my ten fingers, I shall believe it even as much as I believe it is now noonday."

The knight led on, and having rode about two hundred paces, came at last to the building which he took for Dulcinea's palace; but found it to be the great church of the town.—

“We are mistaken, Sancho,” said he, “I find this is a church.”—“I see it is,” said the squire; “and I pray the Lord we have not found our graves; for it is a plaguy ill sign to haunt church-yards at this time of night, especially when I told you, if I am not mistaken, that this lady’s house stands in a little blind alley, without any thorough-fare.”—“A curse on thy distempered brain!” cried Don Quixote; “where, blockhead, where didst thou ever see royal edifices and palaces built in a blind alley, without a thorough-fare?”—“Sir,” said Sancho, “every country has its several fashions; and for aught you know, they may build their great houses and palaces in blind alleys at Toboso: and therefore, good your worship, let me alone to hunt up and down in what bye-lanes and alleys I may strike into; mayhap in some nook or corner we may light upon this same palace. Would Old Nick had it for me, for leading us such a jaunt, and plaguing a body at this rate.”—“Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “speak with greater respect of my mistress’s concerns; be merry and wise, and do not throw the helve after the hatchet.”—“Cry mercy, sir,” quoth Sancho, “but would it not make any mad, to have you put me upon finding readily our dame’s house at all times,

which I never saw but once in my life? Nay, and to find it at midnight, when you yourself cannot find it, that have seen it a thousand times!”—“Thou wilt make me desperately angry,” said the knight: “Hark you, heretic, have I not repeated it a thousand times, that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea, nor ever entered the portals of her palace; but that I am in love with her purely by hearsay, and upon the great fame of her beauty and rare accomplishments?”—“I hear you say so now,” quoth Sancho; “and since you say you never saw her, I must needs tell you I never saw her neither.”—“That is impossible,” said Don Quixote; “at least you told me you saw her winnowing wheat, when you brought me an answer to the letter which I sent by you.”—“That is neither here nor there, sir,” replied Sancho; “for to be plain with you, I saw her but by hearsay too, and the answer I brought you was by hearsay as well as the rest, and I know the Lady Dulcinea no more than the man in the moon.”—“Sancho, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “there is a time for all things; unseasonable mirth always turns to sorrow. What, because I declare that I have never seen nor spoken to the mistress of my soul, is it for you to trifle and say

so too, when you are so sensible of the contrary?"

Here their discourse was interrupted, a fellow with two mules happening to pass by them, and by the noise of the plough which they drew along they guessed it might be some country labourer going out before day to his husbandry; and so indeed it was. He went singing the doleful ditty of the defeat of the French at Roncesvalles;* "*Ye Frenchmen all must rue the woful day.*"—"Let me die," said Don Quixote, hearing what the fellow sung, "if we have any good success to-night; do'st thou hear what this peasant sings, Sancho?"—"Ay, marry do I," quoth the squire; "but what is the rout at Roncesvalles to us? it concerns us no more than if he had sung the ballad of *Colly my Cow*;¹ we shall speed neither the better nor the worse for it." By this time the ploughman being come up to them; "Good-morrow, honest friend," cried Don Quixote to him; "pray can you inform me which is the palace of the Peerless Princess, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"Sir," said the fellow, "I am a stranger, and but lately

* The battle of Roncesvalles is a doleful melancholy sound like our Chevy-Chase, which is the reason why it is looked upon as ominous, by superstitious people. See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter IX.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter IX.

come into this town; I am ploughman to a rich farmer. But here, right over-against you, lives the curate and the sexton; they are the likeliest to give you some account of that lady-princess, as having a list of all the folks in town, though I fancy there is no princess at all lives here. There be indeed a power of gentle-folk, and each of them may be a princess in her own house for aught I know.”—“Perhaps, friend,” said Don Quixote, “we shall find the lady for whom I inquire among those.”—“Why truly, master,” answered the ploughman, “as you say, such a thing may be, and so speed you well! ’Tis break of day.” With that, switching his mules, he staid for no more questions.

Sancho perceiving his master in suspense, and not very well satisfied; “Sir,” said he, “the day comes on apace, and I think it will not be very handsome for us to stay to be stared at, and sit sunning ourselves in the street. We had better slip out of town again, and betake ourselves to some wood hard by, and then I will come back, and search every hole and corner in town for this same house, castle, or palace of my lady’s, and it will go hard if I do not find it out at long run; then will I talk to her highness, and tell her how

you do, and how I left you hard by, waiting her orders and instructions about talking with her in private, without bringing her name in question.”—“Dear Sancho,” said the knight, “thou hast spoke and included a thousand sentences in the compass of a few words; I approve, and lovingly accept thy advice. Come, my child, let us go, and in some neighbouring grove find out a convenient retreat; then, as thou sayest, thou shall return to seek, to see, and to deliver my embassy to my lady, from whose discretion and most courteous mind I hope for a thousand favours, that may be counted more than wonderful.” Sancho sat upon thorns till he had got his master out of town, lest he should discover the falsehood of the account he brought him in Sierra Morena, of Dulcinea’s answering his letter; so hastening to be gone, they were presently got two miles from the town into a wood, where Don Quixote took covert, and Sancho was dispatched to Dulcinea. In which negotiation some accidents fell out, that require new attention and a fresh belief.

CHAPTER X.

HOW SANCHO CUNNINGLY FOUND OUT A WAY TO ENCHANT THE LADY DULCINEA; WITH OTHER PASSAGES NO LESS CERTAIN THAN RIDICULOUS.

THE author of this important history being come to the matters which he relates in this chapter, says he would willingly have left them buried in oblivion, in a manner despairing of his reader's belief. For Don Quixote's madness flies here to so extravagant a pitch, that it may be said to have outstripped, by two bow-shots, all imaginable credulity. However, notwithstanding this mistrust, he has set down every particular, just as the same was transacted, without adding or diminishing the least atom of truth through the whole history; not valuing in the least such objections as may be raised to impeach him of breach of veracity. A proceeding which ought to be commended; for truth indeed rather alleviates than hurts, and will always bear up against falsehood, as oil does above water. And so continuing his narration, he tells us, that when Don Quixote

was retired into the wood or forest, or rather into the grove of oaks near the Grand Toboso, he ordered Sancho to go back to the city, and not to return to his presence till he had had audience of his lady; beseeching her that it might please her to be seen by her captive knight, and vouchsafe to bestow her benediction on him, that by the virtue of that blessing he might hope for a prosperous event in all his onsets and perilous attempts and adventures. Sancho undertook the charge, engaging him as successful a return of this as of his former message.

“Go then, child,” said the knight, “and have a care of being daunted when thou approachest the beams of that refulgent sun of beauty. Happy, thou, above all the squires of the universe! Observe and engrave in thy memory the manner of thy reception; mark whether her colour changes upon the delivery of thy commission; whether her looks betray any emotion or concern when she hears my name; whether she does not seem to sit on her cushion with a strange uneasiness, in case thou happenest to find her seated on the pompous throne of her authority. And if she be standing, mind whether she stands sometimes upon one leg, and sometimes on

another; whether she repeats three or four times the answer which she gives thee, or changes it from kind to cruel, and then again from cruel to kind; whether she does not seem to adjust her hair, though every lock appears in perfect order. In short, observe all her actions, every motion, every gesture; for by the accurate relation which thou givest of these things, I shall divine the secrets of her breast, and draw just inferences in relation to my amour. For I must tell thee Sancho, if thou dost not know it already, that the outward motions of lovers are the surest indications of their inward affections, they are the most faithful intelligencers in an amorous negotiation. Go then, my trusty squire! thy own better stars, not mine, attend thee; and meet with a more prosperous event, than that which in this doleful desert, tossed between hopes and fears, I dare expect."—"I will go, sir," quoth Sancho, "and I will be back in a trice: meanwhile cheer up, I beseech you; come, sir, comfort that little heart of yours, no bigger than a hazelnut! Don't be cast down, I say; remember the old saying, Faint heart never won fair lady: Where there is no hook, to be sure there will hang no bacon; the hare leaps out of the bush where we least look for

her. I speak this, to give you to understand, that though we could not find my lady's castle in the night, I may light on it when I least think on it now it is day; and when I have found it, let me alone to deal with her."—"Well, Sancho," said the knight, "thou hast a rare talent in applying thy proverbs; heaven give thee better success in thy designs!" This said, Sancho turned his back, and switching his Dapple, left the Don on horseback, leaning on his lance, and resting on his stirrups, full of melancholy and confused imaginations. Let us leave him too, to go along with Sancho, who was no less uneasy in his mind.

No sooner was he got out of the grove, but turning about, and perceiving his master quite out of sight, he dismounted, and laying himself down at the foot of a tree, thus began to hold a parley with himself.—"Friend Sancho," quoth he, "pray let me ask you whither your worship is a-going? Is it to seek some ass you have lost?—No, by my troth.—What is it then thou art hunting after?—Why I am looking, you must know, for a thing of nothing, only a princess, and in her the son of beauty, forsooth, and all heaven together.—Well, and where dost thou think to find all this, friend of mine?—Where! why in the great city of Toboso.—"

And pray, sir, who set you to work?—Who set me to work! There is a question! Why, who but the most renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, he that rights the wronged, that gives drink to the hungry, and meat to those that are dry.—Very good, sir, but pray dost know where she lives?—Not I, efackins! but my master says it is somewhere in a king's palace, or stately castle.—And hast thou ever seen her, trow?—No marry han't I: why, my master himself never set eyes on her in his life.—But tell me, Sancho, what if the people of Toboso should know that you are come to inveigle their princesses, and make their ladies run astray, and should baste your carcase handsomely, and leave you never a sound rib, do you not think they would be mightily in the right on it? Why, troth, they would not be much in the wrong; though methinks they should consider, too, that I am but a servant, and sent on another body's errand, and so I am not at all in fault.—Nay, never trust to that, Sancho, for your people of La Mancha are plaguy hot and toucheous, and will endure no tricks to be put upon them: body of me! if they but smoke thee, they will maul thee after a strange rate. — No, no, fore-warned fore-armed: Why do I go about to look for

more feet than a cat has, for another man's maggot! Besides, when all is done, I may perhaps as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay, or for a scholar at Salamanca, as for Dulcinea all over the town of Toboso. Well, it is the devil, and nothing but the devil, has put me upon this troublesome piece of work."

This was the dialogue Sancho had with himself; and the consequence of it was the following soliloquy. "Well, there is a remedy for all things but death, which will be sure to lay us flat one time or other. This master of mine, by a thousand tokens I have seen, is a downright madman, and I think I come within an inch of him; nay, I am the greatest cod's-head of the two, to serve and follow him as I do, if the proverb be not a liar, Shew me thy company, I will tell thee what thou art; and the other old saw, Birds of a feather flock together. Now then, my master being mad, and so very mad as to mistake sometimes one thing for another, black for white, and white for black; as when he took the wind-mills for giants, the friars' mules for dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep for armies, and much more to the same tune; I guess it will be no hard matter to pass upon him the first country-wench I shall meet with for the Lady Dulcinea. If he won't believe it,

I will swear it; if he swear again, I will outswear him; and if he be positive, I will be more positive than he; and stand to it, and outface him in it, come what will on it: So that when he finds I won't flinch, he will either resolve never to send me more of his sleeveless errands, seeing what a lame account I bring him, or he will think some one of those wicked wizards, who, he says, owe him a grudge, has transmogrified her into some other shape out of spite."

This happy contrivance helped to compose Sancho's mind, and now he looked on his grand affair to be as good as done. Having therefore staid till the evening, that his master might think he had employed so much time in going and coming, things fell out very luckily for him; for as he arose to mount his Dapple, he spied three country-wenches coming towards him from Toboso, upon three young asses; whether male or female the author has left undetermined, though we may reasonably suppose they were she-asses, such being most frequently used to ride on by country-lasses in those parts. But this being no very material circumstance, we need not dwell any longer upon the decision of that point. It is sufficient they were asses, and discovered by Sancho; who thereupon made all

the haste he could to get to his master, and found him breathing out a thousand sighs and amorous lamentations.

“Well, my Sancho,” said the knight, immediately upon his approach, “what news? Are we to mark this day with a white or a black stone?”—“Even mark it rather with red ochre,” answered Sancho, “as they do church-chairs, that every body may know who they belong to.”—“Why then,” said Don Quixote, “I suppose thou bringest good news.”—“Ay, marry do I,” quoth Sancho; “you have no more to do but to clap spurs to Rozinante, and get into the open fields, and you will see my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with a brace of her damsels, coming to see your worship.”—“Blessed heavens!” cried Don Quixote, “what art thou saying, my dear Sancho? Take heed, and do not presume to beguile my real grief with a delusive joy.”—“Adzookers! sir,” said Sancho, “what should I get by putting a trick upon you, and being found out the next moment? Seeing is believing all the world over. Come, sir, put on, put on, and you will see our lady princess coming, dressed up and bedecked like her own sweet self indeed. Her damsels and she are all one spark of gold; all pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of gold

above ten inches high. Their hair spread over their shoulders like so many sun-beams, and dangling and dancing in the wind; and what is more, they ride upon three flea-bitten gambling hags; there is not a piece of horse-flesh can match them in three kingdoms.”—“Ambling nags thou meanest, Sancho,” said Don Quixote.—“Gambling hags or ambling nags,” quoth Sancho, “there is no such difference methinks; but be they what they will, I am sure I never set eyes on finer creatures than those that ride upon their backs, especially my Lady Dulcinea; it would make one swoon away but to look upon her.”—“Let us move then, my Sancho,” said Don Quixote: “and as a gratification for these unexpected happy tidings, I freely bestow on thee the best spoils the next adventure we meet with shall afford; and if that content thee not, take the colts which my three mares thou knowest of are now ready to foal on our town-common.”—“Thank you for the colts,” said Sancho; “but as for the spoils, I am not sure they will be worth any thing.”

They were now got out of the wood, and discovered the three country-lasses at a small distance. Don Quixote, casting his eyes towards Toboso, and seeing nobody on the road but the three wenches, was strangely troubled

in mind, and turning to Sancho, asked him whether the princess and her damsels were come out of the city when he left them?—"Out of the city!" cried Sancho; "Why, where are your eyes? are they in your heels, in the name of wonder, that you cannot see them coming towards us, shining as bright as the sun at noonday?"—"I see nothing," returned Don Quixote, "but three wenches upon as many asses."—"Now, heaven deliver me from the devil!" quoth Sancho: "is it possible your worship should mistake three what d'ye-call-ems, three ambling nags I mean, as white as driven snow, for three ragged ass-colts! Body of me! I will even peel off my beard by the roots an't be so."—"Take it from me, friend Sancho," said the knight; "they are either he or she asses, as sure as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panzo; at least they appear to be such."—"Come, sir," quoth the squire, "do not talk at that rate, but snuff your eyes, and go pay your homage to the mistress of your soul; for she is near at hand." And so saying Sancho hastens up to the three country wenches, and alighting from Dapple, took hold of one of the asses by the halter, and falling on his knees, "Queen, and princess, and duchess of Beauty, an't please your haughti-



ness, and greatness," quoth he, "vouchsafe to take into your good grace and liking, yonder knight, your prisoner and captive, who is turned of a sudden into cold marble-stone, and struck all of a heap, to see himself before your high and mightiness. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he himself the wandering weather-beaten knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Woful Figure." By this time, Don Quixote, having placed himself down on his knees by Sancho, gazed with dubious and disconsolate eyes on the creature whom Sancho called queen and lady; and perceiving her to be no more than a plain country-wench, so far from being well-favoured that she was blubber-cheeked, and flat-nosed, he was lost in astonishment, and could not utter one word. On the other side, the wenches were no less surprised, to see themselves stopped by two men in such different outsides, and on their knees. But at last she whose ass was held by Sancho took courage, and broke silence in an angry tone. "Come," cried she, "get out of our way with a murrain, and let us go about our business; for we are in haste."—"O Princess! and universal Lady of Toboso," answered Sancho, "why does not that great

heart of yours melt, to see the post and pillar of knight-errantry fall down before your high and mighty presence!"—"Heyday!" quoth another of the females, hearing this, "what is here to do? Look how your small gentry come to jeer and flout poor country-girls, as if we could not give them as good as they bring. Go, get about your business, and let us go about ours, and speed you well."—"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote hearing this, "for I am now convinced, that my malicious stars, not yet satisfied with my past misfortunes, still shed their baleful influence, and have barred all the passages that could convey relief to my miserable soul, in this frail habitation of animated clay. O! thou extremity of all that is valuable, master-piece of all human perfection, and only comfort of this afflicted heart, thy adorer, though now a spiteful enchanter persecutes me, and fascinates my sight, hiding with mists and cataracts from me, and me alone, those peerless beauties under the foul disguise of rustic deformity! if he has not transformed thy faithful knight into some ugly shape, to make me loathsome to thy sight, look on me with a smiling amorous eye; and in the submission and genuflexion which I pay to thy beauty, even under the fatal cloud that

obscures it, read the humility with which my soul adores thee.”--“Tittle-tattle,” quoth the country-wench, “spare your breath to cool your porridge, and rid me of your idle gibberish. Get you on, sir, and let us go; and we shall think it a kindness.” This said, Sancho made way for her, and let her pass, overjoyed his plot had succeeded so well. The imaginary Dulcinea was no sooner at liberty, but punching her ass with the end of a staff which she had in her hand, she began to scour along the plain: But the angry beast not being used to such smart instigations, fell a kicking and wincing at such a rate, that down came my Lady Dulcinea. Presently Don Quixote ran to help her up, and Sancho to resettle and gird her pack-saddle, that hung under the ass’s belly. Which being done, the knight very courteously was going to take his enchanted mistress in his arms, to set her on her saddle; but she being now got on her legs, took a run, and clapping her hands upon the ass’s crupper, at one jump leaped into her pannel, as swift as a hawk, and there she sat with her legs astride like a man. “By the lord Harry!” quoth Sancho, “our lady mistress is as nimble as an eel. Let me be hanged, if I don’t think she might teach the best jockey in Cordova or Mexico to mount a horseback. At

one jump she was vaulted into the saddle, and, without spurs, makes her nag smoke it away like a greyhound! her damsels are notable whipsters too; adad! they don't come much short of her, for they fly like the wind." Indeed, he said true, for when Dulcinea was once mounted, they both made after her full speed, without so much as looking behind them for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them as far as he could with his eyes; and when they were quite out of sight, turning to his squire, "Now, Sancho," said he, "what thinkest thou of this matter? Are not these base enchanters inexorable? How extensive is their spite, thus to deprive me of the happiness of seeing the object of my wishes in her natural shape and glory? Sure I was doomed to be an example of misfortunes, and the mark against which those caitiffs are employed to shoot all the arrows of their hatred. Note, Sancho, that these traitors were not content to turn and transform my Dulcinea, but they must do it into the vile and deformed resemblance of that country-wench; nay, they even took from her that sweet scent of fragrant flowers and amber, those grateful odours, so essential to ladies of her rank; for, to tell the truth, when I went to

help her upon her nag, as thou callest it, (for to me it seemed nothing but an ass,) such a whiff, such a rank hogo of raw garlic invaded my nostrils, as had like to have overcome me, and put me into a convulsion.”—“O ye vile wretches!” cried Sancho, “O ye wicked and ill-minded enchanters! O that I might but once see the whole nest of ye threaded together on one string, and hung up a smoking by the gills like so many pilchards! You know a deal, you can do a deal, and you make a deal of mischief. One would have thought you might have been contented, like a pack of rogues as you are, with having changed the pearls of my lady’s eyes into gall-nuts, and her most pure golden locks into a red cow’s tail; but you must be meddling with her breath, by which we might have guessed what lay hid under that coarse disguise; though, for my part, I must needs own, she did not appear to be deformed at all, but rather fair and beautiful; by the same token that she had a mole on the side of the upper lip, like a whisker, whence sprouted seven or eight red hairs, each about a span in length, looking like so many threads of gold wire.”—“As the moles on the body,” said Don Quixote, “are generally answerable to those on the face, Dulcinea should have such

another mole on the brawn of her thigh, opposite to that side of her face where that beauty-spot is seated: But methinks, Sancho, the hairs thou talkest of, are of a length somewhat extraordinary for moles."—"That is neither here nor there," quoth Sancho; "there they were, I'll assure you, and they looked too as if she had brought them with her into the world."—"That I believe," said Don Quixote, "for every part of Dulcinea must be naturally perfect and complete; so that though a hundred moles were scattered over her fair outside, and as conspicuous too as that which thou didst see, they would be no deformities in her; but so many moons and stars, an additional lustre to her beauty. But tell me, Sancho, that saddle which appeared to me to be the pannel of an ass, was it a pillion or side-saddle?"—"It was a pad-saddle," answered Sancho, "with a field-covering, and so rich that it might purchase half a kingdom."—"And could not I see all this?" cried Don Quixote. "Well, I have said it, and must repeat it a thousand times, I am the most unfortunate man in the universe." The cunning rogue of a squire, hearing his master talk at that rate, could hardly keep his countenance, and refrain from laughing, to see how admirably he had fooled him. At last,

after a great deal of discourse of the same nature, they both mounted again, and took the road for Saragossa, designing to be present at the most celebrated festivals and sports that are solemnized every year in that noble city. But they met with many accidents by the way, and those so extraordinary, and worthy the reader's information, that they must not be passed over unrecorded nor unread; as shall appear from what follows.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE STUPENDOUS ADVENTURE THAT BEFEL THE
VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE, WITH THE CHARIOT OR
CART OF THE COURT OR PARLIAMENT OF DEATH.

DON QUIXOTE rode on very melancholic; the malice of the magicians, in transforming his Lady Dulcinea, perplexed him strangely, and set his thoughts upon the rack, how to dissolve the enchantment, and restore her to her former beauty. In this disconsolate condition, he went on abandoned to distraction, carelessly giving Rozinante the reins: And the horse finding himself at liberty, and tempted by the goodness of the grass, took the opportunity to feed very heartily; which Sancho perceiving, "Sir," said he, rousing him from his waking dream, "sorrow was never designed for beasts, but men; but yet let me tell you, if men give way to it too much, they make beasts of themselves. Come, sir, awake, awake by any means; pull up the reins, and ride like a man; cheer up, and shew yourself a knight-errant. What the devil ails you? Was ever a man so moped? Are

we here, or are we in France, as the saying is? Let all the Dulcineas in the world be doomed to the pit of hell, rather than one single knight-errant be cast down at this rate."—"Hold, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, with more spirit than one would have expected; "hold, I say; not a blasphemous word against that beautiful enchanted lady; for all her misfortunes are chargeable on the unhappy Don Quixote, and flow from the envy which those necromancers bear to me."—"So say I, sir," replied the squire; "for would it not vex any one that had seen her before, to see her now as you saw her?"—"Ah, Sancho," said the knight, "thy eyes were blessed with a view of her perfections in their entire lustre, thou hast reason to say so. Against me, against my eyes only is the malice of her transformation directed. But now I think on it, Sancho, thy description of her beauty was a little absurd in that particular, of comparing her eyes to pearls; sure such eyes are more like those of a whiting or a sea-bream, than those of a fair lady; and in my opinion Dulcinea's eyes are rather like two verdant emeralds, railed in with two celestial arches, which signify her eye-brows. Therefore, Sancho, you must take your pearls from her eyes, and apply them to her teeth, for

I verily believe you mistook the one for the other.”—“Troth! sir, it might be so,” replied Sancho; “for her beauty confounded me, as much as her ugliness did you. But let us leave all to heaven, that knows all things that befall us in this vale of misery, this wicked troublesome world, where we can be sure of nothing without some spice of knavery or imposture. In the mean time, there is a thing comes into my head that puzzles me plaguily. Pray, sir, when you get the better of any giant or knight, and send them to pay homage to the beauty of your lady and mistress, how the devil will the poor knight or giant be able to find this same Dulcinea? I cannot but think how they will be to seek, how they will saunter about, gaping and staring all over Toboso town, and if they should meet her full butt in the middle of the king’s highway, yet they will know her no more than they knew the father that begot me.”—“Perhaps, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “the force of her enchantment does not extend so far as to debar vanquished knights and giants from the privilege of seeing her in her unclouded beauties. I will try the experiment on the first I conquer, and will command them to return immediately to me, to inform me of their success.”—“I like what

you say main well," quoth Sancho; "we may chance to find out the truth by this means; and if so be my lady is only hid from your worship, she has not so much reason to complain as you may have; but when all comes to all, so our mistress be safe and sound, let us make the best of a bad market, and even go seek adventures. The rest we will leave to time, which is the best doctor in such cases, nay, in worse diseases."

Don Quixote was going to return an answer, but was interrupted by a cart that was crossing the road. He that drove it was a hideous devil, and the cart being open, without either tilt or boughs, exposed a parcel of the most surprising and different shapes imaginable.¹ The first figure that appeared to Don Quixote, was no less than Death itself, though with a human countenance; on the one side of Death stood an Angel, with large wings of different colours; on the other side was placed an Emperor, with a crown that seemed to be of gold; at the feet of death lay Cupid, with his bow, quiver, and arrows, but not blind-fold. Next to these a knight appeared, completely armed except his head, on which, instead of a helmet he wore a hat; whereon was mounted

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XI.

a large plume of party - coloured feathers. There were also several other persons in strange and various dresses. This strange appearance at first somewhat surprised Don Quixote, and frightened the poor squire out of his wits; but presently the knight cleared up on second thoughts, imagining it some rare and hazardous adventure that called on his courage. Pleased with his conceit, and armed with a resolution able to confront any danger, he placed himself in the middle of the road, and with a loud and menacing voice, "You carter, coachman, or devil," cried he, "or whatever you be, let me know immediately whence you come, and whither you go, and what strange figures are those which load that carriage, which by the freight rather seems to be Charon's boat, than any terrestrial vehicle." — "Sir," answered the devil very civilly, stopping his cart, "we are strolling players, that belong to Angulo's company, and it being Corpus-Christi-Tide, we have this morning acted a tragedy, called The Parliament of Death, in a town yonder behind the mountain, and this afternoon we are to play it again in the town you see before us, which being so near, we travel to it in the same clothes we act in, to save the trouble of new dressing our-

selves. That young man plays Death; that other an angel: This woman, sir, our poet's bed-fellow, plays the queen; there is one acts a soldier; he next to him an emperor; and I myself play the Devil; and you must know, the devil is the best part in the play. If you desire to be satisfied in any thing else, do but ask and I will resolve you, for the devil knows every thing." — "Now, by the faith of my function," said Don Quixote, "I find we ought not to give credit to appearances before we have made the experiment of feeling them; for at the discovery of such a scene, I would have sworn some strange adventure had been approaching. I wish you well, good people; drive on to act your play, and if I can be serviceable to you in any particular, believe me ready to assist you with all my heart; for in my very childhood I loved shows, and have been a great admirer of dramatic representations from my youthful days."

During this friendly conversation, it unluckily fell out, that one of the company, anticly dressed, being the fool of the play, came up frisking with his morrice bells, and three full blown cow's bladders fastened to the end of a stick. In this odd appearance he began to flourish his stick in the air, and

bounce his bladders against the ground just at Rozinante's nose. The jingling of the bells, and the rattling noise of the bladders so startled and affrighted the quiet creature, that Don Quixote could not hold him in ; and having got the curb betwixt his teeth, away the horse hurried his unwilling rider up and down the plain, with more swiftness than his feeble bones seemed to promise. Sancho, considering the danger of his master's being thrown, presently alighted, and ran as fast as he could to his assistance ; but before he could come up to him, Rozinante had made a false step, and laid his master and himself on the ground ; which was indeed the common end of Rozinante's mad tricks and presumptuous racing. On the other side, the fool no sooner saw Sancho slide off to help his master, but he leaped upon poor Dapple, and rattling his bladders over the terrified animal's head, made him fly through the field towards the town where they were to play.

Sancho beheld his master's fall and his ass's flight at the same time, and stood strangely divided in himself, not knowing which to assist first, his master or his beast. At length the duty of a good servant and a faithful squire prevailing, he ran to his master, though every

obstreperous bounce with the bladders upon Dapple's hind-quarters struck him to the very soul, and he could have wished every blow upon his own eye-balls, rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this agony of spirits, he came to Don Quixote, whom he found in far worse circumstances than the poor knight could have wished; and helping him to remount, "O! sir," cried he, "the devil is run away with Dapple."—"What devil?" asked Don Quixote.—"The devil with the bladders," answered Sancho.—"No matter," said Don Quixote, "I will force the traitor to restore him, though he were to lock him up in the most profound and gloomy caverns of hell. Follow me, Sancho; we may easily overtake the waggon, and the mules shall atone for the loss of the ass."—"You need not be in such haste now," quoth Sancho, "for I perceive the devil has left Dapple already, and is gone his ways."

What Sancho said was true, for both ass and devil tumbled for company, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rozinante; and Dapple having left his new rider to walk on foot to the town, now came himself running back to his master. "All this," said Don Quixote, "shall not hinder me from revenging the affront put upon us by that unmannerly devil, at the expense of some

of his companions, though it were the emperor himself.”—“O, good your worship,” cried Sancho, “never mind it; I beseech you take my counsel, sir; never meddle with players, there is never any thing to be got by it; they are a sort of people that always find a many friends. I have known one of them taken up for two murders, yet escape the gallows. You must know, that as they are a parcel of merry wags, and make sport wherever they come, everybody is fond of them, and is ready to stand their friend, especially if they be the king’s players, or some of the noted gangs, who go at such a tearing rate, that one might mistake some of them for gentlemen or lords.”—“I care not,” said Don Quixote; “though all mankind unite to assist them, that buffooning devil shall never escape unpunished, to make his boast that he has affronted me.” Whereupon, riding up to the waggon, which was now got pretty near the town, “Hold, hold,” he cried: “stay, my pretty sparks; I will teach you to be civil to the beasts that are entrusted with the honourable burden of a squire to a knight-errant.”

This loud salutation having reached the ears of the strolling company, though at a good distance, they presently understood what it

imported ; and resolving to be ready to entertain him, Death presently leaped out of the cart ; the emperor, the devil-driver, and the angel immediately followed ; and even the queen, and the god Cupid, as well as the rest, having taken up their share of flints, stood ranged in battle-array, ready to receive their enemy as soon as he should come within stone-cast. Don Quixote seeing them drawn up in such excellent order, with their arms lifted up, and ready to let fly at him a furious volley of shot, made a halt to consider in what quarter he might attack this dreadful battalion with least danger to his person.

Thus pausing, Sancho overtook him, and seeing him ready to charge, "For goodness sake, sir," cried he, "what d'ye mean? Are you mad, sir? There is no fence against the beggar's bullets, unless you could fight with a brazen bell over you. Is it not rather rashness than true courage, think you, for one man to offer to set upon a whole army? where Death is too, and where emperors fight in person ; nay, and where good and bad angels are against you? But if all this weighs nothing with you, consider, I beseech you, that though they seem to be kings, princes, and emperors, yet there is not so much as one knight-errant among them

all.”—“Now thou hast hit upon the only point,” said Don Quixote, “that could stop the fury of my arm; for, indeed, as I have often told thee, Sancho, I am bound up from drawing my sword against any below the order of knighthood. It is thy business to fight in this cause, if thou hast a just resentment of the indignities offered to thy ass; and I from this post will encourage and assist thee with salutary orders and instructions.”—“No, I thank you, sir,” quoth Sancho, “I hate revenge; a true Christian must forgive and forget; and as for Dapple, I don’t doubt but to find him willing to leave the matter to me, and stand to my verdict in the case, which is to live peaceably and quietly as long as heaven is pleased to let me.”—“Nay then,” said Don Quixote, “if that be thy resolution, good Sancho, prudent Sancho, Christian Sancho, downright Sancho, let us leave these idle apparitions, and proceed in search of more substantial and honourable adventures, of which, in all probability, this part of the world will afford us a wonderful variety.” So saying he wheeled off, and Sancho followed him. On the other side, Death with all his flying squadron returned to their cart, and went on their journey.

Thus ended the most dreadful adventure of

the chariot of Death, much more happily than could have been expected, thanks to the laudable counsels which Sancho Panza gave his master; who the day following had another adventure no less remarkable, with one that was a knight-errant and a lover too.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE'S STRANGE ADVENTURE
WITH THE BOLD KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS.

DON QUIXOTE passed the night that succeeded his encounter with Death under the covert of some lofty trees ; where, at Sancho's persuasion, he refreshed himself with some of the provisions which Dapple carried. As they were at supper, " Well, sir," quoth the squire, " what a rare fool I had been, had I chosen for my good news the spoils of your first venture, instead of the breed of the three mares ! Troth ! commend me to the saying, A bird in hand is worth two in the bush."—" However," answered Don Quixote, " had'st thou let me fall on, as I would have done, thou mightest have shared at least the emperor's golden crown, and Cupid's painted wings ; for I would have plucked them off, and put them into thy power."—" Ah, but," says Sancho, " your strolling emperor's crowns and sceptres are not of pure gold, but tinsel and copper."—" I grant it," said Don Quixote ; " nor is it fit the decorations of the

stage should be real, but rather imitations, and the resemblance of realities, as the plays themselves must be; which, by the way, I would have you love and esteem, Sancho, and consequently those that write, and also those that act them; for they are all instrumental to the good of the common-wealth, and set before our eyes those looking-glasses that reflect a lively representation of human life; nothing being able to give us a more just idea of nature, and what we are or ought to be, than comedians and comedies. Prithee tell me, hast thou never seen a play acted, where kings, emperors, prelates, knights, ladies, and other characters, are introduced on the stage? one acts a ruffian, another a soldier; this man a cheat, and that a merchant; one plays a designing fool, and another a foolish lover: but the play done, and the actors undressed, they are all equal, and as they were before."—"All this I have seen," quoth Sancho.

"Just such a comedy," said Don Quixote, "is acted on the great stage of the world, where some play the emperors, others the prelates, and, in short, all the parts that can be brought into a dramatic piece; till death, which is the catastrophe and end of the action, strips the actors of all their marks of distinction, and

levels their quality in the grave.”—“A rare comparison,” quoth Sancho, “though not so new, but that I have heard it over and over. Just such another is that of a game at chess, where while the play lasts, every piece has its particular office; but when the game is over, they are all mingled and huddled together, and clapped into a bag, just as when life is ended we are laid up in the grave.”—“Truly, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “thy simplicity lessens, and thy sense improves every day.”—“And good reason why,” quoth Sancho; “some of your worship’s wit must needs stick to me; for your dry unkindly land, with good dunging and tilling, will in time yield a good crop. I mean, sir, that the dung and muck of your conversation being thrown on the barren ground of my wit, together with the time I have served your worship, and kept you company, which is, as a body may say, the tillage, I must needs bring forth blessed fruit at last, so as not to shame my master, but keep in the paths of good manners, which you have beaten into my sodden understanding.” Sancho’s affected style made Don Quixote laugh, though he thought his words true in the main; and he could not but admire at his improvement. But the fellow never discovered his weakness

so much as by endeavouring to hide it, being most apt to tumble when he strove to soar too high. His excellence lay chiefly in a knack at drawing proverbs into his discourse, whether to the purpose or not, as any one that has observed his manner of speaking in this history, must have perceived.

In such discourses they passed a great part of the night, till Sancho wanted to drop the portcullices of his eyes, which was his way of saying he had a mind to go to sleep. Thereupon he unharnessed Dapple, and set him a grazing; but Rozinante was condemned to stand saddled all night, by his master's injunction and prescription, used of old by all knights-errant, who never unsaddled their steeds in the field, but took off their bridles, and hung them at the pummel of the saddle. However, he was not forsaken by faithful Dapple, whose friendship was so unparalleled and inviolable, that unquestioned tradition has handed it down from father to son, that the author of this true history composed particular chapters of the united affection of these two beasts; though, to preserve the decorum due to so heroic a history, he would not insert them in the work. Yet sometimes he cannot forbear giving us some new touches on that subject;

as when he writes, that the two friendly creatures took a mighty pleasure in being together to scrub and lick one another; and when they had had enough of that sport, Rozinante would gently lean his head at least half a yard over Dapple's neck, and so they would stand very lovingly together, looking wistfully on the ground for two or three days; except somebody made them leave that contemplative posture, or hunger compelled them to a separation. Nay, I cannot pass by what is reported of the author, how he left in writing, that he had compared their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, and that of Pylades and Orestes, which if it were so, deserves universal admiration; the sincere affection of these quiet animals being a just reflection on men, who are so guilty of breaking their friendship to one another. From hence came the saying, There is no friend; all friendship is gone: Now men hug, then fight anon.¹ And that other, Where you see your friend, trust to yourself. Neither should the world take it ill, that the cordial affection of these animals was compared by our author to that of men; since many important principles of prudence and morality have been learnt from irrational creatures; as, the use of

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XII.

clysters from the stork, and the benefit of vomiting from the dog. The crane gave mankind an example of vigilance, the ant of providence, the elephant of honesty, and the horse of loyalty.

At last Sancho fell asleep at the root of a cork-tree, and his master fetched a slumber under a spacious oak. But it was not long e'er he was disturbed by a noise behind him, and starting up, he looked and hearkened on the side whence he thought the voice came, and discovered two men on horseback; one of whom letting himself carelessly slide down from the saddle, and calling to the other, "Alight, friend," said he, "and unbridle your horse; for methinks this place will supply them plentifully with pasture, and me with silence and solitude to indulge my amorous thoughts."—While he said this, he laid himself down on the grass; in doing which, the armour he had on made a noise, a sure sign, that gave Don Quixote to understand he was some knight-errant. Thereupon going to Sancho, who slept on, he plucked him by the arm; and having waked him with much ado, "Friend Sancho," said he, whispering him in his ear, "here is an adventure."—"Heaven grant it be a good one!" quoth Sancho. "But where is that

same lady adventure's worship?"—"Where! dost thou ask, Sancho? why, turn thy head, man, and look yonder. Dost thou not see a knight-errant there lying on the ground. I have reason to think he is in melancholy circumstances, for I saw him fling himself off from his horse, and stretch himself on the ground in a disconsolate manner, and his armour clashed as he fell."—"What of all that?" quoth Sancho.—"How do you make this to be an adventure?"—"I will not yet affirm," answered Don Quixote, "that it is an adventure; but a very fair rise to one as ever was seen. But hark! he is tuning some instrument, and by his coughing and spitting he is clearing his throat to sing."—"Troth now, sir," quoth Sancho, "it is even so in good earnest; and I fancy it is some knight that is in love."—"All knights-errant must be so," answered Don Quixote: "but let us hearken, and if he sings, we shall know more of his circumstances presently, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."—Sancho would have answered, but that the Knight of the Wood's voice, which was but indifferent, interrupted him with the following

SONG.

I.

“Bright queen, how shall your loving slave
 Be sure not to displease?
 Some rule of duty let him crave;
 He begs no other ease.

II.

“Say, must I die, or hopeless live?
 I’ll act as you ordain:
 Despair a silent death shall give,
 Or Love himself complain.

III.

“My heart, though soft as wax, will prove
 Like diamonds firm and true:
 For, what th’ impression can remove,
 That’s stamp’d by love and you?”

The Knight of the Wood concluded his song with a sigh, that seemed to be fetched from the very bottom of his heart; and after some pause, with a mournful and disconsolate voice, “O, the most beautiful, but most ungrateful of womankind,” cried he, “how is it possible, most serene Casildea de Vandalia,¹ your heart should consent that a knight who idolizes your charms, should waste the flower of his youth, and kill himself with continual wanderings and hard fatigues? Is it not enough, that I have made you to be acknow-

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XII.

ledged the greatest beauty in the world, by all the Knights of Navarre, all the Knights of Leon, all the Tartesians, all the Castilians, and, in fine, by all the Knights of La Mancha?"—"Not so neither," said Don Quixote then; "for I myself am of La Mancha, and never acknowledged, nor ever could, nor ought to acknowledge a thing so injurious to the beauty of my mistress: therefore, Sancho, it is a plain case, this knight is out of his senses. But let us hearken, perhaps we shall discover something more."—"That you will, I will warrant you," quoth Sancho, "for he seems in tune to hoan a month together." But it happened otherwise; for the Knight of the Wood overhearing them, ceased his lamentation, and raising himself on his feet, in a loud but courteous tone called to them, "Who is there? What are ye? Are ye of the number of the happy or the miserable?"—"Of the miserable," answered Don Quixote.—"Repair to me then," said the Knight of the Wood, "and be assured you have met misery and affliction itself."—Upon so moving and civil an invitation, Don Quixote and Sancho drew near to him; and the mournful knight taking Don Quixote by the hand, "Sit down," said he, "Sir Knight: for that your profession is chivalry, I need no

other conviction than to have found you in this retirement, where solitude and the cold night-dews are your companions, and the proper stations and reposing places of knights-errant.”—“I am a knight,” answered Don Quixote, “and of the order you mention ; and though my sorrows, and disasters, and misfortunes usurp the seat of my mind, I have still a heart disposed to entertain the afflictions of others. Yours, as I gather by your complaints, is derived from love, and, I suppose, owing to the ingratitude of that beauty you now mentioned.”—While they were thus parleying together, they sat close by one another on the hard ground, very peaceably and lovingly, and not like men that by break of day were to break one another’s heads.—“And is it your fortune to be in love?” asked the Knight of the Wood.—“It is my misfortune,” answered Don Quixote ; “though the pleasant reflection of having placed our affections worthily, sufficiently balances the weight of our disasters, and turns them to a blessing.”—“This might be true,” replied the Knight of the Wood, “if the disdain of some mistresses were not often so galling to our tempers, as to inspire us with something like the spirit of revenge.”—“For my part,” said Don Quixote,

“I never felt my mistress’s disdain.”—“No truly,” quoth Sancho, who was near them, “for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as butter.”—“Is that your squire,” said the Knight of the Wood.—“It is,” answered Don Quixote.—“I never saw a squire,” said the Knight of the Wood, “that durst presume to interrupt his master when he was speaking himself. There is my fellow yonder; he is as big as his father, and yet no man can say, he was ever so saucy as to open his lips when I spoke.”—“Well, well,” quoth Sancho, “I have talked, and may talk again, and before as, and perhaps—but I have done—The more ye stir, the more it will stink.”—At the same time the Squire of the Wood pulling Sancho by the arm, “Come, brother,” said he, “let us two go where we may chat freely by ourselves, like downright squires as we are, and let our masters get over head and ears in the stories of their loves: I will warrant ye they will be at it all night, and will not have done by that time it is day.”—“With all my heart,” quoth Sancho; “and then I will tell you who I am, and what I am, and you shall judge if I am not fit to make one among the talking squires.”—With that the two squires withdrew, and had a dialogue, as comical as that of their masters was serious.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ADVENTURE WITH THE KNIGHT OF THE WOOD
CONTINUED; WITH THE WISE, RARE, AND
PLEASANT DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN
THE TWO SQUIRES.

THE knights and their squires thus divided, the latter to tell their lives, and the former to relate their amours, the story begins with the Squire of the Wood.—“Sir,” said he to Sancho, “this is a troublesome kind of life, that we squires of knights-errant lead: Well may we say, we eat our bread with the sweat of our brows; which is one of the curses laid on our first parents.”—“Well may we say too,” quoth Sancho, “we eat it with a cold shivering of our bodies; for there are no poor creatures that suffer more by heat or cold, than we do. Nay, if we could but eat at all, it would never vex one, for good fare lessens care; but sometimes we shall go ye a day or two, and never so much as breakfast, unless it be upon the wind that blows.” “After all,” said the Squire of the Wood, “we may

bear with this, when we think of the reward we are to expect; for that same knight-errant must be excessively unfortunate, that has not some time or other the government of some island, or some good handsome earldom, to bestow on his squire.”—“As for me,” quoth Sancho, “I have often told my master, I would be contented with the government of any island; and he is so noble and free-hearted, that he has promised it over and over.”—“For my part,” quoth the other Squire, “I should think myself well paid for my services with some good canonry, and I have my master’s word for it too.”—“Why then,” quoth Sancho, “belike your master is some church-knight, and may bestow such livings on his good squires. But mine is purely laic; some of his wise friends indeed (no thanks to them for it) once upon a time counselled him to be an archbishop: I fancy they wished him no good, but he would not; for he will be nothing but an emperor. I was plaguily afraid he might have had a hankering after the church, and so have spoiled my preferment, I not being gifted that way; for between you and I, though I look like a man in a doublet, I should make but an ass in a cassock.”—“Let me tell you, friend,” quoth

the Squire of the Wood, "that you are out in your politics; for these island-governments bring more cost than worship; there is a great cry, but little wool; the best will bring more trouble and care than they are worth, and those that take them on their shoulders are ready to sink under them. I think it were better for us to quit this confounded slavery, and e'en jog home, where we may entertain ourselves with more delightful exercises, such as fishing and hunting, and the like; for he is a sorry country squire indeed, that wants his horse, his couple of hounds, or his fishing-tackle, to live pleasantly at home."—"All this I can have at will," quoth Sancho: "Indeed I have never a nag; but I have an honest ass here, worth two of my master's horses any day in the year. A bad Christmas be my lot, and may it be the next, if I would swop beasts with him, though he gave me four bushels of barley to boot, no, marry would not I: Laugh as much as you will at the value I set on my Dapple; for Dapple, you must know, is his colour. Now as for hounds, we have enough to spare in our town; and there is no sport like hunting at another man's cost."—"Faith and troth! brother squire," quoth the Squire of the Wood, "I am fully set upon it. These

vagrant knights may e'en seek their mad adventures by themselves; for me, I will home, and breed up my children, as it behoves me; for I have three, as precious as three orient pearls."—"I have but two," quoth Sancho; "but they might be presented to the Pope himself, especially my girl, that I breed up to be a countess (Heaven bless her,) in spite of her mother's teeth."—"And how old, pray," said the Squire of the Wood, "may this same young lady countess be?"—"Why, she is about fifteen," answered Sancho, "a little over or a little under; but she is as tall as a pike, as fresh as an April morning, and strong as a porter."—"With these parts," quoth the other, "she may set up not only for a countess, but for one of the wood-nymphs! Ah, the young buxom whore's brood! What a spring the mettlesome quean will have with her!"—"My daughter is no whore," quoth Sancho, in a grumbling tone, "and her mother was an honest woman before her: and they shall be honest, by heaven's blessing, while I live and do well: So, sir, pray keep your tongue between your teeth, or speak as you ought. Methinks your master should have taught you better manners; for knights-errant are the very pink of courtesy."

“Alas,” quoth the Squire of the Wood, “how you are mistaken! how little you know the way of praising people now-a-days! Have you never observed when any gentleman at a bull-feast gives the bull a home thrust with his lance, or when any body behaves himself cleverly upon any occasion, the people will cry out, What a brisk son of a whore that is! a clever dog I will warrant him. So what seems to be slander, in that sense is notable commendation: And be advised by me, don’t think those children worth the owning, who won’t do that which may make their parents be commended in that fashion.”—“Nay, if it be so,” quoth Sancho, “I will disown them if they don’t; and henceforth you may call my wife and daughter all the whores and bawds you can think on, and welcome; for they do a thousand things that deserve all these fine names. Heaven send me once more to see them, and deliver me out of this mortal sin of squire-erranting, which I have been drawn into a second time by the wicked bait of a hundred ducats, which the devil threw in my own way in Sierra Morena, and which he still haunts me with, and brings before my eyes here and there and every where. Oh that plaguy purse, it is still running in my head;

methinks I am counting such another over and over! Now I hug it, now I carry it home, now I am buying land with it; now I let leases, now I am receiving my rents, and live like a prince! Thus I pass away the time, and this lulls me on to drudge on to the end of the chapter, with this dunder-headed master of mine, who, to my knowledge, is more a madman than a knight."

"Truly," said the Squire of the Wood, "this makes the proverb true, covetousness breaks the sack. And now you talk of madmen, I think my master is worse than yours; for he is one of those, of whom the proverb says, fools will be meddling; and who meddles with another man's business, milks his cows into a sieve. In searching after another knight's wits, he loses his own; and hunts up and down for that, which may make him rue the finding."—"And is not the poor man in love?" quoth Sancho.—"Ay, marry," said the other, "and with one Casildea de Vandalia, one of the oddest pieces in the world; she will neither roast nor boil, and is neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring. But that is not the thing that plagues his noddle now. He has some other crotchets in his crown, and you will hear more of it ere long."—"There

is no way so smooth," quoth Sancho, "but it has a hole or rub in it to make a body stumble. In some houses they boil beans, and in mine are whole kettles full. So madness has more need of good attendants than wisdom. But if this old saying be true, that it lightens sorrow to have companions in our grief, you are the fittest to comfort me; you serve one fool and I another."—"My master," quoth the Squire of the Wood, "is more stout than foolish, but more knave than either."—"Mine is not like yours then," quoth Sancho, "he has not one grain of knavery in him; he is as dull as an old cracked pitcher, hurts no body, does all the good he can to every body; a child may persuade him it is night at noon-day; and he is so simple that I cannot help loving him, with all my heart and soul, and cannot leave him, in spite of all his follies."—"Have a care, brother," said the Squire of the Wood, "when the blind leads the blind both may fall into the ditch. It is better to wheel about fair and softly, and steal home again to our own fire-sides; for those who follow their nose are often led into a stink."

Here the Squire of the Wood observing that Sancho spit very often and very dry, "I fancy, brother," said he, "that our tongues stick to

the palates of our mouths with talking; but to cure that disease I have something that hangs to the pommel of my saddle, as good as ever was tipped over tongue."—Then he went and took down a leather bottle of wine, and a cold pye, at least half a yard long; which is no fiction, for Sancho himself, when he laid his hands on it, took it rather for a baked goat than a kid, though it was indeed but an overgrown rabbit. "What," said Sancho, at the sight, "did you bring this too abroad with you?"—"What d'ye think?" said the other: "Do you take me for one of your fresh-water squires? I'd have you know, I carry as good provisions at my horse's crupper, as any general upon his march."

Sancho did not stay for an invitation, but fell to in the dark, cramming down morsels as big as his fist. "Ay, marry, sir," said he, "you are a squire every inch of you, a true and trusty, round and sound, noble and free-hearted squire. This good cheer is a proof of it, which I do not say jumped hither by witchcraft; but one would almost think so. Now here sits poor wretched I, that have nothing in my knapsack but a crust of cheese, so hard, a giant might break his grinders in't, and a few acorns, walnuts and filberds; a shame on my master's

niggardly temper, and his cursed maggot, in fancying that all knights-errant must live on a little dried fruit and sallads!"—"Well, well, brother," replied the Squire of the Wood, "our masters may diet themselves by rules of chivalry, if they please; your thistles, and your herbs and roots, do not at all agree with my stomach; I must have good meat, i'faith! and this bottle here still at hand at the pommel of my saddle. It is my joy, my life, the comfort of my soul; I hug and kiss it every moment, and now recommend it to you as the best friend in the world."

Sancho took the bottle, and rearing it to his thirsty lips, with his eyes fixed upon the stars, kept himself in that happy contemplation for a quarter of an hour together. At last, when he had taken his draught, with a deep groan, a nod on one side, and a cunning leer, "O! the son of a whore! What a rare and catholic bub this is!"—"Oh ho!" quoth the Squire of the Wood, "have I caught you at your son of a whore! Did not I tell you, that it was a way of commending a thing?"—"I knock under," quoth Sancho, "and own it is no dishonour to call one a son of a whore, when we mean to praise him. But now, by the remembrance of her you love best, prithee tell me, is not this

your right Ciudad Real* wine?"—"Thou hast a rare palate," answered the Squire of the Wood; "it is the very same, and of a good age too."—"I thought so," said Sancho; "but is it not strange now, that turn me but loose among a parcel of wines, I shall find the difference? Adad! Sir, I no sooner clap my nose to a taster of wine, but I can tell the place, the grape, the flavour, the age, the strength, and all the qualities of the parcel: And all this is natural to me, sir, for I had two relations by the father's side that were the nicest tasters that were known of a long time in La Mancha; of which two I will relate you a story that makes good what I said. It fell out on a time, that some wine was drawn fresh out of a hogs-head, and given to these same friends of mine to taste; and they were asked their opinions of the condition, the quality, the goodness, the badness of the wine, and all that. The one tried it with the tip of his tongue, the other only smelled it; the first said the wine tasted of iron; the second said, it rather had a tang of goat's leather. The vintner swore his vessel was clean, and the wine neat, and so pure that it could have no taste of any such thing, Well, time ran on, the wine was sold, and

* Ciudad Real, is a city of Spain, noted for good wine.

when the vessel came to be emptied, what do you think, sir, was found in the cask? A little key, with a bit of leathern thong tied to it. Now, judge you by this, whether he that comes of such a generation, has not reason to understand wine?"—"More reason than to understand adventures," answered the other: "Therefore, since we have enough, let us not trouble ourselves to look after more, but e'en jog home to our little cots, where heaven will find us, if it be its will."—"I intend," said Sancho, "to wait on my master till we come to Saragosa, but then I will turn over a new leaf."

To conclude: The two friendly squires having talked and drank, and held out almost as long as their bottle, it was high time that sleep should lay their tongues, and assuage their thirst, for to quench it was impossible. Accordingly they had no sooner filled their bellies, but they fell fast asleep, both keeping their hold on their almost empty bottle. Where we shall for a while leave them to their rest, and see what passed between their masters.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE
KNIGHT OF THE WOOD.

MANY were the discourses that passed between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Wood: Amongst the rest, "You must know, Sir Knight," said the latter, "that by the appointment of fate, or rather by my own choice, I became enamoured of the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. I call her peerless, because she is singular in the greatness of her stature, as well as in that of her state and beauty. But this lady has been pleased to take no other notice of my honourable passion, than employing me in many perilous adventures, like Hercules's step-mother: still promising me, after I had put an happy end to one, that the performance of the next should put me in possession of my desires. But after a succession of numberless labours, I do not know which of her commands will be the last, and will crown my lawful wishes. Once, by her particular injunction, I

challenged that famous giantess La Giralda* of Seville, who is as strong and undaunted as one that is made of brass, and who, without changing place, is the most changeable and inconstant woman in the world; I went, I saw, and overcame: I made her stand still, and fixed her in a constant point, for the space of a whole week; no wind having blown in the skies during all that time but the north. Another time she enjoined me to remove the ancient stones of the sturdy bulls of Guisando; † a task more suitable to the arms of porters than those of knights. Then she commanded me to descend and dive into the cavern or den of Cabra, ‡ (a terrible and unheard of attempt) and to bring her an account of all the wonders in that dismal profundity. I stopped the motion of La Giralda, I weighed the bulls of Guisando, and with a precipitated fall, plunged and brought to light the darkest secrets of Cabra's black abyss. But still, ah! still my hopes are dead. How dead? How, because her disdain still lives, lives to enjoin me new labours, new exploits. For, lastly, she has

* Giralda is a brass statue, on a steeple in Seville; which serves instead of a weathercock.

† The bulls of Guisando are two vast statues remaining in that town ever since the time of the Romans. Supposed to be set up by Metellus.

‡ A place like some of the caverns in the Peak in Derbyshire.

ordered me to traverse the remotest provinces of Spain, and exact a confession from all the knights-errant that roam about the land, that her beauty alone excels that of all other women, and that I am the most valiant and most enamoured knight in the world. I have already journeyed over the greatest part of Spain on this expedition, and overcome many knights who had the temerity to contradict my assertion: But the perfection of my glory, is the result of my victory over the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, whom I conquered in single combat, and compelled to submit his Dulcinea's to my Casildea's beauty. And now I reckon the wandering knights of the whole universe, all vanquished by my prowess: Their fame, their glory, and their honours being all vested in this great Don Quixote, who had before made them the spoils of his valorous arm; though now they must attend the triumphs of my victory, which is the greater, since the reputation of the victor rises in proportion to that of the vanquished; and all the latter's laurels are transferred to me."

Don Quixote was amazed to hear the knight run on at this rate, and had the lie ready at his tongue's end to give him a thousand times; but designing to make him own his falsity

with his own mouth, he strove to contain his choler; and arguing the matter very calmly, "Sir Knight," said he, "that your victories have extended over all the knights in Spain, and perhaps over the whole world, I will not dispute; but that you have vanquished Don Quixote de la Mancha, you must give me leave to doubt: It might be somebody like him; though he is a person whom but very few can resemble."—"What do ye mean?" answered the Knight of the Wood: "By yon spangled canopy of the skies, I fought Don Quixote hand to hand, vanquished him, and made him submit; he is a tall wither-faced, leathern-jaw fellow, scragged, grizzle-haired, hawk-nosed, and wears long, black, lank mustachios: He is distinguished in the field by the title of the Knight of the Woeful Figure: He has for his squire one Sancho Panza, a labouring man; he bestrides and manages that far-famed courser Rozinante; and has for the mistress of his affection, one Dulcinea del Toboso, sometimes called Aldonsa Lorenzo; as mine, whose name was Casildea, and who is of Andalusia, is now distinguished by the denomination of Casildea de Vandalia; and if all these convincing marks be not sufficient to prove this truth, I wear a sword that shall force even

incredulity to credit it.”—“Not so fast, good Sir Knight,” said Don Quixote; “pray attend to what I shall deliver upon this head: You must know that this same Don Quixote is the greatest friend I have in the world; insomuch, that I may say I love him as well as I do myself. Now the tokens that you have described him by, are so agreeable to his person and circumstances, that one would think he should be the person you subdued. On the other hand, I am convinced by the more powerful argument of undeniable sense, that it cannot be he. But thus far I will allow you, as there are many enchanters that are his enemies, especially one whose malice hourly persecutes him, perhaps one of them has assumed his likeness, thus by a counterfeit conquest, to defraud him of the glory contracted by his signal chivalry over all the universe. In confirmation of which I can farther tell you, it is but two days ago that these envious magicians transformed the figure and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into the base and sordid likeness of a rustie wench. And if this will not convince you of your error, behold Don Quixote himself in person, that here stands ready to maintain his words with his arms, either a-foot or on horseback, or

in what other manner you may think convenient."

As he said this, up he started, and laid his hand on his sword, expecting the motions and resolutions of the Knight of the Wood. But with a great deal of calmness, "Sir," said he, "a good pay-master grudges no surety; he that could once vanquish Don Quixote when transformed, needs not fear him in his proper shape. But since darkness is not proper for the achievements of knights, but rather for robbers and ruffians, let us expect the morning light, that the sun may be witness of our valour. The conditions of our combat shall be, That the conquered shall be wholly at the mercy of the conqueror, who shall dispose of him at discretion; provided always he abuses not his power, by commanding any thing unworthy the honour of knighthood."—"Content," said Don Quixote, "I like these terms very well."—With that they both went to look out their squires, whom they found snoring very soundly in just the same posture as when they first fell asleep. They roused them up, and ordered them to get their steeds ready; for the first rays of the rising sun must behold them engage in a bloody and unparalleled single combat.

This news thunder-struck Sancho, and put

him to his wits-end for his master's danger; having heard the Knight of the Wood's courage strangely magnified by his squire. However, without the least reply, he went with his companion to seek their beasts, who by this time had smelled out one another, and were got lovingly both together.—“Well, friend,” said the squire to Sancho, as they went, “I find our masters are to fight; so you and I are like to have a brush too; for it is the way among us Andalusians, not to let the seconds stand idly by, with arms across, while their friends are at it.”—“This,” said Sancho, “may be a custom in your country; but let me tell you, it is a damned custom, Sir Squire, and none but ruffians and bloody-minded fellows would stand up for it. But there is no such practice among squires-errant, else my master would have minded me of it ere this; for he has all the laws of knight-errantry by heart. But suppose there be such a law, I will not obey it, that is flat: I will rather pay the penalty that is laid on such peaceable squires: I do not think the fine can be above two pounds of wax,* and that will cost me less than the lint would to make tents

* A custom in Spain, of fining small offenders to pay a small quantity of wax for the use of some church.

for my skull, which methinks is already cleft down to my chin. Besides, how would you have me fight? I have ne'er a sword, nor ever wore any."

"No, matter," quoth the Squire of the Wood, "I have a cure for that sore. I have got here a couple of linen-bags, both of a size; you shall take one, and I the other, and so we will let drive at one another with these weapons, and fight at bag-blows."—"Ay, ay, with all my heart," quoth Sancho; "this will dust our jackets purely, and won't hurt our skins."—"Not so neither," replied the Squire of the Wood; "for we will put half a dozen of smooth stones into each bag, that the wind may not blow them to and fro, and they may play the better, and so we may brush one another's coats cleverly, and yet do ourselves no great hurt."—"Body of my father!" quoth Sancho, "what soft sable fur, what dainty carded cotton and lamb's-wool he crams into the bags, to hinder our making pap of our brains, and touch-wood of our bones! But I say again and again, I am not in a humour to fight, though they were only full of silk balls. Let our masters fight, and hear on't in another world; but let us drink and live while we may, for why should we strive to end our lives

before their time and season; and be so eager to gather the plums that will drop of themselves when they are ripe?"—"Well," said the Squire of the Wood, "for all that, we must fight half an hour or so."—"Not a minute," replied Sancho: "I han't the heart to quarrel with a gentleman with whom I have been eating and drinking. I an't angry with you in the least, and were I to be hanged for it, I could never fight in cold blood."—"Nay, if that be all," said the Squire of the Wood, "you shall be angry enough, I'll warrant you; for before we go to it, d'ye see, I'll walk up very handsomely to you, and lend your worship three or four sound slaps o' the chaps, and knock you down; which will be sure to waken your choler, though it slept as sound as a dormouse."—"Nay then," quoth Sancho, "I have a trick for your trick, if that be all, and you shall have as good as you bring; for I will take me a pretty middling lever, (you understand me,) and before you can awaken my choler, will I lay yours asleep so fast, that it shall never wake more, unless in the other world, where it is well known, I am one who will let no man's fist dust my nose. Let every man look before he leaps. Many come for wool, that go home shorn. No man knows

what another can do: So, friend, let every man's choler sleep with him: Blessed are the peace-makers, and cursed are the peace-breakers. A baited cat may turn as fierce as a lion. Who knows then what I, that am a man, may turn to, if I am provoked? Take it, therefore, for a warning from me, squire, that all the mischief you may be hatching in this manner shall lie at your door."—"Well," said the other, "it will be day anon, and then we shall see what is to be done."

And now a thousand sorts of pretty birds began to warble in the trees, and with their various cheerful notes seemed to salute the fresh Aurora, who then displayed her rising beauties through the gates and arches of the east, and gently shook from her dewy locks a shower of liquid pearls, sprinkling and enriching the verdant meads with that reviving treasure, which seemed to spring and drop from the bending leaves. The willows distilled their delicious manna, the rivulets fondly murmured, the fountains smiled, the woods were cheered, the fields enriched, at her approach. But no sooner the dawning light recalled distinction, than the first thing that presented itself to Sancho's view, was the Squire of the Wood's nose, which was

so big, that it overshadowed almost his whole body. In short, it is said to have been of a monstrous size, crooked in the middle, studded with warts and carbuncles, tawny as a russet-pippin, and hanging down some two fingers below his mouth. The unreasonable bulk, dismal hue, protuberancy, and crookedness of that nose so disfigured the squire, that Sancho was seized with a trembling at the sight, like a child in convulsions, and resolved now to take two hundred cuffs, before his choler should awaken to encounter such a hobgoblin. As for Don Quixote, he fixed his eyes upon his antagonist; but as his helmet was on, and he had pulled down the beaver, his face could not be seen; however, he observed him to be strong limbed, though not very tall. Over his armour he wore a coat that looked like cloth of gold, overspread with looking-glasses, (mirrors) cut into half-moons, which made a very glittering show: a large plume of yellow, green, and white feathers waved about his helmet; and his lance, which he had set up against a tree, was very thick and long, with a steel head a foot in length. Don Quixote surveyed every particular, and from his observations, judged him to be a

man of great strength. But all this was so far from daunting his courage, like Sancho, that, with a gallant deportment, "Sir Knight of the Mirrors," said he, "if your eager desire of combat has not made you deaf to the entreaties of civility, be pleased to lift up your beaver awhile, that I may see whether the gracefulness of your face equals that of your body."—"Whether you be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise," answered the Knight of the Mirrors, "you shall have leisure enough to see my face: I cannot at present satisfy your curiosity; for every moment of delay from combat is, in my thoughts, a wrong done to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia."—"However," replied Don Quixote, "while we get a-horseback, you may tell me whether I be the same Don Quixote whom you pretend to have overcome?"—"To this I answer you," said the Knight of the Mirrors, "you are as like the knight I vanquished as one egg is like another. But considering what you tell me, that you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not affirm that you are the same."—"It is enough for me," said Don Quixote, "that you believe you may be in an error; but that I may entirely rid your doubts, let us

to horse; for if providence, my mistress, and my arm assist me, I will see your face in less time than it would have cost you to have lifted up your beaver, and make you know that I am not the Don Quixote whom you talked of having vanquished."

This said, without any more words they mounted. Don Quixote wheeled about with Rozinante, to take ground for the career; the Knight of the Mirrors did the like. But before Don Quixote had rid twenty paces, he heard him call to him: So meeting each other half way, "Remember, Sir Knight," cried he, "the conditions on which we fight; the vanquished, as I told you before, shall be at the mercy of the conqueror."—"I grant it," answered Don Quixote, "provided the victor imposes nothing on him that derogates from the laws of chivalry."—"I mean no otherwise," replied the Knight of the Mirrors.—At the same time Don Quixote happened to cast his eye on the squire's strange nose, and wondered no less at the sight of it than Sancho, taking him to be rather a monster than a man. Sancho, seeing his master set out to take so much distance as was fit to return on his enemy with greater force, would not trust himself alone with Squire Nose,



fearing the greater should be too hard for the less, and either that or fear should strike him to the ground. This made him run after his master, till he had taken hold of Rozinante's stirrup-leathers; and when he thought him ready to turn back to take his career, "Good your worship," cried he, "before you run upon your enemy, help me to get up into yon cork-tree, where I may better, and much more to my liking, see your brave battle with the knight."—"I rather believe," said Don Quixote, "thou wantest to be perched up yonder as on a scaffold, to see the bull-baiting without danger."—"To tell you the truth," quoth Sancho, "that fellow's unconscionable nose has so frightened me, that I dare not stay within his reach."—"It is indeed such a sight," said Don Quixote, "as might affect with fear any other but myself; and therefore come, I will help thee up."—Now while Sancho was climbing up the tree, with his master's assistance, the Knight of the Mirrors took as much ground as he thought proper for his career; and imagining Don Quixote had done the same, he faced about, without expecting the trumpet's sound, or any other signal for a charge, and with his horse's full speed, which was no more than a middling

trot, (for he was neither more promising nor a better performer than Rozinante,) he went to encounter his enemy. But seeing him busy in helping up his squire, he held in his steed, and stopped in the middle of the career, for which the horse was mightily obliged to him, being already scarce able to stir a foot farther.

Don Quixote, who thought his enemy was flying upon him, set spurs to Rozinante's hinder flank vigorously, and so awakened his mettle, that the story says, this was the only time he was known to gallop a little, for at all others, downright trotting was his best. With this unusual fury, he soon got to the place where his opponent was striking his spurs into his horse's sides up to the very rowels, without being able to make him stir an inch from the spot. Now while he was thus goading him on, and at the same time encumbered with his lance, either not knowing how to set it in the rest, or wanting time to do it, Don Quixote, who took no notice of his disorder, encountered him without danger so furiously, that the Knight of the Mirrors was hurried, in spite of his teeth, over his horse's crupper, and was so hurt with falling to the ground, that he lay without motion, or any

sign of life. Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, but down he comes sliding from the tree, and runs to his master; who, having dismounted, was got upon the Knight of the Mirrors, and was unlacing his helmet, to see if he were dead or alive, and give him air. But who can relate what he saw, when he saw the face of the Knight of the Mirrors, without raising wonder, amazement, or astonishment in those that shall hear it? He saw, says the history, in that face, the very visage, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very make, the very features, the very effigy, of the bachelor Samson Carrasco! "Come Sancho," cried he, as he saw it, "come hither, look, and admire what thou mayest see, yet not believe. Haste, my friend, and mark the power of magic; what sorcerers and enchanters can do!" Sancho drew near, and seeing the bachelor Samson Carrasco's face, began to cross himself a thousand times, and bless himself as many more.

The poor defeated knight all this while gave no sign of life: "Sir," quoth Sancho to his master, "if you will be ruled by me, make sure work: Right or wrong, e'en thrust your sword down this fellow's throat that is so like the bachelor Samson Carrasco; and so mayhap in

him you may chance to murder one of those bitter dogs, those enchanters that haunt you so." "That thought is not amiss," said Don Quixote; and with that, drawing his sword, he was going to put Sancho's advice in execution, when the knight's squire came running without the nose that so disguised him before; and calling to Don Quixote, "Hold, noble Don Quixote!" cried he, "Take heed! Beware! 'Tis your friend Samson Carrasco that now lies at your worship's mercy, and I am his squire."—"And where is your nose?" quoth Sancho, seeing him now without disguise.—"Here in my pocket," answered the squire: and so saying, he pulled out the nose of a varnished pasteboard vizard, such as it has been described. Sancho having more and more stared him in the face with great earnestness, "Blessed Virgin, defend me!" quoth he, "who is this? Thomas Cecial, my friend and neighbour!"—"The same, friend Sancho," quoth the squire. "I will tell you anon by what tricks and wheedles he was inveigled to come hither. Meanwhile desire your master not to misuse, nor slay, nor meddle in the least with the Knight of the Mirrors, that now lies at his mercy; for there is nothing more sure than that it is our ill-advised

countryman. Samson Carrasco, and nobody else.”

By this time the Knight of the Mirrors began to come to himself; which, when Don Quixote observed, setting the point of his sword to his throat, “Thou diest, knight,” cried he, “if thou refuse to confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels thy Casildea de Vandalia in beauty. Besides this, thou shalt promise (if thou escape with life from this combat) to go to the city of Toboso; where, as from me, thou shalt present thyself before the mistress of my desires, and resign thy person to her disposal: if she leaves thee to thy own, then thou shalt come back to me (for the track of my exploits will be thy guide,) and thou shalt give me an account of the transaction between her and thee. These conditions are conformable to our agreement before the combat, and do not transgress the rules of knight-errantry.”—“I do confess,” said the discomfited knight, “that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso’s ripped and dirty shoe is preferable to the clean, though ill-combed locks of Casildea; and I promise to go to her, and come from her presence to yours, and bring you a full and true relation of all you have enjoined me.”—“You shall also confess and believe,” added Don Quixote, “that the

knight you vanquished neither was nor could be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but somebody else in his likeness; as I, on the other side, do confess and believe, that though you seem to be the bachelor Samson Carrasco, you are not he, but some other, whom my enemies have transformed into his resemblance, to assuage the violence of my wrath, and make me entertain with moderation the glory of my victory.”—“All this I confess, believe, and allow,” said the knight; “and now I beseech you let me rise, if the hurt I have received by my fall will give me leave, for I find myself very much bruised.” Don Quixote helped him to rise, by the aid of his squire Thomas Cecial, on whom Sancho fixed his eyes all the while, asking him a thousand questions; the answers to which convinced him, that he was the real Thomas Cecial, as he said, though the conceit of what was told him by his master, that the magicians had transformed the Knight of the Mirrors into Samson Carrasco, had made such an impression on his fancy, that he could not believe the testimony of his own eyes. In short, the master and the man persisted in their error. The Knight of the Mirrors and his squire, much out of humour, and much out of order, left Don Quixote, to go to some town where he might get some

ointments and plaisters for his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their progress for Saragosa; where the history leaves them, to relate who the Knight of the Mirrors and his squire were.

CHAPTER XV.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE
MIRRORS AND HIS SQUIRE WERE.

DON QUIXOTE went on extremely pleased and joyful, priding himself and glorying in the victory he had got over so valiant a knight as the Knight of the Mirrors, and relying on his parole of honour, which he could not violate, without forfeiting his title to chivalry, that he would return to give him an account of his reception, by which means he expected to hear whether his mistress continued under the bonds of enchantment. But Don Quixote dreamed of one thing, and the Knight of the Mirrors thought of another. His only care for the present was how to get cured of his bruises.

Here the history relates, that when the bachelor Carrasco advised Don Quixote to proceed in his former profession of knight-errantry; it was the result of a conference which he had with the curate and the barber, about the best means to prevail with Don Quixote to stay quietly at home, and desist from rambling after

his unlucky adventures. For Carrasco thought, and so did the rest, that it was in vain to pretend to hinder him from going abroad again, and therefore the best way would be to let him go, and that he should meet him by the way, equipped like a knight-errant, and should take an opportunity to fight, and overcome him, which he might easily do; first making an agreement with him, that the vanquished should submit to the victor's discretion: so that after the bachelor had vanquished him, he should command him to return to his house and village, and not offer to depart thence in two years, without permission; which it was not doubted but Don Quixote would religiously observe, for fear of infringing the laws of chivalry; and in this time they hoped he might be weaned of his frantic imaginations, or they might find some means to cure him of his madness. Carrasco undertook this task, and Thomas Cecial, a brisk, pleasant fellow, Sancho's neighbour and gossip, proffered to be his squire. Samson equipped himself, as you have heard, and Thomas Cecial fitted a huge paste-board nose to his own, that his gossip Sancho might not know him when they met. Then they followed Don Quixote so close, that they had like to have overtaken him in the

midst of his adventure with the Chariot of Death; and at last, they found him in the wood, that happened to be the scene of their encounter, which might have proved more fatal to the bachelor, and had spoiled him for ever from taking another degree, had not Don Quixote been so obstinate, in not believing him to be the same man.

And now Thomas Cecial, seeing the ill success of their journey,—“By my troth,” said he, “Master Carrasco, we have been served well enough. It is easy to begin a business, but a hard matter to go through. Don Quixote is mad, and we think ourselves wise; yet he is gone away sound, and laughing in his sleeve; and your worship is left here well banged, and in the dumps: now pray who is the greatest madman, he that is so because he cannot help it, or he that is so for his pleasure?”—“The difference is,” answered the bachelor, “that he that cannot help being mad, will always be so; but he that only plays the fool for his fancy, may give over when he pleases.”—“Well then,” quoth Cecial, “I, who was pleased to play the fool in going a squire-erranting with your worship, for the self-same reason will give it over now, and even make the best of my way home again.”—“Do as you will,” replied

Carrasco, “ but it is a folly to think I ever will go home, till I have swingeingly paid that unaccountable madman. It is not that he may recover his wits neither : no, it is pure revenge now, for the pain in my bones won’t give me leave to have any manner of charity for him.” Thus they went on discoursing, till at last they got to a town, where, by good fortune, they met with a bone-setter, who gave the bruised bachelor some ease. Thomas Cencial left him, and went home, while the other staid to meditate revenge. In due time the history will speak of him again, but must not now forget to entertain you with Don Quixote’s joy.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE WITH A SOBER
GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA.

DON QUIXOTE pursued his journey, full, as we said before, of joy and satisfaction ; his late victory made him esteem himself the most valiant knight-errant of the age. He counted all his future adventures as already finished and happily achieved. He defied all enchantments and enchanters. No longer did he remember the innumerable blows he had received in the course of his errantry, nor the shower of stones that had dashed out half of his teeth, nor the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, nor the insolence of the Yanguesian carriers, that had so abominably battered his ribs with their pack-staves. In short, he concluded with himself, that if he could but by any manner of means dissolve the enchantment of his adored Dulcinea, he should have no need to envy the greatest felicity that ever was, or could be attained by the most fortunate knight in the habitable globe.

While he was wholly employed in these pleasing imaginations; "Sir," quoth Sancho to him, "is it not a pleasant thing that I cannot, for the blood of me, put out of my mind that huge unconscionable nose, and whapping nostrils, of Thomas Cecial my gossip?"—"How, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "do'st thou still believe, that the Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor Carrasco, and that Thomas Cecial was his squire?"—"I do not know what to say to it," quoth Sancho, "but this I am sure of, that nobody but he could give me those items of my house, and of my wife and children, as he did. Besides, when his hugeous nose was off, he had Tom Cecial's face to a hair. I ought to know it, I think: I have seen it a hundred and a hundred times, for we are but next-door neighbours; and then he had his speech to a tittle."—"Come on," returned Don Quixote; "let us reason upon this business. How can it enter into any one's imagination, that the bachelor Samson Carrasco should come armed at all points like a knight-errant, on purpose to fight with me? have I ever been his enemy, or given him any occasion to be mine? am I his rival? or has he taken up the profession of arms, in envy of the glory which I have purchased by my sword."—"Ay.

but then," replied Sancho, "what shall we say to the resemblance between this same knight, whoever he be, and the bachelor Carrasco, and the likeness between his squire and my gossip? If it is an enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other people in the world but they two, to make them like?"—"All, all," cried Don Quixote, "is the artifice and delusion of those malevolent magicians that persecute me, who, foreseeing that I should get the victory, disguised their vanquished property under the resemblance of my friend the bachelor; that at the sight, my friendship might interpose between the edge of my sword, and moderate my just resentment, and so rescue him from death, who basely had attempted on my life. But thou, Sancho, by experience, which could not deceive thee, knowest how easy a matter it is for magicians to transmute the face of any one into another resemblance, fair into foul, and foul again into fair; since, not two days ago, with thy own eyes thou beheldest the peerless Dulcinea in her natural state of beauty and proportion; when I, the object of their envy, saw her in the homely disguise of a blear-eyed, fetid, ugly country wench. Why then shouldst thou wonder so much at the frightful transformation

of the bachelor and thy neighbour Cencial? but however, this is a comfort to me, that I got the better of my enemy, whatsoever shape he assumed."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "heaven knows the truth of all things."—This was all the answer he thought fit to make; for as he knew that the transformation of Dulcinea was only a trick of his own, he was willing to waive the discourse, though he was the less satisfied in his master's chimeras; but feared to drop some word that might have betrayed his roguery.

While they were in this conversation, they were overtaken by a gentleman, mounted on a very fine flea-bitten mare. He had on a riding-coat of fine green cloth, faced with murry-coloured velvet, a hunter's cap of the same. The furniture of his mare was country-like, and after the jennet fashion, and also murry and green. By his side hung a Moorish scimitar, in a large belt of green and gold. His buskins were of the same work with his belt: his spurs were not gilt, but burnished so well with a certain green varnish, that they looked better, to suit with the rest of his equipage, than if they had been of pure gold. As he came up with them, he very civilly saluted them, and, clapping spurs to his mare,

began to leave them behind him. Thereupon Don Quixote called to him: "Sir," cried he, "if you are not in too much haste, we should be glad of the favour of your company, so far as you travel this road."—"Indeed," answered the gentleman, "I had not thus rid by you, but that I am afraid your horse may prove unruly with my mare."—"If that be all, sir," quoth Sancho, "you may hold in your mare; for our horse here is the honestest and soberest horse in the world; he is not in the least given to do any naughty thing on such occasions. Once upon a time, indeed, he happened to forget himself, and go astray; but then he, and I, and my master, rued for it, with a vengeance. I tell you again, sir, you may safely stay if you please, for if your mare were to be served up to him in a dish, I will lay my life he would not so much as touch her." Upon this, the traveller stopped his mare, and did not a little gaze at the figure and countenance of our knight, who rode without his helmet, which, like a wallet, hung at the saddle-bow of Sancho's ass. If the gentleman in green gazed on Don Quixote, Don Quixote looked no less on him, judging him to be some man of consequence. His age seemed about fifty; he had some grey hairs, a sharp look, and a grave yet

pleasing aspect. In short, his mien and appearance spoke him a man of quality. When he looked on Don Quixote, he thought he had never beheld before such a strange appearance of a man. He could not but admire at the lankness of his horse; he considered then the long-backed, raw-boned thing that bestrid him; his wan, meagre face, his air, his gravity, his arms and equipage; such a figure, as perhaps had not been seen in that country time out of mind.

Don Quixote observed how intent the travelling gentleman had been in surveying him, and reading his desire in his surprise, as he was the very pink of courtesy, and fond of pleasing every one, without staying till he should question him, he thought fit to prevent him.—“Sir,” said he, “that you are surprised at this figure of mine, which appears so new and exotic, I do not wonder in the least; but your admiration will cease when I have informed you, that I am one of those knights who go in quest of adventures. I have left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted my pleasures, and thrown myself into the arms of fortune. My design was to give a new life to knight-errantry, that so long has been lost to the world; and thus, after infinite toils and

hardships ; sometimes stumbling, sometimes falling ; casting myself headlong in one place, and rising again in another, I have compassed a great part of my desire, relieving widows, protecting damsels, assisting married women and orphans, the proper and natural office of knights-errant ; and so by many valorous and Christian-like achievements, I have merited the honour of the press in almost all the nations of the world. Thirty thousand volumes of my history have been printed already, and thirty thousand millions more are like to be printed, if heaven prevent not. In short, to sum up all in one word, know, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Woeful Figure ; I own it lessens the value of praise, to be the publisher of its own self ; yet it is what I am sometimes forced to, when there is none present to do me justice. And now, good sir, no longer let this steed, this lance, this shield, this armour, nor this squire, nor the paleness of my looks, nor my exhausted body, move your admiration, since you know who I am, and the profession I follow."

Having said this, Don Quixote was silent, and the gentleman in green, by his delaying to answer him, seemed as if he did not intend to make any return. But at last, after some

pause; "Sir Knight," said he, "you were sensible of my curiosity by my looks, and were pleased to say my wonder would cease when you had informed me who you was; but I must confess, since you have done that, I remain no less surprised and amazed than ever. For is it possible there should be at this time any knights-errant in the world, or that there should be a true history of a living knight-errant in print? I cannot persuade myself there is any body now upon earth that relieves widows, protects damsels, or assists married women and orphans; and I should still have been of the same mind, had not my eyes afforded me a sight of such a person as yourself. Now, heaven be praised, for this history of your true and noble feats of arms, which you say is in print, will blot out the memory of all those idle romances of pretended knights-errant that have so filled and pestered the world, to the detriment of good education, and the prejudice and dishonour of true history.—"There is a great deal to be said," answered Don Quixote, "for the truth of histories of knight-errantry, as well as against it."—"How!" returned the gentleman in green, "is there any body living who makes the least scruple but that they are false?"—"Yes, sir, myself for one," said Don Quixote; "but let

that pass : if we continue any time together on the road, I hope to convince you that you have been to blame in suffering yourself to be carried away with the stream of mankind, that generally disbelieves them."

The traveller, at this discourse, began to have a suspicion that Don Quixote was distracted, and expected the next words would confirm him in that opinion : but before they entered into any further conversation, Don Quixote begged him to acquaint him who he was, since he had given him some account of his own life and condition.

"Sir Knight of the Woeful Figure," answered the other, "I am a gentleman, born at a village, where, God willing, we shall dine by and by. My name is Don Diego de Miranda. I have a reasonable competency ; I pass my time contentedly with my wife, my children, and my friends ; my usual diversions are hunting and fishing ; yet I keep neither hawks nor hounds, but some tame partridges and a ferret. I have about three or fourscore books, some Spanish, some Latin ; some of history, others of divinity. But for books of knight-errantry, none ever came within my doors. I am more inclinable to read those that are profane than those of devotion, if they be such as yield an innocent

amusement, and are agreeable for their style, and surprising for their invention, though we have but few of them in our language. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends, and often I invite them to do the like with me. My treats are clean and handsome, neither penurious nor superfluous. I am not given to murmur and backbite, nor do I love to hear others do it. I am no curious inquirer into the lives and actions of other people. Every day I hear divine service, and give to the poor, without making a show of it, or presuming on my good deeds, lest I should give way to hypocrisy and vain-glory; enemies that too easily possess themselves of the best guarded hearts. I endeavour to reconcile those that are at variance. I pay my devotions to the blessed Virgin, and ever trust in Heaven's infinite mercy."

Sancho listened with great attention to this relation of the gentleman's way of living; and believing that a person who had led so good and pious a life, was able to work miracles, he jumped in haste from his ass, and catching hold of his right stirrup, with tears in his eyes, and devotion in his heart, fell a kissing his foot. — "What is the matter, friend?" cried the gentleman, wondering at his proceeding; "what is the meaning of this kissing?" — "Oh! good

sir," quoth Sancho, "let me kiss that dear foot of yours, I beseech you; for you are certainly the first saint on horseback I ever saw in my born days."—"Alas!" replied the gentleman, "I am no saint but a great sinner: you, indeed, friend, I believe are a good soul, as appears by your simplicity."—With that Sancho returned to his pack-saddle, having by this action provoked the profound gravity of his master to smile, and caused new admiration in Don Diego. And now Don Quixote inquires of him, how many children he had, telling him at the same time, that among the things in which the ancient philosophers, who had not the true knowledge of God, made happiness consist, as the advantages of nature and fortune, one was, to have many friends and a numerous and virtuous offspring.—"I have a son, Sir Knight," answered the gentleman; "and perhaps if I had him not, I should not think myself the more unhappy; not that he is so bad neither; but because he is not so good as I would have him. He is eighteen years of age; the last six he has spent at Salamanca to perfect himself in his Latin and Greek. But, when I would have him to have proceeded to the study of other sciences, I found him so engaged in that of poetry, if it may be called a science, that it was impossible

to make him look either to the study of the law, which I intended him for, or of divinity, the noblest part of all learning. I was in hopes he might have become an honour to his family, living in an age in which good and virtuous literature is highly favoured and rewarded by princes; for learning without virtue, is like a pearl upon a dunghill. He now spends whole days in examining, whether Homer, in such a verse of his *Iliads*, says well or no? Whether such an epigram in Martial ought not to be expunged for obscenity? and whether such and such verses in Virgil are to be taken in such a sense, or otherwise? In short, his whole converse is with the celebrated poets, with Horace and Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus. But as for modern rhymers, he has but an indifferent opinion of them. And yet for all this disgust of Spanish poetry, he is now breaking his brain upon a paraphrase or gloss on four verses that were sent him from the university, and which I think are designed for a prize."

"Sir," replied Don Quixote, "children are the flesh and blood of their parents, and, whether good or bad, are to be cherished as part of ourselves. It is the duty of a father to train them up from their tenderest years in the paths of virtue, in good discipline and

Christian principles, that when they advance in years they may become the staff and support of their parents' age, and the glory of their posterity. But as for forcing them to this or that study, it is a thing I do not so well approve. Persuasion is all, I think, that is proper in such a case; especially when they are so fortunate as to be above studying for bread, as having parents that can provide for their future subsistence, they ought in my opinion, to be indulged in the pursuit of that science to which their own genius gives them the most inclination. For though the art of poetry is not so profitable as delightful, yet it is none of those that disgrace the ingenious professor. Poetry, sir, in my judgment, is like a tender virgin in her bloom, beautiful and charming to amazement: all the other sciences are so many virgins, whose care it is to enrich, polish, and adorn her; as she is to make use of them all, so are they all to have from her a grateful acknowledgment. But this virgin must not be roughly handled, nor dragged along the streets, nor exposed to every market-place, and corner of great men's houses. A good poet is a kind of an alchemist, who can turn the matter he prepares into the purest gold and an inestimable treasure. But he

must keep his muse within the rules of decency, and not let her prostitute her excellency in lewd satires and lampoons, nor in licentious sonnets. She must not be mercenary, though she need not give away the profits she may claim from heroic poems, deep tragedies, and pleasant and artful comedies. She is not to be attempted by buffoons, nor by the ignorant vulgar, whose capacity can never reach to a due sense of the treasures that are locked up in her. And know, sir, that when I mention the vulgar, I do not mean only the common rabble; for whoever is ignorant, be he lord or prince, is to be listed in the number of the vulgar. But whoever shall apply himself to the muses with those qualifications, which, as I said, are essential to the character of a good poet, his name shall be famous, and valued in all the polished nations of the world. And as to what you say, sir, that your son does not much esteem our modern poetry; in my opinion, he is somewhat to blame; and my reason is this: Homer never wrote in Latin, because he was a Grecian; nor did Virgil write in Greek, because Latin was the language of his country. In short, all your ancient poets wrote in their mother-tongue, and did not seek other languages to express their lofty thoughts. And thus, it

would be well that custom should extend to every nation ; there being no reason that a German poet should be despised, because he writes in his own tongue ; or a Castilian or Biscayner, because they write in theirs. But I suppose, your son does not dislike modern poetry, but such modern poets as have no tincture of any other language or science, that may adorn, awaken, and assist their natural impulse. Though even in this too there may be error. For it is believed, and not without reason, that a poet is naturally a poet from his mother's womb, and that, with the talent which heaven has infused into him, without the help of study or art, he may produce these compositions that verify that saying, *Est Deus in nobis, &c.* Not but that a natural poet, that improves himself by art, shall be much more accomplished, and have the advantage of him that has no title to poetry but by his knowledge in the art ; because art cannot go beyond nature, but only adds to its perfection. From which it appears, that the most perfect poet is he whom nature and art combine to qualify. Let then your son proceed and follow the guidance of his stars, for being so good a student as I understand he is, and already got up the first step of the sciences, the knowledge of the learned tongues, he will easily

ascend to the pinnacle of learning, which is no less an honour and an ornament to a gentleman, than a mitre is to a bishop, or the long robe is to a civilian. Should your son write satires to lessen the reputation of any person, you would do well to take him to task, and tear his defamatory rhymes; but if he studies to write such discourses in verse, to ridicule and explode vice in general, as Horace so elegantly did, then encourage him: for a poet's pen is allowed to inveigh against envy and envious men, and so against other vices, provided it aim not at particular persons. But there are poets so abandoned to the itch of scurrility, that rather than lose a villainous jest, they will venture being banished to the islands of Pontius.* If a poet is modest in his manners, he will be so in his verses. The pen is the tongue of the mind; the thoughts that are formed in the one, and those that are traced by the other, will bear a near resemblance. And when kings and princes see the wonderful art of poetry shine in prudent, virtuous, and solid subjects, they honour, esteem, and enrich them, and even crown them with leaves of that tree, which is never offended by the thunder-bolt, as a token that nothing shall offend those whose brows are honoured and adorned with such crowns."

* As Ovid was.

The gentleman, hearing Don Quixote express himself in this manner, was struck with so much admiration, that he began to lose the bad opinion he had conceived of his understanding. As for Sancho, who did not much relish this fine talk, he took an opportunity to slink aside in the middle of it, and went to get a little milk of some shepherds that were hard by keeping their sheep. Now when the gentleman was going to renew his discourse, mightily pleased with these judicious observations, Don Quixote lifting up his eyes, perceived a waggon on the road, set round with little flags, that appeared to be the king's colours; and believing it to be some new adventure, he called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet. Sancho, hearing him call aloud, left the shepherds, and, clapping his heels vigorously to Dapple's sides, came trotting up to his master, to whom there happened a most terrifying and desperate adventure.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHERE YOU WILL FIND SET FORTH THE HIGHEST AND UTMOST PROOF THAT GREAT DON QUIXOTE EVER GAVE, OR COULD GIVE, OF HIS INCREDIBLE COURAGE; WITH THE SUCCESSFUL ISSUE OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS.

THE history relates, that Sancho was chaffering with the shepherds for some curds, when Don Quixote called to him; and finding that his master was in haste, he did not know what to do with them, nor what to bring them in; yet loth to lose his purchase (for he had already paid for them) he bethought himself at last of clapping them into the helmet, where having them safe, he went to know his master's pleasure. As soon as he came up to him, "Give me that helmet, friend," said the knight, "for if I understand any thing of adventures, I descry one yonder that obliges me to arm."

The gentleman in green, hearing this, looked about to see what was the matter, but could perceive nothing but a waggon, which made towards them; and by the little flags

about it, he judged it to be one of the king's carriages, and so he told Don Quixote. But his head was too much possessed with notions of adventures to give any credit to what the gentleman said; "Sir," answered he, "forewarned, fore-armed; a man loses nothing by standing on his guard. I know by experience, that I have enemies visible and invisible, and I cannot tell when nor where, nor in what shape they may attack me." At the same time he snatched the helmet out of Sancho's hands, before he could discharge it of the curds, and clapped it on his head, without examining the contents. Now the curds being squeezed between his bare crown and the iron, the whey began to run all about his face and beard; which so surprised him, that, calling to Sancho in great disorder, "What's this," cried he, "Sancho! What's the matter with me? Sure my skull is growing soft, or my brains are melting, or else I sweat from head to foot! But if I do, I am sure it is not for fear. This certainly must be a very dreadful adventure that is approaching. Give me something to wipe me if thou can'st, for I am almost blinded with the torrent of sweat."

Sancho did not dare to say a word, but giving him a cloth, blessed his stars that his

master had not found him out. Don Quixote dried himself, and taking off the helmet to see what it should be that felt so cold on his head, perceiving some white stuff, and putting it to his nose, soon found what it was. "Now, by the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso," cried he, "thou hast put curds in my helmet, vile traitor, and unmannerly squire!"—"Nay," replied Sancho cunningly, and keeping his countenance, "if they be curds, good your worship, give them me hither, and I will eat them: But hold, now I think on it, the devil eat them for me; for he himself must have put them there. What! I offer to do so beastly a trick! Do you think I have no more manners? As sure as I am alive, sir, I have got my enchanters too, that owe me a grudge, and plague me as a limb of your worship; and I warrant have put that nasty stuff there on purpose to set you against me, and make you fall foul on my bones. But I hope they have missed their aim this time, i'troth! My master is a wise man, and must needs know that I had neither curds nor milk, nor any thing of that kind; and if I had met with curds, I should sooner have put them in my belly than his helmet."—"Well," said Don Quixote, "there may be something in that."

The gentleman had observed these passages, and stood amazed, but especially at what immediately followed; for the knight-errant having put on the helmet again, fixed himself well in the stirrups, tried whether his sword were loose enough in his scabbard, and rested his lance. "Now," cried he, "come what will come; here am I, who dare encounter the devil himself *in propria persona*." By this time the waggon was come up with them, attended only by the carter, mounted on one of the mules, and another man that sat on the forepart of the waggon. Don Quixote making up to them, "Whither go ye, friends?" said he. "What waggon is this? What do you convey in it? And what is the meaning of these colours?"—"The waggon is mine," answered the waggoner: "I have there two brave lions, which the general of Oran is sending to the king our master, and these colours are to let the people understand that what goes here belongs to him."—"And are the lions large?" inquired Don Quixote. "Very large," answered the man in the forepart of the waggon: "There never came bigger from Afric into Spain. I am their keeper," added he, "and have had charge of several others, but I never saw the like of these before. In the foremost

cage is a he lion, and in the other behind, a lioness. By this time they are cruel hungry, for they have not eaten to-day; therefore, pray, good sir, ride out of the way, for we must make haste to get to the place where we intend to feed them.”—“What!” said Don Quixote, with a scornful smile, “lion whelps against me! Against me those puny beasts! And at this time of day? Well, I will make those gentlemen, that sent their lions this way, know whether I am a man to be scared with lions. Get off, honest fellow; and since you are the keeper, open their cages, and let them both out; for, maugre and in despite of those enchanters that have sent them to try me, I will make the creatures know, in the midst of this very field, who Don Quixote de la Mancha is.”—“So,” thought the gentleman to himself, “now has our poor knight discovered what he is; the curds, I find, have softened his skull, and mellowed his brains.”

While he was making this reflection, Sancho came up to him, and begged him to dissuade his master from his rash attempt. “O, good dear sir!” cried he, “for pity-sake, hinder my master from falling upon these lions, by all means, or we shall be torn a-pieces.”—“Why,” said the gentleman, “is your master so arrant

a madman then, that you should fear he would set upon such furious beasts?"—"Ah, sir!" said Sancho, "he is not mad, but woundy venturesome."—"Well," replied the gentleman, "I will take care there shall be no harm done;" and with that, advancing up to Don Quixote, who was urging the lion-keeper to open the cage, "Sir," said he, "knights-errant ought to engage in adventures from which there may be some hopes of coming off with safety, but not in such as are altogether desperate; for that courage which borders on temerity, is more like madness than true fortitude. Besides, these lions are not come against you, but sent as a present to the king, and therefore, it is not the best way to detain them, or stop the waggon."—"Pray, sweet sir," replied Don Quixote, "go and amuse yourself with your tame partridges and your ferrets, and leave every one to his own business. This is mine, and I know best whether these worthy lions are sent against me or no." Then turning about to the keeper, "Sirrah! you rascal you," said he, "either open your cages immediately, or I vow to God, I will pin thee to the waggon with this lance."—"Good sir," cried the waggoner, seeing this strange apparition in armour so resolute,

“for mercy’s sake, do but let me take out our mules first, and get out of harm’s way with them as fast as I can, before the lions get out; for if they should once set upon the poor beasts, I should be undone for ever; for alas! that cart and they are all I have in the world to get a living with.”—“Thou man of little faith,” said Don Quixote, “take them out quickly then, and go with them where thou wilt; though thou shalt presently see that thy precaution was needless, and thou mightest have spared thy pains.”

The waggoner on this made all the haste he could to take out his mules, while the keeper cried out as loud as he was able, “Bear witness, all ye that are here present, that it is against my will I am forced to open the cages and let loose the lions; and that I protest to this gentleman here, that he shall be answerable for all the mischief and damage they may do; together with the loss of my salary and fees. And now, sirs, shift for yourselves as fast as you can, before I open the cages: For, as for myself, I know the lions will do me no harm.” Once more the gentleman tried to dissuade Don Quixote from doing so mad a thing; telling him, that he tempted heaven, in exposing himself without reason to so great a

danger. To this Don Quixote made no other answer, but that he knew what he had to do. "Consider, however, what you do," replied the gentleman, "for it is most certain that you are very much mistaken."—"Well, sir," said Don Quixote, "if you care not to be spectator of an action, which you think is like to be tragical, e'en put spurs to your mare, and provide for your safety." Sancho, hearing this, came up to his master with tears in his eyes, and begged him not to go about this fearful undertaking, to which the adventure of the windmills, and the fullingmills, and all the brunts he had ever borne in his life, were but children's play. "Good your worship," cried he, "do but mind, here is no enchantment in the case, nor any thing like it. Alack-a-day! sir, I peeped even now through the grates of the cage, and I am sure I saw the claw of a true lion, and such a claw as makes me think the lion that owns it must be as big as a mountain." "Alas, poor fellow!" said Don Quixote, "thy fear will make him as big as half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me, and if I chance to fall here, thou knowest our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea—I say no more." To this he added some expressions, which cut off all hopes of his giving over his mad design.

The gentleman in green would have opposed him; but, considering the other much better armed, and that it was not prudence to encounter a madman, he even took the opportunity, while Don Quixote was storming at the keeper, to march off with his mare, as Sancho did with Dapple, and the carter with his mules, every one making the best of their way to get as far as they could from the waggon, before the lions were let loose. Poor Sancho at the same time made sad lamentations for his master's death; for he gave him for lost, not questioning but the lions had already got him into their clutches. He cursed his ill fortune, and the hour he came again to his service; but for all his wailing and lamenting, he punched on poor Dapple, to get as far as he could from the lions. The keeper, perceiving the persons who fled to be at a good distance, fell to arguing and entreating Don Quixote as he had done before. But the knight told him again, that all his reasons and entreaties were but in vain, and bid him say no more, but immediately despatch.

Now while the keeper took time to open the foremost cage, Don Quixote stood debating with himself, whether he had best make his attack on foot or on horseback; and upon

mature deliberation, he resolved to do it on foot, lest Rozinante, not used to lions, should be put into disorder. Accordingly he quitted his horse, threw aside his lance, grasped his shield, and drew his sword; then advancing with a deliberate motion, and an undaunted heart, he posted himself just before the door of the cage, commending himself to heaven, and afterwards to his lady Dulcinea.

Here the author of this faithful history could not forbear breaking the thread of his narration, and raised by wonder to rapture and enthusiasm, makes the following exclamation.¹ “O thou most magnanimous hero! Brave and unutterably bold Don Quixote de la Mancha! Thou mirror and grand exemplar of valour! Thou second, and new Don Emmanuel de Leon, the late glory and honour of all Spanish cavaliers! What words, what colours shall I use to express, to paint in equal lines, this astonishing deed of thine! What language shall I employ to convince posterity of the truth of this thy more than human enterprize! What praises can be coined, and eulogies invented, that will not be outvied by thy superior merit, though hyperboles were piled on hyperboles! Thou, alone, on foot, intrepid and

¹ See Appendix, Note 1., Chapter XVII.

magnanimous, with nothing but a sword, and that none of the sharpest,¹ with thy single shield, and that none of the brightest, stood'st ready to receive and encounter the savage force of two vast lions, as fierce as ever roared within the Lybian deserts. Then let thy own unrivalled deeds, that best can speak thy praise, amaze the world, and fill the mouth of fame, brave champion of la Mancha: while I am obliged to leave off the high theme, for want of vigour to maintain the flight." Here ended the author's exclamation, and the history goes on.

The keeper observing the posture Don Quixote had put himself in, and that it was not possible for him to prevent letting out the lions, without incurring the resentment of the desperate knight, set the door of the foremost cage wide open; where, as I have said, the male lion lay, who appeared of a monstrous bigness, and of a hideous frightful aspect. The first thing he did was to roll and turn himself round in his cage; in the next place, he stretched out one of his paws, put forth his claws, and roused himself. After that he gaped and yawned for a good while, and showed his dreadful fangs, and then thrust out half a

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XVII.

yard of broad tongue, and with it licked the dust out of his eyes and face. Having done this, he thrust his head quite out of the cage, and stared about with his eyes that looked like two live coals of fire; a sight and motion enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. But Don Quixote only regarded it with attention, wishing his grim adversary would leap out of his hold, and come within his reach, that he might exercise his valour, and cut the monster piece-meal. To this height of extravagance had his folly transported him; but the generous lion, more gentle than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravados, after he had looked about him a while, turned his tail, and having showed Don Quixote his posteriors, very contentedly lay down again in his apartment.

Don Quixote, seeing this, commanded the keeper to rouse him with his pole, and force him out whether he would or no. "Not I, indeed sir," answered the keeper: "I dare not do it for my life; for if I provoke him, I am sure to be the first he will tear to pieces. Let me advise you, sir, to be satisfied with your day's work. 'Tis as much as the bravest he that wears a head can pretend to do. Then pray go no farther, I beseech you: the door

stands open, the lion is at his choice, whether he will come out or no. You have waited for him, you see he does not care to look you in the face; and since he did not come out at the first, I dare engage he will not stir out this day. You have shown enough the greatness of your courage. No man is obliged to do more than challenge his enemy, and wait for him in the field. If he comes not, that is his own fault, and the scandal is his, as the honour the challenger's."

"'Tis true," replied Don Quixote. "Come, shut the cage-door, honest friend, and give me a certificate under thy hand, in the amplest form thou canst devise, of what thou hast seen me perform; how thou didst open the cage for the lion; how I expected his coming, and he did not come out; how, upon his not coming out then, I staid his own time, and instead of meeting me, he turned tail and lay down. I am obliged to do no more. So, enchantments, avaunt! and heaven prosper truth, justice, and knight-errantry! Shut the door, as I bid thee, while I make signs to those that ran away from us, and get them to come back, that they may have an account of this exploit from thy own mouth." The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote clapping on the point of his lance

the handkerchief, with which he had wiped off the curds from his face, waved it in the air, and called as loud as he was able to the fugitives, who fled nevertheless, looking behind them all the way, and trooped on in a body with the gentleman in green at the head of them.

At last, Sancho observed the signal of the white flag, and calling out to the rest, "Hold," cried he, "my master calls to us; I will be hanged if he has not got the better of the lions." At this they all faced about, and perceived Don Quixote flourishing his ensign; whereupon recovering a little from their fright, they leisurely rode back, till they could plainly distinguish Don Quixote's voice; and then they came up to the waggon. As soon as they were got near it, "Come on, friend," said he to the carter; "put thy mules to the waggon again, and pursue thy journey; and, Sancho, do thou give him two ducats for the lion-keeper and himself, to make them amends for the time I have detained them."—"Ay, that I will with all my heart," quoth Sancho; "but what is become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?" Then the keeper very formally related the whole action, not failing to exaggerate, to the best of his skill, Don Quixote's

courage; how at his sight alone the lion was so terrified, that he neither would nor durst quit his stronghold, though for that end his cage-door was kept open for a considerable time; and how at length upon his remonstrating to the knight, who would have had the lion forced out, that it was presuming too much upon heaven, he had permitted, though with great reluctancy, that the lion should be shut up again. "Well, Sancho," said Don Quixote to his squire, "what dost thou think of this? Can enchantment prevail over true fortitude? No, these magicians may perhaps rob me of success, but never of my invincible greatness of mind."

In short, Sancho gave the waggoner and the keeper the two pieces. The first harnessed his mules, and the last thanked Don Quixote for his noble bounty, and promised to acquaint the king himself with his heroic action when he came to court. "Well," said Don Quixote, "if his majesty should chance to inquire who the person was that did this thing, tell him it was the Knight of the Lions; a name I intend henceforth to take up, in lieu of that which I hitherto assumed, of the Knight of the Woeful Figure; in which proceeding I do but conform to the ancient custom of knights-errant, who

changed their names as often as they pleased, or as it suited with their advantage."

After this, the waggon made the best of its way, as Don Quixote, Sancho, and the gentleman in green, did of theirs. The latter for a great while was so taken up with making his observations on Don Quixote, that he had not time to speak a syllable; not knowing what opinion to have of a person, in whom he discovered such a mixture of good sense and extravagance. He was a stranger to the first part of his history; for, had he read it, he could not have wondered either at his words or actions: But not knowing the nature of his madness, he took him to be wise and distracted by fits; since in his discourse he still expressed himself justly and handsomely enough; but in his actions all was wild, extravagant, and unaccountable. "For," said the gentleman to himself, "can there be any thing more foolish, than for this man to put on his helmet full of curds, and then believe them conveyed there by enchanters; or any thing more extravagant than forcibly to endeavour to fight with lions?"

In the midst of this soliloquy, Don Quixote interrupted him. "Without doubt, sir," said he, "you take me for a downright madman,

and indeed my actions may seem to speak me no less. But for all that, give me leave to tell you, I am not so mad, nor is my understanding so defective, as I suppose you may fancy. What a noble figure does the gallant knight make,¹ who in the midst of some spacious place transfixes a furious bull with his lance in the view of his prince! What a noble figure makes the knight, who before the ladies, at a harmless tournament, comes prancing through the lists inclosed in shining steel; or those court champions, who in exercises of martial kind, or that at least are such in appearance, shew their activity: and though all they do is nothing but for recreation, are thought the ornament of a prince's court! But a much nobler figure is the knight-errant, who, fired with the thirst of a glorious fame, wanders through deserts, through solitary wildernesses, through woods, through cross-ways, over mountains and valleys, in quest of perilous adventures, resolved to bring them to a happy conclusion. Yes, I say, a nobler figure is a knight-errant succouring a widow in some depopulated place, than the court-knight making his addresses to the city dames. Every knight has his particular employment. Let

¹ See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XVII.

the courtier wait on the ladies; let him with splendid equipage adorn his prince's court, and with a magnificent table support poor gentlemen. Let him give birth to feasts and tournaments, and shew his grandeur, and liberality, and munificence, and especially his piety; in all these things he fulfils the duties of his station. But as for the knight-errant, let him search into all the corners of the world, enter into the most intricate labyrinths, and every hour be ready to attempt impossibility itself: Let him in desolate wilds baffle the rigour of the weather, the scorching heat of the sun's fiercest beams, and the inclemency of winds and snow: Let lions never fright him, dragons daunt him, nor evil spirits deter him. To go in quest of these, to meet, to dare, to conflict, and to overcome them all, is his principal and proper office. Since then my stars have decreed me to be one of those adventurous knights, I think myself obliged to attempt every thing that seems to come within the verge of my profession. This, sir, engaged me to encounter those lions just now, judging it to be my immediate business, though I was sensible of the extreme rashness of the undertaking. For well I know, that valour is a virtue situate between the two vicious extremes of cowardice

and temerity. But certainly it is not so ill for a valiant man to rise to a degree of rashness, as it is to fall short, and border upon cowardice. For as it is easier for a prodigal to become liberal, than a miser; so it is easier for the hardy and rash person to be reduced to true bravery, than for the coward ever to rise to that virtue: And therefore, in thus attempting adventures, believe me, Signor Don Diego, it is better to exceed the bounds a little, and overdo, rather than underdo the thing; because it sounds better in people's ears to hear it said, how that such a knight is rash and hardy, than such a knight is dastardly and timorous."

"For my part, sir," answered Don Diego, "I think all you have said and done is agreeable to the exactest rules of reason; and I believe, if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry were lost, they might be all recovered from you, your breast seeming to be the safe repository and archive where they are lodged. But it grows late; let us make a little more haste to get to our village, and to my habitation, where you may rest yourself after the fatigues, which doubtless you have sustained, if not in body, at least in mind, whose pains often afflict the body too."—"Sir," answered Don Quixote, "I esteem your offer as a singular

favour;" and so, putting on a little faster than they had done before, about two in the afternoon they reached the village, and got to the house of Don Diego, whom now Don Quixote called the Knight of the Green Coat.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE WAS ENTERTAINED AT THE CASTLE OR HOUSE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN COAT, WITH OTHER EXTRAVAGANT PASSAGES.

DON QUIXOTE found, that Don Diego de Miranda's house was spacious, after the country manner; the arms of the family were over the gate in rough stone, the buttery in the fore-yard, the cellar under the porch, and all around several great jars of that sort commonly made at Toboso; the sight of which bringing to his remembrance his enchanted and transformed Dulcinea, he heaved a deep sigh, and neither minding what he said, nor who was by, broke out into the following exclamation:

“* O! pledges, once my comfort and relief,
Though pleasing still, discovered now with grief.”

“O ye Tobosian urns, that awaken in my mind the thoughts of the sweet pledge of my most bitter sorrows!” Don Diego's son, who, as it has been said, was a student, and poetically

* *O dulces prendas*, the beginning of a sonnet in the *Diana* of Montemayor.

inclined, heard these words as he came with his mother to welcome him home ; and, as well as she, was not a little surprised to see what a strange creature his father had brought with him. Don Quixote alighted from Rozinante, and very courteously desiring to kiss her ladyship's hands, "Madam," said Don Diego, "this gentleman is the noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, the wisest, and most valiant knight-errant in the world ; pray let him find a welcome suitable to his merit, and your usual civility." Thereupon Donna Christina (for that was the lady's name) received him very kindly, and with great marks of respect ; to which Don Quixote made a proper and handsome return ; and then almost the same compliments passed between him and the young gentleman, whom Don Quixote judged by his words to be a man of wit and sense.

Here the author inserts a long description of every particular in Don Diego's house, giving us an inventory of all the goods and chattels, and every circumstance peculiar to the house of a rich country gentleman : But the translator presumed that it would be better to omit these little things, and such like insignificant matters, being foreign to the main subject of this history, which ought to be more grounded

on material truth, than cold and insipid digressions.

Don Quixote was brought into a fair room, where Sancho took off his armour, and then the knight appeared in a pair of close breeches, and a doublet of shamoy-leather, all besmeared with the rust of his armour.¹ About his neck he wore a plain band, unstarched, after the manner of a student; about his legs sad-coloured spatter-dashes, and on his feet a pair of wax-leather shoes. He hung his trusty sword by his side in a belt of a sea-wolf's skin; which makes many of opinion he had been long troubled with a pain in the kidneys. Over all this he clapped on a long cloak of good russet-cloth: But first of all he washed his head and face in five kettle-fulls of water, if not in six: for as to the exact number there is some dispute. And it is observable, that the water still retained a tincture of whey: Thanks to Sancho's gluttony, which had made him clap into his master's helmet those dismal curds, that so contaminated his awful head and face.

In this dress the knight, with a graceful and sprightly air, walked into another room, where Don Lorenzo, the young gentleman whom we have already mentioned, waited his coming, to

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XVIII.

keep him company till the cloth was laid; the mistress of the house being gone in the meantime to provide a handsome entertainment, that might convince her guest she understood how to make those welcome that came to her house. But before the knight was ready, Don Lorenzo had leisure to discourse his father about him. —“Pray, sir,” said he, “who is this gentleman you have brought with you? Considering his name, his aspect, and the title of knight-errant, which you give him, neither my mother nor I can tell what to think of him.”—“Truly, son,” answered Don Diego, “I do not know what to say to you; all that I can inform you of is, that I have seen him play the maddest pranks in the world, and yet say a thousand sensible things that contradict his actions. But discourse him yourself, and feel the pulse of his understanding; make use of your sense to judge of his; though, to tell you the truth, I believe his folly exceeds his discretion.”

Don Lorenzo then went to entertain Don Quixote, and after some discourse had passed between them, “Sir,” said the knight, “I am not wholly a stranger to your merit; Don Diego de Mirando, your father, has given me to understand you are a person of excellent parts, and especially a great poet.”—“Sir,” answered the

young gentleman, "I may perhaps pretend to poetry, but never to be a great poet: It is true, I am somewhat given to rhyming, and love to read good authors; but I am very far from deserving to be thought one of their number."—"I do not mislike your modesty," replied Don Quixote; "it is a virtue not often found among poets, for almost every one of them thinks himself the greatest in the world."—"There is no rule without an exception," said Don Lorenzo; "and it is not impossible but there may be one who may deserve the name, though he does not think so himself."—"That is very unlikely," replied Don Quixote. "But pray, sir, tell me what verses are those that your father says you are so puzzled about? If it should be what we call a gloss or a paraphrase, I understand something of that way of writing, and should be glad to see it. If the composition be designed for a poetical prize, I would advise you only to put in for the second; for the first always goes by favour, and is rather granted to the great quality of the author than to his merit; but as to the next, it is adjudged to the most deserving; so that the third may in a manner be esteemed the second, and the first no more than the third, according to the methods used in our universities of giving degrees. And yet, after

all, it is no small matter to gain the honour of being called the first."

Hitherto all is well, thought Don Lorenzo to himself, I cannot think thee mad yet; let us go on.—With that addressing himself to Don Quixote, "Sir," said he, "you seem to me to have frequented the schools; pray what science has been your particular study?"—"That of knight-errantry," answered Don Quixote, "which is as good as that of poetry, and somewhat better too."—"I do not know what sort of a science that is," said Don Lorenzo, "nor indeed did I ever hear of it before."—"It is a science," answered Don Quixote, "that includes in itself all the other sciences in the world, or at least the greatest part of them: Whoever professes it, ought to be learned in the laws, and understand distributive and commutative justice, in order to right all mankind. He ought to be a divine, to give a reason of his faith, and vindicate his religion by dint of argument. He ought to be skilled in physic, especially in the botanic part of it, that he may know the nature of simples, and have recourse to those herbs that can cure wounds; for a knight-errant must not expect to find surgeons in the woods and deserts. He must be an astronomer, to understand the motions of the

celestial orbs, and find out by the stars the hour of the night, and the longitude and latitude of the climate on which fortune throws him: and he ought to be well instructed in all the other parts of the mathematics, that science being of constant use to a professor of arms, on many accounts too numerous to be related. I need not tell you, that all the divine and moral virtues must centre in his mind. To descend to less material qualifications; he must be able to swim like a fish,¹ know how to shoe a horse, mend a saddle or bridle: and returning to higher matters, he ought to be inviolably devoted to heaven and his mistress, chaste in his thoughts, modest in words, and liberal and valiant in deeds; patient in afflictions, charitable to the poor; and finally, a maintainer of truth, though it cost him his life to defend it. These are the endowments to constitute a good knight-errant; and now, sir, be you a judge, whether the professors of chivalry have an easy task to perform, and whether such a science may not stand in competition with the most celebrated and best of those that are taught in colleges?"—"If it be so," answered Don Lorenzo, "I say it deserves the pre-eminence over all other sciences."—"What do you mean,

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XVIII.

sir, by that, If it be so?" cried Don Quixote. — "I mean, sir," cried Don Lorenzo, "that I doubt whether there are now, or ever were, any knights-errant, especially with so many rare accomplishments." — "This makes good what I have often said," answered Don Quixote; "most people will not be persuaded there ever were any knights-errant in the world. Now, sir, because I verily believe, that unless heaven will work some miracle to convince them that there have been, and still are knights-errant, those incredulous persons are too much wedded to their opinion to admit such a belief; I will not now lose time to endeavour to let you see how much you and they are mistaken; all I design to do, is only to beseech heaven to convince you of your being in an error, that you may see how useful knights-errant were in former ages, and the vast advantages that would result in ours from the assistance of men of that profession. But now effeminacy, sloth, luxury, and ignoble pleasures, triumph, for the punishment of our sins." — Now, said Lorenzo to himself, our gentleman has already betrayed his blind side; but yet he gives a colour of reason to his extravagance, and I were a fool should I think otherwise.

Here they were called to dinner, which ended

the discourse: And at that time Don Diego taking his son aside, asked him what he thought of the stranger? "I think, sir" said Don Lorenzo, "that it is not in the power of all the physicians in the world to cure his distemper. He is mad past recovery, but yet he has lucid intervals." In short, they dined, and their entertainment proved such as the old gentleman had told the knight he used to give his guests, neat, plentiful, and well-ordered. But that which Don Quixote most admired, was the extraordinary silence he observed through the whole house, as if it had been a monastery of mute Carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly desired Don Lorenzo to show him the verses he had wrote for the poetical prize.—"Well, sir," answered he, "because I will not be like those poets that are unwilling to show their verses when entreated to do it, but will tire you with them when nobody desires it, I will show you my gloss or paraphrase, which I did not write with a design to get a prize, but only to exercise my muse."—"I remember," said Don Quixote, "a friend of mine, a man of sense, once told me, he would not advise any one to break his brains about that sort of composition;

and he gave me this reason for it. That the gloss or comment could never come up to the theme; so far from it, that most commonly it left it altogether, and run contrary to the thought of the author. Besides, he said, that the rules to which custom ties up the composers of those elaborate amusements are too strict, allowing no interrogations, no such interjections as *said he*, or *shall I say*; no changing of nouns into verbs; nor any altering of the sense: Besides several other confinements that cramp up those who puzzle their brains with such a crabbed way of glossing, as you yourself, sir, without doubt must know.”—“Really, Signior Don Quixote,” said Don Lorenzo, “I would fain catch you tripping, but you still slip from me like an eel.”—“I do not know, sir,” replied Don Quixote, “what you mean by your slipping.”—“I will tell you another time,” answered the young gentleman; “in the meanwhile be pleased to hear the Theme and Paraphrase, which is this:

THE THEME.

“Could I recal departed joy,
 Though barr’d the hopes of greater gain,
 Or now the future hours employ,
 That must succeed my present pain !”

THE GLOSS, OR PARAPHRASE.

I.

“ All fortune’s blessings disappear,
 She’s fickle as the wind ;
 And now I find her as severe,
 As once I thought her kind.
 How soon the fleeting pleasure’s past !
 How long the lingering sorrows last !
 Unconstant goddess, through thy hate,
 Do not thy prostrate slave destroy,
 I’d ne’er complain, but bless my fate,
Could I recal departed joy.

II.

“ Of all thy gifts I beg but this,
 Glut all mankind with more ;
 Transport them with redoubled bliss,
 But only mine restore.
 With thought of pleasure once possess’d,
 I’m now as curst as I was bless’d ;
 Oh would the charming hour return,
 How pleased I’d live, how free from pain !
 I ne’er would pine, I ne’er would mourn,
Though barr’d the hopes of greater gain.

III.

“ But oh ! the blessing I implore,
 Not fate itself can give !
 Since time elapsed exists no more,
 No power can bid it live.
 Our days soon vanish into nought,
 And have no being but in thought.
 Whate’er began must end at last ;
 In vain we twice would youth enjoy ;
 In vain would we recal the past,
Or now the future hours employ.

IV.

“ Deceived by hope, and rack’d by fear,
 No longer life can please ;
 I’ll then no more its torments bear,
 Since death so soon can ease.

This hour I'll die—but let me pause—
A rising doubt my courage awes.

Assist, ye powers, that rule my fate,
Alarm my thoughts, my rage refrain,
Convince my soul there's yet a state
That must succeed my present pain."

As soon as Don Lorenzo had read over his paraphrase, Don Quixote rose from his seat, and taking him by the hand, "By the highest mansions in the skies," cried the knight aloud, "noble youth, you are the best poet in the world, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not at Cyprus or Gaeta, as a certain poet said, whom heaven forgive, but at the University of Athens, were it still in being, and at those of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. May those judges, that deny you the honour of the first prize, be shot with arrows by the god of verse, and may the muses abhor to come within their houses! Pray, sir, if I may beg that favour, let me hear you read one of your loftiest productions, for I desire to have a full taste of your admirable genius." I need not tell you that Don Lorenzo was mightily pleased to hear himself praised by Don Quixote, though he believed him to be mad; so bewitching and welcome a thing is adulation, even from those we at other times despise. Don Lorenzo verified this truth, by his ready compliance with Don

Quixote's request, and recited to him the following sonnet, on the story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

A SONNET.

“ See how, to bless the loving boy,
The nymph, for whom he burns with equal fires,
Pierces the wall that parts them from their joy,
While hovering love prompts, gazes, and admires.

“ The trembling maid in whispers and in sighs
Dares hardly breathe the passion she betrays :
But silence speaks, and love through ravished eyes,
Their thoughts, their flames, their very souls conveys.

“ Wild with desires, they sally out at last,
But quickly find their ruin in their haste :
And rashly lose all pleasure in despair.

“ O strange mischance ! But do not fortune blame ;
Love joined them first, then death, the grave, and fame ;
What loving wretch a nobler fate would share !”

“ Now heaven be praised,” said Don Quixote, when Don Lorenzo had made an end. “ Among the infinite number of insipid men of rhyme, I have at last found a man of rhyme and reason, and, in a word, an absolute poet.”

Don Quixote stayed four days at Don Diego's house, and, during all that time, met with a very generous entertainment. However, he then desired his leave to go, and returned him a thousand thanks for his kind reception ;

letting him know that the duty of his profession did not admit of his staying any longer out of action; and therefore he designed to go in quest of adventures, which he knew were plentifully to be found in that part of Spain; and that he would employ his time in that till the tilts and tournaments began at Saragosa, to which place it was now his chief intent to go. However, he would first go to Montesino's cave, about which so many wonderful stories were told in those parts; and there he would endeavour to explore and discover the source and original springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son highly commended his noble resolution, and desired him to command whatever their house afforded, assuring him he was sincerely welcome to do it; the respect they had for his honourable profession, and his particular merit, obliging them to do him all manner of service.

In short, the day of his departure came, a day of joy and gladness to Don Quixote, but of grief and sadness to poor Sancho, who had no mind to change his quarters, and liked the good cheer and plenty at Don Diego's house, much better than his short hungry commons in forests and deserts, or the sorry pittance of

his ill-stored wallets, which he however crammed and stuffed with what he thought could best make the change of his condition tolerable. And now Don Quixote taking his leave of Don Lorenzo, "Sir," said he, "I don't know whether I have already said it to you, but if I have, give me leave to repeat it once more, that if you are ambitious of climbing up to the difficult, and in a manner inaccessible, summit of the temple of Fame, your surest way is to leave on one hand the narrow path of poetry, and follow the narrower track of knight-errantry, which in a trice may raise you to an imperial throne." With these words, Don Quixote seemed to have summed up the whole evidence of his madness. However, he could not conclude without adding something more: "Heaven knows," said he, "how willingly I would take Don Lorenzo with me, to instruct him in those virtues that are annexed to the employment I profess, to spare the humble, and crush the proud and haughty. But since his tender years do not qualify him for the hardships of that life, and his laudable exercises detain him, I must rest contented with letting you know, that one way to acquire fame in poetry, is, to be governed by other men's judgment more than your own: For it

is natural to fathers and mothers not to think their own children ugly; and this error is nowhere so common as in the offspring of the mind."

Don Diego and his son were again surprised to hear this medley of good sense and extravagance, and to find the poor gentleman so strongly bent on the quest of these unlucky adventures, the only aim and object of his desires.

After this, and many compliments, and mutual reiterations of offers of service, Don Quixote having taken leave of the lady of the castle, he on Rozinante, and Sancho on Dapple, set out, and pursued their journey.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE AMOROUS SHEPHERD, AND
OTHER TRULY COMICAL PASSAGES.

DON QUIXOTE had not travelled far, when he was overtaken by two men that looked like students or ecclesiastics, with two farmers, all mounted upon asses. One of the scholars had behind him a small bundle of linen, and two pair of stockings, trussed up in green buckram like a portmanteau; the other had no other luggage but a couple of foils and a pair of fencing pumps. And the husbandmen had a parcel of other things, which shewed, that having made their market at some adjacent town, they were now returning home with their ware. They all admired (as indeed all others did that ever beheld him) what kind of a fellow Don Quixote was, seeing him make a figure so different from any thing they had ever seen. The knight saluted them, and perceiving their road lay the same way, offered them his company, entreating them, however, to move an easier pace, because their asses went faster

than his horse; and to engage them the more, he gave them a hint of his circumstances and profession; that he was a knight-errant travelling round the world in quest of adventures; that his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, but his titular denomination, the Knight of the Lions.

All this was Greek, or pedlar's French, to the countrymen;¹ but the students presently found out his blind side. However, with a respectful distance, "Sir Knight," said one of them, "if you are not fixed to any set stage, as persons of your function seldom are, let us beg the honour of your company; and you shall be entertained with one of the finest and most sumptuous weddings, that ever was seen, either in La Mancha, or many leagues round it."—"The nuptials of some young prince, I presume?" said Don Quixote.—"No sir," answered the other, "but of a yeoman's son, and a neighbour's daughter; he the richest in all this country, and she the handsomest you ever saw. The entertainment at the wedding will be new and extraordinary; it is to be kept in a meadow near the village where the bride lives. They call her Quiteria the Handsome, by reason of her beauty; and the bridegroom Camacho

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XIX.

the Rich, on account of his wealth. They are well matched as to age, for she draws towards eighteen, and he is about two and twenty, though some nice folks, that have all the pedigrees in the world in their heads, will tell ye, that the bride comes of a better family than he; but that is not minded now-a-days, for money, you know, will hide many faults. And, indeed, this same Camacho is as free as a prince, and designs to spare no cost upon his wedding. He has taken a fancy to get the meadow shaded with boughs, that are to cover it like an arbour, so that the sun will have much ado to peep through, and visit the green grass underneath. There are also provided for the diversion of the company, several sorts of antics and morrice-dancers,¹ some with swords, and some with bells; for there are young fellows in his village can manage them cleverly. I say nothing of those that play tricks with the soles of their shoes when they dance, leaving that to the judgments of their guests. But nothing that I have told or might tell you of this wedding, is like to make it so remarkable as the things which I imagine poor Basil's despair will do. This Basil is a young fellow, that lives next door to Quiteria's father.

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XIX.

Hence love took occasion to give birth to an amour, like that of old, between Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basil's love grew up with him from a child, and she encouraged his passion with all the kind return that modesty could grant; insomuch, that the mutual affection of the two little ones was the common talk of the village. But Quiteria coming to years of maturity, her father began to deny Basil the usual access to his house; and, to cut off his farther pretence, declared his resolution of marrying her to Camacho, who is indeed his superior in estate, though far short of him in all other qualifications; for Basil, to give the devil his due, is the cleverest fellow we have; he will pitch ye a bar, wrestle, or play at tennis with the best he in the country; he runs like a stag, leaps like a buck, plays at nine-pins so well, you would think he tips them down by witchcraft; sings like a lark; touches a guitar so rarely, he even makes it speak; and to complete his perfections, he handles a sword like a fencer."

"For that very single qualification," said Don Quixote, "he deserves not only Quiteria the Handsome, but a princess; nay, Queen Guinever herself, were she now living, in spite of Sir Lancelot and all that would oppose it."

“ Well,” quoth Sancho, who had been silent, and listening all the while, “ my wife used to tell me, she would have everyone marry with their match. Like to like, quoth the devil to the collier, and every sow to her own trough, as the other saying is: As for my part, all I would have is, that honest Basil e’en marry her! for methinks I have a huge liking to the young man; and so heaven bless them together, say I, and a murrain seize those that will spoil a good match between those that love one another!”—“ Nay,” said Don Quixote, “ if marriage should be always the consequence of mutual love, what would become of the prerogative of parents, and their authority over their children? If young girls might always choose their own husbands, we should have the best families intermarry with coachmen and grooms; and young heiresses would throw themselves away upon the first wild young fellows, whose promising outsides and assurance make them set up for fortunes, though all their stock consists in impudence. For the understanding, which alone should distinguish and choose in these cases as in all others, is apt to be blinded or biased by love and affection; and matrimony is so nice and critical a point, that it requires not only our own cautious manage-

ment, but even the direction of a superior power to choose right. Whoever undertakes a long journey, if he be wise, makes it his business to find out an agreeable companion. How cautious then should he be, who is to take a journey for life, whose fellow-traveller must not part with him but at the grave; his companion at bed and board, and sharer of all the pleasures and fatigues of his journey; as the wife must be to the husband! She is no such sort of ware, that a man can be rid of when he pleases: When once that is purchased, no exchange, no sale, no alienation can be made: she is an inseparable accident to man: marriage is a noose, which, fastened about the neck, runs the closer, and fits more uneasy by our struggling to get loose: it is a Gordian knot which none can untie, and being twisted with our thread of life, nothing but the scythe of death can cut it. I could dwell longer on this subject, but that I long to know from the gentleman, whether he can tell us any thing more of Basil."

"All I can tell you," said the student, "is, that he is in the case of all desperate lovers; since the moment he heard of this intended marriage, he has never been seen to smile or talk rationally; he is in a deep melancholy,

that might indeed rather be called a dozing frenzy; he talks to himself, and seems out of his senses; he hardly eats or sleeps, and lives like a savage in the open fields; his only sustenance a little fruit, and his only bed the hard ground; sometimes he lifts up his eyes to heaven, then fixes them on the ground, and in either posture stands like a statue. In short, he is reduced to that condition, that we who are his acquaintance verily believe, that the consummation of this wedding to-morrow will be attended by his death."

"Heaven forbid, marry and amen!" cried Sancho. "Who can tell what may happen? he that gives a broken head can give a plaister. This is one day, but to-morrow is another, and strange things may fall out in the roasting of an egg. After a storm comes a calm. Many a man that went to bed well, has found himself dead in the morning when he awaked. Who can put a spoke in fortune's wheel? nobody here, I am sure. Between a woman's yea and nay, I would not engage to put a pin's-point, so close they be one to another. If Mrs Quiteria love Mr Basil, she will give Camacho the bag to hold: for this same love, they say, looks through spectacles, that makes copper like gold, a cart like a coach, and a shrimp like a lobster."

—“Whither, in the name of ill-luck, art thou running now, Sancho?” said Don Quixote. “When thou fallest to threading thy proverbs and old wives sayings, the devil (who I wish had thee) can’t stop thee. What dost thou know, poor animal, of fortune, or her wheel, or any thing else?”—“Why truly, sir,” quoth Sancho, “if you don’t understand me, no wonder if my sentences be thought nonsense. But let that pass, I understand myself; and I am sure I have not talked so much like a ninny. But you, forsooth, are so sharp a cricket.”—“A critic, blockhead.” said Don Quixote, “thou confounded corrupter of human speech!”—“By yea and by nay,” quoth Sancho, “what makes you so angry, sir? I was never brought up at school nor varsity, to know when I murder a hard word. I was never at court to learn to spell, sir. Some are born in one town, some in another; one at St Jago, another at Toledo;¹ and even there all are not so nicely spoke.”

“You are in the right, friend,” said the student: “those natives of that city, who live among the tanners, or about the market of Zocodover, and are confined to mean conversation, cannot speak so well as those that frequent

¹ See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XIX.

the polite part of the town, and yet they are all of Toledo. But propriety, purity, and elegance of style, may be found among men of breeding and judgment, let them be born where they will; for their judgment is in the grammar of good language, though practice and example will go a great way. As for my part, I have had the happiness of good education; it has been my fortune to study the civil law at Salamanca, and I have made it my business all along to express myself properly, neither like a rustic nor a pedant.”—“Ay, ay, sir,” said the other student, “your parts might have qualified you for a master of arts degree, had you not misemployed them in minding so much those foolish foils you carry about with you, and that make you lag behind your juniors.”—“Look you, good Sir Bachelor,” said the other, “your mean opinion of these foils is erroneous and absurd; for I can deduce the usefulness of the art of fencing from several undeniable axioms.”—“Psha,” said Corchuelo, for so was the other called, “don’t tell me of axioms: I will fight you, sir, at your weapons. Here am I that understand neither quart, nor tierce; but I have an arm, I have strength, and I have courage. Give me one of your foils, and in spite of all your distances, circles,

falsifies, angles, and all other terms of your art, I will shew you there is nothing in it, and will make reason glitter in your eyes. That man breathes not vital air, that I will turn my back on. And he must have more than human force, that can stand his ground against me.”—“As for standing ground,” said the artist, “I won’t be obliged to it. But have a care, sir, how you press upon a man of skill, for ten to one, at the very first advance, but he is in your body up to the hilt.”—“I will try that presently,” said Corchuelo; and springing briskly from his ass, snatched one of the foils which the student carried. “Hold, hold, sir,” said Don Quixote, “I will stand judge of the field, and see fair play on both sides;” and interposing with his lance, he alighted, and gave the artist time to put himself in his posture, and take his distance.

Then Corchuelo flew at him like a fury, helter skelter, cut and thrust, backstroke and forestroke, single and double, and laid on like any lion. But the student stopped him in the middle of his career with such a dab in the teeth, that he made Corchuelo foam at the mouth. He made him kiss the button of his foil, as if it had been a relic, though not altogether with so much devotion. In short,

he told all the buttons of his short cassock with pure clean thrusts, and made the skirts of it hang about him in rags like fish tails. Twice he struck off his hat, and in fine, so mauled and tired him, that through perfect vexation Corchuelo took the foil by the hilt, and hurled it from him with such violence, that one of the countrymen that were by, happening to be a notary-public, has it upon record to this day, that he threw it almost three quarters of a league; which testimony has served, and yet serves to let posterity know that strength is overcome by art.

At last Corchuelo, puffing and blowing, sat down to rest himself, and Sancho, coming up to him, "Mr Bachelor," quoth he, "henceforward take a fool's advice, and never challenge a man to fence, but to wrestle or pitch the bar; you seem cut out for those sports: but this fencing is a ticklish point, sir, meddle no more with it; for I have heard some of your masters of the science say, they can hit the eye of a needle with the point of a sword." Corchuelo acknowledged himself convinced of an error by experience, and embracing the artist, they became the better friends for this tilting. So, without staying for the notary that went for the foil, and could

not be back in a great while, they put on to the town where Quiteria lived, they all dwelling in the same village.

By the way the student held forth upon the excellency of the noble science of defence, with so many plain and convincing reasons, drawn from expressive figures and mathematical demonstrations, that all were satisfied of the excellency of the art, and Corchuelo was reclaimed from his incredulity. It was now pretty dark; but before they got to the village, there appeared an entire blazing constellation: Their ears were entertained with the pleasing, but confused sounds of several sorts of music, drums, fiddles, pipes, tabors and bells; and as they approached nearer still, they found a large harbour at the entrance of the town stuck full of lights, which burnt undisturbed by the least breeze of wind. The musicians, which are the life and soul of diversion at a wedding, went up and down in bands about the meadow. In short, some danced, some sung, some played, and mirth and jollity revelled through that delicious seat of pleasure. Others were employed in raising scaffolds for the better view of the shows and entertainments prepared for the happy Camacho's wedding, and likewise to solemnize

poor Basil's funeral. All the persuasions and endeavours of the students and countrymen could not move Don Quixote to enter the town; urging for his reason the custom of knights-errant, who chose to lodge in fields and forests under the canopy of heaven, rather than in soft beds under a gilded roof; and therefore he left them, and went a little out of the road, full sore against Sancho's will, who had not yet forgot the good lodging and entertainment he had at Don Diego's house or castle.

CHAPTER XX.

AN ACCOUNT OF RICH CAMACHO'S WEDDING, AND
WHAT BEFEL POOR BASIL.

SCARCE had the fair Aurora given place to the refulgent ruler of the day, and given him time, with the heat of his prevailing rays, to dry the liquid pearls on his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking off sluggish sleep from his drowsy limbs, arose and called his squire: but finding him still snoring, "O thou most happy mortal upon earth," said he, "how sweet is thy repose! envied by none, and envying no man's greatness, secure thou sleepest, thy soul composed and calm! no power of magic persecutes thee, nor are thy thoughts affrighted by enchantments. Sleep on, sleep on, a hundred times, sleep on. Those jealous cares that break a lover's heart, do not extend to thee; neither the dread of craving creditors, nor the dismal foresight of inevitable want, or care of finding bread for a helpless family, keep thee waking. Ambition does not make thee uneasy, the pomp and vanity of this

world do not perplex thy mind; for all thy care's extent reaches but to thy ass. Thy person and thy welfare thou hast committed to my charge, a burthen imposed on masters by nature and custom, to weigh and counterpoise the offices of servants. Which is the greatest slave? The servant's business is performed by a few manual duties, which only reconcile him more to rest, and make him sleep more sound; while the anxious master has not leisure to close his eyes, but must labour day and night to make provision for the subsistence of his servant; not only in time of abundance, but even when the heavens deny those kindly showers that must supply this want."

To all this fine expostulation Sancho answered not a word; but slept on, and was not to be waked by his master's calling, or otherwise, till he pricked him in the buttocks with the sharp end of his lance. At length opening his eyelids half way, and rubbing them, after he had gaped and yawned and stretched his drowsy limbs, he looked about him, and snuffing up his nose, "I am much mistaken," quoth he, "if from this same arbour there come not a pure steam of a good broiled rasher, that comforts my nostrils more than all

the herbs and rushes hereabouts. And by my holy dame, a wedding that begins so savourly must be a dainty one.”—“Away, cormorant,” said Don Quixote; “rouse and let us go see it, and learn how it fares with the disdained Basil.”—“Fare!” quoth Sancho; “why, if he be poor, he must e’en be so still, and not think to marry Quiteria. It is a pretty fancy, i’faith! for a fellow who has not a cross, to run madding after what is meat for his betters. I will lay my neck that Camacho covers this same Basil from head to foot with white sixpences, and will spend ye more at a breakfast than the other is worth, and be never the worse. And do you think that Madam Quiteria will quit her fine rich gowns and petticoats, her necklaces of pearl, her jewels, her finery and bravery, and all that Camacho has given her, and may afford to give her, to marry a fellow with whom she must knit or spin for her living? What signifies his bar-pitching and fencing? Will that pay for a pint of wine at a tavern? If all those rare parts won’t go to market, and make the pot boil, the deuce take them for me: though where they light on a man that has wherewithal, may I never stir, if they do not set him off rarely. With good materials on a good foundation, a man may build a good

house, and money is the best foundation in the world.”—“For heaven’s sake, dear Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “bring thy tedious harangue to a conclusion. For my part, I believe, wert thou let alone when thy clack is once set a going, thou wouldest scarce allow thyself time to eat or sleep, but wouldest prate on to the end of the chapter.”—“Troth, master,” replied Sancho, “your memory must be very short, not to remember the articles of our agreement before I came this last journey with you. I was to speak what I would, and when I would, provided I said nothing against my neighbour, or your worship’s authority; and I don’t see that I have broken my indentures yet.”—“I remember no such article,” said Don Quixote; “and though it were so, it is my pleasure you now be silent and attend me; for the instruments we heard last night begin to cheer the valleys, and doubtless the marriage will be solemnised this morning, ere the heat of the day prevent the diversion.”

Thereupon Sancho said no more, but saddled Rozinante, and clapped his pack-saddle on Dapple’s back; then both mounting, away they rode fair and softly into the arbour. The first thing that blessed Sancho’s sight there, was a whole steer spitted on a large elm, before

a mighty fire made of a pile of wood, that seemed a flaming mountain. Round this bonfire were placed six capacious pots, cast in no common mould, or rather six ample coppers, every one containing a whole shamble of meat, and entire sheep were sunk and lost in them, and soaked as conveniently as pigeons. The branches of the trees round were all garnished with an infinite number of cased hares, and plucked fowls of several sorts: and then for drink, Sancho told above three-score skins of wine, each of which contained above two arrobas,¹ and, as it afterwards proved, sprightly liquor. A goodly pile of white loaves made a large rampart on the one side, and a stately wall of cheeses set up like bricks, made a comely bulwark on the other. Two pans of oil, each bigger than a dyer's vat, served to fry their pancakes, which they lifted out with two strong peels when they were fried enough, and then they dipped them in as large a kettle of honey prepared for that purpose. To dress all this provision, there were above fifty cooks, men and women, all cleanly, diligent and cheerful. In the ample belly of the steer, they had stewed up twelve little sucking pigs embowelled, to

¹ In Spain they reckon the quantity of wine by the weight, an arroba being 28 pounds, so that two of them make seven gallons.

give it the more savoury taste. Spices of all sorts lay about in such plenty, that they appeared to be bought by wholesale. In short the whole provision was indeed country-like, but plentiful enough to feast an army.

Sancho beheld all this with wonder and delight. The first temptation that captivated his senses was the goodly pots; his bowels yearned, and his mouth watered at the dainty contents: by and by he falls desperately in love with the skins of wine; and lastly, his affections were fixed on the frying-pans, if such honourable kettles may accept of the name. The scent of the fried meat put him into such a commotion of spirit, that he could hold out no longer, but accosting one of the busy cooks with all the smooth and hungry reasons he was master of, he begged his leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pans. "Friend," quoth the cook, "no hunger must be felt near us to-day (thanks to the founder.) 'Light, 'light, man, and if thou can'st find ever a ladle there, skim out a pullet or two, and much good may it do you."—"Alack-a-day," quoth Sancho, "I see no ladle, sir."—"Blood and suet," cried the cook, "what a silly helpless fellow thou art! Let me see." With that he took a kettle, and sowsing into one of the pots, he fished out

three hens and a couple of geese at one heave. "Here, friend," said he to Sancho, "take this and make shift to stay your stomach with that scum till dinner be ready."—"Heaven reward you," cried Sancho, "but where shall I put it?"—"Here," answered the cook, "take ladle and all, and thank the founder, once more I say; nobody will grudge it thee."

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote saw twelve young farmer's sons, all dressed very gay, enter upon stately mares, as richly and gaudily equipped as the country could afford, with little bells fastened to their furniture. These in a close body made several careers up and down the meadow, merrily shouting and crying out, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria! he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest in the world!" Poor ignorants, (thought Don Quixote, overhearing them,) you speak as you know; but had you ever seen my Dulcinea Del Toboso, you would not be so lavish of your praises here.—In a little while, at several other parts of the spacious arbour entered a great number of dancers, and amongst the rest twenty-four young active country-lads in their fine Holland-shirts, with their handkerchiefs wrought with several colours of fine silk, wound about their heads, each of them

with sword in hand. They danced a military dance, and skirmished with one another, mixing and intermixing with their naked swords, with wonderful sleight and activity, without hurting each other in the least.

This dance pleased Don Quixote mightily, and though he was no stranger to such sort of dances, he thought it the best he had ever seen. There was another he also liked very well, performed all by most beautiful young maids, between fourteen and eighteen years of age, clad in slight green, with their hair partly filleted up with ribbons, and partly hanging loose about their shoulders, as bright and lovely as the sun's golden beams. Above all they wore garlands of roses, jasmine, amaranth, and honey-suckles. They were led up by a reverend old man, and a matronly woman, both much more light and active than their years seemed to promise. They danced to the music of Zamora bagpipes; and such was the modesty of their looks, and the agility of their feet, that they appeared the prettiest dancers in the world.

After these, came in an artificial dance or masque, consisting of eight nymphs, cast into two divisions, of which Love led one, and Wealth the other; one with his wings, his

bow, his arrows, and his quiver; the other arrayed in several gaudy colours of gold and silk. The nymphs of Cupid's party had their names inscribed in large characters behind their backs. The first was Poesy, Prudence was the next, the third Nobility, and Valour was the fourth. Those that attended Wealth were Liberality, Reward, Treasure, and Peaceable Possession. Before them came a pageant representing a castle, drawn by four savages clad in green, covered over with ivy, and grim surly vizards on their faces, so to the life, that they had almost frightened Sancho. On the frontispiece, and on every quarter of the edifices, was inscribed, "The castle of Wise Reservedness." Four expert musicians played to them on pipe and tabor. Cupid began the dance, and, after two movements, he cast up his eyes, and bent his bow against a virgin that stood upon the battlements of the castle, addressing himself in this manner.

THE MASQUE

LOVE.

" My name is Love, supreme my sway,
The greatest good and greatest pain.
Air, earth, and seas my power obey,
And gods themselves must drag my chain.

“ In every heart my throne I keep,
 Fear ne'er could daunt my daring soul :
 I fire the bosom of the deep,
 And the profoundest hell controul.”

Having spoken these verses, Cupid shot an arrow over the castle, and retired to his station. Then Wealth advanced, and performed two movements; after which the music stopped, and he expressed himself thus :

W E A L T H.

“ Love's my incentive and my end,
 But I'm a greater power than Love ;
 Though earthly born, I earth transcend,
 For Wealth's a blessing from above.

“ Bright maid, with me receive and bless
 The sarest pledge of all success ;
 Desired by all, used right by few,
 But best bestow'd, when graced by you.”

Wealth withdrew, and Poesy came forward, and after she had performed her movements like the rest, fixing her eyes upon the lady of the castle, repeated these lines :

P O E S Y.

“ Sweet Poesy in moving lays
 Love into hearts, sense into souls conveys
 With sacred rage can tune to bliss or woe,
 Sways all the man, and gives him heaven below.

“ Bright nymph, with every grace adorn'd,
 Shall noble verse by thee be scorn'd ?
 'Tis wit can best thy beauty prize ;
 Then raise the muse, and thou by her shalt rise.”

Poesy retired, and Liberality advanced from Wealth's side, and after the dance spoke thus :

LIBERALITY.

“ Behold that noble golden mien
 Betwixt the sparing and profuse !
 Good sense and merit must be seen
 Where Liberality's in use.

“ But I for thee will lavish seem ;
 For the profuseness I'll approve :
 For, where the merit is extreme,
 Who'd not be prodigal of love.”

In this manner all the persons of each party advanced and spoke their verses, of which some were pretty and some foolish enough. Among the rest, Don Quixote, though he had a good memory, remembered only these here set down. Then the two divisions joined into a very pretty country dance ; and still as Cupid passed by the castle, he shot a flight of arrows, and Wealth battered it with golden balls ; then drawing out a great purse of Roman cat's-skin, that seemed full of money, he threw it against the castle, the boards of which were presently disjointed, and fell down, leaving the virgin discovered without any defence. Thereupon Wealth immediately entered with his party, and throwing a golden chain about her neck, made a shew of leading her prisoner : But then Cupid with his attendants came to her rescue ;

and both parties engaging, were parted by the savages, who joining the boards together, inclosed the virgin as before; and all was performed with measure, and to the music, that played all the while; and so the show ended, to the great content of the spectators.

When all was over, Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, who it was that composed the entertainment? She answered, that it was a certain clergyman who lived in their town, that had a rare talent that way. "I dare lay a wager," said Don Quixote, "he was more a friend to Basil than to Camacho, and knows better what belongs to a play than a prayer-book: He has expressed Basil's parts and Camacho's estate very naturally in the design of your dance."—"God bless the king and Camacho,¹ say I," quoth Sancho, who heard this. "Well, Sancho," says Don Quixote, "thou art a white-livered rogue to change parties as thou dost; thou art like the rabble, which always cry, Long live the Conqueror."—"I know not what I am like," replied Sancho; "but this I know, that this kettle-full of geese and hens is a bribe for a prince. Camacho has filled my belly, and therefore has won my heart. When shall I ladle out such

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XX.

dainty scum out of Basil's porridge-pots?" added he, shewing his master the meat, and falling on lustily; "therefore a fig for his abilities, say I. As he sows so let him reap, and as he reaps so let him sow. My old grannam (rest her soul) was wont to say, there were but two families in the world—Have-much and Have-little; and she had ever a great kindness for the family of the Have-much. A doctor gives his advice by the pulse of your pocket; and an ass covered with gold looks better than an horse with a pack-saddle; so once more I say, Camacho, for my money."

"Hast thou not done yet?" said Don Quixote. "I must have done," answered Sancho, "because I find you begin to be in a passion, else I had work cut out for three days and a half."—"Well!" said Don Quixote, "thou wilt never be silent till thy mouth is full of clay; when thou art dead, I hope I shall have some rest."—"Faith and troth, now, master," quoth Sancho, "you did ill to talk of death, heaven bless us, it is no child's play; you have even spoiled my dinner; the very thought of raw bones and lantern jaws makes me sick. Death eats up all things, both the young lamb and old sheep; and I have heard our parson say,

death values a prince no more than a clown; all is fish that comes to his net; he throws at all, and sweeps stakes; he is no mower that takes a nap at noon-day, but drives on, fair weather or foul, and cuts down the green grass as well as the ripe corn: He is neither squeamish nor queesy-stomached, for he swallows without chewing, and crams down all things into his ungracious maw; and though you can see no belly he has, he has a confounded dropsy, and thirsts after men's lives, which he guggles down like mother's milk."

"Hold, hold," cried the knight, "go no further, for thou art come to a very handsome period; thou hast said as much of death in thy home-spun cant, as a good preacher could have done: Thou hast got the nack of preaching, man! I must get thee a pulpit and benefice, I think."—"He preaches well that lives well," quoth Sancho; "that is all the divinity I understand."—"Thou hast divinity enough," said the Don; "only I wonder at one thing. It is said the beginning of wisdom proceeds from the fear of Heaven; how happens it then, that thou, who fearest a lizard more than Omnipotence, should'st be so wise?"—"Pray, sir," replied Sancho,

“judge you of your knight-errantry, and don't meddle with other men's fears, for I am as pretty a fearer of Heaven as any of my neighbours; and so let me despatch this *scum* (and much good may it do thee, honest Sancho); consider, sir, we must give an account for our idle words, another day; I must have the other pluck at the kettle.” With that he attacked it with so courageous an appetite, that he sharpened his master's, who would certainly have kept him company, had he not been prevented by that which necessity obliges me to relate this instant.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PROGRESS OF CAMACHO'S WEDDING, WITH OTHER
DELIGHTFUL ACCIDENTS.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were discoursing, as the former chapter has told you, they were interrupted by a great noise of joy and acclamations raised by the horsemen, who, shouting and galloping, went to meet the young couple, who, surrounded by a thousand instruments and devices, were coming to the harbour, accompanied by the curate, their relations, and all the better sort of the neighbourhood, set out in their holiday clothes. "Hey-day!" quoth Sancho, as soon as he saw the bride, "what have we here? Adzookers, this is no country lass, but a fine court lady, all in her silks and satins, by the mass! Look, look ye, master, see if, instead of glass necklaces, she have not on fillets of rich coral; and instead of green serge of Cuencha, a thirty-piled velvet. I'll warrant her lacing is white linen too; but hold, may I never squint if it be not satin! Bless us! see what

rings she has on her fingers; no jet, no pewter baubles, pure beaten gold, as I am a sinner, and set with pearls too! if every pearl be not as white as a syllabub, and each of them as precious as an eye! How she is bedizened, and glistens from top to toe! And now yonder again, what fine long locks the young slut has got! if they be not false, I never saw longer in my born days. Ah, jade! what a fine stately person she is! What a many trinkets and glaring gewgaws are dangling in her hair and about her neck? Cudsniggers! she puts me in mind of an over-loaden date-tree. In my conscience! she is a juicy bit, a mettled wench, and might well pass muster in Flanders. Well! I say no more, but happy is the man that has thee!"

Don Quixote could not help smiling to hear Sancho set forth the bride after his rustic way, though at the same time he beheld her with admiration, thinking her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, except his mistress Dulcinea. However the fair Quiteria appeared somewhat pale, probably with the ill rest which brides commonly have the night before their marriage, in order to dress themselves to advantage. There was a large scaffold erected on one side of the meadow,

and adorned with carpets and boughs, for the marriage ceremony, and the more convenient prospect of the shows and entertainments.

The procession was just arrived to this place, when they heard a piercing outcry, and a voice calling out, "Stay, rash and hasty people, stay!" Upon which all turning about, they saw a person coming after them in a black coat, bordered with crimson powdered with flames of fire. On his head he wore a garland of mournful cypress, and a large truncheon in his hand, headed with an iron spike. As soon as he drew near, they knew him to be the gallant Basil, and the whole assembly began to fear some mischief would ensue, seeing him come thus unlooked for, and with such an outcry and behaviour. He came up tired and panting before the bride and bridegroom; then leaning on his truncheon, he fixed his eyes on Quiteria, turning pale and trembling at the same time, and with a fearful hollow voice, "Too well you know," cried he, "unkind Quiteria, that, by the ties of truth, and law of that Heaven which we all revere, while I have life you cannot be married to another. You may remember too, that all the while I stayed, hoping that time and industry might better

my fortune, and render me a match more equal to you, I never offered to transcend the bounds of honourable love, by soliciting favours to the prejudice of your virtue. But you, forgetting all the ties between us, are going now to break them, and give my right to another, whose large possessions, though they can procure him all other blessings, I had never envied, could they not have purchased you. But no more. The fates have ordained it, and I will further their design, by removing this unhappy obstacle out of your way. Live, rich Camacho, live happy with the ungrateful Quiteria many years, and let the poor, the miserable Basil die, whose poverty has clipped the wings of his felicity, and laid him in the grave!"

Saying these last words, he drew out of his supposed truncheon a short tuck that was concealed in it, and setting the hilt of it to the ground, he fell upon the point in such a manner that it came out all bloody at his back, the poor wretch weltering on the ground in blood. His friends, strangely confounded by this sad accident, ran to help him, and Don Quixote, forsaking Rozinante, made haste to his assistance, and taking him up in his arms, found there was still life in him. They



would fain have drawn the sword out of his body, but the curate urged it was not convenient till he had made confession, and prepared himself for death, which would immediately attend the effusion of blood, upon pulling the tuck out of his body.

While they were debating this point, Basil seemed to come a little to himself, and calling on the bride, "Oh! Quiteria," said he, with a faint and doleful voice, "now, now, in this last and departing minute of my life, even in this dreadful agony of death, would you but vouchsafe to give me your hand, and own yourself my wife, I should think myself rewarded for the torments I endure; and, pleased to think this desperate deed made me yours, though but for a moment, I would die contented." The curate, hearing this, very earnestly recommended to him the care of his soul's health, which at the present juncture was more proper than any gratification of his outward man; that his time was but short, and he ought to be very earnest with Heaven, in imploring its mercy and forgiveness for all his sins, but especially for this last desperate action. To which Basil answered, "that he could think of no happiness till Quiteria yielded to be his; but if she would do it, that satis-

faction would calm his spirits, and dispose him to confess himself heartily."

Don Quixote, hearing this, cried out aloud, "that Basil's demand was just and reasonable, and Signior Camacho might as honourably receive her as the worthy Basil's widow, as if he had received her at her father's hands. Say but the word, madam," continued he, "pronounce it once to save a man from despair and damnation; you will not be long bound to it, since the nuptial bed of this bridegroom must be the grave." Camacho stood all this while strangely confounded, till at last he was prevailed on, by the repeated importunities of Basil's friends, to consent that Quiteria should humour the dying man, knowing her own happiness would thereby be deferred but a few minutes longer. Then they all bent their entreaties to Quiteria, some with tears in their eyes, others with all the engaging arguments their pity could suggest. She stood a long time inexorable, and did not return any answer, till at last the curate came to her, and bid her resolve what she would do, for Basil was just ready to give up the ghost. But then the poor virgin, trembling and dismayed, without speaking a word, came to poor Basil, who lay gasping for breath, with his eyes fixed

in his head as if he were just expiring; she kneeled down by him, and with the most manifest signs of grief beckoned to him for his hand. Then Basil opening his eyes, and fixing them in a languishing posture on hers, "Oh! Quiteria," said he, "your heart at last relents when your pity comes too late. Thy arms are now extended to relieve me, when those of death draw me to their embraces; and they, alas! are much too strong for thine. All I desire of thee, O fatal beauty, is this, let not that fair hand deceive me now, as it has done before, but confess, that what you do is free and voluntary, without constraint, or in compliance to any one's commands; declare me openly thy true and lawful husband: thou wilt not sure dissemble with one in death, and deal falsely with his departing soul, that all his life has been true to thee?"

In the midst of all this discourse he fainted away, and all the by-standers thought him gone. The poor Quiteria, with a blushing modesty, a kind of violence upon herself, took him by the hand, and with a great deal of emotion, "No force," said she, "could ever work upon my will to this degree; therefore believe it purely my own free will and inclination, that I here publicly declare you my only

lawful husband: here is my hand in pledge, and I expect yours as freely in return, if your pains and this sudden accident have not yet bereft you off all sense.”—“I give it you,” said Basil, with all the presence of mind imaginable, “and here I own myself thy husband.”—“And I thy wife,” said she, “whether thy life be long, or whether from my arms they bear thee this instant to the grave.”—“Methinks,” quoth Sancho, “this young man talks too much for a man in his condition; pray advise him to leave off his wooing, and mind his soul’s health. I am afraid his death is more in his tongue than between his teeth.” Now when Basil and Quiteria had thus plighted their faith to each other, while yet their hands were joined together, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, poured on them both the nuptial blessing, beseeching heaven, at the same time, to have mercy on the new-married man’s soul, and in a manner mixing the burial service with the matrimonial.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced, up starts Basil briskly from the ground, and with an unexpected activity whips the sword out of his body, and caught his dear Quiteria close in his arms. All the spectators stood amazed, and some of the simpler sort stuck

not to cry out, "A miracle, a miracle!"—"No, no," cried Basil, "no miracle, no miracle, but a stratagem, a stratagem." The curate, more astonished and concerned than all the rest, came with both his hands to feel the wound, and discovered that the sword had no where passed through the cunning Basil's body, but only through a tin pipe full of blood artfully fitted to his body, and, as it was afterwards known, so prepared, that the blood could not congeal. In short, the curate, Camacho, and the company, found they had all been egregiously imposed upon. As for the bride, she was so far from being displeased, that hearing it urged that the marriage could not stand good in law, because it was fraudulent and deceitful, she publicly declared that she again confirmed it to be just, and by the free consent of both parties.

Camacho, and his friends, judging by this, that the trick was premeditated, and that she was privy to the plot, enraged at this horrid disappointment, had recourse to a stronger argument, and, drawing their swords, set furiously on Basil, in whose defence almost as many were immediately unsheathed. Don Quixote immediately mounting, with his lance couched, and covered with his shield, led the van of Basil's party, and falling in with the

enemy, charged clear through the gross of their battalia. Sancho, who never liked any dangerous work, resolved to stand neuter, and so retired under the walls of the mighty pot whence he had got the precious skimmings, thinking that would be respected whatever side gained the battle.

Don Quixote, addressing himself to Camacho's party, "Hold, gentlemen," cried he, "it is not just thus with arms to redress the injuries of love. Love and war are the same thing, and stratagems and policy are as allowable in the one as in the other. Quiteria was designed for Basil, and he for her, by the unalterable decrees of Heaven. Camacho's riches may purchase him a bride, and more content elsewhere, and those whom Heaven has joined let no man put asunder. Basil had but this one lamb, and the lamb of his bosom. Let none therefore offer to take his single delight from him, though presuming on his power; for here I solemnly declare, that he who first attempts it must pass through me, and this lance through him." At which he shook his lance in the air with so much vigour and dexterity, that he cast a sudden terror into those that beheld him, who did not know the threatening champion.

In short, Don Quixote's words, the good

curate's diligent mediation, together with Quiteria's inconstancy, brought Camacho to a truce; and he then discreetly considered, that since Quiteria loved Basil before marriage, it was probable she would love him afterwards, and that therefore he had more reason to thank Heaven for so good a riddance, than to repine at losing her. This thought, improved by some other considerations, brought both parties to a fair accommodation; and Camacho, to shew he did not resent the disappointment, blaming rather Quiteria's levity than Basil's policy, invited the whole company to stay, and take share of what he had provided. But Basil, whose virtues, in spite of his poverty, had secured him many friends, drew away part of the company to attend him and his bride to her own town; and among the rest Don Quixote, whom they all honoured as a person of extraordinary worth and bravery. Poor Sancho followed his master with a heavy heart; he could not be reconciled to the thoughts of turning his back so soon upon the good cheer and jollity at Camacho's feast, that lasted till night; and had a strange hankering after those dear flesh-pots of Egypt, which, though he left behind in reality, he yet carried along with him in mind. The beloved *scum*

which he had, that was nigh guttled already, made him view with sorrow the almost empty kettle, the dear casket where his treasure lay: So that stomaching mightily his master's defection from Camacho's feast, he sullenly paced on after Rozinante, very much out of humour, though he had just filled his belly.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF MONTESINOS' CAVE, SITUATED IN THE HEART OF LA MANCHA, WHICH THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE SUCCESSFULLY ACHIEVED.

THE new-married couple entertained Don Quixote very nobly, in acknowledgment of his readiness to defend their cause; they esteemed his wisdom equal to his valour, and thought him both a Cid in arms, and a Cicero in arts. Honest Sancho too, recruited himself to the purpose, during the three days his master stayed, and so came to his good humour again. Basil then informed them that Quiteria knew nothing of his stratagem; but being a pure device of his own, he had made some of his nearest friends acquainted with it, that they should stand by him if occasion were, and bring him off upon the discovery of the deceit.—“It deserves a handsomer name,” said Don Quixote, “since conducive to so good and honourable an end, as the marriage of a loving couple. By the way, sir, you must know that the greatest

obstacle to love, is want and a narrow fortune : for the continual bands and cements of mutual affection are mirth, content, satisfaction, and jollity. These, managed by skilful hands, can make variety in the pleasures of wedlock, preparing the same thing always with some additional circumstance, to render it new and delightful. But when pressing necessity and indigence deprive us of those pleasures that prevent satiety, the yoke of matrimony is often found very galling, and the burden intolerable."

These words were chiefly directed by Don Quixote to Basil, to advise him by the way to give over those airy sports and exercises, which indeed might feed his youth with praise, but not his old age with bread, and to bethink himself of some grave and substantial employment, that might afford him a competency, and something of a stock for his declining years. Then pursuing his discourse : " The honourable poor man," said he, " if the poor can deserve that epithet, when he has a beautiful wife, is blessed with a jewel : He that deprives him of her, robs him of his honour, and may be said to deprive him of his life. The woman that is beautiful, and keeps her honesty when her husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel, as the conquerors were of old. Beauty

is a tempting bait, that attracts the eyes of all beholders, and the princely eagles, and the most high-flown birds stoop to its pleasing lure. But when they find it in necessity, then kites and crows, and other ravenous birds, will all be grappling with the alluring prey. She that can withstand these dangerous attacks, well deserves to be the crown of her husband. However, sir, take this along with you as the opinion of a wise man, whose name I have forgot; he said, there was but one good woman in the world, and his advice was, that every married man should think his own wife was she, as being the only way to live contented. For my own part, I need not make the application to myself, for I am not married, nor have I as yet any thoughts that way; but if I had, it would not be a woman's fortune, but her character, should recommend her; for public reputation is the life of a lady's virtue, and the outward appearance of modesty is in one sense as good as the reality; since a private sin is not so prejudicial in this world, as a public indecency. If you bring a woman honest to your bosom, it is easy keeping her so, and perhaps you may improve her virtues. If you take an unchaste partner to your bed, it is hard mending her; for the extremities of vice and virtue

are so great in a woman, and their points so far asunder, that it is very improbable, I won't say impossible, they should ever be reconciled."

Sancho, who had patiently listened so far, could not forbear making some remarks on his master's talk. "This master of mine," thought he to himself, "when I am talking some good things, full of pith and marrow, as he may be now, was wont to tell me that I should tie a pulpit at my back, and stroll with it about the world to retail my rarities; but I might as well tell him, that when once he begins to tack his sentences together, a single pulpit is too little for him; he had need have two for every finger, and go peddling about the market and cry, Who buys my ware? Old Nick take him for a knight-errant! I think he is one of the seven wise masters.¹ I thought he knew nothing but his knight-errantry, but now I see the devil a thing can escape him; he has an oar in every man's boat, and a finger in every pye." As he muttered this somewhat loud his master overheard him. "What is that thou art grumbling about, Sancho?" said he.—"Nothing, sir, nothing," quoth Sancho. "I was only wishing I had heard your worship preach this doctrine before I married, then mayhap I might have with

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXII.

the old proverb said, A sound man needs no physician."—"What, is Teresa so bad then?" asked Don Quixote.—"Not so very bad neither," answered Sancho; "nor yet so good as I would have her."—"Fie, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou dost not do well to speak ill of thy wife, who is a good mother to thy children."—"There is no love lost, sir," quoth Sancho, "for she speaks as ill of me, when the fit takes her, especially when she is in one of her jealous moods, for then Old Nick himself could not bear her maundering."

Don Quixote having tarried three days with the young couple, and been entertained like a prince, he entreated the student, who fenced so well, to help him to a guide that might conduct him to Montesinos' cave, resolving to go down into it, and prove by his own eye-sight the wonders that were reported of it round the country. The student recommended a cousin-german of his for his conductor, who, he said, was an ingenious lad, a pretty scholar, and a great admirer of books of knight-errantry, and could show him the famous lake of Ruydera too: adding, that he would be very good company for the knight, as being one that wrote books for the booksellers, in order to dedicate them to great men. Accordingly, the learned

cousin came, mounted on an ass with foal; his pack-saddle covered with an old carpet, or coarse packing-cloth. Thereupon Sancho having got ready Rozinante and Dapple, well stuffed his wallet, and the student's knapsack to boot, they all took their leave, steering the nearest course to Montesinos' cave.

To pass the time on the road, Don Quixote asked the guide, to what course of study he chiefly applied himself?—"Sir," answered the scholar, "my business is writing, and copy-money my chief study. I have published some things with the general approbation of the world, and much to my own advantage. Perhaps, sir, you may have heard of one of my books called, 'The Treatise of Liveries and Devices;' in which I have obliged the public with no less than seven hundred and three sorts of liveries and devices, with their colours, mottos, and cyphers; so that any courtier may furnish himself there upon any extraordinary appearance, with what may suit his fancy or circumstances, without racking his own invention to find what is agreeable to his inclination. I can furnish the jealous, the forsaken, the disdained, the absent, with what will fit them to a hair. Another piece, which I now have on the anvil, I design to call the 'Metamorphosis,

or *The Spanish Ovid* ;' an invention very new and extraordinary. It is in short, '*Ovid Burlesqued* ;' wherein I discover who the Giralda¹ of Seville was ; who the angel of Magdalen ; I tell ye what was the pipe of Vecinguerra of Cordova, what the bulls of Guisando, the Sierra Morena, the fountains of Laganitos, and Lavapies at Madrid ; not forgetting that of Piojo, nor those of the golden pipe, and the abbey ; and I embellish the fables with allegories, metaphors, and translations, that will both delight and instruct. Another work, which I soon design for the press, I call a supplement to Polydore Virgil,² concerning the invention of things ; a piece, I will assure you, sir, that shows the great pains and learning of the compiler, and perhaps in a better style than the old author. For example, he has forgot to tell us, who was the first that was troubled with a catarrh in the world ; and who was the first that was fluxed for the French disease. Now, sir, I immediately resolve it, and confirm my assertion by the testimony of at least four-and-twenty authentic writers ; by which quotations alone, you may guess, sir, at what

¹ All these are noted things, or places in Spain, on which many fabulous stories are grounded. See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XXII.

² See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XXII.

pains I have been to instruct and benefit the public.”

Sancho having hearkened with great attention all this while, “Pray, sir,” quoth he to him, “so heaven guide your right hand in all you write, let me ask you who was the first man that scratched his head?”—“Scratched his head, friend,” answered the author.—“Ay, sir, scratched his head?” quoth Sancho: “Sure you that know all things, can tell me that, or the devil is in it! What think you of old father Adam?”—“Old father Adam?” answered the scholar: “let me see—father Adam had a head, he had hair, he had hands, and he could scratch: But father Adam was the first man; *Ergo*, Father Adam was the first man that scratched his head. It is plain you are in the right.”—“O ho, am I so, sir?” quoth Sancho. “Another question, by your leave, sir, Who was the first tumbler in the world?”—“Truly, friend,” answered the student, “that is a point I cannot resolve you without consulting my books; but as soon as ever I get home, I will study night and day to find it out.”—“For two fair words,” quoth Sancho, “I will save you that trouble.”—“Can you resolve that doubt?” asked the author.—“Ay, marry, can I,” said Sancho: “The first tumbler in the

world was Lucifer; when he was cast out of heaven he tumbled into hell.”—“ You are positively in the right,” said the scholar.—“ Where did you get that, Sancho ? ” said Don Quixote; “ for I dare swear it is none of your own.”—“ Mum ! ” quoth Sancho. “ In asking of foolish questions, and selling of bargains, let Sancho alone, quo’ I; I do not want the help of my neighbours.”—“ Truly,” said Don Quixote, “ thou hast given thy question a better epithet than thou art aware of: For there are some men who busy their heads, and lose a world of time in making discoveries, the knowledge of which is good for nothing upon the earth, unless it be to make the discoverers laughed at.”

With these, and such diverting discourses, they passed their journey, till they came to the cave the next day, having lain the night before in an inconsiderable village on the road. There they bought a hundred fathom of cordage to hang Don Quixote by, and let him down to the lowest part of the cave; he being resolved to go to the very bottom, were it as deep as hell. The mouth of it was inaccessible, being quite stopped up with weeds, bushes, brambles, and wild fig-trees, though the entrance was wide and spacious. Don Quixote was no sooner

come to the place, but he prepared for his expedition into that under-world, telling the scholar, that he was resolved to reach the bottom, though deep as the profound abyss; and all having alighted, the squire and his guide accordingly girt him fast with a rope. While this was doing, "Good sweet sir," quoth Sancho, "consider what you do. Do not venture into such a cursed black hole! Look before you leap, sir, and be not so wilful as to bury yourself alive. Do not hang yourself like a bottle or a bucket, that is let down to be soused in a well. Alack-a-day, sir, it is none of your business to pry thus into every hole, and go down to the pit of hell for the nonce."—"Peace, coward," said the knight, "and bind me fast; for surely for me such an enterprise as this is reserved."—"Pray, sir," said the student, "when you are in, be very vigilant in exploring and observing all the rarities in the place. Let nothing escape your eyes, perhaps you may discover there some things worthy to be inserted in my *Metamorphoses*."—"Let him alone," quoth Sancho, "he will go through stitch with it: He will make a hog or a dog of it, I will warrant you."

Don Quixote being well bound, not over his

armour, but his doublet, bethought himself of one thing they had forgot.—“ We did ill,” said he, “ not to provide ourselves with a little bell, that I should have carried down with me, to ring for more or less rope as I may have occasion for, and inform you of my being alive. But since there is no remedy, heaven prosper me.” Then kneeling down he in a low voice recommended himself to the divine providence for assistance and success in an adventure so strange, and in all appearance so dangerous. Then raising his voice, “ O thou, mistress of my life and motions,” cried he, “ most illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, if the prayers of an adventurous absent lover may reach the ears of the far distant object of his wishes, by the power of thy unspeakable beauty, I conjure thee to grant me thy favour and protection, in this plunge and precipice of my fortune! I am now going to ingulph, and cast myself into this dismal profundity, that the world may know nothing can be impossible to him, who, influenced by thy smiles, attempts, under the banner of thy beauty, the most difficult task.”

This said, he got up again, and approaching the entrance of the cave, he found it stopped up with brakes and bushes, so that he must be

obliged to make his way by force. Whereupon, drawing his sword, he began to cut and slash the brambles that stopped up the mouth of the cave, when presently an infinite number of over-grown crows and daws came rushing and fluttering out of the cave about his ears, so thick and with such an impetuosity, as overwhelmed him to the ground. He was not superstitious enough to draw any ill omen from the flight of the birds; besides, it was no small encouragement to him, that he spied no bats nor owls, nor other ill-boding birds of night among them: He therefore rose again with an undaunted heart, and committed himself to the black and dreadful abyss. But Sancho first gave him his benediction, and making a thousand crosses over him, "Heaven be thy guide," quoth he, "and our ¹ Lady of the Rock ² in France, with the Trinity of Gaeta, thou flower and cream, and scum of all knights-errant! Go thy ways, thou hackster of the world, heart of steel, and arms of brass! and mayest thou come back sound, wind and limb, out of this dreadful hole which thou art running into, once more to see the warm sun, which thou art now leaving."

¹ Particular places of devotion.

² See Appendix, Note 4, Chapter XXII.

The scholar too prayed to the same effect for the knight's happy return. Don Quixote then called for more rope, which they gave him by degrees, till his voice was drowned in the winding of the cave, and their cordage was run out. That done they began to consider whether they should hoist him up again immediately or no. However, they resolved to stay half-an-hour, and then they began to draw up the rope, but were strangely surprised to find no weight upon it; which made them conclude, the poor gentleman was certainly lost. Sancho, bursting out in tears, made a heavy lamentation, and fell a hauling up the rope as fast as he could, to be thoroughly satisfied. But after they had drawn up about fourscore fathoms, they felt a weight again, which made them take heart; and at length they plainly saw Don Quixote.—“Welcome,” cried Sancho to him, as soon as he came in sight; “welcome dear master. I am glad you are come back again; we were afraid you had been pawned for the reckoning.” But Sancho had no answer to his compliment; and when they pulled the knight quite up, they found that his eyes were closed as if he had been fast asleep. They laid him on the ground and unbound him. Yet he made no sign of waking, and all their turning

and shaking was little enough to make him come to himself.

At last he began to stretch his limbs, as if he had waked out of the most profound sleep, and staring wildly about him, "Heaven forgive you, friends!" cried he, "for you have raised me from one of the sweetest lives that ever mortal led, and most delightful sights that ever eyes beheld. Now I perceive how fleeting are all the joys of this transitory life; they are but an imperfect dream, they fade like a flower, and vanish like a shadow. Oh, ill-fated Montenos!¹ Oh, Durandarte, unfortunately wounded! Oh unhappy Belerma! Oh deplorable Guadiana! and you the distressed daughters of Ruydera, whose flowing waters shew what streams of tears once trickled from your lovely eyes!" These expressions, uttered with great passion and concern, surprised the scholar and Sancho, and they desired to know his meaning, and what he had seen in that hell upon earth.— "Call it not hell," answered Don Quixote, "for it deserves a better name, as I shall soon let you know. But first give me something to eat, for I am prodigiously hungry." They then spread the scholar's coarse saddle-cloth for a carpet; and examining their old cupboard,

¹ See Appendix, Note 5, Chapter XXII.

the knapsack, they all three sat down on the grass, and ate heartily together, like men that were a meal or two behind-hand. When they had done, "Let no man stir," said Don Quixote; "sit still, and hear me with attention."

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS WHICH THE UNPARALLELED DON QUIXOTE DECLARED HE HAD SEEN IN THE DEEP CAVE OF MONTESINOS, THE GREATNESS AND IMPOSSIBILITY OF WHICH MAKES THIS ADVENTURE PASS FOR APOCRYPHAL.

It was now past four in the afternoon, and the sun was opportunely hid behind the clouds, which, interposing between his rays, invited Don Quixote, without heat or trouble, to relate to his illustrious auditors the wonders he had seen in Montesinos' cave.

“About twelve or fourteen men's depth,” said he, “in the profundity of this cavern, on the right hand, there is a concavity wide enough to contain a large waggon, mules and all. This place is not wholly dark, for through some chinks and narrow holes, that reach to the distant surface of the earth, there comes a glimmering light. I discovered this recess, being already weary of hanging by the loins, discouraged by the profound darkness of the region below me, destitute of a guide, and not knowing whither I went: resolving therefore to rest myself there

a while, I called to you to give me no more rope, but it seems you did not hear me. I therefore entered, and coiling up the cord, sat upon it very melancholy, and thinking how I should most conveniently get down to the bottom, having nobody to guide or support me. While thus I sat pensive, and lost in thought, insensibly, without any previous drowsiness, I found myself surprised by sleep; and after that, not knowing how, nor which way I wakened, I unexpectedly found myself in the finest, the sweetest, and most delightful meadow, that ever nature adorned with her beauties, or the most inventive fancy could ever imagine. Now, that I might be sure this was neither a dream nor an illusion, I rubbed my eyes, blowed my nose, and felt several parts of my body, and convinced myself that I was really awake, with the use of all my senses, and all the faculties of my understanding sound and active as at this moment.

“ Presently I discovered a royal and sumptuous palace, of which the walls and battlements seemed all of clear and transparent crystal. At the same time, the spacious gates opening, there came out towards me a venerable old man, clad in a sad-coloured robe, so long that it swept the ground; on his breast and shoul-

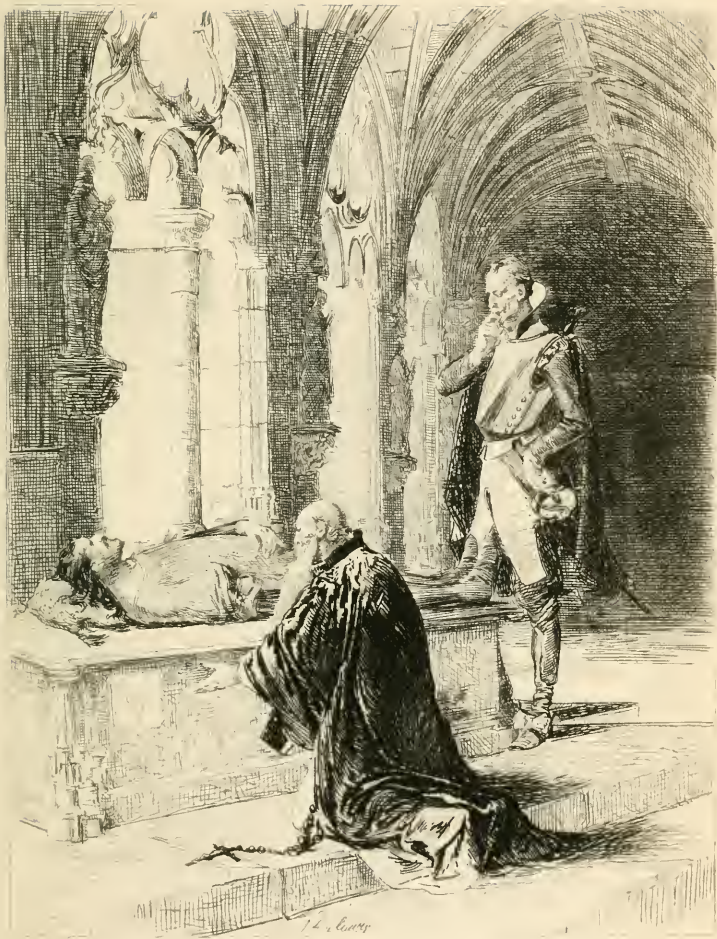
ders he had a green satin tippet after the manner of those worn in colleges. On his head he wore a black Milan cap, and his broad hoary beard reached down below his middle. He had no kind of weapon in his hands, but a rosary of beads about the bigness of walnuts, and his credo beads appeared as large as ordinary ostrich eggs. The awful and grave aspect, the pace, the port and goodly presence of this old man, each of them apart, and much more all together, struck me with veneration and astonishment. He came up to me, and without any previous ceremony, embracing me close, 'It is a long time,' said he, 'most renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, that we who dwell in this enchanted solitude have hoped to see you here; that you may inform the upper world of the surprising prodigies concealed from human knowledge in this subterranean hollow, called the cave of Montesinos: An enterprise reserved alone for your insuperable heart, and stupendous resolution. Go with me then, thou most illustrious knight, and behold the wonders inclosed within the transparent castle, of which I am the perpetual governor and chief warden, being the same individual Montesinos, from whom this cavern took its name.'

“No sooner had the reverend old man let me know who he was, but I entreated him to tell me, whether it was true or no, that, at his friend Durandarte’s dying request, he had taken out his heart with a small dagger, the very moment he expired, and carried it to his mistress Belerma, as the story was current in the world?—‘It is literally true,’ answered the old gentleman, ‘except that single circumstance of the dagger; for I used neither a small nor a large dagger on this occasion, but a well-polished poniard, as sharp as an awl.’”

“I will be hanged,” quoth Sancho, “if it was not one of your Seville poniards of Raymond de Hoze’s making.”—“That cannot be,” said Don Quixote, “for that cutler lived but the other day, and the battle of Roncesvalles, where this accident happened, was fought many ages ago: but this is of no importance to the story.”—“You are in the right, sir,” said the student, “and pray go on, for I hearken to your relation with the greatest satisfaction imaginable.”

“That, sir,” said the knight, “increases my pleasure in telling it. But to proceed: The venerable Montesinos, having conducted me into the crystal palace, led me into a spacious ground-room, exceeding cool, and all of ala-

baster. In the middle of it stood a stately marble tomb, that seemed a master-piece of art; upon which lay a knight extended all at length, not of stone or brass, as on other monuments, but pure flesh and bones: He covered the region of his heart with his right hand, which seemed to me somewhat hairy, and very full of sinews, a sign of the great strength of the body to which it belonged. Montesinos, observing that I viewed this spectacle with surprise, 'Behold,' said he, 'the flower and mirror of all the amorous and valiant knights of his age, my friend Durandarte, who, together with me and many others of both sexes, are kept here enchanted by Merlin, that British magician, who, they say, was the son of the Devil, though I cannot believe it; only his knowledge was so great, that he might be said to know more than the devil. Here I say we are enchanted, but how and for what cause no man can tell, though time, I hope, will shortly reveal it. But the most wonderful part of my fortune is this; I am as certain, as that the sun now shines, that Durandarte died in my arms; and that with these hands I took out his heart, by the same token that it weighed above two pounds, a sure mark of his courage: for, by the rules of natural philosophy, the



most valiant men have still the biggest hearts. Nevertheless, though this knight really died, he still complains and sighs sometimes as if he were alive.'

“ Scarce had Montesinos spoke these words, but the miserable Durandarte cried out aloud, ‘ Oh ! cousin Montesinos, the last and dying request of your departing friend, was to take my heart out of my breast with a poniard or a dagger, and carry it to Belerma.’ The venerable Montesinos, hearing this, fell on his knees before the afflicted knight, and with tears in his eyes, ‘ Long, long ago,’ said he, ‘ Durandarte, thou dearest of my kinsmen, have I performed what you enjoined me on that bitter fatal day when you expired. I took out your heart with all imaginable care, not leaving the least particle of it in your breast: I gently wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and posted away with it to France, as soon as I had committed your dear remains to the bosom of the earth, having shed tears enough to have washed my hands clear of the blood they had gathered by plunging in your entrails. To confirm this truth yet farther, at the first place where I stopped from Roncesvalles, I laid a little salt upon your heart, to preserve it from putrefaction, and keep it, if not fresh, at least free from

any ill smell, till I presented it into the hands of Belerma, who with you and me, and Guadiana¹ your squire, as also Ruydera (the lady's woman) with her seven daughters, her two nieces, and many others of your friends and acquaintance, is here confined by the necromantic charms of the magician Merlin; and though it be now above five hundred years since we were first conveyed into this enchanted castle, we are still alive, except Ruydera, her daughters and nieces, who by the favour of Merlin, that pitied their tears, were turned into so many lakes, still extant in the world of the living, and in the province of La Mancha, distinguished by the name of the lakes of Ruydera; seven of them belonged to the kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the Knights of the most Holy Order of St John. Your squire Guadiana, lamenting his hard fate, was in like manner metamorphosed into a river that bears his name; yet still so sensible of your disaster, that when he first arose out of the bowels of the earth to flow along its surface, and saw the sun in a strange hemisphere, he plunged again under ground, striving to hide his melting sorrows from the world; but

¹ Guadiana, a river in Spain, that sinks into the earth, and rises again a great distance off.

the natural current of his waters forcing a passage up again, he is compelled to appear where the sun and mortals may see him. Those lakes mixing their waters in his bosom, he swells, and glides along in sullen state to Portugal, often expressing his deep melancholy by the muddy and turbid colour of his streams; which, as they refuse to please the sight, so likewise deny to indulge mortal appetite, by breeding such fair and savoury fish as may be found in the golden Tagus. All this I have often told you, my dearest Durandarte; and since you return me no answer, I must conclude you believe me not, or that you do not hear me; for which (witness it heaven) I am extremely grieved. But now I have other news to tell ye, which, though perhaps it may not assuage your sorrows, yet I am sure it will not increase them. Open your eyes, and behold in your presence that mighty knight, of whom Merlin the sage has foretold so many wonders: That Don Quixote de la Mancha, I mean, who has not only restored to the world the function of knight-errantry, that has lain so long in oblivion, but advanced it to greater fame than it could boast in former ages, the nonage of the world. It is by his power we may expect to see the fatal charm dissolved, that keeps us

here confined ; for great performances are properly reserved for great personages.' — ' And should it not be so ? ' answered the grieving Durandarte, with a faint and languishing voice, — ' Should it not be so, I say ? Oh ! cousin, patience, and shuffle the cards.' Then turning on one side, without speaking a word more, he relapsed into his usual silence.

“ After this, I was alarmed with piteous howling and crying, which, mixed with lamentable sighs and groans, obliged me to turn about, to see whence it proceeded. Then through the crystal-wall I saw a mournful procession of most beautiful damsels, all in black, marching in two ranks, with turbans on their heads after the Turkish fashion ; and last of all came a majestic lady, dressed also in mourning, with a long white veil, that reached from her head down to the ground. Her turban was twice as big as the biggest of the rest : She was somewhat beetle-browed, her nose was flattish, her mouth wide, but her lips red ; her teeth, which she sometimes discovered, seemed to be thin and snaggy, but indeed as white as blanched almonds. She held a fine handkerchief, and within it I could perceive a heart of flesh, so dry and withered, that it looked like mummy. Montesinos informed me, that the procession

consisted of Durandarte's and Belerma's servants, who were enchanted there with their master and mistress: but that the last was Belerma herself, who with her attendants used four days in the week constantly thus to sing, or rather howl their dirges over the heart and body of his cousin; and that though Belerma appeared a little haggard at that juncture, occasioned by the grief she bore in her own heart, for that which she carried in her hand; yet had I seen her before her misfortunes had sunk her eyes and tarnished her complexion, worse than the diseases of her sex, from which she was free, I must have owned, that even the celebrated Dulcinea del Toboso, so famous in La Mancha, and over the whole universe, could scarce have vied with her in gracefulness and beauty.

“ ‘Hold there, good Signior Don Montesinos,’ said I. ‘You know that comparisons are odious, therefore no more comparing I beseech you; but go on with your story. The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the Lady Belerma is what she is, and has been: so no more upon that subject.’—‘I beg your pardon,’ answered Montesinos; ‘Signior Don Quixote, I might have guessed indeed that you were the Lady Dulcinea’s Knight, and therefore

I ought to have bit my tongue off, sooner than to have compared her to anything lower than heaven itself.' This satisfaction, which I thought sufficient from the great Montesinos, stifled the resentment I else had shewn, for hearing my mistress compared to Belerma."—"Nay, marry," quoth Sancho, "I wonder you did not catch the old doating hunks by the weasond, and maul, and thresh him thick and threefold! How could you leave one hair on his chin?"—"No, no, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there is always a respect due to our seniors, though they be no knights; but most when they are such, and under the oppression of enchantment. However, I am satisfied, that in what discourse passed between us, I took care not to have anything that looked like an affront fixed upon me."—"But, Sir," asked the scholar, "how could you see and hear so many strange things in so little time? I cannot conceive how you could do it."—"How long," said Don Quixote, "do you reckon that I have been in the cave?"—"A little above an hour," answered Sancho.—"That is impossible," said Don Quixote, "for I saw morning and evening, and evening and morning, three times since; so that I could not be absent less than three days from this upper world."—"Ay, ay," quoth

Sancho, "my master is in the right; for these enchantments, that have the greatest share in all his concerns, may make that seem three days and three nights to him, which is but an hour to other people."—"It must be so," said Don Quixote.—"I hope, sir," said the scholar, "you have eaten something in all that time."—"Not one morsel," replied Don Quixote, "neither have had the least desire to eat, or so much as thought of it all the while."—"Do not they that are enchanted sometimes eat?" asked the scholar.—"They never do," answered Don Quixote, "and consequently they are never troubled with exonerating the dregs of food; though it is not unlikely that their nails, their beards and hair still grow."—"Do they never sleep neither?" said Sancho.—"Never," said Don Quixote, "at least they never closed their eyes while I was among them, nor I neither."—"This makes good the saying," quoth Sancho, "Tell me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art. Troth! you have all been enchanted together. No wonder if you neither eat nor slept, since you were in the land of those that always watch and fast. But, sir, would you have me speak as I think; and pray do not take it in ill part, for if I believe one word of all you have said——"—"What

do you mean, friend ?” said the student, “ Do you think the noble Don Quixote would be guilty of a lie ; and if he had a mind to stretch a little, could he, think you, have had leisure to frame such a number of stories in so short a time ?” — “ I do not think that my master would lie neither,” said Sancho. — “ What do ye think then, sir ?” said Don Quixote. — “ Why truly, sir,” quoth Sancho, “ I do believe that this same cunning man, this Merlin, that bewitched, or enchanted, as you call it, all that rabble of people you talk of, may have crammed and enchanted some way or other, all that you have told us, and have yet to tell us, into your noddle.” — “ It is not impossible but such a thing may happen,” said Don Quixote, “ though I am convinced it was otherwise with me ; for I am positive that I saw with these eyes, and felt with these hands, all I have mentioned. But what will you think when I tell you, among many wonderful things, that I saw three country wenches leaping and skipping about those pleasant fields like so many wild goats ; and at first sight knew one of them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and the other two the very same we spoke to not far from Tobosa. I asked Montesinos if he knew them ? He answered in the negative ; but imagined them some enchanted

ladies, who were newly come, and that the appearance of strange faces was no rarity among them, for many of the past ages and the present were enchanted there, under several disguises; and that, among the rest, he knew Queen Guinever and her woman Quintaniona, that officiated as Sir Lancelot's cup-bearer, as he came from Britain."

Sancho, hearing his master talk at this rate, had like to have forgot himself, and burst out a-laughing; for he well knew that Dulcinea's enchantment was a lie, and that he himself was the chief magician, and raiser of the story; and thence, concluding his master stark mad, "In an ill hour," quoth he, "dear master of mine, and in a woful day, went your worship down to the other world; and in a worse hour met you with that plaguy Montesinos, that has sent you back in this rueful pickle. You went hence in your right senses; could talk prettily enough now and then; had your handsome proverbs and wise sayings every foot, and would give wholesome counsel to all that would take it; but now, bless me! you talk as if you had left your brains in the devil's cellar."—"I know thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and therefore I regard thy words as little as possible."—"And I yours," replied

Sancho: "nay, you may cripple, lame, or kill me, if you please, either for what I have said, or mean to say; I must speak my mind though I die for it. But before your blood is up, pray, sir, tell me how did you know it was your mistress? Did you speak to her? What did she say to you? and what did you say to her?" — "I knew her again," said Don Quixote, "by the same clothes she wore when thou shew'dst her to me. I spoke to her; but she made no answer, but suddenly turned away, and fled from me like a whirlwind. I intended to have followed her, had not Montesinos told me it would be to no purpose; warning me besides, that it was high time to return to the upper air; and, changing the discourse, he told me that I should hereafter be made acquainted with the means of disenchanting them all. But while Montesinos and I were thus talking together, a very odd accident, the thoughts of which trouble me still, broke off our conversation. For, as we were in the height of our discourse, who should come to me but one of the unfortunate Dulcinea's companions, and, before I was aware, with a faint and doleful voice, 'Sir,' said she, 'my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso gives her service to you, and desires to know how you do; and, being a little short of

money at present, she desires you, of all love and kindness, to lend her six reals upon this new fustian petticoat, or more or less, as you can spare it, sir, and she will take care to redeem it very honestly in a little time.'

"The message surprised me strangely; and therefore, turning to Montesinos, 'Is it possible, sir,' said I, 'that persons of quality, when enchanted, are in want?'—'O! very possible, sir,' said he; 'poverty rages everywhere, and spares neither quality enchanted nor unenchanted; and therefore, since the Lady Dulcinea desires you to lend her these six reals, and the pawn is a good pawn, let her have the money; for sure it is very low with her at this time.' 'I scorn to take pawns,' said I; 'but my misfortune is, that I cannot answer the full request; for I have but four reals about me;' and that was the money thou gavest me the other day, Sancho, to distribute among the poor. However, I gave her all I had, and desired her to tell her mistress, I was very sorry for her wants; and that if I had all the treasures which Cræsus possessed, they should be at her service; and withal, that I died every hour for want of her reviving company; and made it my humble and earnest request, that she would vouchsafe to see and converse with

her captive servant and weather-beaten knight. 'Tell her,' continued I, 'when she least expects it, she will come to hear how I made an oath, as the Marquis of Mantua did, when he found his nephew Baldwin ready to expire on the mountain, never to eat upon a table-cloth, and several other particulars, which he swore to observe, till he had revenged his death; so, in the like solemn manner will I swear, never to desist from traversing the habitable globe, and ranging through all the seven parts of the world, more indefatigable than ever was done by Prince Pedro¹ of Portugal, till I have freed her from her enchantment.'—'All this and more you owe my mistress,' said the damsel; and then, having got the four reals, instead of dropping me a curtsey, she cut me a caper in the air two yards high."

"Now heaven defend us!" cried Sancho. "Who could ever have believed that these devilish enchanter and enchantments should have so much power as to bewitch my master at this rate, and craze his sound understanding in this manner? Alas! sir, for the love of heaven take care of yourself. What will the

¹ This Prince Pedro of Portugal was a great traveller for the time he lived in, which gave occasion to the spreading of many fables concerning him, and which made the ignorant vulgar say, he travelled over seven parts of the world.

world say of you? Rouse up your dozing senses, and do not dote upon those whimsies that have so wretchedly cracked that rare head-piece of yours.”—“ Well,” said Don Quixote, “ I cannot be angry at thy ignorant tittle-tattle, because it proceeds from thy love towards me. Thou thinkest, poor fellow, that whatever is beyond the sphere of thy narrow comprehension must be impossible ; but, as I have already said, there will come a time when I shall give thee an account of some things I have seen below, that will convince thee of the reality of those I told thee now, the truth of which admits of no dispute.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHICH GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF A THOUSAND FLIM-
FLAMS AND STORIES, AS IMPERTINENT AS NECES-
SARY TO THE RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF THIS
GRAND HISTORY.

THE translator of this famous history declares, that, at the beginning of the chapter which treats of the adventure of Montesinos' cave, he found a marginal annotation, written with the Arabian author's own hand, in these words :

“ I cannot be persuaded, nor believe, that all the wonderful accidents said to have happened to the valorous Don Quixote in the cave, so punctually befel him as he relates them : for the course of his adventures hitherto has been very natural, and bore the face of probability ; but in this there appears no coherence with reason, and nothing but monstrous incongruities. But, on the other hand, if we consider the honour, worth, and integrity of the noble Don Quixote, we have not the least reason to suspect he would be guilty of a lie ; but rather

that he would sooner have been transfixed with arrows. Besides, he has been so particular in his relation of that adventure, and given so many circumstances, that I dare not declare it absolutely apocryphal; especially when I consider, that he had not time enough to invent such a cluster of fables. I therefore insert it among the rest, without offering to determine whether it is true or false; leaving it to the discretion of the judicious reader. Though I must acquaint him by the way, that Don Quixote, upon his deathbed, utterly disowned this adventure, as a perfect fable, which, he said, he had invented purely to please his humour, being suitable to such as he had formerly read in romances." And so much by way of digression.

The scholar thought Sancho the most saucy servant, and his master the calmest madman, that ever he saw; though he attributed the patience of the latter to a certain good humour, and easiness of temper, infused into him by the sight of his mistress Dulcinea, even under enchantment; otherwise he would have thought his not checking Sancho a greater sign of madness than his discourse. "Noble Don Quixote," said he, "for four principal reasons, I am extremely pleased with having taken this journey

with you. First, it has procured me the honour of your acquaintance, which I shall always esteem a singular happiness. In the second place, sir, the secrets of Montesinos' cave, and the transformations of Guadiana, and Ruydera's lakes, have been revealed to me, which may look very great in my Spanish Ovid. My third advantage is, to have discovered the antiquity of card-playing, which I find to have been a pastime in use even in the Emperor Charles the Great's time, as may be collected from the words of Durandarte, who, after a long speech of Montesinos', said, as he waked, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards;' which vulgar expression he could never have learned in his enchantment. It follows, therefore, that he must have heard it when he lived in France, which was in the reign of that emperor; which observation is nicked, I think, very opportunely for my supplement to Polydore Virgil, who, as I remember, has not touched upon card-playing. I will insert it in my work, I'll assure you, sir, as a matter of great importance, having the testimony of so authentic and ancient an author as Sir Durandarte. The fourth part of my good fortune, is to know the certain and true source of the river Guadiana, which has hitherto disappointed all human inquiries."

“There is a great deal of reason in what you say,” answered Don Quixote; “but, under favour, sir, pray tell me, should you happen to get a license to publish your book, which I somewhat doubt, whom will you pitch upon for your patron?”—“O, sir!” answered the author, “there are grandees¹ enough in Spain, sure, that I may dedicate to.”—“Truly, not many,” said Don Quixote; “there are, indeed, several, whose merits deserve the praise of a dedication, but very few, whose generosity will reward the pains and civility of the author. I must confess, I know a prince, whose generosity may make amends for what is wanting in the rest; and that to such a degree, that, should I make bold to come to particulars, and speak of his great merits, it would be enough to stir up a noble emulation in above four generous breasts; but more of this some other time—it is late now, and therefore convenient to think of a lodging.”

“Hard by us here, sir,” said the author, “is a hermitage, the retirement of a devout person, who, as they say, was once a soldier, and is looked upon as a good Christian; and so charitable, that he has built there a little house

¹ Grandees are such of the nobility as have the privilege of being covered before the king.

at his own expense, purely for the entertainment of strangers.”—“But does he keep hens there, trow?” asked Sancho.—“Few hermits in this age are without them,”¹ said Don Quixote; “for their way of living now falls short of the strictness and austerity of those in the deserts of Egypt, who went clad only with palm-leaves, and fed on the roots of the earth. Now, because I speak well of these of old, I would not have you think I reflect on the others. No, I only mean that their penances are not so severe as in former days; yet this does not hinder but that the hermits of the present age may be good men. I look upon them to be such; at least, their dissimulation secures them from scandal; and the hypocrite that puts on the form of holiness, does certainly less harm than the barefaced sinner.”

As they went on in their discourse, they saw a man following them a great pace on foot, and switching up a mule laden with lances and halberts. He presently overtook them, gave them the time of the day, and passed by. ‘Stay, honest fellow,’ cried Don Quixote, seeing him go so fast, “make no more haste than is consistent with good speed.”—“I can-

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXIV.

not stay, sir," said the man; "for these weapons that you see must be used to-morrow morning; so, sir, I am in haste—good bye—I shall lodge to-night at the inn beyond the hermitage; if you chance to go that way, there you may find me; and I will tell you strange news: so fare ye well." Then, whipping his mule, away he moved forwards, so fast that Don Quixote had not leisure to ask him any more questions.

The knight, who had always an itching ear after novelties, to satisfy his curiosity immediately proposed their holding straight on to the inn, without stopping at the hermitage, where the scholar designed to have stayed all night. Well, they all consented, and made the best of their way: however, when they came near the hermitage, the scholar desired Don Quixote to call with him for a moment, and drink a glass of wine at the door. Sancho no sooner heard this proposed, but he turned Dapple that way, and rode thither before; but, to his grief, the hospitable hermit was abroad, and nobody at home but the hermit's companion, who, being asked whether he had any *strong* liquor within, made answer, that he could not come at any, but as for *small* water, he might have his belly-full. "Body of me!" quoth

Sancho, "were mine a water-thirst, or had I liking to your cold comfort, there are wells enough upon the road, where I might have swilled my skinful. Oh! the good cheer at Don Diego's house, and the savoury scum at Camacho's wedding! when shall I find your fellow!" They now spurred on towards the inn, and soon overtook on the road a young fellow, beating it on the hoof pretty leisurely. He carried his sword over his shoulder, with a bundle of clothes hanging upon it, which, to all outward appearance, consisted of a pair of breeches, a cloak, and a shirt or two. He had on a tattered velvet jerkin, with a ragged satin lining: his shirt hung out, his stockings were of silk, and his shoes square at the toes, after the court fashion. He seemed about eighteen or nineteen years of age, a good, pleasant-looking lad, and of a lively and active disposition. To pass the fatigue of his journey the best he could, he sung all the way; and, as they came near him, was just ending the last words of a ballad, which the scholar got by heart, and were these.

"A plague on ill-luck! now my ready's all gone
To the wars poor pilgarlick must trudge;
Though had I but money to rake as I've done,
The devil a foot would I budge."

"So, young gentleman," said Don Quixote

to him, "methinks you go very light and airy. Whither are you bound, I pray you, if a man may be so bold?"—"I am going to the wars, sir," answered the youth; "and for my travelling thus, heat and poverty will excuse it."—"I admit the heat," replied Don Quixote; "but why poverty, I beseech you?"—"Because I have no clothes to put on," replied the lad, "but what I carry in this bundle; and if I should wear them out upon the road, I should have nothing to make a handsome figure with in any town; for I have no money to buy new ones, till I overtake a regiment of foot, that lies about some twelve leagues off, where I design to list myself, and then I shall not want a conveniency to ride with the baggage till we come to Carthage, where, I hear, they are to embark; for I had rather serve the king abroad, than any beggarly courtier at home."—"But pray," said the scholar, "have not you laid up something while you were there?"—"Had I served any of your grandees or great persons," said the young man, "I might have done well enough, and have had a commission by this time; for their foot-boys are presently advanced to captains and lieutenants, or some other good post; but a plague on it, sir, it was always my ill fortune to serve pitiful upstarts and

younger brothers; and my allowance was commonly so ill paid, and so small, that the better half was scarce enough to wash my linen; how then should a poor devil of a page, who would make his fortune, come to any good in such a miserable service?"—"But," said Don Quixote, "how comes it about that in all this time you could not get yourself a whole livery?"—"Alack-a-day, sir," answered the lad, "I had a couple; but my masters dealt with me as they do with novices in monasteries; if they go off before they profess, the fresh habit is taken from them, and they return them their own clothes. For you must know, that such as I served, only buy liveries for a little ostentation; so, when they have made their appearance at court, they sneak down into the country, and then the poor servants are stripped, and must even betake themselves to their rags again."

"A sordid trick," said Don Quixote; "or, as the Italians call it, a notorious *espilorcheria*.¹ Well, you need not repine at leaving the court, since you do it with so good a design; for there is nothing in the world more commendable than to serve God in the first place, and the king in the next, especially in the pro-

¹ *Espilorcheria*, a beggarly mean action.

fession of arms, which, if it does not procure a man so much riches as learning, may at least entitle him to more honour. It is true, that more families have been advanced by the gown, but yet your gentlemen of the sword, whatever the reason of it is, have always I know not what advantage above the men of learning; and something of glory and splendour attends them, that makes them outshine the rest of mankind. But take my advice along with you, child; if you intend to raise yourself by military employment, I would not have you be uneasy with the thoughts of what misfortunes may befall you; the worst can be but to die, and if it be a good honourable death, your fortune is made, and you are certainly happy. Julius Cæsar, that valiant Roman emperor, being asked what kind of death was best, 'That which is sudden and unexpected,' said he; and though his answer had a relish of paganism, yet, with respect to human infirmities, it was very judicious; for, suppose you should be cut off at the very first engagement by a cannon-ball, or the spring of a mine, what matters it? it is all but dying, and there is an end of the business. As Terence says, a soldier makes a better figure dead in the field of battle, than alive and safe in flight. The

more likely he is to rise in fame and preferment, the better discipline he keeps; the better he obeys, the better he will know how to command: and pray, observe, my friend, that it is more honourable for a soldier to smell of gunpowder than of musk and amber; or if old age overtakes you in this noble employment, though all over scars, though maimed and lame, you will still have honour to support you, and secure you from the contempt of poverty, nay, from poverty itself; for there is care taken that veterans and disabled soldiers may not want; neither are they to be used as some men do their negro slaves, who, when they are old, and past service, are turned naked out of doors, under pretence of freedom, to be made greater slaves to cold and hunger; a slavery from which nothing but death can set the wretches free. But I will say no more to you on this subject at this time. Get up behind me, and I will carry you to the inn, where you shall sup with me, and to-morrow morning make the best of your way, and may heaven prosper your good designs."

The page excused himself from riding behind the knight, but accepted of his invitation to supper very willingly. Sancho, who had all the while given ear to his master's discourse, is

said to have been more than usually surprised, hearing him talk so wisely. Now blessing on thee, master of mine, thought he to himself, how comes it about that a man who says so many good things, should relate such ridiculous stories and whimsies as he would have us believe of Montesinos' cave? Well, Heaven knows best, and the proof of the pudding is the eating.—By this time it began to grow dark, and they arrived at the inn, where Don Quixote alighting, asked presently for the man with the lances and halberts. The innkeeper answered, that he was rubbing down his mule in the stable. Sancho was very well pleased to be at his journey's end, and the more, that his master took the house for a real inn, and not for a castle, as he used to do. He and the scholar then set up the asses, giving Rozinante the best manger and standing in the stable.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHERE YOU FIND THE GROUNDS OF THE BRAYING
ADVENTURES, THAT OF THE PUPPET-PLAYER,
AND THE MEMORABLE DIVINING OF THE FORTUNE-
TELLING APE.

DON QUIXOTE was on thorns to know the strange story that the fellow upon the road engaged to tell him; so that, going into the stable, he minded him of his promise, and pressed him to relate the whole matter to him that moment. "My story will take up some time," quoth the man, "and is not to be told standing: have a little patience, master of mine, let me make an end of serving my mule, then I will serve your worship, and tell you such things as will make you stare."—"Do not let that hinder you," replied Don Quixote, "for I will help you myself." And so saying, he lent him a helping hand, cleansing the manger, and sifting the barley, which humble compliance obliged the fellow to tell his tale the more willingly; so that, seating himself upon a bench, with Don Quixote, the scholar,

the page, Sancho, and the inn-keeper about him, for his full auditory, he began in this manner.

“It happened on a time, that, in a borough about some four leagues and a half from this place, one of the * aldermen lost his ass. They say it was by the roguery of a waggish jade that was his maid; but that is neither here nor there—the ass was lost and gone, that is certain; and what is more, it could not be found neither high nor low. This same ass had been missing about a fortnight, some say more, some less, when another alderman of the same town, meeting this same losing alderman in the market-place, ‘Brother,’ quoth he, ‘pay me well, and I will tell you news of your ass.’ —‘Troth!’ replied the other, ‘that I will; but then let me know where the poor beast is.’ —‘Why,’ answered the other, ‘this morning what should I meet upon the mountains yonder but he, without either pack-saddle or furniture, and so lean that it grieved my heart to see him; but yet so wild and skittish, that when I would have driven him home before me, he ran away as the devil were in him, and got into the thickest of the wood. Now, if you please, we will both go together and look for

* Rigidor.

him; I will but step home first and put up this ass, then I will come back to you, and we will about it out of hand.'—'Truly, brother,' said the other, 'I am mightily beholden to you, and will do as much for you another time.' The story happened neither more nor less, but such as I tell you, for so all that know it relate it word for word. In short, the two aldermen, hand in hand, a-foot trudged up the hills, and hunted up and down; but after many a weary step, no ass was to be found. Upon which, quoth the alderman that had seen him to the other, 'Hark you me, brother, I have a device in my noddle to find out this same ass of yours, though he were under ground, as you shall hear. You must know I can bray to admiration, and if you can but bray but never so little, the job is done.'—'Never so little!' cried the other; 'body of me, I won't vail my bonnet at braying to e'er an ass or alderman in the land.'—'Well, we shall try that,' quoth the other, 'for my contrivance is, that you go on one side of the hill, and I on the other; sometimes you shall bray, and sometimes I; so that, if your ass be but thereabouts, my life for yours, he will be sure to answer his kind, and bray again.'—'Gramercy, brother,' quoth the other; 'a rare device, i'fack! let you alone for plot-

ting.' At the same time they parted according to agreement, and when they were far enough off, they both fell a-braying so perfectly well, that they cheated one another; and meeting, each in hopes to find the ass, 'Is it possible, brother,' said the owner of the ass, 'that it was not my ass that brayed?'—'No, marry, that it was not, it was I,' answered the other alderman. 'Well, brother,' cried the owner, 'then there is no manner of difference between you and an ass, as to matter of braying; I never heard anything so natural in my life.'—'O fie! sir,' quoth the other, 'I am nothing to you: you shall lay two to one against the best brayer in the kingdom, and I will go your halves. Your voice is lofty, and of a great compass; you keep excellent time, and hold out a note rarely, and your cadence is full and ravishing. In short, sir, I knock under the table, and yield you the bays.'—'Well then, brother,' answered the owner, 'I shall always have the better opinion of myself for this one good quality; for though I knew I brayed pretty well, I never thought myself so great a master before.'—'Well,' quoth the other, 'thus you see what rare parts may be lost for want of being known; and a man never knows his own strength till he puts it to a trial.'—'Right,

brother,' quoth the owner; 'for I should never have found out this wonderful gift of mine, had it not been for this business in hand, and may we speed in it, I pray!' After these compliments they parted again, and went braying, this on one side of the hill, and that on the other. But all to no purpose, for they still deceived one another with their braying, and running to the noise, met one another as before.

“At last they agreed to bray twice one after another, that by that token they might be sure it was not the ass, but they that brayed. But all in vain—they almost brayed their hearts out, but no answer from the ass. And indeed, how could it, poor creature! when they found him at last in the wood half eaten by the wolves. ‘Alack-a-day! poor Grizzle,’ cried the owner; ‘I do not wonder now he took so little notice of his loving master. Had he been alive, as sure as he was an ass, he would have brayed again. But let him go; this comfort I have at least, brother; though I have lost him, I have found out that rare talent of yours, that has hugely solaced me under this affliction.’—‘The glass is in a good hand, Mr Alderman,’ quoth the other, ‘and if the abbot sings well the young monk is not much behind him.’”

“ With this, these same aldermen, very much down in the mouth, and very hoarse, went home, and told all their neighbours the whole story word for word; one praising the other’s skill in braying, and the other returning the compliment. In short, one got it by the end, and the other got it by the end; the boys got it, and all the idle fellows got it, and there was such a brawling, and such a braying in our town, that one would have thought hell broke loose among us. But to let you see now how the devil never lies dead in a ditch, but catches at every foolish thing to set people by the ears, our neighbouring towns had it up; and when they saw any of our townfolks, they fell a-braying, hitting us in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. This made ill blood between us; for we took it in mighty dudgeon, as well we might, and came to words upon it, and from words to blows; for the people of our town are well known by this, as the beggar knows his dish, and are apt to be jeered where-soever they go; and then to it they go, ding dong, hand over head, in spite of law or gospel. And they have carried the jest so far, that I believe to-morrow, or next day, the men of our town, to wit, the brayers, will be in the field against those of another town about two

leagues off, that are always plaguing us. Now, that we should be well provided, I have brought these lances and halberts that ye saw me carry. So this is my story, gentlefolks, and if it be not a strange one, I am woundily mistaken."

Here the honest man ended; when presently enters a fellow, dressed in trowsers and doublet all of chamois leather, and calling out, as if he were somebody: "Landlord," cried he, "have you any lodgings? for here comes the fortunetelling ape, and the puppet-show of Melisandra's¹ deliverance."—"Body of me!" cried the inn-keeper, "who's here? Master Peter! We shall have a merry night, faith! Honest Master Peter, you are welcome with all my heart; but where is the ape, and the show, that I cannot see them?"—"They will be here presently," said Peter; "I only came before, to see if you had any lodgings."—"Lodging, man," said the inn-keeper; "zookers! I would turn out the Duke of Alva himself, rather than Master Peter should want room. Come, come, bring in your things, for here are guests in the house to-night that will be good customers to you, I warrant you."—"That is a good hearing," said Peter; "and to encourage them I will lower my prices; and if I can but

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXV.

get my charges to-night, I will look for no more; so I will hasten forward the cart." This said, he ran out of the door again.

I had forgot to tell you, that this same Master Peter wore over his left eye, and half his cheek, a patch of green taffata, by which it was supposed that something ailed that side of his face. Don Quixote inquired who this Master Peter was, and what his ape and his show. "Why, sir," answered the inn-keeper, "he has strolled about the country this great while with a curious puppet-show, which represents the play of Melisandra and Don Gayferos, one of the best shows that has been acted time out of mind in this kingdom. Then he has an ape: bless us, sir, it is such an ape!—but I will say no more—you shall see, sir. It will tell you everything you ever did in your life. The like was never seen before. Ask him a question, it will listen to you; and then, whip! up it leaps on its master's shoulder, and whispers first in his ear what it knows, and then Master Peter tells you. He tells you what is to come, as well as what is past: it is true, he does not always hit so pat as to what is to come; but after all, he is seldom in the wrong, which makes us apt to think the devil helps him at a dead lift. Two

reals is the price for every question he answers, or his master for him, which is all one, you know; and that will amount to money at the year's end, so that it is thought the rogue is well to pass; and, indeed, much good may it do him, for he is a notable fellow, and a boon companion, and leads the merriest life in the world; talks for six men, and drinks for a dozen; and all this he gets by his tongue, his ape, and his show."

By this time Master Peter came back with his puppet-show and his ape in a cart. The ape was pretty lusty, without any tail, and his buttocks bare as a felt; yet he was not very ugly neither. Don Quixote no sooner saw him, but coming up to him, "Mr Fortune-teller," said he, "will you be pleased to tell us what fish we shall catch, and what will become of us, and here is your fee?" Saying this, he ordered Sancho to deliver Master Peter two reals. "Sir," answered Peter, "this animal gives no account of things to come; he knows something, indeed, of matters past, and a little of the present."—"Odds bobs!" quoth Sancho, "I would not give a brass jack to know what is past, for who knows that better than myself? I am not so foolish as to pay for what I know already: but since you

say he has such a knack at guessing the present, let goodman ape tell me what my wife Teresa is doing, and what she is about, and here are my two reals.”—“I will have nothing of you before-hand,” said Master Peter; so, clapping himself on his left shoulder, up skipped the ape thither at one frisk, and, laying his mouth to his ear, grated his teeth; and having made apish grimaces, and a chattering noise, for a minute or two, with another skip down he leaped upon the ground. Immediately upon this, Master Peter ran to Don Quixote, and fell on his knees, and, embracing his legs, “Oh glorious restorer of knighterrantry,” cried he, “I embrace these legs as I would the pillars of Hercules! Who can sufficiently extol the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, the reviver of drooping hearts, the prop and stay of the falling, the raiser of the fallen, and the staff of comfort to the weak and afflicted!” At these words Don Quixote stood amazed, Sancho quaked, the page wondered, the brayer blessed himself, the innkeeper stared, and the scholar was in a brown study, all astonished at Master Peter’s speech, who then, turning to Sancho, “And thou, honest Sancho Panza,” said he, “the best squire to the best knight in the world, bless

thy good stars, for thy good spouse, Teresa, is a good house-wife, and is at this instant dressing a pound of flax; by the same token, she has standing by her, on her left hand, a large broken-mouth jug, which holds a pretty scantling of wine, to cheer up her spirits."—"By yea and nay," quoth Sancho, "that is likely enough; for she is a true soul, and a jolly soul: were it not for a spice of jealousy that she has now and then, I would not change her for the giantess Andondona herself, who, as my master says, was as clever a piece of woman's flesh as ever went upon two legs. Well, much good may it do thee, honest Teresa; thou art resolved to provide for one, I find, though thy heirs starve for it."—"Well," said Don Quixote, "great is the knowledge procured by reading, travel, and experience. What on earth but the testimony of my own eyes could have persuaded me that apes had the gift of divination! I am indeed the same Don Quixote de la Mancha, mentioned by this ingenious animal, though I must confess somewhat undeserving of so great a character as it has pleased him to bestow on me; but nevertheless I am not sorry to have charity and compassion bear so great a part in my commendation, since my

nature has always disposed me to do good to all men, and hurt to none."

"Now had I but money," said the page, "I would know of Mr Ape what luck I should have in the wars."—"I have told you already," said Master Peter, who was got up from before Don Quixote, "that this ape does not meddle with what is to come; but if he could, it should cost you nothing, for Don Quixote's sake, whom to oblige, I would sacrifice all the interest I have in the world; and, as a mark of it, gentlemen, I freely set up my show, and give all the company in the house some diversion *gratis*." The inn-keeper, hearing this, was overjoyed; and ordered Master Peter a convenient room to set up his motion, and he immediately went about it.

In the meantime Don Quixote, who could not bring himself to believe that an ape could do all this, taking Sancho to a corner of the stable, "Look ye, Sancho," said he, "I have been weighing and considering the wonderful gifts of this ape, and find, in short, Master Peter must have made a secret compact with the devil."—"Nay," quoth Sancho, misunderstanding the word *compact*, "if the devil and he have packed anything together in hugger-mugger, it is a pack of roguery, to be sure, and

they are a pack of knaves for their pains, and let them e'en pack together, say I."—"Thou dost not apprehend me," said Don Quixote; "I mean, the devil and he must have made an agreement together, that Satan should infuse this knowledge into the ape, to purchase the owner an estate; and, in return, the last has certainly engaged his soul to this destructive seducer of mankind; for the ape's knowledge is exactly of the same proportion with the devil's, which only extends to the discovery of things past and present, having no insight into futurity, but by such probable conjectures and conclusions as may be deduced from the former working of antecedent causes, true prescience and prediction being the sacred prerogative of God, to whose all-seeing eyes, all ages, past, present, and to come, without the distinction of succession and termination, are always present. From this, I say, it is apparent this ape is but the organ through which the devil delivers his answers to those that ask it questions; and this same rogue should be put into the Inquisition, and have the truth pressed out of his bones. For sure neither the master nor his ape can lay any pretence to judicial astrology, nor is the ape so conversant in the mathematics, I suppose, as to erect a scheme.

Though I must confess that creatures of less parts, as foolish illiterate women, footmen and cobblers, pretend now-a-days to draw certainties from the stars, as easily and as readily as they shuffle a pack of cards, to the disgrace of the sublime science, which they have the impudence to profess. I knew a lady that asked one of these figure-casters, if a little foisting bitch she had should have puppies, and how many, and of what colour? My conjuror, after he had scrawled out his scheme, very judiciously pronounced, that the pretty creature should have three puppies, one green, one red, and another mixed colour, provided she would take dog between eleven and twelve at night or noon, either on a Monday or a Saturday; and the success happened as exactly as could be expected from his art, for the bitch some days after died very fairly of a surfeit, and Master Figure-flinger was reputed a special conjuror all the town over, as most of these fellows are." — "For all that," said Sancho, "I would have you ask Master Peter's ape, whether the passages you told us concerning Montesinos' cave be true or no; for, saving the respect I owe your worship, I take them to be no better than fibs, and idle stories, or dreams at least." — "You may think what you will,"

answered Don Quixote ; “ however, I will do as you would have me, though I confess my conscience somewhat scruples to do such a thing.”

While they were thus engaged in discourse, Master Peter came and told Don Quixote the show was ready to begin, and desired him to come and see it, for he was sure his worship would like it. The knight told him, he had a question to put to his ape first, and desired he might tell him, whether certain things that happened to him in Montesinos' cave were dreams or realities, for he doubted they had something of both in them.—Master Peter fetched his ape immediately, and, placing him just before the knight and his squire, “ Look you,” said he, “ Mr Ape, this worthy knight would have you tell him whether some things which happened to him in Montesinos' cave are true or no ?” Then, upon the usual signal, the ape, jumping upon Master Peter's left shoulder, chattered his answer into his ear, which the interpreter delivered thus to the inquirer. “ The ape, sir, says, that part of those things are false, and part of them true, which is all he can resolve ye as to this question ; and now his virtue has left him, and won't return till Friday next. If you would

know any more, you must stay till then, and he will answer as many questions as you please." — "La you there now!" quoth Sancho, "did not I tell you that all you told us of Montesinos' cave would not hold water?" — "That the event will determine," replied the knight, "which we must leave to process of time to produce; for it brings everything to light, though buried in the bowels of the earth. No more of this at present: let us now see the puppet-show; I fancy we shall find something in it worth seeing." — "Something!" said Master Peter; "sir, you shall see a thousand things worth seeing. I tell you, sir, I defy the world to shew such another. I say no more: *Operibus credite, et non verbis*. But now let us begin, for it grows late, and we have much to do, say, and shew."

Don Quixote and Sancho complied, and went into the room where the show stood, with a good number of small wax-lights glimmering round about, that made it shine gloriously. Master Peter got to his station within, being the man that was to move the puppets; and his boy stood before, to tell what the puppets said, and, with a white wand in his hand, to point at the several figures as they came in and out, and explain the mystery of

the show. Then all the audience having taken their places, Don Quixote, Sancho, the scholar, and the page, being preferred to the rest, the boy, who was the mouth of the motion, began a story, that shall be heard or seen by those who will take the pains to read or hear the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PLEASANT ACCOUNT OF THE PUPPET-PLAY, WITH
OTHER VERY GOOD THINGS TRULY.

THE Tyrians and the Trojans were all silent ; that is, the ears of all the spectators hung on the mouth of the interpreter of the show, when, in the first place, they heard a loud flourish of kettle-drums and trumpets within the machine, and then several discharges of artillery ; which prelude being soon over, "Gentlemen," cried the boy, raising his voice, "we present you here with a true history, taken out of the chronicles of France, and the Spanish ballads, sung even by the boys about the streets, and in everybody's mouth ; it tells you how Don Gayferos delivered his wife Melisandra, that was a prisoner among the Moors in Spain, in the city of Sansuena, now called Saragossa. Now, gallants, the first figure we present you with is Don Gayferos, playing at tables, according to the ballad :

'Now Gayferos the live-long day,
Oh arrant shame, at draughts does play ;
And, as at court most husbands do,
Forgets his lady fair and true.'

“Gentlemen, in the next place, mark that personage that peeps out there with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand. It is the Emperor Charlemagne, the fair Melisandra’s reputed father, who, vexed at the idleness and negligence of his son-in-law, comes to chide him; and pray, observe with what passion and earnestness he rates him, as if he had a mind to lend him half-a-dozen sound raps over the pate with his sceptre; nay, some authors do not stick to tell ye he give him as many, and well laid on too. And after he had told him how his honour lay a-bleeding, till he had delivered his wife out of durance, among many other pithy sayings, ‘Look to it,’ quoth he to him as he went, ‘I will say no more.’ Mind how the emperor turns his back upon him, and how he leaves Don Gayferos nettled, and in the dumps. Now see how he starts up, and, in a rage, dings the tables one way, and whirls the men another; and, calling for his arms with all haste, borrows his cousin-german Orlando’s sword, Durindana, who withal offers to go along with him in this difficult adventure; but the valorous enraged knight will not let him, and says, he is able to deliver his wife himself, without his help, though they kept her down in the very centre of the earth. And now he is going

to put on his armour, in order to begin his journey.

“ Now, gentlemen, cast your eyes upon yon tower ; you are to suppose it one of the towers of the castle of Saragossa, now called the Aljaferia. That lady, whom you see in the balcony there, in a Moorish habit, is the peerless Melisandra, that casts many a heavy look towards France, thinking of Paris and her husband, the only comfort in her imprisonment. But now ! —silence, gentlemen, pray, silence ! here is an accident wholly new, the like perhaps never heard of before. Don't you see that Moor, who comes a-tiptoe, creeping and stealing along, with his finger in his mouth, behind Melisandra ? Hear what a smack he gives on her sweet lips, and see how she spits, and wipes her mouth with her white smock-sleeve : see how she takes on, and tears her lovely hair for very madness, as if it were to blame this affront. Next, pray, observe that grave Moor that stands in the open gallery ; that is Marsilius, the king of Sansuena, who, having been an eye-witness of the sauciness of the Moor, ordered him immediately to be apprehended, though his kinsman and great favourite ; to have two hundred lashes given him ; then to be carried through the city, with criers before to proclaim his

crime, the rods of justice behind. And look how all this is put in execution sooner almost than the fact is committed; for your Moors, ye must know, don't use any form of indictment as we do, nor yet have they any legal trials."

"Child, child," said Don Quixote, "go on directly with your story, and don't keep us here with your excursions and ramblings out of the road. I tell you there must be a formal process, and legal trial, to prove matters of fact."—"Boy," said the master from behind the show, "do as the gentleman bids you. Don't run so much upon flourishes, but follow your plain song, without venturing on counter-points, for fear of spoiling all."—"I will, sir," quoth the boy, and so proceeding: "Now, sirs, he that you see there a-horseback, wrapt up in the Gascoign cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, whom his wife, now revenged on the Moor for his impudence, seeing from the battlements of the tower, takes him for a stranger, and talks with him as such, according to the ballad,

' Quoth Melisandra, if perchance,
 Sir Traveller, you go for France,
 For pity's sake, ask when you're there,
 For Gayferos, my husband dear.'

“ I omit the rest, not to tire you with a long story. It is sufficient that he makes himself known to her, as you may guess by the joy she shows ; and, accordingly, now see how she lets herself down from the balcony, to come at her loving husband, and get behind him ; but unhappily, alas ! one of the skirts of her gown is caught upon one of the spikes of the balcony, and there she hangs and hovers in the air miserably, without being able to get down. But see how heaven is merciful, and sends relief in the greatest distress ! Now Don Gayferos rides up to her, and, not fearing to tear her rich gown, lays hold on it, and at one pull brings her down ; and then at one lift sets her astride upon his horse’s crupper, bidding her to sit fast, and clap her arms about him, that she might not fall ; for the Lady Melisandra was not used to that kind of riding.

“ Observe now, gallants, how the horse neighs, and shows how proud he is of the burden of his brave master and fair mistress. Look now, how they turn their backs, and leave the city, and gallop it merrily away towards Paris. Peace be with you for a peerless couple of true lovers ! may ye get safe and sound into your own country, without any lett or ill chance in your journey, and live as long

as Nestor, in peace and quietness among your friends and relations.”—“ Plainness, boy ! ” cried Master Peter, “ none of your flights, I beseech you, for affectation is the devil. ”—The boy answered nothing, but going on : “ Now, sirs, ” quoth he, “ some of those idle people, that love to pry into everything, happened to spy Melisandra as she was making her escape, and ran presently and gave Marsilius notice of it : whereupon he straight commanded to sound an alarm ; and now mind what a din and hurly-burly there is, and how the city shakes with the ring of the bells backwards in all the mosques ! ”—“ There you are out, boy, ” said Don Quixote : “ The Moors have no bells, they only use kettle-drums, and a kind of shaulms like our waits or hautboys ; so that your ringing of bells in Sansuena is a mere absurdity, good Master Peter. ”—“ Nay, sir, ” said Master Peter, giving over ringing, “ if you stand upon these trifles with us, we shall never please you. Don’t be so severe a critic : Are there not a thousand plays that pass with great success and applause, though they have many greater absurdities, and nonsense in abundance ? On, boy, on, let there be as many impertinences as moats in the sun ; no matter, so I get the money. ”—“ Well said, ” answered Don Quixote.—“ And now, sirs, ”

quoth the boy, "observe what a vast company of glittering horse comes pouring out of the city, in pursuit of the Christian lovers; what a dreadful sound of trumpets, and clarions, and drums, and kettle-drums there is in the air. I fear they will overtake them, and then will the poor wretches be dragged along most barbarously at the tails of their horses, which would be sad indeed."

Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing such an alarm, thought it high time to assist the flying lovers; and starting up, "It shall never be said while I live," cried he aloud, "that I suffered such a wrong to be done to so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gayferos. Forbear then your unjust pursuit, ye base-born rascals! Stop, or prepare to meet my furious resentment!" Then drawing out his sword, to make good his threats, at one spring he gets to the show, and with a violent fury lays at the Moorish puppets, cutting and slashing in a most terrible manner; some he overthrows, and beheads others; maims this, and cleaves that in pieces. Among the rest of his merciless strokes, he thundered one down with such a mighty force, that had not Master Peter luckily ducked and squatted down, it had certainly chopped off his head as easily as

one might cut an apple.—“Hold, hold, sir,” cried the puppet-player, after the narrow escape, “hold for pity’s sake! What do you mean, sir? These are no real Moors that you cut and hack so, but poor harmless puppets made of paste-board. Think of what you do, you ruin me for ever. Oh that ever I was born! you have broke me quite.” But Don Quixote, without minding his words, doubled and redoubled his blows so thick, and laid about him so outrageously, that in less than two credos he had cut all the strings and wires, mangled the puppets, and spoiled and demolished the whole motion. King Marsilius was in a grievous condition. The Emperor Charlemagne’s head and crown were cleft in two. The whole audience was in a sad consternation. The ape scampered off to the top of the house. The scholar was frightened out of his wits; the page was very uneasy, and Sancho himself was in a terrible fright; for, as he swore after the hurricane was over, he had never seen his master in such a rage before.

The general rout of the puppets being over, Don Quixote’s fury began to abate; and with a more pacified countenance turning to the company, “Now,” said he, “I could wish all those incredulous persons here who slight

knight-errantry might receive conviction of their error, and behold undeniable proofs of the benefit of that function; for how miserable had been the condition of poor Don Gayferos and the fair Melisandra by this time, had I not been here and stood up in their defence! I make no question but those infidels would have apprehended them, and used them barbarously. Well, when all is done, long live knight-errantry; long let it live, I say, above all things whatsoever in this world!"—"Ay, ay," said Master Peter in a doleful tone, "let it live long for me, so I may die; for why should I live so unhappy, as to say with King Roderigo,* 'Yesterday I was lord of Spain, to-day have not a foot of land I can call mine?' It is not half an hour, nay scarce a moment, since I had kings and emperors at command. I had horses in abundance, and chests and bags full of fine things; but now you see me a poor sorry undone man, quite and clean broke and cast down, and in short a mere beggar. What is worst of all, I have lost my ape too, who I am sure will make me sweat ere I catch him again; and all through the rash fury of this Sir Knight here, who they

* The last king of the Goths that reigned in Spain, conquered by the Moors.

say protects the fatherless, redresses wrongs, and does other charitable deeds, but has failed in all these good offices to miserable me, heaven be praised for it: Well may I call him the Knight of the Woful Figure, for he has put me and all that belongs to me in a woful case."

The puppet-player's lamentations moving Sancho's pity, "Come," quoth he, "don't cry, Master Peter, thou break'st my heart to hear thee take on so; don't be cast down, man, for my master's a better Christian, I am sure, than to let any poor man come to loss by him: when he comes to know he has done you wrong, he will pay you for every farthing of damage, I will engage."—"Truly," said Master Peter, "if his worship would but pay me for the fashion of my puppets he has spoiled, I will ask no more, and he will discharge a good conscience; for he that wrongs his neighbour, and does not make restitution, can never hope to be saved, that is certain."—"I grant it," said Don Quixote; "but I am not sensible how I have in the least injured you, good Master Peter!"—"No, sir! not injured me?" cried Master Peter. "Why these poor relics that lie here on the cold ground, cry out for vengeance against you. Was it not the invincible force of that powerful arm of yours that has scattered

and dismembered them so? And whose were those bodies, sir, but mine? and by whom was I maintained, but by them?"

"Well," said Don Quixote, "now I am thoroughly convinced of a truth, which I have had reason to believe before, that those cursed magicians that daily persecute me, do nothing but delude me, first drawing me into dangerous adventures by the appearances of them as really they are, and then presently after changing the face of things as they please. Really and truly, gentlemen, I vow and protest before you all that hear me, that all that was acted here seemed to be really transacted *ipso facto* as it appeared. To me, Melisandra appeared to be Melisandra, Don Gayferos was Don Gayferos, Marsilius Marsilius, and Charlemagne was the real Charlemagne. Which being so, I could not contain my fury, and acted according to the duties of my function, which obliges me to take the injured side. Now, though what I have done proves to be quite contrary to my good design, the fault ought not to be imputed to me, but to my persecuting foes; yet I own myself sorry for the mischance, and will condemn myself to pay the costs. Let Master Peter see what he must have for the figures that are damaged, and I will pay it him now in

good and lawful money on the nail.”—“Heaven bless your worship,” cried Master Peter, with a profound cringe, “I could expect no less from the wonderful Christianity of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the sure relief and bulwark of all miserable wanderers. Now let my landlord and the great Sancho be mediators and appraisers between your worship and myself, and I will stand to their award.”

They agreed: and presently Master Peter taking up Marsilius, King of Saragossa, that lay by on the ground with his head off: “You see, gentlemen,” said he, “it is impossible to restore this king to his former dignity; and therefore, with submission to your better judgments, I think that for his destruction, and to get him a successor,* seven and twenty pence is little enough on conscience.”—“Proceed,” said Don Quixote.—“Then for this that is cleft in two,” said Master Peter, taking up the Emperor Charlemagne, “I think he is richly worth† one and thirty pence half-penny.”—“Not so richly neither,” quoth Sancho.—“Truly,” said the innkeeper, “I think, it is pretty reasonable; but we will make it even money, let the poor fellow have half-a-crown.”

* Four reals and a half.

† Five reals and a quarter.

—“Come,” said Don Quixote, “let him have his full price; we will not stand haggling for so small a matter in a case like this: So make haste, Master Peter, for it is near supper-time, and I have some strong presumptions that I shall eat heartily.”—“Now,” said Master Peter, “for this figure here that is without a nose and blind with one eye, being the fair Melisandra, I will be reasonable with you; give me* fourteen pence, I would not take less from my brother.”—“Nay,” said Don Quixote, “the devil is in it, if Melisandra be not by this time with her husband, upon the frontiers of France at least; for the horse that carried them seemed to me rather to fly than to gallop; and now you tell me of a Melisandra here without a nose forsooth, when it is ten to one but she is now in her husband’s arms in a good bed in France. Come, come, friend, God help every man to his own; let us have fair dealing; so proceed.’

Master Peter finding that the knight began to harp upon the old string, was afraid he would fly off; and making as if he had better considered of it, “Cry ye mercy, sir,” said he, “I was mistaken; this could not be Melisandra indeed, but one of the damsels that waited on

* Two reals and twelve maravedis.

her; and so I think five pence will be fair enough for her." In this manner he went on, setting his price upon the dead and wounded, which the arbitrators moderated to the content of both parties; and the whole sum amounted to forty reals and three quarters, which Sancho paid him down; and then Master Peter demanded two reals more, for the trouble of catching his ape. "Give it him," said Don Quixote, "and set the monkey to catch the ape; and now would I give two hundred more to be assured that Don Gayferos and the lady Melisandra were safely arrived in France among their friends."—"Nobody can better tell than my ape," said Master Peter, "though the devil himself will hardly catch him, if hunger, or his kindness for me do not bring us together again to-night. However to-morrow will be a new day, and when it is light we will see what is to be done."

The whole disturbance being appeased, to supper they went lovingly together, and Don Quixote treated the whole company, for he was liberality itself. Before day the man with the lances and halberts left the inn, and some time after the scholar and the page came to take leave of the knight; the first to return home, and the second to continue his journey, towards

whose charges Don Quixote gave him twelve reals. As for Master Peter, he knew too much of the knight's humour to desire to have anything to do with him, and therefore having picked up the ruins of the puppet-show, and got his ape again, by break of day he packed off to seek his fortune. The inn-keeper, who did not know Don Quixote, was as much surprised at his liberality as at his madness. In fine, Sancho paid him very honestly by his master's order, and mounting a little before eight o'clock, they left the inn, and proceeded on their journey; where we will leave them, that we may have an opportunity to relate some other matters very requisite for the better understanding of this famous history.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEREIN IS DISCOVERED WHO MASTER PETER WAS,
AND HIS APE; AS ALSO DON QUIXOTE'S ILL SUC-
CESS IN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, WHICH DID
NOT END SO HAPPILY AS HE DESIRED AND EX-
PECTED.

CID HAMET, the author of this celebrated history, begins this chapter with this asseveration, "I swear as a true Catholic;" which the translator illustrates and explains in this manner: That historian's swearing like a true Catholic, though he was a Mahometan Moor, ought to be received in no other sense, than that, As a true Catholic, when he affirms anything with an oath, does or ought to swear truth, So would he relate the truth as impartially as a Christian would do, if he had taken such an oath, in what he designed to write of Don Quixote; especially as to the account that is to be given us of the person who was known by the name of Master Peter, and the fortune-telling ape, whose answers occasioned such a noise, and created such an amazement all over the country.

He says then, that any one who has read the foregoing part of this history, cannot but remember one Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote had rescued, with several other galley-slaves, in Sierra Morena; a piece of service for which the knight was not over-burdened with thanks, and which that ungrateful pack of rogues repaid with a treatment altogether unworthy such a deliverance. This Gines de Passamonte, or, as Don Quixote called him, Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the very man that stole Sancho's ass; the manner of which robbery, and the time when it was committed, being not inserted in the first part, has been the reason that some people have laid that, which was caused by the printer's neglect, to the inadvertency of the author. But it is beyond all question, that Gines stole the ass while Sancho slept on his back, making use of the same trick and artifice which Brunelo practised when he carried off Sacripante's horse from under his legs, at the siege of Albraca. However, Sancho got possession again, as has been told you before.

Gines, it seems, being obnoxious to the law, was apprehensive of the strict search that was made after him, in order to bring him to justice for his repeated villanies, which were so

great and numerous, that he himself had wrote a large book of them ; and therefore he thought it advisable to make the best of his way into the kingdom of Arragon, and having clapped a plaister over his left eye, resolved in that disguise to set up a puppet-show, and stroll with it about the country ; for you must know, he had not his fellow at anything that could be done by sleight of hand. Now it happened, that in his way he fell into the company of some Christian slaves who came from Barbary, and struck a bargain with them for this ape, whom he taught to leap on his shoulder at a certain sign, and to make as if he whispered something in his ear. Having brought his ape to this, before he entered into any town he informed himself in the adjacent parts, as well as he could, of what particular accidents had happened to this or that person ; and having a very retentive memory, the first thing he did was to give them a sight of his show, that represented sometimes one story and sometimes another, which were generally well known and taking among the vulgar. The next thing he had to do, was to commend the wonderful qualities of his ape, and tell the company, that the animal had the gift of revealing things past and present ; but that in things to come,

he was altogether uninstructed. He asked * two reals for every answer, though now and then he lowered his price as he felt the pulse of his customers. Sometimes when he came to the houses of people of whose concerns he had some account, and who would ask the ape no questions, because they did not care to part with their money, he would notwithstanding be making signs to his ape, and tell them, the animal had acquainted him with this or that story, according to the information he had before; and by that means he got a great credit among the common people, and drew a mighty crowd after him. At other times, though he knew nothing of the person, the subtlety of his wit supplied his want of knowledge, and brought him handsomely off: and nobody being so inquisitive or pressing as to make him declare by what means his ape attained to this gift of divination, he imposed on every one's understanding, and got almost what money he pleased.

He was no sooner come to the inn, but he knew Don Quixote, Sancho, and the rest of the company: But he had like to have paid dear for his knowledge, had the knight's sword fallen but a little lower when he made King

* About a shilling.

Marsilius's head fly, and routed all his Moorish horse, as the reader may have observed in the foregoing chapter. And this may suffice in relation to Master Peter and his ape.

Now let us overtake our champion of La Mancha. After he had left the inn, he resolved to take a sight of the River Ebro, and the country about it, before he went to Saragossa, since he was not straitened for time, but might do that, and yet arrive soon enough to make one at the jousts and tournaments at that city. Two days he travelled without meeting with anything worth his notice or the reader's, when on the third, as he was riding up a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and guns. At first he thought some regiment of soldiers was on its march that way, which made him spur up Rozinante to the brow of the hill, that he might see them pass by; and then he saw in a bottom above two hundred men, as near as he could guess, armed with various weapons, as lances, cross-bows, partisans, halberts, pikes, some few firelocks, and a great many targets. Thereupon he descended into the vale, and made his approaches towards the battalion so near as to be able to distinguish their banners, judge of their colours, and observe their devices; more especially one that

was to be seen on a standard of white satin, on which was represented to the life a little jackass, much like a Sardinian ass-colt, holding up his head, stretching out his neck, and thrusting out his tongue, in the very posture of an ass that is braying, with this distich written in fair characters about it :

“ ’Twas something more than nothing which one day
Made one and t’other worthy bailiff bray.”

Don Quixote drew this inference from the motto, that those were the inhabitants of the braying town, and he acquainted Sancho with what he had observed, giving him also to understand, that the man who told them the story of the two braying aldermen was apparently in the wrong, since, according to the verses on the standard, they were two bailiffs and not two aldermen.* “ It matters not one rush what you call them,” quoth Sancho; “ for those very aldermen that brayed might in time come to be made bailiffs of the town, and so both those titles might have been given them well enough. But what is it to you or me, or the story, whether the two brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, so they but brayed as we are told? As if a bailiff were not as likely to bray as an alderman.”

* The Spanish word *alcalde* answers nearly to our bailiff of a corporation, as *regidor* does to that of alderman.

In short, both master and man plainly understood, that the men who were thus up in arms, were those that were jeered for braying, got together to fight the people of another town, who had indeed abused them more than was the part of good neighbours; thereupon Don Quixote advanced towards them, to Sancho's great grief, who had no manner of liking to such kind of adventures. The multitude soon got about the knight, taking him for some champion, who was come to their assistance. But Don Quixote, lifting up his vizor, with a graceful deportment rode up to the standard, and there all the chief leaders of the army got together about him, in order to take a survey of his person, no less amazed at this strange appearance than the rest. Don Quixote seeing them look so earnestly on him, and no man offer so much as a word or question, took occasion from their silence to break his own; and, raising his voice, "Good gentlemen," cried he, "I beseech you with all the endearments imaginable, to give no interruption to the discourse I am now delivering to you, unless you find it distasteful or tedious; which if I am unhappy enough to occasion, at the least hint you shall give me, I will clap a seal on my lips, and a padlock on my tongue." They all cried

that he might speak what he pleased, and they would hear him with all their hearts. Having this license, Don Quixote proceeded.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “I am a knight-errant: Arms are my exercise; and my profession is to shew favour to those that are in necessity of favour, and to give assistance to those that are in distress. I have for some time been no stranger to the cause of your uneasiness, which excites you to take arms to be revenged on your insulting neighbours; and having often busied my intellectuals, in making reflections on the motives which have brought you together, I have drawn this inference from it, that according to the laws of arms, you really injure yourselves, in thinking yourselves affronted; for no particular person can give an affront to a whole town and society of men, except it be by accusing them all of high-treason in general, for want of knowing on which of them to fix some treasonable action, of which he supposes some of them to be guilty. We have an instance of this nature, in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who sent a challenge to all the inhabitants of Zamora, not knowing that Vellido de Olfos had assassinated the king his master in that town, without any accomplices; and so, accusing and defying them

all, the defence and revenge belonged to them all in general. Though it must be owned, that Don Diego was somewhat unreasonable in his defiance, and strained the point too far: For, it was very little to the purpose to defy the dead, the waters, the bread, those that were yet unborn, with many other trifling matters mentioned in the challenge. But let that pass; for when once the choler boils over, the tongue grows unruly, and knows no moderation. Taking it for granted then, that no particular person can affront a whole kingdom, province, city, commonwealth, or body politic, it is but just to conclude, that it is needless to revenge such a pretended affront; since such an abuse is no sufficient provocation, and indeed, positively no affront. It would be a pretty piece of wisdom, truly, should those out of the town of Reloxa sally out every day on those who spend their ill-natured breaths, mis-calling them everywhere. It would be a fine business indeed, if the inhabitants of those several famous towns that are nick-named by our rabble, and called the one cheese-mongers, the other coster-mongers, these fish-mongers, and those soap-boilers, should know no better than to think themselves dishonoured, and in revenge be always drawing out their swords at

the least word, for every idle insignificant quarrel. No, no, heaven forbid! men of sagacity and wisdom, and well-governed commonwealths, are never induced to take up arms, nor endanger their persons, and estates, but on the four following occasions. In the first place, to defend the holy Catholic faith. Secondly, for the security of their lives, which they are commanded to preserve by the laws of God and nature. Thirdly, the preservation of their good name, the reputation of their family, and the conservation of their estates. Fourthly, the service due to their prince in a just war; and if we please, we may add a fifth, which indeed may be referred to the second, the defence of our country. To these five capital causes may be subjoined several others, which may induce men to vindicate themselves, and have recourse even to the way of arms: But to take them up for mere trifles, and such occasions as rather challenge our mirth and contemptuous laughter than revenge, shows the person who is guilty of such proceedings to labour under a scarcity of sense. Besides, to seek after an unjust revenge (and indeed no human revenge can be just) is directly against the holy law we profess, which commands us to forgive our enemies, and to do good to those

that hate us, an injunction, which though it seems difficult in the implicit obedience we should pay to it, yet is only so to those who have less of heaven than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit. For, the Redeemer of mankind, whose words never could deceive, said, 'that his yoke was easy, and his burden light;' and according to that, he could prescribe nothing to our practice which was impossible to be done. Therefore, gentlemen, since reason and religion recommend love and peace to you, I hope you will not render yourselves obnoxious to all laws, both human and divine, by a breach of the public tranquillity."

"The devil fetch me," quoth Sancho to himself, "if this master of mine must not have been bred a parson; if not, he is as like one as one egg is like another." Don Quixote paused a while, to take breath; and, perceiving his auditory still willing to give him attention, had proceeded in his harangue, had not Sancho's good opinion of his parts made him lay hold on this opportunity to talk in his turn. "Gentlemen," quoth he, "my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, once called the Knight of the Woful Figure, and now the Knight of the Lions, is a very judicious gentleman, and talks Latin and his own mother-tongue as well as

any of your varsity-doctors. Whatever discourse he takes in hand, he speaks ye to the purpose, and like a man of mettle; he has ye all the laws and rules of that same thing you call duel and punctilio of honour, at his fingers end; so that you have no more to do but to do as he says, and if in taking his counsel you ever tread awry, let the blame be laid on my shoulders. And indeed, as you have already been told, it is a very silly fancy to be ashamed to hear one bray; for I remember when I was a boy, I could bray as often as I listed, and nobody went about to hinder me; and I could do it so rarely, and to the life, without vanity be it spoken, that all the asses in our town would fall a braying when they heard me bray; yet for all this, I was an honest body's child, and came of good parentage, do ye see; it is true, indeed, four of the best young men in our parish envied me for this great ability of mine; but I cared not a rush for their spite. Now, that you may not think I tell you a flam, do but hear me, and then judge; for this rare art is like swimming, which, when once learned, is never to be forgotten!"

This said, he clapped both the palms of his hands to his nose, and fell a braying so obstreperously. that it made the neighbouring

valleys ring again. But while he was thus braying, one of those that stood next to him, believing he did it to mock them, gave him such a hearty blow with a quarter-staff on his back, that down he brought him to the ground.

Don Quixote, seeing what a rough entertainment had been given to his squire, moved with his lance in a threatening posture towards the man that had used poor Sancho thus; but the crowd thrust themselves in such a manner between them, that the knight found it impracticable to pursue the revenge he designed. At the same time, finding that a shower of stones began to rain about his ears, and a great number of cross-bows and muskets were getting ready for his reception, he turned Rozinante's reins, and galloped from them as fast as four legs would carry him, sending up his hearty prayers to Heaven to deliver him from this danger; and, being under grievous apprehensions at every step, that he should be shot through the back, and have the bullet come out at his breast, he still went fetching his breath, to try if it did any ways fail him. But the country battalion were satisfied with seeing him fly, and did not offer to shoot at him.

As for Sancho, he was set upon his ass before he had well recovered his senses, which the



blow had taken from him, and then they suffered him to move off; not that the poor fellow had strength enough to guide him, but Dapple naturally followed Rozinante of his own accord, not being able to be a moment from him. The Don being at a good distance from the armed multitude, faced about, and seeing Sancho pacing after him without any troublesome attendants, stayed for his coming up. As for the rabble, they kept their posts till it grew dark, and their enemies having not taken the field to give them battle, they marched home, so overjoyed to have shown their courage, without danger, that, had they been so well bred as to have known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy in that place.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OF SOME THINGS WHICH BENENGELI TELLS US HE THAT READS SHALL KNOW, IF HE READS THEM WITH ATTENTION.

WHEN the valiant man flies, he must have discovered some foul play, and it is the part of prudent persons to reserve themselves for more favourable opportunities. This truth is verified in Don Quixote, who, rather than expose himself to the fury of an incensed and ill-designing multitude, betook himself to flight, without any thoughts of Sancho, till he found himself beyond the reach of those dangers in which he had left his trusty squire involved. Sancho came after him, as we have told you before, laid across his ass, and having recovered his senses, overtook him at last, and let himself drop from his pack-saddle at Rozinante's feet, all battered and bruised, and in a sorrowful condition. Don Quixote presently dismounted to search his wounds, and finding no bones broken, but his skin whole from head to feet, "You must bray," cried he angrily, "you must bray, with a pox, must you! It is a piece of

excellent discretion to talk of halts in the house of a man whose father was hanged. What counter-part could you expect to your music, blockhead, but a thorough-bass of bastinadoes? Thank Providence, sirrah! that as they gave you a dry benediction with a quarter-staff, they did not cross you with a cutlass.”—“I han’t breath to answer you at present,” quoth Sancho, “but my back and shoulders speak enough for me. Pray let us make the best of our way from this cursed place, and whene’er I bray again, may I get such another polt on my kidneys. Yet I cannot help saying that your knights-errant can betake themselves to their heels to save *one* upon occasion, and leave their trusty squires to be beaten like stock-fish, in the midst of their enemies.”—“A retreat is not to be accounted a flight,” replied Don Quixote; “for know, Sancho, that courage which has not wisdom for its guide, falls under the name of temerity; and the rash man’s successful actions are rather owing to his good fortune, than to his bravery. I own I did retire, but I deny that I fled; and in such a retreat I did but imitate many valiant men, who, not to hazard their persons indiscreetly, reserved themselves for a more fortunate hour. Histories are full of examples of this nature,

which I do not care to relate at present, because they would be more tedious to me, than profitable to thee."

By this time Don Quixote had helped Sancho to bestride his ass, and being himself mounted on Rozinante, they paced softly along, and got into a grove of poplar-trees, about a quarter of a league from the place where they mounted. Yet as softly as they rid, Sancho could not help now and then heaving up deep sighs and lamentable groans. Don Quixote asked him, why he made such a heavy moan? Sancho told him, that from his rump to his pole, he felt such grievous pains, that he was ready to sink. "Without doubt," said Don Quixote, "the intenseness of thy torments is, by reason the staff with which thou wert struck was broad and long, and so having fallen on those parts of thy back, caused a contusion there, and affects them all with pain; and had it been of a greater magnitude, thy grievances had been so much the greater."

"Truly," quoth Sancho, "you have cleared that in very pithy words, of which nobody made any doubt. Body of me! was the cause of my ailing so hard to be guessed, that you must tell me that so much of me was sore as was hit by the weapon? Should my ankle-

bone ache, and you scratch your head till you had found out the cause of it, I would think that something; but for you to tell me that place is sore where I was bruised, every fool could do as much. Faith and troth, sir master of mine, I grow wiser and wiser every day; I find you are like all the world, that lay to heart nobody's harms but their own. I find whereabouts we are, and what I am like to get by you; for even as you left me now in the lurch, to be well belaboured and ribroasted, and the other day to dance the caper-galliard in the blanket you wot of, so I must expect a hundred and a hundred more of these good vails in your service; and, as the mischief has now lighted on my shoulders, next bout I look for it to fly at my eyes. A plague of my jolter-head, I have been a fool and sot all along, and am never like to be wiser while I live. Would it not be better for me to trudge home to my wife and children, and look after my house, with that little wit that heaven has given me, without galloping after your tail high and low, through confounded cross-roads and bye-ways, and wicked and crooked paths, that the ungodly themselves cannot find out? And then most commonly to have nothing to moisten one's weasand that is fitting for a Christian to

drink, nothing but mere element and dog's porridge; and nothing to stuff one's puddings that is worthy of a Catholic stomach. Then, after a man has tired himself off his legs, when he would be glad of a good bed, to have a master cry, 'Here, are you sleepy? lie down, Mr Squire, your bed is made: Take six foot of good hard ground, and measure your corpse there; and if that won't serve you, take as much more, and welcome. You are at rack and manger; spare not, I beseech your dogship, there is room enough.' Old Nick roast and burn to a cinder that unlucky son of mischief, that first set people a-madding after this whim of knight-errantry, or at least the first ninny-hammer that had so little forecast as to turn squire to such a parcel of madmen as were your knights-errant — in the days of yore, I mean; I am better bred than to speak ill of those in our time; no, I honour them, since your worship has taken up this blessed calling; for you have a long nose, the devil himself could not out-reach you; you can see farther into a mill-stone than he."

"I durst lay a wager," said Don Quixote, "that now thou art suffered to prate without interruption, thou feelest no manner of pain in thy whole body. Pr'ythee talk on, my child;

say anything that comes uppermost to thy mouth, or is burdensome to thy brain; so it but alleviates thy pain, thy impertinences will rather please than offend me; and if thou hast such a longing desire to be at home with thy wife and children, heaven forbid I should be against it. Thou hast money of mine in thy hands: see how long it is since we sallied out last from home, and cast up the wages by the month, and pay thyself."

"An' it like your worship," quoth Sancho, "when I served my master Carrasco, father to the bachelor, your worship's acquaintance, I had two ducats a-month, besides my victuals: I don't know what you'll give me; though I am sure there is more trouble in being squire to a knight-errant, than in being servant to a farmer; for truly, we that go to plough and cart in a farmer's service, though we moil and sweat so a-days as not to have a dry thread to our backs, let the worst come to the worst, are sure of a bellyful at night out of the pot, and to snore in a bed. But I don't know when I have had a good meal's meat, or a good night's rest, in all your service, unless it were that short time when we were at Don Diego's house, and when I made a feast on the savoury skimming of Camacho's cauldron, and eat, drank,

and lay at Mr Basil's. All the rest of my time I have had my lodging on the cold ground, and in the open fields, subject to the inclemency of the sky, as you call it; living on the rinds of cheese, and crusts of mouldy bread; drinking sometimes ditch-water, sometimes spring, as we chanced to light upon it in our way."

"Well," said Don Quixote, "I grant all this, Sancho; then how much more dost thou expect from me than thou hadst from thy master, Carrasco?"—"Why, truly," quoth Sancho, "if your worship will pay me twelve-pence a-month more than Thomas Carrasco¹ gave me, I shall think it very fair, and tolerable wages; but then, instead of the island which you know you promised me, I think you cannot in conscience give me less than six-and-thirty pence a-month more, which will make in all thirty reals, neither more nor less."—"Very well," said Don Quixote, "let us see then; it is now twenty-five days since we set out from home—reckon what this comes to, according to the wages thou hast allowed thyself, and be thy own pay-master."—"Odsniggers!" quoth Sancho, "we are quite out in our account; for as to the governor of an island's place, which you promised to help me to, we ought

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXVIII.

to reckon from the time you made the promise to this very day.”—“Well, and pray, how long is it?” asked Don Quixote. “If I remember rightly,” quoth Sancho, “it is about some twenty years ago, two or three days more or less.”

With that Don Quixote, hitting himself a good clap on the forehead, fell a-laughing heartily. “Why,” cried he, “we have hardly been out two months from the very beginning of our first expedition, and in all the time we were in Sierra Morena, and our whole progress; and hast thou the impudence to affirm it is twenty years since I promised the grant of the island? I am now convinced thou hast a mind to make all the money which thou hast of mine in thy keeping go for the payment of thy wages. If this be thy meaning, well and good; e’en take it, and much good may it do thee; for, rather than be troubled any longer with such a varlet, I would contentedly see myself without a penny. But tell me, thou perverter of the laws of chivalry that relate to squires, where didst thou ever see or read, that any squire to a knight-errant stood capitulating with his master as thou hast done with me, for so much or so much a month? Launch, unconscionable wretch, thou

cut-throat scoundrel! launch, launch, thou base spirit of Mammon, into the vast ocean of their histories; and if thou canst shew me a precedent of any squire, who ever dared to say, or but to think, as much as thou hast presumed to tell me, then will I give thee leave to affix it on my forehead, and hit me four fillips on the nose. Away then, pack off with thy ass this moment, and get thee home, for thou shalt never stay in my service any longer. Oh how much bread, how many promises, have I now ill bestowed on thee! Vile grovelling wretch, that hast more of the beast than of the man! when I was just going to prefer thee to such a post, that in spite of thy wife thou hadst been called my lord, thou sneakest away from me. Thou art leaving me, when I had fully resolved without any more delay to make thee lord of the best island in the world, sordid clod! Well mightest thou say indeed, that honey is not for the chaps of an ass. Thou art indeed a very ass; an ass thou wilt live, and an ass thou wilt die; for I dare say thou wilt never have sense enough while thou livest, to know thou art a brute.”

While Don Quixote thus upbraided and railed at Sancho, the poor fellow, all dismayed,

and touched to the quick, beheld him with a wistful look; and the tears standing in his eyes for grief, "Good sweet sir," cried he, with a doleful and whining voice, "I confess I want nothing but a tail to be a perfect ass; if your worship will be pleased but to put one to my backside, I shall deem it well set on, and be your most faithful ass all the days of my life: but forgive me, I beseech you, and take pity on my youth. Consider I have but a dull headpiece of my own; and if my tongue runs at random sometimes, it is because I am more fool than knave, sir. Who errs and mends, to heaven himself commends."—"I should wonder much," said Don Quixote, "if thou shouldst not interlard thy discourse with some pretty proverb. Well, I will give thee my pardon for this once, provided thou correct those imperfections that offend me, and shewest thyself of a less craving temper. Take heart then, and let the hopes which thou mayest entertain of the performance of my promise raise in thee a nobler spirit. The time will come; do not think it impossible because delayed." Sancho promised to do his best, though he could not rely on his own strength.

Matters being thus amicably adjusted, they put into the grove, where the Don laid him-

self at the foot of an elm, and his squire at the foot of a beech ; for every one of those trees, and such others, has always a foot, though never a hand. Sancho had but an ill night's rest of it, for his bruises made his bones more than ordinarily sensible of the cold. As for Don Quixote, he entertained himself with his usual imaginations. However, they both slept, and by break of day continued their journey towards the River Ebro, where they met—what shall be told in the next chapter.



CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK.

FAIR and softly, step by step, Don Quixote and his squire got in two days' time to the banks of the River Ebro, which yielded a very entertaining prospect to the knight. The verdure of its banks, and the abounding plenty of the water, which, clear like liquid crystal, flowed gently along within the spacious channel, awaked a thousand amorous chimeras in his roving imagination, and more especially the thoughts of what he had seen in Montesinos' cave; for though Master Peter's ape had assured him, that it was partly false as well as partly true, he was rather inclined to believe it all true; quite contrary to Sancho, who thought it every tittle as false as hell.

While the knight went on thus agreeably amused, he spied a little boat without any oars or tackle, moored by the river-side to the stump of a tree:¹ Thereupon looking round about him, and discovering nobody, he pre-

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXIX.

sently alighted, and ordered Sancho to do the like, and tie their beasts fast to some of the elms or willows thereabouts. Sancho asked him what was the meaning of all this? "Thou art to know," answered Don Quixote, "that most certain this boat lies here for no other reason but to invite me to embark in it, for the relief of some knight or other person of high degree, that is in great distress: For thus, according to the method of enchanters, in the books of chivalry, when any knight whom they protect, happens to be involved in some very great danger, from which none but some other valorous knight can set him free; then, though they be two or three thousand leagues at least distant from each other, up the magician snatches the auxiliary champion in a cloud, or else provides him a boat, and in the twinkling of an eye, in either vehicle, through the airy fluid or the liquid plain, he wafts him to the place where his assistance is wanted. Just to the same intent does this very bark lie here; it is as clear as the day, and therefore, before it be too late, Sancho, tie up Rozinante and Dapple, let us commit ourselves to the guidance of Providence; for embark I will, though bare-footed friars should beg me to desist."

"Well, well," quoth Sancho, "if must, I

must. Since you will every foot run haring into these—I do not know how to call them,—these confounded vagaries, I have no more to do but to make a leg, and submit my neck to the collar; for, as the saying is, ‘Do as thy master bid thee, though it be to sit down at his table.’ But for all that, fall back fall edge, I must and will discharge my conscience, and tell you plainly, that as blind as I am, I can see with half an eye, that it is no enchanted bark, but some fisherman’s boat; for there are many in this river, whose waters afford the best shads in the world.”

This caution did Sancho give his master while he was tying the beasts to a tree, and going to leave them to the protection of enchanters, full sore against his will. Don Quixote bid him not be concerned at leaving them there, for the sage who was to carry them through in a journey of such an extent and longitude, would be sure to take care of the animals. “Nay, nay, as for that matter,” quoth Sancho, “I do not understand your longitude, I never heard such a cramp word in my born-days.” — “Longitude,” said Don Quixote, “is the same as length: I do not wonder that thou dost not understand the word, for thou art not obliged to understand

Latin. Yet you shall have some forward coxcombs pretend to be knowing, when they are ignorant.”—“Now the beasts are fast, sir,” quoth Sancho, “what is next to be done?”—“Why now,” answered Don Quixote, “let us recommend ourselves to Providence and weigh anchor, or, to speak plainly, embark and cut the cable.” With that, leaping in, and Sancho following, he cut the rope, and so by degrees the stream carried the boat from the shore.

Now when Sancho saw himself towards the middle of the river, he began to quake for fear; but nothing grieved his heart so much as to hear Dapple bray, and to see Rozinante struggle to get loose. “Sir,” quoth he, “hark how my poor Dapple brays, to bemoan our leaving of him; and see how poor Rozinante tugs hard to break his bridle, and is even wild to throw himself after us.—Alack and alack! my poor dear friends, peace be with you where you are, and when this mad freak, the cause of our doleful parting, is ended in repentance, may we be brought back to your sweet company again!” This said, he fell a blubbering, and set up such a howl, that Don Quixote had no patience with him, but looking angrily on him, “What dost fear,” cried he, “thou great

white-livered calf? What dost thou cry for? Who pursues thee? Who hurts thee, thou dastardly craven, thou cowardly mouse, thou soul of a milk-sop, thou heart of butter? Dost want for anything, base unsatisfied wretch? What would'st thou say, wert thou to climb bare-footed the rugged Rhiphean mountains? thou that sittest here in state like an archduke, plenty and delight on each side of thee, while thou glidest gently down the calm current of this delightful river, which will soon convey us into the main ocean? We have already flowed down some seven or eight hundred leagues. Had I but an astrolabe here to take the altitude of the pole, I could easily tell thee how far we have proceeded to an inch: though either I know but little, or we have just passed or shall presently pass, the Equinoctial Line, that divides and cuts the two opposite poles at equal distances."

"And when we come to this same Line you speak of," quoth Sancho, "how far have we gone then?"—"A mighty way," answered Don Quixote. "When we come under the Line I spoke of, we shall have measured the other half of the terraqueous globe, which, according to the system and computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer

in the world, contains three hundred and sixty degrees.” —“Odsbodikins,” quoth Sancho, “you have brought me now a notable fellow to be your voucher, goodman Tollme, with his *amputation* and *cistern*, and the rest of your gibberish !” Don Quixote smiled at Sancho’s blunders, and going on, “The Spaniards,” said he, “and all those that embark at Cadiz for the East-Indies, to know whether they have passed the Equinoctial Line, according to an observation that has been often experienced, need do no more than look whether there be any lice left alive among the ship’s crew ; for if they have passed it, not a louse is to be found in the ship, though they would give his weight in gold for him. Look therefore, Sancho, and if thou findest any such vermin still creeping about thee, then we have not yet passed the Line ; but if thou do’st not, then we have surely passed it.”

“The devil a word I believe of all this,” quoth Sancho. “However, I will do as you bid me. But hark you me, sir, now I think on it again, where is the need of trying these quirks ; do not I see with my two eyes that we are not five rods length from the shore ? Look you, there stands Rozinante and Dapple, upon the very spot where we left them ; and now I

look closely into the matter, I will take my corporal oath that we move no faster than a snail can gallop, or an ant can trot."—"No more words," said Don Quixote, "but make the experiment as I bid you, and let the rest alone. Thou dost not know what belongs to colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points, and measures, of which the spheres celestial and terrestrial are composed; for did'st thou know all these things, or some of them at least, thou mightest plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have passed, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. Therefore I would wish thee once again to search thyself; for I cannot believe but thou art as clear from vermin as a sheet of white paper."

Thereupon Sancho, advancing his hand very gingerly towards the left side of his neck, after he had groped a while, lifted up his head, and, staring in his master's face, "Look you, sir," quoth he, pulling out something, "either your rule is not worth this, or we are many a fair league from the place you spoke of."—"How!" answered Don Quixote, "hast thou found something then, Sancho?"—"Ay, marry have I," quoth Sancho, "and more things than one

too." And so saying, he shook and snapped his fingers, and then washed his whole hand in the river, down whose stream the boat drove gently along, without being moved by any secret influence, or hidden enchantment, but only by the help of the current, hitherto calm and smooth.

By this time they descried two great water-mills in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner spied, but, calling to his squire, "Look, look, my Sancho!" cried he, "seest thou yon city or castle there? this is the place where some knight lies in distress, or some queen or princess is detained, for whose succour I am conveyed hither."—"What a devil do you mean with your city or castle?" cried Sancho. "Body of me! sir, do not you see as plain as the nose on your face, they are nothing but water-mills, in the midst of the river, to grind corn?"—"Peace, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "they look like water-mills, I grant you, but they are no such things. How often, have I not told thee already, do these magicians change and overturn every thing as they please? not that they can change their very being, but they disguise and alter the appearances of them; of which we have an instance in the unhappy trans-

formation of Dulcinea, the only refuge of my hope."

The boat being now got into the very strength of the stream, began to move less slowly than it did before. The people in the mills, perceiving the boat to come adrift full upon the mill-wheels, came running out with their long poles to stop it; and, as their faces and clothes were powdered all over with meal-dust, they made a very odd appearance. "Soho! there," cried they as loud as they could bawl; "is the devil in the fellows? are ye mad in the boat there? hold! you will be drowned, or ground to pieces by the mill-wheels." Don Quixote, having cast his eyes upon the millers, "Did I not tell thee, Sancho," said he, "that we should arrive where I must exert the strength of my arm? Look what hang-dogs, what horrid wretches, come forth to make head against me! how many hobgoblins oppose my passage! do but see what deformed physiognomies they have! mere bugbears! But I shall make ye know, scoundrels, how insignificant all your efforts must prove." Then, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers in a haughty tone. "Ye paltry slaves," cried he, "base and ill-advised scum of the world, release instantly the captive person who is injuriously

detained and oppressed within your castle or prison, be they of high or low degree ; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom the happy achievement of this adventure is reserved, by the decree of Heaven." This said, he unsheathed his sword, and began to fence with the air, as if he had been already engaging the millers ; who, hearing, but not understanding, his mad words, stood ready with their poles to stop the boat, which was now near the mill-dam, and just entering the rapid stream and narrow channel of the wheels.

In the meantime Sancho was devoutly fallen on his knees, praying Heaven for a happy deliverance out of this mighty plunge but this one time. And indeed his prayers met with pretty good success ; for the millers so bestirred themselves with their poles that they stopped the boat, yet not so cleverly but they overset it, tipping Don Quixote and Sancho over into the river. It was well for the knight that he could swim like a duck ; and yet the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom ; and had it not been for the millers, who jumped into the water, and made a shift to pull out both the master and the man, in a manner

craning them up, there had been an end of them both.

When they were both hauled ashore, more overdrenched than thirsty, Sancho betook himself to his knees again, and, with uplifted hands and eyes, made a long and hearty prayer, that Heaven might keep him from this time forwards clear of his master's rash adventures.

And now came the fishermen who owned the boat, and, finding it broken to pieces, fell upon Sancho, and began to strip him, demanding satisfaction both of him and his master for the loss of their bark. The knight, with a great deal of gravity and unconcern, as if he had done no manner of harm, told both the millers and the fishermen, that he was ready to pay for the boat, provided they would fairly surrender the persons that were detained unjustly in their castle. "What persons, or what castle, you mad oaf?" said one of the millers. "Marry guep, would you carry away the folk that come to grind their corn at our mills?"—"Well," said Don Quixote to himself, "man had as good preach to a stone-wall, as to expect to persuade with entreaties such dregs of human kind to do a good and generous action. Two sage enchanters certainly clash in this adventure, and the one thwarts the other. One

provided me a bark, the other overwhelmed me in it. Heaven send us better times! There is nothing but plotting and counter-plotting, undermining and countermining in this world. Well, I can do no more." Then raising his voice, and casting a fixed eye on the water-mills, "My dear friends," cried he, "whoever you are that are immured in this prison, pardon me, I beseech ye; for so my ill fate and yours ordains, that I cannot free you from your confinement: the adventure is reserved for some other knight." This said, he came to an agreement with the fishermen, and ordered Sancho to pay them fifty reals for the boat. Sancho pulled out the money with a very ill will, and parted with it with a worse, muttering between his teeth, that two voyages like that would sink their whole stock.

The fishermen and the millers could not forbear admiring at two such figures of human offspring, that neither spoke nor acted like the rest of mankind; for they could not so much as guess what Don Quixote meant by all his extravagant speeches. So, taking them for madmen, they left them, and went the millers to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts like a couple of as senseless animals, and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE WITH THE
FAIR HUNTRESS.

WITH wet bodies and melancholy minds, the knight and squire went back to Rozinante and Dapple; though Sancho was the more cast down and out of sorts of the two; for it grieved him to the very soul to see the money dwindle, being as chary of that as of his heart's blood, or the apples of his eyes. To be short, to horse they went, without speaking one word to each other, and left the famous river; Don Quixote buried in his amorous thoughts, and Sancho in those of his preferment, which he thought far enough off yet; for, as much a fool as he was, he plainly perceived that all, or most of his master's actions, tended only to folly; therefore he but waited an opportunity to give him the slip and go home, without coming to any farther reckoning, or taking a formal leave. But fortune provided for him much better than he expected.

It happened that the next day about sunset, as they were coming out of a wood, Don

Quixote cast his eyes round a verdant meadow, and at the farther end of it descried a company whom, upon a nearer view, he judged to be persons of quality,¹ that were taking the diversion of hawking. Approaching nearer yet, he observed among them a very fine lady upon a white pacing mare, in green trappings, and a saddle of cloth of silver. The lady herself was dressed in green, so rich and so gay that nothing could be finer. She rode with a goss-hawk on her left fist, by which Don Quixote judged her to be of quality, and mistress of the train that attended; as indeed she was. Thereupon calling to his squire, "Son Sancho," cried he, "run and tell that lady on the palfrey with the goss-hawk on her fist, that I, the Knight of the Lions, humbly salute her highness; and that if she pleases to give me leave, I should be proud to receive her commands, and have the honour of waiting on her, and kissing her fair hands. But take special care, Sancho, how thou deliverest thy message, and be sure do not lard my compliments with any of thy proverbs."—"Why this to me?" quoth Sancho. "Marry, you need not talk of larding, as if I had never went ambassador before to a high and mighty dame."—"I do not

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXX.

know that ever thou did'st," replied Don Quixote, "at least on my account, unless it were when I sent thee to Dulcinea."—"It may be so," quoth Sancho; "but a good paymaster needs no surety; and where there is plenty, the guests cannot be empty. That is to say, I need none of your telling nor tutoring about that matter; for, as silly as I look, I know something of everything."—"Well, well, I believe it," said Don Quixote. "Go then in in a good hour, and heaven inspire and guide thee."

Sancho put on, forcing Dapple from his old pace to a gallop; and, approaching the fair huntress, he alighted, and, falling on his knees, "Fair lady," quoth he, "that knight yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master; I am his squire, Sancho Panza by name. This same Knight of the Lions, who but the other day was called The Knight of the Woful Figure, has sent me to tell you, That so please your worship's grace to give him leave, with your good liking, to do as he has a mind, which, as he says, and as I believe, is only to serve your high-flown beauty, and be your 'ternal vassal, you may chance to do a thing that would be for your own good, and he would take it for a hugeous kindness at your hands."

“Indeed, honest squire,” said the lady, “you have acquitted yourself of your charge with all the graceful circumstances which such an embassy requires: Rise, pray rise, for it is by no means fit the squire to so great a knight, as The Knight of the Woful Figure, to whose name and merit we are no strangers, should remain on his knees. Rise then, and desire your master by all means to honour us with his company, that my Lord Duke and I may pay him our respects at a house we have hard by.”

Sancho got up, no less amazed at the lady's beauty than at her affability, but much more because she told him that they were no strangers to his master, The Knight of the Woful Figure. Nor did he wonder why she did not call him by his title of Knight of the Lions, considering he had but lately assumed it.

“Pray,” said the duchess, whose particular title we do not yet know, “is not this master of yours the person, whose history came out in print by the name of ‘The Renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha,’ the mistress of whose affections is a certain lady, called Dulcinea del Toboso?”—“The very same, an't please your worship,” said Sancho; “and that squire of his that is, or should be in the book, Sancho Panza by name, is my own self, if I was not

changed in my cradle ; I mean changed in the press.”—I am mighty glad to hear all this,” said the duchess. “Go then, friend Panza, and tell your master,¹ That I congratulate him upon his arrival in our territories, to which he is welcome ; and assure him from me, that this is the most agreeable news I could possibly have heard.”

Sancho, overjoyed with this gracious answer, returned to his master, to whom he repeated all that the great lady had said to him ; praising to the skies, in his clownish phrase, her great beauty and courteous nature.

Don Quixote, pleased with this good beginning, seated himself handsomely in the saddle, fixed his toes in his stirrups, set the beaver of his helmet as he thought best became his face, roused up Rozinante’s mettle, and with a graceful assurance moved forwards to kiss the duchess’s hand. As soon as Sancho went from her, she sent for the duke, her husband, and gave him an account of Don Quixote’s embassy. Thereupon they both attended his coming with a pleasant impatience ; for, having read the first part of his history, they were no less desirous to be acquainted with his person ; and resolved, as long as he stayed with them,

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XXX.

to give him his own way, and humour him in all things, treating him still with all the forms essential to the entertainment of a knight-errant; which they were the better able to do, having been much conversant with books of that kind.

And now Don Quixote drew nigh with his vizor up; and Sancho, seeing him offer to alight, made all the haste he could to be ready to hold his stirrup: But as ill-luck would have it, as he was throwing his leg over his pack-saddle to get off, he entangled his foot so strangely in the rope that served him instead of a stirrup, that not being able to get it out, he hung by the heel with his nose to the ground. On the other side, Don Quixote, who was used to have his stirrup held when he dismounted, thinking Sancho had hold of it already, lifted up his right leg over the saddle to alight; but as it happened to be ill-girt, down he brought it with himself to the ground, confounded with shame and muttering between his teeth many a hearty curse against Sancho, who was all the while with his foot in the stocks. The duke seeing them in that condition, ordered some of his people to help them; and they raised Don Quixote, who was in no very good case with his fall;



however, limping as well as he could, he went to pay his duty to the lady, and would have fallen on his knees at her horse's feet: But the duke alighting, would by no means permit it; and embracing Don Quixote, "I am sorry," said he, "Sir Knight of the Woful Figure, that such a mischance should happen to you at your first appearance on my territories, but the negligence of squires is often the cause of worse accidents."—"Most generous prince," said Don Quixote, "I can think nothing bad that could befall me here, since I have had the happiness of seeing your grace: For though I had fallen low as the very centre, the glory of this interview would raise me up again. My squire indeed, a vengeance seize him for it, is much more apt to give his saucy idle tongue a loose, than to gird a saddle well; but prostrate or erect, on horseback, or on foot, in any posture I shall always be at your grace's command, and no less at her grace's, your worthy consort's service. Worthy did I say? yes, she is worthy to be called the Queen of Beauty and Sovereign Lady of all courtesy."—"Pardon me there," said the duke, "noble Don Quixote de la Mancha; where the peerless Dulcinea is remembered, the praise of all other beauties ought to be forgot."

Sancho was now got clear of the noose, and standing near the duchess, "An't please your worship's highness," quoth he, before his master could answer, "it cannot be denied, nay, I dare vouch it in any ground in Spain, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is woundy handsome and fair: But, where we least think, there starts the hare. I have heard your great scholars say, That she you call Dame Nature, is like a potter, and he that makes one handsome pipkin may make two or three hundred. And so, do ye see, you may understand by this, that my Lady Duchess here does not a jot come short of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote upon this, addressing himself to the duchess, "Your grace must know," said he, "that no knight-errant ever had such an eternal babbler, such a bundle of conceit for a squire, as I have; and if I have the honour to continue for some time in your service, your grace will find it true."—"I am glad," answered the duchess, "that honest Sancho has his conceits, it is a shrewd sign he is wise; for merry conceits, you know, sir, are not the offspring of a dull brain, and therefore if Sancho be jovial and jocose, I will warrant him also a man of sense."—"And a prater, madam," added Don Quixote.—"So much the

better," said the duke; "for a man that talks well, can never talk too much. But not to lose our time here, come on, Sir Knight of the Woful Figure——"—"Knight of the Lions, your highness should say," quoth Sancho: "The Woful Figure is out of date; and so pray let the lions come in play."—"Well then," said the duke, "I entreat the Knight of the Lions to vouchsafe us his presence at a castle I have hard by, where he shall find such entertainment as is justly due to so eminent a personage, such honours as the duchess and myself are wont to pay all knights-errant that travel this way."

Sancho having by this got Rozinante ready, and girded the saddle tight, Don Quixote mounted his steed, and the duke a stately horse of his own; and the duchess riding between them both, they moved towards the castle: She desired that Sancho might always attend near her, for she was extremely taken with his notable sayings. Sancho was not hard to be entreated, but crowded in between them, and made a fourth in their conversation, to the great satisfaction both of the duke and duchess, who esteemed themselves very fortunate in having an opportunity to entertain at their castle such a knight-errant and such an erring squire.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHICH TREATS OF MANY AND GREAT MATTERS.

SANCHO was overjoyed to find himself so much in the duchess's favour, flattering himself that he should fare no worse at her castle, than he had done at Don Diego's and Basil's houses ; for he was ever a cordial friend to a plentiful way of living, and therefore never failed to take such opportunities by the foretop wherever he met them. Now the history tells us, that before they got to the castle, the duke rode away from them, to instruct his servants how to behave themselves toward Don Quixote ; so that no sooner did the knight come near the gates, but he was met by two of the duke's lacquies or grooms in long vests, like night-gowns, of fine crimson satin. These suddenly took him in their arms, and, lifting him from his horse without any further ceremony, " Go, great and mighty sir," said they, " and help my Lady Duchess down." Thereupon Don Quixote went and offered to do it ; and many compliments, and much ceremony passed on both sides : but in conclusion, the duchess's

earnestness prevailed; for she would not alight from her palfrey but in the arms of her husband, excusing herself from incommoding so great a knight with so insignificant a burden. With that the duke took her down.

And now, being entered into a large court-yard, there came two beautiful damsels, who threw a long mantle of fine scarlet over Don Quixote's shoulders. In an instant, all the galleries about the court-yard were crowded with men and women, the domestics of the duke, who cried out, "Welcome, welcome, the flower and cream of knight-errantry!" Then most, if not all of them, sprinkled whole bottles of sweet water upon Don Quixote,¹ the duke, and the duchess: All which agreeably surprised the Don, and this was indeed the first day he knew and firmly believed himself to be a real knight-errant, and that his knight-hood was more than fancy; finding himself treated just as he had read the brothers of the order were entertained in former ages.

Sancho was so transported, that he even forsook his beloved Dapple, to keep close to the duchess, and entered the castle with the company: But his conscience flying in his face for leaving that dear companion of his alone, he

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXXI.

went to a reverend old waiting-woman, who was one of the duchess's retinue, and whispering her in the ear, "Mrs Gonsalez, or Mrs —— pray forsooth may I crave your name?" — "Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva is my name," said the old duenna; "what is your business with me, friend?" — "Pray now, mistress," quoth Sancho, "do so much as go out at the castle gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine; see him put into the stable, or else put him in yourself; for poor thing, it is main fearful and timorsome, and cannot abide to be alone in a strange place."—"If the master," said she pettishly, "has no more manners than the man, we shall have a fine time on't. Get you gone, you saucy jack! the devil take thee and him that brought you hither to affront me. Go seek somewhere else for ladies to look to your ass, you lolpoop! I would have you to know, that gentlewomen like me are not used to such drudgeries."—"Don't take pepper in your nose at it," replied Sancho; "you need not be so frumpish, mistress. As good as you have done it. I have heard my master say (and he knows all the histories in the world), that when Sir Lancelot came out of Britain, damsels looked after him, and waiting-women after his horse. Now, by my troth, whether

you believe it or no, I would not swop my ass for Sir Lancelot's horse, I'll tell you that."—"I think the fool rides the fellow," quoth the waiting-woman: "hark you, friend, if you be a buffoon, keep your stuff for those chapmen that will bid you fairer. I would not give a fig for all the jests in your budget."—"Well enough yet," quoth Sancho, "and a fig for you too, an' you go to that: Adad! should I take thee for a fig, I might be sure of a ripe one! your fig is rotten ripe, forsooth; say no more: if sixty is the game, you are a peep out."—"You rascally son of a whore," cried the waiting-woman, in a pelting chafe, "whether I am old or no, heaven best knows; I shall not stand to give an account to such a raggamuffin as thou, thou garlie eating stinkard."

She spoke this so loud that the duchess overheard her, and, seeing the woman so altered, and as red as fire, asked what was the matter. "Why, madam," said the waiting-woman, "here is a fellow would have me put his ass in the stable, telling me an idle story of ladies that looked after one Lancelot, and waiting-women after his horse; and because I won't be his hostler, the rake-shame very civilly calls me old."—"Old!" said the duchess, "that is an affront no woman can well bear. You are

mistaken, honest Sancho, Rodriguez is very young; and the long veil she wears is more for authority and fashion-sake than upon account of her years.”—“May there be never a good one in all those I have to live,” quoth Sancho, “if I meant her any harm; only I have such a natural love for my ass, an’t like your worship, that I thought I could not recommend the poor tit to a more charitable body than this same Madam Rodriguez.”—“Sancho,” said Don Quixote, with a sour look, “does this talk befit this place? Do you know where you are?”—“Sir,” quoth Sancho, “every man must tell his wants, be he where he will. Here I bethought myself of Dapple, and here I spoke of him. Had I called him to mind in the stable, I would have spoken of him there.”

“Sancho has reason on his side,” said the duke, “and nobody ought to chide him for it. But let him take no further care; Dapple shall have as much provender as he will eat, and be used as well as Sancho himself.”

These small jars being over, which yielded diversion to all the company except Don Quixote, he was led up a stately staircase, and then into a noble hall, sumptuously hung with rich gold brocade. There his armour was taken

off by six young damsels, that served him instead of pages, all of them fully instructed by the duke and duchess how to behave themselves so towards Don Quixote, that he might look on his entertainment as conformable to those which the famous knights-errant received of old.

When he was unarmed he appeared in his close breeches and chamois doublet, raw-boned and meagre, tall and lank, with a pair of lantern jaws, that met in the middle of his mouth ; in short, he made so very odd a figure, that, notwithstanding the strict injunction the duke had laid on the young females who waited on him to stifle their laughter, they were hardly able to contain. They desired he would give them leave to take off his clothes, and put him on a clean shirt ; but he would by no means permit it, giving them to understand that modesty was as commendable a virtue in a knight as valour ; and therefore he desired them to leave the shirt with Sancho ; and then, retiring to an adjacent chamber, where there was a rich bed, he locked himself up with his squire, pulled off his clothes, shifted himself, and then, while they were alone, he began to take him to task.

“ Now,” said he, “ modern buffoon and jolter-

head of old, what canst thou say for thyself? Where learned you to abuse such a venerable ancient gentlewoman, one so worthy of respect, as Donna Rodriguez? Was that a proper time to think of your Dapple? or can you think persons of quality, who nobly entertain the masters, forget to provide for their beasts? For heaven's sake, Sancho, mend thy behaviour, and do not betray thy home-spun breeding, lest thou be thought a scandal to thy master. Dost not thou know, saucy rustic, that the world often makes an estimate of the master's discretion by that of his servant, and that one of the most considerable advantages the great have over their inferiors, is to have servants as good as themselves? Art thou not sensible, pitiful fellow as thou art, the more unhappy I, that if they find thee a gross clown, or a mad buffoon, they will take me for some hedge-knight, or a paltry shifting rook? Pr'ythee, therefore, dear Sancho, shun these inconveniences; for he that aims too much at jests and drolling, is apt to trip and tumble, and is at last despised as an insipid ridiculous buffoon. Then curb thy tongue, think well, and ponder thy words before they get loose; and take notice, we are come to a place, whence, by the assistance of heaven, and the force of this puis-

sant arm, we may depart better five to one in fortune and reputation." Sancho promised to behave himself better for the future, and to sew up his mouth, or bite out his tongue, rather than speak one word which was not duly considered, and to the purpose; so that his master need not fear any one should find out what they were.

Don Quixote then dressed himself, put on his belt and sword, threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulders, and clapt on a monteer cap of green velvet,¹ which had been left him by the damsels. Thus accoutred he entered the state-room, where he found the damsels ranged in two rows, attending with water, and all necessaries to wash him in state; and, having done him that office, with many humble courtesies, and solemn ceremonies, immediately twelve pages, with the gentleman-sewer at the head of them, came to conduct him to supper,² letting him know that the duke and duchess expected him. Accordingly they led them in great pomp, some walking before and some behind, into another room, where a table was magnificently set out for four people.

As soon as he approached, the duke and the

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XXXI.

² See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XXXI.

duchess came as far as the door to receive him, and with them a grave clergyman, one of those that assume to govern great men's houses, and who, not being nobly born themselves, do not know how to instruct those that are, but would have the liberality of the great measured by the narrowness of their own souls, making those whom they govern stingy when they pretend to teach them frugality. One of these, in all likelihood, was this grave ecclesiastic, who came with the duke to receive Don Quixote.

After a thousand courtly compliments on all sides, Don Quixote at last approached the table, between the duke and the duchess; and here arose a fresh contest; for the knight, being offered the upper end of the table, thought himself obliged to decline it. However, he could not withstand the duke's pressing importunities, but was forced at last to comply. The parson sat right against him, and the duke and the duchess on each side.

Sancho stood by all the while, gaping with wonder to see the honour done his master; and observing how many ceremonies passed, and what entreaties the duke used to prevail with him to sit at the upper end of the table, "With your worship's good leave," quoth he, "I will tell you what happened once in our

town, in reference to this stir and ado that you have had now about places." The words were scarce out of his mouth, when Don Quixote began to tremble, as having reason to believe he was going to throw up some impertinent thing or other. Sancho had his eyes upon him, and, presently understanding his motions, "Sir," quoth he, "don't fear; I won't be unmannerly, I warrant you. I will speak nothing but what shall be pat to the purpose; I han't so soon forgot the lesson you gave me about talking sense or nonsense, little or much."—"I don't know what thou meanest," said Don Quixote; "say what thou wilt, so thou do it quickly."—"Well," quoth Sancho, turning to the duke, "what I am going to tell you is every tittle true. Should I trip never so little in my story, my master is here to take me up, and give me the lie."—"Pr'ythee," said Don Quixote, "lie as much as thou wilt for all me; I won't be thy hinderance; but take heed, however, what thou sayest."—"Nay, nay," quoth Sancho, "let me alone for that: I have heeded it and reheeded it over and over, and that you shall see, I warrant you."—"Truly, my lord," said Don Quixote, "it were convenient that your grace should order this fellow to be turned out of the

room, for he will plague you with a thousand impertinencies.”—“Oh! as for that, you must excuse us,” said the duchess; “for, by the duke’s life,* I swear Sancho must not stir a step from me; I’ll engage for him, he shall say nothing but what is very proper.”—“Many and many proper years,” quoth Sancho, “may your holiness live, Madam Duchess, for your good opinion of me, though it is more your goodness than my desert. Now then for my tale.

“Once upon a time a gentleman in our town, of a good estate and family, for he was of the blood of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married one Donna Mencia de Quinones, who was the daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon,¹ a knight of the order of St Jago, the very same that was drowned in the Herradura, about whom that quarrel happened formerly in our town, in which I heard say, that my master, Don Quixote, was embroiled, and little Tom, the madcap, who was the son of old Balvastro, the farrier, happened to be sorely hurt—Is not all this true now, master? Speak the truth and shame the devil, that their worship’s graces may know that I am neither a prater

* A custom in Spain to swear by the life of those they love and honour.

¹ See Appendix, Note 4, Chapter XXXI.

nor a liar.”—“ Thus far,” said the clergyman, “ I think thou art the first rather than the latter ; I can’t tell what I shall make of thee by and by.”—“ Thou producest so many witnesses, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ and mentionest so many circumstances, that I must needs own I believe what thou sayest to be true. But go on, and shorten thy story ; for, as thou beginnest, I’m afraid thou’lt not have done these two days.”—“ Pray, don’t let him shorten it,” said the duchess ; “ let him go on his own way, though he were not to make an end of it these six days : I shall hear him with pleasure, and think the time as pleasantly employed as any I ever passed in my life.”—“ I say then, my masters,” quoth Sancho, “ that this same gentleman I told you of at first, and I know him as well as I know my right hand from my left, for it is not a bow-shot from my house to his ; this gentleman invited a husbandman to dine with him, who was a poor man, but main honest—— ”

“ On, friend,” said the chaplain ; “ at the rate you proceed you won’t have made an end before you come to the other world.”—“ I shall stop short of half way,” quoth Sancho, “ and if it be heaven’s blessed will : A little more of your Christian patience, good doctor !—Now

this same husbandman, as I said before, coming to this same gentleman's house, who had given him the invitation, heaven rest his soul, poor heart! for he is now dead and gone; and more than that, they say he died the death of an angel. For my part, I was not by him when he died, for I was gone to harvest-work at that very time, to a place called Temblique."—"Pr'ythee, honest friend," said the clergyman, "leave your harvest-work, and come back quickly from Temblique, without staying to bury the gentleman, unless you have a mind to occasion more funerals; therefore, pray, make an end of your story."—"You must know then," quoth Sancho, "that as they two were ready to sit down at table,—I mean the husbandman and the gentleman—Methinks I see them now before my eyes plainer than ever I did in my born days."—The duke and the duchess were infinitely pleased to find how Sancho spun out his story, and how the clergyman fretted at his prolixity, and Don Quixote spent himself with anger and vexation.

"Well," quoth Sancho, "to go on with my story, when they were going to sit down, the husbandman would not sit till the gentleman had taken his place; but the gentleman made

him a sign to put himself at the upper end. 'By no means, sir,' quoth the husbandman. 'Sit down,' said the other. 'Good your worship,' quoth the husbandman. 'Sit where I bid thee,' said the gentleman. Still the other excused himself, and would not; and the gentleman told him he should, as meaning to be master in his own house. But the over-mannerly looby, fancying he should be huge well bred and civil in it, scraped, and cringed, and refused, till at last the gentleman, in a great passion, e'en took him by the shoulders, and forced him into the chair. 'Sit there, clodpate,' cried he, 'for, let me sit wherever I will, that still will be the upper end, and the place of worship to thee.' And now you have my tale, and I think I have spoke nothing but what is to the purpose."

Don Quixote's face was in a thousand colours, that speckled its natural brown, so that the duke and duchess were obliged to check their mirth when they perceived Sancho's roguery, that Don Quixote might not be put too much out of countenance. And therefore to turn the discourse, that Sancho might not run into other fooleries, the duchess asked Don Quixote, what news he had of the lady Dulcinea, and how long it was since he had

sent her any giants or robbers for a present, not doubting but that he had lately subdued many such. "Alas! madam," answered he, my misfortunes have had a beginning, but, I fear, will never have an end. I have vanquished giants, elves, and cut-throats, and sent them to the mistress of my soul, but where shall they find her? She is enchanted, madam, and transformed to the ugliest piece of rusticity that can be imagined."—"I don't know, sir," quoth Sancho, "when I saw her last she seemed to be the finest creature in the varsal world; thus far, at least, I can safely vouch for her upon my own knowledge, that for activity of body, and leaping, the best tumbler of them all does not go beyond her. Upon my honest word, Madam Duchess, she will vault from the ground upon her ass like a cat."—"Have you seen her enchanted?" said the duke. "Seen her?" quoth Sancho; "and who the devil was the first that hit upon this trick of her enchantment, think you, but I? She is as much enchanted as my father."

The churchman, hearing them talk of giants, elves, and enchantments, began to suspect this was Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history the duke so often used to read, though he had several times reprehended him for it,

telling him it was a folly to read such follies. Being confirmed in his suspicion, he addressed himself very angrily to the duke. "My lord," said he, "your grace will have a large account to give one day for soothing this poor man's follies. I suppose this same Don Quixote, or Don Quite Sot, or whatever you are pleased to call him, cannot be quite so besotted as you endeavour to make him, by giving him such opportunities to run on in his fantastical humours?" Then, directing his discourse to Don Quixote, "Hark ye," said he, "Goodman Addlepate. Who has put it into your crown that you are a knight-errant, that you vanquish giants and robbers? Go, go, get you home again, look after your children, if you have any, and what honest business you have to do, and leave wandering about the world, building castles in the air, and making yourself a laughing-stock to all that know you, or know you not. Where have you found, in the name of mischief, that there ever has been, or are now, any such things as knights-errant? Where will you meet with giants in Spain, or monsters in La Mancha? Where shall one find your enchanted Dulcineas, and all those legions of whimsies and chimeras that are talked of in your account, but in your own empty skull?"

Don Quixote gave this reverend person the hearing with great patience. But at last, seeing him silent, without minding his respect to the duke and duchess, up he started with indignation and fury in his looks, and said——
But his answer deserves a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DON QUIXOTE'S ANSWER TO HIS REPROVER, WITH
OTHER GRAVE AND MERRY ACCIDENTS.

DON QUIXOTE being thus suddenly got up, shaking from head to foot for madness, as if he had quicksilver in his bones, cast an angry look on his indiscreet censor, and, with an eager delivery, sputtering and stammering with choler, "This place," cried he, "the presence of these noble persons, and the respect I have always had for your function, check my just resentment, and tie up my hands from taking the satisfaction of a gentleman. For these reasons, and since every one knows that you gown-men, as well as women, use no other weapons but your tongues, I will fairly engage you upon equal terms, and combat you at your own weapon. I should rather have expected sober admonitions from a man of your cloth, than infamous reproaches. Charitable and wholesome correction ought to be managed at another rate, and with more moderation. The least that can be said of this reproof which you

have given me here so bitterly, and in public, is, that it has exceeded the bounds of christian correction, and a gentle one had been much more becoming. Is it fit that, without any insight into the offence which you reprove, you should, without any more ado, call the offender fool, sot, and addle-pate? Pray, sir, what foolish action have you seen me do, that should provoke you to give me such ill language, and bid me so magisterially go home to look after my wife and children, before you know whether I have any? Don't you think those deserve as severe a censure, who screw themselves into other men's houses, and pretend to rule the master? A fine world it is truly, when a poor pedant, who has seen no more of it than lies within twenty or thirty leagues about him, shall take upon him to prescribe laws to knight-errantry, and judge of those who profess it! You, forsooth, esteem it an idle undertaking, and time lost, to wander through the world, though scorning its pleasures, and sharing the hardships and toils of it, by which the virtuous aspire to the high seat of immortality. If persons of honour, knights, lords, gentlemen, or men of any birth, should take me for a fool or a coxcomb, I should think it an irreparable affront. But for mere scholars, that

never trod the paths of chivalry, to think me mad, I despise and laugh at it. I am a knight, and a knight will I die, if so it please Omnipotence. Some choose the high road of haughty ambition; others the low ways of base servile flattery; a third sort take the crooked path of deceitful hypocrisy; and a few, very few, that of true religion. I, for my own part, guided by my stars, follow the narrow track of knight-errantry; and, for the exercise of it, I despise riches, but not honour. I have redressed grievances, and righted the injured, chastised the insolent, vanquished giants, and trod elves and hobgoblins under my feet. I am in love, but no more than the profession of knight-errantry obliges me to be; yet I am none of this age's vicious lovers, but a chaste Platonic. My intentions are all directed to virtuous ends, and to do no man wrong, but good to all the world. And now let your graces judge, most excellent duke and duchess, whether a person who makes it his only study to practice all this, deserves to be upbraided for a fool."

"Well said, i'faith!" quoth Sancho; "say no more for yourself, my good lord and master; stop when you are well; for there is not the least matter to be added more on your side,

either in word, thought, or deed. Besides, since Mr Parson has had the face to say, point-blank, as one may say, that there neither are, nor ever were, any knights-errant in the world, no marvel he does not know what he says.”—“What!” said the clergyman, “I warrant you are that Sancho Panza, to whom they say your master has promised an island?”—“Ay, marry am I,” answered Sancho; “and I am he that deserves it as well as another body; and I am one of those of whom they say, Keep with good men, and thou shalt 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; as also, Lean against a good tree, and it will shelter thee. I have leaned and stuck close to my good master, and kept him company this many a month; and now he and I are all one; and I must be as he is, and it be heaven’s blessed will; and so he live, and I live, he will not want kingdoms to rule, nor shall I want islands to govern.”

“That thou shalt not, honest Sancho,” said the duke; “for I, on the great Don Quixote’s account, will now give thee the government of an odd one of my own of no small consequence.”—“Down, down on thy knees, Sancho,” cried Don Quixote, “and kiss his grace’s feet for



this favour." Sancho did accordingly ; but when the clergyman saw it, he got up in a great heat. "By the habit which I wear," cried he, "I can scarce forbear telling your grace, that you are as mad as these sinful wretches. Well may they be mad, when such wise men as you humour and authorize their frenzy. You may keep them here, and stay with them yourself, if your grace pleases ; but for my part, I will leave you and go home, to save myself the labour of reprehending what I can't mend." With that, leaving the rest of his dinner behind him, away he flung, the duke and the duchess not being able to pacify him ; though, indeed, the duke could not say much to him, for laughing at his impertinent passion.

When he had done laughing, "Sir Knight of the Lions," said he, "you have answered so well for yourself and your profession, that you need no farther satisfaction of the angry clergyman ; especially if you consider, that whatever he might say, it was not in his power to fix an affront on a person of your character, since women and churchmen cannot give an affront." —"Very true, my lord," said Don Quixote ; "and the reason is, because he that cannot receive an affront, consequently can give none.

Women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot vindicate themselves when they are injured, so neither are they capable of receiving an affront; for there is this difference betwixt an affront and injury, as your grace very well knows, an affront must come from a person that is both able to give it, and maintain it when he has given it. An injury may be done by any sort of people whatsoever: for example, a man walking in the street about his business, is set upon by ten armed men, who cudgel him. He draws his sword to revenge the injury, but the assailants overpowering him, he cannot have the satisfaction he desired. This man is injured, but not affronted. But to confirm it by another instance: suppose a man comes behind another's back, hits him a box on the ear, and then runs away, the other follows him, but can't overtake him. He that has received the blow has received an injury, it is true, but not an affront; because to make it an affront, it should have been justified. But if he that gave it, though he did it basely, stands his ground, and faces his adversary, then he that received is both injured and affronted. Injured, because he was struck in a cowardly manner; affronted, because he that struck him stood his ground to maintain what he had done. There-

fore, according to the settled laws of duelling, I may be injured, but am not affronted. Children can have no resentment, and women can't fly, nor are they obliged to stand it out; and it is the same thing with the clergy, for they carry no arms, either offensive or defensive. Therefore, though they are naturally bound by the laws of self-preservation to defend themselves, yet are they not obliged to offend others. Upon second thoughts then, though I said just now I was injured, I think now I am not; for he that can receive no affront can give none. Therefore I ought not to have any resentment for what that good man said, neither, indeed, have I any. I only wish he would have staid a little longer, that I might have convinced him of his error in believing there were never any knights-errant in the world. Had Amadis, or any one of his innumerable race, but heard him say anything like this, I can assure his reverence it would have gone hard with him."

"I will be sworn it would," quoth Sancho; "they would have undone him as you would undo an oyster, and have cleft him from head to foot as one would slice a pomegranate, or a ripe musk-melon, take my word for it. They were a parcel of tough blades, and would not have swallowed such a pill. By the mackins I

verily believe, had Rinaldo of Montalban but heard the poor toad talk at this rate, he would have laid him on such a polt over the chaps with his shoulder-o'-mutton fist, as would have secured him from prating these three years. Ay, ay, if he had fallen into their clutches, see how he would have got out again ! ”

The duchess was ready to die with laughing at Sancho, whom she thought a more pleasant fool, and a greater madman than his master ; and she was not the only person at that time of this opinion. In short, Don Quixote being pacified, they made an end of dinner, and then, while some of the servants were taking away, there came in four damsels, one carrying a silver basin, another an ewer of the same metal ; a third two very fine towels over her arm, and the fourth, with her sleeves tucked above her elbows, held in her lily-white hand (for exceeding white it was) a large wash-ball of Naples soap. Presently she that held the basin, went very civilly, and clapped it under Don Quixote's chin, while he, wondering at this extraordinary ceremony, yet fancying it was the custom of the country to wash the face instead of the hands, thrust out his long chin, without speaking a word, and then the ewer began to rain on his face, and the damsel

that brought the wash-ball fell to work, and belathered his beard so effectually, that the suds, like huge flakes of snow, flew all over the passive knight's face; insomuch, that he was forced to shut his eyes.

The duke and duchess, who knew nothing of the matter, stood expecting where this extraordinary scouring would end. The female barber, having thus laid the knight's face a-soaking a handful high in suds, pretended she wanted water, and sent another with the ewer for more, telling her the gentleman would stay for it. She went and left him in one of the most odd ridiculous figures that can be imagined. There he sat exposed to all the company, with half a yard of neck stretched out, his bristly beard and chaps all in a white foam, which did not at all mend his walnut complexion; insomuch, that it is not a little strange how those, that had so comical a spectacle before them, could forbear laughing outright. The malicious damsels, who had a hand in the plot, did not dare to look up, nor let their eyes meet those of their master or mistress, who stood strangely divided between anger and mirth, not knowing what to do in the case, whether they should punish the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the diver-

sion they took in seeing the knight in that posture.

At last the maid came back with the water, and the other having rinsed off the soap, she that held the linen, gently wiped and dried the knight's beard and face; after which all four dropping a low curtsy, were going out of the room. But the duke, that Don Quixote might not smell the jest, called to the damsel that carried the basin, and ordered her to come and wash him too, but be sure she had water enough. The wench, being sharp and cunning, came and put the basin under the duke's chin, as she had done to Don Quixote, but with a quicker despatch; and then having dried him clean, they all made their honours, and went off. It was well they understood their master's meaning, in serving him as they did the knight; for as it was afterwards known, had they not done it, the duke was resolved to have made them pay dear for their frolic.

Sancho took great notice of all the ceremonies at this washing.—“’Slife!” quoth he, “I would fain know whether ’tis not the custom of this country to scrub the squire’s beard, as well as the knight’s; for o’ my conscience mine wants it not a little. Nay, if they would run it over with a razor too, so

much the better.”—“What art thou talking to thyself, Sancho?” said the duchess.—“Why, an’t like your grace’s worship,” quoth Sancho, “I am only saying, that I have been told how in other great houses, when the cloth is taken away, they use to give folks water to wash their hands, and not suds to scour their beards. I see now it is good to live and learn. There’s a saying indeed, He that lives long suffers much. But I have a huge fancy, that to suffer one of these same scourings is rather a pleasure than a pain.”—“Well, Sancho,” said the duchess, “trouble thyself no farther, I will see that one of my maids shall wash thee, and if there be occasion, lay thee a bucking too.”—“My beard is all I want to have scrubbed at present,” quoth Sancho. “As for the rest we will think on it another time.”—“Here, steward,” said the duchess, “see that Sancho has what he has a mind to, and be sure do just as he would have you.” The steward told her grace, that Signior Sancho should want for nothing; and so he took Sancho along with him to dinner.

Meanwhile Don Quixote staid with the duke and duchess, talking of several matters, but all relating to arms and knight-errantry. The duchess then took an opportunity to desire the

knight to give a particular description of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso's beauty and accomplishments, not doubting but his good memory would enable him to do it well; adding withal, that according to the voice of fame, she must needs be the finest creature in the whole world, and consequently in all La Mancha.

With that, Don Quixote, feteching a deep sigh, "Madam," said he, "could I rip out my heart, and expose it to your grace's view in a dish on this table, I might save my tongue the labour of attempting that which it cannot express, and you can scarce believe; for there your grace would see her beauty depainted to the life. But why should I undertake to delineate, and copy one by one each several perfection of the peerless Dulcinea! That burden must be sustained by stronger shoulders than mine: That task were worthy of the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, or the graving-tools of Lysippus. The hands of the best painters and statuaries should indeed be employed to give in speaking paint, in marble and Corinthian brass, an exact copy of her beauties; while Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence laboured to reach the praise of her endowments."—"Pray, sir," asked the duchess, "what do you mean by that word

Demosthenian?"—"Demosthenian eloquence, madam," said Don Quixote, "is as much as to say, the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the Ciceronian that of Cicero, the two greatest orators that ever were in the world."—"It is true," said the duke; "and you but shewed your ignorance, my dear, in asking such a question. Yet the noble Don Quixote would highly oblige us, if he would but be pleased to attempt her picture now; for even in a rude draught of her lineaments, I question not but she will appear so charming, as to deserve the envy of the brightest of her sex."—"Ah! my lord," said Don Quixote, "it would be so indeed, if the misfortune which not long since befel her, had not in a manner razed her idea out of the seat of my memory; and as it is, I ought rather to bewail her change, than describe her person: For your grace must know that as I lately went to kiss her hands, and obtain her benediction and leave for my intended absence in quest of new adventures, I found her quite another creature than I expected. I found her enchanted, transformed from a princess to a country-wench, from beauty to ugliness, from courtliness to rusticity, from a reserved lady to a jumping Joan, from sweetness itself to the stench of a pole-cat, from light to darkness,

from an angel to a devil; in short, from Dulcinea del Toboso, to a peasantess of Sayago.*—“Bless us!” cried the duke with a loud voice, “what villain has done the world such an injury? Who has robbed it not only of the beauty that was its ornament, but of those charming graces that were its delight, and that virtue which was its living honour?”—“Who should it be,” replied Don Quixote, “but one of those damn’d enchanters, one of those numerous envious fiends, that without cessation persecute me; that wicked brood of hell, spawned into the world to eclipse the glory of good and valiant men, and blemish their exploits, while they labour to exalt and magnify the actions of the wicked? These cursed magicians have persecuted me, and persecute me now, and will continue till they have sunk me and my lofty deeds of chivalry into the profound abyss of oblivion. Yes, yes, they choose to wound me in that part which they well know is most sensible: Well knowing, that to deprive a knight-errant of his lady, is to rob him of those eyes with which he sees, of the sun that enlightens him, and the

* Sayago is a territory about Zamora, in the kingdom of Leon. The poor country-people about Zamora are called Sayagos from Sayal, a coarse sackcloth, their usual clothing; hence any poor people, especially mountaineers, are called Sayagos.

food that sustains him. For as I have often said, a knight-errant without a lady, is like a tree without leaves, a building without mortar, or a shadow without a body that causes it."

"I grant all this," said the duchess; "yet if we may believe the history of your life, which was lately published with universal applause, it seems to imply, to the best of my remembrance, that you never saw the Lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such lady in the world; but rather that she is a mere notional creature, engendered and brought forth by the strength and heat of your fancy, and there endowed with all the charms and good qualifications, which you are pleased to ascribe to her."

"Much may be said upon this point," said Don Quixote; "heaven knows whether there be a Dulcinea in the world or not, and whether she be a notional creature or not. These are mysteries not to be so narrowly inquired into. Neither have I engendered, or begot that lady. I do indeed make her the object of my contemplations, and, as I ought, look on her as a lady endowed with all those qualifications that may raise the character of a person to universal fame. She is to me beautiful without blemish, reserved without pride, amorous with modesty, agreeable for her courteous temper, and

courteous, as an effect of her generous education, and, in short, of an illustrious parentage. For beauty displays its lustre to a higher degree of perfection when joined with noble blood, than it can in those that are meanly descended."

"The observation is just," said the duke: "but give me leave, sir, to propose to you a doubt, which the reading of that history hath started in my mind. It is, that allowing there be a Dulcinea at Toboso, or elsewhere, and as beautiful as you describe her, yet I do not find she can any way equal in greatness of birth the Orianas,* the Alastrajareas, the Madasimas, and a thousand others, of whom we read in those histories, with which you have been so conversant."—"To this," said Don Quixote, "I answer, that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own actions, and that virtue ennobles the blood. A virtuous man of mean condition, is more to be esteemed than a vicious person of quality. Besides, Dulcinea is possessed of those other endowments that may entitle her to crowns and sceptres, since beauty alone has raised many of her sex to a throne. Where merit has no limits, hope may well have no bounds; and to be fair and virtuous is so extensive an advantage, that it gives, though

* The names of great ladies in romances.

not a *formal*, at least a *virtual* claim to larger fortunes.”—“I must own, sir,” said the duchess, “that in all your discourse, you, as we say, proceed with the plummet of reason, and fathom all the depths of controversy. Therefore I submit, and from this time I am resolved to believe, and will make all my domestics, nay, my husband too, if there be occasion, believe and maintain, that there is a Dulcinea del Toboso extant, and living at this day; that she is beautiful and of good extraction; and to sum up all in a word, altogether deserving the services of so great a knight as the noble Don Quixote; which I think is the highest commendation I can bestow on her. But yet I must confess, there is still one scruple that makes me uneasy, and causes me to have an ill opinion of Sancho. It is that the history tells us, that when Sancho Panza carried your letter to the Lady Dulcinea, he found her winnowing a sack of corn, by the same token that it was the worst sort of wheat, which makes me much doubt her quality.”

“Your grace must know,” answered Don Quixote, “that almost everything that relates to me, is managed quite contrary to what the affairs of other knights-errant used to be. Whether it be the unfathomable will of

destiny, or the implacable malice of some envious enchanter orders it so, or no, I cannot well tell. For it is beyond all doubt, that most of us knights-errant still have had something peculiar in our fates. One has had the privilege to be above the power of enchantments, another invulnerable, as the famous Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, whose flesh, they tell us, was impenetrable everywhere but in the sole of his left foot, and even there too he could be wounded with no other weapon than the point of a great pin; so that when Bernardo del Carpio deprived him of life at Roncesvalles, finding he could not wound him with his sword, he lifted him from the ground, and squeezed him to death in his arms; remembering how Hercules killed Antæus, that cruel giant, who was said to be the son of the Earth. Hence I infer, that probably I may be secured in the same manner, under the protection of some particular advantage, though it is not that of being invulnerable; for I have often found by experience, that my flesh is tender, and not impenetrable. Nor does any private prerogative free me from the power of enchantment; for I have found myself clapped into a cage, where all the world could not have locked me up, but

the force of necromantic incantations. But since I got free again, I believe that even the force of magic will never be able to confine me thus another time. So that these magicians, finding they cannot work their wicked ends directly on me, revenge themselves on what I most esteem, and endeavour to take away my life by persecuting that of Dulcinea, in whom, and for whom, I live. And therefore I believe, when my squire delivered my embassy to her, they transformed her into a country-dowdy, poorly busied in the low and base employment of winnowing wheat. But I do aver, that it was neither rye, nor wheat, but oriental pearl: and to prove this, I must acquaint your graces, that passing the other day by Toboso, I could not so much as find Dulcinea's palace; whereas my squire went the next day, and saw her in all her native charms, the most beautiful creature in the world! yet when I met her presently after, she appeared to me in the shape of an ugly, coarse, country-mawkin, boorish, and ill-bred, though she really is discretion itself. And therefore, because I myself cannot be enchanted, the unfortunate lady must be thus enchanted, misused, disfigured, chopped, and changed. Thus my enemies, wreaking their malice on her, have revenged themselves

on me, which makes me abandon myself to sorrow, till she be restored to her former perfections.

“I have been the more large in this particular, that nobody might insist on what Sancho said, of her sifting of corn ; for if she appeared changed to me, what wonder is it if she seemed so to him? In short, Dulcinea is both illustrious and well-born, being descended of the most ancient and best families in Toboso, of whose blood I am positive she has no small share in her veins ; and now that town will be no less famous in after-ages for being the place of her nativity, than Troy for Helen, or Spain for* Cava, though on a more honourable account.

“As for Sancho Panza’s part, I assure your grace he is one of the most pleasant squires that ever waited on a knight-errant. Sometimes he comes out with such sharp simplicities, that one is pleasantly puzzled to judge, whether he be more knave or fool. The varlet, indeed, is full of roguery enough to be thought a knave ; but then he has yet more ignorance,

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

and may better be thought a fool. He doubts of every thing, yet believes every thing; and when one would think he had entangled himself in a piece of downright folly, beyond recovery, he brings himself off of a sudden so cleverly, that he is applauded to the skies. In short, I would not change him for the best squire that wears a head, though I might have a city to boot, and therefore I do not know whether I had best let him go to the government which your grace has been pleased to promise him. Though, I must confess, his talents seem to lie pretty much that way: For, give never so little a whet to his understanding, he will manage his government as well as the king does his customs. Then experience convinces us, that neither learning nor any other abilities are very material to a governor. Have we not a hundred of them that can scarce read a letter, and yet they govern as sharp as so many hawks? Their main business is only to mean well, and to be resolved to do their best; for they cannot want able counsellors to instruct them. Thus those governors who are men of the sword, and no scholars, have their assessors on the bench to direct them. My counsel to Sancho shall be, that he neither take bribes, nor lose his privileges, with some other little

instructions, which I have in my head for him, and which at a proper time I will communicate, both for his private advantage, and the public good of the island he is to govern."

So far had the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote been discoursing together, when they heard a great noise in the house, and by and by Sancho came running in unexpectedly into the room where they sat, in a terrible fright, with a dish-clout before him instead of a bib. The scullions, and other greasy rabble of the kitchen were after him, one of them pursuing him with a little kneading-trough full of dish-water, which he endeavoured by any means to put under his chin, while another stood ready to have washed the poor squire with it.—“How now, fellow!” said the duchess,—“What is the matter here? What would you do with this good man? Don’t you consider he is a governor elect?”—“Madam,” quoth the barber-scullion, “the gentleman won’t let us wash him according to custom, as my lord duke and his master were.”—“Yes, marry but I will,” quoth Sancho, in a mighty huff, “but then it shall be with cleaner suds, cleaner towels, and not quite so slovenly paws; for there is no such difference between my master and me neither, that he must be washed

with angel-water,¹ and I with the devil's lye: So far the customs of great men's houses are good as they give no offence. But this same beastly washing in a puddle, is worse penance than a friar's flogging. My beard is clean enough, and wants no such refreshing. Stand clear, you had best; for the first that comes to wash me, or touch a hair of my head (my beard I would say), sir reverence of the company, I will take him such a dowse o' the ear, he shall feel it a twelve-month after: For these kind of ceremonies and soapings, do ye see, look more like flouts and jeers, than like a civil welcome to strangers."

The duchess was like to have burst her sides with laughing, to see Sancho's fury, and hear how he argued for himself. But Don Quixote did not very well like to see him with such a nasty dish-clout about his neck, and made the sport of the kitchen-pensioners. Therefore after he had made a deep bow to the duke, as it were desiring leave to speak, looking on the scullions,—“Hark ye gentlemen,”² cried he, very gravely, “pray let the young man alone, and get you gone as you came, if you think fit. My squire is as cleanly as another man; that trough won't do; you had better have

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XXXII.

² See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XXXII.

brought him a dram-cup. Away; be advised by me, and leave him: For neither he nor I can abide such slovenly jestings.”—“No, no,” quoth Sancho, taking the words out of his master’s mouth, “let them stay, and go on with their show. I’ll pay my barbers, I’ll warrant ye. They had as good take a lion by the beard as meddle with mine. Let them bring a comb hither, or what they will, and curry-comb it; and if they find anything there that should not be there, I will give them leave to cut and mince me as small as a horse.”—“Sancho is in the right,” said the duchess, still laughing, “and will be in the right, in all he says; he is as clean and neat as can be, and needs none of your scouring, and if he does not like our way of washing, let him do as he pleases. Besides, you who pretend to make others clean, have shewn yourselves now very careless and idle, I don’t know whether I mayn’t say impudent too, to offer to bring your kneading-trough and your dish-clouts to such a person, and such a beard, instead of a golden basin and ewer, and fine diaper towels. But you are a pack of unmannerly varlets, and, like saucy rascals as you are, cannot help shewing your spite to the squires of knights-errant.”

The greasy regiment, and even the steward who was with them, thought verily the duchess had been in earnest. So they took the cloth from Sancho's neck, and sneaked off quite out of countenance. Sancho, seeing himself delivered from his apprehension of this danger, ran and threw himself on his knees before the duchess. "Heaven bless your worship's grace," quoth he, "Madam Duchess. Great persons are able to do great kindnesses. For my part, I don't know how to make your worship amends for this you have done me now. I can only wish I might see myself an armed knight-errant for your sake, that I might spend all the days of my life in the service of so high a lady. I am a poor countryman,—my name is Sancho Panza,—children I have, and serve as a squire. If in any of these matters I can do you any good, you need but speak; I will be nimbler in doing than your worship shall be in ordering."—"It is evident, Sancho," said the duchess, "that you have learned civility in the school of courtesy itself, and have been bred up under the wings of Don Quixote, who is the very cream of compliment, and the flower of ceremonies. All happiness attend such a knight and such a squire; the one the north-star of chivalry-errant, the other

the bright luminary of squire-like fidelity. Rise, my friend Sancho, and assure yourself, that for the recompense of your civilities, I will persuade my lord duke to put you in possession of the government he promised you as soon as he can."

After this, Don Quixote went to take his afternoon's sleep; but the duchess desired Sancho, if he were not very sleepy, he would pass the afternoon with her and her women in a cool room. Sancho told her grace, that indeed he did use to take a good sound nap, some four or five hours long, in a summer's afternoon; but to do her good honour a kindness, he would break an old custom for once, and do his best to hold up that day, and wait on her worship. The duke, on his side, gave fresh orders that Don Quixote should be entertained exactly like a knight-errant, without deviating the least step from the road of chivalry, such as is observable in books of that kind.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SAVOURY CONFERENCE WHICH THE DUCHESS
AND HER WOMEN HELD WITH SANCHE PANZA,
WORTH YOUR READING AND OBSERVATION.

THE story afterwards informs us, that Sancho slept not a wink all that afternoon, but waited on the duchess as he had promised. Being mightily taken with his comical discourse. she ordered him to take a low chair, and sit by her; but Sancho, who knew better things, absolutely declined it, till she pressed him again to sit, as he was a governor, and speak as he was a squire; in both which capacities he deserved the very seat of Cid Ruy Diaz, the famous champion. Sancho shrugged up his shoulders, and obeyed, and all the duchess's women standing round about her to give her silent attention, she began the conference.

“Now that we are private,” said she, “and nobody to overhear us, I would desire you, my lord governor, to resolve me of some doubts in the printed history of the great Don Quixote, which puzzle me very much. First, I find that

the good Sancho had never seen Dulcinea, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso I should have said, nor carried her his master's letter, as having left the table-book behind him in Sierra Morena; how then durst he feign an answer, and pretend he found her winnowing wheat? A fiction and banter so injurious to the reputation of the peerless Dulcinea, and so great a blemish on the character of a faithful squire!" Here Sancho got up without speaking a word, laid his finger on his lips, and, with his body bent, crept cautiously round the room, lifting up the hangings, and peeping in every hole and corner. At last, finding the coast clear, he returned to his seat. "Now," quoth he, "Madam Duchess, since I find there is nobody here but ourselves, you shall e'en hear, without fear or favour, the truth of the story, and what else you will ask of me, but not a word of the pudding. First and foremost I must tell you, I look on my master, Don Quixote, to be no better than a downright madman, though sometimes he will stumble on a parcel of sayings so quaint, and so tightly put together, that the devil himself could not mend them; but in the main I can't beat it out of my noddle but that he is as mad as a March hare. Now, because I am pretty

confident of knowing his blind side, whatever crotchets come into my crown, though without either head or tail, yet can I make them pass upon him for gospel. Such was the answer to his letter, and another sham that I put upon him but the other day, and is not in print yet, touching my Lady Dulcinea's enchantment; for you must know, between you and I, she is no more enchanted than the man in the moon."

With that, at the duchess's request, he related the whole passage of the late pretended enchantment very faithfully, to the great diversion of the hearers. "But, sir," said the duchess, "I have another scruple in this affair no less unaccountable than the former; for I think I hear something whisper me in the ear, and say, If Don Quixote de la Mancha be such a shallow-brains, why does Sancho Panza, who knows him to be so, wait upon this madman, and rely thus upon his vain extravagant promises? I can only infer from this, that the man is more a fool than the master; and if so, will not Madam Duchess be thought as mad as either of them, to bestow the government of an island, or the command of others, on one who can't govern himself?"—"By our Lady," quoth Sancho, "your scruple comes in pudding:

time ! But it need not whisper in your ear ; it may e'en speak plain, and as loud as it will. I am a fool, that is certain ; for if I had been wise, I had left my master many a fair day since ; but it was my luck, and my vile errantry, and that is all can be said on't. I must follow him through thick and thin. We are both towns-born children ;—I have eaten his bread—I love him well, and there is no love lost between us. He pays me very well, he has given me three colts, and I am so very true and trusty to him, that nothing but death can part us. And if your high and mightiness does not think fit to let me have this same government, why, so be it ; with less was I born, and with less shall I die ; it may be for the good of my conscience to go without it. I am a fool, it is true, but yet I understand the meaning of the saying, The pismire had wings to do her hurt ; and Sancho the squire may sooner get to heaven than Sancho the governor. There is as good bread baked here as in France, and Joan is as good as my lady in the dark. In the night all cats are grey. Unhappy he is that wants his breakfast at two in the afternoon. It is always good fasting after a good breakfast. There is no man has a stomach a yard bigger than another ; but let it be never

so big, there will be hay and straw enough to fill it. A bellyful is a bellyful. The sparrow speeds as well as the sparrow-hawk. Good serge is fine, but coarse cloth is warm; and four yards of the one are as long as four yards of the other. When the hour is come we must all be packed off: the prince and the prick-louse go the same way at last; the road is no fairer for the one than the other. The Pope's body takes up no more room than the sexton's, though one be taller; for when they come to the pit all are alike, or made so in spite of our teeth,* and so good-night, or good-morrow, which you please. And let me tell you again, if you don't think fit to give me an island because I am a fool, I will be so wise as not to care whether you do or no. It is an old saying, The devil lurks behind the cross. All is not gold that glisters. From the tail of the plough, Bamba was made king of Spain; and from his silks and riches, was Rodrigo cast to be devoured by the snakes, if the old ballads say true, and sure they are too old to tell a lie." — "That they are indeed," said Donna Rodriguez, the old waiting-woman, who listened among the rest, "for I remember one

*The common sort in Spain are buried without coffins, which is the reason Sancho is made to suppose, if the grave be not long enough, they bow the body, and cram it in.

of the ballads tells us, how Don Rodrigo was shut up alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards; and how, after two days, he was heard to cry out of the tomb in a low and doleful voice, 'Now they eat me, now they gnaw me, in the part where I sinned most.' And according to this the gentleman is in the right in saying he had rather be a poor labourer than a king, to be gnawed to death by vermin."

Sancho's proverbial aphorisms, and the simple waiting-woman's comment upon the text, were no small diversion to the duchess. "You know," said she, "honest Sancho, that the promise of a gentleman or knight, must be as precious and sacred to him as his life; I make no question then but that my lord duke, who is also a knight, though not of your master's order, will infallibly keep his word with you in respect of your government. Take courage then, Sancho, for when you least dream on't, in spite of all the envy and malice of the world, you will suddenly see yourself in full possession of your government, and seated in your chair of state in your rich robes, with all your marks and ornaments of power about you. But be sure to administer true justice to your vassals, who, by their loyalty and discretion, will merit no less at your hands."

“As for the governing part,” quoth Sancho, “let me alone: I was ever charitable and good to the poor, and scorn to take the bread out of another man’s mouth. On the other side, by our Lady, they shall play me no foul play. I am an old cur at a crust, and can sleep dog-sleep when I list. I can look sharp as well as another, and let me alone to keep the cobwebs out of my eyes. I know where the shoe wrings me. I will know who and who is together. Honesty is the best policy: I will stick to that. The good shall have my hand and heart, but the bad neither foot nor fellowship. And in my mind, the main point in this point of governing, is to make a good beginning. I will lay my life, that as simple as Sancho sits here, in a fortnight’s time he will manage ye this same island as rightly as a sheaf of barley.”

“You say well, Sancho,” said the duchess, “for time ripens all things. No man is born wise. Bishops are made of men, and not of stones. But to return once more to the Lady Dulcinea;—I am more than half persuaded that Sancho’s design of putting the trick upon his master, was turned into a greater cheat upon himself. For I am well assured, that the creature whom you fancied to be a country wench, and took so much pains to persuade your

master that she was Dulcinea del Toboso, was really the same Dulcinea del Toboso, and really enchanted, as Don Quixote thought; and the magicians that persecute your master first invented that story, and put it into your head. For you must know, that we have our enchanters here, that have a kindness for us, and give us an account of what happens in the world faithfully and impartially, without any tricks or equivocations. And take my word for it, the jumping country wench was, and is still, Dulcinea del Toboso, who is as certainly enchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we least expect it, we shall see her again in her true shape, and in all her native lustre; and then Sancho will find it was he himself was bubbled."

"Troth, madam," quoth Sancho, "all this might well be: and now I am apt to believe what my master tells me of Montesinos' cave; where, as he says, he saw my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso in the self same garb, and as handsome as I told him I had seen her when it came into my noddle to tell him she was enchanted. Ay, my lady, it must be quite contrary to what I weened, as your worship's grace well observes; for, Lord bless us! who the devil can imagine that such a numskull as I should have

it in him to devise so cunning a trick of a sudden? Besides, who can think that my master's such a goose, as to believe so unlikely a matter upon the single vouching of such a dunder-head fellow as I? But for all that, my good lady, I hope you know better things than to think me a knave; alack-a-day, it can't be expected that such an ignoramus as I am, should be able to divine into the tricks and wiles of wicked magicians. I invented that flam only, because my master would never leave teasing me; but I had no mind to abuse him, not I; and if it fell out otherwise than I mean, who can help it? Heaven knows my heart."

"That is honestly said," answered the duchess; "but pray tell me, Sancho, what was it you were speaking of Montesinos's cave? I have a great mind to know the story." Thereupon Sancho having related the whole matter to the duchess; "Look you," said she, "this exactly makes out what I said to you just now; for since the great Don Quixote affirms he saw there the same country-wench that Sancho met coming from Toboso, it is past all doubt it was Dulcinea; and this shews the enchanters are a subtle sort of people, that will know every thing, and give a quick and sure information."

“Well,” quoth Sancho, “if my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso be enchanted, it is the worse for her: What have I to do to quarrel with all my master’s enemies? They can’t be few for aught I see, and they are plaguy fellows to deal withal. Thus much I dare say, she I saw was a country-wench; a country-wench I took her to be, and a country-wench I left her. Now if that same dowdy was Dulcinea in good earnest, how can I help it? I ought not to be called to an account for it. No, let the saddle be set upon the right horse, or we shall ne’er have done. Sancho told me this, cries one, Sancho told me that, cries t’other; Sancho o’ this side, Sancho o’ that side; Sancho did this, and Sancho did that; as if Sancho were I don’t know who, and not the same Sancho that goes already far and near through the world in books, as Samson Carasco tells me, and he is no less than a bachelor of arts at Salamanca varsity, and such folks as he can’t tell a lie, unless they be so disposed, or it stands them in good stead. So let nobody meddle or make, nor offer to pick a quarrel with me about the matter, since I am a man of reputation; and as my master says, a good name is better than riches. Clap me but into this same govern-

ment* once, and you shall see wonders. He that has been a good servant, will make a good master, a trusty squire will make a rare governor I will warrant you.”—“Sancho speaks like an oracle,” said the duchess; “every thing he says is a sentence like those of Cato, or at least the very marrow of Michael Verino:¹ *Florentibus occidit annis*; that is, he died in his spring: In short, to speak after his way, under a bad cloak look for a good drinker.”

“Faith and troth, Madam Duchess,” quoth Sancho, “I never drank out of malice in my born days; for thirst perhaps I may; for I have not a bit of hypocrisy in me. I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion: I am no proud man, d’ye see, and when the liquor is offered me I whip it off, that they may not take me for a churl or a sneaksby, or think I don’t understand myself nor good manners; for when a friend or a good-fellow drinks and puts the glass to one, who can be so hard-hearted as to refuse to pledge him, when it costs nothing but to open one’s mouth? However, I commonly look before I leap, and take no more than needs must. And truly there’s no fear that we poor

* In the original *encaxen me esse governo*, i.e. case me but in this same government.

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXXIII.

squires to knights-errant should be great trespassers that way. Alack-a-day ! mere element must be our daily beverage,—ditch-water, for want of better,—in woods and deserts, on rocks and mountains, without lighting on the blessing of one merciful drop of wine, though you would give one of your eyes for a single gulp.”

“ I believe it, Sancho,” said the duchess ; “ but now it grows late, and therefore go and take some rest ; after that we’ll have a longer conversation, and will take measures about *clapping* you suddenly into this same government, as you are pleased to word it.” Sancho kissed the duchess’s hand once more, and begged her worship’s grace that special care might be taken of his Dapple, for that he was the light of his eyes.—“ What is that Dapple ? ” asked the duchess. “ My beast, an’t like your honour,” answered Sancho ; “ my ass I would say, saving your presence ; but because I won’t call him ass, which is so common a name among men, I call him Dapple. It is the very same beast I would have given charge of to that same gentlewoman when I came first to this castle ; but her back was up presently, and she flew out as I had called her ugly face, old witch, and what not. However, I’ll be judged

by any one, whether such-like sober grave bodies as she and other duennas are, be not fitter to look after asses, than to sit with a prim countenance to grace a fine state-room? Passion of my heart! what a deadly grudge a certain gentleman of our town, that shall be nameless, had to these creatures! I mean these old waiting gentlewomen.”—“Some filthy clown I dare engage,” said Donna Rodriguez the duenna; “had he been a gentleman, or a person of good breeding, he would have praised them up to the skies.”—“Well,” said the duchess, “let us have no more of that; let Donna Rodriguez hold her tongue, and Signior Sancho Panza go to his repose, and leave me to take care of his Dapple’s good entertainment; for since I find him to be one of Sancho’s moveables, I will place him in my esteem above the apple of my eye.”—“Place him in the stable, my good lady,” replied Sancho, “that is as much as he deserves; neither he nor I are worthy of being placed a minute of an hour where you said. Odsbobs! I’d sooner be stuck in the guts with a butcher’s knife, than you should be served so; I am better bred than that comes to; for though my lord and master has taught me, that in point of haviour one ought rather to over-do than under-do, yet

when the case lies about an ass and the ball of one's eye, it is best to think twice, and go warily about the matter."—"Well," said the duchess, "your ass may go with you to the government, and there you may feed him, and pamper him, and make as much of him as you please."—"Adad! my lady," quoth Sancho, "don't let your worship think this will be such a strange matter neither. I have seen more asses than one go to a government before now; and if mine goes too, it will be no new thing e'trow."

Sancho's words again set the duchess a-laughing; and so sending him to take his rest, she went to the duke, and gave him an account of the pleasant discourse between her and the squire. After this they resolved to have some notable contrivance to make sport with Don Quixote, and of such a romantic cast as should humour his knight-errantry. And so successful they were in their management of that interlude, that it may well be thought one of the best adventures in this famous history.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONTAINING WAYS AND MEANS FOR DISENCHANTING THE PEERLESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO, BEING ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS ADVENTURES IN THE WHOLE BOOK.

THE duke and duchess were extremely diverted with the humours of their guests. Resolving, therefore, to improve their sport, by carrying on some pleasant design, that might bear the appearance of an adventure, they took the hint from Don Quixote's account of Montesinos' cave, as a subject from which they might raise an extraordinary entertainment; the rather, since, to the duchess's amazement, Sancho's simplicity was so great, as to believe that Dulcinea del Toboso was really enchanted, though he himself had been the first contriver of the story, and her only enchanter.

Accordingly, having given directions to their servants that nothing might be wanting, and proposed a day for hunting the wild boar, in five or six days they were ready to set out, with a train of huntsmen and other attendants

not unbecoming the greatest prince. They presented Don Quixote with a hunting suit, but he refused it, alleging it superfluous, since he was, in a short time, to return to the hard exercise of arms, and could carry no sumpters nor wardrobes along with him: but Sancho readily accepted one of fine green cloth, with design to sell it the first opportunity.

The day prefixed being come, Don Quixote armed, and Sancho equipped himself in his new suit, and mounting his ass, which he would not quit for a good horse that was offered him, he crowded in among the train of sportsmen. The duchess also, in a dress both odd and gay, made one of the company. The knight, who was courtesy itself,¹ very gallantly would needs hold the reins of her palfrey, though the duke seemed very unwilling to let him. In short, they came to the scene of their sport, which was in a wood between two very high mountains, where, alighting, and taking their several stands, the duchess, with a pointed javelin in her hand, attended by the duke and Don Quixote, took her stand in a place where they knew the boars were used to pass through. The hunters posted themselves in several lanes and paths,

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXXIV.

as they most conveniently could; but as for Sancho, he chose to stay behind them all with his Dapple, whom he would by no means leave for a moment, for fear the poor creature should meet with some sad accident.

And now the chase began with full cry, the dogs opened, the horns sounded, and the huntsmen hollowed in so loud a concert, that there was no hearing one another. Soon after, a hideous boar, of a monstrous size, came on, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth; and, being baited hard by the dogs, and followed close by the huntsmen, made furiously towards the pass which Don Quixote had taken; whereupon the knight, grasping his shield and drawing his sword, moved forward to receive the raging beast. The duke joined him with a boar-spear, and the duchess would have been foremost, had not the duke prevented her. Sancho alone, seeing the furious animal, resolved to shift for one, and leaving Dapple, away he scudded, as fast as his legs would carry him, towards an high oak, to the top of which he endeavoured to clamber; but, as he was getting up, one of the boughs unluckily broke, and down he was tumbling, when a snag or stump of another bough caught hold of his new coat, and stopped his fall,

slinging him in the air by the middle, so that he could neither get up nor down. His fine green coat was torn, and he fancied every moment the wild boar was running that way, with foaming chaps, and dreadful tusks, to tear him to pieces; which so disturbed him, that he roared and bellowed for help, as if some wild beast had been devouring him in good earnest.

At last the tusky boar was laid at his length, with a number of pointed spears fixed in him; and Don Quixote, being alarmed by Sancho's noise, which he could distinguish easily, looked about, and discovered him swinging from the tree with his head downwards, and close by him poor Dapple, who, like a true friend, never forsook him in his adversity; for Cid Hamet observes, that they were such true and inseparable friends, that Sancho was seldom seen without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho. Don Quixote went and took down his squire, who, as soon as he was at liberty, began to examine the damage his fine hunting suit had received, which grieved him to the soul; for he prized it as much as if it had made him heir to an estate.

Meanwhile, the boar being laid across a large mule, and covered with branches of rose-

mary and myrtle, was carried in triumph, by the victorious huntsmen, to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where an excellent entertainment was provided, suitable to the magnificence of the founder.

Sancho drew near the duchess, and shewing her his torn coat, "Had we been hunting the hare now, or catching of sparrows," quoth he, "my coat might have slept in a whole skin. For my part, I wonder what pleasure there can be in beating the bushes for a beast, which, if it does but come at you, will run its plaguy tusks in your guts, and be the death of you. I have not forgotten an old song to this purpose :

' May Fabila's sad fate be thine,
And make thee food for bears or swine.'"¹

"That Fabila," said Don Quixote, "was a king of the Goths, who going a hunting once, was devoured by a bear."—"That is it I say," quoth Sancho; "and, therefore, why should kings and other great folks run themselves into harm's way, when they may have sport enough without it? Mercy on me! what pleasure can you find, any of you all, in killing a poor beast that never meant any harm!"—"You are mistaken, Sancho," said the duke, "hunting wild beasts is the most proper

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XXXIV.

exercise for knights and princes; for, in the chase of a stout noble beast, may be represented the whole art of war, stratagems, policy, and ambuscades, with all other devices usually practised to overcome an enemy with safety. Here we are exposed to the extremities of heat and cold; ease and laziness can have no room in this diversion; by this we are inured to toil and hardship, our limbs are strengthened, our joints made supple, and our whole body hale and active. In short, it is an exercise that may be beneficial to many, and can be prejudicial to none; and the most enticing property is its rarity, being placed above the reach of the vulgar, who may indeed enjoy the diversion of other sorts of game, but not this nobler kind, nor that of hawking, a sport also reserved for kings and persons of quality. Therefore, Sancho, let me advise you to alter your opinion, when you become a governor; for then you will find the great advantage of these sports and diversions.”—“You are out far wide, sir,” quoth Sancho: “it were better that a governor had his legs broken, and be laid up at home, than to be gadding abroad at this rate. It would be a pretty business, forsooth, when poor people come, weary and tired, to wait on the governor about business, that

he should be rambling about the woods for his pleasure! There would be a sweet government truly! Good faith, sir, I think these sports and pastimes are fitter for those that have nothing to do, than for governors. No; I intend my recreation shall be a game at whist at Christmas, and ninepins on Sundays and holidays; but, for your hunting, as you call it, it goes mightily against my calling and conscience.”—“I wish, with all my heart,” said the duke, “that you prove as good as you promise; but saying and doing are different things.”—“Well, well,” quoth Sancho, “be it how it will, I say that an honest man’s word is as good as his bond. Heaven’s help is better than early rising. It is the belly makes the feet amble, and not the feet the belly. My meaning is, that, with heaven’s help, and my honest endeavours, I shall govern better than any goss-hawk. Do but put your finger in my mouth, and try if I cannot bite.”—“A curse on thee, and thy impertinent proverbs,” said Don Quixote: “Shall I never get thee to talk sense, without a string of that disagreeable stuff!—I beseech your graces, do not countenance this eternal dunce, or he will tease your very souls with a thousand unseasonable and insignificant old saws, for which I wish his

mouth stitched up, and myself a mischief if I hear him.”—“Oh, sir,” said the duchess, “Sancho’s proverbs will always please for their sententious brevity, though they were as numerous as a printed collection;¹ and, I assure you, I relish them more than I would do others, that might be better, and more to the purpose.”

After this, and such-like diverting talk, they left the tent, and walked into the wood, to see whether any game had fallen into their nets. Now, while they were thus intent upon their sport, the night drew on apace, and more cloudy and overcast than was usual at that time of the year, which was about mid-summer, but it happened very critically for the better carrying on the intended contrivance. A little while after the close of the evening, when it grew quite dark, in a moment the wood seemed all on fire, and blazed in every quarter. This was attended with an alarming sound of trumpets, and other warlike instruments, answering one another from all sides, as if several parties of horse had been hastily marching through the wood. Then presently was heard a confused noise of Moorish cries, such as are used in joining battle; which,

¹ See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XXXIV.

together with the rattling of the drums, the loud sound of the trumpets, and other instruments of war, made such a hideous and dreadful concert in the air, that the duke was amazed, the duchess astonished, Don Quixote was surprised, and Sancho shook like a leaf; and even those that knew the occasion of all this, were affrighted.

This consternation caused a general silence; and, by and by, one riding post, equipped like a devil, passed by the company, winding a huge hollow horn, that made a horrible hoarse noise. "Hark you, post," said the duke, "whither so fast? what are you? and what parties of soldiers are those that march across the wood?"—"I am the devil," cried the post, in a horrible tone, "and go in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha; and those that are coming this way are six bands of necromancers, that conduct the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted in a triumphant chariot. She is attended by that gallant French knight, Montesinos, who comes to give information how she may be freed from enchantment."—"Wert thou as much a devil," said the duke, "as thy horrid shape speaks thee to be, thou wouldst have known this knight here before thee to be that Don Quixote de la Mancha whom thou

seekest.”—“Before heaven, and on my conscience,” replied the devil, “I never thought on it; for I have so many things in my head, that it almost distracts me; I had quite and clean forgotten my errand.”—“Surely,” quoth Sancho, “this devil must be a very honest fellow, and a good Christian; for he swears as devoutly by heaven and his conscience as I should do; and now I am apt to believe there be some good people even in hell.” At the same time, the devil, directing himself to Don Quixote, without dismounting: “To thee, O Knight of the Lions,” cried he (and I wish thee fast in their claws), “to thee am I sent by the valiant but unfortunate Montesinos, to bid thee attend his coming in this very place, whither he brings one whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to give thee instructions touching her disenchantment. Now I have delivered my message, I must fly, and the devils that are like me be with thee, and angels guard the rest.” This said, he winded his monstrous horn, and, without staying for an answer, disappeared.

This increased the general consternation, but most of all, surprised Don Quixote and Sancho; the latter to find, that, in spite of truth, they still would have Dulcinea to be en-

chanted; and the knight to think that the adventures of Montesinos's cave were turned to reality. While he stood pondering these things in his thoughts, "Well, sir," said the duke to him, "what do you intend to do? will you stay?"—"Stay!" cried Don Quixote, "shall I not? I will stay here, intrepid and courageous, though all the infernal powers inclose me round."—"So you may, if you will," quoth Sancho; "but, if any more devils or horns come hither, they shall as soon find me in Flanders as here."

Now the night grew darker and darker, and several shooting lights were seen glancing up and down the wood, like meteors or glaring exhalations from the earth. Then was heard a horrid noise, like the creaking of the ungreased wheels of heavy waggons, from which piercing and ungrateful sound, bears and wolves themselves are said to fly. This odious jarring was presently seconded by a greater, which seemed to be the dreadful din and shocks of four several engagements, in each quarter of the wood, with all the sounds and hurry of so many joined battles. On one side were heard several peals of cannon; on the other, the discharging of numerous volleys of small shot; here the shouts of the engaging

parties that seemed to be near at hand ; there, cries of the Moors, that seemed at a great distance. In short, the strange, confused intermixture of drums, trumpets, cornets, horns, the thundering of the cannon, the rattling of the small shot, the creaking of the wheels, and the cries of the combatants, made the most dismal noise imaginable, and tried Don Quixote's courage to the uttermost. But poor Sancho was annihilated, and fell into a swoon upon the duchess's coats, who, taking care of him, and ordering some water to be sprinkled on his face, at last recovered him, just as the foremost of the creaking carriages came up, drawn by four heavy oxen, covered with mourning, and carrying a large lighted torch upon each horn. On the top of the cart or waggon was an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as snow, and so long that it reached down to his girdle. He was clad in a long gown of black buckram, as were also two devils that drove the waggons, both so very monstrous and ugly, that Sancho, having seen them once, was forced to shut his eyes, and would not venture upon a second look. The cart, which was stuck full of lights within, being approached to the standing, the reverend old man stood

up, and cried with a loud voice, "I am the Sage Lirgander;" and the cart passed on without one word more being spoken. Then followed another cart, with another grave old man, who making the cart stop at a convenient distance, rose up from his high seat, and, in as deep a tone as the first, cried, "I am the Sage Alquife, great friend to Urganda the Unknown;" and so went forward. He was succeeded by a third cart, that moved in the same solemn pace, and bore a person not so ancient as the rest, but a robust and sturdy, sour-looking, ill-favoured fellow, who rose up from his throne, like the rest, and with a more hollow and diabolical voice, cried out, "I am Archaus the Enchanter, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and all his race;" which said, he passed by, like the other carts; which, taking a short turn, made a halt, and the grating noise of the wheels ceasing, an excellent concert of sweet music was heard, which mightily comforted poor Sancho; and passing with him for a good omen, "My lady," quoth he to the duchess, from whom he would not budge an inch, "there can be no mischief sure where there is music."—"Very true," said the duchess, "especially where there is brightness and light."—"Ay, but there is no light with-

out fire," replied Sancho, "and brightness comes most from flames. Who knows but those about us may burn us! But music I take to be always a sign of feasting and merriment."—"We shall know presently what this will come to," said Don Quixote; and he said right, for you will find it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEREIN IS CONTAINED THE INFORMATION GIVEN
TO DON QUIXOTE HOW TO DISENCHANT DUL-
CINEA, WITH OTHER WONDERFUL PASSAGES.

WHEN the pleasant music drew near, there appeared a stately triumphal chariot, drawn by six dun mules, covered with white, upon each of which sat a penitent, clad also in white, and holding a great lighted torch in his hand. The carriage was twice or thrice longer than any of the former, twelve other penitents being placed at the top and sides, all in white, and bearing likewise each a lighted torch, which made a dazzling and surprising appearance. There was a high throne erected at the farther end, on which sat a nymph, arrayed in cloth of silver, with many golden spangles, glittering all about her, which made her dress, though not rich, appear very glorious. Her face was covered with transparent gauze, through the flowing folds of which might be descried a most beautiful face; and, by the great light which the torches gave, it was easy

to discern, that, as she was not less than seventeen years of age, neither could she be thought above twenty. Close by her was a figure, clad in a long gown, like that of a magistrate, reaching down to its feet, and its head covered with a black veil. When they came directly opposite to the company, the shawms or hautboys that played before immediately ceased, and the Spanish harps and lutes, that were in the chariot, did the like; then the figure in the gown stood up, and, opening its garments, and throwing away its mourning veil, discovered a bare and frightful skeleton, that represented the deformed figure of Death; which startled Don Quixote, made Sancho's bones rattle in his skin for fear, and caused the duke and the duchess to seem more than commonly disturbed. This living Death being thus got up, in a dull, heavy, sleeping tone, as if its tongue had not been well awake, began in this manner:—

MERLIN'S SPEECH.

“ Behold old Merlin, in romantic writ,
Miscall'd the spurious progeny of hell;
A falsehood current with the stamp of age;
I reign the prince of Zoroastic science,
That oft evokes and rates the rigid powers:
Archive of Fate's dread records in the skies,
Coëvous with the chivalry of yore;
All brave knights-errant still I've deem'd my charge,

Heirs of my love, and fav'rites of my charms.

“While other magic seers, averse from good,
Are dire and baleful like the seat of woe,
My nobler soul, where power and pity join,
Diffuses blessings, as they scatter plagues.

“Deep in the nether world, the dreary caves,
Where my retreated soul, in silent state,
Forms mystic figures, and tremendous spells,
I heard the peerless Dulcinea's moans.

“Apprized of her distress, her frightful change,
From princely state, and beauty near divine,
To the vile semblance of a rustic quean,
The dire misdeed of necromantic hate,
I sympathized, and awfully revolved
Twice fifty thousand scrolls, occult and loath'd,
Some of my art, hell's black philosophy ;
Then closed my soul within this bony trunk,
This ghastly form, the ruins of a man ;
And rise in pity to reveal a cure
To woes so great, and break the cursed spell.

“O glory, thou, of all that e'er could grace
A coat of steel, and fence of adamant !
Light, lantern, path, and polar star and guide
To all who dare dismiss ignoble sleep,
And downy ease, for exercise of arms,
For toils continual, perils, wounds and blood !
Knight of unfathom'd worth, abyss of praise,
Who blend'st in one the prudent and the brave :
To thee, great Quixote, I this truth declare ;
That, to restore her to her state and form,
Toboso's pride, the peerless Dulcinea,
'Tis Fate's decree, that Sancho, thy good squire,
On his bare brawny buttocks should bestow
Three thousand lashes, and eke three hundred more,
Each to afflict and sting, and gall him sore ;
So shall relent the authors of her woes,
Whose awful will I for her ease disclose.”

“Body o'me,” quoth Sancho, “three
thousand lashes ! I will not give myself

three; I will as soon give myself three stabs in the guts. May you and your disenchanting go to the devil! What a plague have my buttocks to do with the black art? Passion of my heart! Mr Merlin, if you have no better way for disenchanting the Lady Dulcinea, she may even lie bewitched to her dying-day for me."

"How now, opprobrious rascal," cried Don Quixote, "stinking garlick-eater! Sirrah, I will take you and tie your dogship to a tree, as naked as your mother bore you; and there I will not only give you three thousand three hundred lashes, but six thousand six hundred, ye varlet! and so smartly, that you shall feel them still, though you rub your backside three thousand times, scoundrel! Answer me a word, you rogue, and I will tear out your soul."—"Hold, hold!" cried Merlin, hearing this, "this must not be; the stripes inflicted on honest Sancho must be voluntary, without compulsion, and only laid on when he thinks most convenient. No set time is for the task fixed; and if he has a mind to have abated one half of this atonement, it is allowed, provided the remaining stripes be struck by a strange hand, and heavily laid on.'

"Hold you there," quoth Sancho, "neither

a strange hand nor my own, neither heavy nor light, shall touch my bum. What a pox, did I bring Madam Dulcinea del Toboso into the world, that my hind parts should pay for the harm her eyes have done? Let my master Don Quixote whip himself, he is a part of her; he calls her every foot, my life, my soul, my sustenance, my comfort, and all that. So even let him jirk out her enchantment at his own bum's cost; but as for any whipping of me, I deny and pronounce * it flat and plain."

No sooner had Sancho thus spoken his mind, than the nymph that sat by Merlin's ghost in the glittering apparel, rising and lifting up her thin veil, discovered a very beautiful face; and with a masculine grace, but no very agreeable voice, addressing Sancho, "O thou disastrous squire," said she, "thou lump, with no more soul than a broken pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels of flint! Hadst thou been commanded, base sheep-stealer! to have thrown thyself headlong from the top of a high tower to the ground; hadst thou been desired, enemy of mankind! to have swallowed a dozen of toads, two dozen of lizards, and three dozen of snakes; or hadst thou been requested to have butchered thy wife and

* A blunder of Sancho's, for renounce.

children, I should not wonder that it had turned thy squeamish stomach; but to make such a hesitation at three thousand three hundred stripes, which every puny school-boy makes nothing of receiving every month, it is amazing, nay astonishing to the tender and commiserating bowels of all that hear thee, and will be a blot in thy escutcheon to all futurity. Look up, thou wretched and marble-hearted animal! look up, and fix thy huge louring goggle-eyes upon the bright luminaries of my sight. Behold these briny torrents, which, streaming down, furrow the flowery meadows of my cheeks. Relent, base and exorable monster—relent; let thy savage breast confess at last a sense of my distress, and, moved with the tenderness of my youth, that consumes and withers in this vile transformation, crack this sordid shell of rusticity that envelopes my blooming charms. In vain has the goodness of Merlin permitted me to reassume a while my native shape, since neither that, nor the tears of beauty in affliction, which are said to reduce obdurate rocks to the softness of cotton, and tigers to the tenderness of lambs, are sufficient to melt thy haggard breast. Scourge, scourge that brawny hide of thine, stubborn and unrelenting brute!

that coarse inclosure of thy coarser soul, and rouse up thus thyself from that base sloth that makes thee live only to eat and pamper thy lazy flesh, indulging still thy voracious appetite. Restore me the delicacy of my skin, the sweetness of my disposition, and the beauty of my face. But if my entreaties and tears cannot work thee into a reasonable compliance, if I am not yet sufficiently wretched to move thy pity, at least let the anguish of that miserable knight, thy tender master, mollify thy heart. Alas! I see his very soul just at his throat, and sticking not ten inches from his lips, waiting only thy cruel or kind answer, either to fly out of his mouth, or return into his breast."

Don Quixote, hearing this, clapped his hand upon his gullet, and turning to the duke, "By heavens, my lord," said he, "Dulcinea is in the right; for I find my soul traversed in my wind-pipe like a bullet in a cross-bow."—"What is your answer, now, Sancho?" said the duchess.—"I say, as I said before," quoth Sancho; "as for the flogging, I pronounce it flat and plain."—"Renounce, you mean," said the duke.—"Good, your worship," quoth Sancho, "this is no time for me to mind niceties and spelling of letters: I have other fish to fry. This plaguy whipping-bout

makes me quite distracted. I do not know what to say or do; but I would fain know of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, where she picked up this kind of breeding, to beg thus like a sturdy beggar! Here she comes, to desire me to lash my backside as raw as a piece of beef, and the best word she can give is, soul of a broken pitcher, monster, brute, sheep-stealer, with a ribble-rabble of saucy nicknames, that the devil himself would not bear. Do you think, mistress of mine, that my skin is made of brass? Or shall I get any thing by your disenchantment! Beshrew her heart, where is the fine present she has brought along with her to soften me? A basket of fine linen, holland-shirts, caps, and socks, (though I wear none,) had been somewhat like; but to fall upon me and bespatter me thus with dirty names, do you think that will do? No, in faith. Remember the old sayings, A golden load makes the burden light; gifts will enter stone-walls; scratch my breech and I will claw your elbow; a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. Nay, my master too, who one would think should tell me a fine story, and coax me up with dainty sugar-plum words, talks of tying me to a tree, forsooth, and of doubling the whipping. Ods-

bobs! methinks those troublesome people should know who they prate to. It is not only a squire-errant they would have to whip himself, but a governor! and there is no more to do, think they, but up and ride. Let them even learn manners, with a pox. There is a time for some things, and a time for all things; a time for great things, and a time for small things. Am I now in a humour to hear petitions, do you think? Just when my heart is ready to burst for having torn my new coat, they would have me tear my own flesh too, in the devil's name, when I have no more stomach to it than to be among the men-eaters."*

"Upon my honour, Sancho," said the duke, "if you do not relent, and become as soft as a ripe fig, you shall have no government. It would be a fine thing, indeed, that I should send among my islanders a merciless hard-hearted tyrant, whom neither the tears of distressed damsels, nor the admonitions of wise, ancient, and powerful enchanters, can move to compassion. In short, sir, no stripes, no government."—"But," quoth Sancho, "may not I have a day or two to consider on it?"—"Not a minute," cried Merlin; "you must

* In the original, to turn Cazique; Bolverme Cazique. Caziques are petty kings in the West Indies.

declare now, and in this very place, what you resolve to do, for Dulcinea must be again transformed into a country wench, and carried back immediately to Montesinos's cave, or else she shall go as she is now, to the Elysian fields, there to remain till the number of stripes be made out."—"Come, come, honest Sancho," said the duchess, "pluck up a good courage, and show your gratitude to your master, whose bread you have eaten, and to whose generous nature, and high feats of chivalry, we are all so much obliged. Come, child, give your consent, and make a fool of the devil: Hang fear; faint heart never won fair lady; fortune favours the brave, as you know better than I can tell you."—"Hark you, Mr Merlin," quoth Sancho, without giving the duchess an answer; "pray, will you tell me one thing. How comes it about, that this same post-devil that came before you, brought my master word from Signior Montesinos, that he would be here, and give him directions about this disenchantment, and yet we hear no news of Montesinos all this while?"—"Pshaw," answered Merlin, "the devil is an ass and a lying rascal; he came from me, and not from Montesinos; for he, poor man, is still in his cave, expecting the dissolution of the spell that confines him there

yet, so that he is not quite ready to be free, and the worst is still behind.* But if he owes you any money, or you have any business with him, he shall be forthcoming when and where you please. But now, pray make an end, and undergo this small penance, it will do you a world of good, for it will not only prove beneficial to your soul as an act of charity, but also to your body as a healthy exercise; for you are of a very sanguine complexion, Sancho, and losing a little blood will do you no harm.”—“ Well,” quoth Sancho, “ there is like to be no want of physicians in this world, I find; the very conjurors set up for doctors too. Well, then, since every body says as much, (though I can hardly believe it,) I am content to give myself the three thousand three hundred stripes, upon condition that I may be paying them off as long as I please; observe that: though I will be out of debt as soon as I can, that the world may not be without the pretty face of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, which, I must own, I could never have believed to have been so handsome. Item, I shall not be bound to fetch blood, that is certain, and if any stroke happens to miss me, it shall pass for one,

* *Aun le falta la cola por desollar, i.e.*—The tail still remains to be flayed, which is the most troublesome and hard to be done.

however. Item, Mr Merlin, (because he knows all things,) shall be obliged to reckon the lashes, and take care I do not give myself one more than the tale."—"There is no fear of that," said Merlin; "for at the very last lash the Lady Dulcinea will be disenchanted, come straight to you, make you a courtesy, and give you thanks. Heaven forbid I should wrong any man of the least hair of his head."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "what must be, must be; I yield to my hard luck, and, on the aforesaid terms, take up with my penance."

Scarcely had Sancho spoken, when the music struck up again, and a congratulatory volley of small shot was immediately discharged. Don Quixote fell on Sancho's neck, hugging and kissing him a thousand times. The duke, the duchess, and the whole company, seemed mightily pleased. The chariot moved on, and as it passed by, the fair Dulcinea made the duke and duchess a bow, and Sancho a low courtesy.

And now the jolly morn began to spread her smiling looks in the eastern quarter of the skies, and the flowers of the field to disclose their bloomy folds, and raise their fragrant heads. The brooks, now cool and clear, in gentle murmurs, played with the grey pebbles,

and flowed along to pay their liquid crystal tribute to the expecting rivers. The sky was clear, the air serene, swept clean by brushing winds for the reception of the shining light, and every thing, not only jointly, but in its separate gaiety, welcomed the fair Aurora, and, like her, foretold a fairer day. The duke and duchess, well pleased with the management and success of the hunting, and the counterfeit adventure, returned to the castle, resolving to make a second essay of the same nature, having received as much pleasure from the first, as any reality could have produced.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE STRANGE AND NEVER THOUGHT-OF ADVENTURE
OF THE DISCONSOLATE MATRON, *ALIAS* THE
COUNTESS TRIFALDI, WITH SANCHE PANZA'S
LETTER TO HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA.

THE whole contrivance of the late adventure was plotted by the duke's steward, a man of wit and a facetious and quick fancy: He made the verses, acted Merlin himself, and instructed a page to personate Dulcinea. And now, by his master's appointment, he prepared another scene of mirth, as pleasant, and as artful and surprising as can be imagined.

The next day, the duchess asked Sancho, "whether he had begun his penitential task, to disenchant Dulcinea?"—"Ay, marry have I," quoth Sancho, "for I have already lent myself five lashes on the buttocks."—"With what, friend?" asked the duchess.—"With the palm of my hand," answered Sancho.—"Your hand!" said the duchess, "those are rather claps than lashes, Sancho; I doubt Father Merlin will not be satisfied at so easy a rate;

for the liberty of so great a lady is not to be purchased at so mean a price. No, you should lash yourself with something that may make you smart: A good friar's scourge, a cat of nine-tails, or penitent's whip, would do well; for letters written in blood stand good; but works of charity, faintly and coldly done, lose their merit and signify nothing."—"Then, madam," quoth he, "will your worship's grace do so much as help me to a convenient rod, such as you shall think best; though it must not be too smarting neither; for faith, though I am a clown, my flesh is as soft as any lady's in the land, no disparagement to any body's buttocks."—"Well, well, Sancho," said she, "it shall be my care to provide you a whip, that shall suit your soft constitution, as if they were twins."—"But now, my dear madam," quoth he, "you must know I have written a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, to give her to understand how things are with me. I have it in my bosom, and it is just ready to send away; it wants nothing but the direction on the outside. Now I would have your wisdom to read it, and see if it be not written like a governor; I mean, in such a style as governors should write."—"And who penned it?" asked the duchess.—"What a question

there is now !” quoth Sancho. “ Who should pen it but myself, sinner as I am ?”—“ And did you write it too ?” said the duchess.—“ Not I,” quoth Sancho ; “ for I can neither write nor read, though I can make my mark.”—“ Let me see the letter,” said the duchess ; “ for I dare say your wit is set out in it to some purpose.” Sancho pulled the letter out of his bosom unsealed, and the duchess having taken it, read what follows :—

Sancho Panza to his Wife Teresa Panza.

“ IF I am well lashed, yet I am whipped into a government : If I have got a good government, it cost me many a good lash. Thou must know, my Teresa, that I am resolved thou shalt ride in a coach ; for now, any other way of going is to me but creeping on all-fours, like a kitten. Thou art now a governor’s wife, guess whether any one will dare to tread on thy heels. I have sent thee a green hunting-suit of *reparel*, which my Lady Duchess gave me. Pray see and get it turned into a petticoat and jacket for our daughter. The folks in this country are very ready to talk little good of my master, Don Quixote. They say he is a mad-wise-man, and a pleasant madman, and that I am not a jot behind-hand with him.

We have been in Montesinos' cave, and Merlin the wizard has pitched on me to disenchant Dulcinea del Toboso, the same who among you is called Aldonza Lorenzo. When I have given myself three thousand three hundred lashes, lacking five, she will be as disenchanted as the mother that bore her. But not a word of the pudding; for if you tell your case among a parcel of tattling gossips, you will never have done; one will cry it is white, and others, it is black. I am to go to my government very suddenly, whither I go with a huge mind to make money, as I am told all new governors do. I will first see how matters go, and then send thee word whether thou hadst best come or no. Dapple is well, and gives his humble service to you. I will not part with him, though I were to be made the Great Turk. My Lady Duchess kisses thy hands a thousand times over; pray return her two thousand for her one: For there is nothing cheaper than fair words, as my master says. Heaven has not been pleased to make me light on another cloakbag, with a hundred pieces of gold in it, like those you wot of. But all in good time, do not let that vex thee, my jug; the government will make it up, I will warrant thee. Though after all, one thing sticks plaguily in

my gizzard: They tell me, that when once I have tasted of it, I shall be ready to eat my very fingers after it, so savoury is the sauce. Should it fall out so, I should make but an ill hand of it; and yet your maimed crippled alms-folks pick up a pretty livelihood, and make their begging as good as a prebend. So that, one way or other, old girl, matters will go swimmingly, and thou wilt be rich and happy. Heaven make thee so, as well as it may; and keep me for thy sake. From this castle, the twentieth of June, 1614.

“Thy husband the Governor,

“SANCHO PANZA.”

“Methinks, Mr Governor,” said the duchess, having read the letter, “you are out in two particulars; first, when you intimate that this government was bestowed on you for the stripes you are to give yourself; whereas, you may remember it was allotted you before this disenchantment was dreamed of. The second branch that you failed in, is the discovery of your avarice, which is the most detestable quality in governors; because their self-interest is always indulged at the expense of justice. You know the saying, covetousness breaks the sack, and that vice always prompts a governor

to fleece and oppress the subject.”—“Truly, my good lady,” quoth Sancho, “I meant no harm, I did not well think of what I wrote; and if your grace’s worship does not like this letter, I will tear it and have another: but remember the old saying, seldom comes a better. I shall make but sad work of it, if I must pump my brains for it.”—“No, no,” said the duchess, “this will do well enough, and I must have the duke see it.”

They went into the garden, where they were to dine that day, and there she shewed the duke the learned epistle, which he read over with a great deal of pleasure.

After dinner, Sancho was entertaining the company very pleasantly, with some of his savoury discourse, when suddenly they were surprised with the mournful sound of a fife, which played in concert with a hoarse unbraced drum. All the company seemed amazed and discomposed at the displeasing noise; but Don Quixote especially was so alarmed with this solemn martial harmony, that he could not compose his thoughts. Sancho’s fear undoubtedly wrought the usual effects, and carried him to crouch by the duchess.

During this consternation, two men in deep mourning cloaks trailing on the ground, entered

the garden, each of them beating a large drum, covered also with black, and with these a third playing on a fife, in mourning like the rest. They ushered in a person of gigantic stature, to which the long black garb in which he was wrapped up, was no small addition: It had a train of a prodigious length, and over the cassock was girt a broad black belt, which slung a scimitar of a mighty size. His face was covered with a thin black veil, through which might be discerned a beard of a vast length, as white as snow. The solemnity of his pace kept exact time to the gravity of the music: In short, his stature, his motion, his black hue, and his attendance, were every way surprising and astonishing. With this state and formality he approached, and fell on his knees at a convenient distance before the duke; who not suffering him to speak till he arose, the monstrous spectre erected his bulk, and throwing off his veil, discovered the most terrible, hugeous, white, broad, prominent, bushy beard, that ever mortal eyes were frightened at. Then fixing his eyes on the duke, and with a deep sonorous voice, roaring out from the ample cavern of his spreading lungs, "Most high and potent lord," cried he, "my name is Trifaldin with the white beard, squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Discon-

solate Matron, from whom I am ambassador to your grace, begging admittance for her ladyship to come and relate, before your magnificence, the unhappy and wonderful circumstances of her misfortune. But first she desires to be informed whether the valorous and invincible knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, resides at this time in your castle; for it is in quest of him that my lady has travelled without coach or palfrey, hungry and thirsty; and, in short, without breaking her fast, from the kingdom of Candaya, all the way to these your grace's territories: A thing incredibly miraculous, if not wrought by enchantment. She is now without the gate of this castle, waiting only for your grace's permission to enter." This said, the squire coughed, and with both his hands, stroked his unwieldy beard from the top to the bottom, and with a formal gravity expected the duke's answer.

"Worthy Squire Trifaldin with the white beard," said the duke, "long since have we heard of the misfortunes of the Countess Trifaldi, whom enchanters have occasioned to be called the Disconsolate Matron; and therefore, most stupendous squire, you may tell her that she may make her entry; and that the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha is here present, on whose generous assistance she may

safely rely for redress. Inform her also from me, that if she has occasion for my aid, she may depend on my readiness to do her service, being obliged, as I am a knight, to be aiding and assisting, to the utmost of my power, to all persons of her sex in distress, especially widowed matrons, like her ladyship."

Trifaldin, hearing this, made his obeisance with the knee, and, beckoning to the fife and drums to observe his motion, they all marched out in the same solemn procession as they entered, and left all the beholders in a deep admiration of his proportion and deportment.

Then the duke, turning to Don Quixote, "Behold, Sir Knight," said he, "how the light and the glory of virtue dart their beams through the clouds of malice and ignorance, and shine to the remotest parts of the earth. It is hardly six days since you have vouchsafed to honour this castle with your presence, and already the afflicted and distressed flock hither from the uttermost regions, not in coaches, or on dromedaries, but on foot, and without eating by the way; such is their confidence in the strength of that arm, the fame of whose great exploits flies and spreads everywhere, and makes the whole world acquainted with your valour."

"What would I give, my lord," said Don

Quixote, "that the same holy pedant were here now, who, the other day at your table, would have run down knight-errantry at such a rate, that the testimony of his own eyes might convince him of the absurdity of his error, and let him see, that the comfortless and afflicted do not, in enormous misfortunes, and uncommon adversity, repair for redress to the doors of droning churchmen, or your little parish priests of villages; nor to the fireside of your country gentleman, who never travels beyond his land-mark; nor to the lolling lazy courtier, who rather hearkens after news which he may relate, than endeavours to perform such deeds as may deserve to be recorded and related. No, the protection of damsels, the comfort of widows, the redress of the injured, and the support of the distressed, are nowhere so perfectly to be expected as from the generous professors of knight-errantry. Therefore I thank heaven a thousand times for having qualified me to answer the necessities of the miserable by such a function. As for the hardships and accidents that may attend me, I look upon them as no discouragements, since proceeding from so noble a cause. Then let this matron be admitted to make known her request, and I will refer her for redress to the force of my arm, and the intrepid resolution of my courageous soul."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE DISCONSOLATE
MATRON * CONTINUED.

THE duke and duchess were mightily pleased to find Don Quixote wrought up to a resolution so agreeable to their design. But Sancho, who made his observations, was not so well satisfied. "I am in a bodily fear," quoth he, "that this same Mistress Waiting-woman will be a baulk to my preferment. I remember I once knew a Toledo apothecary, that talked like a Canary bird, and used to say, Wherever come old waiting-women, good luck can happen there to no man. Body o'me, he knew them too well, and therefore valued them accordingly. He could have eaten them all with a grain of salt. Since then the best of them are so plaguy troublesome and impertinent, what will those be that are in doleful dumps, like this same Countess Threefolds, three skirts, or three tails, † what do you call her?"—"Hold your

* The Spanish is *Duenna*, which signifies an old waiting-woman, or governante, as it is rendered in Quevedo's Visions.

† Trifaldi, the name of the Countess, signifies Three Skirts, or Three Tails.

tongue, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "This matron, that comes so far in search of me, lives too remote to lie under the lash of the apothecary's satire. Besides, you are to remember she is a countess; and when ladies of that quality become governantes, or waiting-women, it is only to queens or empresses; and in their own houses they are as absolute ladies as any others, and attended by other waiting-women."—"Ay, ay," cried Donna Rodriguez, who was present, "there are some that serve my lady duchess here in that capacity, that might have been countesses too, had they had better luck. But we are not all born to be rich, though we are all born to be honest. Let nobody then speak ill of waiting-gentlewomen, especially of those that are ancient and maidens; for though I am none of those, I easily conceive the advantage that a waiting-gentlewoman, who is a maiden, has over one that is a widow. When all is said, whoever will offer to meddle with waiting-women will get little by it. Many go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves."—"For all that," quoth Sancho, "your waiting-women are not so bare, but that they may be shorn, if my barber spoke truth; so that they had best not stir the rice, though it sticks to the pot."

—“These squires, forsooth,” answered Donna Rodriguez, “must be always cocking up their noses against us. As they are always haunting their antichambers, like a parcel of evil spirits as they are, they see us whisk in and out at all times; so, when they are not at their devotion, which, heaven knows, is almost all the day long, they can find no other pastime than to abuse us, and tell idle stories of us, unburying our bones, and burying our reputation. But their tongues are no slander: and I can tell those silly rake-shames, that, in spite of their flouts, we shall keep the upper hand of them, and live in the world in the better sort of houses, though we starve for it, and cover our flesh, whether delicate or not, with black gowns, as they cover a dunghill with a piece of tapestry when a procession goes by. ’Slife, sir, were this a proper time, I would convince you and all the world, that there is no virtue but is inclosed within the stays of a waiting-woman.”—“I fancy,” said the duchess, “that honest Rodriguez is much in the right: But we must now choose a fitter time for this dispute, to confound the ill opinion of that wicked apothecary, and to root out that which the great Sancho Panza has fixed in his breast.”—“For my part,” quoth Sancho, “I

will not dispute with her; for since the thoughts of being a governor have steamed up into my brains, all my concern for the squire is vanished into smoke; and I care not a wild fig for all the waiting-women in the world."

This subject would have engaged them longer in discourse, had they not been cut short by the sound of the fife and drums that gave them notice of the Disconsolate Matron's approach. Thereupon the duchess asked the duke, how it might be proper to receive her? and how far ceremony was due to her quality as a countess?—"Look you," quoth Sancho, striking in before the duke could answer, "I would advise you to meet her countess-ship half-way, but for the waiting-womanship, do not stir a step."—"Who bids you trouble yourself?" said Don Quixote.—"Who bid me?" answered Sancho, "why, I myself did. Have not I been squire to your worship, and thus served a 'prenticeship to good manners? And have not I had the Flower of Courtesy for my master, who has often told me, a man may as well lose at one-and-thirty with a card too much, as a card too little? Good wits jump; a word to the wise is enough."—"Sancho says well," said the duke; "to decide the matter, we will first see what kind of a

countess she is, and behave ourselves accordingly."

Now the fife and the drums entered as before. But here the author ends this short chapter, and begins another, prosecuting the same adventure, which is one of the most notable in the history.



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