



MR. OMSIEO







~~Smith~~  
~~Price~~





THE  
**SPIRIT OF CERVANTES;**

OR,

**DON QUIXOTE ABRIDGED.**

BEING A

SELECTION OF THE EPISODES AND INCIDENTS,

WITH A

*SUMMARY SKETCH*

OF THE

STORY OF THAT POPULAR ROMANCE.

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IN TWO PARTS,

WITH SUPERIOR COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

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TO THE  
MEMBERS OF THE  
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

FROM THE YEAR 1650 TO 1850

A HISTORY

BY JOHN W. BAKER

AND

REVISED BY

W. W. BAKER

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY

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## PREFACE.

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IN a book containing but a very moderate number of pages, and professing only to bring forward the more prominent parts of a work that exhibits the most brilliant proofs of genius, many words of preface may be dispensed with, and are the less called for, after the elaborate discussions that have ushered in the late publications with respect to Cervantes' writings.

It may therefore suffice to say, that the present production arose from early impressions, made by the perusal of translations of a former date: and that this predilection led to the study of the original work.

In the same view as Shakspeare's writings have, in the present day, been rendered

properly accessible to our domestic circles, so it is hoped this outline of Cervantes' delineation of Spanish manners and sentiments, may with equal propriety, be received in the same good company.

And in extenuation of the liberty with which the original text and arrangement have been handled, Cervantes' own expressions in the course of his work, impress the idea, that he was himself sensible, the enthusiastic ardour of his genius had, in the first outset, carried him beyond even the level of his own countrymen's sanguine temper; so that it seemed expedient to soften and change many passages, in order to meet the object assigned for the undertaking.

# SKETCH

OF THE

FEW PARTICULARS

RECORDED OF THE

## LIFE OF CERVANTES,

WITH THE CHARACTER OF HIS ROMANCE OF DON QUIXOTE.

---

THE place of Cervantes' birth not being known, it can only be gathered from his writings, that he was born in the year 1549:—and from the same source, that his education could not have been neglected, from the stock of acquired knowledge that presents itself throughout his compositions; which, together with his natural genius, enabled him with so much skill to draw his characteristic pictures of human nature.

The Author's life in the following abridgment affords an example, that superiority of genius is not always beneficial to its possessor; and that even

the *utile dulce*, the agreeable combined with the instructive, may fail of its reward: for although this work of Cervantes is described as making such an impression, that the very children handled it, boys read it, men understood it, the old applauded it; and that it was not overlooked even by the Sovereign, who, it is reported, observing from the balcony of his palace, a student sitting with a book on the banks of the river Manzanares, and frequently falling backwards convulsed with laughter, pronounced that it could be no other than Don Quixote that he was reading; and dispatched one of his attendants to the spot, who verified the fact: yet amidst this blaze of fame, Cervantes passed a life of hardship and privation, and is said to have expired in the greatest poverty.

It appears that at one period of his life, he was a soldier, and was in the famous sea-fight against the Turks at Lepanto, where so many Christians were rescued from their chains; and that in this engagement he was made a prisoner, and carried to Algiers, experiencing some similarity of adventure to what he has recorded in the romance of Don Quixote, as happening in the story of the Spanish Captive.

Retiring from these active scenes, he engaged in the paths of literature, writing many plays and novels previous to his grand work of Don Quixote, in which he satirizes the folly of suffering the imagination to be possessed with legendary tales that have little foundation in nature or fact.

The author's merit, however, in this as in his other works, though generally admired, obtained so little notice from the superior classes in the kingdom, that he is said to have died in distress in the year 1617.

In the character of Don Quixote, Cervantes exhibits a good understanding perverted by reading romantic stories to such a pass of frenzy, as to mistake and confound the most familiar occurrences with the fantastic illusions these stories had impressed on his imagination; and the ridicule thus exhibited, was felt to be so striking, that the readers of those books awoke as from a dream, and reflected with amazement on their former infatuation.— Nevertheless it must be confessed that this dream, however mixed with absurdity, was the offspring of no debased turn of ideas; which, when dispersed,

did but confirm the Duke of Alva's deep observation, that Cervantes by destroying the spirit of chivalry, had given a death blow to the best energies of Spain.



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The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education during the year 1871.

1872

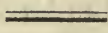
The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education during the year 1872.



UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

# DON QUIXOTE

## ABRIDGED.



### CHAPTER I.

TREATING OF THE QUALITY AND BENT OF MIND OF OUR HERO, AND HIS FIRST SALLY IN QUEST OF ADVENTURES.

IN those days when the entrance-hall in the mansions of the great in Spain was adorned with the lance, target, and falchion, in memorial of the struggle with the Moorish invader ; the hero of this history impressed with the like enthusiasm associated with the same ideas, the emblems, that in his more humble dwelling encircled the stag's antlers over the chimney front ; all relicts that had been handed down by his ancestors as a sort of heir loom, together with a small patrimony for the support of his houshold establishment, which consisted of a housekeeper of middle

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA  
DON QUIXOTE.

age, a niece just out of her teens, and a lad to go on errands and look to the stable; where a skeleton of a horse and a half-starved greyhound had their quarters.

Our hero, who bordered on fifty, was of a tough constitution, extremely meagre and hard featured, an early riser, and heretofore ardent in the sports of the field: but having addicted himself to the reading of books of chivalry, he perused them with so much ardour and application, that he not only forgot the pleasures of the chase, but also utterly neglected the care of his estate, and indeed parted with a considerable portion of it in accumulating books of this description.

In this sort of study he had for competitors, the curate of the parish and the barber of the village; and various disputes took place as to the precedence in reputation of their respective champions; for the curate, though discreet and a man of some learning, was not free from the national foible, and gave a large portion of his studies to that of books of chivalry. He greatly admired Palmerin of

England, and Amadis of Gaul, whereas Master Nicholas the barber considered them as mere *petit maitres* compared with Don Galaor, the kinsman of Amadis.

In short, from these conversations, joined to the incessant application of his own thoughts to the same subject, Don Quixote's understanding being quite perverted, he was seized with the strangest of whims. This was no other than a persuasion that it was highly expedient and necessary he should travel through the country in arms, in the capacity of a knight-errant, redressing grievances, and courting all occasions of exposing himself to such dangers, as should in the event entitle him to the esteem of the whole world.

Intoxicated with this strange folly, he in the first place cleaned an old suit of armour that had belonged to one of his ancestors, then visited his horse, and after some days revolving for a suitable name fixed upon *Rozinante*, and upon still longer deliberation, assumed for himself the title of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

His armour being scoured and his steed

and himself accommodated with appropriate names, he reflected that nothing was wanting but a lady worthy of his affection to inspire him with ardour, and a squire to accompany him in his adventurous pursuits. An object for his love he found in a neighbouring country girl named Aldonza Lorenza; and from her native place, with the musical expression of the epithet, denominated her Dulcinea del Toboso.

A squire offered himself in the person of a neighbouring peasant, by name Sancho Panza, an honest-hearted fellow and not devoid of shrewdness and sagacity, but under the knight's ascendancy, he suffered himself to be persuaded by arguments and promises of the most extravagant extent to desert his wife and family, and serve him in the capacity of a squire.

Thus far successful, Don Quixote took measures for supplying himself with money; and by selling one thing and mortgaging another, raised a considerable sum.

Every thing being thus arranged, Don Quixote, without bidding adieu to his niece

and housekeeper, and Sancho Panza, without taking leave of his wife and children, sallied forth one night from the village, and travelled so hard that before the dawn of day they had advanced far enough to be secure from all search.

Our knight, however overjoyed at finding himself at liberty to proceed on his project, nevertheless felt some compunction at his neglect in not having previously been initiated in the ceremonials of the order he was entering upon. In this dilemma his never-failing imagination extricated him, by suggesting the possibility of meeting with some courteous knight who could perform the ceremony. Travelling therefore over the dusty plain, in the heat of the day in the month of July, both himself and Sancho were glad to obtain shelter at an inn, which they approached when noon had far advanced.

The inn, Don Quixote's heated imagination pourtrayed as a castle with moat and battlements, the innkeeper as a governor, and some female inmates as damsels of high quality; and at once figured to his mind the oppor-

tunity of being invested in form with the appropriate insignia of the order he had embraced.

Scarcely had he entered the inn, when he took the landlord (whom he called governor) aside, and very respectfully entreated his acquiescence to his desire of being knighted according to the rules of chivalry. The landlord, who was much of a wag, entered into the joke, and promised every thing that Don Quixote required, who, when the night came, and all was quiet, repaired (as the preliminary part of the ceremony) into the court-yard to watch his armour, which he had placed in a water-trough.

Whilst he was amusing himself with soliloquies on the cause he had undertaken, he heard his armour clattering in the yard, where it was unceremoniously thrown by some carriers, who being to set out early in the morning, wanted water for their mules: angry words ensuing put the inn in an uproar, and brought the landlord from his bed, who found Don Quixote brandishing his sword with many threats of vengeance, but not before

he had received a few pebble stones on his carcase.

The innkeeper, finding the joke grew serious, resolved to put an end to it; and summoning the inmates of the house, muttered some words whilst he held his day-book in his hand; then crossing the knight's shoulders with his sword, and the damsels at the same time fastening on his spurs, the ceremony was completed: the knight, with a multiplicity of thanks then took his leave, and proceeded on his errand in company with his squire Sancho Panza.

The morning had not long dawned, when as they approached a thicket, their ears were struck with shrill repeated cries as from some person in distress. These sounds were no sooner noticed by our knight, than he exclaimed,

“Heaven be praised, these cries doubtless proceed from some one that stands in need of my immediate aid and protection.” Then pressing on towards the place, and entering the wood, he perceived a mare tied to an oak with a lance resting against it, and a lad about

fifteen fastened to another tree, under correction by a sturdy countryman, who was applying a leathern strap to the lad's back without the smallest mercy or pity at his outcry.

Don Quixote observing what passed, pronounced aloud, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to attack one that cannot defend himself; mount thy steed, couch thy lance, and I will make thee sensible of the enormity of thy conduct."

The countryman, seeing this strange figure, buckled in armour and brandishing a lance over his head, with great humility, replied,

"Sir Knight, this lad whom I am chastising is my servant, hired to tend a flock of sheep feeding in the adjoining plains; but he is so negligent, that every day I lose one or more of the number; and because I punish him for his carelessness or knavery, he says I scourge him out of avarice rather than pay his wages."

"How," said Don Quixote, "not pay him his wages! Pay the young man his wages instantly, or I will annihilate thee; unbind him therefore without delay."



The countryman hung his head and unbound the lad, who being asked by the knight how much was due to him, said that his master owed him for three quarters at the rate of six rials a month, which amounted to fifty-four rials.

This sum being required, the countryman would fain have made some deductions, but being overruled in this particular, he was drawn to the subterfuge of saying, that he had no coin about him, but if the lad would accompany him home, it should be paid him in ready money.

“Go with him, master!” said the lad, “I must not think of that; he would flay me alive, like another St. Bartholomew.”

“He will show more regard to my commands,” replied Don Quixote, “and I will moreover require him to swear by the laws of knight errantry to abide by them.”

“Bless your Worship,” exclaimed the youth, “what does my master know of knight errantry: he is a mere countryman, called Haldango the Rich.” “Be comforted, my son,” said Don Quixote, “and rely upon my

powerful arm in exacting vengeance, if a tittle of my commands be slighted." So saying, and the countryman having promised obedience, the Knight and Sancho departed, leaving the lad at his master's discretion.

## CHAPTER II.

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DON QUIXOTE'S CONVERSATIONS WITH SANCHE PANZA ;  
HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE BENEDICTINE MONKS AND  
BISCAYAN SQUIRE.

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho now proceeded to the pass of Lapice, which being a great thoroughfare, the knight observed, would afford ample opportunity of meeting with divers adventures. Sancho, jogging on upon his ass like a patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, filled with solicitude for the result of the extravagant expectations he entertained, began at last to give loose to his tongue, saying,

“ Let your worshipful knight-errantship look about that this island, among other things that I am promised, be not forgotten, which I shall be able to govern let it be ever so large.”

To this the knight answered,

“ Know, friend Sancho, that it was much the custom of ancient knights-errant to give to their squires, governments of the islands or kingdoms they gained by their arms ; and I am determined that so generous a practice shall not fail on my part ; indeed I propose being more bountiful than they were, for they often waited till their squires were grown old and worn out in their service, by laborious days and fatiguing nights, and then only bestowed upon them the title of Count or Marquis of some valley or province ; whereas if we are living, ere six days expire, perhaps such a kingdom may be obtained, that a crowned head might not disdain.”

“ If this should be the case,” replied Sancho, “ and I become a king by one of those miracles that your Worship talks about, my poor wife Gutierrez will be a queen, and my daughters infantas.”

“ Who can doubt it ?” said his master.

“ That I do,” rejoined Sancho ; “ for if it should please God to rain kingdoms on earth, not one of the crowns would fit the head of

my Gutierrez ; it would therefore better suit for her to be a countess."

"Recommend thyself to God," replied Don Quixote, "who will give thee what is most suitable ; but do not demean thyself by wishing for any thing less than a viceroyship."

Sancho now observed that it was meal-time, but his master declining any refreshment, and leaving him at liberty to take some, he adjusted himself as well as he could on his ass's pannels, took out of his wallets their contents, and journeying on, munching behind his master, ever and anon he applied the leathern bottle to his mouth with such earnestness, as might have excited the envy of the first vintners at Malaga.

After some days of fatigue, the pass of Lapice came in view, and as soon as Don Quixote espied it, he exclaimed, "Now brother Sancho, we may dip our hands up to the elbows in what are called adventures ; but I give you to understand, that although you see me in the greatest danger when encountering knights like myself, you are not to put yourself forward, unless I should be at the same

time assaulted by a vile rabble." "You may rely, Sir," answered Sancho, "on being obeyed in this particular, for I am of a pacific turn and an enemy to all broils and frays; true indeed, in defence of my own person, I shall not stand on much ceremony; human and divine laws allowing every one to defend himself."

Whilst they were thus engaged in conversation, there appeared coming towards them two Benedictine monks mounted on mules like dromedaries, with their parasols and travelling visors; after them followed a coach accompanied by four or five horsemen, and two mule-drivers on foot. In the carriage it afterwards appeared that a Biscayan lady was travelling to Seville to meet her husband, who was preparing for a voyage to South America.

Don Quixote no sooner beheld the friars, (who, though they travelled the same pace as the Biscayan lady were not of her party) than he said to Sancho,

"This will be a most famous adventure; for these black apparitions must doubtless be

*Sancho's  
revelation*

enchanters who are carrying off some princess in that carriage."

"For the love of God," exclaimed Sancho, "take care what you are about: consider that these are Benedictine monks, and those in the coach no other than travellers." "I tell thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that with regard to adventures thou art utterly ignorant." So saying he rode forward, and placing himself in the middle of the highway, exclaimed aloud, "Monstrous and diabolical race, surrender instantly the high-born princess whom you are carrying captive in that carriage, or prepare to receive death for your misdeeds." The friars stopping short, as much astonished at the figure as at the discourse of Don Quixote, replied,

"Sir Knight, we are not deserving of the appellations bestowed upon us being neither diabolical nor monstrous; but innocent monks of the order of St. Benedict who are travelling this way about our own affairs; nor do we know of any princess carried captive in that coach."

"These hypocritical speeches," said the

*fantasy  
is  
realism*

*unable to believe  
but what he  
imagines*

Knight, "shall not impose upon me:" and without further parley he attacked the first friar with so much fury, that had he not thrown himself from his mule he would most probably have come to the ground, maimed for life.

The second friar who saw how his companion had been treated, clapped spurs to his mule and flew with the rapidity of the wind across the field.

Sancho Panza, observing the first friar on the ground, proceeded to disrobe him with the greatest dexterity, when the attendants on foot coming up, asked him for what reason he stripped their master. The Squire replied, that the clothes were his due as the lawful spoils won in battle by his master Don Quixote; but they not being in a humour for raillery, and seeing Don Quixote at a good distance talking to the people in the coach, went to fisticuffs with Sancho, and mauled him so unmercifully that he lay stretched on the ground almost without sense or motion; then with the utmost dispatch they remounted the friar, who pale as a sheet with affright, no



sooner found himself again on his mule than he galloped towards his companion, who had tarried at some distance awaiting the issue of this strange adventure ; but having joined company again they both speedily set off, crossing themselves as they rode along.

Don Quixote in the mean time had addressed the lady in the coach in the following terms : “ Beautiful lady, you may now rest secure from your oppressors who have been overthrown by my powerful arm ; and that you may be informed of the name of your deliverer, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, and captive of the beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso ; and the whole acknowledgment I ask for my services, is, that you repair to her place of abode, to acquaint her with what I have performed in your behalf.”

*Recognized*

This harangue was overheard by a Biscayan squire in the service of the lady, who, perceiving that he would not allow the carriage to pass, rode up to Don Quixote, and laying hold of his lance, spoke to him as follows, in a rude dialect ;

“ Get thee gone, cavalier, for if thou wilt not leave the passengers in the coach at liberty to proceed, I will kill thee dead.” The knight with great composure replied ; “ Wert thou a gentleman, I should chastise thy impertinence.” “ I not a gentleman !” replied the enraged Biscayan, “ thou liest as I am a Christian ; throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, and we shall soon see who is the better man.”

Don Quixote upon this attacked the Biscayan with full intention to put him to death.

The Biscayan had little time to put himself in a posture of defence ; but seizing a cushion from the coach by way of target, was quick enough to have the first blow, which he discharged with so much fury, as to carry away part of the knight’s helmet with half his ear.

Don Quixote, staggering under the weight of such an unconscionable blow, with difficulty raised himself in his stirrups ; and then grasping his sword with both his hands, let it fall with all his collected strength upon the Biscayan’s head, which was but half covered with the cushion, so that he was effectually

stunned, and his mule at the same time plunging, brought him to the ground in a very ill plight.

The knight no sooner perceived the fall of his adversary, than running up to him, and pointing his sword to his throat, he called to him to surrender at discretion; but the Biscayan being unable to utter a syllable, his life was in no little jeopardy, till relieved by the lady's hastening up, and very earnestly entreating that the life of her squire might be spared.

The knight having agreed to his liberation, on the condition of his repairing to the presence of Donna Dulcinea del Toboso, and submitting to her pleasure with respect to his disposal, the affrighted lady, without reflecting on the nature of what was required, or enquiring who this Donna Dulcinea del Toboso was, promised that Don Quixote's injunction should be obeyed; and thought herself well off in escaping further mischief or detention.

## CHAPTER III.

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FURTHER CONVERSATION BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, AND ENCOUNTER WITH THE PRIESTS CONDUCTING A CORPSE FOR INTERMENT.

*Return* [ SANCHO PANZA, having with difficulty raised himself up after the severe handling of the muleteers, now approached his master, who was preparing to mount his horse, and falling upon his knees, took the knight's hand and kissed it, saying, " May it please your worshipful Seigniorship to give me the island, which has been acquired by this fierce battle." To this his master replied, " Look you, brother Sancho, this and the like adventures are not matters of such concern, as for islands to be balanced against, but mere cross-way affairs, in which only a contusion, or the loss of an ear, may happen. Have patience; other adventures will offer themselves, when some-

thing more than the government of an island may be obtained. At present, however, I require some relief for my ear, which pains me much."

Sancho drew from his wallet some lint and ointment, but when, on unloosing his helmet, Don Quixote observed the disastrous state of it, he was literally out of his senses: taking his sword in his hand, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed,

"I swear by the Creator of all things, and by the holy writings of the Evangelists, to lead the life the great Marquis of Mantua did, when he swore to revenge the death of his nephew Valdovinus, and to abide by the same privations, till I have taken revenge for the injury done me."

Sancho hearing this, said, "Consider, if the Biscayan squire perform what he was ordered, he does not, without a new offence, merit further punishment." "True," said his master, "and I annul that part of my oath; but confirm anew my intention of leading the life I proposed, until I take possession of another helmet from some other knight; and

by this means imitate the affair of Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear."

*Sancho  
Realism* [ "What has your Worship to do with such oaths," replied Sancho, "which are mischievous to the health of your body and soul. What absurdity, to put yourself to the inconveniences that old mad Marquis subjected himself to by his oath, and whose freaks you now wish to revive again !

"What mortals, I should be glad to know, are to be seen in these cross-ways and by-paths, but muleteers and carters, who, so far from having helmets, never heard of such things in their lives."

"I tell thee," rejoined Don Quixote, "that before many hours pass, we shall see more armed men than ever came to the siege of Albraca, to obtain the fair hand of Angelica : but it is time to cease talking, and to examine what is eatable in thy wallet, and then proceed in search of some castle for a night's lodging."

"I have got," said Sancho, "an onion, a piece of cheese, and some crusts of bread ;

but these are not the sort of delicacies fit for a valiant knight-errant."

"How ill you judge," replied Don Quixote, "I would have you to know that knights-errant do not always eat off a table cloth, for, having to pass the greatest part of their lives in forests and desert places, they must fain put up with such ordinary food as you now offer."

*Sacrifice  
of  
food*

Breaking off further conversation, they sat down to their scanty repast, which they finished with dispatch; then mounted their beasts, and put on at a good rate, in order to reach some inhabited place, where they might procure a night's lodging.

The dusk of the evening, however, came on whilst they were on the road; when suddenly they descried a number of lights approaching, and increasing in number as they came nearer to them.

Sancho began to quake like quicksilver, and the hair bristled on the knight's head;

"Without doubt, Sancho," said he, "this must be some vast and perilous adventure, in

*Sancho's  
Cowardice?*

which I shall have to exert my whole strength and prowess."

"Woe is me!" exclaimed Sancho, "if this should prove an adventure of phantoms, where shall I find ribs for the occasion?"

Whilst they were endeavouring to conjecture the meaning of the lights, they perceived a number of persons in white; this dreadful vision set Sancho's teeth a chattering; for first came several on horseback in surplices, with lighted flambeaux, muttering dirges in a plaintive tone; next, a litter, covered with black cloth, and cavaliers following in dark mantles, with their mules caparisoned in the same dismal trappings.

Don Quixote, whose imagination at once suggested that this procession accorded with many of the strange things he had read in books of chivalry, speedily dismissed his fears; and placing himself in the middle of the road, cried aloud to them as they advanced, "Halt, knights, give account of yourselves, and say who you are carrying off in that litter." "We are at present in a hurry," replied one of the phantoms in white, "the inn we are to stop



at being at some distance." So saying, and spurring on his mule, he endeavoured to pass on, but was interrupted by Don Quixote's seizing the bridle, and the animal being skittish, reared up and fell back on its rider.

One of the servants on foot beginning to revile the knight, it put him in such a fury, that he couched his lance and assaulted the main body of the party, who entangled in their long robes, and being composed of timorous unarmed people, were soon put to the rout, to the great surprise of Sancho, as he witnessed his master's prowess. In the mean while, Don Quixote, by the light of a torch that lay burning on the ground, perceiving one of the people, (whom the mule had at first thrown down) rode up to him, and with his lance at his throat, required to know what had brought him to this road, and what was the nature of the cavalcade that had been dispersed.

"You must know," replied the overthrown priest, "that our business was no other, than conveying the corpse of a gentleman, lately deceased, to his family's burial place." "Who

Medicine  
of  
Chirurgery

killed him?" replied the knight. "God," said the other. "As that is the case," rejoined the knight, "my interference can be of no avail. My office, I have to inform you, is to travel through the country, redressing grievances and righting wrongs."

"A curious specimen, indeed, you have given of your calling," replied the other, "by nearly breaking the leg of one, who never did you any injury."

"The truth of the case, Mr. Priest, is, that it was the misfortune of yourself and companions, to travel in such a guise, that I could consider you no other than as inhabitants of the nether world broke loose, and in point of duty was obliged to attack you." Don Quixote then calling to Sancho to assist in relieving the priest, he was remounted, and dismissed to rejoin his companions: Sancho, at parting, desiring him to bear in mind that his master's name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, surnamed the knight of the rueful countenance.

The priest being gone, Don Quixote asked Sancho what had induced him at that par-

ticular time to style him the knight of the rueful countenance. "Truly," answered Sancho, "whilst I was looking at you by the light of the torch, the dismal figure your Worship presented, suggested it."

"Whatever put it in your thoughts," replied his master, "henceforward I will adopt the appellation; and on the first opportunity, have a woeful picture painted on my shield."

"There is no call," said Sancho, "to throw away time and money on any such device; your Worship has only to uncover your beaver, and those who behold your face, will call it a woeful one, without your having recourse to a picture on your shield to explain yourself further."

Don Quixote then expressed a desire to examine the bier, but Sancho advised otherwise, observing that this enterprize had been achieved with less damage than might have been expected; and that it would be now prudent to retreat to some place of refuge; for, as those with whom they had had the late conflict came but scurvily off, it would not be surprizing if the Holy Brotherhood

A handwritten red scribble consisting of several vertical and diagonal lines, resembling a stylized signature or initials. To the right of the scribble, the name "Sancho Panza" is written in cursive ink.

had notice of the adventure; and there might then be some difficulty in escaping a lodging in prison.

“ Hold your tongue,” said his master, “ where did you ever see or read of any knight-errant being taken before a court of justice for any act of homicide whatever.” “ I know nothing of your homicides,” said Sancho, “ or have ever seen one in my life; but this I know, that the business of the Holy Brotherhood is to take up those that go fighting about the country, and intermeddling with other people’s concerns.”

“ Be in no pain,” said the Knight, “ but that I shall be able to deliver you out of the infernal regions, much less out of the hands of the Holy Brotherhood: but tell me truly Sancho, have you ever seen a more valiant knight than myself in the whole compass of your life? Have you ever read in history of any that have shown more bravery or skill in conduct?”

“ The truth is,” replied Sancho, “ that I never read any such history, for this plain reason that I can neither read nor write; but

*Pleased with self*

what I dare to say is, that a more determined master I never served ; and I heartily pray to God that we may come to no mischief from these extravagancies."

*delivered with  
courage*

With these words Sancho took the lead towards the mountains ; the knight, without any further reply, followed, and both putting on at a good rate, approached a goatherd's hut, where they proposed to pass the night.

*[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

## CHAPTER IV.

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OCCURRENCES WHILST DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE  
REMAINED WITH THE GOATHERDS ; WITH THE STORY  
OF CHRYSOSTOM AND THE FAIR MARCELLA.

THE knight and his squire received a very hearty welcome from the Goatherds ; and Sancho, having accommodated Rozinante and his own beast in the best manner he could, was attracted by the odour of some goats' flesh that was boiling in a kettle, and which the Goatherds were now taking off the fire.

Having stretched some sheep skins on the ground, they invited both master and man to partake of their fare ; and seating themselves around, placed Don Quixote with much ceremony upon a trough turned upside down. Don Quixote being thus seated, and perceiving Sancho on foot in readiness to serve the liquor which was in a leathern jug, he called to him and said ;

“ That you may see Sancho, what advantage attends knight-errantry, and to what honor and esteem it elevates those that in any degree administer to it, I, who am thy master, and natural superior, desire, that seated by my side and in this good company, you eat out of my plate and drink out of my cup ; so that the same may be said of knight-errantry as of love, that it putteth all things on an equality.”

*Christen  
Hobbes*

“ I am much obliged for all favors,” replied Sancho, “ but I tell your Worship that provided I have plenty to eat, I would as lieve eat my meals on foot and alone, as seated by the side of an Emperor ; for to say the truth, I am better satisfied in a corner, without compliment or ceremony and with a crust of bread and an onion, than with turkey cocks and all the dainties of the table, where I must eat leisurely, drink sparingly, rinse my mouth frequently, and can neither sneeze nor cough if ever so much inclined.”

*Hobbes*

“ Therefore, good master of mine, I desire that those honors you propose conferring upon me for my services and adherence to the

cause of knight-errantry may be converted into something more substantial ; and as for the rest I take them the same as if they had been received, and renounce them for ever." Notwithstanding this speech, Don Quixote took Sancho by the arm, and placed him close to his side, saying, " He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The Goatherds who knew nothing of this jargon of knight-errantry, kept silently eating and staring at their guests ; who having now finished their dialogue, swallowed with alacrity pieces as big as their fists.

The service of meat being over, the Goatherds placed upon the skins a quantity of acorns fresh gathered, and a piece of cheese as hard as a board : in the mean time the leathern jug was not idle, but went round filled and refilled like a bucket in a well, until one of the bags that hung up was emptied.

As soon as Don Quixote had satisfied his appetite, he took up a handful of acorns, and began the following declamatory harangue ; " Happy age and happy times were those which the ancients dignified with the name of



Golden ; thus called, not because gold (which in our iron age is so much esteemed) was to be obtained without trouble ; but because people in those days, were ignorant of those two words, mine and thine. In that holy age every thing was in common ; it was only to lift the hand and gather from the majestic oak the sweet and wholesome fruit it liberally presented ; whilst the limpid fountain and running stream offered in copious abundance, their salubrious and transparent waters.

“ In the clefts of the rocks and hollow trunks of the trees, the industrious and provident bees formed their republics, giving to all without interest the rich produce of their labours ; and the aged cork-trees beneficently shed their light spreading bark, for a shelter to the rustic dwelling against the inclemencies of the sky.

“ Then every thing was friendly and in peaceful union ; then the simple and beautiful village damsels walked forth from valley to valley in garments that were only adorned with woodbine flowers and those of odoriferous shrubs ; and in this simple attire, set at nought

all the foreign inventions of ornament that luxury has introduced.

“ Then neither fraud, deceit, nor malice intermingled with truth and sincerity ; and justice kept its full prerogative without any daring to disturb or pervert its course ; under its protection the chaste damsels went unattended, without fear of any harm arising from their simplicity of manners : whereas in our lawless days, none are secure though they should be concealed in another labyrinth of Crete.

“ For some security against this degeneracy of the times the order of knight-errantry was instituted, to defend damsels, protect widows, succour orphans and the needy ; of this high order, friendly Goatherds, am I a member, and return thanks for your kind entertainment to me and my Squire ; for though by a natural law, it is the duty of all to afford their services to knights-errant, nevertheless it is incumbent on them to make acknowledgment for good offices.”

All this needless harangue was uttered by Don Quixote because the acorns brought to his remembrance the Golden age ; but re-

ceived no immediate answer from the Goatherds who kept their eyes on the full stare at him ; Sancho in like manner was silent, but not so attentive to his master's discourse as to refrain from munching the acorns, and visiting from time to time the other bag of wine which was hung for coolness to an adjoining cork-tree. Don Quixote having finished his harangue, and Sancho his supper, one of the Goatherds said ; “ In order to testify our willingness to serve and entertain you, Sir Knight, you shall hear a song from one of our companions who will soon be here ; he can read and write and plays on the rebeck that it will delight you to hear him.”

At this moment the sound of a rebeck reached their ears, and soon appeared the player, who was a youth of good presence of about two and twenty years of age. His friends finding he had supped, proposed his favouring the company with a tune and song, that their guests might know that they were not ignorant of music in the woods and mountains. The young Goatherd, without waiting to be further entreated, seated himself on the

lopped trunk of an oak tree; and readily tuning his rebeck, began in a graceful manner to sing the following couplets :

## I.

I know Rohhalla you adore me,  
 Tho' no one yet hath told it,  
 Altho' your eyes have not betrayed,  
 Nor yet your smiles disclosed it.

## II.

Then balance in the scale of reason  
 My love unshaken and untainted,  
 Unapt to change from truth to treason,  
 By frowns impair'd, by smiles augmented.

## III.

Your lovely person, not your riches  
 At first engaged my ardent wishes ;  
 The church hath silken ties in store,  
 Then yield thyself to Hymen's power.

## IV.

Else by each blessed saint I swear,  
 And Heaven forbid I prove a liar,  
 Never to quit this desert drear,  
 Except in form of hooded friar.

When the song was finished, Don Quixote would fain have heard another ; but Sancho

being more inclined to sleep than hear songs, said ; “ Had not your Worship better take to your repose, for the labour these good people have in the day will not admit of their passing the night in singing.” “ I understand thee Sancho,” said his master, “ it is very clear that the frequent visits you have paid to the wine bag require the aid of sleep more than music ; I should however be glad to obtain a little relief for the pain of my ear which is rather troublesome.”

Sancho mentioning the circumstance to one of the Goatherds, he took a few leaves of rosemary, and rubbing them with salt, at once relieved the pain by their application.

At this time another of their companions came up who had been to the village for provisions, and asked them if they had heard what had happened in the neighbourhood. “ How should we ?” said they. “ Then know,” resumed the other, “ that the famous shepherd scholar called Chrysostom died the other day, and it is whispered about that he destroyed himself for love of that plaguy girl Marcella ; she that goes about in these un-

frequented places in the habit of a shepherdess: and they say he has directed in his will, that he should be buried in a field like a Moor, at the foot of a rock where he first saw her.

“To-morrow the bier is to be brought with the corpse for interment with great pomp, and the sight will be well worth seeing.” “We will prepare to go,” said the Goatherds, “and cast lots who amongst us shall stay to take care of the herds.” “There will be no occasion to take that trouble,” cried one, “for I will stay; but you need not attribute it to complaisance or want of curiosity, but to my being lame from a thorn that ran in my foot the other day.”

Sancho Panza, who had all along cursed the loquacity of the Goatherds, now requested his master to lie down and repose himself under the shelter of the shed, as the night air might be injurious to his wounded ear; and his hosts joining in this recommendation, he was prevailed on to lie down and indulge, not in sleep, but in his usual reveries on the perfections of his Dulcinea. Not so Sancho Panza, who, having well stuffed his stomach,

*Allegory  
to  
Realism*

made but one nap of it, which would not have been easily dispelled by the rays of the sun beaming on his face, nor the singing of the birds, had not the movements of the Goat-herds aroused him.



## CHAPTER V.

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PARTICULARS OF THE STORY OF CHRYSOSTOM AND MARCELLA — INTERMINGLED WITH DON QUIXOTE'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE PROFESSION OF KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

THE resplendent orb of day had scarcely appeared through the balconies of the east, when the Goatherds collected; and being joined by their guests proceeded on their way to the obsequies of the unfortunate shepherd.

As they went along, Don Quixote asked to be informed of the particulars of the person who had killed himself, and who was the shepherdess. The spokesman of the last evening who was called Pedro, said, "The report was, that he was a gentleman of substance, having inherited large possessions both in personal property and in land from his father who had not long since died: that the



young man having returned from his studies at Salamanca, on a sudden appeared as a shepherd, accoutred with a leathern habit and a flock of sheep ; and joined with him was his fellow student and intimate friend Ambrosio, who had likewise laid aside the college flowing dress, and assumed the garb of a shepherd. When the villagers saw this strange alteration, they greatly wondered ; but it was soon known that it was with a view of wandering after the beautiful Marcella. The sketch of her story is as follows :

“ In the village where Chrysostom’s father dwelt, Marcella’s family had their abode, and were still more wealthy than the former. Marcella’s birth, which caused her mother’s death, was soon succeeded by the loss of her father called William the Rich. Her uncle, who was the clergyman of the parish and much respected, had the bringing her up, and by the time she was fifteen she was so very beautiful that many became desperately in love with her. Her uncle would fain have had her betrothed to some one of her many admirers ; but she wholly declined upon being

spoken to on the subject, on the plea of being too young to take upon herself the weight of the bonds of matrimony.

“ One day however when it was least expected, the coy Marcella put on the pastoral dress, and appeared in public with her beauty exposed to view : she was followed by all the youth conspicuous for rank, wealth, and consequence ; amongst others by the deceased Chrysostom, who forsook every thing for love and adoration of her.

“ It is not to be concluded that because Marcella took so much liberty, it proceeded from levity or coquetry ; for although she did not disdain the company and conversation of the shepherds, yet on the least discovery of more particular sentiments, even with respect to the holy bonds of matrimony, she flew from them with a kind of horror. In this way however, as much mischief has been done as if a pestilence hovered over the land ; for her affability and beauty allured the hearts of those that conversed with her, at the same time her plain dealing drove them to despair ; so that those who have observed her deport-

ment, hope to see her haughtiness humbled ; and that her influence may cease to be injurious, as it is manifest it has been the cause of Chrysostom's death, and disturbed the quiet of the country."

At the close of this narrative, and when they arrived where the road branched off, they perceived some shepherds coming towards them with black sheepskin garments and chaplets of cypress ; with them were two gentlemen well equipped on horseback and three young men of their retinue on foot.

On coming up, the two parties courteously saluted each other, and as they were all going the same way, kept travelling along together. One of those on horseback conversing with his companion, said, " It appears to me, Signior Vivaldo, that we shall not regret employing our leisure this day in attending this singular funeral, concerning which so many extraordinary circumstances have been recounted by the shepherds." Don Quixote, joining in the conversation, asked if their discourse alluded to the story of Chrysostom and Marcella ; and found that the travellers

had received the same detail as Pedro had delivered. This being discussed, he that was called Vivaldo asked Don Quixote what induced him in peaceable times to travel through the country in arms.

Don Quixote replied, that the profession he embraced required it ; that revelry and repose were to be found among delicate courtiers ; but toil, anxiety, and deeds of arms were the portion of those who styled themselves of the order of chivalry.

When Vivaldo and his companions heard this speech, they took him for a madman, and to satisfy themselves of the species of insanity that possessed him, Vivaldo desired to be informed what were knights-errant. "Have you never read," answered Don Quixote, "the annals and histories that treat of the famous deeds of King Arthur, so renowned in our Spanish romances ; and that in his time was instituted the famous order of the Knights of the round table, which extended to so many parts of the world, and became further known through the deeds of Amadis de Gaul and all his sons and grand-children, together

with those of the valiant Felixmarte of Her-  
cania, and the renowned champion Tirante  
Blanco; and in latter times by the deeds  
of the invincible Don Belianes of Greece.  
Amongst these heroes I humbly class myself,  
and therefore am equipped as you see for  
hazarding adventures in wild wastes, and  
ready to expose myself to any danger in aid  
of the feeble and distressed."

These words sufficiently announced the  
state of the knight's intellects, which asto-  
nished the hearers as it did every one who  
was acquainted with this singular individual;  
but Vivaldo, who was a man of the world, in  
order to render the rest of the road less irk-  
some, sought to obtain some amusement from  
the ridiculousness of the circumstance, and  
therefore pursuing the subject, said, "It ap-  
pears to me, Sir Knight-errant, that you have  
embraced one of the strictest professions in  
the world, and that even the Carthusian  
Friars do not experience your privations."

"They may have their privations," said  
Don Quixote, "but there can be no question  
which is most useful to the world. Let me

ask, how could the religious pray in peace and safety for the welfare of mankind, if soldiers and knights-errant did not, by the valour of their arms and edge of their swords defend them, whilst they themselves are unsheltered and exposed to the scorching rays of the summer's sun and the chilling air of winter : in fact, we, professing arms, may be called God's ministers on earth, and the instruments by which he administers justice." " I agree with you in some respects," replied Vivaldo, " but I cannot reconcile to my judgment one custom prevalent to your order ; that on preparing to achieve some desperate enterprize, instead of recommending yourselves to Heaven as good Christians, you address yourselves to your mistresses, which appears to me to border on paganism."

" Sir," replied Don Quixote, " that must be done, or evil would result from the omission, for it is the very essence of knight-errantry." " But suppose," rejoined the other, " that the knight has no mistress ; then how is this indispensable law to be obeyed ?" " Such a supposition," replied Don Quixote,

“ cannot be entertained ; for it is as natural for a knight-errant to have a mistress as the expanse of Heaven to be illuminated by the stars.” “ However,” again observed Vivaldo, “ if my memory fail me not, I have somewhere read that Don Galaor the brother of the valorous Amadis de Gaul had no mistress, and he was not inferior to any in celebrity.” To this Don Quixote replied, “ One swallow is no absolute sign of summer ; and at any rate he must have been secretly in love, as it is the indispensable condition of the order he professed.” “ If this be the case,” rejoined Vivaldo, “ it is to be presumed that you yourself are in that predicament, and if you do not make a point like Don Galaor of keeping secret the object of your affection, it would greatly gratify me and all the rest of the company if you would declare the name and country of the lady, whom we can readily suppose must be very superior, to engage the affections of so accomplished a knight.”

To this Don Quixote replied with a deep sigh and disconsolate look ; “ I cannot take upon myself to declare that the sweet enemy

of my repose takes delight or not in what all the world knows of my devotion to her ; I can only say, with the acknowledgments due to your complaisance, gentlemen, that her name is Dulcinea, her native place Toboso a village of La Mancha ; and her beauty so superlative, that she possesses all the attributes of it that the poets ascribe to their mistresses ; her hair is of golden hue ; her forehead the Elysian plains ; her eyes suns ; her cheeks roses ; her lips coral ; her teeth pearls ; her neck alabaster ; her bosom marble ; her hands ivory, and snow itself is scarcely emblematical of the purity that distinguishes her." " It would further gratify us," resumed Vivaldo, " to know her race, lineage, and family." To this the knight replied ; " She is neither of the Roman Curii, Gracchi, nor Scipios ; nor of the modern Colonnas, nor Usini ; nor of the Palafoxes of Arragon, nor of the Mendozas or Guzmans of Castile, but of Toboso de la Mancha ; and though of modern origin, may produce an illustrious family."

" Although my family," said Vivaldo, " is of the Cachopines of Lundo, it is doubtless



not to be compared with this of the famous lady of La Mancha ; yet to speak the truth, I never before heard mention of it.”

And Sancho, notwithstanding his confidence in whatever his master said, could not help muttering, that although he lived in the neighbourhood of Toboso, he never before had heard of a princess in that part.

## CHAPTER VI.

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SEQUEL OF THE STORY OF CHRYSOSTOM AND MARCELLA.

WHILST Don Quixote was conversing with Vivaldo, as related in the foregoing chapter, they were joined by another group of shepherds in the same garb as before described ; and shortly after perceived a further number descending through a chasm in the hills, and a bier carried in the midst of them. The travellers hastening along, arrived just as the bier was placed upon the ground, and four of the attendants had begun with pick-axes to open the hard rock for the grave. Mutual courtesies passed, and Don Quixote with the rest went to view the corpse which was clothed in the shepherd's dress, and which, though lifeless, had a prepossessing countenance. All around and about the bier were scattered books and papers open and sealed ; and the spectators as well as those digging

the grave, kept a deep silence, till one of those who had borne the corpse, said to another, "This, Ambrosio, certainly is the place where the deceased, ere the fatal string of life was severed, desired that his remains should be deposited." "It is," replied Ambrosio, "and my friend many times recounted the history of this particular circumstance of his misfortune; it was here, he said, he first saw that mortal enemy of the human race; and here he first disclosed his passion, and encountered her disdain, which put an end to his miserable life." Then turning to Don Quixote and those around, he continued; "This body, gentlemen, which you regard with compassionate eyes, was the depository of a soul on which Heaven had bestowed its richest gifts.

"In disposition, courtesy, and every gentlemanly quality he stood the first, and was without a second in every thing that was unfortunate: he loved and was disdained; he addressed a savage, importuned a piece of marble, and the result of his abandonment was his being despoiled by death before he had reached the half of his career." A ge-

neral sigh at this recital echoed around, and the mournful preparation for committing the corpse to the earth was approaching, when Vivaldo, being strongly urged by curiosity, put his hands upon one of the scrolls of paper that were scattered about the bier, and was proceeding to take up others, when he was restrained by Ambrosio, who declared it was his friend's positive injunction that his writings should be destroyed at the same time that his body was committed to the earth. However, at Vivaldo's and the rest of the company's entreaty, Ambrosio consented that the one he had taken up should be first read; it was entitled, *The Song of Despair*; and Vivaldo in an audible tone read as follows :

## I.

Ah! What inspires my woeful strain?

Unheard disdain.

Ah! what augments my misery?

Fell jealousy.

Or say, what has my patience worn?

An absent lover's scorn.

## II.

The torments then that I endure,

No mortal remedy can cure,

For every languid hope is slain,  
By absence, jealousy, and pain.

## III.

Ah! What will mitigate my doom?

The silent tomb.

Ah! What retrieve departed joy?

Inconstancy.

Or say, Can ought but frenzy bear

This tempest of despair?

## IV.

All other efforts then are vain,

To cure this soul-tormenting pain,

That owns no other remedy,

Than madness, death, inconstancy.

Vivaldo had scarcely finished reading and replacing the scroll, when a vision (for such it appeared to the eyes of the spectators) appeared in the person of the beautiful Marcella, leaning on a rock just above them. Ambrosio casting his eyes upon her, exclaimed, "Comest thou, fierce Basilisk of these mountains, to see if the wounds of this unhappy man whom thy cruelty hath slain will bleed afresh at thy presence? Tell us at once the cause of thy appearance, that I, who know how devotedly Chrysostom when alive obeyed thee, may,

now he is dead, dispose his friends to the same obedience."

"I come not," answered Marcella, "for the purpose of insult, but to demonstrate how unreasonably I am blamed for the sufferings and death of Chrysostom; Heaven, you say, has given me beauty; nay such a share of it as compels you to love me contrary to your resolutions; from which you draw the inference that it is my duty to return your passion. Tell me, if Heaven that hath made me beautiful, had created me a monster of deformity, should I not have had to retort the charge of insensibility on your side.

"By the help of that small capacity with which I am endowed, I comprehend that what is beautiful, is lovely; but it does not follow that the object which is beloved for being beautiful, is bound to love in return; and even granting the beauty to be equal on both sides, the inclinations may not be mutual, for all sorts of beauty do not equally affect the beholder.

"If Chrysostom died by the impatience of his own extravagant desires, why should my

innocent reserve be inveighed against? I am free, and will not be subjected; I neither love nor hate any man, but amuse myself with the care of my flocks, and the harmless conversation of the villagers of the neighbouring hamlets. Finally, my desires are bounded by these mountains; or if my meditations soar beyond, it is only to contemplate the beauty of the heavens; those steps by which the soul ascends to its original mansion."

Then without waiting for any reply, she vanished among the thickets, leaving all present amazed at her beauty and sentiments. Some of the bystanders made a shew of following her steps, without taking warning from her ingenuous declaration and the fatal instance before them of disregarding it; but either deterred by the threats of Don Quixote (who thought it a proper occasion for his interposition) or more probably influenced by the entreaty of Ambrosio that the funeral rites should be concluded, no one moved, and the grave being now prepared and the papers destroyed, the body with due solemnity was deposited with a flat stone over it, on which,

Ambrosio proposed to have engraved the following inscription. " Here lies the corpse of an unfortunate lover ; he died under the rigour and disdain of a beautiful ingrate, who exercised over him the full tyranny of imperial love."

Then sprinkling around the grave flowers and branches of shrubs, the company, after condoling with Chrysostom's friend Ambrosio, separated. Don Quixote directed his course towards the mountains with the avowed intention of clearing them from the banditti with which they were reported to be infested ; but other occurrences presented themselves.



## CHAPTER VII.

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WHICH TREATS OF THE ACQUISITION OF MAMBRINO'S  
HELMET, AND RENCONTRE WITH THE CULPRITS  
CONDEMNED TO THE GALLIES.

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho Panza had not travelled far, when they discovered at a distance a man riding with something on his head that shone like gold. It immediately occurred to the knight that it could be no other than the very helmet of Mambrino, of which he had so solemnly vowed to get possession. The correct state of the case was this; the population of the neighbourhood being scanty, and the few villages so little separated from each other that one barber served for all; this operator was now on his way to bleed at one of them; and to save himself from a shower of rain had covered his head with his brass bason, which glittering

at a distance, Don Quixote would insist was a helmet in spite of Sancho's remonstrances to the contrary. When the knight approached the unlucky wight, he couched his lance with full intention to run him through the body; exclaiming, "Defend thyself, cowardly caitiff, or surrender what is my right." The barber, who little thought of such a phantom pressing on him, had no other means of avoiding the thrust of the lance than by throwing himself off his beast; and no sooner was he on the ground, than he bounded up like a cork, and flying over the plain, left the bason in the middle of the road.

Don Quixote, elated with his conquest, exclaimed, See the discretion of the Pagan; he imitates the beaver, who when pursued by the huntsman, tears off with his teeth what he knows by natural instinct is the object of their pursuit; he then called Sancho to take up the helmet, who turning it about in his hand, observed that it was an excellent bason, and worth at least a crown: then gave it to his master, who putting it on his head and not finding the visor, said, "Without doubt the

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Pagan for whom this famous helmet was made, must have a monstrous head."

Sancho, hearing the bason again termed a helmet, could not well repress his laughter; but perceiving his master's anger, he checked his mirth; and the barber's bason being thus received as a helmet, he thought by right of warfare he might avail himself of the ass's trappings that belonged to the shaver, and which were preferable to his own pannels.

After this exploit the knight and his squire pursued their course on the road, and had not proceeded far before they fell in with a party of men strung together like beads, having a large iron chain about their necks and handcuffed; with them were two men on horseback armed with carbines, and two on foot with swords and lances. As soon as Sancho saw them, these said he are a party of convicts, compelled by the king to serve on board the gallies. "How compelled," replied the knight, "is it possible that the king compels people against their will to serve him?" "I mean to say," answered Sancho, "that on account of their delinquencies they

are compelled to serve on board the king's galleys."

"The result then is," rejoined Don Quixote, "that these people are obliged to go against their inclination; and I, in virtue of my office to help the oppressed and succour the miserable, am obliged to interfere in their behalf." "I advertise your Worship," replied Sancho, "that justice, which acts for the king, punishes in this manner these people for their misdemeanors."

By this time the galley-slaves chained together, had come up; and Don Quixote with much courtesy requested of the guard to acquaint him with the reason of their being thus treated. One of the horsemen answered, that they were galley-convicts, going to the place of their destination; that was all he had to say, nor was more necessary to be known.

Don Quixote still pressing his request, the other horseman said, "We have no leisure to take out and read the register of the crimes and sentences of these miscreants; but if you have a mind to question them as they go

along, they are ready enough to recount the history of their misdeeds."

Upon this permission, the knight went to the first in the row and asked him the cause of his being in such evil plight. He replied, that it was for being desperately in love. "For love," rejoined the knight, "if all lovers are sent to the galleys, it is a wonder I have not been tugging there myself."

"Your amours and mine were most likely different," said the other, "I fell in love with a basket of fine linen, which I embraced so closely, that justice was scarce able to release it from my grasp: the case was clear, my shoulders were accommodated with a few hundred lashes, and I was recommended to amuse myself for three years on board the gallies." The same question being put to the second, he answered not a word but looked very sorrowful: and the first who had been questioned, replied for him, saying, "He goes to the gallies for being a canary-bird, or in other words, for singing." "What!" said Don Quixote, "are musicians and singers sent to the gallies?" "Yes," replied the

other, "he that sings once in the way I allude to, will have cause to weep for the rest of his life."

"This is beyond my comprehension," said the knight; here one of the guard interposed, and said in explanation, that the singing that was meant, was confessing crimes in the hope of pardon; which amongst thieves was accounted dastardly; as supporting the pain of torture ultimately enabled them to escape punishment; and any one failing in this sort of spirit was sure to be maltreated by the others.

Don Quixote passing on to the third and questioning him, received for answer, that he was making a visit to the galleys for having wanted ten ducats. "I would give twenty with all my heart," said the knight, "if I could relieve you from this misfortune." "That offer," rejoined the other, "is like throwing money away to recover what is lost in the sea. I say could the opportunity return, and I had the twenty ducats your Honour speaks of, I would oil the secretary's pen and work upon the magistrate's disposition in such

a manner, that I should presently be walking in the squares of Toledo instead of being dragged along the road like a dog ; but God is merciful, and patience is what must be resorted to."

Passing by several others, the knight came to a man of about thirty years of age and of a good countenance, except that he squinted much : he was accoutred differently from the others, having a chain that encircled the whole of his body with rings for the throat ; and moreover fastened with padlocks and fetters in such a manner that he could neither raise his hands to his mouth, nor bend his head to his hands.

Don Quixote asked why so much precaution was taken to secure this man. The guard answered, " Because he has committed more crimes than all the rest together ; and is so daring that fettered as he is, we are not without some fear of his escaping." " How can his delinquencies be so great," rejoined Don Quixote, " if no other punishment is awarded than his being sent to the gallies ?"

" He is sent for ten years," replied the

other, "which is a kind of civil death; and you need not inquire further when you are informed that this person is the famous Gines de Passamonte, alias Genesello de Parapilla." "Mr. Commissary," said the party in question, "proceed fair and softly and do not displace names and surnames: I am called Gines and not Genesello, and my family name is Passamonte and not Parapilla. It may happen that my turn may come round again, and then look to it; it is now as it pleases God; but some day or other some one shall know whether my name be Genesilla de Parapilla or not." "Sir Knight, if you have any thing to give, give it in God's name, and do not fatigue yourself in enquiries about other people's affairs. As to mine, you may inform yourself from my own history written with these ten fingers; and there is not a better written book in the Spanish language: nevertheless, misfortune as a thing of course attends merit."

"Roguary, you mean," said the Commissary, interrupting him. "I have already given you a hint, Mr. Commissary, that I am



not disposed to put up with ill-treatment, nor have your superiors given you any orders to inflict it. Let me however but once get free again and all old scores shall be paid off." The commissary with the back of his sword would have answered Passamonté's menaces, had not the knight interposed, observing, that as the prisoner's hands were shackled it was no wonder he took advantage of the liberty of his tongue: then addressing himself to the whole body of the prisoners, he said; "My friends, although I know that you deserve punishment for your offences; yet it appears to me this kind of punishment is not agreeable to you, and that you go this journey very much against your inclination. Therefore, as Heaven has placed me on earth in the capacity of a knight-errant to relieve the unfortunate, I shall in courtesy first entreat these gentlemen commissaries to release you all, as the king may find others just as able to serve him and you do not appear so inclined; and if entreaty will not avail, I shall then make use of my sword, lance, and the valour of my arm to effect it."

“ A fine joke truly,” exclaimed one of the commissaries; “ he has brought his speech to a most notable conclusion ; as if we had authority to release the king’s prisoners, or he a right to require it. Go your way, Mr. Swaggerer, in good hour and let your tongue rest without seeking for a cat with three legs.”

“ You are a cat, and a rat, and a rogue into the bargain,” replied Don Quixote in a fury ; and without a word further, attacking him that held the dialogue, he unhorsed him with a severe thrust with his lance. The other guards were so astonished at this sudden movement, that they could not at the moment assist their companion : in the instant the galley convicts seized the opportunity to break their chain, and Sancho having aided Gines de Passamonte to free himself from his fetters, they all ranged on the side of Don Quixote, and the guards found it most prudent to make their escape. Sancho, though he had taken a part in the business, could not but reflect on the consequences ; and very earnestly entreated his master to proceed to some place of refuge : but the knight chose first to

harangue the convicts, who having stripped the disabled commissary, had now gathered around him.

He reminded them of the great benefit he had conferred on them in their release; and in confidence of their gratitude, desired them, with the chain about their necks, to repair to the city of Toboso, and testify in the presence of his mistress Dulcinea the success of his interference in their behalf. Gines de Passamonte, however, in the name of all, represented the imprudence of their travelling in a body, as the greatest care was necessary to elude the search of the Holy Brotherhood; that they were willing to manifest their homage to the lady Dulcinea by their prayers; but to expect them to turn back in the way he mentioned, was as wild a thought as to look for stars at noon day, or gather pears from an elm. To this Don Quixote replied in a rage, "Then Genesilla de Parapilla, or whatever may be your name, you shall carry the chain yourself."

Passamonte, who was not of the meekest disposition, and who had discovered the weak-

side of the knight, gave the wink to his companions, who turning a little aside, poured a volley of stones on Don Quixote, whose shield did not so well shelter him as Sancho's contrivance of stepping behind his ass.

In short, after a few volleys, the knight measured his length on the ground ; his armour however not being easily uncased, prevented his being stripped, as was the case with Sancho who had lost his doublet in the fray. The galley convicts having left them, and Don Quixote being raised from the ground by Sancho, his master observed, that conferring favours on the low minded was like throwing water into the sea ; and that he was now sorry he had not attended to Sancho's advice, but that another time he would be more wary.

“ Yes,” said Sancho, “ your Worship will take warning as much as I am a Turk ; however as you are in this complying way, will you now hearken to what I say, and secrete yourself from the Holy Brotherhood, for methinks I already hear their arrows whizzing in my ears.”

“ I know Sancho,” replied the knight, “ that naturally thou art a coward ; but that thou mayst not say I am wholly obstinate, I will retire agreeably to thy advice.” He then turned towards the mountains, followed by Sancho on his ass. Night approaching, they sheltered themselves amongst the trees ; the knight as usual resting against one of their trunks, whilst Sancho at some little distance reposed upon his ass’s back. As ill-luck would have it, Gines de Passamonte having separated from his companions, took to the same place of refuge ; and perceiving Sancho so situated and in a deep sleep, contrived, by placing two forked props to receive the the ass’s pannel, and cutting the girths, to withdraw the beast and leave Sancho to straddle in the air.

When morning broke, and Sancho perceived his loss, the air was rent with his moans ; Don Quixote, moved to compassion by his violent exclamations, promised to repair his loss by the gift of some asses’ colts that he had at home ; so that Sancho in some degree consoled, was better reconciled to the necessity of following his master on foot.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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### OCURRENCES ON THE BROWN MOUNTAIN—MEETING WITH CARDENIO.

DON QUIXOTE pursued his way wrapped up in reveries on the various adventures that knights-errant were liable to meet with in such inhospitable tracts as they were now entering; whilst Sancho pensively followed, not yet reconciled to the loss of his companion Dapple; when looking up, he beheld his master attempting to raise something that lay on one side of the path with the point of his lance; and being called to assist, he with some difficulty lifted up a portmanteau fastened with a chain and padlock; but so spoiled by the weather as to be open on one side, from whence appeared some fine shirts and other linen of equal quality; and in a handkerchief in one corner a parcel of gold

crowns. When this article met the eyes of Sancho, he exclaimed, "Thanks to Heaven for one lucky hit at last;" then searching further he found a pocket-book richly ornamented, which he gave to his master, who desired him to take charge of the money. ] *realis*

Don Quixote, after considering a while, gave it as his opinion that these things must have belonged to some traveller, who having lost his way, had been murdered by robbers. But Sancho observed, that had robbers been concerned in the business, the clothes, much less the money would not have been left. His master then searched the pocket-book in order to obtain some clue to the discovery of the owner, and finding a written paper, he read it aloud to Sancho as follows :

"Your false promises and my ill-fortune have sent me where you will as soon hear of my death as of my complaints: you have cast me off, Ingrate, for one who is not devoted to you as I am. The impression your beauty has made has been effaced by your conduct. May you however remain in peace and ignorance of the deceitfulness of him to whom you

are betrothed, and never have to repent of your conduct; nor I be under the necessity of taking that vengeance I do not wish." Don Quixote's desire to know the owner of the portmanteau was not a little increased by the perusal of these lines; conjecturing from the style of writing, together with the contents of the portmanteau, that he must be some person of condition driven to despair by an unfortunate attachment. Dwelling on this idea, he pushed on followed by Sancho (who had thoroughly rummaged for every thing valuable) till they found themselves begirt with thick woods and mountains; when suddenly they descried a man leaping from rock to rock and bush with all imaginable agility: he appeared half naked, his beard thick and matted, and his head uncovered.

*restless*  
Don Quixote made sure of his being the owner of the portmanteau, and would have speedily followed his footsteps, had not Sancho (who was not very anxious for such a discovery as being likely to occasion the restitution of the property) earnestly besought his master not to be left alone in so frightful a



place. The knight slackening his pace, proceeded gently on till they came to a spot where a mule, girted and bridled, lay dead and half devoured by birds and beasts of prey. This left little doubt of the owner of the portmanteau and mule being one and the same, and the individual they had seen skipping among the bushes, the very identical person. Whilst they were looking at this object, they heard a shepherd's whistle, and presently a flock of goats appeared coming down the side of the mountain, and after them a venerable looking goatherd. When he came up, he expressed his surprise at seeing them in a place where nothing but goats and wolves were to be met with, and a few poor huts occupied by goatherds. Don Quixote informed him of their having seen the portmanteau lying by the road side, and requested to know what information he could give respecting the owner of it and of the mule before them.

The goatherd replied, "About six months ago a young man of genteel appearance, mounted upon the mule that lies there and with the described portmanteau, passed through

the village at some distance and enquired for the most secluded part of these mountains ; which being shewn to him, he galloped on and we neither saw nor heard of him for some time, till the neighbouring goatherds informed us of a wild man having assaulted them, taken their victuals, and then disappeared. We made a party to go in search of him, and found the very person we had seen on the mule concealed in the hollow of a cork tree, but so disfigured in his countenance by the hardships he had undergone, that it was with some difficulty we knew him again.

“ He saluted us courteously, and we requested of him to tell us who he was ; but he would say nothing further than that he led this kind of life in penitence for his sins.

“ The provisions we offered, he took with many thanks, and promised in future he would use supplication, not violence to obtain support. Whilst talking in this reasonable way and lamenting his misfortunes, on a sudden he became silent, knit his brows, clenched his fists, and seizing upon the nearest of us, would have torn him to pieces had he not

been rescued from his grasp; at the same time exclaiming, ‘ Treacherous Fernando, restore me my reason of which thou hast bereaved me, or these hands shall tear from thy heart the wickedness that is lodged there.’

“ From these circumstances we judge that his madness comes on by fits and starts, and that some person by the name of Fernando had done him a deadly injury.”

At this moment the very individual as above described made his appearance, issuing from a narrow inlet amongst the bushes. Don Quixote instantly alighted from Rozinante, and with much courtesy embraced and held him in his arms for some time; whilst the stranger placed his hands upon Don Quixote’s shoulders, and stedfastly gazed upon him as if to recollect him, with as much wonder at the appearance of Don Quixote, as Don Quixote testified with respect to him.

The tattered knight was the first to break silence. “ Certainly, Sir, said he, whatever motives may impel your courtesy, I am ignorant of the cause, and can only return my

poor thanks for this expression of your good will." To this Don Quixote replied ;

" So great is my desire to be of service to you that I am resolved not to leave these deserts till I can learn the reason of your being in this forlorn state, so that I may be enabled to offer you all possible consolation ; and if your affliction is beyond mortal remedy, at least to bewail with you your melancholy fate. I adjure you therefore by her whom you most have loved, to unfold the cause of your leading this sort of life." The forlorn stranger, hearing these humane words from the knight of the rueful countenance, stared over and over again at him, and then said ;

" For the love of charity if you have any food let me have it, and when I have satisfied my hunger you shall be informed of every thing I have to relate." Sancho producing his wallet and the goatherd his scrip, the contents of each were seized in the wildest manner, and one mouthful after the other swallowed till the stranger's hunger being appeased, he made a sign that they should accompany him to a spot clear of the over-

hanging wood, and seating himself with them on the grass, he thus began ;

“ If you are desirous, gentlemen, that I should relate the misfortunes of my life, I must first apprize you that the least interruption will cause me to break off, as the immensity of my suffering is too painful to admit of repetition. My name is Cardenio, my native place the province of Andalusia ; in the same part of the kingdom dwelt a damsel, equal to myself in the goods of fortune and of the most superior beauty. On her my earliest affection was placed, which was answered as much as her tender age permitted ; and this attachment in our maturer years was crowned with the sanction of our parents for our future union. In that happy time what letters passed ! what verses were transmitted ! till at length these Elysian days were clouded over by my father’s taking me aside and saying, that the Duke Ricardo (who had great possessions in that part of Spain) was desirous of having me in his family as companion and tutor to his eldest son, and that this was such an opportunity of advancement as was

not to be neglected. This intelligence was a thunderbolt to me, and there was scarcely time before my departure to concert a plan of correspondence with Lucinda.

“ I was received kindly by the Duke Ricardo, and treated with so much cordiality by the family, that independent of the favour of the eldest son, the second (who was a gay and gallant youth) took so much to me that I was the depository of all his secrets.

“ Amongst other intrigues, he informed me of his being much in love with the daughter of a rich tenant of his father who was as discreet as she was beautiful ; and that he was determined to carry her off under the pretence of marriage. I endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, and he, fearful of my exposing his plan, soon devised a scheme to deceive me, by saying that he would withdraw for a while ; and to excuse his absence, ask his father’s permission to take me with him to assist in purchasing some horses which were famous in the township I came from.

“ In the interim he had taken effectual measures for the young woman’s ruin, and

being weary of possession was ready for any other pursuit. Desirous of once more seeing Lucinda, I had no objection to the journey, and Don Fernando was received with the greatest respect by my father, as I was with the greatest joy by Lucinda. My heart being thus exhilarated, I could not refrain from making Don Fernando acquainted with my happiness, and he prevailed on me to let him have an opportunity of viewing Lucinda from her window.

“ At one gaze he lost all recollection of former beauties, and was so lavish of his praises, that I soon saw the folly I had committed. Henceforward not a scrap of paper that bore her hand-writing but what was eagerly looked at by him; and one day perceiving in my hand a quotation of her's from the romance of Amadis de Gaul, a book she was passionately fond of,—”

The moment a book of chivalry was mentioned, Don Quixote, forgetting Cardenio's charge, broke silence, saying, “ The excellence of Lucinda's understanding is at once manifested by her partiality to this sort of

reading ; and if, Sir, you can prevail on her to come to the village of my abode, she might fully enjoy her taste, as I have more than three hundred volumes of books of chivalry, which are the delight of my soul and nourishment of my life.”

Whilst Don Quixote was speaking, Cardenio let fall his head upon his breast and appeared in deep thought ; then suddenly lifting it up, said, “ Nobody shall persuade me otherwise than that the villain Master Elizabat was very intimate with Queen Madusina.” Don Quixote with great wrath contradicted his assertion, declaring that Queen Madusina was too high-minded to degrade herself by an intimacy with a man so much beneath her ; and that whoever said to the contrary was a liar and a scoundrel.—A paroxysm of madness having at this seized Cardenio, and hearing himself called liar and scoundrel, he snatched up a stone that lay at hand, and threw it with such force against the knight’s breast, that he fell backwards stunned with the blow. Sancho coming to his master’s assistance, attacked the madman with his



clenched fists, but was well pummelled, as was the goatherd who came to his rescue ; and when Cardenio was satisfied with drubbing them all round he withdrew to the mountain.

Sancho in a rage at the blows he had received, proceeded in revenge to quarrel with the goatherd ; and their beards and hair were in no little jeopardy, when Don Quixote being nearly recovered, prevailed on them to desist ; and notwithstanding the sample he had had of Cardenio's madness, he would fain have had another meeting, but could gain no further intelligence of his haunts than had been already communicated.

## CHAPTER IX.

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### DON QUIXOTE SEQUESTERS HIMSELF IN THE BROWN MOUNTAIN.

THE goatherd having taken his leave, the knight remounted Rozinante and directed Sancho to follow, who did it with no good grace, for they were now entering the most rugged part of the mountain and Sancho's fears proportionably increased; at last he broke silence, saying; "My worthy and good master, give me your blessing and allow me to return home to my wife and children; for to pass days and nights in these wilds is being buried alive." "The case is, Sancho," replied his master, "that you want to be babbling; let me hear what you wish to say." "In the first place," said Sancho, "please to inform me what we had to do with that Queen with a long name whom God con-

found ; for what did it signify to us whether Master Abat was her friend or not? Had you not meddled with that affair you would have escaped the pebble stone that nearly drove the breath out of your body, and myself the pummelling I received from the madman."

"You must be informed, Sancho," rejoined his master, "that it is the bounden duty of a knight-errant to take up the cause of any female, and particularly of so high-born a lady as Queen Madasina ; and I repeat again, that he lies in his throat, whoever scandalizes her ; and in vindicating her cause I do but adhere to the first law of chivalry."

"To be sure," added Sancho, "it is a most capital law in this same profession, to go after a madman in these wild places, who when he is met with, may put a finish to the joke by aiming a blow at our heads instead of our breasts."

"It is not so much after the madman that I traverse these deserts," rejoined Don Quixote, "as for the performance of an exploit that shall make my name resound through the

universe. Know, Sancho, that when a person aims at superiority, he takes his model from the highest pitch of excellence ; so the painter when he takes his palette in his hand, fixes his eyes upon originals in his art : thus, when the sufferings of a hero are to be described, Homer's picture of Ulysses presents itself ; or if piety and virtue are the objects of description, Virgil's *Æneas* occurs as the fittest example ; not that in either of these cases the models so chosen could be exactly imitated ; nor do I flatter myself in being able to rival the very Phœnix of all characters in the annals of chivalry, whom I place before my eyes in the person of Amadis de Gaul ; preferring the course he took to that of the furious Orlando, who when he discovered Angelica's partiality to Medoro, tore up the rocks and woods, and would have rent the foundations of the earth in his rage ; whereas Amadis de Gaul silently secluded himself under the name of Beltenebros or the fair obscure, deploring the disdainful treatment of his mistress Oriana with tears and the deepest lamentations."

“But what cause,” said Sancho, “has your Worship to imitate any of these people? Whoever said that your lady Dulcinea was disdainful, or had any affair with Moor or Turk?” “That,” replied Don Quixote, “is the very test of the question; if I, without cause, exceed in suffering those who had reason for despair, by so much the more shall my name stand enrolled in the annals of fame. Therefore, friend Sancho, without any more words, I shall begin to strip myself of my armour and to the very skin, that you may bear witness of the hardships and penance I am going to endure amongst these rocks; and above all things let me beseech you to take care of Mambrino’s helmet.”

“My good master,” replied Sancho, “I am quite beside myself and lose all patience when I hear you talk in this manner about knight-errantry, and still insist that the barber’s bason is a helmet: what can I conclude but that your judgment is bewildered. The bason, bruised as it is, I have in my wallet, and I hope to have the use of it for my beard if ever I have the fortune to return to my cot-

tage and see my wife and children again." Don Quixote calmly said to him, "You are certainly, Sancho, very dull, not to see how we are beset with enchanters who turn every thing topsy turvy, so that what in my eyes appears a helmet, is by their sorcery transformed in yours into a bason: but have patience, friend, time will soon unravel all these mysteries."

Being arrived at the foot of a rising spot that stood alone with a rill of water flowing on its skirt, that refreshed the surrounding lawn and shrubs, Don Quixote exclaimed; "This is the spot, O Heaven! that is destined to receive an unfortunate lover. Here my tears shall increase the flowing stream, and my sighs gently agitate the mountain trees.

"Ye rustic Deities, ye Naiads and Dryads, look with an eye of pity on a disconsolate lover, doomed to a long absence from the idol of his affections. And you, Dulcinea del Toboso, star of my fortune and guide of my footsteps, bear in mind the privations I endure to make myself worthy of your esteem."

At the end of this rhapsody Sancho ap-

proached to receive his commands ; and after Don Quixote had made many fruitless attempts to beat into Sancho's head the subject of an epistle to his mistress Dulcinea, he recollected that he might avail himself of Cardenio's pocket-book, and write in the leaves of it what Sancho might afterwards get transcribed into the proper form of a letter, and the following pithy production was written :

“ Sovereign and superior lady, he that is wounded to the heart by the pains of absence, sends you those wishes for your health, which he cannot entertain for himself ; and notwithstanding your beautiful person disdains his passion, it is nevertheless as strong as durable. Sancho my squire will inform you of the particulars of my situation ; if you are disposed to assuage my grief, say so ; otherwise my life is ready to be yielded to satisfy your cruelty.

“ Your dying knight

“ Of the rueful countenance.”

When this epistle was read to Sancho, he declared that his master's mistress must have

a heart of stone if not affected by it; and on Don Quixote's giving him the order for the ass's colts to indemnify him as he had promised, for the loss of Dapple, he began to consider that it would take a long time to perform the journey on foot, and therefore proposed proceeding on the morrow with Rozinante, in which his master acquiesced. In the interim it occurred to Sancho that it was necessary to obtain some precise information with respect to Dulcinea's abode, as the city of Toboso was a large place.

To his application on this point, Don Quixote observed, "that the very few times he had been blessed with the sight of the divine object of his affection, put it out of his power to be particular as to her residence; for her father Lorenzo Corchuelo and her mother Aldonza Nogales had brought her up in the most retired manner." "What," said Sancho, "is my lady Dulcinea the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo? I knew her well, and will answer for her throwing a bar as far as any young fellow in the place. Bless my heart what a wench! able to play at quarter



staff with any knight-errant whatever ; and then what lungs ! I well remember her being in the belfry of a village church one day and calling to some of her playmates in a field half a league off, and she was heard as distinctly as if they had been close to the tower ; and (what is more to the purpose) she is not at all coy, but romps to the utmost. Therefore, Sir Knight, it is idle to fall into these pranks for one who may be won without much trouble.”

Don Quixote could but ill conceal his chagrin at this freedom of expression ; but repressing himself, said,

“ I will tell you a story, Sancho ; a rich and handsome widow fell in love with a fat and apparently stupid lay-brother ; her nearest of kin expressed their surprise at her partiality to one so much her inferior ; she replied, ‘ Aristotle in my eyes had not more subtlety of wit than the very person you consider as so deficient.’ So I hold Dulcinea del Toboso in my estimation as high as a princess, painting her in my imagination on a par with the most famous women of modern or ancient times.”

## CHAPTER X.

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### SANCHO'S MEETING WITH THE CURATE AND BARBER OF DON QUIXOTE'S VILLAGE.

SANCHO having taken leave of his master, and according to his suggestion collected branches and boughs of trees to strew on the road in order to find his way back again; and Rozinante, (as if by instinct knowing that they were bending their course homewards) going on at a great rate; towards evening an inn came in view, where the curate and barber of Don Quixote's village were seated at the door to enjoy the cool air.

Sancho, having been enjoined secrecy by his master, as to the object of his journey, would fain have slipped on one side and avoided his town-mates; but this attempt rousing their suspicion, they accosted and roughly questioned him as to what had be-

come of the knight ; and to his evasive replies, added threats of having him taken up for making away with his master and stealing his horse. Sancho was then obliged to disburden his secret, and inform the curate and barber of all that had happened since his master had left the village ; he told them further that he was charged with a letter to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, who was no other than Aldonzo Lorenzo's daughter.

Although well acquainted with the peculiar species of Don Quixote's madness, the curate and barber were amazed at the progress of it, and desired Sancho to shew the draft of his master's letter to his mistress, which the curate promised to transcribe in a fair and legible hand. Sancho beginning to search for the pocket-book, and missing his charge, (for he had forgotten to take it from his master) grew pale as death ; then seizing his beard tore it by handfuls, at the same time belabouring his nose and face in such a manner as caused the blood to flow plentifully. The curate and barber seeing him make so free with himself, asked him what had happened ;

“What has happened,” exclaimed the Squire, “I have lost and let slip through my fingers several ass’s colts which my master wrote an order for, at the same time he gave me the pocket-book in which was written the letter to my lady Dulcinea.” Sancho being assured by the curate and barber that his master’s bounty with respect to the ass’s colts would be confirmed; and having informed them he retained the letter by rote, at the instance of the curate he set about the recollection of it. After a long suspence and a variety of gestures, he began with saying that he was sure it commenced with “Subterrene and sublime princess,” went on with “the smitten, sore, and sleepless,” and concluded with “Yours till death, the knight of the rueful countenance.”

The hearers were not a little diverted at this specimen of Sancho’s memory; and began to deliberate about the means of withdrawing his master from his wild undertaking, and conducting him back to his own habitation.

The scheme they adopted was well fitted to the knight’s disposition. It was proposed

that the barber Master Nicholas should be dressed as a lady-errant soliciting a boon, and the curate to accompany her as an esquire; and Sancho was given to understand, that their project was to make Don Quixote an emperor, who would then have it in his power to promote him to the utmost of his wishes. Having thus adjusted their undertaking, on the following morning they set out, taking with them the best substitutes they could find at the inn, for the garb suitable to the characters they had to sustain. On the way Sancho gave them an account of the rencontre with the madman; and being come to the place where the boughs were scattered as a guide back to the spot where Sancho had left his master, he was sent forward to advise him of the party's approach.

## CHAPTER XI.

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CONTINUATION OF CARDENIO'S NARRATIVE.

WHILST Sancho Panza proceeded through the bye-paths of the mountain to regain his master Don Quixote, the curate and barber seated themselves by the side of a gentle rill, where there was an agreeable shade from the trees and rocks on its banks; and the sun being now at its height in one of the hottest days of summer, they were very comfortably situated. Whilst thus enjoying themselves, an agreeably toned voice unaccompanied by any instrument, struck their ears. The hour, the time and solitude, together with the manner of singing, caused no little surprise; for what is said by the poets of the music of the woods and fields is more exaggerated than the truth; and what they heard could not by any latitude be ascribed to rustics.

Having continued attentively to listen, the following stanzas distinctly reached their ears.

## I.

Oh ! sacred friendship ! mild and gay,  
Who to the regions of the blest  
Hath soared, and left mankind a prey  
To fraud, in thy resemblance drest ;

## II.

Auspicious hear, and hither send  
Thy sister Truth with radiant eyes,  
To brand the false professing friend,  
Detected in the fair disguise.

## III.

Or come thyself, and re-inspire  
The purpose candid and humane,  
Else Peace and Order will retire,  
While Horror and Confusion reign.

At the close of the sonnet, the voice gave a deep sigh and was silent ; and as the hearers stept forward to satisfy their curiosity, they perceived a man of the same appearance as described by Sancho, with his head reclining on his breast, and entirely disregarding their approach beyond a first look. The curate who was a well spoken man, went up to him

and addressed him in a few pathetic words, persuading him to quit so deplorable a manner of life, which perverted the very end of his being. Cardenio, who at this moment was in one of his lucid intervals, surprised at being thus accosted by a person so different from those he was accustomed to see in these parts, and who seemed not ignorant of his affairs, made answer ;

“ Gentlemen, I plainly perceive, that Heaven, merciful to all, has sent without my desiring it, divers persons into these unfrequented tracts to set before my eyes the sort of life I lead, in order to prevail on me to quit it ; and not finding me disposed to comply, they set me down as one of disordered intellects ; but they know not my reasons for thinking that in quitting this situation I may be plunged into a worse. Therefore, as you, gentlemen, may come with the same intent, before you proceed to admonish one incapable of consolation, listen to the circumstances that have brought me to this deplorable state.”

This relation being what the curate and barber longed to hear, and Cardenio receiving



no interruption as before (when the name of Amadis de Gaul was mentioned) went on with his recital from that part, saying ;

“ I had now determined to ask Lucinda in marriage, and Don Fernando, after passing the highest encomiums on her discretion and good qualities, offered his best services with our respective parents : nevertheless, he had it in his mind at this very time to deprive me of her preference ; for having himself conceived a violent passion for her, he thought it might be best pursued in my absence ; and therefore, under pretence of procuring money for the payment of the horses he had purchased, caused me to return to his father’s castle. Whilst through his management I was purposely delayed in this errand, a man brought me a letter, the superscription of which was in Lucinda’s hand-writing, and the contents as follow :

“ ‘ Know, Cardenio, that the intercession undertaken by Don Fernando with our respective parents has operated to further his own purpose more than to your advantage. He has himself offered to espouse me ; and my

father, swayed by the superiority of his rank and wealth, has given his consent; the nuptials are to be celebrated without delay. Think what I suffer on this occasion and come to my assistance before my hands are joined to one of such dishonourable principles.'

“ The treachery of Don Fernando was at once disclosed by this letter; and I made no delay in returning home and repairing to the usual place of interview with Lucinda, who accosted me in these words: ‘ Cardenio, I am now attired in my bridal dress, and this moment expected in the hall by the traitor Don Fernando and my covetous father, who shall bear witness of my death sooner than of my marriage.’

“ In despair, and hardly able to summon my thoughts to my assistance, I however determined on being present at what was going forward; and knowing well all the avenues to the house, I was able in the confusion that generally prevails on these occasions, to secrete myself behind the hangings of one of the windows; and it was not long before the company with the bridegroom and his atten-

dants entered the room. What were then the throbbings of my heart, and the suggestions that at that juncture agitated me ; but before I could mature my thoughts, Lucinda's appearance with her mother and female attendants disconcerted my faculties ; in a perfect state of stupor I neither saw nor heard any thing ; till nearly at the end of the ceremony, when the clergyman asked Lucinda the fatal question of acceptance or rejection of Don Fernando ;

“ At this moment, thrusting out my head in an agony of despair from behind the hangings, I heard the word *yes* pronounced by Lucinda in an under tone of voice ; and who then laying her hand on her breast, swooned away in her mother's arms. Lucinda's fainting threw the whole company into confusion, and her mother opening her bosom to give her air, found a folded paper, which Don Fernando seized and read by the light of the torches ; then sat down in a pensive attitude totally disregarding the situation of his bride. Perceiving the whole family in disorder, my first thoughts urged me to vengeance ; but on the

recollection of Lucinda's apparent dereliction of me, I was completely subdued, and had scarcely strength to quit the place; but having regained the street I mounted my mule and passed through the city without the least reflection where I was bending my steps, until at length I plunged into these remote sequestered spots, where I lead a life nearly akin to the brutes of the field, with the exception of a few lucid intervals that Heaven yet bestows on me.

“ My usual habitation is the hollow of a cork tree, from whence when urged by necessity I sally out and strip the peasants of their food; at other times, when not oppressed by the infirmity of my understanding, I beg and entreat relief from them. In this manner my woeful and wretched life passes, until it shall please Heaven to put an end to it, or give me grace to forget the beauty and falsehood of Lucinda, together with the ills I have suffered through the perfidy of Don Fernando.”

The curate together with the barber (being both men of much feeling) were not sparing in the good office of pouring the balm of pity

into the cup of human misery; when their sympathy was again called forth by the melancholy accents of distress issuing from an adjoining thicket in these mournful words; "Would to God I could find a place to repose under this wearisome burthen of life! This very spot indeed seems to yield what I ask, if I can trust to the solitary appearance of these mountains. Alas! how much more agreeable is the company of these rocks than that of faithless man." The curate and those with him stepping a few paces forward, beheld from behind some bushes, a youth (in appearance) habited as a peasant and sitting at the foot of an ash-tree, whose countenance was concealed by his stooping over a rill of water to wash his feet, which resembled two pieces of crystal among the pebbles of the stream; their beauty and whiteness were such, they seemed scarcely fitted to tread the earth, much less to follow the plough or herd of oxen as his habit bespoke.

As he had not perceived their approach, the curate gave a sign to his companions to remain concealed, and they stood gazing at

the apparition (for it seemed no other) who now wiped its feet with a cloth which it drew from beneath its cap; and in so doing let fall such a profusion of hair, that the auburn tresses not only overspread the shoulders, but the whole body, and discovered that the supposed peasant was no other than a delicate woman; and whilst her hands which were like the drifted snow, parted her ringlets, a countenance was displayed of such exquisite beauty, that Cardenio could not help exclaiming, "If this be not Lucinda, it must be some Divinity."

His voice together with the rustling of the boughs, alarmed the phantom, who quickly seizing a bundle near her, betook herself to flight with the utmost precipitation; but before she had fled many yards her delicate feet failed her, and the curate coming up, accosted her thus;

"Stay, madam, though disguised by dress, your hair and extreme beauty discover your sex; let your alarm however subside, and confide in our assurances of sympathy and service in whatever way your situation may

render expedient." Whilst the curate pronounced these words, the disguised damsel stood in amaze without moving her lips: but the curate in soothing terms pressing her to disclose the cause of her adopting a dress so unworthy of her real situation, she with a deep sigh breaking silence, said;

" Since my retiring into these sequestered parts has not sufficed for my concealment, that my reputation may not suffer in your opinion, or that I should appear disregarding of your attention, I will succinctly relate the circumstances of my ill fate.

## CHAPTER XII.

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DOROTHEA'S STORY, AND RETURN OF DON QUIXOTE  
FROM THE BROWN MOUNTAIN.

“ In the province of Andalusia there is a town which gives a title to one of those dukes who are called Grandees of Spain. This nobleman has two sons, one (the eldest) heir to the virtues as to the honours of the family ; the other the slave of every vice and artifice.

“ My parents are vassals to this nobleman, and though of humble extraction are rich in the goods of fortune ; amongst which they considered me as their chiefest gift. I was the staff of their old age and shared with heaven their attention and desires ; by my advice their affairs were managed ; and their oil mills, vineyards, flocks and herds, superintended.

“ In the intervals of leisure needle-work



occupied me, together with the perusal of improving books; to which was joined the cultivation of music, from the conviction of its efficacy in composing the mind, and as an antidote to dejected spirits.

“ This account I give of myself, not from ostentation, but that you may sympathize in the unforeseen reverse of my lot, for living in the most retired manner, and never going out but with my mother and her maids to mass, it was not to be supposed that any mischief was likely to arise; nevertheless on one of those occasions, the duke’s youngest son passing by at the time, love with its lynx’s eyes found means to infuse its unlawful desires in the breast of Don Fernando.”

At the name of Fernando, Cardenio’s agitation was so great, that the curate and barber were alarmed, lest he should fall into one of his paroxysms of madness; but after frequent changes of colour he became calm again, and his agitation not having been perceived by the fair narrator she proceeded in her story as follows:

“ So violent was the passion with which Don Fernando was seized, that all those about me were loaded with presents ; night after night I was besieged by his serenades, and my table covered with his letters replete with testimonies of his regard ; so that my parents, observing these attentions, thought it most prudent that I should be betrothed to some one of the respectable families in the neighbourhood, by way of protection against the wiles of Don Fernando.

“ All this opposition to his wishes served only to add fresh fuel to his desires, and finding the time approach for my becoming the right of another, he contrived through the perfidy of my maid to introduce himself one evening at a late hour into my bed-chamber ; and setting forth his attachment and his despair at the idea of my falling into the arms of another, he persuaded me to believe his protestations and engagement to make me his lawful wife : but notwithstanding these declarations were sanctioned by the solemnity of an oath, he scarcely repeated his visit ; and it

was not long before I heard that he was going to be married to a beautiful lady of the name of Lucinda."

At the mention of Lucinda's name, Cardenio was convulsed anew, but Dorothea, occupied with her own misfortunes, thus continued her narrative; "Driven almost to despair by the intelligence I had received of Don Fernando's inconstancy, I quitted my father's house in the habit of a peasant lad, and repaired to the city where Lucinda's parents dwelt. Here I learnt that a scene of great confusion had taken place in the family, and that a paper had been found in Lucinda's bosom and read by Don Fernando, importing that a person of the name of Cardenio, being possessed of her affections, was her lawful husband; and that her meeting Don Fernando at the altar was solely in obedience to her father's injunctions.

"Further it was noised about, that from the night when these transactions took place, neither Don Fernando, Lucinda, nor Cardenio had been heard of.

"Whilst I was weighing these circum-

stances in my mind, I heard a crier proclaiming me as having deserted my father's house, with some dishonourable reflections on the circumstance: this obliged me to retire to these unfrequented parts, where I have occasionally obtained employment in tending the flocks, or in such other works of husbandry as my experience at home qualified me for; but I mostly pass my time in some lone place, ruminating on what has befallen me."

When the beautiful Dorothea had terminated her narrative, Cardenio taking her by the hand, said, "You are then Madam the lovely daughter of Cleonardo the Rich." Surprized at this question from one in so tattered a condition, she replied, "Who are you then brother, who know so well my father's name, which to the best of my recollection I have not hitherto mentioned."

"I am," answered he, "the unfortunate Cardenio, the lawful spouse of Lucinda, whom treachery has reduced to the deplorable state in which you behold me: but this meeting affords a hope that heaven in its compassion may restore us both to the possession of

our rights ; and I here pledge myself to spare no pains to bring Don Fernando to a sense of the wrongs he has done you, leaving my own to the vengeance of heaven."

The curate and barber reiterated their proffers of service ; they then acquainted Dorothea with the cause of their entering these wilds, detailing the extraordinary turn of Don Quixote's mind, and the plan they had on foot to restore him to his home.

Dorothea willingly undertook to assist in it, and to personate the oppressed Queen ; and being given to understand that they approached the theatre of action, retired to change her dress.

When she returned, all were surprized at her great beauty ; and none more than Sancho, who by this time having discovered his master, had returned with the intelligence, and eagerly inquired who this fine lady was, and what she sought for in these bye places. The curate took the opportunity of informing him that she was a great princess, dispossessed of her kingdom by a huge giant ; and hearing

of his master's wonderful prowess, she had come to solicit his assistance.

Sancho, delighted with the idea, and making sure that his master would kill the giant and wed the princess, was as much satisfied with the consequent prospect of his own preferment; as the by-standers were astonished at his cherishing with so much simplicity the same extravagance that possessed his master.

Dorothea, being presented to Don Quixote, was received with much courtesy, whilst the curate and Cardenio found means to mingle with the company; when Dorothea (in a manner previously agreed on) gave a formal account of her situation and distress: at the conclusion, Don Quixote assured her that he would be her champion, and on the business being achieved, declared his intention of returning to complete his penance in devotion to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

Sancho, out of patience at his master's declaration, raised his voice and exclaimed; "Signior Don Quixote, I vow and swear that your Worship is crazy, or you would not

be talking about the lady Dulcinea when such a princess is before your eyes. How the plague shall I ever obtain the earldom I am promised, if your worship thus goes a fishing for mushrooms at sea ?”

Don Quixote, enraged at this disrespectful language, discharged two or three such heavy blows with his lance on Sancho's carcase, that he was fain to implore the aid of the bystanders to rescue him from the effects of the knight's indignation; who, being by their interference at length appeased, received Sancho's apologies; then took him aside to ask some further particulars respecting his late embassy: in the mean time Dorothea was congratulated by the party for the address with which she had performed her part.

After Sancho had wearied himself with inventing stories relative to the understood visit to Dulcinea's dwelling place, he and his master rejoined the company; when a man approached mounted on an ass; and as Sancho had his eyes on the alert when any thing of the sort appeared, he immediately perceived it was his lost Dapple, and that the man

riding upon it was the famous Gines de Passamonte.

Sancho's loud outcry soon reached his ears, " Ah rogue, leave my darling—let go my delight—get you gone thief and relinquish what is not your own. Passamonte, not being disposed to be questioned on the occasion, scampered off leaving Dapple in the hands of his old master; whose joy was not confined to the expression of words, but overflowed plenteously at his eyes as he thus addressed him—How hast thou done, my dearest Dapple, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion—he then kissed and embraced him as if he had been a human creature, and to complete his satisfaction, his master assured him anew of the gift he had proposed of the ass' colts.

Not many steps further, a young man travelling along the road stopped and looked at them very attentively; then running up to Don Quixote, he embraced his knees, saying; " Does not your Worship know me, the lad Andrew whom you found tied to a tree and under the lash of a countryman?"



Don Quixote, recognizing his voice and person, addressed the company, saying; "Gentlemen, that you may have unquestionable evidence of the importance of knight-errantry in redressing the wrongs that the ill-disposed are apt to inflict, behold a person whom I delivered out of the hands of a barbarian, and who would have been scourged to death, but for my interference. Speak young man, and say whether what I have advanced be true or not."

"What you have declared," replied the other, "is in part true enough, but the result was quite the reverse of what you imagine; for no sooner was your Worship out of the wood, than with jeers and scoffs at your Worship's conduct, I was bound again to the tree, and so many stripes inflicted on me that I shall never be the same man again." Don Quixote not being disposed to make him any other recompence than by threats of exacting severe vengeance on the countryman at a future time, the youth withdrew, not in the best humour; and in departing raised his voice, saying;

“ Let me beseech you Sir Knight-errant, if ever you meet me again labouring under any disaster, to leave me to my fate, for your interference is more likely to increase than remedy the evil. A curse therefore light upon all such intermeddlers.” Don Quixote, inflamed with choler, would have followed him; but the company interposed, concealing with difficulty their disposition to mirth on the occasion; and pursuing their journey, the sight of an inn that they approached, turned their thoughts to the prospect of some refreshment after the fatigue of travelling.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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### DON QUIXOTE'S ADVENTURES AT THE INN, AND THE CAPTIVE'S STORY.

As soon as the curate and his party entered the inn, a room was ordered for Don Quixote who stood most in need of repose, whilst the rest of the company sat down to the table to take some refreshment. At this juncture a traveller presented himself at the gate, who by his garb appeared to be a Christian slave just escaped from Barbary; for he was clad in a jacket of blue cloth, a cap of the same colour, linen pantaloons, and yellow sandals, with a Moorish scymetar slung across his shoulders.

He was accompanied by a female in the Moorish habit, mounted on an ass, with a veil thrown over her head and face, and a mantle flowing from her shoulders to her feet. The

man was of a swarthy complexion, of middle age, robust, and if properly dressed would have been taken for a respectable person.

On entering the inn he asked for a separate apartment, and seemed much disappointed when told that all the rooms were engaged. The female inmates having gathered around, Dorothea, with great sweetness of manner, offered that the Moorish stranger should be accommodated in the apartment assigned to her. For this civility the Moorish stranger made her acknowledgments by signs, crossing her arms over her breast, and inclining her head in a graceful manner.

The captive returned his thanks, observing, that his companion was not sufficiently acquainted with the Christian languages to reply in adequate terms to their complaisance; and to the question whether she was a Moor or Christian, he replied, that in her dress and complexion she was a Moor, but in her heart a Christian; though having but lately arrived from Algiers, there had been no opportunity for her being baptized.

Dorothea being then informed that her

Moorish name was Lela Zoraida, requested that she might be unveiled ; and the captive by signs assenting, she discovered a face so beautiful, that the by-standers acknowledged it laid claim even to higher praise than had been lavished on Lucinda and Dorothea.

After the company thus assembled had taken some refreshment, Dorothea and the beautiful Moor retired to their apartment ; and as there was no other spare room, the gentlemen kept together, and entreated the captive to communicate his adventures for their entertainment. With much complaisance he acquiesced, and in a grave, manly tone of voice, commenced as follows ;

“ My family had its origin in the mountains of Leon, and was more beholden to the liberality of nature, than to the smiles of fortune ; nevertheless, amongst the narrowness of circumstances that prevails in that country, my father would have been deemed rich, had he possessed the art of preserving, as he practised the means of spending his estate : my father indeed, went beyond the bounds of liberality, and trespassed on those of prodi-

gality, without apparently adverting to his family, consisting of three sons of an age to enter into the world : nevertheless he was not so deficient in energy, but that he formed and put into execution a singular resolution.

“ For as the old gentleman found it impossible to resist the bent of his inclination, he determined to deprive himself of the power of indulging it by giving up his estate ; as without money, Alexander himself must have been frugal.

“ Calling us, his children, one morning into his apartment, he said ; ‘ My sons, from the improvident manner in which you must perceive I waste my substance, you must be led to suppose that I am rather your stepfather than your real one : but to evince that I am not devoid of natural affection, I have been taking measures to realize my remaining property in ready money, and propose an equal division with you of the amount. Let me therefore know, how you severally mean to dispose of yourselves :’ for we have a saying in Spain, ‘ The church, the sea, and the King’s service ;’ in other words, towards a

respectable career in life, the candidate must qualify himself by study for the church, engage in commerce, or enter the army: as a situation in the king's household requires more than ordinary interest.

“ I declared for the army, my second brother proposed going as a merchant to the Indies, and the youngest to Salamanca to prepare for the church or the profession of the law.

“ In a few days our father laid before us our respective shares of three thousand ducats, and reserved his own in land. As a thousand ducats were sufficient to fit me out with necessaries as a soldier, I made over the other two thousand to my father: and my brothers following my example, relinquished a thousand each; so that our father was left with four thousand ducats in ready money, besides his own share in landed property.

“ After mutual adieus and promises to inform each other as well as our father of what should befall us, we separated; and twenty-two years have now elapsed, without

my receiving the least intelligence of either my father or brothers; what has happened to me in this period I will now relate.

“ Making a quick journey to Alicant, I there embarked and proceeded to Flanders, where I served in the Duke of Alva’s campaigns; from whence with the rank of Captain, I went with a detachment of his army to assist the Pope against the Turks, and was present at the famous battle of Lepanto, where so many Christians were rescued from slavery. In that engagement, alas! I lost my own liberty in boarding a Turkish galley that ours had grappled with, and was carried to Constantinople; from whence, after different changes of masters, and various fruitless attempts to gain my liberty, I was destined to accompany a renegado named Azanaza, who was vested with the sovereignty of Algiers.”

At this period of the narrative, Sancho came running from the garret where his master Don Quixote lay, bawling aloud, “ Make haste to the assistance of my master, who is engaged in the most terrible combat



my eyes ever beheld ; egad, he has given such a blow to the giant, as has taken off his head as clean as a turnip."

"What do you mean, brother," said the curate, "are you in your right wits? How can your master be fighting with a giant who is so many leagues off."

Whilst these words passed, a great noise was heard over head, which brought the inn-keeper to the room ; and Don Quixote's voice was plainly heard, uttering much reproachful language as if to some adversary, which again urged Sancho's entreaties for their aid to his master ; though, he added, that he considered the business pretty well over, as the floor was running with blood, and the giant lay weltering in it without his head, like a wine bag. "May I never breathe again," cried the inn-keeper, "if this Don Quixote or Don Devil has not been cutting open one of my wine bags ; and this simple fellow takes the red wine flowing about the room for blood."

So saying he ran up stairs with the rest of the company at his heels, where they found Don Quixote with his eyes shut and in his

shirt, that scarcely covered his lank figure, hacking and cutting with his sword, as if engaged in a real combat. The inn-keeper, incensed at the havoc among his wine bags, rushed upon the chief actor in the scene, and belaboured him so furiously with his fists, that had not the bystanders interfered, both the giant and the conqueror would alike have laid their lengths on the floor.

Whilst they endeavoured by the aid of a bucket of water to recover Don Quixote from his trance, Sancho was exploring the room for the giant's head, and attributing its disappearance to the effect of enchantment.

This roused anew the choler of the inn-keeper, who exclaimed; "Thou enemy to God and his Saints, don't you see that what you call blood is no other than red wine flowing about, and for which mad prank of letting it out of my wine bags, I sincerely wish your master's soul was swimming in the deepest pit below." Don Quixote, barely awakened by the ablution he had undergone, fell upon his knees before the curate, and with his imagination still impressed with the feat he had

accomplished, addressed him as the Princess, saying, "Your Highness may now repose in peace, since by God's assistance your enemy has expiated his crimes by his death." Sancho hearing this, loudly expressed his joy, saying, "Did I not tell you that my master had put the giant in pickle: the holidays will again come round, and my Earldom fit me to a hair."

Who could refrain from laughter at the master and man? for Sancho, though awake, was as extravagant as his master in his dream; such an impression had Don Quixote's promises made on his imagination.

The phlegmatic temper of the Squire, and mischievous disposition of the Knight, well nigh distracted the inn-keeper, who swore with repeated oaths, that the privileges of knight-errantry should not exempt them from indemnifying him for his loss.

At length however, the knight with some difficulty was put again to bed, where he fell asleep in an instant, as one who had been excessively fatigued: he was left to his repose, and Sancho was pacified by the promise,

that as soon as it was clear the giant's head was off, he should have the best earldom in the Princess's gift; the inn-keeper also received assurances of satisfaction for the loss he had sustained.

The quiet of the house being thus restored, the captive was proceeding with his narrative, when interrupted as will appear in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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FURTHER ADVENTURES AT THE INN, COMPRISING THE  
RESULT OF DOROTHEA'S AND CARDENIO'S STORY,  
AND THAT OF THE CAPTIVE.

A LOUD knocking at the outward gate announced the arrival of travellers, who, to the joy of the inn-keeper, formed a party of four men on horseback with a lady in the midst of them mounted on a mule, attended by two men as lacquies on foot.

The cavaliers were armed and in masks, and the lady covered from head to foot with a veil.

Cardenio with the others withdrew, and tapping at the ladies' door, informed them of the approach of the strangers, who now entered the inn-yard; and the horsemen alighting, one who appeared to take the lead, took the lady in his arms off her mule, and

seated her in a chair beside the door of the room where Cardenio and the others had placed themselves: not a word was spoken by the cavaliers, nor did they unmask; and the only sign of utterance was a deep sigh from the lady, who let her hands fall down on each side, as if faint from weakness and fatigue.

The curate took an opportunity of getting out to make some enquiries of the lacquies, as to the mysterious appearance of these newly arrived guests.

They told him they were but lately and accidentally engaged to accompany them on the road to Andalusia, and had not seen the countenances of any of the gentlemen who travelled masked; but they judged from the lady's deportment that she did not accompany them willingly.

As the curate was giving this account to his companions, Dorothea came down; and being urged by natural compassion at the lady's situation, went into the room and accosted her with offers of service; but she remained silent: and on Dorothea's further

pressing, the gentleman who seemed the principal broke silence, saying ;

“ Madam, do not trouble yourself in making proffers of service to one, who cannot be grateful for any favours ; nor importune her for a reply, unless you desire to hear some falsehood.” At this speech the hitherto silent lady said ; “ Had I been false as you represent me, I should not have fallen into my present situation, which your falsehood, not mine, has occasioned.” These words were distinctly heard by Cardenio (who was close to the door) and they no sooner reached his ears than he exclaimed ; “ Heavens ! What do I hear ? What voice is that which struck my ears ?”

The lady with a shriek of surprize turned her head, and endeavoured to rise, but was restrained by her conductor ; in the struggle however, her veil fell off, and she discovered a most beautiful face, though somewhat impaired by grief ; and her eyes wandered about to every corner of the room like one in a state of distraction.

Dorothea approached the lady, when the

cavalier's own mask falling from his forehead, Don Fernando's countenance met Dorothea's eyes; by this time Cardenio had entered the room, and was immediately recognized by Don Fernando; all four were struck dumb with astonishment, and stood gazing at each other for some minutes without uttering a word.

The first that broke silence was the strange lady (who was now known to be Lucinda) she addressed herself to Don Fernando in these words;

“Suffer me, Signior, in regard to your own character (since you are deaf to every other consideration) to cling to that wall of which I am the ivy; to avail myself of that prop from which you could not disengage me, with all your importunities, promises, and threats: behold how heaven, by mysterious means, has brought me to my true and lawful husband, from whom nothing shall now sever me but death.” Thus saying, she threw herself into Cardenio's arms.

Don Fernando, roused from his trance, drew his sword and endeavoured to advance



and assault Cardenio, but was stopped in his course by Dorothea's embracing his knees, and in these impressive words bespeaking his sympathy. " I am that humble maiden, who, confined within the bounds of modesty, led a contented life ; until, moved by your importunities and seeming upright addresses, I was induced to surrender the gates of reserve. Consider, my lord, that my steady affection ought to counterbalance the birth and beauty of her for whom I have been abandoned, and who, you must be sensible appertains to another.

" Make not my parents miserable in their old age ; but reflect, that as most of the great families on earth have undergone an intermixture of blood, yours cannot be particularly debased by mingling with mine, as the female's quality in no wise affects illustrious descent. In fine, you must be conscious that I am your lawful wife ; witness your own words, hand-writing, and heaven above."

Don Fernando, unable to resist these truths, embraced Dorothea, saying, " You have

*mockery  
of  
chival*

conquered ; and although I have hitherto given small proof of affection, my future conduct shall redeem the past."

He then recounted, that being opposed in his attempt to sacrifice Lucinda to his resentment, when the contents of the paper found in her bosom were disclosed, he had waited for an opportunity to get her into his power, by carrying her off from the convent to which she had retired ; but heaven having so palpably interposed, he was not unwilling to relinquish his revengeful projects, and join in a general reconciliation of all parties.

This happy result gave great satisfaction to all but Sancho, who in the uproar having found his way to the room, and heard what had passed, judged that there could be no hope now of his master's marrying the lady whom he had taken for a Princess, and that his expected earldom was therefore in jeopardy : for a solution of this point, he thought it best to repair to his master at the first opportunity.

The table being again spread for the refreshment of Don Fernando and his party,

the captive and his companion with the others were introduced to Don Fernando, who, being made acquainted with Don Quixote's extraordinary turn of mind, expressed his earnest desire that Dorothea should continue to carry on the part assigned her in the plan for restoring him to his home.

When the ladies retired to their own apartment, the curate recapitulated the substance of the captive's story as far as had been already related ; and Don Fernando's curiosity being much excited by his appearance and that of his companion, he entreated that he might be favoured with a continuance of it from the captive's own mouth ; in which he readily acquiesced in the following words :

“ Arrived at Algiers, I was placed in a prison called a bath, being a sort of depot for Christian slaves whose ransom is agreed for or expected ; and for that class of slaves considered as belonging to government, and employed in the public works.

“ Here one day as I chanced to be on the terrace with only one or two of my comrade Christian captives, from an adjoining lattice-

window over our heads, a cane, with a handkerchief suspended to it, was waved to and fro as a kind of signal. This object being observed, one of my companions presented himself towards it, when it was drawn up; another with no better success, made the same experiment; at last I tried my fortune, when it dropped at my feet; and the handkerchief being untied, was found to contain several pieces of Moorish coin; for which token of generosity we made our obeisance in the Moorish style.

“ After some interval of time, when the same party of us were in the bath, the signal of the cane and handkerchief re-appeared; and the prize fell again to my lot, consisting of many pieces of gold, with a letter written in the Arabian character: aware that the paper was to disclose the mystery of this affair, after much consultation on a safe method of getting it translated, we determined on confiding in a renegado, who was known to us as acting on all occasions with the greatest fidelity.

“ The purport of the letter was, that the

writer (though a daughter of a Moor) was desirous of being received into the bosom of our holy church; and for that purpose, would, on a well-concerted plan, accompany us to our own country.

“ With the renegado’s assistance a reply was prepared, expressing our devotion to her, and determination to hazard every thing for her and our mutual deliverance.

“ In the mean time, through the renegado’s enquiries, we learnt, that the house adjoining our place of confinement was inhabited by one of the richest Moors in the town called Agemorata, who had a very beautiful daughter called Zoraida, educated and brought up by a Christian slave.

“ When the opportunity suited, the signal from the window was again renewed, and a very large sum of money put in our hands, accompanied by a billet, importing that our benefactress was going with her father to his country house by the sea side, and requesting that no time might be lost in obtaining my own and companions ransom, and effecting her deliverance.

“ Having through the management of the renegado obtained my own liberty and settled the plan for Zoraida’s release, I repaired to Agemorata’s country house ; and making use of my late master’s name, was freely admitted to take of the produce of the garden ; and the Moor himself in company with his daughter entered into conversation with me, on the usual topics held with those who have been captives.

“ Whilst thus discoursing, a party of Turkish soldiers (whom the Moors greatly dread) broke into the garden to plunder the fruit ; and Agemorata’s attention being directed towards them, I was enabled to exchange a few words with Zoraida, and inform her of the plan laid for her approaching escape.

“ My comrades having now also been liberated, we all repaired at the time appointed on board the bark, which had been provided by the renegado with some trusty rowers ; and dropping down abreast the Moor’s country seat, myself with some of the crew landed, and entering the garden, found Zoraida in expectation of our approach, dressed in her

richest attire, and holding in her arms a coffer of jewels and gold crowns.

“ Unfortunately however the trampling of so many feet awaked her father, who beginning to be vociferous, we were under the necessity of carrying him on board the bark as well as his daughter.

“ When day broke and the Moor beheld his daughter dressed in all her finery, he at once comprehended the extent of his misfortune, and was with difficulty prevented from plunging into the sea. To relieve ourselves and Zoraida from the bitterness with which he inveighed against us, we put him on shore the first opportunity, leaving him to heap curses on the fate of our expedition. Part indeed did not miss their aim; for though we successfully crossed over to the Spanish coast, a French cruiser, or rather pirate, without hailing, fired a shot, which laid open our little bark, and scarcely left time for our being shifted into their boat that came alongside.

“ Zoraida was quickly disrobed of her finery, and I had to thank Heaven that no

further personal rudeness was offered; her plunder was all the pirates obtained, as on their coming up the renegado had slipped the coffer into the sea.

“ Being within a short distance from the shore, we were landed towards the afternoon; when we encountered little less danger, for the peasants alarmed at the boat’s approach, were up in arms; fortunately, however, one of our people was a native of that part of the coast, and making himself known, engaged their hospitable attentions to us all.

“ After a few days rest I took my departure with Zoraida, who has manifested under all trials the greatest patience; and I hope to find an asylum for her in the place of my nativity.”

At the conclusion of the narration, Don Fernando with the rest of the company, expressed their acknowledgments for the entertainment it had afforded; and the night being now far advanced, the remainder of it was spent in comments on the novelty of the incidents.



## CHAPTER XV.

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DON QUIXOTE'S HARANGUE ON THE COMPARISON  
BETWEEN ARMS AND LETTERS—AND THE ARRIVAL  
OF FRESH GUESTS AT THE INN.

SANCHO, who had very disconsolately retired to his repose alongside of Dapple, was not tardy in acquainting his master next morning with the transformation of the princess into a private gentlewoman; so that when the inmates of what he called a castle, had again collected together, Don Quixote, to the great surprise of the newly arrived guests, appeared amongst them armed at all points, and with much solemnity of manner addressed himself to Dorothea in the following words.

“ I am informed, madam, by my Squire, that your Highness no longer retains your former rank, but that by some chance of circumstance (doubtless influenced by the necro-

mancer who has been so much your enemy) you are disposed to abandon the recovery of your kingdom, although the business has been so much advanced by the giant's death, who fell by my hand."

Dorothea, who was aware that it was Don Fernando's wish to promote the scheme set on foot for Don Quixote's recovery; with gravity assured him, that after the display already made of his prowess, it would argue great folly to relinquish an enterprise so favourably commenced, and that, in perfect confidence in the valour of his arm, she anticipated complete success.

Don Quixote, turning round to Sancho in great wrath, said; "You are certainly the most lying, mischievous varlet of a squire that ever attended a knight-errant. Did you not this morning say that this fair lady was no other than a plain damsel? and that the head I cut off was no more a giant's head than your mother's, with other disrespectful expressions."

Sancho, who was loth enough to forego all his fine prospects, and was as ready to catch

at a straw in any difficulty as his master, quickly answered, "My good master, so many proofs have been afforded of the interference of these enchanters, that you cannot be under any surprise that they should deceive so simple a one as myself; and if the lady be really a princess, I am most heartily glad, and sincerely ask pardon for my doubts."

This conversation afforded infinite entertainment to the by-standers, and the curate taking up himself the office of introducer, Don Quixote exhibited his lank figure and rueful length of countenance with all imaginable courteousness of behaviour; which was returned with equal ceremony and politeness by Don Fernando and his party.

In the mean time, the inn-keeper having prepared as good a repast as he could provide, the inmates of the house sat down together at a long hall table, Don Quixote being constrained to take the head with Dorothea by his side; next to him were placed Lucinda and Zoraida, fronted by Don Fernando and Cardenio; adjoining to them sat the captive

and the other gentlemen, whilst the curate and barber took their station beside the ladies.

In this manner they enjoyed the repast, which was rendered still more agreeable, when Don Quixote, inspired by the same spirit that moved him to harangue the goatherds, began the following dissertation.

“ Verily, gentlemen, great and unexpected events are seen by those who profess the order of knight-errantry. What inhabitant of the earth, if he should now enter the gates of this castle and behold us seated in this manner, would conceive that this lady on my right hand is the great princess we know her to be, and that I am the knight of the rueful countenance, so celebrated by the voice of fame ?

“ Away with those who give letters the preference to arms ; I affirm that they rest too much in their own favour ; the principle of mental exertion being of a higher quality than bodily toil ; for if to anticipate designs, and to prevent the mischief that is to be dreaded from stratagems, are all efforts of the understanding, the profession of arms necessarily

requires exertion of mind in as great a degree as that of letters; and if the inconveniences of each be considered, the hardships of the scholar may be resolved principally into the privations of indigence; and these not often carried to the extreme, and not unfrequently exchanged for the greatest affluence, by the possession of offices naturally devolving on the acquirement of knowledge: whereas the soldier's reward, after all the privations he has endured, must result from his country's property and honours conferred on him by his sovereign; both in most cases sparingly dispensed, though earned by the severest trials of fortitude in every point of accommodation and suffering: then, at last, instead of the forms and ceremonies of taking degrees of art as crowning the student's toil, comes the soldier's day of battle, with the surgeon's apparatus; or a position on a bastion, where the enemy is preparing a mine under his feet to lay the whole in ruins."

Whilst the rest of the company were employed in eating, Don Quixote uttered this harangue without thinking of taking a mor-

sel; and the audience, consisting chiefly of gentlemen, was moved with concern at beholding a man, who on every subject seemed to have a large share of sense and discernment, lose it so irrecoverably whenever the topic turned upon the theme of chivalry.

The repast being ended, and the ladies on the point of retiring, a coach arrived at the inn, attended by some men on horseback; they demanded lodging and accommodation for their master, who on alighting from his carriage, shewed by his garb the nature and rank of his office as Lord Judge; in his hand he led a young lady of a sprightly and agreeable countenance.

At their entrance into the room, Don Quixote pronounced with great solemnity, "Your Worship may recreate yourself in this castle which unfolds its gates to learning as well as to arms; especially when it has for its harbinger such beauty as accompanies your Worship: enter, I say, this paradise, where you will find suns and stars to assimilate with the planet you have brought; here you

will behold arms in perfection and beauty in excess."

The judge marvelled greatly at this speech of the knight, and earnestly regarded him without well knowing what reply to make; when he was relieved by the rest of the company presenting themselves to his notice; Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zoraida proffered their services to his daughter, whilst Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate paid the like attention to him. The judge's astonishment was not however at once removed; for though he plainly perceived his fellow inmates were persons of rank and consequence, the mien, figure, and visage of Don Quixote baffled all his conjectures.

Compliments having taken place on all sides, and the conveniences of the inn discussed, the table was again ordered to be spread for my Lord Judge.

In the mean time, the captive, who from the first moment he beheld the judge, felt his heart throb with a sort of intimation that it was his own brother, asked one of the servants the judge's name and place of nativity.

The servant's reply was, that his master was the Licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma, and born, as he had been informed, in the mountains of Leon.

Being thus assured of the fact, he took Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate aside, and imparted the circumstance, desiring their opinion in what manner he should make himself known to his brother.

“ Leave that task, Signior Captain, to my conduct,” said the curate, “ and do not doubt of meeting a brotherly reception; there is every appearance of the judge's receiving this incident of fortune in a right point of view.”

Whilst discoursing in this manner, supper was announced, and the captive retired apart with the ladies. When the rest of the company were seated, the curate addressed himself to the judge, saying,

“ I had once a comrade of your Lordship's name at Constantinople, where I was a slave for many years; he was one of the bravest soldiers, but his misfortunes kept full pace with his valour and ability.”

“ Dear Sir,” said the judge, “ where was



that officer's birth-place." "He was a native," replied the priest, "of some town in the mountains of Leon, and was called Ruy Perez de Viedma; he told me a circumstance that happened in his family of the most romantic cast: he said that his father, being of a profuse turn and apprehending that he should thereby leave his children destitute, took the resolution of making a division of his property, retaining only a proportionable share for himself, and distributing the rest amongst them." The curate then proceeded to the detail of his adventures in arms, with the story of Zoraida; when the judge at the end of the narrative burst into tears, saying, "Oh! Signior, if you knew how nearly I am concerned in this relation, you would not be surprised at my weakness: that valiant captive whom you have mentioned is my father's eldest son, who being more nobly minded than my brother and myself, chose the more honourable exercise of arms; I followed that of letters, which has advanced me to the station which I now hold.

“ My other brother is still in the Indies, where he has been so prosperous, as to have been the means not only of enabling me with more comfort to prosecute my studies, but to put it in the power of my father to indulge his accustomed liberality ; and nothing remains to be wished for but the return of our eldest brother to the bosom of his family, where ample attention would be paid to the merits of Zoraida.”

These and similar expressions shewed the impression made on his feelings ; and the curate, finding every thing succeed to his expectation, was unwilling to protract the judge’s anguish ; so going into the inner apartment, he led out Zoraida, who was followed by the other ladies, and taking the captain by the hand, he thus addressed the judge :

“ Dry up your tears, my Lord, behold Captain Viedma and the beautiful Moor who behaved so generously to him in his distress.” The captain ran to embrace his brother, who, recollecting his features, flew into his arms, and then embraced Zoraida ; whilst all the

company sympathized in such a happy termination of events.

A considerable part of the night being now spent, it was agreed that they should retire to their repose ; and Don Quixote undertook to guard the precincts of the castle.

## CHAPTER XV.

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### CONTINUATION OF INCIDENTS AT THE INN.

TOWARDS morning, when a deep silence prevailed throughout the precincts of the inn, the guests were serenaded on the side next the garden, by a voice, so melodious that it attracted general attention, and particularly that of Dorothea, who slept in the same bed with Donna Clara de Viedma the judge's daughter.

Whilst Dorothea was listening, Cardenio came to the door, saying, "You that are not asleep, take notice and you will hear the voice of a muleteer who chants most melodiously." The voice rising again, the following metrical words were plainly distinguished.

#### I.

"Tossed in a sea of doubts and fears,  
Love's hapless mariner I sail,  
Where no inviting port appears,  
To screen me from the stormy gale.

## II.

“ At distance viewed, a cheering star  
Conducts me thro’ the swelling tide,  
A brighter luminary far  
Than Palinurus ere descried.

## III.

“ My soul, attracted by its blaze,  
Still follows where it points the way,  
And while attentively I gaze,  
Consider not how far I stray.

## IV.

“ But female pride, reserv’d and shy,  
Like clouds that deepen on the day,  
Oft shrouds it from my longing eye,  
When most I need the genial ray.

## V.

“ O lovely star, so pure and bright,  
Whose splendour feeds my vital fire,  
The moment thou deny’st thy light,  
Thy lost adorer will expire.”

Here the musician paused; and Dorothea by gently jogging, awaked her companion Clara, saying, “ I ask pardon, my dear, for disturbing you, but methinks you would enjoy greater delight from a voice near us

than from sleep." Scarcely had Clara heard two lines of the song which had been again resumed, than she was seized with a fit of trembling like an ague, and exclaimed, "Ah! dear Lady, why did you awake me? The greatest favour that fortune could at present bestow, would be to keep both my ears and eyes fast shut, that I might neither hear nor see that unfortunate musician."

"Pray explain yourself," said Dorothea, "about that musician whose voice has thrown you into such disorder; but stop for the present, that I may not lose the pleasure of hearing him;" the muleteer tuning his voice afresh, uttered these stanzas;

## I.

"Aspiring Hope, thou unconfin'd,  
Pursu'st th' imaginary path,  
Thro' woods and rocks and waves combin'd,  
Defying danger, toil and death.

## II.

"No laurel shall adorn his brow,  
No happiness the sluggard crown,  
Who tamely can to fortune bow,  
And slumber on th' inglorious down.

## III.

“ The joys unwatch’d bestow’d by love,  
Can never be too dearly prized,  
For undenied examples prove  
What’s cheaply bought is soon despis’d.

## IV.

“ Success by the consenting fair,  
Is oft to perseverance giv’n;  
Then wherefore should my soul despair,  
Of mounting from this earth to Heaven.”

During this song, Clara kept her hands to her ears; and Dorothea’s curiosity being greatly kindled, Clara, at her instance, proceeded to unfold her story, saying,

“ Dear madam, that musician is the son of an Arragonian gentleman, who, during the time the court is at Madrid, occupies a house opposite to my father’s; and notwithstanding our windows are latticed, this young man got sight of me, and by various methods has endeavoured to make me sensible of his passion. Being motherless, and having no one to advise with, I have kept on the reserve; though upon occasionally opening my window in the absence of my father, he has appeared so

transported with the condescension, as to express in dumb signs his great desire for our union.

“ Previous to our departure from Madrid I had not seen him for some days ; but just as we entered the place where we lodged last night, I perceived him standing at the gate, disguised so naturally as a muleteer, that nothing but his image being so deeply implanted in my soul could have enabled me to discover him.

“ I am distressed at the inconveniencè he thus puts himself to, and can see no good result from this expedition ; his father being a man of such rank and fortune, that he would never consent to our union.”

*inducy* }  
“ Enough, Donna Clara,” said Dorothea, “ wait with patience ; let us now sleep during the little that remains of the night ; to-morrow may bring about a happy termination to so virtuous a beginning.” Whilst the visitors at the inn were engaged with the muleteer’s singing, the inn-keeper’s daughter and maid had formed a scheme to divert themselves with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, who



they knew was keeping guard at the front gate of the inn.

Placing themselves therefore at the window of the loft where the hay and straw were taken in, they had a full view of the knight on horseback, uttering soliloquies on the perfections of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; and whose gallantry was further awakened by his being intreated in a gentle tone of voice to come towards the window. Hearing this invitation, he lifted up his eyes, and by the light of the moon, perceived the two females at the straw-hole; which his crazy imagination instantly converted into a magnificent window; and the damsels, if not princesses, at least some of their attendants.

Repairing therefore to the place, he bewailed the bonds that rivetted him to his mistress Dulcinea, which prevented the absolute dedication of his soul to them; but testified his readiness to be of service in any way not derogatory to the fidelity of his passion to his own mistress. The maid, who by this time had fixed a rope with a noose to the adjoining piece of timber, became the spokeswoman,

and said, that her lady who was the princess of the castle, only indulged the desire of beholding that hand which had performed such wondrous feats.

On its being presented by the knight, he observed, that it had hitherto been untouched by any female, and from the contexture of the sinews, she would not be surprised at the exploits he had been enabled to achieve. The noose being fixed over his wrist, and the damsels withdrawn, Don Quixote found himself fastened in such a manner that his struggles were fruitless; for in order to present his hand with a proper grace, he had raised himself with his feet on the saddle; so that the least motion of Rozinante would now cause the whole weight of his body to rest upon his wrist, which had already been grasped so tight as to put him to great pain.

In this state of jeopardy, Don Quixote firmly believed that he was in the power of some enchanter, and that there was no hope for him unless he could recollect and call to his assistance some one of that tribe superior to the one that held him in thralldom.

## CHAPTER XVII.

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CONTINUATION OF OCCURRENCES AT THE INN.

DON QUIXOTE having been left to ruminate on his unlucky fate, and day beginning to dawn, some horsemen arrived at the inn, and proceeded to thunder at the gate for admittance. This produced a fierce wordy altercation with the knight, who was not so far absorbed in his ideal enchantment as to lose sight of his office of guardian of the castle; but in the confusion, Rozinante stepping aside, left his master suspended by the wrist, who bellowed so loudly from the pain he suffered, that the inn-keeper's daughter and maid, fearful of detection in their trick, speedily loosed the rope; which at once brought him to the ground, in a humour little adapted to a pacific termination of the dispute with the intruders.

The inn-keeper being at length awakened

by the uproar, came to the gate; and explaining to the travellers the nature of the knight's malady, their surprise abated, and they began to enquire about a youth they were in quest of, whose description exactly accorded with Donna Clara's lover. The inn-keeper said, that there were so many people in his house he could give them no particular intelligence; but the new-comers, espying the judge's coach in the yard, concluded that the object of the search was not far off: so making a strict examination, the youth was found asleep by the side of a muleteer, and awakened by the salutation of one of his father's domestics in the following terms;

“Truly, Signior Don Lewis, this is a very suitable dress for one of your quality; and the bed on which you now lie, admirably adapted to the delicacy in which you have been brought up.”

The youth, rubbing his sleepy eyes, and scarcely able to speak from his sudden surprise, exclaimed, “How did my father know of my travelling this road, and in this habit?”

“A student,” replied the man, “to whom

you had imparted your intention, moved by the sorrow that took possession of your parents on your being missed, disclosed your scheme; and we accordingly have been dispatched to restore you to their longing eyes." This conversation being overheard by the muleteers, one of them went and communicated what was passing to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the rest of the company, who all repaired to the spot where the servants were pressing the young gentleman to allow himself to be conducted home, which he as strenuously resisted. The disturbance this affair occasioned reached the ears of the judge, who desiring to be informed of the circumstances, one of the servants recognizing him, replied, " My Lord Judge, do not you know that young gentleman, your neighbour's son? he has absented himself from his father's house in a dress wholly unbecoming his quality, as you may perceive."

The judge, recollecting his features, took him by the hand, saying, " What frolic is this, Don Lewis? What powerful cause has induced you to come hither in a garb so unsuitable to your rank and fortune?"

The tears gushing into the youth's eyes, the judge led him aside ; when the young gentleman, pressing both the judge's hands, with great earnestness said ;

“ Dear Sir, I can give you no other reason for this adventure, than, that from our being neighbours, I was blessed with a sight of your daughter Donna Clara ; I became enamoured of her, and for her forsook my father's house in this disguise that I might follow her through the world, though she knows no more of my passion than my looks may have disclosed ; and if your inclination, my Lord, does not oppose my happiness, this very day I am agreeable to espouse her.”

The judge found himself rather perplexed in his determination ; for being well aware of the young man's rank and fortune, the advantage of such a match for his daughter was too evident to escape his penetration : for the present therefore, he made no other reply, than to desire him to detain his father's servants a day or two, that he might consider what steps would be most proper to be taken for the satisfaction of all concerned.

Just as the quiet of the inn was on the point of being re-established, the very barber, from whom Don Quixote had seized Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho the ass's pannel, entered the inn-yard ; and as he led his beast to the stable, perceiving Sancho mending something belonging to an ass's furniture, and knowing him at first sight, he exclaimed, " Ha, Don Thief, have I caught you at last. Restore my bason and pannel with all the furniture you stole from me." Sancho, hearing this demand, accompanied with such reproachful language, with one hand kept hold of the pannel, and with the other handled the barber so roughly, that he cried out,

" Help in the King's name ; this robber wants to murder me because I endeavour to recover my own property ; and together with this pannel, I was robbed of a new brass bason that cost me a good crown."

Don Quixote coming up amongst the rest, could not contain himself when he heard this mention of the bason, but addressing the company, said, " Gentlemen, with regard to the pannel I will not interfere ; but this shaver

errs in his judgment in calling that a bason, which I am ready to maintain is the very helmet of Mambrino ; bring hither therefore that piece of armour for the inspection of this good company."

Upon its being produced, the curate and barber for general amusement, resolved to encourage the knight's extravagance in this point ; and Master Nicholas entered upon the question with his professional brother ; " Mr. Barber," said he, " I am of the same trade and well acquainted with all the instruments of the art : I have moreover been a soldier in my youth, and can distinguish the different kinds of armour worn in the field ; I say therefore (under correction and with submission to the better judgment of this good company) that the object in question is not a bason but a helmet ; not indeed entire, as it wants a beaver."

Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions taking the hint, seconded this asseveration of Master Nicholas, to the great surprise of the poor shaver, who now saw his property in the greatest jeopardy, and ex-



claimed ; “ Good God ! Is it possible that so many honourable persons should pronounce this bason to be a helmet ? I suppose the pannel must therefore be a horse’s accoutrement.”

“ To me it appears a pannel,” replied the knight ; “ but whether it belongs to a horse’s or an ass’s accoutrement, I leave to the judgment of this company, who not being knights-errant as I am, are not perhaps subject to the enchantments of this place.”

“ Doubtless,” answered Don Fernando, “ Signior Don Quixote manifests his own prudence by this reference ; and I will in private take the opinions of the company and state the result of my inquiry.”

The mixed feelings of the company (of those who were in the secret and those who were ignorant of the joke) were not a little exercised by Don Fernando’s going with great gravity from one to the other to take their suffrage, and then giving the verdict against the barber, who could only exclaim against the injustice of the proceeding ; till seconded by one of the troopers of the Holy Brother-

hood who had entered with the servants of Don Lewis, and had been witness to the quarrel and question that had been under discussion. He in a furious tone expressed his choler and displeasure, which soon produced a general disturbance in the inn.

In this fray, Don Quixote assaulted the trooper sword in hand, who being joined by his companions (stationed along the public roads) was not so easily to be pacified; but the rank of those who had encouraged this freak prevented any great mischief.

However, Don Quixote's appearance and conduct took the attention of the trooper so much, that it occurred to him he had a warrant for the apprehension of a person of a similar description; therefore pulling out a bundle of parchment and comparing the physiognomy of the knight with the marks specified in the warrant, he discovered that he was the very person.

Holding therefore the parchment in one hand, and seizing the knight by the collar with the other, he roared aloud, " Help, in the name of the Holy Brotherhood; and that

you may see my demand is just, read the warrant for apprehending this highwayman." The indignation of Don Quixote at being treated in this manner, together with the additional epithets bestowed upon him by the other troopers, hardly allowed him the power of utterance ; he at length burst forth in these words, " Come hither ye rogues in a troop, ye robbers licensed by the Holy Brotherhood, and tell me what ignorant wretch signed a warrant against such a knight as I am.

" What blockhead but knows that no gentleman's charter contains so many rights and privileges as adhere to a knight errant. Come hither I say, and bear evidence that my single valour is sufficient to annihilate all the troopers in the kingdom." Whilst Don Quixote harangued in this manner, the curate was busily employed in representing (aside) to the troopers that he was a man disordered in his intellects ; and talked so effectually on the subject, whilst the knight acted such extravagancies, that the troopers must have been the most mad, if they had not plainly perceived his defect.

Therefore, by the curate's arguments, reinforced by the generosity of Don Fernando, they were induced to forego their claims on Don Quixote's person, and took upon themselves as officers of justice, to mediate between Sancho and the barber, who had been continuing the fray with the greatest animosity.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA'S RETURN TO HIS HABITATION.

SOME days having now elapsed at the inn, in the eventful manner before related, the company were disposed to separate for the prosecution of their own objects; and a plan was therefore proposed for conveying Don Quixote home, without putting Don Fernando, in particular, to the inconvenience of going out of his road.

Towards accomplishing this, a large waggon was hired, and a cage of sufficient size to secure the knight's person, prepared; then all the company at the inn, having disguised themselves, rushed into Don Quixote's apartment, who, from some prank or another, lay too much overcome with fatigue to resist or recognize any thing.

Having engaged him, and engaged some of the troopers as an escort, the curate and barber took their leave of all parties ; and with Sancho Panza in charge of his master's steed and armour, proceeded towards their own village.

When they had travelled some distance on the road with this equipage, six or seven well mounted men came up, at the head of whom was a canon of Toledo, who, from the accompaniment of the troopers, supposed some great delinquent was carrying along. Inquisitive as to the cause, they were referred by the waggoner and troopers to the knight himself for an explanation, who said to the strangers ;

“ Gentlemen, if you are skilled and conversant in the legends of chivalry I will communicate my misfortunes, otherwise there is no occasion for my fatiguing myself with the relation.” By this time the curate and barber, perceiving the traveller's attention directed towards Don Quixote, came up, and taking the canon aside, informed him of the particulars of the knight's malady, and that

he was secured in this cage, in order that he might be conveyed home and some remedy applied to his distemper. The canon was astonished at this relation, and said; "Truly, Mr. Curate, I am persuaded, that these books of chivalry are very prejudicial; for though from a false taste and idle curiosity I have been induced to take up many, I never could peruse the whole of one of them, and consider them, even with respect to amusement, as much inferior to Apologues, which have a tendency to instruction as well as to delight; this in either point can hardly be said of the extravagance of books of chivalry."

The curate (though differing a little as to romances) being much pleased with the good sense of the canon, led to further conversation on the subject of criticism; and the canon observed, that notwithstanding his objections to books of chivalry, works of imagination in skilful hands might be applied to the best purposes; for the writer having events in his own hands, might so arrange and adorn them as to combine instruction

with delight ; and that he himself had made some progress in a book of this description, but had discontinued it from the consideration of its being likely to fall into the hands of those, least able to form a just judgment of its merits ; for upon adverting to the public taste, it was evident that the same rule of judgment would be observed with respect to one book of imagination as the other, and the monstrous and absurd, as in the drama, bear away the general suffrage.

“ Mr. Canon,” said the curate interrupting him, “ the subject you now glance at awakens in me a dislike to plays, almost as strong as you seem to hold with respect to books of chivalry.

“ Comedy, according to the old school, should be the mirror of life and manners, not as at present, the caricature of both : it is not sufficient that diversion should be the principal object ; improvement should be so blended with it, as to inspire affection for virtue and abhorrence of vice.” Thus far had the canon and curate proceeded, when



Master Nicholas observed that the present spot would be a good place to halt, as there was abundance of grass for the cattle.

The curate approving of the proposal, and the canon not being inclined to part company with them, sent his attendants onward to the inn, retaining only the sumpter mule, and the servant with it to set out the contents of the basket upon the verdant carpet of the lawn before them. Before they sat down to the repast, the canon made intercession for Don Quixote's partaking of it with them; who, agreeably to the canon's suggestion, promised on the faith of a knight to return to the cage when the time came for their departure.

When Don Quixote took his seat amongst them, the canon, touched with compassion for his infirmity, thus addressed him;

“Is it possible, good Sir, that the idle and unlucky reading of works of chivalry can have so far impaired your judgment, as that you should give credit to illusions, as far from being true, as truth is distant from falsehood. Is it possible, I say, that the mind

of a person of education should be reduced to such a pass, as to make it necessary that he should be cooped up in a cage, and transported in a waggon, like a beast exhibited for shew. Go to, Signior Don Quixote, have pity on yourself, return into the bosom of discretion, and put those happy talents which heaven has conferred on you to a better use, by employing your genius in studies that may redound as much to your credit, as to the good of your soul."

Don Quixote listened with infinite attention, and after regarding the canon steadfastly, answered in these words ;

"Signior Hidalgo, the scope of your discourse, if I am not mistaken, was to represent to me, that books of chivalry are unprofitable and mischievous ; and that I have been to blame in reading, believing, and still more in imitating the characters they describe ; and that you moreover go so far as to deny that there ever was either an Amadis of Gaul or Greece."

"Such," replied the canon, " was my precise meaning."

“Why then,” exclaimed Don Quixote, “the person impaired in his understanding is no other than your worship, who has presumed to utter such blasphemies: for to say that there never was such a person as Amadis of Gaul, or any other of those adventurous knights with whom history abounds, is like endeavouring to persuade people that frost is not cold, and that the sun affords no light, or the earth any sustenance.”

“It may be so,” resumed the canon, “but by my holy orders, I am not bound to believe the accounts of such a rabble of knights’ errant, or the rhodomontades that are brought forward in the legends of knight-errantry.”

The conversation taking this decided turn was no very savoury relish to the repast; however, on its being finished, Don Quixote, agreeably to his promise, allowed himself to be replaced in the cage on the waggon.

When the canon took his leave and the troopers were discharged, they had no great way to travel to Don Quixote’s abode.

Towards the dusk of the evening they arrived at the village, and the curate and

barber delivered the knight into the hands of his housekeeper and niece; giving them a strict charge that they should keep a watchful eye over him, that he might not escape from the house again after the trouble they had experienced in bringing him home.

**END OF PART THE FIRST.**

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## PART II.

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## CHAPTER I.

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### SCRUTINY OF DON QUIXOTE'S LIBRARY BY THE CURATE AND BARBER OF THE VILLAGE.

THE curate and barber, as related in the first part of this work, having seen Don Quixote safely deposited in his own abode, deliberated as to the best mode of remedying the extravagance that possessed him; and conceiving that the most efficacious expedient would be to destroy those books which had such a fatal influence on his mind, repaired to the closet where they were kept, in company with the housekeeper and niece; whilst the master of the library was recovering from the fatigues he had undergone, by the refreshment of sleep.

When they entered the apartment, they beheld upwards of a hundred large volumes well bound, and a considerable number of

smaller books; no sooner had the housekeeper set her eyes upon them, than she ran out of the room, and returned in great speed with a bason of holy water and a sprig of hyssop, saying,

“ Let your worship, Mr. Licentiate, sprinkle this chamber, lest any of the enchanters who guard these books, punish us for seeking to disappoint them of their purposes.”

The curate, not without smiling at the simplicity of the woman, desired the barber to hand him some of the books that he might examine on what they treated, as they might not all deserve the ordeal of fire.

The voluminous legends of chivalry being inspected, they were, with few exceptions, consigned to the secular arm of the housekeeper, who, to save the staircase, dismissed them through the window to take their fate in an auto-da-fé in the court yard.

Proceeding then to the smaller books, consisting chiefly of poetry, greater discrimination was used; and the curate, taking up one, saw that it was the *Diana of Iorge de Montemayor*; supposing that the others were



of the same description, he was disposed to save them, observing, that there was no occasion for these sharing the fate of the preceding ones, as they were not of the same pernicious nature :

“ O Sir,” said the niece, “ it is to be hoped that you will have all these books burnt, as well as the former ; for what will avail the cure of the infirmity of knight-errantry, if by reading these of poetry, my uncle should fancy himself a shepherd, and stroll through the copses and meadows, piping and singing ; or what is worse, become himself a poet, which they say is the most contagious and incurable of all distempers ?”

“ What the damsel says,” observed the curate, “ is not ill judged ; and such a stumbling-block ought to be put aside. Let therefore the Diana of Iorge de Montemayor be removed.” “ That which follows,” resumed the barber, “ is the Diana called the Siquada del Salmantino, and the other of the same title is the composition of Gil Polo.”

“ Let him of Salmantino,” answered the curate, “ accompany the Iorge of Monte-

mayor to the pile in the court yard. But as to Gil Polo's work, let it be kept with the same care as if Apollo himself were the author. But pass on my friend, and make haste, for it grows late."

"This," rejoined the barber, on opening another, "comprises the ten books of the Fortune of Love, composed by the Sardinian poet Antonio de la Fonso."

"By the orders I have received," exclaimed the curate, "ever since Apollo was Apollo; the Muses, Muses; and Poets, Poets; so graceful and unparalleled a book has not been composed; and he that has not read it has not read any thing of real taste." "Verily, my good friend, as great a prize has fallen into my hands, as if I had received a cassock of Florence silk." The next that followed was the songs of Lopez Maldonado. "The author of this book," said the curate, "is my great friend; and the recital of the verses from his own mouth, excites general admiration; for such is the sweetness of his voice, that it operates like enchantment. Let it be kept with those that are put aside. But

what book is that which is close to it?" "It is the *Galatea* of Miguel de Cervantes," replied the barber; "he that has been more disciplined in adversity, than in the task of authorship." "This book," added the curate, "has something of invention, and it is to be hoped that the further continuation of it will accomplish his relief from the misfortunes that overshadow him. Let it be kept with the others that have been selected, close in your possession." "Here are three books," resumed the barber, "close to one another; the *Aracaunus* of Don Alonzo de Eveilla, the *Austriada* of Juan Rufo, magistrate of Corduba, and the *Monserrato* of Christabal de Vernes of Valencia." "These books that you have mentioned," said the curate, "are the best heroic poetry that has been written in the Spanish language, and may vie with the best of the Italian compositions. Keep them for the honour of Spain." The curate now began to be fatigued with looking over the books, and without further ceremony, desired that the rest might be delivered over to the housekeeper. But the barber held one

open in his hands, which he said was the Tears of Angelica. "I should weep too," cried the curate, "if such a book were to be burnt; for the author was one of the most famous poets, not only of Spain, but of the whole world; and was very successful in the translation of Ovid's works."

In this manner terminated the scrutiny of the library; and the housekeeper and niece, that very night, burnt and destroyed all the books that were in the yard, and in other parts of the house; and agreeably to the advice of the curate and barber, had the door of the book-closet closed up.

In a few days, Don Quixote was able to get up and quit his chamber, and the first step he took, was to look after his books. Not finding the closet where they had been kept, he walked to and fro, casting his eyes about on every side without saying a word; at length however, he asked the housekeeper, what had become of the book-closet.

The housekeeper, who as well as the niece, was prepared for this question, said, that some devil or enchanter had carried away both

the books and the closet; having come in a cloud with much noise, one night shortly after his departure from home; and after stopping a little while, and involving the house in smoke, vanished through the roof. To this the niece added, that when they went to see what mischief was doing, they could find neither books nor closet, but the appearance of an old looking man, who, at his departure, uttered in a hoarse tone of voice, that for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of the books and apartment, he had made that visit, and that he was the sage Munator.

“Freton, you should say,” rejoined Don Quixote. “I do not know,” answered the housekeeper, “what he called himself, I only know, he concluded with pronouncing some name.” “He is a sage enchanter,” cried Don Quixote, “and a great enemy to me, because he knows by the study of his art, which looks into futurity, that I am to engage in single combat with a certain knight whom he favours; and am destined to vanquish him, in spite of all he can do to prevent it; for so heaven ordains.” “Who doubts it,”

replied the niece. " But my good uncle, what business have you to interfere in these frays ? would it not be better to remain tranquil in your own house ? " Perceiving, however, that any attempt at remonstrance only added fuel to the malady, she refrained from farther discourse on the subject, and proposed his taking some refreshment, which the house-keeper immediately set before him ; and the knight having, with his usual moderation, partaken of it, retired calmly again to his apartment, and for some time appeared domesticated in his habits.

## CHAPTER II.

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THE CURATE AND BARBER'S VISIT TO DON QUIXOTE,  
WITH SANCHO PANZA'S CONVERSATION WITH HIS  
MASTER.

THE curate and barber forbore to visit Don Quixote for a whole month, that they might not, by their presence, revive in his remembrance, the mortifying result of his chimerical projects. But they nevertheless received frequent intimations from the housekeeper and niece, relative to his conduct; and learnt, that in consequence of their injunctions respecting his treatment being strictly observed, great amendment seemed to take place; so that they thought they might now venture a visit, without danger of the revival of past circumstances. They found the knight sitting in his chamber, in a waistcoat of green baize and a red night-cap, as meagre,

shrunk, and withered as ever, but very courteous in his reception of them; and to their inquiries as to the state of his health, spoke of his indisposition and himself with great judgment and discretion.

The conversation turned on different subjects, on all which Don Quixote delivered himself with so much propriety, that the two examiners were disposed to think he had recovered the right use of his understanding.

The curate, in order to be satisfied in this respect, altered his intention, which had been to avoid any thing that might lead to the subject of chivalry; and among other topics, mentioned the arrival of the news, that the Turks had equipped a powerful armament at sea, and general alarm pervaded all the sea coasts of Christendom. To this intimation, the knight observed, that if his advice were taken there would be little to be apprehended from any efforts of the Turkish Sultan. "What expedient have you to recommend?" replied the curate. "Body of me," exclaimed he, "the king has nothing to do, but issue an



order for all the knights-errant in Spain to assemble; and although they should be few in number, even those few, or, if I may be so bold as to say it, one amongst them might be of valour sufficient to overthrow the whole Turkish army. Pray, gentlemen, is it such an extraordinary circumstance, for one knight to cut in pieces an army of hundreds of thousands? How many histories are filled with such marvellous exploits?"

The curate and barber immediately perceived how little foundation there was for expecting a successful issue to their attempt to rectify the knight's brain, and the barber with some impatience, said; "Gentlemen, I beg your attention whilst I relate a short account of a singular circumstance which happened at Seville.

"There was in the mad-house at that city, a certain person who had been brought up as a scholar, and had taken his degrees at the university; but notwithstanding all his learning, he shewed such symptoms of insanity as occasioned his being confined. This person took it into his head to conceive that

his judgment was as sound as that of others, and accordingly wrote to the archbishop of the diocese in so cogent a manner, that the Archbishop's chaplain was sent to inquire into the affair. The rector of the mad-house assured the chaplain, that although the man at times appeared reasonable, he was at the bottom as much out of his wits as ever; nevertheless, he might satisfy himself by the examination of the party.

“ The chaplain going to his apartment, entered into a discourse with him, in which the man represented, that it was a scheme of his relations to keep him in confinement in order to enjoy his estate; and that the rector on account of the presents he received, was in their interest.

“ In short he talked so effectually, that the chaplain was disposed to suspect some unfairness in the business, and desired that he might have his own clothes again and be discharged, producing the Archbishop's warrant for that purpose.

“ When on the point of departure, and on the eve of obtaining his liberty, the man, so

far freed, expressed a desire to take leave of his companions in affliction ; and approaching one who was confined in a cell, said to him ; ‘ Brother, have you any commands for me ? I am going home, being, by the blessing of God, restored to my right understanding.’

“ This being overheard by another lunatic, he started up, and roared out, ‘ Who is he that’s going away so sober and sound ? ’ ‘ ’Tis I,’ answered the scholar, ‘ who am no longer under the necessity of staying in this place.’ ‘ You recovered and at liberty, and I in chains ! ’ exclaimed the madman ; ‘ know that I, who am Jupiter, will take such vengeance on the city if you are discharged, that not one drop of rain shall fall for years to come.’ The madman continuing to vociferate, the scholar turned round to the company and said ;

“ ‘ Gentlemen, be not uneasy at these threats, if he who is Jupiter will withhold rain from the earth, I who am Neptune, and command the ocean, will restore moisture when it is wanted.’

“ At this speech, the chaplain was out of countenance, the rector laughed, and in conclusion the ill-fated scholar was again stripped of his clothes, and remanded to his cell.” During the progress of the story, Don Quixote looked not a little grave, and toward the end shewed evident signs of perturbation; but all comment was interrupted by a noise at the gate, which arose from some altercation between the housekeeper and niece, and Sancho Panza, who was endeavouring to force his way into the house.

In the struggle the following curious dialogue ensued. “ What does the swaggbellied lurcher want in this house ?” said the housekeeper, “ get you gone brother, it was thou, and none but thou, who turned my poor master’s brain, enticing him from home to stroll about the highways.”

To this address, Sancho replied, “ Housekeeper of Satan, ’tis my brain has been turned; ’twas thy master who wheedled me from my home, with the promise of an island.”

“ The deuce take thee and thy islands,

thou cormorant," said the niece, "is it any thing to eat thou glutton?"

"Let it be what it will," cried the house-keeper, "he shall not set his foot here. Go and look after thy own house, and fatten thy hogs, thou bag of mischief and bundle of malice." Don Quixote hearing what Sancho had said, and the women's tongues going on at a high rate, desired that he might be admitted without further parley, and the curate and barber, in despair of any permanent effect from their good endeavours, took their leave and departed to their respective homes. The door being shut, Don Quixote said to Sancho, "It gives me great pain to hear that thou sayest I enticed thee from thy cottage, when thou knowest that I, at the same time, quitted my own house. Together we set out and travelled, sharing the same fortune and fate.

"But a truce with remonstrance. Let me now know, Sancho, how I am spoken of in this place. What say the vulgar, and what character do I bear among the gentry? I shall not be offended at hearing the truth."

“ In the first place,” replied Sancho, “ the common people think you a stark-staring madman ; and the better sort say, that, scorning the rank of a private gentleman, you have put Don before your name, and dubbed yourself a knight, with a few acres of land and a patched doublet.” “ As to my doublet,” said the knight, “ it is worn out by my armour.” “ If you wish to hear further,” continued Sancho, “ there is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco in the village, who is informed of every thing.”

“ By and by,” rejoined Don Quixote, “ I shall hear what he has to say. In the mean time, friend Sancho, let me know if you have had any conversation with your wife, concerning the event of our resuming our adventures.” “ Under certain conditions,” said Sancho, “ my wife will not object to my going, and that is, that I shall receive a monthly salary, over and above the promise of the island. “ Look you, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “ I would appoint you a salary, if I could find in any history that I have had the least glimpse of any such usage ; but if

you think that I would infringe or deviate from the least rule of chivalry, you are mistaken."

When Sancho heard this fixed resolution of his master, his heart flagged in a moment, and blubbering out a reply, he said, "I have perceived, by many good works and more good words, that your Worship is inclined to serve me; and if I have required wages, it has been at my wife's instance. But, notwithstanding her importunity, I here promise to serve you as faithfully as ever, and trust to your bounty for my reward."

## CHAPTER III.

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DON QUIXOTE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE BACHELOR  
SAMPSON CARRASCO, AND FINAL DETERMINATION ON  
A FURTHER SALLY IN QUEST OF ADVENTURES.

DURING the conversation between Don Quixote and Sancho, the housekeeper had hurried away to the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's house, hoping, as a friend to her master, he would endeavour to dissuade him from another sally. She found him taking a walk in his fore-court, and falling down on her knees before him, could not speak for some time so much was she agitated.

Carrasco, seeing her under such consternation, asked what had befallen her. "Nothing, Mr. Bachelor," said she, with frequent sobs and interruption of voice, "nothing, but that my master is breaking out again, and is going to make another sally in quest of adven-



tures. The last time he returned in a waggon, cooped up in a cage like any wild creature, and in such woful plight, that his eyes were sunk to the lowest part of his brain."

The bachelor, with a figure not very well according with his name of Sampson, had a round visage, flat nose, and capacious mouth; all symptoms of a mischievous and waggish disposition; and in truth, he was not sorry at the opportunity of having his share of amusement from his neighbour's folly. Recommending, therefore, his suppliant to dismiss her anxiety, he undertook to look into the matter, and returned with her to Don Quixote's abode.

As soon as he approached the knight, he fell on his knees, saying, "Permit me to kiss your puissant hand, Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha, for, by the habit of St. Peter, your Worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that ever was or ever will be, in the circumference of the globe. Blessed be the author who has commenced the history of your prowess, and honoured be the

translators of it, for there is scarcely a nation or language which does not already possess it." "Pray, Mr. Bachelor," said the knight, "which of my exploits is most esteemed in the history?" "As to that," replied Carrasco, "there are as many opinions as tastes; but the deliverance of the galley-slaves, and the engagement with the Biscayan, seem most noticed. The whole, however, is much admired, and has the peculiar merit of requiring no commentary." As the bachelor pronounced these words, their ears were saluted by the neighing of Rosinante, which Don Quixote considered as a most happy omen; and declaring his intention of sallying forth in a few days, asked the bachelor's advice as to the route he should take.

Sampson Carrasco recommended him to direct his course towards the kingdom of Arragon, and go to Saragossa, where a solemn tournament was to be held, which would give him the opportunity of entering the lists with the Arragonian knights; adding, that if any thing should be wanting to the expedition, here he was ready to make it good

with his person and fortune ; and, if need be, to serve him in the capacity of squire. Innumerable were the curses that the housekeeper and niece vented against the bachelor, when they found the turn things were taking ; and, on his leaving the house, they united their efforts to counteract the effects of his pernicious counsels.

The housekeeper, among other arguments, said ; “ as she hoped to be saved, if he would not settle at home, but was resolved to stray about the mountains and valleys like a troubled ghost, she would complain in person, and raise her voice to God and the King, to apply some remedy to his disorder.”

“ How, good woman,” answered Don Quixote, “ God will accept of thy complaints, I know not ; or how his Majesty will receive thy petition. But I must say, if I were a sovereign, I should not be disposed to attend to every insignificant memorial.” “ Pray Sir,” said the housekeeper, “ if there are knights at court, as is reported, would it not be better for you to serve his Majesty in that capacity in his palace ?” “ You must be

informed," replied Don Quixote, "that all knights cannot be courtiers, nor need all courtiers be knights-errant; and although we are all entitled knights, yet there is a great difference between us. Your courtiers, without going from their thresholds, travel over the world in maps, and experience nothing of the hardships of knights-errant, who are liable to be exposed to the inclemencies of the weather both night and day."

"Ah, dear Sir," interrupted the niece, "consider that all these stories of knight-errantry are nothing but lying inventions. Good God! that with all your learning, you should yet remain in such woeful blindness as to endeavour to persuade the world and yourself, that you are a vigorous righter of wrongs, when you are enfeebled with the burden of years; and, above all things, give yourself out for a knight, when you are destitute of the requisite means of becoming one; for although rich gentlemen may be knighted, poor ones, such as yourself, rarely attain that rank." "However ill I must take the freedom of some of your observations, cousin of

mine," said Don Quixote, "there is one part of your discourse that I shall enlarge upon for your better information. Be attentive therefore to what I am going to say. All the families in the world may be reduced to these four divisions. The first, those who from a low origin have mounted to greatness and power, as exemplified in the house of Ottoman, which from an humble shepherd, attained that pinnacle of grandeur on which it now stands.

"The second sort is exhibited in the persons of many princes and families, who are illustrious by inheritance, and support their rank without addition or diminution.

"The third, is of those, who, from illustrious beginnings, have dwindled into an inconsiderable point, like the apex of a pyramid, which, compared with its base, is next to nothing. Of these, there are numerous examples in the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Ægypt; the Cæsars of Rome; and the tribe of monarchs, princes, and great men, whose families have almost disappeared, with the history of their time and age.

“ The fourth, and that the most numerous, consists of the families of plebeians and ordinary people, who, having neither foundation nor casual elevation, have merely increased the number of the living, without meriting either fame or panegyric.

“ It may, therefore, be inferred, that there is a great confusion of pedigrees, and that those only are to be deemed truly illustrious, who use Fortune’s gifts with taste, judgment, and generosity; and the poor knight, who signalizes himself by deeds of valour and in the practice of virtue, may justly claim similar respect with him who can boast of having the most illustrious ancestors.

“ The paths that lead to riches and honour are learning, and arms; now I have chosen the latter, and will pursue that road in spite of the whole universe, for thus says the poet;

“ By these rough paths of toil and pain,  
Th’ immortal seats of bliss we gain;  
Denied to those who heedless stray,  
In tempting pleasure’s flowery way.”

All exhortation being fruitless, the niece

and housekeeper left the room ; anticipating on the part of their master, a further display of extravagancies, that seemed to have operated with increased energy under the auspices of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco.

## CHAPTER IV.

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DON QUIXOTE PROCEEDS ON HIS ADVENTURES — HIS MEETING WITH DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO. — AND RENCONTRE WITH THE WAGGON OF DEATH.

THE bachelor Sampson Carrasco, who had a project in view that he had communicated to the curate and barber, was so complaisant as to accompany Don Quixote some furlongs on his road, and then took his leave in the most courteous manner.

Whilst Don Quixote and Sancho were proceeding towards Toboso (the knight having resolved in the commencement of his enterprise to receive his mistress's benediction) the bachelor proceeded homewards in order to put his plan in execution.

When they approached the city of Toboso, Sancho's spirits were depressed at the idea of his master's discovering that his former ac-



count of his interview with Dulcinea was all a fabrication; he therefore sought to gain time, in order to contrive some story to amuse him; and insinuated, that as the evening was coming on, it would be indelicate to be inquiring about his mistress at so unreasonable a time; and recommended that they should take shelter in a neighbouring thicket, till the next day.

The knight assented to this; and passed the hours in anxious anticipation of being blessed with a sight of his mistress; while Sancho was occupied in schemes to extricate himself, till Morpheus overcame the cares of one and the other, and drowned the senses of both in the balm of sleep. At dawn of day, Don Quixote awoke Sancho, giving him directions in what manner to accost his mistress as well as desiring him to observe how the address was received.

Sancho, whipping up Dapple, proceeded with the greatest perplexity on his errand, and when out of the sight of his master, alighted, and sitting down at the foot of a

tree, began to catechise himself on the business before him, in the following soliloquy.

“ This master of mine, as I have observed in a thousand instances, is crazy enough to allow himself to be shackled by a straw; therefore it will be no difficult matter to persuade him that the first country girl we meet is his mistress Dulcinea; and if he boggles at swallowing the cheat, I will swear that one of those enchanters who bear him a grudge, hath metamorphosed her shape and countenance in order to vex and disquiet him.” Sancho having hit upon this expedient, waited with patience till he descried three country girls riding towards him on the road, mounted on she asses; immediately turning back, he apprized his master of the approach of his Dulcinea, and as the damsels came up, Sancho seizing the halter of one of their beasts, fell upon his knees before the rider, and addressed her in the following terms.

“ Queen and princess, will your Highness be pleased to receive into grace and favour your captive knight, who now approaches

you, and who is confounded at the presence of your magnificence. I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he the knight Don Quixote de la Mancha of the rueful countenance." By this time Don Quixote, having placed himself by the side of Sancho, with staring eyes and troubled vision gazed upon the object which Sancho called Queen and Princess; and perceiving nothing but an ordinary country girl, remained in the utmost confusion; whilst the other damsels were equally astonished at seeing two such strange figures kneeling before their companion, who breaking silence pronounced in an ungracious tone of voice these words,

"Get out of the way and let us pass, for we are in a hurry; truly you must think me a fine madam, to listen to your gibberish. We should be more obliged to you to let us go about our own affairs."

Sancho, accordingly, loosed the halter, well pleased at the success of his stratagem. But the ass, impatient at having been kept so long at bay, began to flounce and kick about, till it brought its rider to the ground. Never-

theless the damsel frustrated Don Quixote's attempt to replace her in the saddle, by springing at once over the crupper into the seat, to the infinite delight of Sancho, who exclaimed aloud,

“ By St. Roque, my lady mistress is as nimble as a hawk, and her companions not a whit behind her in celerity:” this was true enough, for no sooner was Dulcinea remounted than they all scoured off like the wind. Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, till they vanished from his sight; then turning to his squire, he said, “ Thou seest, Sancho, how I am persecuted by enchanters, and how far their malice and grudge extends, in depriving me of the pleasure of beholding the angel I adore in her own beauteous form.”

The rogue Sancho, finding the bait so well taken, had some difficulty in concealing his satisfaction. But his own triumph and his master's melancholy, were interrupted by a portentous spectacle. A waggon crossed the road full of the most curious shapes, and conducted by the apparition of a demon. The

vehicle being open, the first object that presented itself to the eyes of Don Quixote, was Death, in his skeleton shape; and behind him, were seen various other personages of grotesque aspects and dress. This group, appearing on a sudden, a little discomposed our hero's nerves, and filled the heart of Sancho with dismay. Don Quixote however, collecting himself, pronounced aloud; "Driver, Devil, or whatever being thou art, tell me, whither thou art going, and whom thou conveyest in that car, which more resembles old Charon's boat than any other conveyance."

The demon very courteously stopping his waggon, replied, "Signior, we are players going to represent at a neighbouring village a piece called The Parliament of Death, and in order to save time, travel in our playing dresses." During this explanation, one of the company who was on foot and performed the part of a merry-andrew, came up; and skipping about with bells and a bladder hanging to a pole, so frightened Rozinante, that he

set off at full speed, and very shortly brought his rider to the ground.

Whilst Sancho was engaged in assisting his master, he overlooked the situation of Dapple, who now filled up the rear of the cavalcade with the merry-andrew on his back. Don Quixote was no sooner remounted, than in a rage, he rode up to the waggon, threatening immediate vengeance on the whole party.

They, however, quitting their vehicle, betook themselves to the defence of pebble shot, the effects of which the knight had experienced in various encounters, to the no small damage of his person; so that, as Sancho had obtained the liberty of Dapple, he was disposed by his arguments, to compromise the affair in his own mind, under the plea of its not being a case in which he could, as a knight-errant, engage. Therefore, withdrawing from the array against him, he consoled himself with moralizing on the adventure.

“Life,” said he to Sancho, “and its progress, is but what these players represent.

Each takes his character, and when that with his dress is laid aside, all are on a level. Thus, in the real comedy and commerce of the world, various characters and personages come forward, and when life approaches its end, Death strips them of the robes that distinguished their stations, and they are laid all prostrate in the grave."

"True," answered Sancho, "and something similar I have heard observed respecting the game of Chess, in which every piece sustains a particular station, and character; and when the game is over all are indiscriminately jumbled together in a bag, like mortals in the grave."

"Verily, Sancho," said the knight, "you seem to have made a wonderful proficiency in your ideas, since your fellowship with arms; upon the same principle, I presume, as the earthen clod when in contact with finer particles, is as free to assume the quality of the porcelain vase, as to form the ordinary pitcher."

## CHAPTER V.

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### RENCONTRE WITH A STRANGE KNIGHT.

THE shades of evening coming on, and interrupting the progress of the journey of Don Quixote and his Squire, as well as their conversation; Sancho Panza betook himself to the foot of a cork-tree, for his pillow, whilst his master reclined against an oak to take his slumber. But betwixt dim and dark, his repose was disturbed by the approach of two men on horseback, one of whom alighting, said to the other, "My friend, let us rest here, for the place seems to abound with pasture for our horses, and with silence and solitude, adapted to assuage our fatigue, both of body and of mind."

Don Quixote with some difficulty awoke Sancho, saying, "Here brother is an adventure; that man yonder threw himself on the



ground, shewing signs of not being over easy in his mind, and I heard his armour rattle as he fell." Before Sancho could reply, the following words were uttered by the stranger :

" Is it possible that the most beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, has devoted her captive knight to exhaust himself in continual peregrinations? Is it not enough, that I have established her beauty by the extorted confession of all the knights of Spain, not even excepting that of La Mancha ?"

The latter part of this exclamation surprised Don Quixote. He approached the spot from whence the voice issued, and was saluted in a courteous manner by a cavalier, who, rising from the ground, accosted him thus,

" Sir Knight, for I conclude that you are one professing knight-errantry from meeting you in this place." To this, Don Quixote replied, " I am a knight of the order you mention, and from the soliloquy you just now uttered, gather, that grief has taken possession of your soul, as it has long since been an inhabitant of mine ; so that most likely we are both victims of a similar wayward fate."

The two knights then sat down together on the grass, while their attendant squires removed to a distance; as much for the sake of communicating the affairs of their respective masters, as for the purpose of enjoying, in good fellowship, the reciprocal contents of their wallets. In the conversation that took place between the two knights, the stranger, after having recounted his hardships, concluded by saying, that his mistress's last command was, to traverse all the provinces in Spain, and compel every knight-errant in the kingdom to acknowledge that she exceeded all the women on earth in beauty. To these commands, the laws of hospitality, friendship, and every claim, must submit; and therefore, before they parted, that acknowledgment must be challenged.

Don Quixote, not agreeing to this peremptory demand, the following day was fixed for converting one or the other by the sword; and the conditions of the combat were, that the vanquished should obey the victor in all points, not derogatory to the laws of chivalry. The two squires, during this conference, had

in their libations been discussing the merits of their respective masters, and the circumstances of their own situations; and the strange squire stood out on the superior advantages of ecclesiastical patronage, and the safe snug gifts it had to bestow, whereas titles and honours were attended with a load of care and trouble.

Thus occupied, they were disturbed in their pleasant reveries, by their masters giving them orders to prepare their arms and steeds for combat at the dawn of day. As soon as the warbling of birds with their various sprightly notes announced the approach of morn, the two combatants were fully exposed to each other's view; and Don Quixote beheld in his antagonist, a muscular man, with his visor closed, and gorgeously apparelled.

But when Sancho looked at his brother squire in full day light, he was struck with affright at his countenance, which was horribly disfigured by an enormous nose: as soon, therefore, as his master moved to take his proper distance, Sancho, trembling in every limb, climbed up a tree to avoid any

further communication with his frightful brother squire, whom he firmly believed to be some hobgoblin.

Whilst Don Quixote was inquiring into the cause of Sancho's flight up the tree, the strange knight was advancing to the encounter at full speed; but seeing that Don Quixote was unprepared, he stopped short half way in his career. By this time, however, our knight had put out at full speed; and regardless of his opponent's being embarrassed by his sudden halt, unhorsed him without much difficulty; so that the strange knight fell motionless on the ground, from the shock and weight of his armour. Don Quixote alighting, took off his adversary's visor, and to his great astonishment, beheld the visage of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco.

He called Sancho to him, who, seeing the squire's extraordinary appearance, and the metamorphose of the knight, blessed and crossed himself a thousand times, and earnestly entreated that this work of enchantment might be finished by the combatant's death.

At this critical moment, the squire of the strange knight advancing with his prodigious nose in his hand, presented to the eyes of Sancho, the countenance of his intimate fellow villager Thomas Cecial, who assured them both of his own identity, and that the dismounted knight was no other than the bachelor Sampson Carrasco.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza were in perfect amazement at what had passed; but the discomfited knight shewing signs of recovery, Don Quixote placed the point of his sword to his throat, declaring, that unless he renounced Casildea de Vandalia, and acknowledged the pre-eminence of Dulcinea del Toboso in beauty, and would repair to her presence and make this avowal, his life was in the utmost danger.

The vanquished knight, being completely at his opponent's mercy, promised obedience in every particular; and with the assistance of his squire, retired to repair his shattered carcase, and plot the means of revenge for the miscarriage of his enterprise.

Don Quixote now considered himself as the

most renowned and invincible of knights ; and as he rode along indulging in this vanity, Sancho interrupted his reveries by saying,

“ You will scarcely believe what a simpleton I make myself, but I cannot help thinking of that horrid and unmeasurable nose of our neighbour Tom CECIAL.”—“ And dost thou believe,” replied the knight, “ that the strange cavalier was the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire thy old companion Thomas CECIAL.”

“ As to that affair,” replied Sancho, “ I am positive that nobody but himself could give such an account of my family ; then as to his face and voice, they were precisely and individually those of my neighbour CECIAL.”

“ Come, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ let us reason coolly on this head. What probability was there that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come, as a knight-errant, to offer me combat ? Am I his enemy or rival ? Depend upon it, it is some contrivance of those enchanters who persecute me, and who, finding by their art that I should be victorious, in order to save their own knight,

changed his form into the appearance of the bachelor ; and by a similar substitution, Thomas Cecial for the squire. Have we not already had woeful experience of their power in the transformation of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into a country girl ?”

“ It is God alone who knows the truth of all things,” answered Sancho ; well aware that the transformation of Dulcinea was the effect of his own enchantment, and therefore not quite convinced by his master’s arguments, about other transformations. But he said as little as he could upon the subject, that he might not betray himself.

## CHAPTER VI.

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RENCONTRE WITH DON DIEGO DE MIRANDA, A GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA, WITH THE ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS, AND THE KNIGHT'S RECEPTION AT DON DIEGO'S HOUSE.

DON QUIXOTE and his squire Sancho, continuing their route on the main road, fell in with a gentleman well mounted, and dressed in a green riding coat faced with velvet, with a cap and accoutrements of the same, who saluted them with great politeness as he passed along.

Don Quixote spoke to him and said, "Signior, if you are not pressed for time, I should be exceedingly glad to join company with you."

On being thus accosted, the gentleman stopped, and looked with amazement at the air and appearance of Don Quixote; the



knight at the same time surveying the stranger with no less attention, who seemed turned of fifty and apparently of some distinction.

Judging from the traveller's look of surprise, that he wished for some information, Don Quixote addressed him as follows; "Signior, I am not in the least surprised at your contemplating my appearance with an air of curiosity. Know, then, that I am of that fraternity of adventurers called knights-errant. I have left my home, mortgaged my all, and cast myself on fortune, with design of awakening the long lost spirit of chivalry."

The traveller was some time before he could sufficiently collect himself to answer, that the very novelty of the knight's undertaking, must apologise for his scepticism in believing, that so romantic a fancy in the present day possessed the mind of any one: adding, that the knight's frankness called for some explanation with respect to himself. That he was blessed with a sufficient share of the goods of fortune, and named Diego de Miranda; passing his time in moderate recreations, and living comfortably with his

family and friends. A reconciler, as far as opportunity afforded, of differences amongst neighbours, without ostentation in the act; a regular attendant at mass, and careful that the poor should partake of his substance.

Sancho, in admiration of so perfect a character, threw himself off Dapple, and embracing the gentleman's knees, began to kiss his feet, declaring that it was the first time he had ever seen a saint on horseback. "I have no claim to that title, my friend," answered the gentleman, "but the simplicity of your behaviour proves the honesty of your character." Upon this Sancho remounted Dapple, and Don Quixote smiling at his squire's simplicity, asked the stranger what family he had.

He replied, "an only son, who is entirely a votary to the Muses; but it was more my wish to have had him apply himself to the study of divinity. The classics, however, have wholly engrossed his time and thoughts; and he is now occupied with a glossary on a prize subject, notwithstanding he esteems but lightly the poetry of his own country."

Don Quixote observed, “ if the genius prompts to poetry, it generally does honour to the person who has a vein for it. As to your son not esteeming the poetry of his own language, I do not agree with him. Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek ; or Virgil in Greek, because he was a Roman. But perhaps your son does not dislike Spanish poetry, but Spanish poets, as being destitute of that general knowledge which would contribute to their own natural genius. Nevertheless, the maxim that a poet is born with his talent, is certainly true ; although, by the cultivation of this power, he must reach a standard superior to what rests alone on his natural gift.

“ My advice therefore is, that your son be permitted to follow the bent of his inclination, and reap the harvest of his labour in those fields of intellectual struggle, where the successful candidate receives a crown from the leaves of that tree, which is proof against the glancing thunderbolt.”

The gentleman's surprise was not a little increased by Don Quixote's delivering himself

in this uncommon style; and whilst pausing for an answer, a covered carriage approached with the royal colours flying upon it. This was beheld by the knight, who, taking it as a signal for some new adventure, called to Sancho for his helmet, and by the time he had placed himself in a posture to receive an enemy, the carriage with the streamers arrived. The driver being accosted and questioned by Don Quixote as to its contents and destination, made answer, that two large lions were confined in it, and that they were going to the king's menagerie, under charge of the keeper, who was sitting at the door of the caravan.

The knight immediately addressed himself to the keeper, desiring him to open the door that he might offer combat to the lions. Don Diego de Miranda with astonishment asked Sancho, if his master was so much out of his wits as to engage with these wild beasts; and not satisfied with his reply, seriously addressed Don Quixote, admonishing him on the desperateness of the adventure, and telling him that the lions had given him no provocation.

The knight, deaf to all expostulations, insisted upon the keeper's opening the door and letting the lions out. And the man, finding Don Quixote so obstinate, desired that the driver might be allowed to convey the mules to a distance; saying, that although they would not hurt him, they would tear any other living thing near them to pieces. Whilst the mules were unloosing, Don Diego and Sancho went to a height at a distance, where they might in safety behold all that should take place, and were there joined by the driver with the mules.

In the mean time Don Quixote having leaped from his horse, drew his sword, and placing himself before the caravan, recommended himself with great devotion to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

The keeper having fruitlessly intreated Don Quixote to desist from his intention, with much reluctance opened the door of the first cage.

The lion thrust his head out, with his eyes flaming like fire-brands; then turning himself round and passing his huge tongue over his

face, very composedly stretched himself out at full length without any inclination to quit his cage.

The knight, not quite satisfied with the lion's inertness, would fain have urged the keeper to provoke him, and with difficulty accorded to his entreaty to have the door fastened again, notwithstanding the keeper's assertion that it was a miracle the lion had not come out and torn him to pieces.

The keeper then made a signal for the driver to return with his mules, who, accompanied by Don Diego and Sancho, heard on the spot the keeper's relation of what had passed; and the latter, with the driver having received some recompence for their detention, pursued their road. Don Quixote, who had now assumed the title of knight of the lions, at Don Diego's earnest request then followed him to his habitation with Sancho in his retinue. On their arrival, Don Diego's lady, by name Christeria, with her son Don Lorenzo, appeared at the portal to welcome Don Diego's return and receive their guest; who, being introduced into a room, was left

with Sancho to have his armour taken off, and prepare for the repast.

In the mean time, Don Lorenzo took that opportunity of asking some particulars with respect to their new acquaintance. His father frankly owned he was at a loss what answer to make; for never did a man act more ridiculously, or express himself with greater propriety. “ I would therefore, my son, have you sound the depth of his understanding and form your own judgment.”

Don Lorenzo now repaired to their guest Don Quixote, who after some general conversation, addressed him thus. “ Your father Don Diego has apprized me of your passion for poetry; I should therefore be flattered by being informed of your present study. If for a prize likely to be warmly contested, I would recommend your waving any attempt for the first reward, which is generally assigned by favour; but would have you endeavour to obtain the second, as the most likely to be allotted to real merit.”

Don Lorenzo thought within himself, that what was so just savoured not of any de-

rangement of ideas. He then repeated the following stanza as the text for the prize subject ;

Could I the moments past review,  
 Tho' Fate should other joys deny,  
 Or bring the future scenes to view,  
 In Time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

The glossary being as follows :

## I.

As all things perish and decay,  
 So did that happiness I mourn,  
 On silent pinions fleet away,  
 Oh! never, never to return.  
 At Fortune's feet forlorn I lie,  
 Would she again propitious shew  
 Her favour, who more bless'd than I,  
 Could I the moments past renew.

## II.

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



## III.

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

## IV.

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

“Blessed be God,” exclaimed Don Quixote, when he had heard the verses of Don Lorenzo, “that amongst the number of inferior poets that now exist, I have found one of consummate skill, as is plainly evinced by the art and execution of these stanzas.”

Is it not diverting enough to observe that Don Lorenzo was pleased with the applause

although he knew that he who passed these encomiums was considered a madman ?

O influence of flattery! how far dost thou extend, and how unlimited is thy jurisdiction ! The knight was entertained at the house of Don Diego de Miranda with the greatest attention for some days, heightened by the literary regale of the son's conversation ; when he thought it necessary to depart, first recommending to Don Lorenzo, as a poet, to avoid prejudice in favour of his own productions, but rather take his value of them from the opinions of others : then thanking his liberal entertainers for their hospitality, he took his leave in order to pursue his course towards Saragossa, to the infinite regret of Sancho, who, instead of the more mental repast of his master, had enjoyed the more substantial comforts of a country gentleman's kitchen.

## CHAPTER VII.

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WEDDING FEAST OF CAMACHO THE RICH, AND HISTORY  
OF THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD.

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho Panza had not proceeded far towards the main road, when they were joined by two students, and two countrymen, returning to their village with some purchases they had been making at a distant town. One of the students respectfully addressing Don Quixote, said, "If, Sir Knight, your Worship follows no determined road, and will go with us, you may witness one of the most splendid weddings that has been celebrated in these parts."

The knight professing his willingness to be of the party, the student continued his discourse, saying, "The bridegroom is known by the name of Camacho the Rich, and the bride is called Quiteria the Fair. But a

neighbouring swain named Basilus, a sort of foster-brother of her's, is supposed to out-value the riches of Camacho in the opinion of Quiteria; and the whole neighbourhood is on the edge of curiosity to see how it will terminate, as it is thought, that if Camacho succeeds by his gifts and entertainments, Basilus' death will be the consequence."

Sancho, who had been attentively listening to what had passed, then broke silence, saying, "God will order things better; for as he inflicts the wound, he will provide the cure. Allow but that Quiteria loves Basilus, and I'll engage to give him a wallet of good luck; for love, they say, wears a pair of spectacles which converts copper into gold, and makes specks in the eyes appear like pearls. Let me know, the best of ye, if any man can boast of having put a spoke in Fortune's wheel."

"A curse light upon thee," said Don Quixote, "with thy spokes and wheels. Who can have patience to hear thy jargon, or find out what thou wouldst be at?"

"As to that matter," said Sancho, "I was

not bred at Court, nor have I studied at Salamanca, to know whether I am right in every word; but I understand myself; nor do I believe I have said any thing so very nonsensical." "I must assist my good friend there," replied one of the students, "for it cannot be expected that those in the ordinary converse of the world, should speak as good language, as those who pass their time in the cloisters of a university. I have myself studied the canon law at Salamanca, and pique myself on being able to use clear expressive language."

"Yes," rejoined the other student, whose name was Corchuelo, "if you had not piqued yourself so much on your skill with those foils, that you always carry about with you, you would have known something more than mere dead languages." "Then," rejoined the other, "you still hold your prejudice in respect to the sciences of the world." "So much so," replied Corchuelo, "that, untutored as I am in the art, I will engage by mere strength of nerve, to make you see the stars at noon day;" and taking one of the foils, he prepared to put his threat in execution.

The licentiate then put himself in a proper position, whilst Corchuelo assailed him with thrusts, cuts, and strokes, without number; though now and then he was obliged to kiss his adversary's foil, with less devotion than his mistress's lips. At length, finding his garment in tatters, and himself out of breath, Corchuelo hurled away his foil and sat down, spent with fatigue. Then, acknowledging his error in not understanding the noble science of the sword, he got up and embraced the licentiate.

As they approached the village, it grew dark; and they were agreeably surprised to find it illuminated, and resounding with instruments of music, on which various bands of musicians were playing in the adjoining precincts. To the great mortification however of Sancho, Don Quixote declined entering the village at that time, and chose to pass the night in a neighbouring wood.

At dawn of day, the knight shook off the drowsy fetters of sloth, and finding Sancho stretched out in a deep sleep, took the opportunity of exclaiming as follows;

“Happy thou, who sleepest soundly with unconcern of soul! No anxious cares or solicitude of the morrow’s provision disturb thee. Ambitious views create in thee no disquiet; nor does the vain pomp of this empty world occasion thee any disturbance. Thy concern is centered within the bounds of taking care of Dapple, thy unconscious attendant; for as to thyself, that charge and burthen is laid upon thy master’s shoulders.”

Sancho awaking, burst forth into this apostrophe; “Blessings on the man who first invented sleep. It so invests one on all sides, that, like a cloak, it screens us from all care and anxiety.” Then turning his face up, “umph,” continued he, “if my nostrils deceive me not, from yonder bowers proceed the steams of broiled rashers of bacon, rather than the fragrance of thyme and jessamine. In my conscience, weddings that begin in this savoury manner, must needs be magnificent and abundant.”

Rozinante being saddled, and Dapple’s pannel put on, the knight and his squire proceeded towards the artificial bowers, from

whence the sound of music had reached them on the preceding night.

The first object that presented itself to the eager eyes of Sancho, was an entire bullock, roasting before a prodigious fire, which was moreover loaded with many pots, of a size capable of containing whole shambles of meat ; and around hung an immense quantity of hares, with wild and plucked fowls, ready to be plunged into these receivers as others were taken out.

Skins of wine out of number were suspended hard by, together with every appurtenance of good fare ; confectionary, and all sorts of spices, with the whitest bread. Sancho attentively considering every particular, had his whole heart captivated ; and, not being able to contain himself, requested permission of one of the cooks to sop a luncheon of bread in the pot.

“ Hunger does not preside here,” said the cook, “ skim out a fowl or two, and much good may it do thee.” “ I have no ladle,” replied Sancho. “ God keep thee,” said the other, “ what a helpless creature thou art.”



Then dipping out a fowl and a goose with a kettle, "there, take this," said he, "ladle and all; for Camacho's riches and good fortune are sufficient to supply every one."

While Sancho was thus occupied, Don Quixote was observing the preparations making for the performances, that were to be represented in honour of the wedding.

On Sancho's coming up to him, he produced his acquisition, saying, "There are only two families in the world, as the people of our village say; these are the have-some-things, and the have-nothings; now I am for the former, therefore Camacho for me; for now-a-days, master, we are more apt to feel the pulse of property, than of integrity."

"Heaven grant," said the knight, "that thou mayst be dumb before I die." "In good sooth," replied Sancho, "there is no surety for that particular. Death gobbles up every thing that comes in his way, and knows not what it is to be dainty. He is none of your labourers that take an afternoon's nap; but mows on at all hours, cutting down the dry stubble as well as the green grass." In the

midst of this conversation, their ears were saluted by the din of instruments, announcing the approach of the bride and bridegroom, who came forward surrounded by their friends to view the festive scene.

As they passed along to take the seats prepared for them, a voice from the croud pronounced aloud, "Hasty and inconsiderate couple, behold your victim;" and at the instant Basilius appeared, with a chaplet of cypress on his head, and a truncheon in his hand pointed with steel. Thrusting the truncheon in the ground with the steel point towards his breast, he with a pale aspect thus addressed Quiteria;

"Thou well knowest, ungrateful woman, that thou canst not espouse another husband whilst he to whom thou art betrothed is living; therefore, as Heaven seems to ordain it, I will with my own hand remove the impediment."

So saying, he threw himself upon the point of the staff, which apparently came out bloody at his shoulders.

As he lay bathed in blood, and seemingly

transfixed by his own weapon, the company, alarmed at the event, ran together with Don Quixote, to his assistance. But he refused all aid, only requesting that Quiteria would give him her hand to soothe his dying moments. Quiteria, with evident signs of reluctance, assented; and Camacho, unable to withstand the importunity of all present, also acquiesced. But no sooner were the hands of Quiteria and Basilius joined together, and the nuptial benediction given by the priest, than Basilius started up, and withdrew the blade that appeared to have been in his body, but which had been sheathed in a case, prepared with blood to give it the semblance of its flowing from the wound. The fraud being disclosed, the friends of Camacho put themselves in array to punish the deceit. But Basilius having many of the bystanders in his interest, together with the formidable appearance of Don Quixote in his behalf, quiet was at length restored; and Camacho, considering the probable inconstancy of Quiteria, consoled himself with the reflection, that the proof had not come too late; and desired that the feasts and

pastimes should not be disturbed, but a welcome given to all.

Basilus however declined the offer, and with Quiteria and his friends retired to a more frugal repast, in which Don Quixote was received as a principal guest; an attention, however agreeable to his master, not much to Sancho's mind, on whom the good fare of Camacho had made no little impression.

After sojourning a short time with the new-married couple, and with much advice for their discreet conduct, the knight took his leave and proceeded towards the main road.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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### ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK AND PUPPET-SHOW AT THE INN, AND THE BRAYING ADVENTURE.

By dint of hard travelling for the space of two days, Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at the banks of the river Ebro, the transparency of whose stream, with the tranquillity of its course, inspired the most romantic thoughts; and the knight, perceiving a boat without oars or tackle, fastened to a stump of a tree, was immediately possessed with the imagination that it was placed there on purpose to transport him, for the achievement of some grand enterprize.

In vain did Sancho remonstrate that the boat could belong to none but fishermen. He was nevertheless, by the knight's command, constrained to secure their cattle, and

embark with him on the stream, which ran with a smooth and quiet course. In this manner they proceeded, until they discovered some large mills built in the middle of the river: when Don Quixote exclaimed, "Behold, Sancho, the fortress that contains some oppressed princess whom I am destined to relieve."

"What does your Worship mean by a fortress?" replied Sancho, "don't you see that those buildings are mills for grinding wheat?" "I tell thee, Sancho," rejoined the knight, "that what to thee appear mills, are, in reality, edifices of another description."

By this time the boat being drawn into the vortex of the mill-stream, was hastening along to the indraught of the wheels; when the millers, coming out in a body, with long poles and faces bepowdered with meal, vociferated with great vehemence; "Are you mad to come and be ground to pieces by the wheels of the mill?"

Don Quixote taking them by their appearance for a parcel of hobgoblins, unsheathed

his sword, and brandishing it in the air, reviled them in the following terms ;

“ Approach ye scoundrels, I charge ye to restore to freedom the princess ye immure in that fortress.”

As for Sancho, he fell on his knees, praying for deliverance from the imminent danger they were in ; which the millers with difficulty averted with their long poles, but not without oversetting the boat, and drenching both the knight and his squire in the stream.

Hauled ashore in a dripping condition, Sancho found there was the further mortification of paying for the boat which had been staved to pieces by the mill-wheels.

In a melancholy plight, the master and man quitted this scene of disaster ; and continued travelling till dusk, when they approached an inn, which to Sancho's great joy, his master did not call a castle.

As they entered the inn-door, a man with a patch on one eye and cheek, came in, saying, “ So ho, Mr. Landlord, have you got any lodging for the travelling ape, and puppet-

show containing the deliverance of Melesindra?"

"The Duke of Alva himself," said the landlord, "should turn out for Master Peter. Pray bring your ape and show in, for there are people in the house who will pay for their exhibition."

Don Quixote inquiring who this Peter was, the landlord replied; "He is a famous showman, who has travelled through La Mancha and Arragon; representing the story of Don Gayfero's delivering Melesindra from her imprisonment, and carries with him a wonderful, gifted ape." As he spoke, Master Peter came up with his equipage. The knight addressed him, saying; "Pray Mr. Fortune-teller what have you got in the net? What fortune awaits us?"

"My ape," said Master Peter, "is only acquainted with the past, and knows a little of the present; he does not meddle with the future." "As to the past," said Sancho, "who would be the better for knowing that? But for the present, here is my fee; tell me what my wife Teresa is now doing?"



The ape, on his master's beckoning, jumped on his shoulder and began to chatter; when the showman (well aware of the parties he had to deal with) entered upon a long rhapsody on the knight's adventures; then praising Sancho's fidelity, finished with saying; that his wife Teresa was employed in dressing flax, and emptying a pitcher of wine that stood before her. "Likely enough," said Sancho, "for my wife is one of those who will live to their heart's content."

"I am now persuaded," declared Don Quixote, "that he who reads and travels much will learn a great deal. Nothing but the evidence of my own eyes could convince me that apes are endowed with the gift of divination."

It was now settled, that the representation of Melesindra's deliverance should take place that evening; and the people of the inn being assembled, and the curtain drawn up to exhibit the puppets, Don Gayferos appeared on horseback with the Lady Melesindra riding behind him, making the best of their way to their own country: when, on a sudden, a

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crowd of armed men with drums and kettle-drums hastening after them, made their appearance.

Don Quixote beholding such a number of Moors, and hearing such an uproar, started up, unsheathed his sword, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "Never, whilst I live, shall such a valiant knight as Don Gayferos be overtaken by such a rabble."

So beginning to hack and cut among the puppets, the monkey scampered away, and Mr. Peter himself narrowly escaped one of the knight's back strokes; the whole representation was put to the rout, in spite of Sancho's earnest intreaties to his master to forbear.

Whilst Don Quixote exulted over the wreck, Mr. Peter, with a disconsolate air, came forward, stating his great loss, with the narrow escape of his own life and the disappearance of his ape.

Don Quixote then perceived that the enchanters had again been playing him a scurvy trick; and ordered Sancho to take an account of the damage, that the showman

might be indemnified. The landlord of the inn being arbiter in this business, the dismembered puppets were produced; and that of Melesindra's figure among the rest being brought forward, the knight's extravagant bias was again awakened, and he exclaimed,

“ Fair and softly my friends; surely my aid has not been so fruitless, as that Melesindra should not have escaped.” Mr. Peter's prudence, however, compromised this difficulty; and having in the course of the night recovered his ape, he, in order not to be again involved in further disputes, arose before the sun and took his departure without any discovery of himself to his former acquaintances; being, in fact, no less a personage than Gines de Passamonte of former record, who, in order to evade the search of the Holy Brotherhood, had taken upon him this disguise and occupation, and had no great difficulty in recognizing the knight and his squire.

Don Quixote and Sancho having departed from the inn, travelled for some time, without meeting any thing worthy of notice: when, as they ascended an eminence, their ears

were saluted with the din of warlike instruments; and going a little further, they had a view of a body of men, equipped with different kinds of arms and colours; amongst which was to be distinguished a banner with the figure of an ass pourtrayed, lolling out its tongue with this scroll at the end of it :

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

The sight of so many armed men, had an immediate effect on the heated imagination of Don Quixote, who took them for the masses of people he had read of, arrayed under the pompous names of their leaders, Pentapobin, Alifunfaron, and others that he enumerated to Sancho, who would fain have persuaded his master to pass by without interfering. Don Quixote nevertheless rode towards the standards, and in a courteous manner approached the chiefs, who gazed at him with the surprize incident to all who had not seen him before.

A general pause ensued, and Don Quixote

taking advantage of it, asked them the cause of their being thus assembled, proffering at the same time his own personal aid. One of them in a civil manner, gave the information requested, saying, that a magistrate of a neighbouring township called Braywick, having lost a favourite ass, bewailed his loss to a fellow bailiff, who, either with a view of jeering him, or from some evil intention, told him he had seen it not long since on an adjoining mountain, and offered to accompany him in search of it.

The ass, however, not being found, the bailiff, to carry on the joke, proposed that they should separate and traverse different sides of the mountain, and from time to time bray out, so that if the ass were near the spot, it would approach the sound and be recovered.

The magistrate, approving of the scheme, took his post, and brayed with so much vehemence that the bailiff complimented him highly on his execution; and the loss was forgotten. Nevertheless, the story getting wind, the inhabitants of the neighbouring

villages never met with those of the township of Braywick without a jeer; which has so enraged the latter, that they have challenged all their neighbours, and have here assembled to wait the result.

Sancho Panza, finding this quarrel within the compass of his own understanding, took upon himself to make a speech upon the occasion ;

“ I remember,” said he, “ when a boy, I brayed so naturally that I was answered by all the asses on the common. Although I was envied by the gravest folks of the parish, I minded not their envy ; but valued the art and preserved it in my memory, of which I will now give you a specimen.”

Having thus spoken, he placed his fingers to his nostrils, and brayed so loudly, that all the country resounded. The parties, who had met on the plain to fight out the quarrel, took this unseasonable experiment as a joke designed to ridicule them ; and in spite of Don Quixote's interference, handled Sancho so roughly, that his whole body was one bruise, and the knight himself was fain at last

to quit the field, from the number of assailants, with their muskets and cross-bows. The combatants having laid Sancho on his ass Dapple, the animal spontaneously followed the footsteps of Rozinante, and thus he was enabled to rejoin his master; from whom, when come to himself, he received more rebukes for his indiscretion, than condolence for his situation.

The evening now approaching, both master and man adjourned to their usual nightly abode, the shelter of a wood. But Sancho's bruises keeping him from sleeping great part of the night, he was led to reflect upon the disasters he had lately experienced: but what weighed down his spirits most, was the impoverished condition of the stock purse, which so many extravagant acts had nearly exhausted. This circumstance almost determined him to return home; but a lucky hit turning up, dispelled the gloom of his countenance, and, at length, put him in possession of that government he had so long hankered after.

## CHAPTER IX.

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DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE'S INTERVIEW WITH A  
FAIR HUNTRESS ; THEIR INVITATION AND RECEPTION  
AT THE DUKE AND DUCHESS' CASTLE.

THE cheerful morn now advanced, the flowers of the field diffused their fragrance, and the liquid crystal of the rills meandered along to swell the rivers that sought the bosom of the ocean. The joyous earth, with its choral tribes that flitted beneath the splendid firmament, the light, unclouded air, all proclaimed that the approaching day would be serene and fair. Under these auspices, late griefs were, in a great measure, obliterated ; and as the knight and his squire issued from the wood, they perceived a party at a distance that appeared to be hawking. Approaching nearer, they observed a lady amidst them mounted upon a grey palfrey, with green and



silver housings, and herself dressed in a rich habit of the same colour, highly ornamented; and on her left hand she carried a hawk.

From this circumstance, the knight inferred that she was a lady of high rank: he therefore ordered Sancho to go and make a tender of his services, and inform her that he was the knight of the lions.

Sancho approached the lady, and falling on his knees, said, that his master, the knight of the lions, would be glad to pay his respects to her excellent beauty, and obey her commands.

The lady, with great affability, replied, "Rise, friend, go and tell your master, that he is extremely welcome to the services of the duke my husband at our country seat in the neighbourhood. Sancho, overjoyed at this affable reception, returned to his master, extolling the fair huntress's beauty, and making his report of the invitation.

Don Quixote, upon this, summoned up his best deportment, to present himself before her, twirling up his mustachios, and adjusting himself in one of his most genteel attitudes.

The lady had by this time, settled with the duke her husband the manner of the knight's reception; for, having read the first part of his adventures, they had no little curiosity to be acquainted with the original; and the duchess in particular, proposed to herself much entertainment from the simplicity of Sancho.

When therefore the knight approached, she and her husband were fully prepared to treat him with all the form and ceremony appertaining to the order he had assumed. But it unluckily happened, that Don Quixote, depending upon his trusty squire's assistance in securing his stirrup, (who in this instance had been a little negligent) our hero, for the want of such support came headlong to the ground, instead of the graceful salutation he had prepared to make.

This confusion being set to rights, Don Quixote was placed between the duke and duchess, and Sancho on the side next to her, who, mingling in the conversation as they rode along, uttered whatever conceit came

up, to the unspeakable satisfaction of their graces.

When they approached the duke's habitation, (which Don Quixote was delighted to see was a real castle, with all its appendages of moats, draw-bridges, and battlements) servants of different descriptions came out, and were ordered to be particularly attentive to Don Quixote; who, escorted by the duke and duchess, entered the hall in great state, with Sancho close behind.

But Sancho's conscience upbraiding him with the desertion of Dapple, he went up to the principal duenna, (who, with the other dames, had come out to receive the duchess) and besought her to go to the castle-gate and look after Dapple, saying, that the poor animal was apt to be timorous in a strange place.

"If the master," exclaimed the duenna, "is as discreet as the man, we have made a fine acquisition truly; Go, get you gone, brother, and take care of your animal with your own hands. The duennas of this house are not used to such employments."

This and more angry language passing, caught the ears of the duchess ; and Sancho's commission to the duenna was put aside, with an assurance of proper attention being paid to Dapple.

Don Quixote being dressed, was attended in great state to the dining-room ; where the duke and duchess, accompanied by an ecclesiastic (as is customary in great houses, in Catholic countries) were ready to receive him. After much difficulty, the knight was obliged to take the head of the table, with the ecclesiastic opposite, and the duke and duchess on the side.

Sancho observing all this ceremony, intruded himself in the discourse by saying, " With your Grace's permission I'll tell a story that happened in our village, with respect to taking the upper place at table."

Don Quixote expecting some absurdity, and shewing manifest signs of disapprobation, Sancho to re-assure him, said, " Your Worship need not be afraid that I should misbehave ; I have not forgotten your advice as to speaking to the purpose or not."

“Your Graces will do well,” replied the knight, “to order this buffoon from the table, for he will commit a thousand blunders.” “By the life of my lord duke,” replied the duchess, “I will not part with my friend Sancho. Let him proceed with his story.”

“Well then,” said Sancho, “a gentleman of our town, (whom I know as well as I know these hands, for it is not a bowshot from his house to mine) invited a farmer to dinner (who though not very rich, was a very honest man.)” “Dispatch, brother,” said the priest, hastily, “or your story will reach to the other world.”

“As I was just about saying,” continued Sancho, “the farmer accepted the invitation of the gentleman (who, poor soul is now dead, and they say he died like an angel. For my part I was not present at his death, having gone reaping to Tembleque.)” “As you hope to live,” interrupted the ecclesiastic, “return quickly from Tembleque and finish your story.” “Well, to come to the point,” continued Sancho, “when the two parties were proceeding to take their places at the

table ; (methinks I see them both now, more than ever.)”

The priest's patience was again put to the torture, and the duke and duchess were highly diverted by his pettishness at Sancho's circumlocutory relation ; whilst Don Quixote could with difficulty breathe from vexation. “ I say,” resumed Sancho, “ when the two parties came to the table, the farmer absolutely refused to take the upper seat, and the gentleman as pertinaciously insisted upon his compliance ; at last, growing angry, he took the farmer by the shoulders, and placed him in the seat, saying ; “ Know, Mr. Chaff-thresher, that wherever I sit, I shall always be at the head of my own table.”

“ Now this is my tale,” concluded Sancho, “ and I believe it is tolerably pat to the purpose.”

Don Quixote's brown face was speckled over with a thousand colours at this recital ; and the duke and duchess, to restrain the rising laughter, asked him if he had lately seen his mistress Dulcinea, and whether she had received with complacency the number-

less trophies laid at her feet, by the giants that had been conquered by his powerful arm.

The ecclesiastic, hearing Dulcinea's name coupled with the introduction of giants, concluded that this must be the individual Don Quixote, whose history the duke and duchess took so much pleasure in reading, and the perusal of which he had so often reprehended.

In a very choleric manner, he addressed the knight, saying, "Pray, Mr. Wiseacre, who has stuffed your brains with the conceit of being a knight-errant, conquering giants and apprehending robbers? Return to your own house, take care of your own concerns; and leave off exposing yourself to the derision of the whole world."

The knight, trembling with rage from head to foot, replied, "Shall a narrow-minded pedant, who has never surveyed a farther extent, than the limited precincts of his own province, presume, on the mere slender ground of having taught a few pupils to read Latin, abruptly to decide on the merits of chivalry?"

or, by intermeddling in the private concerns of families, think himself qualified to judge of the world's transactions at large? Is it to be deemed a vain undertaking, or is it mispending time to travel through the world in arms? not in quest of its delights, but through the path of adversity, to pass on to the throne of immortality.

“ Had I been deemed a fool by knights and people of quality, I should have considered myself irreparably affronted; but my being considered a madman by a bookworm, I value not a rush. A knight I have lived and a knight I will die when it pleases the Almighty.”

The ecclesiastic then rose from the table, declaring that their Graces were accountable to heaven for the actions of such a maniac; for, added he, “ What wonder is it that he should be mad, when people who are in their senses canonize the frenzy?” So saying, he went abruptly to his own apartment.

This fit of spleen did not disturb the duke and duchess, who, with unabated satisfaction, continued at table, till the time of taking the



afternoon repose (as is usual in sultry climates) having arrived, the company separated for that purpose, except Sancho; who was detained by the duchess to pass part of the afternoon with herself and women.

## CHAPTER X.

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SANCHO PANZA'S CONVERSATION WITH THE DUCHESS—  
HE OBTAINS THE GOVERNMENT HE SOUGHT AFTER  
—HIS CONDUCT IN IT.

SANCHO, being placed on a stool before the duchess, and encouraged by her promise of intercession with the duke her husband, respecting the island he so much wished to possess, answered with alacrity to the different interrogations put to him, as to sundry passages of his master's life and adventures.

Having in the course of the detail acknowledged himself convinced of his master's infirmity, the duchess asked him, what other inference was to be drawn from his serving under such a description of character, but that he himself must partake of the disorder; and that it might be a question, how far she

herself should be justified in supporting him in this project of making him a governor.

“Your Grace’s scruples,” replied Sancho, “start in the right place. Had I been wise, I should have left my master long ago; but it is my fate to follow him, and I cannot do otherwise. We are of the same place, I have eaten his bread and am attached to him, and nothing now can part us but the sexton’s shovel. Therefore if your Grace will not give me your support towards gaining this island, because I am a fool; I shall however be so wise as not to break my heart at the disappointment.”

The duchess could not help admiring the naiveté of Sancho’s explanation; and, on his dismissal, re-assured him of her good offices with her husband. The duke accordingly, at her instance, having taken his measures, ordered Sancho to be informed, that he must prepare himself forthwith, and set out to take charge of the island committed to his care.

Don Quixote, availing himself of the intervening moments to give his Squire some instructions, with regard to his conduct in this

change of situation, in a grave and solid manner spoke to this effect.

“ I return thanks to heaven, friend Sancho, for having ordained, that before my own labours have been crowned with success, good fortune should have bid thee welcome. Thou, in comparison with myself, art certainly an ignorant clown ; and without any pretension, save that of having been fostered by the hand of chivalry, seest thyself raised to the dignity of governor. All this I observe, Sancho, that thou mayest not attribute thy success to thy own merits ; but, by knowing who thou art, and who thou hast been, best learn to know thyself.”

“ I kept hogs when I was a boy,” replied Sancho, “ but after I grew up, I quitted that employment and looked after geese.”

“ No matter,” replied the knight, “ what thy employment was ; my advice is intended to qualify thee, as much as possible, for thy new situation ; and to repress that inflation of mind, that good fortune is apt to produce.

“ Do not attempt to disguise the lowness of thy pedigree, or be ashamed to acknowledge

thyself descended from peasants. If thou choosest virtue for thy polar star, elevated birth may be dispensed with, as not being of like intrinsic importance."

From the higher qualities of conduct, the knight proceeded to the requisites of personal attention, to the garb and neatness of person, indispensable in his new dignity; and ended with charging him to be sparing of his words; and to be careful not to intermix proverbs with his discourse.

Sancho expressed his hopelessness of amendment in that particular; but assured his master, that if he favoured him with his instructions in writing, they should be put in his confessor's hands, who might read them to him, and so supply the defects of his memory, since he was unable himself to peruse them. "What a scandal," exclaimed Don Quixote, "a governor unable to read or write!"

"Signior," replied Sancho, "you must remember that it was you yourself who put this scheme of being governor into my head. But if you think I shall be a disgrace to you,

and misbehave in this government, I renounce it most willingly.”

“Sancho,” rejoined Don Quixote, “thou hast an excellent natural disposition, without which all science is nought; and whilst thy intention and unshaken purpose is to deal uprightly in thy transactions, heaven will lend thee necessary aid.”

A summons for Sancho’s repairing to the hall, where the steward was in waiting to conduct him to his government, broke off the dialogue.

Sancho, having kissed the duke and duchess’s hands and received the benediction of his master, proceeded on a mule; having Dapple in his rear, dressed as fine as the mule on which he himself was riding. When Sancho arrived at the principal town of the island, (as he was told it was, and called Barataria) he was received in form by the magistrates and chief inhabitants, and the keys presented to him. Being placed on a seat in the town-hall, the steward, who had been the whole time close to him, now informed him, that it was an ancient custom in

the island, for some intricate questions to be put to every new Governor, so that the inhabitants might be enabled to judge of his genius and capacity.

Sancho's corpulence and diminutive stature afforded no little food for admiration to the bystanders, and his dexterity in answering the questions proposed did not lessen their surprise.

Two men entered the hall, one in the habit of a labouring man, and the other a taylor with his sheers in his hand. The latter approaching, said,

“ This countryman and myself come before your Worship, to have decision given in an affair between us. Yesterday he brought me a remnant of cloth, and asked if there was stuff enough to make a cap ; upon my assenting, he asked if it would make two ; to this I agreed, and he continued to ask on, till his desire extended to the length of having five caps made of it : accordingly, this morning, taking the five caps to him, he not only refused to pay me for my trouble, but also requires the cloth back again, or the price of it.”

“ Is this really the case, Gaffer ?” said Sancho. “ Yes, my Lord Governor,” replied the countryman. “ But I beg your Worship would order the sort of caps he has made to be produced.” The taylor taking his hand from under his cloak, shewed five small caps, fixed upon the tops of his fingers and thumb, saying, “ As I shall answer to my conscience, there is not a scrap of the stuff remaining, and I appeal to any of the trade if the work is not test worthy.”

The people in the court laughed at the number of caps, and novelty of the dispute ; when Sancho Panza, having considered for a few minutes, said, “ This affair may be determined off hand. The taylor for his joke shall lose payment for his work ; and the countryman for his unreasonable expectation, shall forfeit his cloth.” So saying, he ordered the caps to be distributed among the children.

Other questions being brought forward and disposed of with similar dexterity, my Lord Governor began to pant for breath, and look with an earnest eye for a call to dinner, as being a ceremony the least to be dispensed



with in the elevated situation he had now attained.

At length he was ushered into the hall of a sumptuous palace, where a table was set out with a variety of dishes and one cover only: by the side of the Governor's seat, stood a personage with a rod of whalebone in his hand.

Grace being said, and the Governor seated, a plate of fruit was set before him; but scarcely had he swallowed any, before the wand touched the plate and it vanished: in this manner were several of the different services of the dinner consigned away, to the infinite amazement of Sancho Panza, who asked, if he must be obliged to eat like a juggler by slight of hand.

The personage who held the wand acquainted him, that he was physician of the household, and it was his duty to take particular care of the Governor's health. If that be the case, said Sancho, good Mr. Doctor, pray examine all the dishes that remain on the table, and point out that which will do me least harm and most good; for by the life

of a Governor I am ready to die with hunger. Your Lordship is in the right, replied the physician, and, as repletion is the cause of most complaints, I should recommend about a dozen of confected wafers, and a few slices of quince, as favourable to the digestion. Sancho Panza, who could ill bear to be tantalized in an affair so important to him as his meals, flew into a violent passion, and taking up the chair on which he had been seated, demanded in a furious tone the name of the officious physician.

The physician answered, that his name was Dr. Snatchaway, taking his degrees at the university of Ossuna. "Mark you then, Dr. Snap," said the Governor Sancho, "if you do not instantly quit my presence, I shall not only shorten your name but your life, for your attempt on mine: I say then, begone, or I shall make an immediate application of this chair to your skull." Whilst in this choler, a page entered, saying, that a countryman at the outward gate urgently desired admission.

The Governor, not in the best humour to

attend to other people's affairs whilst his own were in so bad a condition, nevertheless gave orders that he might approach. The countryman, making his obeisance, stated, that he lived at a village called Miquel Terra, and was a widower with two sons, one of whom was on the point of marriage with the daughter of a yeoman of the same place. After this exordium, he drew a picture of the young lady's person; but with so much prolixity, that Sancho, desirous of retiring to his repose, required to know what it was he wanted from him in this affair. "Your sanction to the match," replied the countryman. "Is there any thing else, honest friend?" said the Governor, "speak without fear or restraint." "I did want something else," rejoined the countryman, "could I be so bold as to ask it . . . . but . . . but it must come; therefore, my Lord Governor, my further request is, that your Lordship would bestow a few hundred ducats to set up the young people's household."

Sancho, who had all this time kept fast hold of his chair, was ready to transfer his

vengeance from the physician to the rustic, who had thus unseasonably played upon him, had not the fellow very promptly made his escape; and the Duke's officers, to soothe Sancho's wrath, promised him a plentiful repast after his afternoon's repose.

## CHAPTER XI.

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SANCHO PANZA'S FURTHER PROCEEDINGS IN HIS GOVERNMENT—HE SOON GROWS WEARY AND QUILTS IT.

EVENING being now arrived, and the governor Sancho regaled more to his satisfaction than at noon, those of the household whose business it was to attend to the police of the town, proceeded with him at their head, to make the tour of the place.

They had not gone far, when the alguazils intercepted a young person, who was evidently a female, though dressed in male attire, and that of the most splendid description ; interrogated as to the cause of her being abroad at such a time and under such a disguise, she assured them it was with no criminal view, though some reluctance could not but be expected at an explanation before

so many persons. The inferior officers retiring aside, the young person with some constraint, confessed that, being immured through life in her father's house, she had conceived a great desire to make a tour through the streets and squares of the town; and had prevailed on her brother to consent to her disguising herself in one of his suits of clothes, and for him to accompany her; but on their return from their ramble, they had unfortunately fallen in with the watch, and her brother hurrying off, she, in following him stumbled, and was overtaken. The youth her brother, who had also been apprehended was now produced, and confirmed the truth of her account. Sancho, with proper admonitions to them both, had them conducted safely home, where a servant was waiting to receive them.

The next rencontre was with two men with their swords drawn, fighting with all their might. Both, it appeared, had just come out of a gambling house, and the spokesman (who was one of those characters that are on the look out for any prize) stated, that

he had assisted the other party in winning a considerable sum, and the niggardliness of the other, obliged him in this manner to assert his right to a share of the winnings.

Sancho, in this case, adjudged, that he should receive a specific share of the money won; and abide by his ordinance of banishment from the island, under forfeiture of his life, on any future appearance in it. And that the other party should be liable to the same penalty, if found again frequenting gambling houses.

Thus ended the round for that night; and in this way, for a while, the affairs of Sancho's government went on; in the forenoon the judicial concerns, and those of the police when night darkened the earth.

But to expect that the affairs of this life will long remain in the same posture, is a wild supposition; so with respect to Sancho; time, with its incessant pace, was bringing round an invasion of his island.

For whilst the poor Governor was planning statutes and regulations on his pillow, (for what with hunger and intricate ques-

tions, Sancho's rest was not so good as it used to be) the noise of bells and din of warlike instruments, roused him from his couch.

He was soon informed that the town was attacked, and that he must arm himself and head the inhabitants who were assembled in the market place.

In vain did Sancho plead that he was no warrior; he was obliged to invest himself in arms: and being thrown down in the bustle, his carcase was trampled over during the fray. The sound of victory, however, at last saluted his ears, and he was released from his thralldom, after having expected every moment to be his last. The congratulations on this victory were received by Sancho in a very faint manner; from the consternation he had been in, and from his bruises, he had scarcely the power of articulation. At length, being a little recovered, he betook himself to the stable, followed by all the bystanders; and there embracing Dapple, with the tears streaming from his eyes, he said,

“ Come hither my old friend, and sharer of my toils and distress. When you and I



consorted together, and I had no other thought than what respected you and your furniture, happy were my hours and days. But since pride and ambition have taken place of these cares, a thousand disquiets have possessed me." Having then equipped and mounted Dapple, he directed his discourse to the Duke's servants, saying, "Make way, Gentlemen, and let me go in quest of my former life; I was not born to be a Governor or a warrior, and am better versed in husbandry than in making laws or defending provinces. In this stable I leave my wings that carried me up to the clouds, to make me a prey to martlets and other birds."

To this address the steward replied, "We shall freely allow your worship to depart, though we shall be the sufferers by the loss: but it is well known, that every Governor, before he quits his station, is obliged to submit his administration of it to a scrutiny." "What scrutiny," said Sancho, "can be necessary, when pennyless I took possession of this government, and pennyless I resign the office." To this unanswerable reasoning no reply

could be made; and Sancho took his leave, to the no small admiration of the witnesses of his resolution. As he proceeded along the highway, very anxious to meet his master Don Quixote again, he beheld coming towards him several pilgrims, who, as they approached him, made a lane, and (as usual amongst their cast) accosted him in a singing tone, holding up an empty purse as a sign that they wanted money. Sancho displayed the back of his hand, as emblematic of his deficiency in that article.

However, as he passed along, one of them considering him very attentively, laid hold of Dapple's halter, and exclaimed aloud in very good Spanish, "What is this I see? Is it possible that this is my good friend and neighbour Sancho Panza? Canst thou not recollect Ricote the Morisco shopkeeper that lived in thy village."

Sancho recognizing his features, embraced him and said, "Who could know thee, Ricote, in this disguise? But tell me what has induced thee to enter Spain again, where, if you are discovered you will suffer for your rashness?"

“ This disguise is my security,” replied Ricote. “ But let us retire to yon poplar trees, where my companions and ourselves can take some refreshment and repose ; and where I shall have an opportunity to recount to you what has befallen me, since, in obedience to his Majesty’s proclamation I departed from the kingdom.”

The whole party repairing to the trees, the pilgrims laid aside their staves and mantles, and produced their stores, consisting chiefly of nuts, crusts of cheese and bones of bacon. These articles being spread on the lawn, served as provocatives to thirst, which they had the means of assuaging from a leathern bottle, that each carried ; and which was freely handed to Sancho, who at that moment completely forgot all the circumstances of his government ; for care holds but little jurisdiction over the seasons of eating and drinking.

## CHAPTER XII.

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THE STORY OF MORISCO RICOTE, WITH SANCHE PANZA'S  
RESCUE FROM A CAVERN BY HIS MASTER DON  
QUIXOTE.

RICOTE'S party, when the banquet was over, taking to their repose, Ricote himself with Sancho retired apart to communicate their respective adventures; and Ricote commencing, said;

“ Thou well knowest, my good friend, how rigorous was the proclamation against us Moors; and as to myself, (not expecting, as many did, that it would not be enforced) I set out to reconnoitre, where I could most securely place my family. Sorrowful I left the town, for we all dreaded our exile, and were well aware of the truth of the saying, ‘ Sweet is the love of native land ;’ and no such clime as Spain was to be expected in

Barbary, or other treatment than our unfortunate race experienced from those, who were to be considered as our ancestors.

“ I, for my own part, first repaired to France, then to Italy, and afterwards passed into Germany, where people seemed to live with more freedom than in other places: there I chose my asylum, and in a village near Augsburgh took a house; then availing myself of an opportunity towards settling my affairs in Spain, I joined a troop of pilgrims who annually make a peregrination there, under pretence of visiting the sanctuaries; but in reality for the purpose of traffic and other clandestine views. Being now arrived in Spain, my immediate object is to carry off the treasure I left concealed; and then to take measures for transporting my wife and daughter through France to Augsburgh.”

“ What then,” said Sancho, “ do you not know that your wife and daughter, being under the necessity of removing at a short notice, went with your brother-in-law to Algiers?” “ What could carry them there,” rejoined the other, “ instead of stopping in a

bordering Christian country?" "Why," said Sancho, "when it is considered that your wife's brother John Tropiczo is a rank Moor, he would naturally take them where he intended making his own abode; and I should apprehend it is a fruitless search of yours to go after your treasure, for it was reported, that a very considerable property was taken from them when they departed."

"They were not possessed, my good friend," replied Ricote, "of the secret of my concealed treasure; and if you will assist in taking it up, you shall receive a portion of it."

"I might comply with your proposal," rejoined Sancho, "were I covetously inclined; but such a disposition is not my turn, or it might have been gratified by the late office I held." "What office have you then quitted?" resumed the other. "No less a one," replied Sancho, "than the government of an island."

"And what benefit," said Ricote, "did you derive from it?" "I have acquired sense enough," rejoined Sancho, "to know that I am fit for no other station than managing a

flock of sheep, or to drive a herd of cattle ;  
and that the wealth got in governments, is  
attainable only at the expence of ease, sleep,  
and even sustenance." " I really do not  
understand thee," said Ricote, " for who  
would give thee a government, when there  
are so many in the world more capable of  
holding such a station ? However, let this be  
as it will, give me your answer whether you  
will assist me or not, with respect to my  
treasure."

" I tell you frankly," replied Sancho, " I  
will not interfere with any thing contrary to  
the king's ordinances. Be assured that I will  
not betray you ; therefore continue your  
journey in a happy hour, and let me proceed  
with mine."

" Nevertheless, before we part," resumed  
Ricote, " let me hear what happened when  
my wife and daughter quitted the village."  
" Thy daughter's beauty and tears," an-  
swered Sancho, " made a great impression on  
every one ; but he that was most passionately  
affected, was Don Pedro Gregorio, the young  
rich heir, who was never seen in the village

after the departure of your daughter." "I had always an idea," said Ricote, "that the young gentleman was enamoured of my daughter, but it gave me no disturbance as I confided in her virtue. It is however now time to close our conference, as I see my companions are stirring."

The two friends then separated and went different ways. But Sancho, having been detained so long by Ricote, was overtaken by the night before he could reach the Duke's castle; and retiring out of the main road to wait for morning, he fell with Dapple into a deep pit, and when morning disclosed his situation, he found himself bewildered amongst a number of dreary caverns that but dimly received the light of day.

Here then he remained in a manner immured; venting woeful lamentations at his hard fate, in being, as he apprehended, thus doomed to be buried alive. It however so happened, that his master Don Quixote, that very morning had issued from the duke's castle at an early hour to exercise himself and his horse in the manœuvres of the field;



and in wheeling about to give full scope to Rozinante's charge, had nearly plunged into the cavern where Sancho lay ingulphed; then turning round to survey the danger he had escaped, a voice seemed to issue from the cavity that he recognized to be Sancho's; but supposing it must have been assumed by some spirit of the dead, he began in solemn terms to exorcise it. In the mean time, Sancho reiterating his cries, Don Quixote addressed him, as an inhabitant of the nether world. Sancho, however, urgently represented, that he was his identical Sancho Panza, and that he had never been dead, but having quitted his government for causes he would hereafter explain, had the last night fallen into the cavern on his way to the castle.

Don Quixote being at length convinced of the reality of the affair, returned to the castle; and with the assistance of men and ropes, had Sancho and his companion Dapple hawled up, again to enjoy the cheerful light of day. "In this manner," said one of the by-standers, "should all bad governors be dragged from their governments, like this poor wretch from

the profound abyss ; pale and half-dead with fright."

Sancho to this, replied, " Eight days have now elapsed since I assumed the reins of government ; and in all that time have neither enjoyed ease, quiet, nor plenty ; and this being the case, I deserve not this severity of remark."

" Be not concerned," said his master, " at what has been uttered ; it is as impracticable to tie up the tongue of malice, as to erect barricadoes in the open fields. Console thyself with a good conscience, and let evil tongues have their scope."

## CHAPTER XIII.

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DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA DEPART FROM THE  
CASTLE AND MEET WITH FURTHER ADVENTURES.

SANCHO PANZA, having been extricated from his late disaster by the timely aid of his master Don Quixote, now repaired to the presence of the duke and duchess, and rendered to them a full account of his transactions as their governor; of which, however, they had had the particulars from time to time, from their steward, together with the ludicrous events that followed.

As soon as he had a little recovered from his fatigue and fright, and after abundant apologies for abandoning the situation that had been conferred upon him, his master and himself (having afforded not a little amusement to the duke and duchess) departed from the castle in rather an evil hour; for as the

knight proceeded on the road with Sancho at his heels, musing on every thing but what was before his eyes ; he did not notice a body of men in a cloud of dust hurrying along in a cluster, who all at once hollaed out,

“ Get out of the way, sons of Bœelzebub, or the bulls will trample ye to death.”

Don Quixote had little time to answer or retreat ; for in a trice the wild bulls, drivers and all, overturned the knight and his steed, Sancho and Dapple, and passed over their bodies, without stopping their course, towards the place where the bulls were to be baited.

All the knight's exclamations availed nothing ; the drovers who had charge of the bulls, neither slackened their pace, nor minded Don Quixote's threats of vengeance ; so that our knight was fain to put up with the affront, and repair to a stream hard by for refreshment after the disaster.

Whilst sitting on its cool margin, Sancho opened his wallet, and took some pains to persuade his master to partake, whose vexation damped all desire for food. “ As for me, my good master,” said Sancho, “ whatever

may be the crosses of life, I am resolved not to starve if I can help it ; and, as the cordwainer stretches the leather with his teeth till it answers his purpose ; so will I employ my teeth, in stretching out my life with eating, so long as heaven permits.

“ Be advised, therefore, Master, to repair the waste of nature, and take a little sustenance on the green couch of this delightful bank.”

Don Quixote suffered himself to be persuaded by Sancho's reasoning and example : and whilst they were thus refreshing themselves, their ears were on a sudden struck with the tinkling noise of a bell, and soon after sprung forward from a neighbouring thicket a beautiful speckled goat, followed by a man in the garb of a goatherd.

The fugitive goat seemed to implore protection, whilst her keeper, seizing her by the horns, accosted her in these words ; “ Ah ! What a ramble you have led me, you spotted wanton. The wolves some day will feast upon you, if you thus wander from the security of your fold and your guardian.” The

goatherd, being invited to rest himself and partake of their fare, addressed them in these words ; “ Be not surprised at the singularity of my addressing this animal as if it were endowed with reason, for there is a mystery concealed beneath the words I have uttered. I am a resident of the country it is true, but not so much a rustic, but that I know how to speak to men as well as beasts.”

“ I can easily believe what you say,” replied Don Quixote, “ for I have heard, and indeed know from experience, that philosophy is to be met with in the shepherd’s cot.” “ At least,” resumed the goatherd, “ the cottage may contain those that are warned by woeful experience ; as may be proved by the recital of what has lately happened in my place of abode. A short distance from this valley stands a village, wherein dwelt a farmer, who, though wealthy, yet was more respected for his virtue than his riches ; and, over and above these advantages, possessed a daughter of singular beauty.

“ The father’s wealth and the daughter’s charms induced many to demand her in mar-

riage : amongst the crowd of her admirers I was one who conceived hopes of success from standing well in her father's esteem : together with myself, another suitor came forward of equal pretensions, by name Anselmo, as mine is Eugenio.

“ At the very time of this struggle to win the affections of the fair one (whose name is Leandra) a peasant's son, named Vincent de la Rosa, came to the village ; who, when a boy, had been carried off by a recruiting party, under whose auspices he had acquired a propensity to gallantry and vice.

“ In the garb and tinsel of a soldier's dress, and possessing great volubility of tongue and a smattering of music, he did not long pass unnoticed by Leandra ; who from the window of her apartment that looked on the market-place (which was the theatre of display of this spark's accomplishments) had an opportunity of observing him ; and, to the general surprize, fell so desperately in love with him, as at his suggestion to abandon her father's house, carrying away her jewels, and all the valuables she could collect. After a

long search, the ill-fated girl was found in the most miserable plight, with scarcely a rag on her back; and thus abandoned to all the horrors of poverty and remorse by her seducer, who had made his escape with her property. Leandra, having by this step shortened her father's days, has been conducted to a convent: and Anselmo and myself are left with no other consolation, than to inveigh against the levity of the female sex, and their want of judgment in bestowing their affections."

The goatherd, having finished his narrative, retired; and before Don Quixote and Sancho had made much further progress on the road, they found themselves benighted in a wood of oak and cork trees. Alighting, they led their beasts along, when Sancho felt something bob against his head; and putting up his hand, found two legs provided with shoes and stockings: trembling with affright, he moved on, and met with a similar salutation; which so increased his terror, that he roared aloud to his master for assistance.

Don Quixote quickly comprehended that



it must be the bodies of outlaws and robbers that were thus suspended; and in this situation the night was passed, to the great disquiet of Sancho, who, contrary to custom, had no great inclination to sleep under such a canopy.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF  
A BAND OF ROBBERS—THEIR RELEASE, AND ARRIVAL  
AT BARCELONA.

WHEN morn ushered in the day, if Sancho was scared in the over-night by the dead, he was no less aghast, when he and his master found themselves surrounded by a troop of living banditti.

Don Quixote being on foot, and surprized in this sudden manner, suffered himself, without resistance, to be conducted to the leader of the band; whilst Sancho had the mortification of seeing Dapple's pannel-bags stripped of their contents, and his own habiliments in custody. The leader, however, ordered his people to desist, and observing the despondency of the knight, and wondering at his

carrying a lance and shield, was curious to know who his captive was; when informed, he said in soothing accents;

“ Be not dejected, valiant knight, you have not fallen into brutal hands; Roque Guimart has more compassion than cruelty in his disposition. Perhaps by stumbling in my way, something more favourable than you are aware of may result. My connections in Barcelona are respectable, and if your pursuits lie in that quarter, I have the means of assisting you.”

By this time one of the band arrived with intelligence, that there was a party of travellers on the road to Barcelona. The troop was in consequence sent off, with orders to bring the whole company to the headquarters.

When they were gone, Roque addressed himself again to Don Quixote, saying, “ This life of ours, replete with danger, and exposed as it is to accidents, must appear strange to be adopted; but I was misled by a desire of revenge, which is powerful enough to upset the most philosophical breast. Nevertheless

I indulge the hope of extricating myself from this labyrinth of disquiet, as soon as time has a little assuaged the violence of my enemy's resentment."

Don Quixote did not fail to avail himself of the opportunity of recommending to Roque Guimart the advantages of adopting his course of life, as expiatory of all transgressions.

Whilst enhancing the merit of such a transformation of character, Roque's party arrived with their prisoners, consisting of two gentlemen on horseback, some pilgrims on foot, and a carriage full of women, with their attendants and muleteers. Roque first interrogated the horsemen, as to their situation and the state of their finances. They informed him that they were Spanish officers going to join their regiments, with a few hundred crowns to defray their expences.

The pilgrims said, they were going to the shrines of devotion in Italy, and had little money in their purses. And the party in the coach, described themselves as being part of a family of rank at Naples, where they were

going ; and that they had about seven hundred crowns to pay their expences.

Roque then took threescore crowns from the gentlemen, and double that sum from the party in the coach, and then dismissed the whole company, with a safe conduct in writing, in case of their meeting with any other division of his troop.

One of Roque's band, displeas'd with this lenient proceeding of his chief, said to another ; " This captain of ours is more fitted for preaching than preying ; if he has a mind to shew his generosity, let it be from his own purse, and not from what is ours by right of conquest."

This speech being overheard by Roque, his sword was at the same moment unsheathed, and he exclaimed ; " Thus I chastise mutiny and presumption." But Don Quixote had time to arrest the blow, and succeeded in obtaining the wretch's pardon, whose terror operated sufficiently to overawe the rest of the gang. Three days and nights did Don Quixote remain with Roque ; and, had he staid as many years, he would not

have wanted subject for admiration at their manner of life. They slept under arms with their clothes on ; and even that sort of slumbering rest was interrupted by the frequent necessity of changing the guard, and blowing the fusee for their matchlocks, in order to guard against surprise, and to be ready for assault.

As for Roque, he passed the night alone in private haunts, unknown to his comrades ; for the viceroy of Barcelona having set a price upon his head, he did not dare trust himself to his followers.

At length, a little before break of day, Don Quixote was escorted by Roque in person, within a short distance of Barcelona ; and received from him letters of introduction to his connexions in that city. As the day broke, Aurora disclosed her rosy face through the balconies of the east, and an object extended itself to view, which neither Don Quixote nor Sancho had ever before seen. This was the mighty ocean, covered with vessels, displaying their pendants, flags and streamers ; and, it being St. John's day,

which is solemnized by the Barcelonians with great rejoicings, the sound of artillery continually reverberated from the ships and batteries. As for Sancho, the movement of the vessels in mock engagement with each other, caused his great astonishment; as being, in his idea, a sort of animals beyond the power of his conception.

The cavaliers of the town, parading with their fine horses and richly dressed attendants, now approached the strand; and one amongst them replied to Don Quixote's inquiry after Roque Guimart's friends, by saying, "Signior Don Quixote, have the goodness to accompany us, who are all intimate friends and humble servants to Roque Guimart."

To his invitation the knight returned this answer; "If courtesy engenders courtesy, yours, Signior Cavalier, is nearly allied to what I experienced from the gallant Roque: conduct me whither you please; my will is conformable to yours; and I should be glad if you would employ it in yours or your friend's service."

The particular intimate of Roque Guimart

was called Don Antonio Moreno; and to this gentleman's house Don Quixote was conducted: here he was introduced to the assembled company, and walked about the balcony in view of the curious populace, who soon got intelligence of the arrival of Don Moreno's guest.

Sancho was delighted with the pomp and splendour that reigned in the house; which renewed in his imagination, the good fare he had enjoyed at the wedding feast of Camacho, the hospitality of Don Diego de Miranda, and the magnificence of the duke's palace.

In the evening a ball was proposed, and a large company invited, amongst whom were some sprightly ladies, who insisted upon taking out Don Quixote. In their hands he suffered such fatigue, that he was fain at last to sit himself down on the floor, entirely exhausted with the exercise he had undergone. Sancho, in taking him up to conduct him to his chamber, could not refrain from saying, "What could tempt your Worship to fall a capering? Did you suppose that



every hero must be a harlequin? I can tell you that there are men in the world, who would rather undertake to slay a giant, that take a lady in hand to cut a caper with."

This address of Sancho caused no little diversion to the company, who now assigned the knight over to the safe conduct of his squire.

## CHAPTER XV.

**DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO VISIT THE GALLIES AT  
BARCELONA—SEQUEL OF MORISCO RICOTE'S STORY.**

THE following day, Don Antonio took his guest together with Sancho, on board the galleys; the commodore of which was his particular friend. The visitors were received with every attention, music playing and artillery firing; and when Don Quixote ascended the accommodation ladder, he was saluted by the crew with three cheers; a compliment only paid to persons of distinction.

The whole company having placed themselves on the poop, the boatswain repaired to the gangway, and making a signal with his whistle, all the slaves at the oar stripped; to the great discomposure of Sancho at the sight of so many naked backs.

Nor was his agitation lessened, when he

saw the awning stretched with incredible dispatch: but when the anchor was weighed, and the main-yard with the noise of a thunderclap hoisted, he was in an agony: nor was his master devoid of some symptoms of apprehension. The boatswain, now leaping amidst the rowers, began to ply his cat-o'-nine-tails upon their backs, and the galley by little and little stood out to sea. Sancho, beholding such a large body moved by so many painted feet, (for such he took the oars to be) said to his master; "This is indeed enchantment! But what have these wretches done to be scourged in this manner? and how does that single man, skipping up and down, piping and whistling, dare to whip and flog so many people? In my conscience, I believe that this is purgatory itself." Don Quixote was about to reply, when a signal from the fort brought the commodore to the gangway, who ordered the crew to pull away, as a corsair brigantine was discovered in the offing; and at the same time ordered the other gallies to divide, in order to prevent its escape.

The corsair in vain attempted by its fleetness to evade the pursuit ; and, finding all chance of escape at an end, hawled down its flag and surrendered : but unfortunately, as the commodore's galley came up, two drunken Turks belonging to the brigantine, discharged their pieces and wounded some of the soldiers in the galley.

The commodore, incensed at this conduct, run along-side of the corsair, and took possession of her, with full intention of having the whole company put to death as soon as he arrived in the harbour ; where a great concourse of people had collected to learn the result of the chase.

As soon as he had dropped anchor, the yard was ordered to be lowered down for the convenience of hanging the prisoners ; and the captain of the brigantine, a most beautiful youth, was first brought forward.

“ Ill advised youth,” said the commodore, “ what induced thee to fire at my soldiers, when thou must have perceived that it was impossible to escape ? Dost thou not know

that rashness is not valour, and that desperation can only aggravate the offence?"

The Moor was just about to reply, when the viceroy came on board; and seeing such a beautiful youth with his hands tied, and a rope about his neck, was seized with a desire to save his life; and approaching him, said, "Corsair, art thou a Turk or a renegado?" "I am neither," replied the prisoner, "but a Christian woman; and if you please to suspend my execution, I will recount my history."

The commodore, at the viceroy's intercession, acquiesced in the delay, and the prisoner spoke as follows;

"I was born of that nation, that was lately banished from Spain: my parents, in short, were by descent Moors; and though they had embraced the Christian religion, were obliged to abide by the fate of their countrymen. I had been committed to the care of an uncle, who carried me with my mother to Algiers in Barbary.

"As to my father, on the first intelligence of our intended expulsion, he had been tak-

ing measures for an asylum, and was not present at my sudden removal. It had been my fate to attract the attention of a young cavalier of large estate, named ~~Don Gasper~~ Gregorio. He resolved to share my exile, and speaking the Moorish language well, ingratiated himself with my uncle, and travelled with us. At Algiers we underwent many interrogations as to the wealth of my family; for cruelly as we were treated in Spain, in Barbary we experienced still greater injustice.

“ It being dangerous to conceal the truth, and moreover conceiving a door might be opened for a return to Spain, I gave information, that both money and jewels to a large amount, were secreted in the village where we had dwelt; and that by the aid of a confidential person, the property might be withdrawn. The Dey was agreeable that we females, under charge of a renegado, should return for this purpose, my uncle remaining as a hostage; he also was a Moor, and could have little difficulty in pacifying the Dey, as being alike deceived with himself.

“ A brigantine being fitted up, and some Turkish soldiers put on board, instead of landing us as they were ordered, they stood off the coast, for the purpose of making prizes, and were the people that discharged their pieces when hailed by the galley.”

The viceroy, at the close of the narrative, advanced, and with his own hands took the rope from her neck ; and the disguised Don Gregorio together with her mother were called forward and liberated.

Whilst the Christian Moor related her story, a pilgrim, who had followed the viceroy on board the galley, and had kept his eyes attentively fixed upon her, at this juncture exclaimed ;

“ O Anna Felix, I am thy father Ricote, who have been wandering through Spain, in search of thee and my wife.” Being recognized by his daughter, he then addressed the viceroy and commodore, saying, “ My lords, I left my country according to the ordinances of the state ; and having obtained an asylum in Germany, returned as a pilgrim to recover my family and wealth. My wife and daugh-

ter I found were gone, but my hoard is as I left it; and now, by this strange vicissitude, I have retrieved that treasure, which was the chief object of my solicitude."

All present expressed their admiration at the strangeness of the incidents; and Sancho, from what had passed between him and Ricote, was enabled further to corroborate the truth of the recital. The viceroy then took his leave, and the commodore, with his party, repaired to Don Antonio's house, where the pilgrim Ricote and his daughter's companions received a welcome reception.



## CHAPTER XVI.

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DON QUIXOTE'S DISCOMFITURE BY THE KNIGHT OF  
THE MOON—HIS RETURN HOME AND DEATH.

AFTER receiving for some days the most hospitable attention at Don Moreno's house, in which not only the inmates, but the populace of Barcelona had an ample fund of merriment from the deportment of both master and man, Don Quixote prepared to quit the place, and retrace his steps back towards Saragossa.

When one morning sallying forth accoutred as usual, he beheld a knight, armed cap-a-pee, prancing along with a full moon on his shield, painted in the most beautiful manner.

This apparition had no sooner approached, than he accosted Don Quixote, saying,

“ Renowned cavalier, I am the knight of the moon, and come, with hostile intent, to prove the force of thy arm, under the circumstance of thy declining to acknowledge that my mistress exceeds in beauty thy Dulcinea del Toboso ; and in the event of thy putting me to the trouble of enforcing it, I shall, if successful, require of thee to lay aside thy arms, and retire for twelve months to thy own habitation : on the other hand, if I am vanquished, the spoils of my arms and fame of my achievements are to be transferred to thee.”

Don Quixote, however astonished at the arrogance of the knight of the moon, desired him without delay to take his ground, as he was ready to assert the superiority of his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, in point of beauty and excellence, to any that existed in the world. Whilst the parley was going on, the cavaliers on the strand collected around to view the conflict ; and Don Quixote taking a great length of ground approached his adversary ; who, having a stronger and fleeter

horse, met him in the midst of his career with such a shock, as brought Rozinante and his master to the ground. Then, as Don Quixote lay prostrate in a disabled state, the victor, presenting his lance to his throat, demanded of him his compliance with the terms of the challenge; and the battered knight, with the reserve of any declaration derogatory to his Dulcinea's honour, submitted to his hard fate, by relinquishing his pursuits in the field of chivalry for the term prescribed.

The victor (who was no other than the bachelor Sampson Carrasco) as soon as he had extricated himself from the crowd, found an opportunity of explaining particulars to the patrons of Don Quixote, and related to them in what manner he had failed in his first attempt to turn him from his folly, and, that having now succeeded in his project, the knight's friends would have the means of another trial to cure him of his malady.

Sancho Panza, on beholding the result of

this fatal encounter, perceived all his hopes to vanish as smoke before the wind ; and Don Quixote's chagrin determined him instantly to quit the scene of his disgrace.

In this disconsolate state, they pursued their course towards their own village, and on their arrival there, were greeted by the curate and barber, who had been apprized by the bachelor Sampson Carrasco of the success of his undertaking.

Don Quixote alighting, embraced them with great cordiality and proceeded home, where he was joyfully received by his niece and housekeeper ; he then briefly related his overthrow by the knight of the moon, and the obligation he was under to give up his pursuits for one year ; a penance he intended rigidly to observe like a true knight-errant.

However, as nothing human is stable, but every sublunary object, especially the life of man, verges to decay ; so as Don Quixote had no particular privilege to exempt him from the common fate of mankind, the end

and period of his existence approached, and he was seized with a violent disorder.

His friends supposed (as indeed was very evident from his subsequent behaviour) that chagrin at his last overthrow might be a principal cause of this attack, and they therefore endeavoured to keep up his spirits by the hope of brighter days in future : but these attempts to console him did not dispel the melancholy that assailed him, so that in a few days his disorder came to a crisis.

Before, however, it deprived him of his life, it cleared the phantoms of imagination that enveloped his understanding.

Calling his friends and family about him, he acknowledged the delusion he had lain under through the study of books of chivalry.

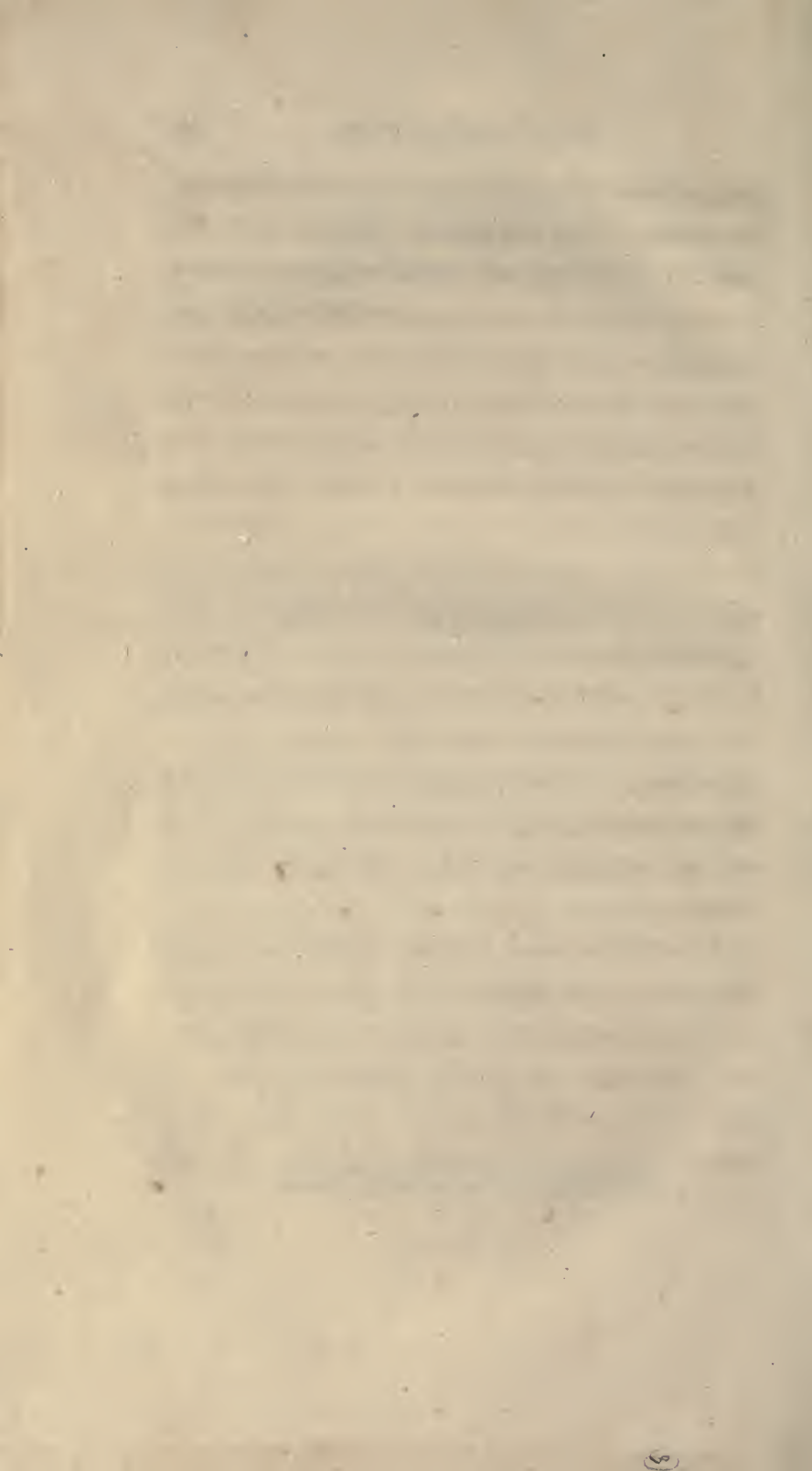
The curate and barber, surprised at this discourse, and considering this sudden and easy transition from madness to sanity, as a sure presage of death, prepared the bystanders for such an event ; and Don Quixote, having settled his will, and taken his last

✓  
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farewell of those around him, fell into fainting fits that rapidly succeeded each other, till death at length closed the career of the subject of our history.

THE END.













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