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THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

VOL. IV.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM ITS INSTITUTION

TO THE PRESENT TIME

By JOHN STURGEON

Esq. of the Inner Temple

**S. GOSNELL, Printer,
Little Queen Street, Holborn.**

THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH

OF

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,

BY

CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

NOW CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED :

WITH A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE

Spanish Poetry.

To which is prefixed

A COPIOUS AND NEW LIFE

OF

CERVANTES ;

INCLUDING A CRITIQUE ON THE QUIXOTE ;

ALSO

A CHRONOLOGICAL PLAN OF THE WORK.

EMBELLISHED WITH NEW ENGRAVINGS, AND A
MAP OF PART OF SPAIN.

VOL. IV.

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THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
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DE LA MANCHA.

PART II.

CHAP. XXXIV.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE METHOD PRESCRIBED FOR
DISENCHANTING THE PEERLESS DULCINEA DEL TO-
BOSO ; WHICH IS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS ADVEN-
TURES OF THIS BOOK.

GREAT was the pleasure the Duke and Dutchess received from the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza ; and, persisting in the design they had of playing them some tricks, which should carry the semblance and face of adventures, they took a hint from what Don Quixote had already told them of the cave of Montesinos, to dress up a famous one. But what the Dutchess most wondered at, was, that Sancho should be so very simple, as to believe for certain, that Dulcinea del Toboso was enchanted, he himself having been the enchanter and impostor

in that business. Having instructed their servants how they were to behave, six days after, they carried Don Quixote on a hunting party, with a train of hunters and huntsmen not inferior to that of a crowned head. They gave Don Quixote a hunting suit, and Sancho another, of the finest green cloth; but Don Quixote would not put his on, saying, he must shortly return to the severe exercise of arms, and that he could not carry wardrobes and sumpters about him. But Sancho took what was given him, with design to sell it the first opportunity he should have.

The expected day being come, Don Quixote armed himself, and Sancho put on his new suit, and mounted Dapple, whom he would not quit, though they offered him a horse; and so he thrust himself amidst the troop of hunters. The Dutchess issued forth magnificently dressed, and Don Quixote, out of pure politeness and civility, held the reins of her palfrey, though the Duke would not consent to it. At last they came to a wood, between two very high mountains, and posting themselves in places, where the toils were to be pitched, and all the company having taken their different stands, the hunt began with a great hallooing and noise, insomuch that they could not hear one another, on account of the cry of the hounds, and the winding of the horns. The Dutchess alighted, and, with a boar-spear in her hand, took her stand in a place where she knew

wild boars used to pass. The Duke and Don Quixote alighted also, and placed themselves by her side. Sancho planted himself in the rear of them all, without alighting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit, lest some mischance should befall him. And scarcely were they on foot, and ranged in order, with several of their servants round them, when they perceived an enormous boar, pursued by the dogs, and followed by the hunters, making towards them, grinding his teeth and tusks, and tossing foam from his mouth. Don Quixote, seeing him, braced his shield, and, laying his hand to his sword, stepped before the rest to receive him. The Duke did the like, with his javelin in his hand. But the Dutchess would have advanced before them, if the Duke had not prevented her. Only Sancho, at sight of the fierce animal, quitted Dapple, and ran the best he could, and endeavoured to climb up into a tall oak, but could not : and, being got about half way up, holding by a bough, and striving to mount to the top, he was so unfortunate and unlucky, that the bough broke; and, in tumbling down, he remained in the air, suspended by a stump from the tree, without coming to the ground : and, finding himself in this situation, and that the green loose coat was tearing, and considering that, if the furious animal came that way, he should be within his reach, he began to cry out so loud, and to call for help so violently,

that, all, who heard him, and did not see him, thought verily he was between the teeth of some wild beast. In short, the tusked boar was laid at his length by the points of the many boar-spears levelled at him; and Don Quixote, turning his head about at Sancho's cries, by which he knew him, saw him hanging from the oak with his head downward, and close by him Dapple, who deserted him not in his calamity. And Cid Hamete Benengeli says, he seldom saw Sancho Panza without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho; such was the amity and cordial love maintained between them. Don Quixote went and disengaged Sancho, who, finding himself freed and upon the ground, began to examine the rent in the hunting-suit, and it grieved him to the soul; for he fancied he possessed in that suit an inheritance in fee simple.

They laid the mighty boar across a sumpter-mule, and, covering it with branches of rosemary and myrtle, they carried it, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, erected in the middle of the wood; where they found the tables ranged in order, and dinner set out so sumptuous and grand, that it easily discovered the greatness and magnificence of the donor. Sancho, showing the wounds of his torn garment to the Dutchess, said: "Had this been a hare-hunting, or a fowling for small birds, my coat had been safe from the extremity it is now in: I do not understand

what pleasure there can be in waiting for a beast, who, if he reaches you with a tusk, may cost you your life. I remember to have heard an old ballad sung to this purpose :

“ Like Fabila may’st thou, a notable sinner,
To a blood-thirsty bruin be serv’d up for dinner !”

“ He was a Gothic king,” said Don Quixote, “ who, going to hunt wild beasts, was devoured by a bear.”—“ What I say,” answered Sancho, “ is, that I would not have Princes and Kings run themselves into such dangers, merely for their pleasure ; which methinks ought not to be so, since it consists in killing a creature, that has not committed any fault.”—“ You are mistaken, Sancho ; it is quite otherwise,” answered the Duke : “ for the exercise of hunting wild beasts is the most proper and necessary for Kings and Princes of any whatever. Hunting is an image of war : in it there are stratagems, artifices, and ambuscades, to overcome your enemy without hazard to your person : in it you endure pinching cold, and intolerable heat ; idleness and sleep are contemned ; natural vigour is corroborated, and the members of the body made active : in short, it is an exercise, which may be used without prejudice to any body, and with pleasure to many : and the best of it is, that it is not for all people, as are all other country sports, excepting hawking, which is also peculiar to Kings and great per-

sons. And therefore, Sancho, change your opinion, and, when you are a governor, exercise yourself in hunting, and you will find your account in it." — "Not so," answered Sancho; "the good governor, and the broken leg, should keep at home. It would be fine indeed for people to come fatigued about business, to seek him, while he is in the mountains following his recreations: at that rate the government might go to wreck. In good truth, Sir, hunting and pastimes are rather for your idle companions than for governors. What I design to divert myself with, shall be playing at brag at Easter, and at bowls on Sundays and holydays: as for your huntings, they befit not my condition, nor agree with my conscience." — "God grant you prove as good as you say; but saying and doing are at a wide distance," answered the Duke. "Be it so," replied Sancho: "The good paymaster is in pain for no pawn; and, God's help is better than rising early; and, The belly carries the legs, and not the legs the belly; I mean, that, with the help of God, and a good intention, I shall doubtless govern better than a goss-hawk. Ay, ay, let them put their finger in my mouth, and they shall see, whether I can bite or no." — "The curse of God and of all his saints light on thee, accursed Sancho," said Don Quixote: "when will the day come, as I have often said, that I shall hear thee utter one current and coherent sentence

without proverbs? I beseech your Grandeurs, let this blockhead alone, he will grind your souls to death, not between two, but between two thousand proverbs, introduced as much to the purpose and as well timed, as I wish God may grant him health, or me if I desire to hear them.”—“Sancho Panza’s proverbs,” said the Dutchess, “though they exceed in number those of the Greek commentator¹, yet they are not to be less valued for the brevity of the sentences. For my own part I must own, they give me more pleasure than any others, though better timed and better applied.”

With these entertaining discourses, they left the tent, and went into the wood, to visit the toils and nets. The day was soon spent, and night came on not so clear nor so calm as the season of the year, which was the midst of summer, required, but a kind of clair-obscure, which contributed very much to help forward the Duke and Dutchess’s design. Now, night coming on, soon after the twilight, on a sudden the wood seemed on fire from all the four quarters; and presently were heard, on all sides, an infinite number of cornets and other instruments of war, as if a great body of horse was passing through the wood. The blaze of the fire, and the sound of the warlike instruments, almost blinded and stunned the eyes and ears of the by-standers, and even of all, that were in the wood. Presently

were heard infinite Lelilies², after the Moorish fashion, when they are just going to join battle. Trumpets and clarions sounded, drums beat, fifes played, almost all at once, so fast and without any intermission, that he must have had no sense, who had not lost it at the confused din of so many instruments. The Duke was in astonishment, the Dutchess in a fright, Don Quixote in amaze, and Sancho Panza in a fit of trembling: in short, even they, who were in the secret, were terrified, and consternation held them all in silence. A post-boy, habited like a devil, passed before them, winding, instead of a cornet, a monstrous hollow horn, which yielded a hoarse and horrible sound. "So ho, brother courier," said the Duke, "who are you? Whither go you? And what soldiers are those, who seem to be crossing this wood?" To which the courier answered in a hoarse and dreadful voice: "I am the devil, and am going in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha! the people you inquire about are six troops of enchanters, who are conducting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso in a triumphal chariot: she comes enchanted, with the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, to inform Don Quixote how that same Lady is to be disenchanting."—"If you were the devil, as you say, and as your figure denotes you to be," replied Don Quixote, "you would before now have known that same Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who stands

here before you.”—“Before God, and upon my conscience,” replied the devil, “I did not see him; for my thoughts are distracted about so many things, that I forgot the principal business I came about.”—“Doubtless,” quoth Sancho, “this devil must needs be a very honest fellow, and a good Christian; else he would not have sworn by God and his conscience: now, for my part, I verily believe there are some good folks in hell itself.” Then the devil, without alighting, directing his eyes to Don Quixote, said: “To you, Knight of the Lions (and may I see you between their paws); the unfortunate, but valiant, Knight Montesinos sends me, commanding me to tell you from him to wait for him in the very place I meet you in; for he brings with him her, whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to instruct you how you may disenchant her: and this being all I came for, I must stay no longer. Devils like me be with you, and good angels with this Lord and Lady.” And so saying, he blew his monstrous horn, and turned his back, and away he went without staying for an answer from any body. Every one again wondered, especially Sancho and Don Quixote; Sancho, to see how, in spite of truth, Dulcinea must be enchanted; and Don Quixote, for not being sure of the truth of what had happened to him in Montesinos’ cave. While he stood wrapped up in these cogitations, the Duke said to him: “Does your

Worship, Signor Don Quixote, design to wait here?"—"Why not?" answered he: "here will I wait intrepid and courageous, though all hell should come to assault me."—"Now for my part," quoth Sancho, "I will no more stay here, to see another devil, and hear another such horn, than I would in Flanders."

The night now grew darker, and numberless lights began to run about the wood, like those dry exhalations from the earth, which, glancing along the sky, seem, to our sight, as shooting stars. There was heard likewise a dreadful noise, like that caused by the ponderous wheels of an ox-waggon, from whose harsh and continued creaking it is said, wolves and bears fly away, if there chance to be any within hearing. To all this confusion was added another, which augmented the whole; which was, that it seemed, as if there were four engagements, or battles, at the four quarters of the wood, all at once: for here sounded the dreadful noise of artillery; there were discharged infinite vollies of small shot; the shouts of the combatants seemed to be near at hand; the Moorish Lélilies were heard at a distance. In short, the cornets, horns, clarions, trumpets, drums, cannon, muskets, and above all, the frightful creaking of the waggons, formed all together so confused and horrid a din, that Don Quixote had need of all his courage to be able to bear it. But Sancho's quite failed him, and he

fell down in a swoon upon the train of the Dutchess's robe, who presently ordered cold water to be thrown in his face. Which being done, he recovered his senses at the instant one of the creaking waggons arrived at that stand. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, all covered with black palls, and a large burning torch of wax fastened to each horn. At the top of the waggon was fixed an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard whiter than snow itself, and so long, that it reached below his girdle. His vestment was a long gown of black buckram: for the waggon was so illuminated, that one might easily discern and distinguish whatever was in it. The drivers were two ugly devils, habited in the same buckram, and of such hideous aspect, that Sancho, having once seen them, shut his eyes close, that he might not see them a second time. The waggon being now come close up to the place, the venerable sire raised himself from his lofty seat, and, standing upon his feet, with a loud voice he said; "I am the sage Lirgandeo:" and the waggon went forward without his speaking another word. After this there passed another waggon in the same manner, with another old man enthroned; who, making the waggon stop with a voice as solemn as the other's, said; "I am the sage Alquife, the great friend to Urganda the Unknown;" and passed on. Then advanced another waggon with the same pace: but he, who

was seated on the throne, was not an old man like the two former, but a robust and ill-favoured fellow, who, when he came near, standing up, as the rest had done, said, with a voice more hoarse and more diabolical ; “ I am Arcalaus the enchanter, mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul and all his kindred ;” and on he went. These three waggons halted at a little distance, and the irksome jarring noise of their wheels ceased ; and presently was heard another, but not noisy sound, composed of sweet and regular music ; at which Sancho was much rejoiced, and took it for a good sign ; and therefore he said to the Dutchess, from whom he had not stirred an inch : “ Where there is music, Madam, there can be no harm.”—“ Nor where there are lights and brightness,” answered the Dutchess. To which Sancho replied : “ The fire may give light, and bonfires may be bright, as we see by those that surround us, and yet we may very easily be burnt by them : but music is always a sign of feasting and merriment.”—“ That we shall see presently,” said Don Quixote, who listened to all that was said : and he said right, as is shown in the following chapter.

CHAP. XXXV.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE ACCOUNT OF THE METHOD PRESCRIBED TO DON QUIXOTE, FOR THE DIS-ENCHANTING DULCINEA, WITH OTHER WONDERFUL EVENTS.

KEEPING exact time with the agreeable music, they perceived advancing towards them one of those cars they call triumphal, drawn by six gray mules, covered with white linen; and mounted upon each of them came a penitent of the light³, clothed also in white, and a great wax torch lighted in his hand. The car was thrice as big as any of the former, and the sides and top were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as snow, and all carrying lighted torches; a sight which at once caused admiration and affright. Upon an elevated throne sat a nymph clad in a thousand veils of silver tissue, bespangled with numberless leaves of gold tinsel; which made her appear, if not very rich, yet very gorgeous. Her face was covered with a transparent delicate tiffany; so that without any impediment from its threads or plaits, you might discover through it the face of a very beautiful damsel; and the multitude of lights gave an opportunity of distinguishing her beauty, and her age, which seemed not to reach twenty years, nor to be under seven-

teen. Close by her sat a figure, arrayed in a gown like a robe of state, down to the feet, and his head covered with a black veil. The moment the car came opposite the spot, where the Duke and Dutchess and Don Quixote stood, the music of the attendants ceased, and presently after the harps and lutes, which played in the car ; and the figure in the gown standing up, and throwing open the robe, and taking the veil from off his face, discovered plainly the very figure and skeleton of Death, so ugly that Don Quixote was startled, and Sancho affrighted at it, and the Duke and Dutchess made a show of some timorous concern. This living Death, raised and standing up, with a voice somewhat drowsy, and a tongue not quite awake, began in the following manner :

“ Behold in me, hell-born, as legends say,
 And time has sanction'd the injurious tale,
 The far-fam'd Merlin, prince of magic art,
 In Zoroastic science deeply skill'd.

“ I too am deem'd Oblivion's deadly foe ;
 She, who in depths Lethean strives to hide
 The mighty deeds of brave erratic Knights :
 I their admirer and defender own.

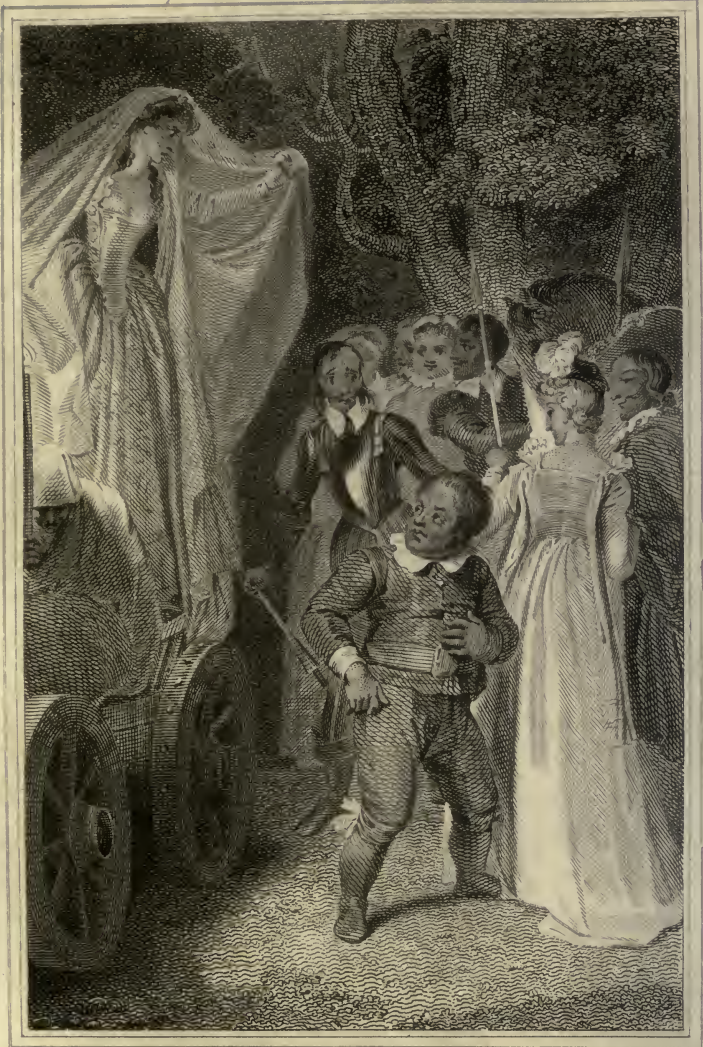
And while magicians and enchanters dire,
 And Persian Magi with their mystic spells,
 For ever live, tormenting all mankind,
 My moments pass, delightful too the task,
 In deeds benevolent, and love tow'rds all.

" While in the deep and gloomy caves of hell,
 My soul, on geometric signs intent,
 Was rous'd by plaintive sounds, the murmurs mild
 Of Dulcinea, proud Toboso's queen.
 Her direful change, and curs'd enchantment vile,
 Full well I knew ; her beauteous form, till then
 A peerless princess, now a rustic wench.—
 Soft pity fill'd my breast ; instant I took
 This dreadful form, a shape of flesh devoid,
 And having por'd o'er countless mystic leaves,
 I come to offer an unfailing cure
 For such great sorrow and such serious ill.

" O thou, the glory and the pride of all,
 Who oft the strong and polish'd armour wear,
 Thou light and leader of heroic souls,
 That vers'd in arms, and skill'd in crimson war,
 And to athletic exercise inur'd,
 Disdain'st light ease and indolent repose,
 To thee, dread Knight, and valiant Don, I speak,
 Quixote the bold, the virtuous, and discreet,
 La Mancha's glory and the star of Spain.
 That thy sweet mistress, fair Toboso's nymph,
 May reassume her former princely state,
 One thing alone 's requir'd : and Sancho's self,
 Thy grateful squire, the instrument must prove.
 The task (yet sure misnam'd, when such the prize)
 Is only this : upon that brawny part,
 Which oft hath press'd the patient Dapple's back,
 Expos'd abroad in air, the squire himself
 Three thousand and three hundred lashes strong
 Must valiantly inflict ; nor spare his flesh,
 Nor from the pain e'er flinch. This once achiev'd,
 The potent spell dissolves, and all the pow'r

Of her tormentors fails.—For this I left
Th' infernal mansions, and have here appear'd.”

“ I vow to God,” quoth Sancho at this period,
“ I say not three thousand, but I will as soon
give myself three stabs, as three lashes: the devil
take this way of disenchanting: I cannot see
what my buttocks have to do with enchantments.
Before God, if Signor Merlin can find out no
other way to disenchant the Lady Dulcinea del
Toboso, enchanted she may go to her grave for
me.”—“ I shall take you, Don Peasant stuff with
garlic,” cried Don Quixote, “ and tie you to a
tree, naked as your mother bore you, and I say
not three thousand and three hundred, but six
thousand six hundred lashes will I give you, and
those so well laid on, that you shall not be able
to let them off at three thousand three hundred
hard tugs: so answer me not a word; for I will
tear out your very soul.” Merlin hearing this
said: “ It must not be so; for the lashes, that
honest Sancho is to receive, must be with his
good-will, and not by force, and at what time he
pleases; for there is no term set: but he is allowed,
if he pleases, to save himself the pain of one
half of this flogging, by suffering the other half
to be laid on by another hand, although it be
somewhat weighty.”—“ Neither another's hand,
nor my own, nor one weighty, nor to be weighed,
shall touch me,” quoth Sancho: “ did I bring



Stothard R.A. del

Armstrong sc.

The Disenchantment of Dulcinea.

ferth the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, that my posteriors must pay for the trangressions of her eyes? My master, indeed, who is part of her, since at every step he is calling her his life, his soul, his support, and stay, he can, and ought to lash himself for her, and take all the necessary measures for her disenchantment: but for me to whip myself, I pronounce it."

Scarcely had Sancho said this, when the silvered nymph, who sat close by the shade of Merlin, standing up, and throwing aside her thin veil, discovered her face, in every one's opinion, more than excessively beautiful: and with a manly assurance, and no very amiable voice, addressing herself directly to Sancho Panza, she said: " Oh, unlucky squire, soul of a pitcher, heart of a cork-tree, and of bowels full of gravel and flints! had you been bid, nose-slitting thief, to throw yourself headlong from some high tower; had you been desired, enemy of human kind, to eat a dozen of toads, two of lizards, and three of snakes; had any body endeavoured to persuade you to kill your wife and children with some bloody and sharp scimitar; no wonder if you had betrayed an unwillingness and aversion: but to make a stir about three thousand three hundred lashes, which every puny schoolboy receives every month, it amazes, stupifies, and affrights the tender bowels of all, who hear it, and even of all, who shall hereafter be told it. Cast, miserable

and hard-hearted animal, cast, I say, those huge goggle eyes of thine upon the balls of mine, compared to glittering stars, and you will see them weep, drop after drop, and stream after stream, making furrows, tracks, and paths down the beauteous fields of my cheeks. Relent, subtle and ill-intentioned monster, at my blooming youth, still in its teens, for I am past nineteen, and not quite twenty, pining and withering under the bark of a coarse country wench : and, if at this time I appear otherwise, it is by the particular favour of Signor Merlin here present, merely that my charms may soften you ; for the tears of afflicted beauty turn rocks into cotton, and tigers into lambs. Lash, untamed beast, lash that brawny flesh of thine, and rouse from base sloth that courage, which only inclines you to eat, and eat again ; and set at liberty the sleekness of my skin, the gentleness of my temper, and the beauty of my face ; and if, for my sake, you will not be mollified, nor come to any reasonable terms, be so for the sake of that poor Knight there by your side ; your master, I mean, whose soul I see sticking crosswise in his throat, not ten inches from his lips, expecting nothing but your rigid or mild answer, either to jump out of his mouth, or to return to his stomach."

Don Quixote, hearing this, put his finger to his throat, to feel, and, turning to the Duke, said : " Before God, Sir, Dulcinea has said the

truth ; for here I feel my soul sticking in my throat like the stopper of a cross-bow."—"What say you to this, Sancho ?" cried the Dutchess. "I say, Madam," answered Sancho, "what I have already said, that, as to the lashes, I pronounce them."—"Renounce, you should say, Sancho," replied the Duke, "and not pronounce."—"Please your Grandeur to let me alone," answered Sancho ; "for, at present, I cannot stand to mind niceties, nor a letter more or less ; for these lashes, which are to be given me, or I must give myself, keep me so disturbed, that I know not what I say, or what I do. But one thing I would fain know from the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, where she learned the way of entreaty she uses. She comes to desire me to tear my flesh with stripes, and at the same time calls me soul of a pitcher, and untamed beast, with such a bead-roll of ill names, that the devil may bear them for me. What ! does she think my flesh is made of brass ? Or is it any thing to me whether she be disenchantèd, or no ? Instead of bringing a basket of fine linen, shirts, night-caps, and socks, though I wear none, to mollify me, here is nothing but reproach upon reproach, when she might have known the common proverb, that An ass loaden with gold mounts nimbly up the hill ; and, Presents break rocks ; and, Pray to God devoutly, and hammer on stoutly ; and, One *take* is worth two *I'll give thee's*. Then my master,

instead of wheedling and coaxing me, to make myself of wool and carded cotton, says, if he takes me in hand, he will tie me naked with a rope to a tree, and double me the dose of stripes. Besides, these compassionate gentlefolks ought to consider, that they do not only desire to have a squire whipped, but a governor, as if it were, like drinking after cherries, a thing of course. Let them learn, let them learn, in an ill hour, how to ask and entreat, and to have breeding; for all times are not alike, nor are men always in a good humour. I am at this time just ready to burst with grief to see my green jacket torn; and people come to desire me to whip myself of my own good-will; I having as little mind to it as to turn Indian Prince.”—“In truth, friend Sancho,” said the Duke, “if you do not relent, and become softer than a ripe fig, you finger no government. It were good indeed, that I should send my islanders a cruel, flinty-hearted governor; one, who relents not at the tears of afflicted damsels, nor at the entreaties of wise, awful, and ancient enchanter and sages. In short, Sancho, either you must whip yourself, or let others whip you, or be no governor.”—“My Lord,” answered Sancho, “may I not be allowed two days to consider what is best for me to do?”—“No,” answered Merlin: “here, at this instant, and upon this spot, the business must be settled; or Dulcinea must return to Montesinos’ cave, and to her

former condition of a country wench; or else in her present form be carried to the Elysian fields, where she must wait, till the number of the lashes be fulfilled.”—“ Come, honest Sancho,” said the Dutchess, “ be of good cheer, and show gratitude for the bread you have eaten of your master Don Quixote’s, whom we are all bound to serve for his good qualities, and his high chivalries. Say, Yes, Son, to this whipping bout, and the devil take the devil, and let the wretched fear; for a good heart breaks bad fortune, as you well know.”

To these words Sancho answered with these extravagancies; for, speaking to Merlin, he said; “ Pray tell me, Signor Merlin: the court-devil, who came hither, delivered my master a message from Signor Montesinos, bidding him wait for him here, for he was coming to give directions about the disenchantment of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and to this hour we have neither seen Montesinos, nor any likeness of his: pray, where is he?” To which Merlin answered: “ The devil, friend Sancho, is a blockhead, and a very great rascal: I sent him in quest of your master, with a message, not from Montesinos, but from me; for Montesinos is still in his cave, plotting, or, to say better, expecting his disenchantment; for the worst is still behind: if he owes you aught, or you have any business with him, I will fetch him hither, and set him wherever you think fit;

and therefore come to a conclusion, and say Yes to this discipline ; and, believe me, it will do you much good, as well for your soul, as your body ; for your soul, in regard of the charity, with which you will perform it ; for your body, because I know you to be of a sanguine complexion, and letting out a little blood can do you no harm.”—

“ What a number of doctors there are in the world ! the very enchanters are doctors,” replied Sancho. “ But since every body tells me so, though I see no reason for it myself, I say, I am contented to give myself the three thousand three hundred lashes, upon condition that I may lay them on whenever I please, without being tied to days or times ; and I will endeavour to get out of debt the soonest that I possibly can, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, since, contrary to what I thought, it seems she is in reality beautiful. I article likewise, that I will not be bound to draw blood with the whip, and if some lashes happen only to fly-flap, they shall be taken into the account. Item, if I should mistake in the reckoning, Signor Merlin, who knows every thing, shall keep the account, and give me notice how many I want, or have exceeded.”—“ As for exceedings, there is no need of keeping account,” answered Merlin ; “ for, as soon as you arrive at the complete number, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso will be instantly disenchanted, and will come, in a most grateful

manner, to seek honest Sancho, to thank, and even reward, him for the good deed done. So that there need be no scruple about the surplusses or deficiencies ; and Heaven forbid I should cheat any body of so much as a hair of their head."—
“ Go to then, in God’s name,” quoth Sancho ;
“ I submit to my ill fortune ; I say, I accept of the penance upon the conditions stipulated.”

Scarcely had Sancho uttered these words, when the music struck up, and a world of muskets were again discharged ; and Don Quixote clung about Sancho’s neck, giving him a thousand kisses on the forehead and cheeks. The Duke and Dutchess, and all the by-standers, gave signs of being mightily pleased, and the car began to move on ; and, in passing by, the fair Dulcinea bowed her head to the Duke and Dutchess, and made a low courtesy to Sancho. By this time the cheerful and joyous dawn came apace ; the flowrets of the field expanded their fragrant bosoms, and erected their heads ; and the liquid crystals of the brooks, murmuring through the white and gray pebbles, went to pay their tribute to the rivers, that expected them. The earth rejoiced, the sky was clear, and the air serene ; each singly, and all together, giving manifest tokens, that the day, which trod upon Aurora’s heels, would be fair and clear. The Duke and Dutchess, being satisfied with the sport, and having executed their design so ingeniously and happily, returned to their castle,

with an intention of seconding their jest; since nothing real could have afforded them more pleasure.



CHAP. XXXVI.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE STRANGE AND NEVER IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE AFFLICTED MATRON, ALIAS THE COUNTESS OF TRIFALDI, WITH A LETTER WRITTEN BY SANCHO PANZA TO HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA.

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

The next day the Dutchess asked Sancho, whether he had begun the task of the penance he was to do for the disenchanting of Dulcinea. He said, he had, and had given himself five lashes that night. The Dutchess desired to know, with what he had given them. He answered, with the palm of his hand. "That," replied the Dutchess, "is rather clapping than whipping, and I am of opinion, Signor Merlin will hardly be contented at so easy a rate. Honest Sancho must get a rod made of briers, or of whipcord, that the lashes

may be felt: for letters written in blood stand good, and the liberty of so great a Lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased so easily, or at so low a price. And take notice, Sancho, that works of charity, done faintly and coldly, lose their merit, and signify nothing." To which Sancho answered: "Give me then, Madam, some rod, or convenient bough, and I will whip myself with it, provided it do not smart too much: for I would have your Ladyship know, that, though I am a clown, my flesh has more of the cotton than of the rush, and there is no reason I should hurt myself for other folk's good."—"You say well," answered the Dutchess; "to-morrow I will give you a whip, which shall suit you exactly, and agree with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it were its own brother." To which Sancho said: "Your Highness must know, dear Lady of my soul, that I have written a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, giving her an account of all, that has befallen me, since I parted from her: here I have it in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the superscription. I wish your Discretion would read it; for methinks it runs as becomes a governor, I mean, in the manner, that governors ought to write."—"And who indited it?" demanded the Dutchess. "Who should indite it, but I myself, sinner as I am?" answered Sancho. "And did you write it?" said the Dutchess,

“ No indeed,” answered Sancho ; “ for I can neither read nor write, though I can set my mark.” —“ Let us see it,” said the Dutchess ; “ for no doubt you show in it the quality and sufficiency of your genius.” Sancho pulled an open letter out of his bosom ; and the Dutchess, taking it in her hand, saw, as follows :

Sancho Panza's Letter to his Wife Teresa Panza.

“ If I have been finely lashed, I have been finely mounted : if I have got a good government, it has cost me many good lashes. This, my dear Teresa, you will not understand at present ; another time you will. You must know, Teresa, that I am determined you shall ride in your coach, which is somewhat to the purpose ; for all other ways of going are creeping upon all fours like a cat. You shall be a governor's wife : see then, whether any body will tread on your heels. I here send you a green hunting-suit, which my Lady Dutchess gave me : fit it up, so that it may serve our daughter for a jacket and petticoat. They say in this country, my master Don Quixote is a sensible madman, and a pleasant fool, and I am not a whit short of him. We have been in Montesinos's cave, and the sage Merlin has pitched upon me for the disenchanting of Dulcinea del Toboso, who, among you, is called Aldonza Lorenzo. With three

thousand and three hundred lashes, lacking five, that I am to give myself, she will be as much disenchanted as the mother, that bore her. Say nothing of this to any body ; for go to give counsel about what is your own, and one will cry, ‘ It is white,’ another, ‘ It is black.’ A few days hence I shall go to the government, whither I go with an eager desire to make money ; for I am told, all new governors go with the self-same intention. I will feel its pulse, and send you word, whether you shall come and be with me, or no. Dapple is well, and sends his hearty service to you : I do not intend to leave him, though I were to be made the great Turk. The Dutchess, my mistress, kisses your hands a thousand times : return her two thousand ; for nothing costs less, nor is cheaper, as my master says, than compliments of civility. God has not been pleased to bless me with another portmanteau, and another hundred crowns, as once before : but be in no pain, my dear Teresa ; for he, that has the repique in hand, is safe, and all will out in the bucking of the government. Only one thing troubles me : for I am told, if I once try it, I shall eat my very fingers after it ; and, if so, it would be no very good bargain ; though the crippled and lame in their hands enjoy a kind of petty-canonry in the alms they receive : so that, by one means or another, you are sure to be rich and happy. God

make you so, as he easily can, and keep me to serve you.

“ Your Husband, the Governor,

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

“ SANCHO PANZA.”

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

They then went to a garden, where they were to dine that day, and the Dutchess showed Sancho's letter to the Duke, who was highly diverted with it. They dined, and, after the cloth was

taken away, and they had entertained themselves a good while with Sancho's relishing conversation, on a sudden they heard the dismal sound of a fife, and also that of a hoarse and unbraced drum. They all discovered some surprise at the confused, martial, and doleful harmony; especially Don Quixote, who could not contain himself in his seat through pure emotion. As for Sancho, it is enough to say, that fear carried him to his usual refuge, which was the Dutchess's side, or the skirts of her petticoat: for the sound they heard was really and truly most horrid and melancholy. And, while they were thus in suspense, they perceived two men enter the garden, clad in mourning robes, so long and extended, that they trailed upon the ground. They came beating two great drums, covered also with black. By their side came the fife, black and frightful like the rest. These three were followed by a personage of gigantic stature, not clad, but mantled about, with a robe of the blackest dye, the train of which was of a monstrous length. This robe was girt about with a broad black belt, at which there hung an unmeasurable scimitar in a black scabbard. His face was covered with a transparent black veil, through which appeared a prodigious long beard as white as snow. He marched to the sound of the drums with much gravity and composure. In short, his huge bulk, his stateliness, his blackness, and his attendants, might very well surprise; as they did,

all, who beheld him, and were not in the secret. Thus he came, with the state and appearance aforesaid, and kneeled down before the Duke, who, with the rest, received him standing. But the Duke would in no wise suffer him to speak, till he rose up. The monstrous spectre did so; and, as soon as he was upon his feet, he lifted up his veil, and exposed to view the horridest, the longest, the whitest, and best furnished beard, that human eyes till then had ever beheld; and straight he sent forth, from his broad and ample breast, a voice grave and sonorous: and, fixing his eyes on the Duke, he said: "Most mighty and puissant Sir, I am called Trifaldin of the White Beard: I am squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, from whom I bring your Grandeur a message; which is, that your Magnificence would be pleased to give her permission and leave to enter, and tell her distress, which is one of the newest and most wonderful, that the most distressed thought in the world could ever have imagined: but, first, she desires to know, whether the valorous and invincible Don Quixote de la Mancha resides in this your castle; in quest of whom she is come on foot, and without breaking her fast, from the kingdom of Candaya to this, your territory; a thing, which may and ought to be considered as a miracle or ascribed to the force of enchantment. She waits at the door of this fortress, or country-house, and only stays for your good

pleasure to come in." Having said this, he hemmed, and stroked his beard from top to bottom with both his hands, and with much tranquillity stood expecting the Duke's answer, which was : " It is now many days, honest squire Trifaldin of the White Beard, since we have had notice of the misfortune of my Lady the Countess Trifaldi, whom the enchanterers have occasioned to be called the Afflicted Matron. Tell her, stupendous squire, she may enter, and that the valiant Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha is here, from whose generous disposition she may safely promise herself all kind of aid and assistance. Tell her also from me, that if my favour be necessary, it shall not be wanting, since I am bound to it by being a Knight ; for to such it particularly belongs to protect all sorts of women, especially injured and afflicted matrons, such as her Ladyship." Trifaldin, hearing this, bent a knee to the ground, and making a sign to the fife and drums to play, he walked out of the garden to the same tune, and with the same solemnity as he came in, leaving every one in wonder at his figure and deportment.

The Duke then, turning to Don Quixote, said : " In short, renowned Knight, neither the clouds of malice, nor those of ignorance, can hide or obscure the light of valour and virtue. This I say, because it is hardly six days, that your Goodness has been in this castle, when, behold, the sorrowful

and afflicted are already come in quest of you, from far distant and remote countries, and not in coaches, or upon dromedaries, but on foot, and fasting, trusting they shall find, in that strenuous arm of yours, the remedy for their troubles and distresses : thanks to your grand exploits, which run and spread themselves over the whole face of the earth.”—“ I wish my Lord Duke,” answered Don Quixote, “ that the same ecclesiastic, who the other day expressed so much ill will and so great a grudge to Knights-errant, were now here, that he might see with his eyes, whether or no such Knights as those are necessary in the world : at least he would be made sensible, that the extraordinarily afflicted and disconsolate, in great cases, and in enormous mishaps, do not fly for a remedy to the houses of scholars, nor to those of country parish-priests, nor to the cavalier, who never thinks of stirring from his own town, nor to the lazy courtier, who rather inquires after news to tell again, than endeavours to perform actions and exploits for others to relate or write of him. Remedy for distress, relief in necessities, protection of damsels, and consolation of widows, are no where so readily to be found, as among Knights-errant ; and that I am one, I give infinite thanks to Heaven, and shall not repine at any hardship or trouble, that can befall me in so honourable an exercise. Let this matron come, and make what request she

pleases : for I will commit her redress to the force of my arm, and the intrepid resolution of my courageous spirit.”

CHAP. XXXVII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF
THE AFFLICTED MATRON.

THE Duke and Dutchess were extremely delighted to see how well Don Quixote answered their expectation ; and here Sancho said : “ I should be loath, that this madam duenna should lay any stumbling-block in the way of my promised government ; for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, say, that, where duennas have to do, no good thing can ere ensue. Ods my life ! what an enemy was that apothecary to them ! and therefore, since all duennas are troublesome and impertinent, of what quality or condition soever they be, what must the afflicted be, as they say this same Countess Three-skirts or Three-tails is ? for in my country, skirts and tails, and tails and skirts, are all one.”—

“ Peace, friend Sancho,” said Don Quixote : “ for, since this lady duenna comes in quest of me from so remote a country, she cannot be one of those the apothecary has in his list. Besides, this is a Countess ; and when Countesses serve as duennas, it must be as attendants upon Queens and Empresses ; for in their own houses they

command, and are served by other duennas." To this Donna Rodriguez, who was present, answered: "My Lady Dutchess has duennas in her service, who might have been Countesses, if fortune had pleased; but laws go on Kings' errands; and let no one speak ill of duennas, especially of the ancient maiden ones; for though I am not of that number, yet I well know, and clearly perceive, the advantage a maiden duenna has over a widow duenna; though a pair of sheers cut us all out of the same piece."—"For all that," replied Sancho, "there is still so much to be sheered about your duennas, as my barber tells me, that it is better not to stir the rice, though it burn to the pot."—"These squires," said Donna Rodriguez, "are always our enemies; and, as they are a kind of fairies, that haunt the antichambers, and spy us at every turn, the hours they are not at their beads, which are not a few, they employ in speaking ill of us, unburying our bones and burying our reputations. But let me tell these moving blocks, that, in spite of their teeth, we shall live in the world, and in the best families too, though we starve for it, and cover our delicate or not delicate bodies with a black weed, as people cover a dunghill with a piece of tapestry on a procession-day. In faith, if I might, and had time, I would make all here present, and all the world besides, know, that there is no virtue, but is contained in a duenna."—"I am of opinion," said the

Dutchess, "that my good Donna Rodriguez is in the right, and very much so: but she must wait for a fit opportunity to stand up for herself, and the rest of the duennas, to confound the ill opinion of that wicked apothecary, and root out that, which the great Sancho has in his breast." To which Sancho answered: "Ever since the fumes of government have got into my head, I have lost the megrims of squireship, and care not a fig for all the duennas in the world."

This dialogue about duennas would have continued, had they not heard the drum and fife strike up again; by which they understood, the afflicted matron was just entering. The Dutchess asked the Duke, whether it was not proper to go and meet her, since she was a Countess, and a person of quality."—"As she is a Countess," quoth Sancho, before the Duke could answer, "it is very fit your Grandeurs should go to receive her; but, as she is a duenna, I am of opinion you should not stir a step."—"Who bid you intermeddle in this matter, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Who, Sir?" answered Sancho: "I myself, who have a right to intermeddle as a squire, that has learned the rules of courtesy in the school of your Worship, who is the best bred Knight courtesy ever produced: and in these matters, as I have heard your Worship say, one may as well lose the game by a card too much as a card too little; and a word to the wise."—"It is even as

Sancho says," added the Duke: "we shall soon see what kind of a Countess this is, and by that we shall judge what courtesy is due to her." And now the drums and fife entered, as they did the first time. And here the author ended this short chapter, and began another with the continuation of the same adventure, being one of the most notable in the history.



CHAP. XXXVIII.

IN WHICH AN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF THE AFFLICTED
MATRON'S MISFORTUNE.

AFTER the doleful music, there began to enter the garden twelve duennas, divided into two files, all clad in large mourning habits, seemingly of milled serge, with white veils of thin muslin, so long, that only the border of the robe appeared. After these came the Countess Trifaldi, whom squire Trifaldin of the White Beard led by the hand. She was clad in a robe of the finest serge; each grain of which, had it been napped, would have been of the size of a good rouncevalpea. The train, or tail (call it which you will), was divided into three corners, supported by three pages, clad also in mourning, making a sightly and mathematical figure, with the three acute angles, formed by the three corners; from which all

that saw them concluded, she was from thence called the Countess Trifaldi, as much as to say, the Countess of the Three Skirts : and Benengeli says, that was the truth of the matter, and that her right title was the Countess Lobuna, because that earldom produced abundance of wolves ; and, had they been foxes instead of wolves, she would have been styled Countess Zorruna, it being the custom in those parts for great persons to take their titles from the thing or things, with which their country most abounded. But this Countess, in favour of the new cut of her train, quitted that of Lobuna, and took that of Trifaldi. The twelve duennas, with the lady, advanced a procession pace, their faces covered with black veils, and not transparent like Trifaldin's, but so close, that nothing could be seen through them. Now, upon the appearance of this squadron of duennas, the Duke, Dutchess, and Don Quixote, rose from their seats, as did all the rest, who beheld this grand procession. The twelve duennas halted and made a lane, through which the Afflicted advanced, without Trifaldin's letting go her hand. Which the Duke, Dutchess, and Don Quixote seeing, they stepped forward about a dozen paces to receive her. She, kneeling on the ground, with a voice rather harsh and coarse, than fine and delicate, said : " May it please your Grandeurs to spare condescending to do so great a courtesy to this your valet ; I mean

your handmaid: for such is my affliction, that I shall not be able to answer as I ought, because my strange and unheard-of misfortune has carried away my understanding, I know not whither; and sure it must be a vast way off, since the more I seek it the less I find it."—"He would want it, Lady Countess," replied the Duke, "who could not judge of your worth by your person, which, without seeing any more, merits the whole cream of courtesy, and the whole flower of well-bred ceremonies:" and, raising her by the hand, he led her to a chair close by the Dutchess, who also received her with much civility. Don Quixote held his peace, and Sancho was dying with impatience to see the face of the Trifaldi, or of some one of her many duennas: but it was not possible, till they of their own accord unveiled themselves.

Now, all keeping silence, and in expectation, who should break it, the afflicted matron began in these words: "Confident I am, most mighty Lord, most beautiful Lady, and most discreet bystanders, that my most miserableness will find in your most valorous breasts a protection, no less placid, than generous and dolorous: for such it is, as is sufficient to mollify marbles, soften diamonds, and melt the steel of the hardest hearts in the world. But, before it ventures on the public stage of your hearing, not to say of your ears, I should be glad to be informed, whether the refinedissimo Knight, Don Quixote de la Man-

chissima, and his squirissimo Panza, be in this bosom, circle, or company.”—“Panza,” said Sancho, before any body else could answer, “is here, and also Don Quixotissimo; and therefore, afflictedissima matronissima, say what you have a mindissima; for we are all ready and preparedissimos to be your servitorissimos.” Upon this Don Quixote stood up, and directing his discourse to the afflicted matron, said: “If your distresses, afflicted Lady, can promise themselves any remedy from the valour or fortitude of a Knight-errant, behold mine, which, though weak and scanty, shall all be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose function it is to succour the distressed of all sorts; and this being so, as it really is, you need not, Madam, bespeak good will, nor have recourse to preambles, but plainly, and without circumlocution, tell your griefs; for you are within hearing of those, who know how to compassionate, if not to redress them.” The afflicted matron hearing this, made a show, as if she would prostrate herself at Don Quixote’s feet; and actually did so; and, struggling to kiss them, said: “I prostrate myself, O invincible Knight, before these feet and legs, as the basis and pillars of Knight-errantry; these feet will I kiss, on whose steps the whole remedy of my misfortune hangs end depends, O valorous Errant, whose true exploits outstrip and obscure the fabulous

ones of the Amadis, Esplandians, and Belianises." And, leaving Don Quixote, she turned to Sancho Panza, and, taking him by the hand, said: "Oh thou the most trusty squire, that ever served Knight-errant, in the present or past ages, whose goodness is of greater extent than the beard of my companion Trifaldin here present, well mayest thou boast, that, in serving Don Quixote, thou dost serve in miniature the whole tribe of Knights, that ever handled arms in the world: I conjure thee, by what thou owest to thy own fidelity and goodness, to become an importunate intercessor for me with thy Lord, that he would instantly favour the humblest and unhappiest of Countesses." To which Sancho answered: "Whether my goodness, Madam, be, or be not, as long and as broad as your squire's beard, signifies little to me: so that my soul be bearded and whiskered, when it departs this life, I care little or nothing for beards here below: but, without these wheedlings and beseechings, I will desire my master, who I know has a kindness for me, especially now that he wants me for a certain business, to favour and assist your Ladyship in whatever he can. Unbundle your griefs, Madam, and let us into the particulars; and leave us alone to manage, for we shall understand one another." The Duke and Dutchess were ready to burst with laughing at all this, as knowing the drift of this adventure; and commended, in their thoughts,

the smartness and dissimulation of the Trifaldi, who, returning to her seat, said :

“ Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, which lies between the great Taprobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Camorin, was Queen Donna Maguncia, widow of King Archipiela, her lord and husband ; from which marriage sprung the Infanta Antonomasia, heiress of the kingdom ; which Infanta Antonomasia was educated under my care and instruction, as being the most ancient duenna, and of the best quality, among those, that waited upon her mother. Now, in process of time, the young Antonomasia arrived to the age of fourteen, with such perfection of beauty, that nature could not raise it a pitch higher : and, what is more, discretion itself was but a child to her ; for she was as discreet as fair, and she was the fairest creature in the world, and is so still, if envious fates and hard-hearted destinies have not cut short her thread of life. But, surely, they have not done it ; for Heaven would never permit, that so much injury should be done to the earth, as to tear off such an unripe cluster from its fairest vine. Of this beauty, never sufficiently extolled by my feeble tongue, an infinite number of Princes, as well natives as foreigners, grew enamoured. Among whom, a private gentleman of the court dared to raise his thoughts to the Heaven of so much beauty, confiding in his youth, his genteel finery, his many abilities and

graces, and the facility and felicity of his wit : for I must tell your Grandeurs; if it be no offence, that he touched a guitar so as to make it speak. He was besides a poet, and a fine dancer, and could make bird-cages so well, as to get his living by it, in case of extreme necessity. So many qualifications and endowments were sufficient to upset a mountain, and much more a tender virgin. But all his gentility, graceful behaviour, and fine accomplishments, would have signified little or nothing towards the conquest of my girl's fortress, if the robber and ruffian had not artfully contrived to reduce me first. The assassin and barbarous vagabond began with endeavouring to obtain my good will, and suborn my inclination, that I might, like a treacherous keeper as I was, deliver up to him the keys of the fortress I guarded. In short, he imposed upon my understanding, and got from me my consent, by means of I know not what toys and trinkets he presented me with. But that, which chiefly brought me down, and levelled me with the ground, was a stanza, which I heard him sing one night, through a grate, that looked into an alley, where he stood ; and, if I remember right, the verses were these :

My cruel, yet delightful foe,
With anxious pain my breast does fill ;
And farther to increase my woe,
Forbids me to impart my ill.

“ The stanza seemed to me to be of pearls, and his voice of barley-sugar ; and many a time since have I thought, considering the mishap I fell into, that poets, at least the lascivious, ought, as’ Plato advised, to be banished from all good and well-regulated commonwealths ; because they write couplets, not like those of the Marquis of Mantua, which divert, and make children and women weep, but such pointed things, as, like smooth thorns, pierce the soul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment whole and un-singed. Another time he sung :

O Death, with steps so softly steal,
That I may not thy presence know,
Lest, dying, I such pleasure feel,
That life’s chill’d streams again should flow—

with such other couplets and ditties as enchant, when sung, and surprise, when written. Now, when they condescend to compose a kind of verses, at that time in fashion in Candaya, which they call roundelays, they presently occasion a dancing of the soul, a tickling of the fancy, a perpetual agitation of the body, and, lastly, a kind of quicksilver of all the senses. And therefore I say, most noble Auditors, that such versifiers deserve to be banished to the isle of Lizards : though in truth they are not to blame, but the simpletons, who commend them, and the idiots, who believe them : and, had I been the honest

duenna I ought, his nightly serenades had not moved me, nor had I believed those poetical expressions : *Dying I live ; in ice I burn ; I shiver in flames ; in despair I hope ; I go, yet stay ;* with other impossibilities of the like stamp, of which their writings are full. And when they promise us the phoenix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the hairs of the sun, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tiber, and the balsam of Pancaya ; they then give their pen the greatest scope, as it costs them little to promise what they never intend, nor can perform. But, woe is me, unhappy wretch ! whither do I stray ? What folly or what madness hurries me to recount the faults of others, having so many of my own to relate ? Woe is me again, unhappy creature ! for not his verses, but my own simplicity, vanquished me : not the music, but my levity, my great ignorance, and my little caution, melted me down, opened the way, and smoothed the passage for Don Clavijo ; for that is the name of the aforesaid cavalier. And so, I being the go-between, he was often in the chamber of the betrayed ; not by him but me, Antonomasia, under the title of her lawful husband : for, though a sinner, I would never have consented, without his being her husband, that he should have come within the shadow of her shoe-string. No, no, marriage must be the forerunner of any business of this kind undertaken by me : only there was one mischief in it, which was

the disparity between them, Don Clavijo being but a private gentleman, and the Infanta Antonomasia heiress, as I have already said, of the kingdom. This intrigue lay concealed and wrapped up in the sagacity of my cautious management for some time, till I perceived it began to show itself in I know not what kind of swelling of Antonomasia; the apprehension of which made us lay our three heads together; and the result was, that before the unhappy slip should come to light, Don Clavijo should demand Antonomasia in marriage before the vicar, in virtue of a contract, signed by the Infanta and given him, to be his wife, worded by my wit, and in such strong terms, that the force of Sampson was not able to break through it. The business was put in execution; the vicar saw the contract, and took the lady's confession: she acknowledged the whole, and was ordered into the custody of an honest alguazil of the court." Here Sancho said: "What! are there court alguazils, poets, and roundelays in Candaya too? If so, I swear, I think, the world is the same every where; but, Madam Trifaldi, pray make haste; for it grows late, and I die to hear the end of this very long story."—"That I will," answered the Countess.

CHAP. XXXIX.

WHEREIN TRIFALDI CONTINUES HER STUPENDOUS AND
MEMORABLE HISTORY.

AT every word Sancho spoke, the Dutchess was in as high delight as Don Quixote was at his wit's end; who commanded him to hold his peace, and the Afflicted went on, saying: "In short, after many pros and cons, the Infanta standing stiffly to her engagement, without varying or departing from her first declaration, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of Don Clavijo, and gave her to him to wife: at which the Queen Donna Maguncia, mother to the Infanta Antonomasia, was so much disturbed, that we buried her in three days time."—"She died then, I suppose?" quoth Sancho. "Most assuredly," answered Trifaldin; "for in Candaya they do not bury the living but the dead."—"Master squire," replied Sancho, "it has happened, ere now, that a person in a swoon has been buried for dead; and, in my opinion, Queen Maguncia ought to have swooned away rather than have died; for, while there is life there is hope; and the Infanta's transgression was not so great, that she should lay it so much to heart. Had the lady married one of her pages, or any other servant of the family, as many others have done, as I have been told, the mischief had

been without remedy ; but, she having made choice of a cavalier, so much a gentleman, and of such parts as he is here painted to us, verily, verily, though perhaps it was foolish, it was not so very much so as some people think : for, according to the rules of my master, who is here present, and will not let me lie, as Bishops are made out of learned men, so Kings and Emperors may be made out of cavaliers, especially if they are errant.”—“ You are in the right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “ for a Knight-errant, give him but two inches of good luck, is next to being the greatest lord in the world. But let Madam Afflicted proceed ; for I fancy the bitter part of this hitherto sweet story is still behind.”—“ The bitter behind !” answered the Countess : “ Ay, so bitter, that, in comparison, wormwood is sweet, and rue savoury.

“ The Queen being now dead, and not swooned away, we buried her ; and scarcely had we covered her with earth, and pronounced the last farewell, when, *Quis talia fando temperet à lacrymis ?* upon the Queen’s sepulchre appeared, mounted on a wooden horse, the giant Malambruno her cousin-german, who, besides being cruel, is an enchanter also. This giant, in revenge of his cousin’s death, and in chastisement of the boldness of Don Clavijo, and the folly of Antonomasia, left them both enchanted by his art upon the very sepulchre ; she being converted into a

monkey of brass, and he into a fearful crocodile of an unknown metal; and between them lies a plate of metal likewise, with letters engraved upon it in the Syriac language, which, being rendered into the Candayan, and now into the Castilian, contains this sentence: *These two presumptuous lovers shall not recover their pristine form, till the valorous Manchegan shall enter into single combat with me: for the destinies reserve this unheard-of adventure for his great valour alone.* This done, he drew out of the scabbard a broad and unmeasurable scimitar, and, taking me by the hair of my head, he made show as if he would cut my throat, or whip off my head at a blow. I was frightened to death, and my voice stuck in my throat; nevertheless, recovering myself as well as I could; with a trembling and doleful voice, I used such entreaties as prevailed with him to suspend the execution of so rigorous a punishment. Finally, he sent for all the duennas of the palace, being those here present, and, after having exaggerated our fault, and inveighed against the qualities of duennas, their wicked plots, and worse intrigues, and charging them with all that blame, which I alone deserved, he said, he would not chastise us with capital punishment, but with other lengthened pains, which should put us to a kind of civil and perpetual death: and in the very instant he had done speaking, we all felt the pores of our faces

open, and a pricking pain all over them like the pricking of needles. Immediately we clapped our hands to our faces, and found them in the condition you shall see presently."

Then the Afflicted, and the rest of the duennas, lifted up the veils, which concealed them, and discovered their faces all planted with beards, some red, some black, some white, and some piebald: at which sight the Duke and Dutchess seemed to wonder, Don Quixote and Sancho were amazed, and all present astonished; and the Trifaldi proceeded: "Thus that wicked and evil-minded felon Malambruno punished us, covering the soft smoothness of our faces with the ruggedness of these bristles: would to Heaven he had struck off our heads with his unmeasurable scimitar, rather than have obscured the light of our countenances with these brushes, that overspread them! For, noble Lords and Lady, if we rightly consider it, and what I am now going to say I would speak with rivers of tears, but that the consideration of our misfortune, and the seas our eyes have already wept, keep them without moisture, and dry as the beards of corn; and therefore I will speak it without tears: I say then, whither can a duenna with a beard go? What father or what mother will bewail her? Who will succour her? For even when her grain is the smoothest, and her face tortured with a thousand sorts of washes and ointments, scarcely can she

find any body to show kindness to her ; what must she do then, when her face is become a wood ? Oh ye duennas, my dear companions, in an unlucky hour were we born, and in an evil minute did our fathers beget us :” and, so saying, she seemed to faint away.



CHAP. XL.

OF MATTERS RELATING AND APPERTAINING TO THIS ADVENTURE, AND TO THIS MEMORABLE HISTORY.

IN reality and truth, all, who delight in such histories as this, ought to be thankful to its original author Cid Hamete, for his curious exactness in recording the minutest circumstances of it, without omitting any thing how trifling soever, but bringing every thing distinctly to light. He paints thoughts, discovers imaginations, answers the silent, clears up doubts, resolves arguments ; and, lastly, manifests the least atoms of the most inquisitive desire. O most celebrated author ! O happy Don Quixote ! O famous Dulcinea ! O facetious Sancho Panza ! Live each jointly and severally infinite ages, for the general pleasure and pastime of the living !

Now the story says, that, when Sancho saw the Afflicted faint away, he said : “ Upon the faith of an honest man, and by the blood of all

my ancestors, the Panzas, I swear, I never heard or saw, nor has my master ever told me, nor did such an adventure as this ever enter into his thoughts. A thousand devils take thee (I would not curse any body) for an enchanter, and a giant, Malambruno! couldest thou find no other kind of punishment to inflict upon these sinners, but that of bearding them? Had it not been better (I am sure it had been better for them) to have whipt off half their noses, though they had snuffled for it, than to have clapped them on beards? I will lay a wager, they have not wherewith to pay for shaving."—"That is true, Sir," answered one of the twelve; "we have not wherewithal to keep ourselves clean; and therefore, to shift as well we can, some of us use sticking plaisters of pitch; which being applied to the face, and pulled off with a jerk, we remain as sleek and smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar: for, though there are women in Candaya, who go from house to house, to take off the hair of the body, and shape the eyebrows and other jobs pertaining to women, we, who are my Lady's duennas, would never have any thing to do with them; for most of them smell of the procuress, having ceased to be otherwise serviceable: and if we are not relieved by Signor Don Quixote, with beards shall we be carried to our graves."—"Mine," cried Don Quixote,

“ shall be plucked off in the country of the Moors, rather than not free you from yours.”

By this time Trifaldi was come to herself, and said : “ The murmuring sound of that promise, valorous Knight, in the midst of my swoon, reached my ears, and was the occasion of my coming out of it, and recovering my senses : and so once again I beseech you, illustrious Errant, and invincible Sir, that your gracious promises may be converted into deeds.”—“ It shall not rest at me,” answered Don Quixote : “ inform me, Madam, what it is I am to do ; for my inclination is fully disposed to serve you.”—“ The case is,” answered the Afflicted, “ that, from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, it is five thousand leagues, one or two more or less ; but, if you go through the air in a direct line, it is three thousand, two hundred, and twenty-seven. You must know also, that Malambruno told me, that, when fortune should furnish me with the Knight, our deliverer, he would send him a steed, much better, and with fewer vicious tricks, than a post-horse returned to his stage ; for it is to be that very wooden horse, upon which the valiant Peter of Provence carried off the fair Magalona. This horse is governed by a pin he has in his forehead, which serves for a bridle ; and he flies through the air with such swiftness, that one would think the devil himself

carried him. This same horse, according to ancient tradition, was the workmanship of the sage Merlin, who lent him to Peter, who was his friend; upon which he took great journeys, and stole, as has been said, the fair Magalona, carrying her behind him through the air, and leaving all, that beheld him from the earth, staring and astonished: and he lent him to none but particular friends, or such as paid him a handsome price. Since the grand Peter to this time we know of nobody, that has been upon his back. Malambruno procured him by his art, and keeps him in his power, making use of him in the journeys he often takes through divers parts of the world: to-day he is here, to-morrow in France, and the next day in Potosi; and the best of it is, that this same horse neither eats nor sleeps, nor wants any shoeing, and ambles such a pace through the air, without wings, that his rider may carry a dishful of water in his hand, without spilling a drop, he travels so smooth and easy: which made the fair Magalona take great delight in riding him."

To this Sancho said: "For smooth and easy goings, commend me to my Dapple, though he goes not through the air; but by land, I will match him against all the amblers in the world." This made the company laugh, and the Afflicted proceeded: "Now this horse, if Malambruno intends to put an end to our misfortune, will be

here with us within half an hour after it is dark ; for he told me, that the sign, by which I should be assured of having found that Knight I sought after, should be the sending me the horse to the place, where the Knight was, with conveniency and speed.”—“ And, pray,” quoth Sancho, “ how many can ride upon this same horse ? ”—“ Two persons,” answered the Afflicted ; “ one in the saddle, and the other behind on the crupper : and generally these two persons are the Knight and his squire, when there is no stolen damsel in the case.”—“ I should be glad to know, too, Madam Afflicted,” quoth Sancho, “ what this horse’s name is.”—“ His name,” answered the Afflicted, “ is not Pegasus, as was that of Bellerophon ; nor Bucephalus ; as was that of Alexander the Great ; nor Brigliador, as was that of Orlando Furioso : nor is it Bayarte, which belonged to Reynaldos of Montalvan ; nor Frontino, which was Rogero’s : nor is it Boötes, nor Pyrithous, as they say the horses of the sun are called ; neither is he called Orelia, the horse, which the unfortunate Roderigo, the last king of the Goths in Spain, mounted in that battle, wherein he lost his kingdom and life.”—“ I will venture a wager,” quoth Sancho, “ since they have given him none of those famous and well-known names, neither have they given him that of my master’s horse Rozinante, which in propriety exceeds all, that have been hitherto

named.”—“ True,” answered the bearded Countess ; “ but still it suits him well : for he is called Clavileno the winged ; which name answers to his being of wood, to the peg in his forehead, and to the swiftness of his motion ; so that, in respect of his name, he may very well come in competition with the renowned Rozinante.”—“ I dislike not the name,” replied Sancho : “ but with what bridle, or with what halter, is he guided ?” —“ I have already told you,” answered the Trifaldi, “ that he is guided by a peg, by which the rider, turning it this way or that, makes him go, either aloft in the air, or else sweeping, and, as it were, brushing the earth ; or in the middle region, which is what is generally aimed at, and is to be kept to in all well-ordered actions.”

“ I have a great desire to see him,” answered Sancho ; “ but to think, that I will get upon him, either in the saddle, or behind upon the crupper, is to look for pears upon an elm-tree. It were a good jest indeed, for me, who can hardly sit my own Dapple, though upon a pannel softer than very silk, to think now of getting upon a crupper of boards, without either pillow or cushion : in faith, I do not intend to flay myself, to take off any body’s beard : let every one shave as he likes best ; I shall not bear my master company in so long a journey : besides, I am out of the question ; for I can be of no service

towards the shaving these beards, as I am for the disenchanting of my Lady Dulcinea.”—“ Indeed but you can, friend,” answered the Trifaldi, “ and of so much service, that, without you, as I take it, we are likely to do nothing at all.”—“ In the King’s name,” quoth Sancho, “ what have squires to do with their masters’ adventures? Must they run away with the fame of those they accomplish, and must we undergo the fatigue? Body of me! did the historians but say; Such a Knight achieved such and such an adventure, with the help of such a one, his squire, without whom it had been impossible for him to finish it, it were something: but you shall have them drily write thus; ‘ Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars, achieved the adventure of the six goblins:’ without naming his squire, who was present all the while, as if there had been no such person in the world. I say again, good my Lord and Lady, my master may go by himself, and much good may do him; for I will stay here by my Lady Dutchess; and, perhaps, when he comes back, he may find Madam Dulcinea’s business pretty forward; for I intend, at idle and leisure whiles; to give myself such a whipping-bout, that not a hair shall interpose.”

“ For all that, honest Sancho,” said the Dutchess, “ you must bear him company, if need be, and that at the request of good people; for it would be a great pity the faces of these ladies

should remain thus bushy through your needless fears.”—“ In the King’s name once more,” replied Sancho, “ were this piece of charity undertaken for modest sober damsels, or for poor innocent hospital-girls, a man might venture upon some pains-taking : but, to endure it to rid duennas of their beards, with a murrain to them, I had rather see them all bearded from the highest to the lowest, and from the nicest to the most slatternly.”—“ You are upon very bad terms with the duennas, friend Sancho,” replied the Dutchess, “ and are much of the Toledan apothecary’s mind ; but in troth you are in the wrong ; for I have duennas in my family, fit to be patterns to all duennas ; and here stands Donna Rodriguez, who will not contradict me.”—“ Your Excellency may say what you please,” replied Rodriguez ; “ for God knows the truth of every thing, and, good or bad, bearded or smooth, such as we are our mothers brought us forth, like other women ; and since God cast us into the world, he knows for what ; and I rely upon his mercy, and not upon any body’s beard whatever.

“ Enough, mistress Rodriguez,” said Don Quixote ; “ and, Madam Trifaldi and Company, I trust in God, that he will look upon your distresses with an eye of goodness ; and as for Sancho, he shall do what I command him. I wish Clavileno were once come, and that Malambruno and I were at it ; for I am confident, no razor

would more easily shave your Ladyships' beards, than my sword shall shave off Malámbruno's head from his shoulders : for, though God permits the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time."— " Ah !" said the Afflicted, at this juncture, " valourous Knight, may all the stars of the celestial regions behold your Worship with eyes of benignity, and infuse into your heart all prosperity and courage, to be the shield and refuge of our reviled and dejected order, abominated by apothecaries, murmured at by squires, and scoffed at by pages ! Ill betide the wretch, who, in the flower of her age, does rather profess herself a nun, than a duenna ! Unfortunate duennas ! though we were descended in a direct male line from Hector of Tröy, our mistresses will never forbear *thouing* us, were they to be made queens for it. O giant Malámbruno, who, though thou art an enchanter, art very punctual in thy promises, send us now the incomparable Clavileno, that our misfortune may have an end ; for, if the heats come on, and these beards of ours continue, woe be to us." The Trifaldi uttered this with so deep a concern, that she drew tears from the eyes of all the by-standers, and even made Sancho's overflow ; and he purposed in his heart to accompany his master to the farthest part of the world, if the clearing of those venerable faces of their wool depended on that.

CHAP. XLI.

OF THE ARRIVAL OF CLAVILENO^s, WITH THE CONCLUSION OF THIS PROLIX ADVENTURE.

IN the mean while night came on, and with it the point of time fixed for the arrival of the famous horse Clavileno; whose stay perplexed Don Quixote very much; thinking that, since Malambruno delayed sending him, either he was not the Knight, for whom this adventure was reserved, or Malambruno durst not encounter him in single combat. But, behold, on a sudden, four savages entered the garden, all clad in green ivy, and bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse. They set him upon his legs on the ground, and one of the savages said: "Let him, who has courage to do it, mount this machine."—"Not I," quoth Sancho; "for neither have I courage, nor am I a Knight:" and the savage proceeded, saying; "And let the squire, if he has one, get up behind, and trust the valorous Malambruno; for no other body's sword or malice shall hurt him: and there is no more to do, but to screw the pin he has in his forehead, and he will bear them through the air to the place, where Malambruno expects them: but lest the height and sublimity of the way should make their heads swim, their eyes must be covered, till the horse neighs, which is to be the signal of his being ar-

rived at his journey's end." This said, leaving Clavileno, with courteous demeanour they returned by the way they came.

As soon as the Afflicted espied the horse, almost with tears, she said to Don Quixote : " Valorous Knight, Malambruno has kept his word ; here is the horse ; our beards are increasing, and every one of us, with every hair of them, beseech you to shave and shear us, since there is no more for you to do, but to mount, with your squire behind you, and so give a happy beginning in your new journey."—" That I will, with all my heart, and most willingly, Madam Trifaldi," said Don Quixote, " without staying to procure a cushion, or put on my spurs, to avoid delay ; so great is the desire I have to see your Ladyship and all these duennas shaven and clean."—" That will not I," quoth Sancho, " with a bad or a good will, or any wise ; and, if this shaving cannot be performed without my riding behind, let my master seek some other squire to bear him company, and these Madams some other way of smoothing their faces ; for I am no wizard to delight in travelling through the air : besides, what will my islanders say, when they hear, that their governor is taking the air upon the wings of the wind ? And another thing ; it being three thousand leagues from hence to Candaya, if the horse should tire, or the gaint be out of humour, we shall be half a dozen years in coming back,

and by that time I shall have neither island nor islanders in the world, that will know me: and, since it is a common saying, that, the danger lies in the delay, and, when they give you a heifer, make haste with the halter, these gentlewomen's beards must excuse me: Saint Peter is well at Rome; I mean, that I am very well in this house, where they make much of me, and from the master of which I expect so great a benefit as to be made a governor." To which the Duke said: " Friend Sancho, the island I have promised you is not a floating one, nor will it run away: it is so fast rooted in the abyss of the earth, that it cannot be plucked up, nor stirred from the place, where it is, at three pulls: and since you know, there is no kind of office of any considerable value, but is procured by some kind of bribe, more or less, what I expect for this government, is, that you go with your master Don Quixote, to accomplish and put an end to this memorable adventure; and, whether you return upon Clavileno with the expedition his speed promises, or the contrary fortune betides you, and you come back on foot, turned pilgrim, from house to house, and from inn to inn, return when you will, you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders, with the same desire to receive you for their governor; and my good-will shall be always the same: and to doubt this truth, Signor Sancho, would be doing a

notorious injury to the inclination I have to serve you.”—“ No more, good Sir,” quoth Sancho ; “ I am a poor squire, and cannot carry so much courtesy upon my back : let my master get up ; let these eyes of mine be hoodwinked, and commend me to God ; and pray tell me, when we are in our altitudes, may I not pray to God, and invoke the angels to protect me ?” To which the Trifaldi answered : “ You may pray to God, Sancho, or to whom you will ; for, though Malabrundo be an enchanter, he is a Christian, and performs his enchantments with much sagacity, great precaution, and without disturbing any body.”—“ Come on then,” quoth Sancho ; “ God and the most holy Trinity of Gaeta ⁶ help me !” —“ Since the memorable adventure of the fulling mills,” said Don Quixote, “ I never saw Sancho in so much fear as now ; and, were I as superstitious as other people, his pusillanimity would a little discourage me : but, come hither, Sancho ; for, with the leave of these noble persons, I would have a word or two with you in private.”

Then going aside with Sancho among some trees in the garden, and taking hold of both his hands, he said to him : “ You see, brother Sancho, the long journey we are going to undertake, and God knows, when we shall return, or what convenience and leisure business will afford us ; and therefore my desire is, that you retire to your

chamber, as if to fetch something necessary for the road, and, in a twinkling, give yourself if it be but five hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and three hundred you stand engaged for; for, well begun is half ended.”—“ Before God,” quoth Sancho, “ your Worship is stark mad: this is just the saying; ‘ You see I am in haste, and you charge me with a maidenhead:’ now that I am just going to sit down upon a bare board, would you have me gall my ——? Verily, verily, your Worship is in the wrong; let us now go, and trim these duennas, and, at my return, I promise you I will make such dispatch to get out of debt, that your Worship shall be contented, and I say no more.” Don Quixote answered: “ With this promise then, honest Sancho, I am somewhat comforted, and believe you will perform it; for, though you are not over-wise, you are true-blue.”—“ I am not blue, but brown,” quoth Sancho; “ but, though I were a mixture of both, I would make good my promise.”

Upon this they came back, in order to mount Clavileno; and, at getting up, Don Quixote said: “ Sancho, hoodwink yourself, and get up; for whoever he be, that sends for us from countries so remote, he cannot surely intend to deceive us, considering the little glory he will get by deceiving those, who confide in him; but, suppose the very reverse of what we imagine should happen, no malice can obscure the glory

of having attempted the exploit.”—“ Let us be gone, Sir;” quoth Sancho ; “ for the beards and tears of these ladies have pierced my heart, and I shall not eat a bit to do me good, till I see them restored to their former smoothness. Mount you, Sir, and hoodwink first ; for, if I am to ride behind, it is plain, that he, who is to be in the saddle, must get up first.”—“ That is true,” replied Don Quixote ; and pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he desired the Afflicted to cover his eyes close : which being done, he uncovered them again, and said : “ If I remember right, I have read in Virgil that story of the Palladium of Troy, which was a wooden horse, dedicated by the Greeks to the goddess Pallas, and filled with armed Knights, who afterwards proved the final destruction of Troy ; and therefore it will not be amiss to see first what Clavileno has in his belly.”—“ There is no need of that,” said the Afflicted ; “ for I am confident, that Malambruno has nothing of the trickster or traitor in him : your Worship, Signor Don Quixote, may mount without fear, and upon me be it, if any harm happens to you.” Don Quixote considered, that to talk any more of his security would be a reflection upon his courage ; and so, without farther contest, he mounted Clavileno, and tried the pin, which screwed about very easily : and having no stirrups, and his legs dangling down, he looked like a figure in a Roman triumph,

painted or woven in some antique piece of Flemish tapestry.

By little and little, and much against his will, Sancho got up behind, adjusting himself the best he could upon the crupper; which he found not over-soft, and begged the Duke, if it were possible, to accommodate him with some pillow or cushion, though it were from the Dutchess's state sofa, and from one of the pages beds; the horse's crupper seeming rather to be of marble than of wood. To this the Trifaldi replied, that Clavileno would not endure any kind of furniture upon him; but that he might sit sideways like a woman, and then he would not be so sensible of the hardness. Sancho did so, and, bidding adieu, he suffered his eyes to be blindfolded. But, soon putting by the bandage, and looking sorrowfully and with tears upon all the folks in the garden, he begged them to assist him, in that danger, with two pater-nosters, and as many ave-maries, as they wished God might provide somebody to do the like good office for them in the like extremity. To which Don Quixote said: "Thief, are you upon the gallows, or at the last gasp, that you have recourse to such doleful prayers? Are you not, poor-spirited and dastardly creature, in the same place, which the fair Magalona occupied, and from which she descended, not to the grave, but to be Queen of France, if histories lie not? And I, who sit by you, may I

not vie with the valorous Peter, who pressed this very seat, that I now press? Cover, cover your eyes, heartless animal, and suffer not your fear to escape out of your mouth, at least in my presence.”—“Hoodwink me then,” answered Sancho, “and, since you have no mind I should commend myself to God, nor that others do it for me, what wonder is it, that I am afraid, lest some legion of devils may be lurking hereabouts, to hang us first, and try us afterwards?”

They were now hoodwinked, and Don Quixote, perceiving he was fixed as he should be, began to turn the peg; and scarcely had he put his fingers to it, when all the duennas and the standers-by lifted up their voices, saying; “God be your guide, valorous Knight; God be with you, intrepid squire: now, now, you mount into the air, breaking it with more swiftness than an arrow; now you begin to surprise and astonish all, who behold you upon the earth: sit fast, valorous Sancho; for you totter: beware, lest you fall; for your fall will be worse than that of the daring youth, who aspired to rule the chariot of his father, the sun.” Sancho heard the voices, and, nestling closer to his master, and embracing him with his arms, said: “How can they say, Sir, we are got so high, when their voices reach us, and they seem to be talking here hard by us?”—“Never mind that, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for, as these matters, and these flights,

are out of the ordinary course, you may see and hear any thing a thousand leagues off: but do not squeeze me so hard; for you will tumble me down: and, to say the truth, I do not see, why you are so disturbed, and frightened: for I can safely swear, I never was upon the back of an easier-paced steed in all the days of my life: methinks we do not so much as stir from our place. Banish fear, friend; for, in short, the business goes as it should, and we have the wind in our poop.”—“That is true,” answered Sancho: “for, on this side, the wind blows so strong, that a thousand pair of bellows seem to be fanning me.” And indeed it was so; for they were airing him with several huge pair of bellows; and so well was this adventure concerted by the Duke, the Dutchess, and the steward, that nothing was wanting to make it complete. Don Quixote now, feeling the wind, said: “Without all doubt, Sancho, we must by this time have reached the second region of the air, where the hail and snows are formed: thunder and lightning are engendered in the third region; and if we go on mounting at this rate, we shall soon reach the region of fire; and I know not how to manage this peg, so as not to mount, where we shall be scorched.”

While they were thus discoursing, some flax, set on fire at the end of a long cane, at some distance, began to warm their faces. Sancho, feeling the heat, said: “May I be hanged, if we

are not already at that same fire-place, or very near it; for it has singed a great part of my beard; and, Sir, I am just going to peep out, and see whereabouts we are."—"By no means," answered Don Quixote: "remember the true story of the licentiate Torralva, whom the devils carried through the air, riding on a cane, with his eyes shut; and in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted on the tower of Nona, which is a street of that city, and saw all the tumult, assault, and death of the Constable of Bourbon; and the next morning he returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of all he had seen. He said likewise, that, during his passage through the air, the devil bid him open his eyes; and so he did, and found himself, to his thinking, so near the body of the moon, that he could have laid hold of it with his hand; and that he durst not look down towards the earth for fear of being giddy. So that, Sancho, we must not uncover our faces; for he, who has taken upon him the charge of us, will give an account of us; and perhaps we are now making a point, and soaring aloft to a certain height, to come souse down upon the kingdom of Candaya, like a hawk upon a heron. And though to us it does not seem more than half an hour, since we left the garden, believe me, we must have made a great deal of way."—"I know nothing as to that," answered Sancho Panza; "I can only say, that if Madam

Magallanes or Magalona was contented to ride upon this crupper, her flesh must not have been of the tenderest."

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

"The renowned Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha has finished and achieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Af-

flicted Matron, and company, only by attempting it. Malambruno is entirely satisfied, and desires no more; the chins of the duennas are smooth and clean, and Don Clavijo and Antonomasia have recovered their pristine estate: and when the squirely whipping shall be accomplished, the white dove shall be delivered from the cruel pounces of the hawks that pursue her, and shall find herself in the arms of her beloved turtle: for so it is ordained by the sage Merlin, the prince of enchanters.'

Don Quixote, having read the inscription on the parchment, understood plainly, that it spoke of the disenchantment of Dulcinea; and, giving abundance of thanks to Heaven for his having achieved so great an exploit, with so little danger, reducing thereby the venerable faces of the duennas to their former complexion, he went, where the Duke and Dutchess lay, being not yet come to themselves; and, pulling the Duke by the arm, he said: "Courage, courage, my good Lord; the adventure is over without damage to the bars, as yon register plainly shows." The Duke, by little and little, like one awaking out of a sound sleep, came to himself, and in like manner the Dutchess, and all that were in the garden, with such show of wonder and affright, that what they had so well acted in jest, seemed almost to themselves to have happened in earnest. The Duke read the scroll with his eyes half shut,

and presently, with open arms, embraced Don Quixote, assuring him he was the bravest Knight, that ever lived. Sancho looked up and down for the Afflicted, to see what kind of face she had now she was beardless, and whether she was as handsome without it, as her gallant presence seemed to promise: but he was told, that as Clavileno came flaming down through the air, and tumbled upon the ground, the whole squadron of duennas, with the Trifaldi, disappeared, and their beards vanished, roots and all.

The Dutchess inquired of Sancho, how it fared with him in that long voyage? To which Sancho answered: "I perceived, Madam, as my master told me, that we were passing by the region of fire, and I had a mighty mind to peep a little: and, though my master, whose leave I asked, would not consent to it, I, who have I know not what spice of curiosity, and a desire of knowing what is forbidden and denied me, softly, and without being perceived by any body, shoved up the handkerchief near my nostrils, and thence looked down towards the earth; and methought it was no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men, that walked upon it, little bigger than hazel-nuts: judge you, Madam, how high we must have been then." To this answered the Dutchess: "Take care, friend Sancho, what you say; for it is plain you saw not the earth, but the men only that walked upon it; for, if the earth

appeared but like a grain of mustard-seed, and each man like a hazel-nut, one man alone must needs cover the whole earth.”—“That is true,” quoth Sancho, “but, for all that, I had a side view of it, and saw it all.”—“Take heed, Sancho,” said the Dutchess; “for, by a side view, one does not see the whole of what one looks at.”—“I do not understand these kind of views,” replied Sancho: “I only know, it is fit your Ladyship should understand, that, since we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might see the whole earth, and all the men, whichever way I looked: and, if you do not believe this, neither will your Ladyship believe me, when I tell you that, thrusting up the kerchief close to my eyebrows, I found myself so near to Heaven, that from me to it was not above a span and half; and I can take my oath, Madam, that it is huge big: and it so fell out, that we passed by where the seven little she-goats are⁷, and, upon my conscience and soul, having been in my childhood a goatherd in my own country, I no sooner saw them, but I had a longing desire to divert myself with them a while, and, had I not done it, I verily think I should have burst. Well, then, what do I? Why, without saying a word to any body, not even to my master, I slipped down fair and softly from Clavileno, and played with those she-goats, which are like so many violets, about the space of three quarters of an hour;

and all the while Clavileno moved not from the place, nor stirred a foot.”—“ And while honest Sancho was diverting himself with the goats,” said the Duke, “ how did Signor Don Quixote amuse himself?” To which Don Quixote answered: “ As these and the like accidents are out of the order of nature, no wonder Sancho says what he does: for my own part, I can say, I neither looked up nor down, and saw neither Heaven nor earth, nor sea nor sands: it is very true, I was sensible, that I passed through the region of the air, and even touched upon that of fire; but, that we passed beyond it, I cannot believe: for the fiery region being between the sphere of the moon, and the utmost region of the air, we could not reach that Heaven, where the seven goats, Sancho speaks of, are, without being burnt; and, since we were not burnt, either Sancho lies, or Sancho dreams.”—“ I neither lie, nor dream,” answered Sancho; “ do but ask me the marks of those same goats, and by them you may guess, whether I speak the truth or not.”—“ Tell us them, Sancho,” said the Dutchess. “ They are,” replied Sancho, “ two of them green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley-coloured.”—“ A new kind of goats those same,” replied the Duke: “ in our region of the earth we have no such colours, I mean, goats of such colours.”—“ The reason is plain,” quoth Sancho: “ there must be a differ-

ence between the goats of Heaven, and those of earth." — "Pr'ythee, Sancho," said the Duke, "was there ever a he-goat^s among them?" — "No, Sir," answered Sancho; "for, they told me, none pass beyond the horns of the moon." They would not ask Sancho any more questions about his journey, perceiving he was in a humour of rambling all over the Heavens, and giving an account of what passed there, without stirring from the garden.

In short, this was the conclusion of the adventure of the afflicted matron, which furnished the Duke and Dutchess with matter of laughter, not only at that time, but for their whole lives, and Sancho something to relate for ages, had he lived so long: and Don Quixote, coming to Sancho, whispered him in the ear, saying; "Sancho, since you would have us believe all you have seen in Heaven, I expect you should believe what I saw in Montesinos's cave; I say no more."



CHAP. XLII.

OF THE INSTRUCTIONS DON QUIXOTE GAVE SANCHO PANZA, BEFORE HE WENT TO GOVERN THE ISLAND; WITH OTHER MATTERS WELL CONSIDERED.

THE Duke and Dutchess were so satisfied with the happy and glorious success of the adventure of the Afflicted, that they resolved to carry the

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

manage dexterously, you may, with the riches of the earth, purchase the treasures of Heaven.”—

“ Well then,” answered Sancho, “ let this island come ; for it shall go hard, but I will be such a governor, that, in spite of rogues, I shall go to Heaven : and think not it is out of covetousness, that I forsake my humble cottage, and aspire to greater things, but for the desire I have to taste, how it relishes to be a governor.”

—“ If once you taste it, Sancho,” said the Duke, “ you will eat your fingers after it, so very sweet a thing it is to command, and be obeyed. Sure I am, when your master comes to be an Emperor (for doubtless he will be one, in the way his affairs are), no one will be able to wrest it from him, and it will grieve and vex him to the heart, to have been so long a time without being one.”—

“ Sir,” replied Sancho, “ I am of opinion, it is good to command, though it be but a flock of sheep.”—“ Let me be buried with you, Sancho, for you know something of every thing,” answered the Duke, “ and I doubt not, you will prove such a governor as your wit seems to promise. Let this suffice for the present ; and take notice, that, to-morrow, without fail, you shall depart for the government of the island, and this evening you shall be fitted with a convenient garb, and with all things necessary for your departure.”

—“ Let them dress me,” quoth Sancho, “ how they will ; for, howsoever I go clad, I shall still

be Sancho Panza.”—“ That is true,” said the Duke ; “ but our dress must be suitable to the employment, or dignity, we are in : for it would be preposterous for a lawyer to be habited like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, must go dressed partly like a scholar, and partly like a captain ; for, in the island I give you, arms are as necessary as letters, and letters as arms.” —“ Letters,” answered Sancho, “ I know but little of ; for I can scarcely say the A, B, C ; but it is sufficient to have the Christus⁹ to be a good governor ; and, as to arms, I shall handle such as are given me, till I fall, and God be my guide.” —“ With so good a memory,” added the Duke, “ Sancho can never err.”

By this time Don Quixote came up, and, learning what had passed, and how suddenly Sancho was to depart to his government, with the Duke’s leave, he took him by the hand, and carried him with him to his chamber, proposing to give him advice how to behave himself in his employment. Being come into the apartment, he shut the door after him, and, almost by force, made Sancho sit down by him, and, with a composed voice, said to him : “ Infinite thanks give I to Heaven, friend Sancho, that, first, and before I have met with any good luck myself, good fortune has gone forth to meet and receive you. I, who had made over my future good success for the payment of your past services, find myself still at the be-

ginning of my advancement, whilst you, before the due time, and against all rule of reasonable expectation, find yourself in full possession of your wishes. Others bribe, importune, solicit, attend early, pray, persist, and yet do not obtain what they aim at : another comes, and, without knowing how, or which way, carries that employment, or office, against all other pretenders. And this makes good the saying ; In pretensions luck is all. You, who, in respect to me, without doubt are a blockhead, without rising early, or sitting up late, and without taking any pains at all, by the air alone of Knight-errantry breathing on you, see yourself, without more ado, governor of an island, as if it were a matter of nothing. All this I say, O Sancho, that you may not ascribe the favour done you to your own merit, but give thanks, first to Heaven, which disposes things so sweetly, and, in the next place, to the grandeur inherent in the profession of Knight-errantry. Now, your heart being disposed to believe what I have been saying, be attentive, son, to me, your Cato, who will be your counsellor, your north star and guide, to conduct and steer you safe into port, out of that tempestuous sea, wherein you are going to be engulfed ; for offices and great employments are nothing else but a profound gulf of confusions.

“ First, my son, fear God ; for, to fear him is wisdom, and, being wise, you cannot err.

“ Secondly, consider who you were, and endeavour to know yourself, which is the most difficult point of knowledge imaginable. The knowledge of yourself will keep you from puffing yourself up, like the frog, who strove to equal herself to the ox; for the consideration of your having been a swinherd in your own country will be, to the wheel of your fortune, like the peacock’s ugly feet.”—“ True,” answered Sancho; “ when I was a boy, I kept swine; but afterwards, when I grew towards man, I looked after geese, and not after hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose; for all governors are not descended from the loins of kings.”—“ Granted,” replied Don Quixote; “ and therefore those, who are not of noble descent, should accompany the gravity of the office they bear with a kind of gentle sweetness, which, guided by prudence, exempts them from that ill-natured murmuring, which no state of life can well escape.

“ Value yourself, Sancho, upon the meanness of your family, and be not ashamed to own you descend from peasants; for when people see, that you yourself are not ashamed, nobody else will endeavour to make you so; and think it greater merit to be a virtuous mean man, than a proud sinner: infinite is the number of those, who, born of low extraction, have risen to the highest dignities, both papal and imperial; and of this

truth I could produce examples enough to tire you.

“ Look you, Sancho, if you take virtue for a mean, and value yourself upon doing virtuous actions, you need not envy Lords and Princes ; for blood is inherited, but virtue acquired ; and virtue has an intrinsic worth, which blood has not.

“ This being so, as it really is, if by chance one of your kindred comes to see you, when you are in your island, do not despise nor affront him, but receive, cherish, and make much of him ; for, in so doing, you will please God, who will have nobody despise his workmanship ; and you will act agreeable to nature well disposed.

“ If you take your wife along with you (and it is not proper for those, who govern, to be long without one), teach, instruct, and polish her from her natural rudeness ; for, many times, all that a discreet governor can acquire, is dissipated and lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman.

“ If you chance to become a widower (a thing which may happen), and your station entitles you to a better match, seek not such an one as may serve you for an hook and angling-rod, or a friar's hood to receive alms in : for, believe me, whatever the judge's wife receives, the husband must account for at the general judgment, and shall

pay fourfold after death for what he made no reckoning of in his life.

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

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

“ Endeavour to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich, as well as among the sighs and importunities of the poor.

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

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

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

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

“ If a beautiful woman comes to demand justice, turn away your eyes from her tears, and your ears from her sighs, and consider at leisure the substance of her request, unless you have a

mind your reason should be drowned in her tears, and your integrity in her sighs.

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

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

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

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

CHAP. XLIII.

OF THE SECOND INSTRUCTIONS DON QUIXOTE GAVE
SANCHO PANZA.

WHO, that had heard the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote's, but would have taken him for a prudent and intelligent person? But, as it has been often said in the progress of this grand history, he talked foolishly only, when chivalry was the subject, and in the rest of his conversation showed himself master of a clear and agreeable understanding; insomuch that his actions perpetually betrayed his judgment, and his judgment his actions. But, in these second instructions given to Sancho, he showed a great deal of pleasantry, and pushed his discretion and his madness to an high pitch.

Sancho listened to him most attentively, endeavouring to preserve his instructions in memory, like one, that intended to observe them: and, by their means, he hoped to be safely delivered of the pregnancy of his government. Don Quixote proceeded, saying:

“As to what concerns the government of your own person and family, Sancho, in the first place, I enjoin you to be cleanly, and to pare your nails, and not let them grow, as some do, whose ignorance has made them believe, that long nails beautify the hands; as if that excrement and ex-

crecence were a nail, whereas it is rather the talon of a lizard-hunting kestrel ; a swinish and monstrous abuse !

“ Go not loose and unbuttoned, Sancho ; for a slovenly dress betokens a careless mind, unless the discomposure and negligence fall under the article of cunning and design, as was judged to be the case of Julius Cæsar.

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

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

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

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

“ Take heed, Sancho, not to chew on both

sides of your mouth at once, nor to eruct before company.”—“I do not understand your eructing,” quoth Sancho. “To eruct,” said Don Quixote, “means to belch, a filthy, though very significant word; and therefore your nice people have recourse to the Latin, and, instead of, to belch, say, to eruct, and instead of belchings, eructations: and though some do not understand these terms, it is no great matter; for, by usage, they will come hereafter to be understood; and this is to enrich language, over which the vulgar and custom bear sway.”—“In truth, Sir,” quoth Sancho, “one of the counsels and instructions I intend to carry in my memory, shall be this, of not belching: for I am wont to do it very frequently.”—“Eructing, Sancho, and not belching,” said Don Quixote. “Eructing it shall be henceforward, and, in faith, I will not forget it,” quoth Sancho.

“Likewise, Sancho, intermix not in your discourse that multitude of proverbs you are wont: for though proverbs are short sentences, you often drag them in so by the head and shoulders, that they seem rather cross purposes, than sentences.”—“God alone can remedy that,” quoth Sancho; “for I know more proverbs than will fill a book, and, when I talk, they crowd so thick into my mouth, that they jostle which shall get out first: but my tongue tosses out the first it meets, though it be not always very pat. But, for the future, I

will take heed to utter such as become the gravity of my place : for in a plentiful house supper is soon dressed ; and, he that cuts does not deal ; and, he that has the repique is safe ; and, to spend and to spare, require judgment.”—“ So, so, Sancho,” said Don Quixote : “ thrust in, rank and string on your proverbs, nobody is going about to hinder you. My mother whips me, and I tear on. I am warning you to abstain from proverbs, and in an instant you pour forth a litany of them, which square with what we are upon as much as *Over the hills and far away*¹⁰. Look you, Sancho, I do not say a proverb is amiss, when skilfully applied ; but to accumulate, and string them at random, renders a discourse flat and low.

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

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

“ The last article of advice I shall at this time give you, though it concerns not the adorning of the body, yet I would have you bear it carefully in mind ; for I believe it will be of no less use to

you than those I have already given you. It is this. Never set yourself to decide contests about families, at least by comparing them, since perforce one must have the advantage; and he, who is postponed, will hate you, and he, who is preferred, will not reward you.

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

“This is all, that occurs to me at present, by way of advice to you; as time goes on, and according to the occasions, such shall my instructions be, provided you take care to inform me of the state of your affairs.”—“Sir,” answered Sancho, “I see very well, that all your Worship has been saying is good, holy, and profitable: but what good will it do me, if I remember nothing of it? It is true, I shall not forget what you have said about not letting my nails grow, and about marrying again if I may: but for your other gallimaufries, quirks, and quillets, I neither do, nor ever shall remember any more of them than of last year’s clouds; and therefore it will be necessary to give me them in writing; for though I can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confessor, that he may inculcate them into me, whenever there shall be need.”—“Ah! sinner that I am!” answered Don Quixote; “how ill

does it look in a governor not to be able to read or write: for you must know, O Sancho, that for a man not to know how to read, or to be left-handed, implies one of these two things; either, that he sprung from very mean or low parents, or that he was so untoward and perverse, that no good could be beaten into him. It is a very great defect you carry with you, and, therefore, I would by all means have you learn to write your name, if possible.”—“ I can sign my name very well,” answered Sancho; “ for when I was steward of the brotherhood in our village, I learned to make certain characters, like the marks upon a wool-pack, which, I was told, spelt my name: but, at the worst, I can pretend my right-hand is lame, and make another sign for me: for there is a remedy for every thing but death; and I, having the command of the staff, will do what I please. Besides, he whose father is mayor, &c. you know; and I being a governor, am surely something more than mayor. Let them come and play at bo-peep. Ay, ay, let them slight and backbite me: they may come for wool and be sent back shorn; and, whom God loves, his house smells savoury to him; and, the rich man’s blunders pass for maxims in the world; and I being a governor, and consequently rich, and bountiful to boot, as I intend to be, nobody will see my defects. No, no, get yourself honey, and clowns will have flies. As much as you have, so much you

are worth, said my granam ; and, there is no revenging yourself upon a rich man."—" Oh ! God's curse light on you," cried out Don Quixote at this instant ; " sixty thousand devils take you, and your proverbs ! you have been stringing of them this full hour, and putting me to the rack¹¹, with every one of them. Take my word for it, these proverbs will one day bring you to the gallows : upon their account your subjects will strip you of your government, or at least conspire against you. Tell me, where you find them, ignorant, or how apply you them, dunce ? For my own part, to utter but one, and apply it properly, I sweat and labour, as if I were digging."

" Before God, master of mine," replied Sancho, " your Worship complains of very trifles. Why the devil are you angry, that I make use of my own goods ? for I have no other, nor any stock, but proverbs upon proverbs : and just now I have four that present themselves pat to the purpose, and fit like pears in a pannier¹² : but I will not produce them ; for, to keep silence well is called Sancho¹³."—" That you will never do, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; " for you are so far from keeping silence well, that you are an arrant prate-pace, and an eternal babbler. But, for all that, I would fain know what four proverbs occurred to you just now, so pat to the purpose ; for I have been running over my own memory, which is a pretty good one, and I can think of none."—" Can

there be better," quoth Sancho, " than, *Never venture your fingers between two eye-teeth* ; and, *to get out of my house* ; *what would you have with my wife* ? *There is no reply* ; and, *Whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone hits the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher* : all which fit to a hair. Let no one contest with his governor or his governor's substitutes ; for he will come off by the worst, like him, who claps his finger between two eye-teeth : but though they be not eye-teeth, so they be teeth, it matters not. To what a governor says, there is no replying ; for it is like, *Get you out of my house, what business have you with my wife* ? Then, as to the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see into it. So that he, who sees a mote in another man's eye, should first look to the beam in his own ; that it may not be said of him, the dead woman was afraid of her that was flayed : and your Worship knows well, that the fool knows more in his own house, than the wise in another man's."—" Not so, Sancho," answered Don Quixote : " the fool knows nothing either in his own house, or another's ; for knowledge is not a structure to be erected upon so shallow a foundation as folly. And so much for that, Sancho ; for if you govern ill, yours will be the fault, but the shame will be mine. But I comfort myself that I have done my duty in advising you as seriously and as discreetly as I possibly could : and so I am acquitted both of my obligation and my pro-

misc. God speed you, Sancho, and govern you in your government, and deliver me from a suspicion I have, that you will turn the whole island topsy-turvy : which I might prevent, by letting the Duke know what you are, and telling him, that all that paunch gut and little carcass of thine is nothing but a sackful of proverbs and sly remarks."—" Sir," replied Sancho, " if your Worship thinks I am not fit for this government, I renounce it from this moment ; for I love the little black of the nail of my soul better than my whole body, and plain Sancho can live as well upon bread and onion, as governor Sancho upon capon and partridge. Besides, while we are asleep, the great and the small, the poor and the rich, are all equal. And if your Worship reflects, you will find, it was you, that put me upon the scent of governing ; for I know no more of the government of islands than a bustard ; and, if you fancy the devil will have me, if I am a governor, I had rather go Sancho to Heaven than a governor to hell."—" Before God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, " for those last words of yours, I think you deserve to be governor of a thousand islands. You are good-natured, without which no knowledge is of any value. Pray to God, and endeavour not to err in your intention ; I mean, always take care to have a firm purpose and design of doing right in whatever business occurs : for

Heaven constantly favours a good intention. And so let us go to dinner ; for I believe the Lord and Lady stay for us.”



CHAP. XLIV.

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

WE are told, that in the original of this history, it is said, Cid Hamete coming to write this chapter, the interpreter did not translate it as he had written it : which was a kind of complaint the Moor made of himself, for having undertaken a history so dry and so confined, as that of Don Quixote, thinking he must be always talking of him and Sancho, without daring to launch into digressions or episodes of more weight and entertainment. And he said, that to have his invention, his hand, and his pen, always tied down to write upon one subject only, and to speak by the mouths of few characters, was an insupportable toil, and of no advantage to the author : and that, to avoid this inconvenience, he had, in the first part, made use of the artifice of introducing novels, such as that of the “ Curious Impertinent,” and that of the “ Captive ;” which are in a manner detached from the history ; though

most of what is related in that part are accidents, which happened to Don Quixote himself, and could not be omitted. He also thought, as he tells us, that many readers, carried away by their attention to Don Quixote's exploits, could afford none to the novels, and would either run them over in haste, or with disgust, not considering how fine and artificial they were in themselves, as would have been very evident, had they been published separately, without being tacked to the extravagancies of Don Quixote and the simplicities of Sancho. And therefore, in this second part, he would introduce no loose nor unconnected novels; but only some episodes, resembling them, and such as flow naturally from such events as the truth offers; and even these with great limitation, and in no more words than are sufficient to express them: and, since he restrains and confines himself within the narrow limits of the narration, though with ability, genius, and understanding, sufficient to treat of the whole universe, he desires his pains may not be undervalued, but that he may receive applause, not for what he writes, but what he has omitted to write: and then he goes on with his history, saying:

Don Quixote, in the evening of the day he gave the instructions to Sancho, gave them him in writing, that he might get somebody to read them to him: but scarcely had he delivered them to Sancho, when he dropped them, and they fell

into the Duke's hands, who communicated them to the Dutchess ; and they both admired afresh at the madness and capacity of Don Quixote ; and so, going on with their jest, that evening they dispatched Sancho with a large retinue to the place, which, to him, was to be an island. The person, who had the management of the business, was a steward of the Duke's, a man of pleasantry and discretion (for there can be no true pleasantry without discretion), and who had already personated the Countess Trifaldi, with the humour already related ; and with these qualifications, and the instructions of his Lord and Lady how to behave to Sancho, he performed his part to admiration. Now it fell out, that Sancho no sooner cast his eyes on this same steward, but he fancied he saw in his face the very features of the Trifaldi : and, turning to his master, he said : “ Sir, either the devil shall run away with me from the place, where I stand for an honest man and a believer, or your Worship shall confess to me, that the countenance of this same steward of the Duke's is the very same with that of the Afflicted.” Don Quixote beheld him attentively, and, having viewed him, said to Sancho : “ There is no need of the devil's running away with you, Sancho, either as an honest man, or a believer ; for, though I know not what you mean, I see plainly the steward's face is the same with the Afflicted's, and yet the steward is not

the Afflicted ; for that would imply a palpable contradiction. But this is no time to enter into these inquiries, which would involve us in an intricate labyrinth. Believe me, friend, we ought earnestly to pray to our Lord to deliver us from wicked wizards and enchanters.”—“ It is no jesting matter, Sir,” replied Sancho ; “ for I heard him speak before, and methought the Trifaldi’s voice sounded in my ears. Well, I say no more ; but I will not fail to be upon the watch henceforward, to see, whether I can discover any other sign, to confirm or remove my suspicion.”—“ Do so, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “ and give me advice of all you discover in this affair, and all that happens to you in your government.”

At length Sancho set out with a great number of followers. He was habited like one of the gown, having on a wide surtout of murrey-coloured camlet, with a cap of the same, and mounted *a la gineta*¹⁴, upon a mule. And behind him, by the Duke’s order, was led his Dapple, with ass-like furniture, all of flaming fine silk. Sancho turned back his head every now and then to look at his ass, with whose company he was so delighted, that he would not have changed conditions with the Emperor of Germany.

At taking leave of the Duke and Dutchess, he kissed their hands, and begged his master’s blessing, which he gave with tears, and Sancho received blubbering. Now, loving reader, let

honest Sancho depart in peace, and in a good hour, and expect two bushels of laughter from the accounts how he demeaned himself in his employment ; and in the mean time, attend to what befell his master that night ; which, if it does not make you laugh, you will at least open your lips with the grin of a monkey : for the adventures of Don Quixote must be celebrated either with admiration or laughter.

It is related then, that scarcely was Sancho departed, when Don Quixote began to regret his own solitary condition, and, had it been possible for him to have recalled the commission, and taken the government from him, he would certainly have done it. The Dutchess soon perceived his melancholy, and asked him why he was so sad : if for the absence of Sancho, there were squires, duennas, and damsels, enough in her house, ready to serve him to his heart's desire. " It is true, -Madam," answered Don Quixote, " that I am concerned for Sancho's absence ; but that is not the principal cause, that makes me appear sad ; and, of all your Excellency's kind offers, I accept and choose that only of the good will, with which they are tendered ; and for the rest I humbly beseech your Excellency, that you would be pleased to consent and permit, that I alone may wait upon myself in my chamber." — " Truly, Signor Don Quixote," said the Dutchess, " it must not be so, but you shall be served

by four of my damsels, all beautiful as flowers.” —“ To me,” answered Don Quixote, “ they will not be flowers, but very thorns, pricking me to the soul : they shall no more come into my chamber, nor any thing like it, than they shall fly. If your Grandeur would continue your favours to me, without my deserving them, suffer me to be alone, and let me serve myself within my own doors, that I may keep a wall betwixt my passions and my modesty : a practice I would not forego for all your Highness’s liberality towards me. In short, I will sooner lie in my clothes, than consent to let any body help to undress me.” — “ Enough, enough, Signor Don Quixote,” replied the Dutchess : “ I promise you, I will give orders that not so much as a fly shall enter your chamber, much less a damsel. I would by no means be accessory to the violation of Signor Don Quixote’s decency ; for, by what I can perceive, the most conspicuous of his many virtues is his modesty. Your Worship, Sir, may undress and dress by yourself, your own way, when, and how you please ; for nobody shall hinder you, and in your chamber you will find all the necessary utensils ; so that you may sleep with the doors locked, and no natural want need oblige you to open them. A thousand ages live the grand Dulcinea del Toboso, and be her name extended over the whole globe of the earth, for meriting the love of so valiant and so chaste a Knight : and may in-

dulgent Heaven infuse into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a disposition to finish his whipping speedily, that the world may again enjoy the beauty of so great a Lady!" To which Don Quixote said: "Your Highness has spoken like yourself, and from the mouth of such good ladies nothing that is bad can proceed: and Dulcinea will be more happy, and more known in the world, by the praises your Grandeur bestows on her than by those of the most eloquent on earth."—"Signor Don Quixote," replied the Dutchess, "the hour of supper draws near, and the Duke may be staying for us: come, Sir, let us sup, and to bed betimes; for your yesterday's journey from Candaya was not so short, but it must have somewhat fatigued you."—"Not at all, Madam," answered Don Quixote; "for I can safely swear to your Excellency, that in all my life I never bestrid a soberer beast, nor of an easier pace, than Clavileno; and I cannot imagine what possessed Malambruno to part with so swift and so gentle a steed, and burn him so, without more ado."—"We may suppose," answered the Dutchess, "that, repenting of the mischief he had done to the Trifaldi, and her companions, and to other persons, and of the iniquities he had committed as a wizard and an enchanter, he had a mind to destroy all the instruments of his art, and as the principal, and that which gave him the most disquiet, by having carried him up and down

from country to country, he burnt Clavileno ; and thus, with his ashes, and the trophy of the parchment, has eternalized the valour of the grand Don Quixote de la Mancha." Don Quixote gave thanks afresh to the Dutchess, and, when he had supped, he retired to his chamber alone, not consenting to let any body come in to wait upon him ; so afraid was he of meeting with temptations to move or force him to transgress that modest decency he had preserved towards his lady Dulcinea, bearing always in mind the chastity of Amadis, the flower and mirror of Knights-errant. He shut his door after him, and by the light of two wax candles, pulled off his clothes, and, at stripping off his stockings, (O mishap unworthy of such a personage !) forth burst, not sighs, nor any thing else that might discredit his cleanliness, but some two dozen stitches of a stocking, which made it resemble a lattice-window. The good gentleman was extremely afflicted, and would have given an ounce of silver to have had there a drachm of green silk ; I say green, because his stockings were green.

Here Benengeli exclaims, and, writing on, says : " O poverty, poverty ! I cannot imagine what moved the great Cordovan poet to call thee ' a holy, thankless gift.' I, though a Moor, know very well, by the intercourse I have had with the Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, obedience, and poverty. But for

all that, I say, a man must have a great share of the grace of God, who can bring himself to be contented with poverty, unless it be that kind of it, of which one of their greatest saints speaks, saying: *Possess all things as not possessing them.* And this is called poverty in spirit. But thou, O second poverty (which is that I am speaking of), why dost thou choose to pinch gentlemen, and such as are well-born, rather than other people? Why dost thou force them to cobble their shoes, and to wear one button of their coats of silk, one of hair, and one of glass? Why must their ruffs be, for the most part, ill ironed, and worse starched?"—By this you may see the antiquity of the use of ruffs and starch. Then he goes on—
“Wretched well-born gentleman! who is administering jelly-broths to his honour, while he is starving his carcass, dining with his door locked upon him, and making a hypocrite of his toothpick, with which he walks out into the street, after having eaten nothing to oblige him to this cleanliness. Wretched he, I say, whose skittish honour is always ready to start, apprehensive that every body sees, a league off, the patch upon his shoe, the sweating-through of his hat, the threadbareness of his cloak, and the hunger of his stomach!”

All these melancholy reflections recurred to Don Quixote's thoughts upon the rent in his stocking: but his comfort was, that Sancho had left him behind a pair of travelling boots, which

he resolved to put on next day. Finally he laid himself down, pensive and heavy-hearted, as well for lack of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, whose stitches he would gladly have darned, though with silk of another colour: which is one of the greatest signs of misery a gentleman can give in the course of his tedious neediness. He put out the lights: the weather was hot, and he could not sleep: he got out of bed, and opened the casement of a grate window, which looked into a fine garden, and, at opening it, he perceived and heard somebody walking and talking in the garden. He set himself to listen attentively; and those below raised their voice so high, that he could distinguish these words: "Press me not, O Emerencia, to sing; for you know, ever since this stranger came into this castle, and my eyes beheld him, I cannot sing but weep. Besides, my Lady sleeps not sound, and I would not have her find us here for all the treasure of the world. But suppose she should sleep, and not awake, my singing will still be in vain, if this new Æneas, who is arrived in my territories to leave me forlorn, sleeps on, and awakes not to hear it."—"Do not fancy so, dear Altisidora," answered the other; "for doubtless the Dutchess, and every body else in the house, is asleep, excepting the master of your heart, and disturber of your repose: for even now I heard him open his casement, and, without doubt, he

must be awake. Sing, my afflicted creature, in a low and sweet voice, to the sound of your harp; and, if the Dutchess should hear us, we will plead the excessive heat of the weather.”—“ This is not the point, O Emerencia,” answered Altisidora, “ but that I am afraid my song should betray my heart, and so I may be taken for a light longing hussy, by those, who are unacquainted with the powerful effects of love. But come what will: better a blush in the face, than a blot in the heart.” And presently she began to touch a harp most sweetly. Which Don Quixote hearing, he was surpris'd; and in that instant, came into his mind an infinite number of adventures of the like kind, of casements, grates, and gardens, serenades, courtships, and faintings away, of which he had read in his idle books of chivalry. He straight imagin'd, that some damsel of the Dutchess's was fallen in love with him, and that modesty oblig'd her to conceal her passion. He was a little afraid of being captivated, but resolv'd in his own thoughts not to yield; and so, commending himself, with all his soul and with all his might, to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he determin'd to listen to the music; and, to let them know he was there, he gave a feign'd sneeze; at which the damsels were not a little glad, desiring nothing more than that Don Quixote should hear them. Now the harp being tuned and put in order, Altisidora began this song.

O thou, reposing on thy bed,
'Tween sheets of holland fine,
With weary limbs afar outspread,
From eve till morn supine ;

Most courteous Knight, I thee conjure,
Bravest of heroes bold !
More priz'd, more worthy, and more pure
Than all Arabia's gold ;

Those joys to grant, a full-grown maid,
Unbless'd like me, desires ;
Nor leave me, by thy charms betray'd,
A prey to am'rous fires :

If thou hast known, O Knight renown'd !
Misfortunes to endure,
Beware to give the keenest wound,
Without the balm to cure,

And tell me, since thy lofty name
My anxious bosom fills,
Thy high descent may Lybia claim,
Or proud Iaca's hills ?

Oh, say, did serpents give thee food ?
Where was thy early home,
Within the wildness of a wood,
Or 'mid the mountain's gloom ?

Too well may Dulcinea joy,
More lovely maid than mild,
Whose full-blown charms could thee decoy
As tiger fierce and wild.

Henares will her fame repeat,
Xarama catch the strain,
Swift Tagus will proclaim the feat
E'en to the distant main.

Yet would I bet my petticoat,
That sacred guard from harms,
That she, who caus'd thee thus to doat,
Had store of golden charms.

Happy the maid allow'd to share,
Or e'en approach thy bed ;
Permitted but to comb the hair
Of thy illustrious head !

But I such favour to acquire,
Alas ! am all unmeet ;
Indulge, oh then, my fond desire
To touch thy hallow'd feet.

And oh ! receive the gifts I'll send ;
Scorn not my proffer'd grace ;
The best of nightcaps, to defend
Thy solemn length of face ;

Fine silver shoes, with stockings rare,
Thy person to adorn,
And pearls of brighter lustre far
Than those, which deck the morn.

Thy generous soul will, sure, disclaim
A cruel Nero's part ;
Heedless to view the raging flame
Thou raisest in my heart :

In me behold a tender germ,
In hopes and wishes green,
Wanting nine months—endearing term !
To make me just fifteen.

Though large my mouth, though flat my nose,
My teeth of yellow bright ;
Yet gracious Heaven on me bestows
Somewhat to give delight :

No crippled form do I bewail,
My flesh all firm and round ;
So long my wavy locks, they trail
Upon the distant ground :

My voice, if thou wilt deign to hear,
As soft as Zephyr's sighs ;
No giant limbs in me appear,
Indeed I'm under size.

All, all these boasted charms be thine,
For love is all-compelling ;
Let not Altisidora pine,
In this fair mansion dwelling.

Here ended the song of the sore-wounded Altisidora, and began the alarm of the courted Don Quixote, who, fetching a deep sigh, said within himself : “ Why am I so unhappy a Knight-errant, that no damsel can see me but she must presently fall in love with me ? Why is the peerless Dulcinea so unlucky, that she must not be suffered singly to enjoy this my incomparable constancy ? Queens ! what would you have with

her? Empresses! why do you persecute her? Damsels from fourteen to fifteen! why do ye plague her? Leave, leave the poor creature; let her triumph, glory, and plume herself in the lot, which love bestowed upon her in the conquest of my heart, and the surrender of my soul. Take notice, enamoured multitude, that to Dulcinea alone I am paste and sugar, and to all others flint: to her I am honey, and to the rest of ye aloes. To me, Dulcinea alone is beautiful, discreet, lively, modest, and well-born; and the rest of her sex foul, foolish, fickle, and base-born. To be hers, and hers alone, nature threw me into the world. Let Altisidora weep or sing; let the lady despair, on whose account I was buffeted in the castle of the enchanted Moor¹⁵. Boiled or roasted, Dulcinea's I must be, clean, well-bred, and chaste, in spite of all the necromantic powers on earth." This said, he clapped to the casement, and, in despite and sorrow, as if some great misfortune had befallen him, threw himself upon his bed; where, at present, we will leave him, to attend the great Sancho Panza, who is desirous of beginning his famous government.

CHAP. XLV.

HOW THE GREAT SANCHE PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND OF THE MANNER OF HIS BEGINNING TO GOVERN IT.

O THOU, perpetual discoverer of the antipodes, torch of the world, eye of Heaven, sweet motive of wine-cooling bottles¹⁶; here Tymbraeus, there Phœbus; here archer, there physician; father of poesy, inventor of music: thou, who always risest, and, though thou seemest to do so, never settest! To thee I speak, O sun, by whose assistance man begets man; thee I invoke to favour and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, that I may be able punctually to describe the government of the great Sancho Panza: for, without thee, I find myself indolent, dispirited, and confused.

I say then, that Sancho, with all his attendants, arrived at a town, that contained about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best the Duke had. They gave him to understand, that it was called the island of Barataria, either because Barataria was really the name of the place, or because he obtained the government of it at so cheap a rate¹⁷. At his arrival near the gates of the town, which was walled about, the magistrates, in their robes of office, came out to receive him, the bells rung, and the people gave demonstrations of a general joy, and, with a great deal of pomp, conducted him to the

great church to give thanks to God. Presently after, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they presented to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the island Barataria. The garb, the beard, the thickness and shortness of the new governor, held all, that were not in the secret, in astonishment, and even those that were, who were not a few. In short, as soon as they had brought him out of the church, they carried him to the tribunal of justice, and placed him in the chair, and the Duke's steward said to him: "It is an ancient custom here, my Lord Governor, that he, who comes to take possession of this famous island, is obliged to answer to a question put to him, which is somewhat intricate and difficult; and by his answer the people are enabled to feel the pulse of their new governor's understanding, and, accordingly, are either glad or sorry for his coming."

While the steward was saying this, Sancho was staring at some capital letters written on the wall opposite to his chair; and, because he could not read, he asked what that painting was on the wall. He was answered, "Sir, it is there written, on what day your Honour took possession of this island; and the inscription runs thus: "This day (such a day of the month and year) Signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy it!"—"And, pray," quoth he, "who is it they call Don Sancho Panza?"—

“Your Lordship,” answered the steward; “for no other Panza, besides him now in the chair, ever came into this island.”—“Take notice, brother,” quoth Sancho, “Don does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family: I am called plain Sancho Panza; my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather a Sancho, and they were, all Panzas, without any addition of Dons or Donnas; and I fancy there are more Dons than stones in this island: but enough; God knows my meaning, and, perhaps, if my government last four days, I may weed out these Dons, that overrun the country, and, by their numbers, are as troublesome as gnats. On with your question, master steward, and I will answer the best I can, let the people be sorry, or not sorry.”

At this instant two men came into the court, the one clad like a country-fellow, and the other like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand; and the tailor said: “My Lord Governor, I and this countryman come before your Worship, by reason this honest man came yesterday to my shop (for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and have passed my examination, God be thanked), and, putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me; Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap? I, measuring the piece, answered, Yes. Now he imagining, as I imagine (and I imagined right), that doubtless I had a mind to cabbage some of the cloth, grounding his conceit

upon his own knavery, and upon the common ill opinion had of tailors, bid me view it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. My gentleman, persisting in his knavish intention, went on increasing the number of caps, and I adding to the number of Yes's, till we came to five caps; and even now he came for them. I offered them to him, and he refuses to pay me for the making, and pretends I shall either return him his cloth, or pay him for it."—"Is all this so, brother?" demanded Sancho. "Yes," answered the man; "but pray, my Lord, make him produce the five caps he has made me."—"With all my heart," answered the tailor, and pulling his hand from under his cloak, he showed the five caps on the end of his fingers and thumb, saying; "Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make, and, on my soul and conscience, not a shred of the cloth is left, and I submit the work to be viewed by any inspectors of the trade." All that were present laughed at the number of the caps, and the novelty of the suit. Sancho set himself to consider a little, and said: "I am of opinion, there needs no great delay in this suit, and it may be decided very equitably off hand; and therefore I pronounce, that the tailor lose the making, and the countryman the stuff, and that the caps be confiscated to the use of the poor; and there is an end of that." If the sentence he afterwards passed

On the purse of the herdsman caused the admiration of all the by-standers, this excited their laughter. In short, what the governor commanded was executed.

The next, that presented themselves before him, were two ancient men, the one with a cane in his hand for a staff; and he without a staff said: “ My Lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and serve him, upon condition he should return them on demand. I let him alone a good while, without asking for them, because I was loth to put him to a greater strait to pay me, than he was in, when I lent them. But at length, thinking he was negligent of the payment, I asked him, more than once or twice, for my money, and he not only refuses payment, but denies the debt, and says I never lent him any such sum, and, if I did, that he has already paid me: and I, having no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the payment, entreat your Worship will take his oath; and, if he will swear he has returned me the money, I acquit him from this minute before God and the world.” —“ What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?” quoth Sancho. To which the old fellow replied: “ I confess, my Lord, he did lend me the money: and, if your Worship pleases to hold down your wand of justice, since he leaves it to my oath, I will swear I have really and truly returned it him.” The governor held

down the wand, and the old fellow gave the staff to his creditor to hold, while he was swearing, as if it encumbered him; and presently laid his hand upon the cross of the wand, and said, it was true indeed, he had lent him those ten crowns he asked for; but that he had restored them to him into his own hand; and because, he supposed, he had forgot it, he was every moment asking him for them. Which the great governor seeing, he asked the creditor, what he had to answer to what his antagonist had alleged. He replied, he did not doubt but his debtor had said the truth; for he took him to be an honest man, and a good Christian; and that he himself must have forgotten, when and where the money was returned: and that, from thenceforward, he would never ask him for it again. The debtor took his staff again, and, bowing his head, went out of court. Sancho seeing this, and that he was gone without more ado, and observing also the patience of the creditor, he inclined his head upon his breast, and, laying the fore-finger of his right hand upon his eyebrows and nose, he continued, as it were, full of thought, a short space, and then, lifting up his head, he ordered the old man with the staff, who was already gone, to be called back. He was brought back accordingly; and Sancho, seeing him, said; "Give me that staff, honest friend; for I have occasion for it."—"With all my heart," answered the

old fellow ; and delivered it into his hand. Sancho took it, and, giving it to the other old man, said : “ Go about your business, in God’s name, for you are paid.”—“ I, my Lord ?” answered the old man : “ What ! is this cane worth ten golden crowns ?” —“ Yes,” quoth the governor, “ or I am the greatest dunce in the world ; and now it shall appear, whether I have a head to govern a whole kingdom.” Straight he commanded the cane to be broken before them all. Which being done, there were found in the hollow of it ten crowns of gold. All were struck with admiration, and took their new governor for a second Solomon. They asked him, whence he had collected, that the ten crowns were in the cane. He answered, that, upon seeing the old man give it his adversary, while he was taking the oath ; and swearing, that he had really and truly restored them into his own hands, and, when he had done, ask for it again, it came into his imagination, that the money in dispute must be in the hollow of the cane. Whence it may be gathered, that God Almighty often directs the judgments of those, who govern, though otherwise mere blockheads : besides, he had heard the priest of his parish tell a like case ; and, were it not, that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, his memory was so good, there would not have been a better in the whole island. At length, both the old men marched off, the one ashamed,

and the other satisfied: the by-standers were surprised, and the secretary, who minuted down the words, actions, and behaviour of Sancho Panza, could not determine with himself, whether he should set him down for a wise man or a fool.

This cause was no sooner ended, but there came into court a woman, keeping fast hold of a man, clad like a rich herdsman. She came crying aloud; "Justice, my Lord Governor, justice; if I cannot find it on earth, I will seek it in heaven: lord governor of my soul, this wicked man surprised me in the middle of the field, and made use of my body, as if it had been a dishclout, and, woe is me, has robbed me of what I have kept above these three and twenty years, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and foreigners. I have been as hard as a cork-tree, and preserved myself as entire as a salamander in the fire, or as wool among briars, that this honest man should come with his clean hands to handle me."—"It remains to be examined," quoth Sancho, "whether this gallant's hands are clean or no;" and, turning to the man, he asked him, what he had to say, and what answer to make to this woman's complaint. The man, all in confusion, replied: "Sirs, I am a poor herdsman, and deal in swine, and this morning I went out of this town, after having sold (under correction be it spoken) four hogs, and, what between dues and exactions, the officers took from me little

less than they were worth. I was returning home, and by the way I lighted upon this good dame, and the devil, the author of all mischief, yoked us together. I paid her handsomely: but she, not contented, laid hold on me, and has never let me go, till she has dragged me to this place: she says I forced her; but, by the oath I have taken, or am to take, she lies; and this is the whole truth." Then the governor asked him, if he had any silver money about him. He said, Yes, he had about twenty ducats in a leathern purse in his bosom. He ordered him to produce it, and deliver it just as it was to the plaintiff. He did so, trembling. The woman took it, and, making a thousand courtesies, after the Moorish manner, and praying to God for the life and health of the lord governor, who took such care of poor orphans and maidens, out of the court she went, holding the purse with both hands: but first she looked to see, if the money that was in it was silver. She was scarcely gone out, when Sancho said to the herdsman, who was in tears, and whose eyes and heart were gone after his purse; "Honest man, follow that woman, and take away the purse from her, whether she will or no, and come back hither with it." This was not said to the deaf or the stupid; for instantly he flew after her like lightning, and went about what he was bid. All present were in great suspense, expecting the issue of this suit; and presently

after came in the man and the woman, clinging together closer than the first time, she with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse lapped up in it, and the man struggling to take it from her, but in vain, so tightly she defended it, crying out; "Justice from God and the world! See, my Lord Governor, the impudence, and want of fear of this varlet, who, in the midst of the town, and of the street, would take from me the purse your Worship commanded to be given me."—"And has he got it?" demanded the governor. "Got it!" answered the woman, "I would sooner let him take away my life than my purse. A pretty baby I should be, indeed: otherguise cats must claw my beard, and not such pitiful, sneaking tools; pincers and hammers, crows and chisels, shall not get it out of my clutches, nor even the paws of a lion; my soul and body shall sooner part."—"She is in the right," quoth the man, "and I yield myself worsted and spent, and confess I have not strength enough to take it from her:" and so he left her. Then said the governor to the woman: "Give me that purse, virtuous virago." She presently delivered it, and the governor returned it to the man, and said to the forceful, but not forced, damsel: "Sister of mine, had you shown the same, or but half as much, courage and resolution, in defending your chastity, as you have done in defending your purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced

you. Be gone, in God's name, and in an ill hour, and be not found in all this island, nor in six leagues round about it, upon pain of two hundred stripes; be gone instantly, I say, thou prating, shameless, cheating hussy!" The woman was confounded, and went away, hanging down her head and discontented; and the governor said to the man: "Honest man, go home, in the name of God, with your money, and from henceforward, unless you have a mind to lose it, take care not to yoke with any body." The countryman gave him thanks after the clownishest manner he could, and went his way; and the by-standers were in fresh admiration at the decisions and sentences of their new governor. All which, being noted down by his historiographer, was immediately transmitted to the Duke, who waited for it with a longing impatience. And here let us leave honest Sancho; for his master, greatly disturbed at Altisidora's music, calls in haste for us.



CHAP. XLVI.

OF THE DREADFUL BELL-RINGING AND CATTISH CONSTERNATION DON QUIXOTE WAS PUT INTO IN THE PROGRESS OF THE ENAMOURED ALTISIDORA'S AMOUR.

WE left the great Don Quixote wrapped up in the reflections occasioned by the music of the enamoured damsel Altisidora. He carried them

with him to bed; and, as if they had been fleas, they would not suffer him to sleep, or take the least rest. To these was added the disaster of the stocking. But as time is swift, and no bar can stop him, he came riding upon the hours, and that of the morning posted on apace. Which Don Quixote perceiving, he forsook his downy pillow, and in haste put on his shamois doublet, and his travelling boots, to conceal the misfortune of his stocking. He threw over his shoulders his scarlet mantle, and clapped on his head a green velvet cap trimmed with silver lace. He hung his trusty trenchant blade in his shoulder-belt¹⁸. On his wrist he wore a large rosary, which he always carried about him. And with great state and solemnity he marched towards the anti-chamber, where the Duke and Dutchess, who were ready dressed, expected him: and as he passed through a gallery, Altisidora, and the other damsel her friend, stood purposely posted, and waiting for him. As soon as Altisidora espied Don Quixote, she pretended to faint away, and her companion caught her in her lap, and in a great hurry was unlacing her stays. Don Quixote, seeing it, drew near to them, and said: "I very well know, whence these accidents proceed."—"I know not from whence," answered her friend; "for Altisidora is the healthiest damsel in all this family, and I havé never heard so much as an Oh from her sincé I have known her; ill betide all

the Knights-errant in the world, if they are all ungrateful. Leave this place, Signor Don Quixote; for the poor girl will not come to herself so long as your Worship stays here." To which Don Quixote answered: "Be pleased, Madam, to give order, that a lute be left in my chamber to-night, and I will comfort this poor damsel the best I am able: for, in the beginning of love, to be early undeceived is the readiest cure." And so saying, away he went, to avoid the observation of those, who might see him there. He was hardly gone, when Altisidora, recovering from her swoon, said to her companion: "By all means let him have the lute: for doubtless he intends us some music, and it cannot be bad, if it be his." They presently went, and gave the Dutchess an account of what had passed, and of Don Quixote's desiring a lute: and she, being exceedingly rejoiced at it, concerted with the Duke and her damsels how they might play him some trick, which would be more merry than mischievous. And, being pleased with their contrivance, they waited for night, which came on as fast as the day had done, which they spent in relishing conversation with Don Quixote. That same day the Dutchess dispatched one of her pages, being he, who in the wood had personated the figure of the enchanted Dulcinea, to Teresa Panza, with her husband Sancho Panza's letter, and a bundle he had left to be sent, charging

him to bring back an exact account of all that should pass. This being done, and eleven o'clock at night being come, Don Quixote found in his chamber a lute. He touched it ; he opened his casement, and perceived, that the people were walking in the garden : and having again run over the strings of the instrument, and tuned it as well as he could, he hemmed, and cleared his pipes, and then, with a hoarse though not unmusical voice, he sung the following song, which he himself had composed that day.

When mighty Love the breast assails,
 His pointed dart
 Gives keenest smart,
 Where careless indolence prevails.
 From the soft reign of fond desires
 To guard the mind,
 Employment find :
 From busy scenes the God retires.
 If bridal hopes the bosom warm,
 How quick to speak
 The blushing cheek !
 Dear proof of virtue, beauty's charm !
 Though gallant Knights delight to greet
 The gay and free
 For present glee,
 They love to marry the discreet.
 Some loves arise like morning light
 To gild the day
 With transient ray,
 Soon to decline and sink in night.

Such short-liv'd joys, O maid, beware ;
 Which in the mind
 Leave nought behind,
 Save seeds of misery and care.

Who would the vivid bow paint o'er
 May hope to prove
 In second love
 The joys the soul has known before.

My Dulcinea's heav'nly face,
 By Love's fond art
 Grav'd on my heart,
 Nor time nor chance can e'er erase,

O Constancy ! 'tis thine to show
 In loftiest deeds
 How love exceeds
 All other passions here below.

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his song, to which the Duke and Dutchess, Altisidora, and almost all the folks of the castle were very attentive ; when, on a sudden, from an open gallery directly over Don Quixote's window, a rope was let down, to which above an hundred bells were fastened ; and immediately after them was emptied a great sackful of cats, which had smaller bells tied to their tails. The noise of the jangling of the bells, and the mewing of the cats, was so great, that the Duke and Dutchess, though the inventors of the jest, were frightened at it, and Don Quixote himself was in a panic : and fortune so ordered it, that two or three of the cats got

in at the casement of his chamber, and scouring about from side to side, one would have thought a legion of devils was broken loose in it. They extinguished the lights, that were burning in the chamber, and endeavoured to make their escape. The cord, to which the bells were fastened, was let down and pulled up incessantly. Most of the folks of the castle, who were not in the secret, were in suspense and astonishment. Don Quixote got upon his feet : and, laying hold on his sword, he began to make thrusts at the casement, and cried out aloud : “ Avaunt, ye malicious enchanters ; avaunt, ye rabble of wizards ! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your wicked arts are of no force nor effect.” And, turning to the cats, who were running about the room, he gave several cuts at them. They took to the casement, and got out at it all but one, which finding itself hard pressed by Don Quixote’s slashing, flew at his face, and seized him by the nose with its claws and teeth ; the pain of which made him roar as loud as he was able. Which the Duke and Dutchess hearing, and guessing the occasion, they ran in all haste up to his chamber, and opening it with a master-key, they found the poor gentleman striving with all his might to disengage the cat from his face. They entered with lights, and beheld the unequal combat. The Duke ran to part the fray, and Don Quixote cried aloud : “ Let no one take him

off; leave me to battle it with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter; for I will make him know the difference betwixt him and me, and who Don Quixote de la Mancha is." But the cat, not regarding these menaces, growled on, and kept her hold. At length the Duke forced open her claws, and threw her out at the window.

Don Quixote remained with his face like a sieve, and his nose not over whole, though greatly dissatisfied that they would not let him finish the combat, he had so toughly maintained against that caitiff enchanter. They fetched some oil of Aparicio, and Altisidora herself, with her lily-white hands, bound up his wounds; and, while she was so employed, she said to him in a low voice: "All these misadventures befall you, hard-hearted Knight, for the sin of your stubborn disdain: and God grant, that Sancho, your squire, may forget to whip himself, that this same beloved Dulcinea of yours may never be released from her enchantment, nor you ever enjoy her, or approach her nuptial bed, at least while I live, who adore you." To all this Don Quixote returned no other answer, than a profound sigh, and then stretched himself at full length upon his bed, humbly thanking the Duke and Dutchess for their assistance, not as being afraid of that cattish, bell-ringing, necromantic crew, but as he was sensible of their good intention by their readiness to succour him. They left him to his rest, and

went away, not a little concerned at the ill success of their joke; for they did not think this adventure would have proved so heavy and so hard upon Don Quixote; for it cost him five days confinement to his bed; where another adventure befell him more relishing than the former, which his historian will not relate at present, that he may attend Sancho Panza, who went on very busily and very pleasantly with his government,

CHAP. XLVII.

GIVING A FARTHER ACCOUNT OF SANCHO'S BEHAVIOUR
IN HIS GOVERNMENT.

THE history relates, that they conducted Sancho Panza from the court of judicature to a sumptuous palace, where, in a great hall, was spread an elegant and splendid table; and as soon as Sancho entered the hall, the waits struck up, and in came four pages with water to wash his hands, which Sancho received with great gravity. The music ceased, and Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table: for there was but that one chair, and no other napkin or plate. A personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, placed himself, standing, on one side of him, with a whalebone rod in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth, which covered several fruits, and a great variety of eatables. One, who looked



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Sancho at dinner in the Island of Barataria.

like a student, said grace, and a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin. Another, who played the sewer's part, set a plate of fruit before him¹⁹: but scarcely had he eaten a bit, when, he of the wand touching the dish with it, the waiter snatched it away from before him with great haste, but the sewer set another dish of meat in its place. Sancho was going to try it, but before he could reach or taste it, the wand had been already at it, and a page whipped that away also with as much speed as he had done the fruit. Sancho seeing it, was surprised, and, looking about him, asked, if this repast was to be eaten like a show of slight of hand? To which he of the wand replied: "My Lord Governor, here must be no other kind of eating but such as is usual and customary in other islands, where there are governors. I, Sir, am a physician, and have an appointed salary in this island, for serving the governors of it in that capacity; and I consult their healths much more than my own, studying night and day, and sounding the governor's constitution, the better to know how to cure him, when he is sick: and my principal business is, to attend at his meals, to let him eat of what I think is most proper for him, and to remove from him whatever I imagine will do him harm, and be hurtful to his stomach. And therefore I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too moist; and that other dish of meat I also ordered away, as

being too hot, and having in it too much spice, which increases thirst : for he, who drinks much, destroys and consumes the radical moisture, in which life consists.”—“ Well then,” quoth Sancho ; “ yon plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, will they do me any harm ?” To which the doctor answered : “ My Lord Governor shall not eat a bit of them, while I have life.”—“ Pray, why not ?” quoth Sancho. The physician answered : “ Because our master Hippocrates, the north star, and luminary of medicine, says, in one of his Aphorisms ; *Omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima* ; that is to say, *All repletion is bad, but that of partridges the worst of all.*”—“ If it be so,” quoth Sancho, “ pray see, Signor Doctor, of all the dishes upon this table, which will do me most good, and which least harm, and let me eat of it, without conjuring it away with your wand : for, by the life of the governor, and as God shall give me leave to use it, I am dying with hunger ; and to deny me my victuals, though it be against the grain of Signor Doctor, and though he should say as much more against it, I say, is rather the way to shorten my life, than to lengthen it.”—“ Your Worship is in the right, my Lord Governor,” answered the physician, “ and therefore I am of opinion, you should not eat of yon stewed coney, because they are a sharp-haired food : of that veal, perhaps, you

might pick a bit, were it not *a la daube* ; but as it is, not a morsel.”—“ That great dish,” said Sancho, “ smoking yonder, I take to be an olla-podrida²⁰, and, amidst the diversity of things contained in it, surely I may light upon something both wholesome and toothsome.”—“ *Absit*,” quoth the doctor ; “ far be such a thought from us: there is not worse nutriment in the world than your olla-podridas: leave them to prebendaries and rectors of colleges, or for country-weddings ; but let the tables of governors be free from them, where nothing but neatness and delicacy ought to preside ; and the reason is, because simple medicines are more esteemed than compound, by all persons, and in all places ; for in simples there can be no mistake, but in compounds there may, by altering the quantities of the ingredients. Therefore what I would advise at present for Signor Governor’s eating, to corroborate and preserve his health, is, about an hundred of rolled-up wafers, and some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit easy upon the stomach, and help digestion.” Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, surveying the doctor from head to foot, with a grave voice, asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered : “ My Lord Governor, I am called Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero : I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, lying between Caraqueel and Almoddobar del Campo, on the right

hand, and have taken my doctor's degree in the university of Ossuna ²¹." To which Sancho, burning with rage, answered: "Why then, Signor Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero ²², native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraqueel to Almoddobar del Campo, graduate in Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant, or, by the sun, I will take a cudgel, and, beginning with you, will so lay about me, that there shall not be left one physician in the whole island, at least of those I find to be ignorant: as for those, that are learned, prudent, and discreet, I shall respect and honour them as divine persons. And I say again, let Pedro Rezio quit my presence, or I shall take this chair I sit upon, and fling it at his head; and, if I am called to an account for it before the judge, when I am out of office, I will justify myself by saying, I did God service in killing a bad physician, the hangman of the public. And give me to eat, or take back your government; for an office, that will not find a man in victuals, is not worth two beans."

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor so choleric, and would have taken himself out of the hall, had not the sound of a post-horn been heard that instant in the street. The sewer going to the window, and looking out, came back, and said: "A courier is arrived from my Lord Duke, and must certainly have brought

some dispatches of importance." The courier entered sweating and in a hurry, and, pulling a packet out of his bosom, he delivered it into the governor's hands, and Sancho gave it to the steward, bidding him read the superscription, which was this: "To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, to be delivered into his own hands, or into his secretary's." Which Sancho hearing, he said: "Which is my secretary here?" One of those present answered: "I am he, Sir; for I can read and write, and am a Biscainer."—"With that addition," quoth Sancho, "you may very well be secretary to the Emperor himself: open the packet, and see what it contains." The new-born secretary did so, and having cast his eye over the contents, he said, it was a business which required privacy. Sancho commanded the hall to be cleared, and that none should stay but the steward and the sewer; and all the rest, with the physician, being withdrawn, the secretary read the following letter.

"It is come to my knowledge, Signor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine, and of the island, intend one of these nights to assault it furiously. You must be watchful and diligent, that they may not attack you unprepared. I am informed, also, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise are got into the island, to take away your life, because they are in fear

of your abilities. Have your eyes about you, and be careful who is admitted to speak to you, and be sure eat nothing sent you as a present. I will take care to send you assistance, if you are in any want of it. And, upon the whole, I do not doubt but you will act as is expected from your judgment.

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

“ Your Friend, the DUKE.”

Sancho was astonished, and the rest seemed to be so too; and, turning to the steward, he said: “ The first thing to be done, is, to clap Doctor Rezio into prison; for if any body has a design to kill me, it is he, and that by a lingering and the worst of deaths, by hunger.”—“ It is my opinion,” answered the steward, “ that your Honour would do well to eat nothing of all this meat here upon the table; for it was presented by some nuns; and it is a saying, *The devil lurks behind the cross.*”—“ I grant it,” quoth Sancho, “ and, for the present, give me only a piece of bread, and some four pounds of grapes: no poison can be conveyed in them; for, in short, I cannot live without eating: and, if we must hold ourselves in readiness for these wars, that threaten us, it will be necessary we should be well victualled; for the guts uphold the heart, and not the heart the guts. And you, secretary, answer my Lord Duke, and tell him, his com-

mands shall be punctually obeyed, just as he gives them; and present my humble service to my Lady Dutchess, and beg her not to forget sending my letter and the bundle, by a special messenger, to my wife Teresa Panza, which I shall look upon as a particular favour, and will be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. And, by the way, you may put in a service to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am grateful bread²³; and like a good secretary, and a stanch Biscainer, you may add what you please, or what will turn to best account: and, pray, take away the cloth, and give me something to eat; for I will deal well enough with all the spies, murderers, and enchanters, that shall attack me, or my island."

Now a page came in, and said: "Here is a countryman about business, who would speak with your Lordship concerning an affair, as he says, of great importance."—"A strange case this," quoth Sancho, "that these men of business should be so silly, as not to see, that such hours as these are not proper for business! What! truly we, who govern, and are judges, are not made of flesh and bones, like other men? Are we made of marble, that we must not refresh, at times, when necessity requires it? Before God, and upon my conscience, if my government lasts, as I have a glimmering it will not, I shall hamper more than one of these men of business. Bid

this honest man come in, for this once; but first see, that he be not one of the spies, or one of my murderers.”—“No, my Lord,” answered the page; “he looks like a pitcher-souled fellow; and I know little, or he is as harmless as a piece of bread.”—“You need not fear,” said the steward, “while we are present.”—“Is it not possible, sewer,” quoth Sancho, “now that the doctor Pedro Rezio is not here, for me to eat something of substance and weight, though it were but a luncheon of bread, and an onion?”—“To-night at supper,” replied the sewer, “amends shall be made for the defects of dinner, and your Lordship shall have no cause to complain.”—“God grant it,” answered Sancho.

Then came in the countryman, who was of a goodly presence; and one might see, a thousand leagues off, that he was an honest, good soul. The first thing he said, was: “Which is the lord governor here?”—“Who should,” answered the secretary, “but he, who is in the chair?”—“I humble myself in his presence,” said the countryman, kneeling down, and begging his hand to kiss. Sancho refused it, and commanded him to rise, and to tell his business. The countryman did so, and then said: “My Lord, I am a countryman, a native of Miguel Turra, two leagues from Ciudad Real.”—“What! another Tirteafuera?” quoth Sancho: “say on, brother, for, let me tell you, I know Miguel Turra very

well : it is not so far from our town.”—“ The business is this, Sir,” proceeded the peasant. “ By the mercy of God I was married in peace, and in the face of the holy catholic Roman church. I have two sons, bred scholars : the younger studies for bachelor, and the elder, for licentiate. I am a widower ; for my wife died, or rather a wicked physician killed her, by purging her when she was with child ; and, if it had been God’s will that the child had been born, and had proved a son, I would have put him to study for doctor, that he might not envy his two brothers, the bachelor and licentiate.”—“ So that,” quoth Sancho, “ if your wife had not died, or had not been killed, you had not been a widower !”—“ No, certainly, my Lord,” answered the peasant. “ We are much the nearer,” replied Sancho : “ go on, brother ; for this is an hour rather for bed than business.”—“ I say then,” quoth the countryman, “ that this son of mine, who is to be the bachelor, fell in love, in the same village, with a damsel called Clara Perlerina, daughter of Andres Perlerino, a very rich farmer ; and this name of Perlerino came not to them by lineal, or any other descent, but because all of that race are subject to the palsy ; and, to mend the name, they call them Perlerinos : though, to say the truth, the damsel is like any oriental pearl, and, looked at on the right side, seems a very flower of the field : but, on the left, she

is not quite so fair; for, on that side, she wants an eye, which she lost by the small-pox: and, though the pits in her face are many and deep, her admirers say, they are not pits, but sepulchres, wherein the hearts of her lovers are buried. She is so cleanly, that, to prevent defiling her face, she carries her nose so crooked up, that it seems to be flying from her mouth: and, for all that, she looks extremely well: for she has a large mouth: and, did she not lack half a score or a dozen teeth and grinders, she might pass, and make a figure, among ladies of the best fashion. I say nothing of her lips; for they are so thin and slender, that, were it the fashion to reel lips, as they do yarn, one might make a skein of them: but, being of a different colour from what is usually found in lips, they have a marvellous appearance; for they are marbled with blue, green, and orange-tawney. And, pray, my Lord Governor, pardon me, if I paint so minutely the parts of her, who, after all, is to be my daughter; for I love her, and like her mightily.”—“Paint what you will,” quoth Sancho; “for I am mightily taken with the picture; and, had I but dined, I would not desire a better dessert than your portrait.”—“It shall be always at your service,” answered the peasant; “and the time may come when we may be acquainted, though we are not so now: and, I assure you, my Lord, if I could but paint her genteelness, and the tall-

ness of her person, you would admire : but that cannot be, because she is crooked, and crumpled up together, and her knees touch her mouth ; though, for all that, you may see plainly, that, could she but stand upright, she would touch the ceiling with her head. And she would ere now have given her hand to my bachelor, to be his wife, but that she cannot stretch it out, it is so shrunk : nevertheless her long guttered nails show the goodness of its make."

"So far, so good," quoth Sancho ; "and now, brother, make account that you have painted her from head to foot ; what is it you would be at ? Come to the point, without so many windings and turnings, so many fetches and digressions." — "What I desire, my Lord," answered the countryman, "is, that your Lordship would do me the favour to give me a letter of recommendation to her father, begging his consent to the match, since we are pretty equal in our fortunes and natural endowments : for, to say the truth, my Lord Governor, my son is possessed, and there is scarcely a day, in which the evil spirits do not torment him three or four times ; and, by having fallen once into the fire, his face is as shrivelled as a piece of scorched parchment, and his eyes are somewhat bleared and running : but he is as good conditioned as an angel ; and, did he not buffet, and give himself frequent cuffs, he would be a very saint." — "Would you have

any thing else, honest friend?" replied Sancho. "One thing more I would ask," quoth the peasant, "but that I dare not: yet out it shall; for, in short, it shall not rot in my breast, come of it what will. I say then, my Lord, I could be glad your Worship would give me three or six hundred ducats towards the fortune of my bachelor; I mean towards the furnishing his house; for, in short, they are to live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinences of their fathers-in-law."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "see if you would have any thing else, and be not ashamed to tell it."—"No, for certain," answered the peasant: and scarcely had he said this, when the governor, getting up, and laying hold of the chair he sat on, said: "I vow to God, Don lubberly, saucy bumpkin, if you do not get you gone, and instantly avoid my presence, with this chair will I crack your skull: son of a whore, rascal, painter for the devil himself! at this time of day to come and ask me for six hundred ducats! Where should I have them, stinkard? And, if I had them, why should I give them to thee, jibing fool? What care I for Miguel Turra, or for the whole race of the Perlerinos? Be gone, I say, or by the life of my Lord Duke, I will be as good as my word. You are no native of Miguel Turra, but some scoffer sent from hell to tempt me. Impudent scoundrel! I have not yet had the government a day

and a half, and you would have me have six hundred ducats?" The sewer made signs to the countryman to go out of the hall, which he did, hanging down his head; and seemingly afraid, lest the governor should execute his threat; for the knave very well knew how to play his part.

But let us leave Sancho in his passion, and peace be with him and company: and let us turn to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bound up, and under cure of his cattish wounds, of which he was not quite healed in eight days; in one of which there befell him what Cid Hamete promises to relate, with that punctuality and truth, with which he relates every thing belonging to the history, be it never so minute.



CHAP. XLVIII.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH DONNA RODRIGUEZ, THE DUTCHESS'S DUENNA, TOGETHER WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE WRITTEN, AND HAD IN ETERNAL REMEMBRANCE.

ABOVE measure discontented and melancholy was the sore-wounded Don Quixote, having his face bound up and marked, not by the hand of God, but by the claws of a cat; misfortunes incident to Knight-errantry. During six days he appeared not in public; on one night of which,

lying awake and restless, meditating on his misfortunes, and the persecution he suffered from Altisidora, he perceived somebody was opening his chamber-door with a key, and presently imagined, that the enamoured damsel was coming to assault his chastity, and expose him to the temptation of failing in the fidelity he owed to his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. "No," said he, believing what he fancied, and so loud as to be overheard, "not the greatest beauty upon earth shall prevail with me to cease adoring her, who is engraven and printed in the bottom of my heart, and in the inmost recesses of my entrails; whether, my dearest Lady, you be now transformed into a garlic-eating country wench, or into a nymph of the golden Tagus, weaving tissue webs with gold and silken twist; or whether you are in the power of Merlin, or Montesinos: wherever you are, mine you are, and wherever I am, yours I have been, and yours I will remain." The conclusion of these words, and the opening the door, were at the same instant. Up he stood upon the bed, wrapped from top to toe in a quilt of yellow satin, a woollen cap on his head, and his face and mustachoes bound up; his face, because of its scratches, and his mustachoes, to keep them from flagging and falling down. In which guise he appeared the most extraordinary phantasm imaginable. He nailed his eyes to the door, and when he expected to see the poor captivated and

sorrowful Altisidora enter, he perceived approaching a most reverend duenna, in a long white veil, that covered her from head to foot. She carried between the fingers of her left hand half a lighted candle, and held her right hand over it, to shade her face, and keep the glare from her eyes, which were hidden behind a huge pair of spectacles. She advanced very slowly, and trod very softly. Don Quixote observed her from his watch-tower, and perceiving her figure, and noting her silence, he fancied some witch, or sorceress, was come in that disguise to do him some shrewd turn, and began to cross himself apace. The apparition kept moving forward, and, when it came to the middle of the room, it lifted up its eyes, and saw in what a hurry Don Quixote was crossing himself: and, if he was afraid at seeing such a figure, she was no less dismayed at sight of his; and, seeing him so lank and yellow, with the quilt, and the bandages, which disfigured him, she cried out, saying: "Jesus! what do I see?" With the fright, the candle fell out of her hand, and, finding herself in the dark, she turned about to be gone, and, with the fear, treading on her skirts, she tumbled, and fell down. Don Quixote, trembling with affright, began to say; "I conjure thee, phantom, or whatever thou art, tell me who thou art, and what thou wouldest have with me: if thou art a soul in torment, tell me, and I will do all I can

for thee ; for I am a catholic Christian, and love to do good to all the world : for that purpose I took upon me the profession of Knight-errantry, an employment, which extends to the doing good even to souls in purgatory." The bruised duenna, hearing herself thus exorcised, guessed at Don Quixote's fear by her own, and, in a low and doleful voice, answered : " Signor Don Quixote (if peradventure your Worship be Don Quixote), I am no phantom, nor apparition, nor soul in purgatory, as your Worship seems to think, but Donna Rodriguez, duenna of honour to my Lady Dutchess ; and am come to your Worship with one of those cases of necessity, your Worship is wont to remedy."—" Tell me then, Signora Donna Rodriguez," said Don Quixote, " does your Ladyship, peradventure, come in quality of procuress ? If you do, I give you to understand I am fit for nobody's turn, thanks to the peerless beauty of my mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. In short, Signora Donna Rodriguez, on condition you wave all amorous messages, you may go and light your candle, and return hither, and we will discourse of whatever you please to command, with exception, as I told you, to all kind of amorous excitements."—" I bring messages, good Sir !" answered the duenna : " your Worship mistakes me very much : I am not yet so advanced in years, to be forced to betake myself to so low an employment ; for, God be praised,

my soul is still in my body, and all my teeth in my head, excepting a few usurped from me by catarrhs, so common in this country of Arragon. But stay a little, Sir, till I go and light my candle, and I will return instantly, to relate my griefs to your Worship, as to the redresser of all the grievances in the world." And, without staying for an answer, she went out of the room, leaving Don Quixote in expectation of her return.

Straight a thousand thoughts crowded into his mind, touching this new adventure, and he was of opinion, he had done ill, and judged worse, to expose himself to the hazard of breaking his plighted troth to his Lady; and he said to himself: "Who knows but the devil, who is subtle and designing, means to deceive me now with a duenna, though he has not been able to effect it with Empresses, Queens, Dutchesses, Marchionesses, or Countesses? For I have often heard ingenious people say, the devil, if he can, will sooner tempt a man with a flat-nosed, than a hawk-nosed, woman: and who can tell, but this solitude, this opportunity, and this silence, may awake my desires, which are now asleep, and, in my declining years, make me fall, where I never yet stumbled? In such cases, it is better to fly than stand the battle. But sure I am not in my right senses to talk so idly; for it is impossible, that a white-veiled, lank, and bespecta-

pled duenna should move or excite a wanton thought in the lewdest breast in the world. Is there a duenna upon earth, that has tolerable flesh and blood? Is there a duenna upon the globe, that is not impertinent, wrinkled, and squeamish? Avaunt then, ye rabble of duennas, useless to any human pleasure! Oh how rightly did that lady act, of whom it is said, that she had, at the foot of her state sofa, a couple of statues of duennas, with their spectacles and bobbin-cushions, as if they were at work; which statues served every whit as well for the dignity of her state-room, as real duennas." And, so saying, he jumped off the bed, designing to lock his door, and not let Signora Rodriguez enter. But, before he could shut it, Signora Rodriguez was just returned, with a lighted taper of white wax; and, seeing Don Quixote so much nearer, wrapped up in his quilt, with his bandages, and nightcap, she was again frightened, and, retreating two or three steps, she said; "Sir Knight, am I safe? for I take it to be no very good sign of modesty, that your Worship is got out of bed."—"I should rather ask you that question, Madam," answered Don Quixote; "and therefore I do ask, if I am safe from being assaulted and ravished?"—"By whom, and from whom, Sir Knight, do you expect this security?" answered the duenna. "By you, and from you," replied Don Quixote: "for I am not made of marble, nor you, I suppose,

of brass; nor is it ten o'clock in the morning, but midnight, and somewhat more, as I imagine; and we are in a room closer and more secret than the cave, in which the bold and traitorous Æneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido. But, Madam, give me your hand; for I desire no greater security than my own continence and reserve, besides what that most venerable veil inspires." And, so saying, he kissed his right hand, and with it took hold of hers, which she gave him with the same ceremony.

Here Cid Hamete makes a parenthesis, and swears by Mahomet, he would have given the better of his two vests, to have seen these two walking from the door to the bed-side, handing and handed so ceremoniously.

In short, Don Quixote got into bed, and Donna Rodriguez sat down in a chair at some little distance from it, without taking off her spectacles, or setting down her candle. Don Quixote covered himself up close, all but his face; and, they both having paused a while, the first, who broke silence, was Don Quixote, saying: "Now, Signora Donna Rodriguez, you may unrip and unbosom all that is in your careful heart and piteous bowels; for you shall be heard by me with chaste ears, and assisted by compassionate deeds."—"I believe it," answered the duenna; "for none but so Christian an answer could

be expected from your Worship's gentle and pleasing presence.

“ The business then is, Signor Don Quixote, that, though your Worship sees me sitting in this chair, and in the midst of the kingdom of Arragon, and in the garb of a poor persecuted duenna, I was born in the Asturias of Oviedo, and of a family allied to some of the best of that province. But my hard fortune, and the negligence of my parents, which reduced them, I know not which way, to untimely poverty, carried me to the court of Madrid, where, for peace sake, and to prevent greater inconveniences, my parents placed me in the service of a great lady: and I would have your Worship know, that, in making needle-cases and plain-work, I was never outdone by any body in all my life. My parents left me in service, and returned to their own country; and, in a few years after, I believe, they went to Heaven; for they were very good and Catholic Christians. I remained an orphan, and stinted to the miserable wages, and short commons, usually given in great houses to such kind of servants. About that time, without my giving any encouragement for it, a gentleman-usher of the family fell in love with me; a man in years, with a fine beard, and of a comely person, and, above all, as good a gentleman as the King himself; for he was a highlander. We did not carry on our

amour so secretly, but it came to the notice of my lady, who, without more ado, had us married in peace, and in the face of our holy mother the Catholic Roman church: from which marriage sprung a daughter, to finish my good fortune, if I had any; not that I died in child-bed (for I went my full time, and was safely delivered), but because my husband died soon after of a certain fright he took; and had I but time to tell the manner how, your Worship, I am sure, would wonder."

Here she began to weep most tenderly, and said: "Pardon me, good Signor Don Quixote; for I cannot command myself; but as often as I call to mind my unhappy spouse, my eyes are brimful. God be my aid! with what stateliness did he use to carry my lady behind him on a puissant mule, black as the very jet! for in those times coaches and side-saddles were not in fashion, as it is said they are now, and the ladies rode behind their squires. Nevertheless I cannot help telling you the following story, that you may see how well bred, and how punctilious my good husband was. At the entrance into Saint James's Street in Madrid, which is very narrow, a judge of one of the courts happened to be coming out with two of his officers before him, and, as soon as my good squire saw him, he turned his mule about, as if he designed to wait upon him. My lady, who was behind him, said to him in a low

voice, 'What are you doing, blockhead, am not I here?' The judge civilly stopped his horse, and said: 'Keep on your way, Sir; for it is my business rather to wait upon my Lady Donna Casilda:' that was my mistress's name. My husband persisted, cap in hand, in his intention to wait upon the judge. Which my lady perceiving, full of choler and indignation, she pulled out a great pin, or rather, I believe, a bodkin, and stuck it into his back: whereupon my husband bawled out, and, writhing his body, down he came with his lady to the ground. Two of her footmen ran to help her up, as did the judge and his officers. The gate of Guadalajara, I mean the idle people that stood there, were all in an uproar. My mistress was forced to walk home on foot, and my husband went to a barber-surgeon's, telling him he was quite run through and through the bowels. The courtesousness and breeding of my spouse was rumoured abroad, insomuch that the boys got it, and teased him with it in the streets; and, upon this account, and because he was a little short-sighted, my lady turned him away; the grief whereof, I verily believe, was the death of him. I was left a widow, and helpless, with a daughter upon my hands, who went on increasing in beauty like the foam of the sea. Finally, as I had the reputation of a good workwoman at my needle, my Lady Dutchess, who was then newly married to my Lord

Duke, would needs have me with her to this kingdom of Arragon, together with my daughter; where, in process of time, she grew up, and with her all the accomplishments in the world. She sings like any lark, dances quick as thought, capers as if she would break her neck, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and casts accounts like any usurer. I say nothing of her cleanliness, for the running brook is not cleaner: and she is now, if I remember right, sixteen years of age, five months, and three days, one more or less. In a word, the son of a very rich farmer, who lives not far off in a village of my Lord Duke's, grew enamoured of this girl of mine; and to be short, I know not how it came about, but they got together, and, under promise of being her husband, he has fooled my daughter, and now refuses to perform it. And, though my Lord Duke knows the affair, and I have complained again and again to him, and begged him to command this young farmer to marry my daughter, yet he turns the deaf ear, and will hardly vouchsafe to hear me: and the reason is, because the cozening knave's father is rich, and lends him money, and is bound for him on all occasions; therefore he will not disoblige, nor offend him in any wise. Now, good Sir, my desire is, that your Worship take upon you the redressing this wrong, either by entreaty, or by force of arms; since all the world says, your Worship was born

in it to redress grievances, to right the injured, and succour the miserable. And be pleased, Sir, to consider my daughter's fatherless condition, her gentleness, her youth, and all the good qualities I have already mentioned; for, on my soul and conscience, of all the damsels my lady has, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe: and one of them, called Altisidora, who is reckoned to be the liveliest and gracefulest of them all, falls above two leagues short, in comparison with my daughter: for, you must know, dear Sir, that all is not gold that glitters, and this same little Altisidora has more self-conceit than beauty, and more assurance than modesty: besides, she is none of the soundest; for her breath is so strong, there is no enduring to be a moment near her. Nay, even my Lady Dutchess herself—but mum for that; for they say, walls have ears."

"What of my Lady Dutchess?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, Madam Rodriguez, by my life."—"Thus conjured," replied the duenna, "I cannot but answer to whatever is asked me, with all truth. Your Worship, Signor Don Quixote, must have observed the beauty of my Lady Dutchess; that complexion like any bright and polished sword; those cheeks of milk and crimson, with the sun in the one, and the moon in the other; and that stateliness, with which she treads, or rather disdains, the very ground she

walks on, that one would think she went dispensing health, wherever she passes. Let me tell you, Sir, she may thank God for it, in the first place, and next two issues she has, one in each leg, which discharge all the bad humours, of which the physicians say she is full.”—“Holy Mary!” said Don Quixote, “is it possible my Lady Dutchess has such drains? I should never have believed it, had the bare-footed friars themselves told it me; but, since Madam Donna Rodriguez says it, it must needs be so. But such issues, and in such places, must distil nothing but liquid amber: verily I am now convinced, that this making of issues is a matter of great consequence in respect to health.”

Scarcely had Don Quixote said this, when with a great bounce the chamber-door flew open; which so much surprised Donna Rodriguez that she let fall the candle out of her hand, and the room remained as dark as a wolf’s mouth, as the saying is; and presently the poor duenna found herself griped so fast by the throat with two hands, that she could not squall, and another person, very nimbly, without speaking a word, whipped up her petticoats, and with a slipper, as it seemed, gave her so many slaps, that it would have moved one’s pity: and though it did that of Don Quixote, he stirred not from the bed; and not knowing the meaning of all this, he lay still and silent, fearing lest that round and sound

flogging should come next to his turn. And his fear proved not in vain; for the silent executioners, leaving the duenna, who durst not cry out, well curried, came to Don Quixote; and, turning down the bed-clothes, they pinched him so often and so hard, that he could not forbear going to fisty-cuffs in his own defence, and all this in marvellous silence. The battle lasted some half an hour: the phantoms went off: Donna Rodriguez adjusted her petticoats, and, bewailing her misfortune, marched out at the door without saying a word to Don Quixote, who, sad and sorely bepinched, confused and pensive, remained alone: where we will leave him, impatient to learn, who that perverse enchanter was, that had handled him so roughly. But that shall be told in its proper place: for Sancho Panza calls upon us, and the method of the history requires it.



CHAP. XLIX.

OF WHAT BEFELL SANCHO PANZA AS HE WAS GOING THE
ROUND OF HIS ISLAND.

WE left the grand governor moody and out of humour at the knavish picture-drawing peasant, who, instructed by the steward, and he by the Duke, played off Sancho: who, maugre his ignorance, rudeness, and insufficiency, held them all

tack, and said to those about him, and to Doctor Pedro Rezio, who, when the secret of the Duke's letter was over, came back into the hall : " I now plainly perceive, that judges and governors must or ought to be made of brass, if they would be insensible of the importunities of your men of business, who, being intent upon their own affairs alone, come what will of it, at all hours, and at all times, will needs be heard and dispatched ; and if the poor judge does not hear and dispatch them either because he cannot, or because it is not the proper time for giving them audience, presently they murmur and traduce him, gnawing his very bones, and calumniating him and his family. Foolish man of business, impertinent man of business, be not in such haste ; wait for the proper season and conjuncture for negotiation : come not at dinner-time, nor at bed-time, for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to their nature what their nature requires : except only poor I, who do not so by mine, thanks to Signor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera here present, who would have me die of hunger, and affirms, that this kind of dying is in order to live : God grant the same life to him and all those of his tribe ; I mean bad physicians : for good ones deserve palms and laurels." All, who knew Sancho Panza, were in admiration to hear him talk so elegantly, and could not tell what to ascribe it to, unless that offices and weighty employments quicken and en-

liven some understandings, as they confound and stupify others. In short, Doctor Pedro Rezio Aguera de Tirteafuera promised he should sup that night, though it were contrary to all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor rested satisfied, and expected with great impatience the coming of the night, and the hour of supper; and though time, to his thinking, stood stock still, yet at length the wished-for hour came, and they gave him some cow-beef, hashed with onions and calves feet, somewhat of the stalest, boiled. However, he laid about him, with more relish than if they had given him Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, veal of Sorrento, partridges of Moron, geese of Lavajos; and in the midst of supper, turning to the doctor, he said: "Look you, master doctor, henceforward take no care to provide me your nice things to eat, nor your tid-bits; for it will be throwing my stomach quite off the hinges, which is accustomed to goat's-flesh, cow-beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions; and if perchance you give it court kickshaws, it receives them with squeamishness, and sometimes with loathing. What master sewer here may do, is, to get me some of those eatables you call your olla-podridas, and the stronger they are the better²⁴, and you may insert and stuff in them whatever you will; for so it be an eatable, I shall take it kindly, and will one day make you amends: and let nobody play upon me; for either we are, or we are not: let us

all live and eat together in peace and good friendship ; for when God sends daylight, it is day for every body. I will govern this island, without losing my own right, or taking away another man's ; and let every one keep a good look-out, and mind each man his own business ; for I would have them to know, the devil is in the wind, and, if they put me upon it, they shall see wonders. Ay, ay, make yourselves honey, and the wasps will devour you."—" Certainly, my Lord Governor," replied the sewer, " there is reason in all your Worship says, and I dare engage, in the name of all the islanders of this island, that they will serve your Worship with all punctuality, love, and good will ; for your sweet way of governing from the very first leaves us no room to do, or to think any thing, that may redound to the disservice of your Worship."—" I believe it," answered Sancho, " and they would be fools, if they did, or thought otherwise. And I tell you again to take care for my sustenance, and for my Dapple's, which is what is most important in this business ; and when the hour comes, we will go the round ; for it is my intention to clear this island of all manner of filth, of vagabonds, idlers, and sharpers. For you must understand, friends, that idle and lazy people in a commonwealth are the same as drones in a bee-hive, which eat the honey, that the industrious bees lay up in store. My design is to protect the peasants, preserve to the

gentry their privileges, reward ingenious artists, and, above all, to have regard to religion, and to the honour of the religious. What think ye of this, my friends? Do I say something, or do I crack my brain to no purpose?"—"My Lord Governor," said the steward, "speaks so well, that I wonder to hear a man, so void of learning as your Worship, who, I believe, cannot so much as read, say such and so many things, and all so sententious and instructive, and so far beyond all, that could be expected from your Worship's former understanding by those, who sent us, and by us, who are come hither. But every day produces new things; jests turn into earnest, and jokers are joked upon."

The night came, and, the governor having supped, with the license of Signor Doctor Rezio, they prepared for going the round, and he set out with the secretary, the steward, the sewer, and the historiographer, who had the care of recording his actions, together with sergeants and notaries, enough to have formed a middling battalion. In the midst of them marched Sancho, with his white rod of office; and having traversed a few streets, they heard the clashing of swords. They hastened to the place, and found two men fighting; who, seeing the officers coming, desisted, and one of them said: "Help, in the name of God and the King! Is it permitted in this town to rob folks, and set upon them in the

streets?"—"Hold, honest man," quoth Sancho, "and tell me what is the occasion of this fray; for I am the governor." The other, his antagonist, said: "My Lord Governor, I will briefly relate the matter: Your Honour must understand, that this gentleman is just come from winning, in that gaming-house yonder over the way, above a thousand reals, and God knows how; and I, being present, gave judgment in his favour, in many a doubtful point, against the dictates of my conscience. Up he got with the winnings, and, when I expected he would have given me a crown at least, by way of present, as is the usage and custom among gentlemen of distinction, to such as I am, who stand by, ready at all adventures to back unreasonable demands, and to prevent quarrels, he pocketted up his money, and went out of the house. I followed him in dudgeon, and, with good words, and civil expressions, desired him to give me though it were but eight reals, since he knows I am a man of honour, and have neither office nor benefice, my parents having brought me up to nothing, and left me nothing: and this knave as great a thief as Cacus, and as arrant a sharper as Andradilla, would give me but four reals. Judge, my Lord Governor, how little shame, and how little conscience he has. But, in faith, had it not been for your Honour's coming, I would have made him disgorge his winnings, and have taught him

how many ounces go to the pound.”—“What say you to this, friend?” quoth Sancho. The other answered, that all his adversary had said was true, and he did not intend to give him any more than four reals; for he was often giving him something, and they who expect the benevolence²⁵, should be mannerly, and take with a cheerful countenance whatever is given them, and not stand upon terms with the winners, unless they know them for certain to be sharpers, and that their winnings were unfairly gotten; and, for demonstration of his being an honest man, and no cheat, as the other alleged, there could be no stronger proof than his refusal to comply with his demand; for cheats are always tributaries to the lookers-on, who know them. “That is true,” said the steward: “be pleased, my Lord Governor, to adjudge what shall be done with these men.”—“What shall be done, is this,” answered Sancho: “you, master winner, good, bad, or indifferent, give your hackster here immediately an hundred reals, and pay down thirty more for the poor prisoners: and you, Sir, who have neither office nor benefice, and live without any employment in this island, take these hundred reals instantly, and, sometime to-morrow, get out of this island for ten years, on pain, if you transgress, of finishing your banishment in the next life: for I will hang you on a gallows, or at least the hangman shall do it for me; and

let no man reply, lest I punish him severely." The one disbursed; the other received: the one went out of the island; the other went home to his house; and the governor said: "It shall cost me a fall, or I will demolish these gaming-houses; for I have a suspicion that they are very prejudicial."—"This, at least," said one of the scribes, "your Honour cannot put down; for a great person keeps it, and what he loses in the year is beyond comparison more than what he gets by the cards. Your Worship may exert your authority against petty gaming-houses, which do more harm and cover more abuses: for in those, which belong to persons of quality, notorious cheats dare not put their tricks in practice; and, since the vice of play is become so common, it is better it should go forward in the houses of people of distinction, than in those of mean quality, where they take in unfortunate bubbles after midnight, and strip off their very skin."—"Well, master notary," quoth Sancho, "there is a great deal to be said on this subject."

And now up came a servant, having laid hold of a young man, and said: "My Lord Governor, this youth was coming towards us; but, as soon as he perceived it was the round, he faced about, and began to run like a stag; a sign he must be some delinquent. I pursued him, and had he not stumbled and fallen, I should never have overtaken him."—"Why did you fly, young

man?" quoth Sancho. The youth replied: "My Lord, to avoid answering the multitude of questions officers are wont to ask."—"What trade are you of?" quoth Sancho. "A weaver," answered the youth. "And what do you weave?" quoth Sancho. "Iron heads for spears, an it please your Worship."—"You are pleasant with me, and value yourself upon being a joker;" quoth Sancho: "it is very well; and whither were you going?"—"To take the air, Sir," replied the lad. "And pray, where do people take the air in this island?" said Sancho. "Where it blows," answered the youth. "Good," quoth Sancho; "you answer to the purpose: you are a discreet youth. But now, make account that I am the air, and that I blow in your poop, and drive you to gaol. Here, lay hold on him, and carry him to prison: I will make him sleep there to-night without air."—"Before God," said the youth, "your Honour can no more make me sleep there, than you can make me a king."—"Why cannot I make you sleep in prison?" demanded Sancho: "have I not power to confine or release you, as I please?"—"How much power soever your Worship may have, you have not enough to make me sleep in prison."—"Why not?" replied Sancho: "away with him immediately, where he shall see his mistake with his own eyes; and, lest the gaoler should put his interested generosity in practice, I will sconce him

in the penalty of two thousand ducats, if he suffers you to stir a step from the prison.”—“ All this is matter of laughter,” answered the youth ; “ the business is, I defy all the world to make me sleep this night in prison.”—“ Tell me, devil,” quoth Sancho ; “ have you some angel to deliver you, and unloose the fetters I intend to have clapped on you ?”—“ My Lord Governor,” answered the youth, with an air of pleasantry, “ let us abide by reason and come to the point. Supposing your Worship orders me to gaol, and to be loaded with chains and fetters, and clapped into the dungeon, with heavy penalties laid upon the gaoler, if he lets me stir out ; and let us suppose these orders punctually obeyed : yet, for all that, if I have no mind to sleep, but to keep awake all night, without so much as shutting my eyelids, can your Worship, with all your power, make me sleep whether I will or no ?”—“ No, certainly,” said the secretary, “ and the man has carried his point.”—“ So that,” quoth Sancho, “ you would forbear sleeping, only to have your own will, and not out of pure contradiction to mine ?”—“ No, my Lord,” said the youth, “ not even in thought.”—“ Then God be with you,” quoth Sancho ; “ go home to sleep, and I wish you a good night’s rest ; for I will not endeavour to deprive you of it : but I would advise you, for the future, not to be so jocose with officers of

justice ; for you may meet with one, that may lay the joke over your noddle."

The youth went his way, and the governor continued his round ; and, a little while after, came a couple of sergeants, who had hold of a man, and said : " My Lord Governor, this person, who seems to be a man, is not so, but a woman, and no ugly one neither, in man clothes." They lifted up two or three lanterns to her face, by the light of which they discovered that of a woman, seemingly sixteen years of age, or thereabouts. Her hair was tucked up under a network cawl of gold and green silk, and she herself beautiful as a thousand pearls. They viewed her from head to foot, and saw she had on a pair of flesh-coloured stockings, with garters of white taffeta, and tassels of gold and seed-pearl : her breeches were of green and gold tissue, and she had on a loose coat of the same, under which she wore a very fine waistcoat of white and gold stuff. Her shoes were white, and such as men wear. She had no sword, but a very rich dagger ; and on her fingers were many rings, and those very good ones. In a word, every body liked the maiden ; but none of them all knew her, and the inhabitants of the town said, they could not imagine who she should be. They, who were in the secret of the jests put upon Sancho, admired the most ; for this adventure was not of

their contriving, and therefore they were in suspense, expecting the issue of this unforeseen accident. Sancho was struck with the beauty of the young lady, and asked her, who she was, whither she was going, and what had moved her to dress herself in that habit. She, fixing her eyes on the ground, with a modest bashfulness, answered: "Sir, I cannot declare so publicly what I am so much concerned to keep a secret: only one thing I must assure you, that I am no thief, nor criminal person, but an unhappy maiden, whom the force of a certain jealousy has made break through the respect due to modesty." The steward, hearing this, said to Sancho: "My Lord Governor, order all your attendants to go aside, that this lady may speak her mind with less concern." The governor did so, and they all went aside, excepting the steward, the sewer, and the secretary. Then the damsel proceeded, saying: "I, gentlemen, am daughter to Pedro Perez Mazorca, who farms the wool of this town, and comes frequently to my father's house."—"This will not pass, Madam," said the steward; "for I know Pedro Perez very well, and am sure he has no child, son nor daughter; and, besides your saying he is your father, you immediately add, that he comes often to your father's house." "I took notice of that," quoth Sancho. "Indeed, Gentlemen," answered the damsel, "I am in such confusion, that I know not what I

say : but the truth is, I am daughter to Diego de la Llana, whom you must all know.”—“ This may pass,” answered the steward ; “ for I know Diego de la Llana, that he is a gentleman of quality, and rich, and has a son and a daughter : and, since he has been a widower, nobody in all this town can say, they have seen the face of his daughter ; for he keeps her so confined, that he will not give the sun leave to shine upon her : and report says, she is extremely handsome.”—“ That is true,” answered the damsel ; “ and that daughter am I. Whether fame lies, or no, as to my beauty, you, Gentlemen, are judges, since you have seen me :” and then she began to weep most bitterly. The secretary perceiving this, whispered the sewer, and said very softly : “ Without doubt, something of importance must have been the occasion, that so considerable a person, as this young lady, has left her own house, in such a dress, and at such an hour.”—“ No doubt of that,” answered the sewer ; “ besides, this suspicion is confirmed by her tears.” Sancho comforted her the best he could, and desired her to tell them the whole matter, without fear ; for they would all endeavour to serve her with great sincerity, and by all possible ways.

“ The case is, Gentlemen,” replied she, “ that my father has kept me locked up these ten years past : for so long has my mother been underground. Mass is said in our house in a rich cha-

pel, and, in all this time, I have seen nothing but the sun in the Heavens by day, and the moon and stars by night; nor do I know what streets, squares, or churches are, nor even men, excepting my father and brother, and Pedro Perez the wool farmer, whose constant visits to our house led me to say, he was my father, to conceal the truth. This confinement, and denying me leave to go out, though but to church, has for many days and months past disquieted me very much. I had a mind to see the world, or at least the town where I was born, thinking this desire was no breach of that decency, young ladies ought to preserve toward themselves. When I heard talk of bull-feasts, of darting canes on horseback, and the representation of plays, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to tell me what those things were, and several others, that I had never seen; which he used to do in the best manner he could: and all this did but inflame the desire I had of seeing them. In a word, to shorten the story of my ruin, I prayed and entreated my brother——Oh! that I had never prayed nor entreated him!” and then she fell to weeping again. The steward said to her: “Proceed, Madam, and make an end of telling us what has befallen you; for your words and tears hold us all in suspense.”——“I have but few words left to speak,” answered the damsel,

“ though many tears to shed : for such misplaced desires as mine can be atoned for no other way.”

The beauty of the damsel had rooted itself in the soul of the sewer, who held up his lantern again, to have another view of her ; and he fancied the tears she shed were dewdrops of the morning, or even orient pearls : and he heartily wished her misfortune might not be so great as her tears and sighs seemed to indicate. The governor was out of all patience at the girl's dilatory manner of telling her story, and bid her keep them no longer in suspense, for it grew late, and they had a great deal more of the town to go over. She, between interrupted sobs, and broken sighs, said : “ All my misfortunes and unhappiness is only this, that I desired my brother to dress me in his clothes, and carry me out, some night or other, when my father was asleep, to see the town. He, importuned by my entreaties, condescended to my desire ; and, putting me on this habit, and dressing himself in a suit of mine, which fits as if it were made for him, for he has not one hair of a beard, and one would take him for a very beautiful young girl ; this night, about an hour ago, we got out of our house ; and, guided by our footboy and our own unruly fancies, we traversed the whole town : and, as we were returning home, we saw a great company of people, and my brother said to me :

‘ Sister, this must be the round ; put wings to your feet, and fly after me, that they may not know us, or it will be worse for us.’ And, so saying, he turned his back, and began, not to run, but to fly. In less than six steps, I fell down through the fright, and at that instant the officer of justice coming up, seized and brought me before your Honour ; where my indiscreet long-ing has covered me with shame before so many people.”—“ In effect, then, Madam,” quoth Sancho, “ no other mishap has befallen you ; nor did jealousy, as you told us at the beginning of your story, carry you from home ?”—“ No other thing,” said she, “ has befallen me, nor is there any jealousy in the case, but merely a desire of seeing the world, which went no farther than seeing the streets of this town.”

The coming up of two sergeants, one of whom had overtaken and seized her brother, as he fled from his sister, confirmed the truth of what the damsel had said. The youth had on nothing but a rich petticoat, and a blue damask mantle, with a border of gold ; no head-dress nor ornament, but his own hair, which was so fair and curled, that it seemed so many ringlets of fine gold. The governor, the steward, and the sewer took him aside, and, without letting his sister hear, they asked him how he came to be in that disguise ? He, with no less bushfulness and concern, told the same story his sister had done ; at which the

enamoured sewer was much pleased. But the governor said: "Really, Gentlefolks, this is a very childish trick, and, to relate this piece of folly, there needed not half so many tears and sighs: had you but said; Our names are so and so, we got out of our father's house by such a contrivance, only out of curiosity, and with no other design at all; the tale had been told, and all these weepings and wailings, and takings-on at this rate, might have been spared."—"That is true," answered the damsel; "but the confusion I was in was so great, that it did not suffer me to demean myself as I ought."—"There is no harm," answered Sancho: "we will see you safe to your father's; perhaps he has not missed you; and henceforward be not so childish, nor so eager to see the world: for, the maid that is modest, and a broken leg, should stay at home; and, the woman and the hen are lost by gadding abroad; and, she, who desires to see, desires no less to be seen. I say no more." The youth thanked the governor for the favour he intended them, in seeing them safe home, and so they bent their course that way; for the house was not far off. When they were arrived, the brother threw up a little stone to a grated window, and that instant a servant-maid, who waited for them, came down, and opened the door, and they went in, leaving every one in admiration at their gentleness and beauty, as well as at their desire of

seeing the world by night, and without stirring out of the town : but they imputed all to their tender years. The sewer's heart was pierced through and through, and he proposed within himself to demand her, the next day, of her father in marriage, taking it for granted he would not refuse him, as being a servant of the Duke's. Sancho too had some thoughts of matching the young man with his daughter Sanchica, and determined to bring it about the first opportunity, fancying to himself, that no match would be refused the governor's daughter. Thus ended that night's round, and two days after the government too, which put an end to all his designs and expectations, as shall hereafter be shown.

CHAP. L.

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

CID Hamete, the most punctual searcher after the very atoms of this true history, says, that, when Donna Rodriguez went out of her chamber to go to Don Quixote's, another donna, who lay with her, perceived it ; and, as all duennas

have the itch of listening after, prying into, and smelling out things, she followed her so softly, that good Rodriguez did not perceive it: and, as soon as the duenna saw her enter Don Quixote's chamber, that she might not be wanting in the general humour of all duennas, which is, to be telltales, away she went that instant, to acquaint the Dutchess, that Donna Rodriguez was then actually in Don Quixote's chamber. The Dutchess acquainted the Duke with it, and desired his leave, that she and Altisidora might go and see what was the duenna's business with Don Quixote. The Duke gave it her; and they both, very softly, and step by step, went and posted themselves close to the door of Don Quixote's chamber, and so close, that they overheard all that was said within; and when the Dutchess heard the duenna expose the fountains of her issues, she could not bear it, nor Altisidora neither; and so, brimful of choler, and longing for revenge, they bounced into the room, and pinched Don Quixote, and whipped the duenna, in the manner above related: for affronts, levelled against the beauty and vanity of women, awaken their wrath in an extraordinary manner, and inflame them with a desire of revenging themselves.

The Dutchess recounted to the Duke all that had passed; with which he was much diverted; and the Dutchess, proceeding in her design of making sport with Don Quixote, dispatched the

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

Now the history tells us, that the page was very discreet and sharp, and, being extremely desirous to please his Lord and Lady, he departed, with a very good will, for Sancho's village; and, being arrived near it, he saw some women washing in a brook, of whom he demanded, if they could tell him, whether one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, squire to a Knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, lived in that town. At which question, a young wench, who was washing, started up, and said: "That Teresa Panza is my mother, and that Sancho my father, and that Knight our master."—"Come then, damsel," said the page, "and bring me to your mother; for I have a letter and a present for her from that same father of yours."—"That I will, with all my heart, Sir," answered the girl, who seemed to be about fourteen years of age: and, leaving the linen she was washing to one of her companions, without putting any thing on her head or her feet (for she was bare-legged and dishevelled), she ran skipping along before the page's horse, saying: "Come along, Sir; for our house stands just at the entrance of the village,

and there you will find my mother in pain enough for not having heard any news of my father this great while.”—“I bring her such good news,” said the page, “that she may well thank God for it.” In short, with jumping, running, and capering, the girl came to the village, and, before she got into the house, she called aloud at the door: “Come forth, mother Teresa, come forth, come forth; for here is a gentleman, who brings letters and other things from my good father.” At which voice her mother Teresa Panza came out, spinning a distaff full of tow, having on a gray petticoat, so short, that it looked as if it had been docked at the placket, with a gray bod-dice also, and her smock-sleeves hanging about it. She was not very old, though she seemed to be above forty; but was strong, hale, sinewy, and hard as a hazel-nut. She, seeing her daughter, and the page on horseback, said: “What is the matter, girl? What gentleman is this?”—“It is an humble servant of my Lady Donna Teresa Panza,” answered the page. And, so saying, he flung himself from his horse, and, with great respect, went and kneeled before the Lady Teresa, saying: “Be pleased, Signora Donna Teresa, to give me your Ladyship’s hand to kiss, as being the lawful and only wife of Signor Don Sancho Panza, sole governor of the island of Barataria.”—“Ah, dear Sir, forbear, do not so,” answered Teresa; “for I am no court



Paol. sc.

*The Page of the Dutchess delivering
Sancho's letter to his wife Teresa.*

dame, but a poor countrywoman, daughter of a ploughman, and wife of a squire-errant, and not of any governor at all.”—“Your Ladyship,” answered the page, “is the most worthy wife of an arch-worthy governor; and, for proof of what I say, be pleased, Madam, to receive this letter, and this present.” Then he pulled out of his pocket a string of corals, each bead set in gold; and, putting it about her neck, he said: “This letter is from my Lord Governor, and another that I have here, and these corals, are from my Lady Dutchess, who sends me to your Ladyship.” Teresa was amazed, and her daughter neither more nor less, and the girl said: “May I die, if our master Don Quixote be not at the bottom of this business, and has given my father the government, or earldom, he so often promised him.”—“It is even so,” answered the page; “and, for Signor Don Quixote’s sake, my Lord Sancho is now governor of the island Barataria, as you will see by this letter.”—“Pray, young gentleman,” said Teresa, “be pleased to read it; for, though I can spin, I cannot read a tittle.”—“Nor I neither,” added Sanchica: “but stay a little, and I will go call somebody that can, though it be the priest himself, or the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, who will come with all their hearts to hear news of my father.”—“There is no need of calling any body,” replied the page; “for, though I cannot spin, I can read, and will read

it." So he read it : but, it having been inserted before, it is purposely omitted here. Then he pulled out that from the Dutchess, which was as follows :

“ Friend TERESA,

“ The good qualities, both of integrity and capacity, of your husband Sancho, moved and induced me to desire the Duke, my husband, to give him the government of one of the many islands he has. I am informed he governs like any hawk ; at which I and my Lord Duke are mightily pleased ; and I give great thanks to Heaven, that I have not been deceived in my choice of him for the said government. For, let me tell Madam Teresa, it is a difficult thing to find a good governor in these days, and God make me as good as Sancho governs well. I send you hereby, my dear, a string of corals set in gold : I wish they were of oriental pearl : but, whoever gives thee an egg, has no mind to see thee dead. The time will come, when we shall be better acquainted, and converse together, and God knows what may happen. Commend me to Sanchica your daughter, and tell her from me to get herself ready ; for I mean to marry her toppingly, when she least thinks of it. I am told the acorns of your town are very large : pray, send me some two dozen of them ; for I shall esteem them very much, as coming from your hand : and write to

me immediately, advising me of your health and welfare ; and if you want any thing, you need but open your mouth, and your mouth shall be measured. So God keep you.

“ Your loving friend,

“ From this place.

“ The DUTCHESS.”

“ Ah !” cried Teresa, at hearing the letter, “ how good, how plain, how humble a lady ! Let me be buried with such ladies as this, and not with such gentlewomen as this town affords, who think, because they are gentlefolks, the wind must not blow upon them : and they go to church with as much vanity, as if they were very queens. One would think they took it for a disgrace to look upon a countrywoman ; and you see here how this good lady, though she be a Dutchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her equal, and equal may I see her to the highest steeple in La Mancha. As to the acorns, Sir, I will send her Ladyship a pocketful, and such as, for their bigness, people may come to see and admire from far and near. And for the present, Sanchica, see and make much of this gentleman : take care of his horse, and bring some new-laid eggs out of the stable, and slice some rashers of bacon, and let us entertain him like any prince ; for the good news he has brought us, and his own good looks, deserve no less ; and, in the meanwhile, I will step and carry my neighbours

the news of our joy, and especially to our father, the Priest, and to master Nicholas, the barber, who are, and always have been, your father's great friends."—"Yes, mother, I will," answered Sanchica: "but, hark you, I must have half that string of corals; for I do not take my Lady Dutchess to be such a fool as to send it all to you."—"It is all for you, daughter," answered Teresa; "but let me wear it a few days about my neck; for truly methinks it cheers my very heart."—"You will be no less cheered," said the page, "when you see the bundle I have in this portmanteau: it is a habit of superfine cloth, which the governor wore only oneday at a hunting-match, and has sent it all to Signora Sanchica."—"May he live a thousand years," answered Sanchica, "and the bearer neither more nor less, ay, and two thousand, if need be."

Teresa now went out of the house with the letters, and the beads about her neck, and playing, as she went along, with her fingers upon the letters, as if they had been a timbrel. And accidentally meeting the Priest, and Sampson Carrasco, she began to dance, and say: "In faith we have no poor relations now; we have got a government: ay, ay, let the proudest gentlewoman of them all meddle with me; I will make her know her distance."—"What is the matter, Teresa Panza? What extravagancies are these, and what papers are those?" demanded the Priest.

“ No other extravagancies,” said she, “ but that these are letters from Dutchesses and governors, and these about my neck are true coral : the ave-maries and the pater-nosters are of beaten gold, and I am a governess.”—“ God be our aid, Teresa,” replied they ; “ we understand you not, nor know what you mean.”—“ Believe your own eyes,” answered Teresa, giving them the letters. The Priest read them so that Sampson Carrasco heard the contents ; and Sampson and the Priest stared at each other, as surprised at what they read. The Bachelor demanded, who had brought those letters. Teresa answered, if they should come home with her to her house, they would see the messenger, who was a youth like any golden pine-tree ; and that he had brought her another present, worth twice as much. The Priest took the corals from her neck, and viewed and reviewed them ; and, being satisfied they were right, he began to wonder afresh, and said : “ By the habit I wear, I know not what to say, nor what to think of these letters, and these presents. On one hand I see and feel the fineness of these corals, and on the other hand I read, that a Dutchess sends to desire a dozen or two of acorns.”—“ Make these things tally, if you can,” replied Carrasco : “ but let us go and see the bearer of this packet, who may give us some light into these difficulties, which puzzle us.” They did so, and Teresa went back with them.

They found the page sifting a little barley for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher to fry, and pave it with eggs for the page's dinner; whose aspect and good appearance pleased them both very much. After they had saluted him, and he them, Sampson desired him to tell them news both of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; for, though they had read Sancho's and the Dutchess's letters, still they were confounded, and could not devise what Sancho's government could mean, and especially of an island, most or all those in the Mediterranean belonging to his Majesty. To which the page answered: "That Signor Sancho Panza is a governor, there is no manner of doubt: but whether it be an island, that he governs, or not, I concern not myself at all: let it suffice, that it is a place containing above a thousand inhabitants. As to the acorns, I say, my Lady Dutchess is so humble and affable, that her sending to beg acorns of a countrywoman is nothing: for, ere now, she has sent to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours. For you must know, Gentlemen, that the ladies of Arragon, though of as great quality, are not so haughty, nor so ceremonious, as the ladies of Castile: they treat people more upon the level."

While they were in the midst of this discourse, in came Sanchica, with a lapful of eggs, and said to the page: "Pray, Sir, does my father, now he is a governor, wear trunk-hose²⁶?"—"I

never observed that," answered the page; "but doubtless he does."—"God's my life!" replied Sanchica, "what a sight must it be to see my father with laced breeches! Is it not strange, that, ever since I was born, I have longed to see my father with his breeches laced to his girdle?"—"I warrant you will, if you live," answered the page: "before God, if his government lasts but two months, he is in a fair way to travel with a cape to his cap." The Priest and the Bachelor easily perceived, that the page spoke jestingly: but the fineness of the corals, and the hunting suit, which Sancho had sent (for Teresa had already showed them the habit), undid all. Nevertheless they could not forbear smiling at Sanchica's longing, and more, when Teresa said, "Master Priest, do so much as inquire, if any body be going to Madrid or Toledo, who may buy me a farthingale round and completely made, and fashionable, and one of the best that is to be had; for, verily, verily, I intend to honour my husband's government as much as I can; and, if they vex me, I will get me to this court myself, and ride in my coach as well as the best of them there; for she, who has a governor for her husband, may very well have one, and maintain it too."—"Ay, marry," added Sanchica, "and would to God it were to-day rather than to-morrow, though folks, that saw me seated in that coach with my lady mother, should say: 'Do

but see such a one, daughter of such a one, stuffed with garlic; how she sits in state, and lolls in her coach like the Pope's lady!' but let them jeer, so they trudge in the dirt, and I ride in my coach with my feet above the ground. A sad year and a worse month to all the murmurers in the world; and, if I go warm, let folks laugh. Say I well, mother?"—"Ay, mighty well, daughter," answered Teresa: "and my good man Sancho foretold me all this, and even greater good luck; and, you shall see, daughter, it will never stop, till it has made me a Countess; for, to be lucky, the whole business is to begin: and as I have often heard your good father say (who, as he is yours, is also the father of proverbs), 'When they give you a heifer, make haste with the halter;' so, when a government is given you, seize it; when they give you an earldom, lay your claws on it; and when they whistle to you with a good gift, snap at it: No, no, sleep on, and do not answer to the lucky hits, and the good fortune, that stand calling at the door of your house."—"And what care I," added Sanchica; let who will say, when they see me step it stately and bridle it, 'The higher the monkey climbs, the more he exposes his ——,' and so forth."

The Priest, hearing this, said: "I cannot believe, but that all of this race of the Panzas were born with a bushel of proverbs in their bellies: I never saw one of them, who did not scatter them

about, at all times, and in all the discourses they ever held.”—“ I believe so too,” replied the page; “ for my Lord Governor Sancho utters them at every step; and though many of them are wide of the purpose, still they please, and my Lady Dutchess and the Duke commend them highly.”—“ You persist then in affirming, Sir,” said the Bachelor, “ that this business of Sancho’s government is real and true, and that these presents and letters are really sent by a Dutchess? For our parts, though we touch the presents, and have read the letters, we believe it not, and take it to be one of our countryman Don Quixote’s adventures, who thinks every thing of this kind done by way of enchantment: and therefore I could almost find in my heart to touch and feel your person, to know, whether you are a visionary messenger, or one of flesh and bones.”—“ All I know of myself, Gentlemen,” answered the page, “ is, that I am a real messenger, and that Signor Sancho Panza actually is a governor; and that my Lord Duke and my Lady Dutchess can give, and have given, the said government; and I have heard it said, that the said Sancho Panza behaves himself most notably in it. Whether there be any enchantment in this, or not, you may dispute by yourselves: for, by the oath I am going to take, which is, by the life of my parents, who are living, and whom I dearly love, I know nothing more of the mat-

ter.”—“ It may be so,” replied the Bachelor : “ but *dubitat Augustinus*.”—“ Doubt who will,” answered the page, “ the truth is what I tell you, and truth will always get above a lie, like oil above water ; and, if you will not believe me, *operibus credite et non verbis*. Come one of you, Gentlemen, along with me, and you shall see with your eyes what you will not believe by the help of your ears.”—“ That jaunt is for me,” cried Sanchica : “ take me behind you, Sir, upon your nag ; for I will go with all my heart to see my honoured father.”—“ The daughters of governors,” said the page, “ must not travel alone, but attended with coaches and litters, and good store of servants.”—“ Before God,” answered Sanchica, “ I can travel as well upon an ass’s colt, as in a coach ; I am none of your tender, squeamish folks.”—“ Peace, wench,” said Teresa ; “ you know not what you say, and the gentleman is in the right ; for, according to reason, each thing in its season : when it was Sancho, it was Sancha ; and when Governor, Madam. Said I amiss ?”—“ Madam, Teresa says more than she imagines,” replied the page ; “ and, pray, give me to eat, and dispatch me quickly ; for I intend to return home this night.” To which the Priest said : “ Come, Sir, and do penance with me ; for Madam Teresa has more good will, than good cheer, to welcome so worthy a guest.” The page refused at first, but at

length thought it most for his good to comply, and the Priest very willingly took him home with him, that he might have an opportunity of inquiring at leisure after Don Quixote and his exploits. The Bachelor offered Teresa to write answers to her letters ; but she would not let him meddle in her matters, for she looked upon him as somewhat of a wag : and so she gave a roll of bread and a couple of eggs to a young novice friar, who could write ; who wrote for her two letters, one for her husband, and the other for the Dutchess, and both of her inditing ; and they are none of the worst recorded in this grand history, as will be seen hereafter.

CHAP. LI.

OF THE PROGRESS OF SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT,
WITH OTHER ENTERTAINING EVENTS.

NOW appeared the day succeeding the night of the governor's round ; which the sewer passed without sleeping, his thoughts being taken up with the countenance, air, and beauty of the disguised damsel ; and the steward spent the remainder of it in writing to his Lord and Lady what Sancho Panza said and did, equally wondering at his deeds and sayings ; for his words and actions were intermixed with strong indica-

tions both of discretion and folly. In short, Signor Governor got up, and, by the direction of Doctor Pedro Rezio, they gave him, to break his fast, a little conserve, and four draughts of cold water; which Sancho would gladly have exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes. But, seeing it was more by force than good-will, he submitted to it with sufficient grief to his soul, and toil to his stomach; Pedro Rezio making him believe, that, to eat but little, and that of slight things, quickened the judgment, which was the properest thing that could be for persons appointed to rule and bear offices of dignity; in which there is not so much occasion for bodily strength, as for that of the understanding. By means of this sophistry, Sancho endured hunger to a degree, that inwardly he cursed the government, and even him, that gave it.

However, with his hunger and his conserve, he sat in judgment that day, and the first thing, that offered, was a question proposed by a stranger; the steward and the rest of the assistants being present all the while. It was this: "My Lord, a main river divides the two parts of one lordship—pray, my Lord, be attentive; for it is a case of importance, and somewhat difficult—I say then, that upon this river stood a bridge, and at the head of it a gallows, and a kind of court-house, for a seat of judicature; in which

there were commonly four judges, whose office it was to give sentence according to a law enjoined by the owner of the river, of the bridge, and of the lordship; which law was in this form: *Whoever passes over this bridge, from one side to the other, must first take an oath, from whence he comes, and what business he is going about: and, if he swears true, they shall let him pass; but, if he tells a lie, he shall die for it upon yonder gallows, without any remission.* This law, and the rigorous condition thereof, being known, several persons passed over; for by what they swore it was soon perceived they swore the truth, and the judges let them pass freely. Now it fell out, that a certain man, taking the oath, swore, and said, by the oath he had taken, he was going to die upon the gallows, which stood there, and that this was his business, and no other. The judges deliberated upon the oath, and said: ‘If we let this man pass freely, he swore a lie, and by the law he ought to die; and if we hang him, he swore he went to die upon that gallows, and having sworn the truth, by the same law he ought to go free. It is now demanded of my Lord Governor, how the judges shall proceed with this man: for they are still doubtful and in suspense; and being informed of the acuteness and elevation of your Lordship’s understanding, they have sent me to beseech your Lordship, on their behalf, to give your opinion in so intricate and doubtful a

case." To which Sancho answered; "For certain these gentlemen, the judges, who sent you to me, might have saved themselves and you the labour; for I have more of the blunt than the acute in me: nevertheless, repeat me the business over again, that I may understand it; perhaps, I may hit the mark." The querist repeated what he had said once or twice, and Sancho said: "In my opinion, this affair may be briefly resolved, and it is thus. The man swears he is going to die upon the gallows, and, if he is hanged, he swore the truth, and by the law established ought to be free, and to pass the bridge; and, if they do not hang him, he swore a lie, and by the same law he ought to be hanged."—"It is just as Signor Governor says," replied the messenger, "and nothing more is wanting to the right stating and understanding of the case."—"I say then," answered Sancho, "that they ought to let pass that part of the man, which swore the truth, and hang that part, which swore a lie: and thus the condition of the passage will be literally fulfilled."—"If so, Signor Governor," replied the querist, "it will be necessary to divide the man into two parts, the false and the true; and, if he is cut asunder, he must necessarily die, and so there is not a tittle of the law fulfilled, and there is an express necessity of fulfilling the law."—"Come hither, honest man," answered Sancho: "either I am a very dunce, or there is as

much reason to put this passenger to death, as to let him live and pass the bridge; for, if the truth saves him, the lie equally condemns him; and this being so, as it really is, I am of opinion, that you should tell those gentlemen, who sent you to me, that, since the reasons for condemning him and acquitting him are equal, they ought to let him pass freely: for it is always commendable to do good rather than harm; and this I would give under my hand, if I could write: and, in this case, I speak not of my own head, but upon recollection of a precept given me, among many others, by my master Don Quixote, the night before I set out to be governor of this island; which was, that, when justice happens to be in the least doubtful, I should incline and lean to the side of mercy; and God has been pleased to make me remember it in the present case, in which it comes in so pat."—"It does so," answered the steward; "and, for my part, I think Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedemonians, could not have given a better judgment, than that now given by the great Panza: and let us have no more hearings this morning, and I will give order, that Signor Governor shall dine to-day much to his satisfaction."—"That is what I desire, and let us have fair play," quoth Sancho. "Let me but dine, and bring me cases and questions never so thick, I will dispatch them in the snuffing of a candle."

The steward was as good as his word, making it a matter of conscience to starve so discerning a governor; especially since he intended to come to a conclusion with him that very night, and to play him the last trick he had in commission.

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

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA'S LETTER TO SANCHO PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF BARATARIA.

"When I expected, friend Sancho, to have heard news of your negligences and impertinences, I have had accounts of your discretion; for which I give particular thanks to Heaven, that can raise the poor from the dunghill, and make wise men of fools. I am told, you govern as if you were a man, and are a man as if you were beast, such is the humility of your demeanour. But I would have you take notice, Sancho, that it is often expedient and necessary,

for the sake of authority, to act in contradiction to the humility of the heart; for the decent adorning of the person in weighty employments must be conformable to what those offices require, and not according to the measure of what a man's own humble condition inclines him to. Go well clad; for a broomstick well dressed does not appear a broomstick. I do not mean, that you should wear jewels or fine clothes, nor, being a judge, that you should dress like a soldier; but that you should adorn yourself with such an habit as suits your employment, and such as is neat and handsomely made. To gain the good-will of the people you govern, two things, among others, you must do. One is, to be civil to all (though I have already told you this); and the other is, to take care that there be plenty; since nothing is so discouraging to the poor as hunger, and dearth of provisions. Publish not many edicts, and, when you do, see that they are good ones, and, above all, that they are well observed; for edicts, that are not kept, are as if they had not been made, and serve only to show, that the Prince, though he had wisdom and authority sufficient to make them, had not the courage to see them put in execution: and laws, that intimidate at their publication, and are not executed, become like the log king of the frogs, which terrified them at first; but, in time, they contemned

him, and got upon his back. Be a father to virtue, and a step-father to vice. Be not always severe, nor always mild; but choose the mean betwixt these two extremes; for therein consists the main point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the shambles, and the markets; for the presence of the governor in such places is of great importance. Comfort the prisoners, that they may hope to be quickly dispatched. Be a bugbear to the butchers, who will then make their weights true; and be a terror to the market-people for the same reason. Do not show yourself (though perchance you may be so, but I do not believe it) given to covetousness, to women, or gluttony; for, when the town, and those, who have to do with you, find your ruling passion, by that they will play their engines upon you, till they have battered you down into the depth of destruction. View and review, consider and reconsider, the counsels and documents I gave you in writing, before you went hence to your government, and you will see how you will find in them, if you observe them, a choice supply to help to support you under the toils and difficulties, which governors meet with at every turn. Write to your patrons, the Duke and Dutchess, and show yourself grateful: for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins; and the person, who is grateful to those that

have done him good, shows thereby that he will be so to God too, who has already done him, and is continually doing him, so much good.

“ My Lady Dutchess has dispatched a messenger with your suit, and another present to your wife Teresa Panza: we expect an answer every moment. I have been a little out of order with a certain cat-clawing, which befell not much to the advantage of my nose: but it was nothing; for, if there are enchanters who persecute me, there are others who defend me. Let me know, if the steward, who is with you, had any hand in the actions of the Trifaldi, as you suspected; give me advice, from time to time, of all that happens to you, since the way is so short. I have thoughts of quitting this idle life very soon; for I was not born for it. A business has fallen out, which will, I believe, go near to bring me into disgrace with the Duke and Dutchess. But, though it afflicts me much, it affects me nothing; for, in short, I must comply with the rules of my profession, rather than with their pleasure, according to the old saying, *amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*. I write this in Latin; for I persuade myself you have learned it, since you have been a governor. And so, farewell, and God have you in his keeping, that nobody may pity you.

“ Your friend,

“ DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.”

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

SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA
MANCHA.

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

“My Lord Duke wrote to me the other day, giving me advice, that certain spies were come into this island to kill me; but hitherto I have been able to discover no other besides a certain doctor, who has a salary in this place for killing as many governors as shall come hither. He calls himself Doctor Pedro Rezio, and is a native of

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

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

“ One night, as I was going the round, I met a very handsome damsel in man’s clothes, and her brother in woman’s. My sewer fell in love with the girl, and has, as he says, already in his thoughts, made choice of her for his wife ; and I have chosen the brother for my son-in-law. To-

day we both intend to disclose our minds to their father, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman, and as old a Christian as one can desire.

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

“ As concerning my Lady Dutchess’s having written to my wife Teresa Panza, and sent her the present your Worship mentions, I am mightily pleased with it, and will endeavour to show my gratitude at a proper time : pray, kiss her Honour’s hand in my name, and tell her, she has not thrown her favours into a rent sack, as she will find by the effect.

“ I would not wish you to have any cross- reckonings of disgust with our patrons the Duke and Dutchess ; for, if your Worship quarrels with them, it is plain it must redound to my damage ; and, since your Worship advised me not

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

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

“ I would willingly send your Worship something or other ; but I cannot tell what, unless it be some little clyster-pipes, which they make in this island very curiously. If my employment holds, I will look out for something to send, right or wrong. If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, be so kind as to pay the postage, and send me the letter ; for I have a mighty desire to know the estate of my house, my wife, and my children. And so, God deliver your Worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me safe and sound out of this government, which I doubt ; for I expect to lay my bones here, considering how Doctor Pedro Rezio treats me.

“ Your Worship’s servant,

“ SANCHO PANZA, the Governor.”

The secretary made up the letter, and dispatched the courier with it immediately. Then those, who carried on the plot against Sancho, contrived among themselves how to put an end

to his government. That evening Sancho spent in making some ordinances for the good government of that, which he took to be an island. He decreed, that there should be no monopolizers of provisions in the commonwealth; that wines should not be imported indifferently from any parts the merchant pleased, with this injunction, that they should declare its growth, that a price might be set upon it according to its goodness, character, and true value; and that whoever dashed it with water, or changed its name, should be put to death for it. He moderated the prices of all sorts of hose and shoes, especially the latter, the current price of which he thought exorbitant. He limited the wages of servants, which before were very extravagant. He laid most severe penalties upon those, who should sing lascivious and indecent songs by day or by night. He decreed, that no blind man should sing his miracles in verse, unless he produced an authentic testimony of the truth of them, esteeming most of those sung by that sort of people to be false, in prejudice to the true ones. He created an overseer of the poor, not to persecute them, but to examine whether they were such or no; for, under colour of feigned maimness and counterfeit sores, they are often sturdy thieves, and hale drunkards. In short, he made such wholesome ordinances, that they are ob-

served in that town to this day, and are called, “The constitutions of the great Governor Sancho Panza.”

CHAP. LII.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND AFFLICTED OR DISTRESSED MATRON, OTHERWISE CALLED DONNA RODRIGUEZ.

CID Hamete relates, that Don Quixote, being now healed of his scratches, began to think the life he led in that castle was against all the rules of Knight-errantry, which he professed; and therefore he resolved to ask leave of the Duke and Dutchess to depart for Saragossa, the celebration of the tournament drawing near, wherein he proposed to win the suit of armour, the usual prize at that festival. And, being one day at table with their Excellencies, and beginning to unfold his purpose, and ask their leave, behold, on a sudden there entered, at the door of the great hall, two women, as it afterwards appeared, covered from head to foot with mourning weeds; and one of them, coming up to Don Quixote, threw herself at full length on the ground, and, incessantly kissing his feet, poured forth such dismal, deep, and mournful groans, that all, who heard and saw her, were confounded: and, though the Duke and Dutchess

imagined it was some jest their servants were putting upon Don Quixote, yet, seeing how vehemently the woman sighed, groaned, and wept, they were in doubt and in suspense; till the compassionate Don Quixote, raising her from the ground, prevailed with her to discover herself, and remove the veil from before her blubbered face. She did so, and discovered, what they little expected to see, the face of Donna Rodriguez, the duenna of the house; and the other mourner was her daughter, who had been deluded by the rich farmer's son. All that knew her wondered, and the Duke and Dutchess more than any body; for though they took her for a fool and soft, yet not to the degree as to act so mad a part. At length Donna Rodriguez, turning to her lord and lady, said: "Be pleased, your Excellencies, to give me leave to confer a little with this gentleman; for so it behoves me to do, to get successfully out of an unlucky business, into which the presumption of an evil-minded bumpkin has brought me." The Duke said, he gave her leave, and that she might confer with Don Quixote as much as she pleased. She, directing her face and speech to Don Quixote, said: "It is not long, valorous Knight, since I gave you an account how injuriously and treacherously a wicked peasant has used my poor dear child, this unfortunate girl here present, and you promised me to stand up in her defence,

and see her righted; and now I understand, that you are departing from this castle in quest of good adventures, (which God send you!) and therefore my desire is, that, before you begin making your excursions on the highways, you would challenge this untamed rustic, and oblige him to marry my daughter, in compliance with the promise he gave her to be her husband, before he had his will of her: for, to think to meet with justice from my Lord Duke, is to look for pears upon an elm-tree, for the reasons I have already told your Worship in private; and so God grant your Worship much health, not forsaking us."

To which words Don Quixote returned this answer, with much gravity and solemnity: "Good Madam Duenna, moderate your tears, or rather dry them up, and spare your sighs; for I take upon me the charge of seeing your daughter's wrongs redressed; though it had been better, if she had not been so easy in believing the promises of lovers, who, for the most part, are very ready at promising, and very slow in performing: and therefore, with my Lord Duke's leave, I will depart immediately in search of this ungracious youth, and will find and challenge him, and will kill him, if he refuses to perform his contract: for the principal end of my profession is, to spare the humble, and chastise the

proud; I mean, to succour the wretched, and destroy the oppressor."

"You need not give yourself any trouble," answered the Duke, "to seek the rustic, of whom this good duenna complains; nor need you ask my permission to challenge him: for, suppose him challenged, and leave it to me to give him notice of this challenge, and to make him accept it, and come and answer for himself at this castle of mine; where both shall fairly enter the lists, and all the usual ceremonies shall be observed, and exact justice distributed to each, as is the duty of all princes, who grant the lists to combatants within the bounds of their territories."—"With this assurance, and with your Grandeur's leave," replied Don Quixote, "for this time I renounce my gentility, and lessen and demean myself to the lowness of the offender, and put myself upon a level with him, that he may be qualified to fight with me: and so, though absent, I challenge and defy him, upon account of the injury he has done in deceiving this poor girl, who was a maiden, and by his fault is no longer such; and he shall either perform his promise of being her lawful husband, or die in the dispute." And immediately pulling off his glove, he threw it into the middle of the hall, and the Duke took it up, saying, that, as he had said before, he accepted the challenge in

the name of his vassal, appointing the time to be six days after, and the lists to be in the court of the castle; the arms, those usually among Knights, a lance, shield, and laced suit of armour, and all the other pieces, without deceit, fraud, or any superstition whatever, being first viewed and examined by the judges of the field. But especially, he said, it was necessary the good duenna, and the naughty maiden, should commit the justice of their cause to the hands of Signor Don Quixote; for otherwise nothing could be done, nor could the said challenge be duly executed. "I do commit it," answered the duenna. "And I too," added the daughter, all weeping, abashed, and confounded.

The day thus appointed, and the Duke having resolved with himself what was to be done in the business, the mourners went their ways; and the Dutchess ordered, that henceforward they should be treated, not as her servants, but as lady adventurers, who were come to her house to demand justice: and so they had a separate apartment ordered them, and were served as strangers, to the amazement of the rest of the family, who knew not what the folly and boldness of Donna Rodriguez, and of her ill-errant daughter, drove at.

While they were thus engaged in perfecting the joy of the feast, and giving a good end to the

dinner, behold, there entered, at the hall-door, the page, who carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, wife of the Governor Sancho Panza: at whose arrival the Duke and Dutchess were much pleased, being desirous to know the success of his journey; and they having asked him, the page replied, he could not relate it so publicly, nor in few words, and desired their Excellencies would be pleased to adjourn it to a private audience, and in the mean time to entertain themselves with those letters: and, pulling out a couple, he put them into the hands of the Dutchess. The superscription of one was, "For my Lady Dutchess such a one, of I know not what place:" and the other, "To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria, whom God prosper more years than me." The Dutchess's cake was dough, as the saying is, till she had read her letter; and, opening it, she run it over to herself, and, finding it might be read aloud, that the Duke and the by-standers might hear it, she read what follows:

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO THE DUTCHESS.

" My Lady,

" The letter your Grandeur wrote me gave me much satisfaction, and indeed I wished for it mightily. The string of corals is very good, and my husband's hunting-suit comes not short of it. Our whole town is highly pleased, that your

Ladyship has made my husband, Sancho, a governor; though nobody believes it, especially the Priest, and Master Nicholas the barber, and Sampson Carrasco the bachelor. But what care I? For so long as the thing is so, as it really is, let every one say what they list: though, if I may own the truth, I should not have believed it myself, had it not been for the corals and the habit: for, in this village, every body thinks my husband a dunce, and, take him from governing a flock of goats, they cannot imagine what government he can be good for. God be his guide, and speed him as he sees best for his children. I am resolved, dear Lady of my soul, with your Ladyship's leave, to bring this good day home to my house, and hie me to court, to loll it in a coach, and burst the eyes of a thousand people that envy me already. And therefore I beg your Excellency to order my husband to send me a little money, and let it be enough; for at court expenses are great, bread sells for sixpence, and flesh for thirty maravedis the pound; which is a judgment: and if he is not for my going, let him send me word in time; for my feet are in motion to begin my journey. My friends and neighbours tell me, that, if I and my daughter go fine and stately at court, my husband will be known by me, more than I by him; for folks, to be sure, will ask, 'What ladies are those in that coach?'

and a footman of ours will answer; ‘The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria :’ and in this manner Sancho will be known, and I shall be esteemed, and to Rome for every thing.

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

“ Let not your Pomposity forget to write to me, and I will take care to answer, advising you of my health, and of all that shall offer worth advising from this place, where I remain praying to our Lord to preserve your Honour, and not to forget me. My daughter Sanchica, and my son, kiss your Ladyship’s hands.

“ She, who has more mind to see your Ladyship, than to write to you,

“ Your servant,

“ TERESA PANZA.”

Great was the pleasure all received at hearing Teresa Panza’s letter, especially the Duke and Dutchess, who asked Don Quixote, whether he thought it proper to open the letter for the governor, which must needs be most excellent.

Don Quixote said, to please them, he would open it; which he did, and found the contents as follow:

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND SANCHO
PANZA.

“ I received your letter, dear Sancho of my soul; and I vow and swear to you, upon the word of a catholic Christian, that I was within two fingers breadth of running mad with satisfaction. Look you, brother, when I came to hear, that you was a governor, methought I should have dropped down dead for mere joy: for, you know, it is usually said, that sudden joy kills as effectually as excessive grief. Your daughter Sanchica could not contain her water, for pure ecstasy. I had before my eyes the suit you sent me, and the corals sent by my Lady Dutchess about my neck, and the letters in my hands, and the bearer of them present; and for all that I believed and thought all I saw and touched was a dream: for who could imagine, that a goatherd should come to be a governor of islands? You know, friend, my mother used to say, that, one must live long to see much. I say this, because I think to see more, if I live longer; for I never expect to stop, till I see you a farmer-general, or a collector of the customs; offices in which, though the devil carries away him, that abuses them, in short, one is always

taking and fingering of money. My Lady Dutchess will tell you how I long to go to court: consider of it, and let me know your mind; for I will strive to do you credit there by riding in a coach. The Priest, the Barber, the Bachelor, and even the sexton, cannot believe you are a governor, and say, that it is all delusion, or matter of enchantment, like all the rest of your master Don Quixote's affairs: and Sampson says, he will find you out, and take this government out of your head, and Don Quixote's madness out of his skull. I only laugh at them, and look upon my string of corals, and am contriving how to make our daughter a gown of the suit you sent me. I sent my Lady Dutchess a parcel of acorns: I wish they had been of gold. Pr'ythee, send me some strings of pearl, if they are in fashion in that same island. The news of this town is, that the Berrueca is about marrying her daughter to a sorry painter, who is come to this town to paint whatever should offer. The magistrates ordered him to paint the king's arms over the gate of the town-house: he demanded two ducats: they paid him beforehand: he worked eight days, at the end of which he had made nothing of it, and said, he could not hit upon painting such trumpery. He returned the money, and, for all that, he marries under the title of a good workman. It is true, he has already quitted the pencil, and taken the spade,

and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders, and shaven his crown, in order to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's niece, has heard of it, and is suing him upon a promise of marriage: evil tongues do not stick to say she is with child by him; but he denies it with both hands. We have had no olives this year, nor is there a drop of vinegar to be had in all this town. A company of foot soldiers passed through here, and, by the way, carried off three girls. I will not tell you who they are: perhaps they will return, and somebody or other will not fail to marry them with all their faults. Sanchica makes bone-lace, and gets eight maravedis a day, which she drops into a till-box, to help towards household-stuff: but now that she is a governor's daughter, you will give her a fortune, and she need not work for it. The pump in our market-place is dried up. A thunderbolt fell upon the pillory, and there may they all light! I expect an answer to this, and your resolution about my going to court. And so God keep you more years than myself, or as many; for I would not willingly leave you in this world behind me.

“Your wife,

“TERESA PANZA.”

The letters caused much laughter, applause, esteem, and admiration: and, to put the seal

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



CHAP. LIII.

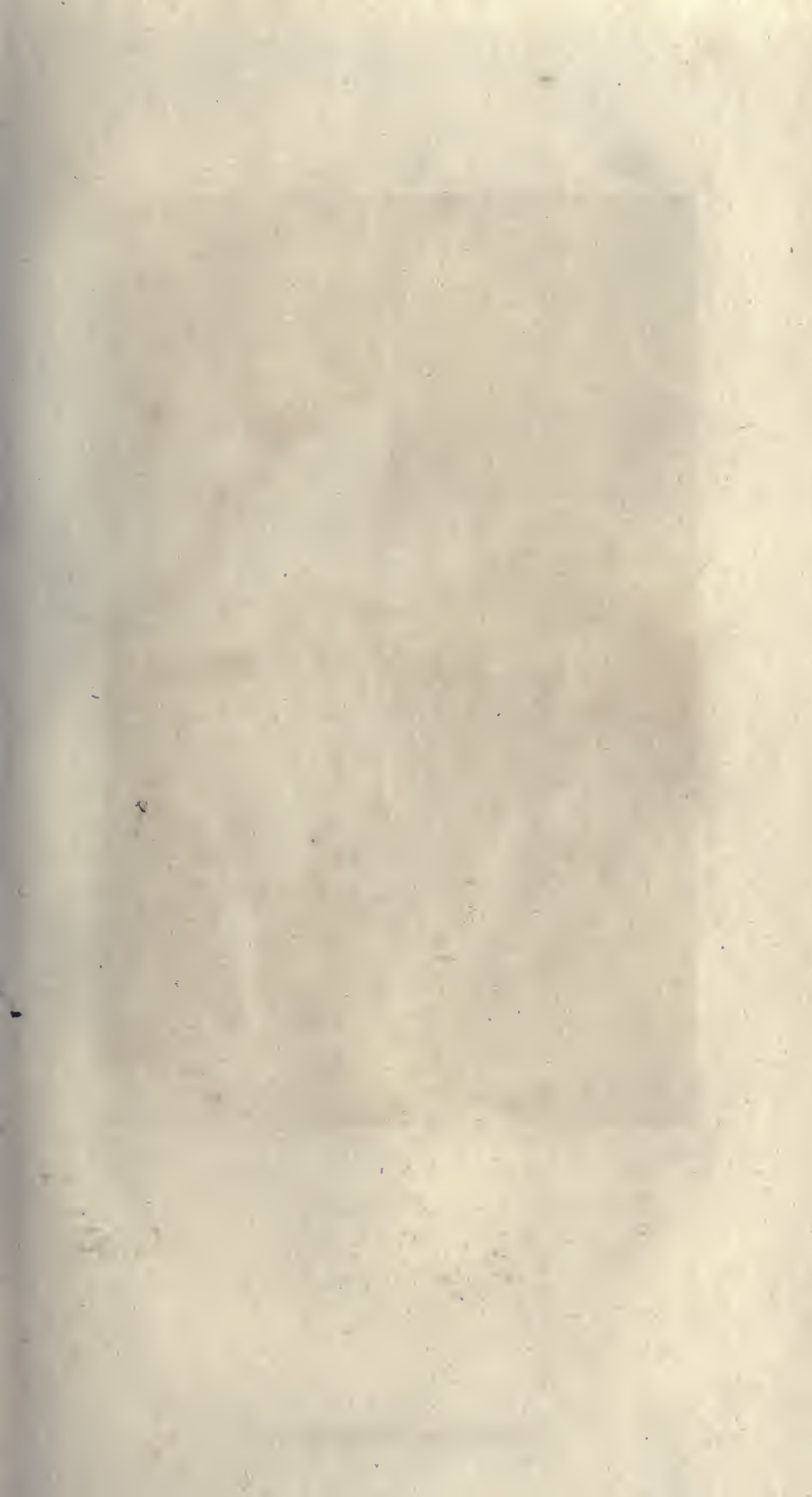
OF THE TOILSOME END AND CONCLUSION OF SANCHE
PANZA'S GOVERNMENT.

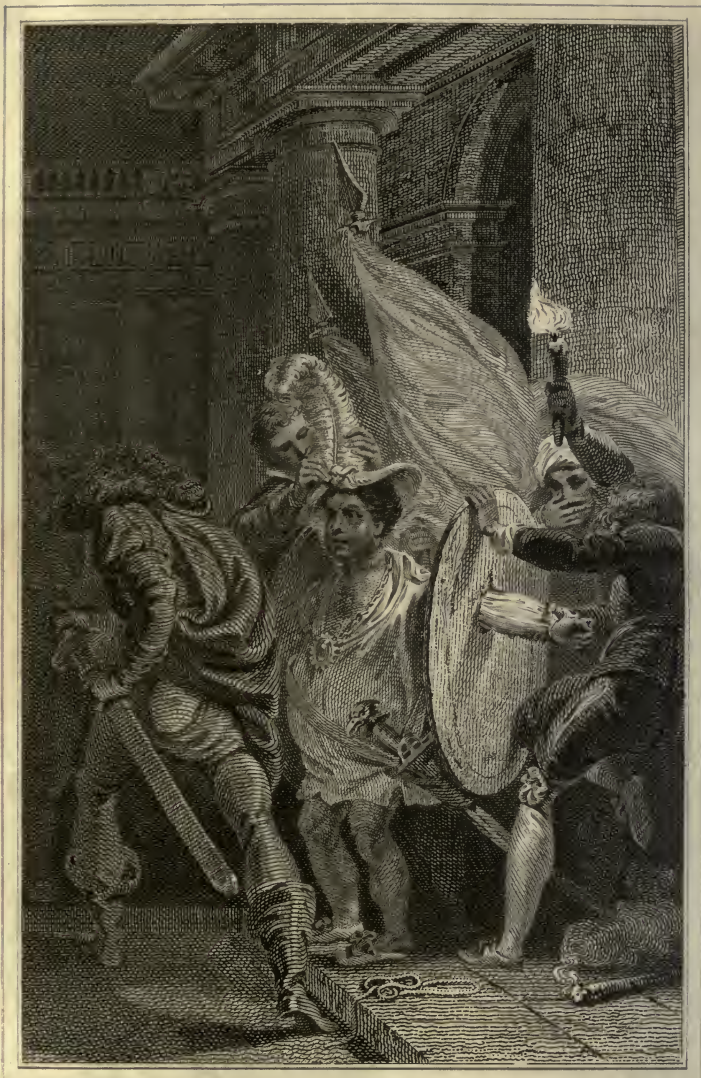
TO think, that the things in this life will continue always in the same state, is a vain expectation: the whole seems rather to be going round, I mean in a circle. The spring is succeeded by the summer, the summer by the autumn, the autumn by the winter, and the winter by the spring again: and thus time rolls round with a continual wheel. Human life only posts to its end, swifter than time itself, without hope

of renewal, unless in the next, which is limited by no bounds. This is the reflection of Cid Hamete, the Mahometan philosopher. For many, without the light of faith, and merely by natural instinct, have discovered the transitory and unstable condition of the present life, and the eternal duration of that, which is to come. But here our author speaks with respect to the swiftness, with which Sancho's government ended, perished, dissolved, and vanished into smoke and a shadow.

Who being in bed the seventh night of the days of his government, not satiated with bread nor wine, but with sitting in judgment, deciding causes, and making statutes and proclamations; and sleep, maugre and in despite of hunger, beginning to close his eyelids; he heard so great a noise of bells and voices, that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He sat up in his bed, and listened attentively, to see if he could guess at the cause of so great an uproar. But so far was he from guessing, that, the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums joining the noise of the bells and voices, he was in greater confusion, and in more fear and dread than at first. And, getting upon his feet, he put on his slippers, because of the dampness of the floor; and, without putting on his night-gown, or any thing like it, he went out at his chamber door, and instantly perceived more than twenty

persons coming along the gallery, with lighted torches in their hands, and their swords drawn, all crying aloud: "Arm, arm, my Lord Governor, arm; for an infinite number of enemies are entered the island, and we are undone, if your conduct and valour do not succour us." With this noise and uproar, they came where Sancho stood, astonished and stupified with what he heard and saw. And when they were come up to him, one of them said, "Arm yourself straight, my Lord, unless you would be ruined, and the whole island with you."—"What have I to do with arming," replied Sancho, "who know nothing of arms or succours? It were better to leave these matters to my master Don Quixote, who will dispatch them and secure us in a trice; for, as I am a sinner to God, I understand nothing at all of these hurly-burlies."—"Alack, Signor Governor," said another, "what faint-heartedness is this? Arm yourself, Sir: for here we bring you weapons offensive and defensive; and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, since you ought to be so, as being our governor."—"Arm me, then, in God's name," replied Sancho: and instantly they brought him a couple of old targets, which they had purposely provided, and clapped them over his shirt (not suffering him to put on any other garment), the one before, and the other behind. They thrust his arms through certain





Thurston del.

Armstrong scul.

Sancho arming

holes they had made in them, and tied them well with some cord; insomuch that he remained walled and boarded up straight like a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or walk one single step. They put a lance into his hand, upon which he leaned, to keep himself upon his feet. Thus accoutred, they desired him to march, and to lead and encourage them all; for, he being their north pole, their lantern, and their morning-star, their affairs would have a prosperous issue. "How should I march, wretch that I am," answered Sancho, "when I cannot stir my knee-pans? For I am hindered by these boards, which press so close and hard upon my flesh. Your only way is, to carry me in your arms, and lay me athwart, or set me upright at some postern, which I will maintain, either with my lance or my body."—"Fie, Signor Governor," cried another, "it is more fear than the targets, that hinders your marching. Have done, for shame, and bestir yourself; for it is late, the enemy increases, the cry grows louder, and the danger presses."

At which persuasions and reproaches the poor governor tried to stir, and down he fell with such violence, that he thought he had dashed himself to pieces. He lay like a tortoise enclosed and covered with his shell, or like a fitch of bacon between two trays, or like a boat with the keel upwards upon the sands. And though they saw

him fall, those jesting rogues had not the least compassion on him; on the contrary, putting out their torches, they reinforced the clamour, and reiterated the alarm, with such hurry and bustle, trampling over poor Sancho, and giving him an hundred thwacks upon the targets, that, if he had not gathered himself up, and shrunk in his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor governor; who, crumpled up in that narrow compass, sweated and sweated again, and recommended himself to God from the bottom of his heart, to deliver him from that danger. Some stumbled, others fell over him; and one there was, who, getting upon him, stood there for a good while, and from thence, as from a watch-tower, commanded the troops, and, with a loud voice, cried: "This way, brave boys; here the enemy charges thickest; guard that postern; shut yon gate; down with those scaling-ladders; this way with your caldrons of rosin, pitch, and burning oil; barricado the streets with woolpacks." In short, he named, in the utmost hurry, all the necessary implements and engines of war, used in defence of a city assaulted. The poor battered Sancho, who heard, and bore all, said to himself: "Oh, if it were Heaven's good pleasure, that this island were once lost, and I could see myself, either dead, or out of this great strait!" Heaven heard this petition, and, when he least expected it, he

heard voices crying, "Victory, victory! the enemy is routed: rise, Signor Governor, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the foe by the valour of that invincible arm."—"Let me be lifted up," quoth the dolorous Sancho, with a doleful voice. They helped him to rise; and, when he was got upon his legs, he said: "May all the enemies I have vanquished be nailed to my forehead: I will divide no spoils of enemies; but I entreat and beseech some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine, for I am almost choked; and let me dry up this sweat, for I am melting away, and turning into water." They rubbed him down; they brought him wine; they untied the targets. He sat down upon his bed, and swooned away with the fright, surprise, and fatigue he had undergone. Those, who had played him the trick, began to be sorry they had laid it on so heavily. But Sancho's coming to himself moderated the pain they were in at his fainting away. He asked what o'clock it was: they told him it was day-break. He held his peace, and, without saying any more, he began to dress himself, while they remained buried in silence. They all stared at him, in expectation of what would be the issue of his dressing himself in such haste.

In short, having put on his clothes, by little and little (for he was so bruised, he could not do it hastily), he took the way to the stable, every

body present following him : and going to Dapple, he embraced him, and gave him a kiss of peace on the forehead ; and, not without tears in his eyes, he said : “ Come hither, my companion, my friend, and partner in my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, and had no other thoughts, but the care of mending thy furniture, and feeding thy little carcass, happy were my hours, my days, and my years. But, since I forsook thee, and mounted upon the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets, have entered into my soul.” And while he was talking thus, he went out pannelling his ass, without any body’s saying a word to him. Dapple being pannelled, he got upon him, with great pain and heaviness, and directing his speech to the steward, the secretary, the sewer, and Doctor Pedro Rezio, and many others that were present, he said : “ Give way, Gentlemen, and suffer me to return to my ancient liberty : suffer me to seek my past life, that I may rise again from this present death. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands, or cities, from enemies that assault them. I better understand how to plough and dig, how to prune, and dress vines, than how to give laws, and defend provinces and kingdoms. Saint Peter is well at Rome : I mean, that nothing becomes a man so well, as the employment he was born for. In my hand a sickle is better than a go-

vernor's sceptre. I had rather have my belly full of my own poor porridge²⁷, than be subject to the misery of an impertinent physician, who kills me with hunger : and I had rather lay myself down under the shade of an oak in summer, and equip myself with a double sheep-skin jerkin in winter, at my liberty, than lie under the slavery of a government, between holland sheets, and be clothed in sables. Gentlemen, God be with you ; and tell my Lord Duke, that naked was I born, and naked I am ; I neither win nor lose ; I mean, that without a penny came I to this government, and without a penny do I quit it, the direct reverse of the governors of other islands. Give me way, and let me be gone to plaster myself ; for I verily believe all my ribs are broken ; thanks to the enemies, who have been trampling upon me all night long."

" It must not be so, Signor Governor," said Doctor Pedro Rezio ; " for I will give your Lordship a drink, good against falls and bruises, that shall presently restore you to your former health and vigour. And, as to the eating part, I give you my word I will amend that, and let you eat abundantly of whatever you have a mind to."—
" It comes too late," answered Sancho ; " I will as soon stay as turn Turk. These are not tricks to be played twice, Before God, I will no more continue in this, nor accept of any other government, though it were served up to me in

a covered dish, than I will fly to Heaven without wings. I am of the race of the Panzas, who are all headstrong; and if they once cry, Odds, odds it shall be, though it be Even, in spite of all the world. In this stable let the pismire's wings remain, that raised me up in the air to be exposed a prey to martlets and other small birds: and return we to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot; for, if it be not adorned with pinked Cordovan shoes, it will not want for hempen sandals²⁸. Every sheep with its like; and, stretch not your feet beyond your sheet; and so let me be gone: for it grows late." To which the steward said: "Signor Governor, we will let your Lordship depart with all our hearts, though we shall be very sorry to lose you; for your judgment, and Christian procedure, oblige us to desire your presence: but you know, that every governor is bound, before he leaves the place he has governed, to submit to a judicature, and render an account of his administration. When your Lordship has done so for the ten days you have held the government, you shall depart, and God's peace be with you."—"Nobody can require that of me," answered Sancho, "but whom my Lord Duke shall appoint. To him I am going, and to him it shall be given exactly: besides, departing naked as I do, there needs surely no other proof of my having governed like an angel."—"Before God, the great Sancho is in the right," cried Doctor Pedro

Rezio, "and I am of opinion we should let him go; for the Duke will be infinitely glad to see him." They all consented, and suffered him to depart, offering first to bear him company, and to furnish every thing he desired, for the use of his person, and the conveniency of his journey. Sancho said, he desired only a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself: for, since the way was so short, he stood in need of nothing more, nor any other provision. They all embraced him, and he, weeping, embraced them again, and left them in admiration as well at his discourse, as at his so resolute and discreet determination.

CHAP. LIV.

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

THE Duke and Dutchess resolved, that Don Quixote's challenge of their vassal, for the cause above-mentioned, should go forward; and, though the young man was in Flanders, whither he was fled to avoid having Donna Rodriguez for his mother-in-law, they gave orders for putting in his place a Gascon lackey called Tosilos, instructing him previously in every thing he was to do. About two days after, the Duke said to Don Quixote, that his opponent would be there in four days, and present himself in the lists, armed

as a Knight, and would maintain, that the damsel lied by half the beard, and even by the whole beard, if she said he had given her a promise of marriage. Don Quixote was highly delighted with the news, and promised himself to do wonders upon the occasion, esteeming it a special happiness, that an opportunity offered of demonstrating to their Grandeurs how far the valour of his puissant arm extended ; and so, with pleasure and satisfaction, he waited the four days, which, in the account of his impatience, were four hundred ages.

Let us let them pass, as we let pass many other things, and attend upon Sancho, who, between glad and sorry, was making the best of his way upon Dapple toward his master, whose company he was fonder of, than of being governor of all the islands in the world. Now he had not gone far from the island of his government (for he never gave himself the trouble to determine whether it was an island, city, town, or village, that he governed), when he saw coming along the road six pilgrims, with their staves, being foreigners, such as ask alms singing ; and, as they drew near to him, they placed themselves in a row, and, raising their voices all together, began to sing, in their language, what Sancho could not understand, excepting one word, which they distinctly pronounced, signifying Alms ; whence he concluded, that alms was what they begged

in their canting way. And he being, as Cid Hamete says, extremely charitable, he took the half loaf and half cheese out of his wallet, and gave it them, making signs to them, that he had nothing else to give them. They received it very willingly, and cried, "Guelte, guelte²⁹."—"I do not understand you," answered Sancho; "what is it you would have, good people?" Then one of them pulled out of his bosom a purse, and showed it to Sancho; whence he found, that they asked for money: and he, putting his thumb to his throat, and extending his hand upward, gave them to understand, he had not a penny of money; and, spurring his Dapple, he broke through them; and, as he passed by, one of them, who had viewed him with much attention, caught hold of him, and, throwing his arms about his waist, with a loud voice, and in very good Castilian, said: "God be my aid! what is it I see? Is it possible I have in my arms my dear friend and good neighbour Sancho Panza? Yes, certainly I have; for I am neither asleep, nor drunk." Sancho was surprised to hear himself called by his name, and to find himself embraced by the stranger pilgrim; and, though he viewed him earnestly a good while, without speaking a word, he could not call him to mind; but the pilgrim, perceiving his suspense, said: "How! is it possible, brother Sancho Panza, you do not know your neighbour Ricote, the

Morisco shopkeeper of your town?" Then Sancho observed him more attentively, and began to recollect him, and at last remembered him perfectly; and, without alighting from his beast, he threw his arms about his neck, and said: "Who the devil, Ricote, should know you in this disguise? Tell me, how came you thus Frenchified? And how dare you venture to return to Spain, where, if you are known and caught, it will fare but ill with you?"—"If you do not discover me, Sancho," answered the pilgrim, "I am safe enough; for in this garb nobody can know me. And let us go out of the road to yonder poplar grove, where my comrades have a mind to dine and repose themselves, and you shall eat with them, for they are a very good sort of people; and there I shall have an opportunity to tell you what has befallen me since I departed from our village, in obedience to his Majesty's proclamation, which so rigorously threatened the miserable people of our nation, as you must have heard."

Sancho consented, and Ricote speaking to the rest of the pilgrims, they turned aside toward the poplar grove, which they saw at a distance, far enough out of the high road. They flung down their staves, and, putting off their pilgrim's weeds, remained in their jackets. They were all genteel young fellows, excepting Ricote, who was pretty well advanced in years. They all carried wallets, which, as appeared afterwards, were well provided

with incitatives, and such as provoke to thirst at two leagues distance. They laid themselves along on the ground, and making the grass their table-cloth, they spread their bread, salt, knives, nuts, slices of cheese, and clean bones of gammon of bacon, which, if they would not bear picking, did not forbid being sucked. They produced also a kind of black eatable, called Caviere, made of the roes of fish, a great awakener of thirst. There wanted not olives, though dry, and without any sauce, yet savoury, and well preserved. But, what carried the palm in the field of this banquet, was, six bottles of wine, each producing one out of his wallet. Even honest Ricote, who had transformed himself from a Moor into a German, or Dutchman, pulled out his, which for bigness might vie with the other five. Now they began to eat with the highest relish, and much at their leisure, dwelling upon the taste of every bit they took upon the point of a knife, and very little of each thing; and straight all together lifting up their arms and their bottles into the air, mouth applied to mouth, and their eyes nailed to the Heavens, as if they were taking aim at it, and, in this posture, waving their heads from side to side, in token of the pleasure they received, they continued a good while, transfusing the entrails of the vessels into their own stomachs. Sancho beheld all this, and was nothing grieved thereat; but rather, in compliance with the proverb he

very well knew, When you are at Rome, do as they do at Rome, he demanded of Ricote the bottle, and took his aim, as the others had done, and not with less relish. Four times the bottles bore being tilted; but for the fifth, it was not to be done; for they were now as empty and as dry as a rush, which struck a damp upon the mirth they had hitherto shown. One or other of them, from time to time, would take Sancho by the right hand, and say: "Spaniard and Dutchman, all one, goot companion:" and Sancho would answer: "Goot companion, I vow to gad." And then he burst out into a fit of laughing, which held him an hour, without his remembering at that time any thing of what had befallen him in his government: for cares have commonly but very little jurisdiction over the time, that is spent in eating and drinking. Finally, the making an end of the wine was the beginning of a sound sleep, which seized them all, upon their very board and table-cloth. Only Ricote and Sancho remained awake, having drank less, though eaten more, than the rest. And they two, going aside, sat them down at the foot of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in a sweet sleep; and Ricote, laying aside his Morisco, said what follows in pure Castilian:

"You well know, O Sancho, my neighbour and friend, how the proclamation and edict, which his Majesty commanded to be published

against those of my nation, struck a dread and terror into us all: at least into me it did, in such sort, that methought the rigour of the penalty was already executed upon me and my children, before the time limited for our departure from Spain. I provided therefore, as I thought, like a wise man, who, knowing at such a time the house he lives in will be taken from him, secures another to remove to: I say, I left our town, alone, and without my family, to find out a place, whither I might conveniently carry them, without that hurry the rest went away in. For I well saw, as did all the wisest among us, that those proclamations were not bare threatenings, as some pretended they were, but effectual laws, and such as would be put in execution at the appointed time. And what confirmed me in the belief of this, was, my knowing the mischievous extravagant designs of our people; which were such, that, in my opinion, it was a divine inspiration, that moved his Majesty to put so brave a resolution in practice. Not that we were all culpable; for some of us were steady and true Christians: but these were so few, they could not be compared with those, that were otherwise; and it is not prudent to nourish a serpent in one's bosom, by keeping one's enemies within doors. In short, we were justly punished with the sentence of banishment; a soft and mild one, in the opinion of some, but to us the most terrible, that can be

inflicted. Wherever we are, we weep for Spain; for, in short, here were we born, and this is our native country. We nowhere find the reception our misfortune requires. Even in Barbary, and all other parts of Africa, where we expected to be received, cherished, and made much of, there it is we are most neglected and misused. We knew not our happiness, till we lost it; and so great is the desire almost all of us have of returning to Spain, that most of those (and they are not a few) who can speak the language like myself, forsake their wives and children, and come back again; so violent is the love they bear it. And it is now I know, and find by experience, the truth of that common saying, sweet is the love of one's country.

“ I went away, as I said, from our town: I entered into France; and, though there I met with a good reception, I had a desire to see other countries. I went into Italy, and then into Germany, and there I thought we might live more at liberty, the natives not standing much upon niceties, and every one living as he pleases; for, in most parts of it, there is liberty of conscience. I took a house in a village near Augsburgh, but soon left it, and joined company with these pilgrims, who come in great numbers, every year, into Spain, to visit its holy places, which they look upon as their Indies, and a certain gain, and sure profit. They travel almost the kingdom

over, and there is not a village, but they are sure of getting meat and drink in it, and a real at least in money; and, at the end of their journey, they go off with above a hundred crowns clear, which, being changed into gold, they carry out of the kingdom, either in the hollow of their staves, or in the patches of their weeds, or by some other sleight they are masters of, and get safe into their own country, in spite of all the officers and searchers of the passes and ports, where money is registered. Now my design, Sancho, is, to carry off the treasure I left buried (for, it being without the town, I can do it with the less danger), and to write or go over to my wife and daughter, who, I know, are in Algiers, and contrive how to bring them to some port of France, and from thence carry them into Germany, where we will wait, and see how God will be pleased to dispose of us. For, in short, Sancho, I know for certain, that Ricota, my daughter, and Francisca Ricote, my wife, are catholic Christians, and, though I am not altogether such, yet I am more of the Christian than the Moor; and I constantly pray to God to open the eyes of my understanding, and make me know in what manner I ought to serve him. But what I wonder at, is, that my wife and daughter should rather go into Barbary, than into France, where they might have lived as Christians.”

“ Look you, Ricote,” answered Sancho, “ that perhaps was not at their choice, because John Tiopeyo, your wife’s brother, who carried them away, being a rank Moor, would certainly go where he thought it best to stay : and I can tell you another thing, which is, that I believe it is in vain for you to look for the money you left buried, because we had news that your brother-in-law, and your wife, had abundance of pearls, and a great deal of money in gold, taken from them, as not having been registered.”—“ That may be,” replied Ricote : “ but I am sure, Sancho, they did not touch my hoard ; for I never discovered it to them, as fearing some mischance : and therefore, Sancho, if you will go along with me, and help me to carry it off and conceal it, I may give you two hundred crowns, with which you may relieve your wants ; for you know I am not ignorant they are many.”—“ I would do it,” answered Sancho, “ but that I am not at all covetous : for, had I been so, I quitted an employment this very morning, out of which I could have made the walls of my house of gold, and, before six months had been at an end, have eaten in plate : so that, for this reason, and because I think I should betray my king by favouring his enemies, I will not go with you, though, instead of two hundred crowns, you should lay me down four hundred upon the nail.”—“ And what em-

ployment is it you have quitted, Sancho?" demanded Ricote. "I left being governor of an island," answered Sancho, "and such a one as, in faith, you will scarcely, at three pulls, meet with its fellow."—"And where is this island?" demanded Ricote. "Where!" answered Sancho; "why, two leagues from hence, and it is called the island Barataria."—"Peace, Sancho," said Ricote; "for islands are out at sea: there are no islands on the main land."—"No!" replied Sancho: "I tell you, friend Ricote, that I left it this very morning; and yesterday I was in it, governing at my pleasure, like any Sagittarius: but, for all that, I quitted it, looking upon the office of a governor to be a very dangerous thing."—"And what have you got by the government?" demanded Ricote. "I have got," answered Sancho, "this experience, to know I am fit to govern nothing but a herd of cattle, and that the riches, got in such governments, are got at the expense of one's ease and sleep, yea, and of one's sustenance; for, in islands, governors eat but little, especially if they have physicians to look after their health."—"I understand you not, Sancho," said Ricote; "and all you say seems to me extravagant: for who should give you islands to govern? Are there wanting men in the world abler than you are, to be governors? Hold your peace, Sancho, recall your senses, and consider whether you will go along with me, as

I said, and help me to take up the treasure I left buried ; for, in truth, it may very well be called a treasure ; and I will give you wherewithal to live, as I have already told you.”—“ And I have told you, Ricote,” replied Sancho, “ that I will not : be satisfied, I will not discover you ; and go your way, in God’s name, and let me go mine : for I know, that what is well got may meet with disaster, and what is ill got destroys both it and its master.”

“ I will not urge you farther, Sancho,” added Ricote : “ but, tell me, were you in our town when my wife and daughter, and my brother-in-law, went away ? ”—“ Was I ? Ay,” answered Sancho ; “ and I can tell you, that your daughter went away so beautiful, that all the town went out to see her, and every body said she was the finest creature in the world. She went away weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance, and all that came to see her ; and desired them all to recommend her to God, and to our Lady, his mother : and this so feelingly, that she made me weep, who am no great whimperer : and, in faith, many had a desire to conceal her, and to go and take her away upon the road : but the fear of transgressing the King’s command restrained them. Don Pedro Gregorio, the rich heir you know, showed himself the most affected ; for, they say, he was mightily in love with her ; and, since she went away, he has never been

seen in our town; and we all think he followed to steal her away; but hitherto nothing farther is known.”—“I ever had a jealousy,” answered Ricote, “that this gentleman was smitten with my daughter: but, trusting to the virtue of my Ricota, it gave me no trouble to find he was in love with her: for you must have heard, Sancho, that the Moorish women seldom or never mingle in love with old Christians; and my daughter, who, as I believe, minded religion more than love, little regarded this rich heir’s courtship.”—“God grant it,” replied Sancho; “for it would be very ill for them both: and let me begone, friend Ricote; for I intend to be to-night with my master Don Quixote.”—“God be with you, brother Sancho,” said Ricote; “for my comrades are stirring, and it is time for us also to be on our way.” And then they embraced each other: Sancho mounted his Dapple, and Ricote leaned on his pilgrim’s staff; and so they parted.

CHAP. LV.

OF WHAT BEFELL SANCHO IN THE WAY, AND OTHER
MATTERS, WHICH YOU HAVE ONLY TO SEE.

SANCHO staid so long with Ricote, that he had not time to reach the Duke’s castle that day; though he was arrived within half a league of it,

when the night, somewhat dark and close, overtook him: but, it being summer-time, it gave him no great concern; and so he struck out of the road, purposing to wait for the morning. But his ill luck would have it, that, in seeking a place, where he might best accommodate himself, he and Dapple fell together into a deep and very dark pit, among some ruins of old buildings; and, as he was falling, he recommended himself to God with his whole heart, not expecting to stop, till he came to the depth of the abyss. But it fell out otherwise; for, a little beyond three fathom, Dapple felt ground, and Sancho found himself on his back, without having received any damage or hurt at all. He fell to feeling his body all over, and held his breath, to see if he was sound, or bored through in any part: and finding himself well, whole, and in Catholic health, he thought he could never give sufficient thanks to God for the mercy extended to him; for he verily thought he had been beaten into a thousand pieces. He felt also with his hands about the sides of the pit, to see if it was possible to get out of it without help; but he found them all smooth, and without any hold or footing: at which Sancho was much grieved, and especially when he heard Dapple groan most tenderly and sadly: and no wonder; nor did he lament out of wantonness, being, in truth, not over well situated. "Alas!" said Sancho Panza, "what

unexpected accidents perpetually befall those, who live in this miserable world ! Who could have thought, that he, who yesterday saw himself enthroned a governor of an island, commanding his servants and his vassals, should to-day find himself buried in a pit, without any body to help him, and without servant or vassal to come to his assistance ? Here must I and my ass perish with hunger, unless we die first, he by bruises and contusions, and I by grief and concern. At least, I shall not be so happy as my master Don Quixote de la Mancha was, when he descended and went down into the cave of the enchanted Montesinos, where he met with better entertainment than in his own house, and where, it seems, he found the cloth ready laid, and the bed ready made. There saw he beautiful and pleasant visions ; and here I shall see, I suppose, toads and snakes. Unfortunate that I am ! What are my follies and imaginations come to ? Hence shall my bones be taken up, when it shall please God that I am found, clean, white, and bare, and those of my trusty Dapple with them ; whence, peradventure, it will be conjectured who we were, at least by those, who have been informed that Sancho Panza never parted from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. And I say, miserable we ! that our ill luck would not suffer us to die in our own country, and among our friends, where, though our misfortunes had found no remedy,

there would not be wanting some to grieve for them, and, at our last gasp, to close our eyes. Oh, my companion and my friend! how ill have I repaid thy good services! forgive me, and beg of fortune, in the best manner thou art able, to bring us out of this miserable calamity, in which we are both involved; and I promise to put a crown of laurel upon thy head, that thou mayest look like any poet-laureat, and to double thy allowance." Thus lamented Sancho Panza, and his beast listened to him without answering one word; such was the distress and anguish the poor creature was in.

Finally, having passed all that night in sad lamentations and complainings, the day came on, by the light and splendour of which Sancho soon perceived it was, of all impossibilities, the most impossible to get out of that pit without help. Then he began to lament, and to cry out aloud, to try if any body could hear him: but all his cries were in the desert; for there was not a creature in all those parts within hearing; and then he gave himself over for dead. Dapple lay with his mouth upwards, and Sancho contrived to get him upon his legs, though he could scarce stand: and pulling out of his wallet, which had also shared the fortune of the fall, a piece of bread, he gave it his beast, who did not take it amiss; and Sancho, as if the ass understood him, said to him: "Bread is relief for all kind of grief."

At length he discovered a hole in one side of the pit, wide enough for a man to creep through stooping. Sancho, squatting down, crept through upon all four, and found it was spacious and large within : and he could see about him ; for a ray of the sun, glancing in through what might be called the roof, discovered it all. He saw also, that it enlarged and extended itself into another spacious concavity. Which having observed, he came back to where his ass was, and with a stone began to break away the earth of the hole, and soon made room for his ass to pass easily through, which he did : then, taking him by the halter, he advanced forward along the cavern, to see if he could find a way to get out on the other side. He went on, sometimes darkling, and sometimes without light, but never without fear. “ The Almighty God be my aid,” quoth he to himself ; “ this, which to me is a mishap, to my master Don Quixote had been an adventure : he would, no doubt, have taken these depths and dungeons for flowery gardens and palaces of Galiana³⁰ ; and would have expected to issue out of this obscurity by some pleasant meadow. But, unhappy I, devoid of counsel, and dejected in mind, at every step expect some other pit, deeper than this, to open on a sudden under my feet, and swallow me downright : welcome the ill, that comes alone.” In this manner, and with these thoughts, he fancied he had gone

somewhat more than half a league, when he discovered a glimmering light, like that of the day, breaking in, and opening an entrance into what seemed to him the road to the other world. Here Cid Hamete Benengeli leaves him, and returns to treat of Don Quixote, who, with joy and transport, was waiting for the appointed day of combat with the ravisher of Donna Rodriguez's daughter's honour, resolving to see justice done her, and to take satisfaction for the affront and injury offered her.

It happened, then, that riding out one morning, to exercise and assay himself for the business of the combat he was to be engaged in within a day or two, as he was now reining, now running Rozinante, he chanced to pitch his feet so near a pit, that, had he not drawn the reins in very strongly, he must inevitably have fallen into it. At last he stopped him, and fell not, and, getting a little nearer, without alighting, he viewed the chasm, and, as he was looking at it, he heard a loud voice within, and, listening attentively, he could distinguish and understand, that he, who spoke from below, said: "Ho, above there! is there any Christian that hears me, or any charitable gentleman to take pity of a sinner buried alive, an unfortunate disgoverned governor?" Don Quixote thought he heard Sancho Panza's voice; at which he was surprised and amazed; and, raising his voice as high as he could, he

cried: "Who is below there? Who is it complains?"—"Who should be here, or who should complain," replied the voice, "but the forlorn Sancho Panza, governor, for his sins and for his evil-errantry, of the island of Barataria, and late squire of the famous Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha?" Which Don Quixote hearing, his astonishment was doubled, and his amazement increased; for it came into his imagination, that Sancho Panza was dead, and that his soul was there doing penance; and, being carried away by this thought, he said: "I conjure thee, by all that can conjure thee, as a catholic Christian, to tell me who thou art; and, if thou art a soul in purgatory, let me know what I can do for thee; for, since it is my profession to be aiding and assisting the needy of this world, I shall also be ready to aid and assist the distressed in the other, who cannot help themselves."—"So then," answered the voice, "you, who speak to me, are my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, and by the tone of the voice it can be nobody else for certain."—"Don Quixote I am," replied Don Quixote, "he, who professes to succour and assist the living and the dead in their necessities. Tell me, then, who thou art, for thou amazest me: if you are my squire Sancho Panza, and chance to be dead, since the devils have not got you, but through the mercy of God you are in purgatory, our holy mother the Roman catholic

church has supplications sufficient to deliver you from the pains you are in; and I, for my part, will solicit her in your behalf, as far as my estate will reach: therefore explain, and without more ado tell me, who you are.”—“I vow to God,” said the voice, “and I swear by the birth of whom your Worship pleases, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that I am your squire Sancho Panza, and that I never was dead in all the days of my life, but that, having left my government, for causes and considerations, that require more leisure to relate them, this night I fell into this cavern, where I now am, and Dapple with me, who will not let me lie, by the same token he stands here by me: and would you have any more?” One would think the ass had understood what Sancho said; for at that instant he began to bray, and that so lustily, that the whole cave resounded with it. “A credible witness,” cried Don Quixote: “I know that bray, as well as if I had brought it forth; and I know your voice, my dear Sancho: stay a little, and I will go to the Duke’s castle hard by, and will fetch people to get you out of this pit, into which your sins have certainly cast you.”—“Pray go, for the Lord’s sake,” quoth Sancho, “and return speedily; for I cannot longer endure being buried alive here, and am dying with fear.”

Don Quixote left him, and went to the castle, to tell the Duke and Dutchess what had befallen

Sancho Panza; at which they wondered not a little, though they easily conceived how he might fall, by the corresponding circumstance of the pit, which had been there time out of mind: but they could not imagine how he had left the government without their having advice of his coming. Finally, they sent ropes and pullies, and, by dint of a great many hands, and a great deal of labour, Dapple and Sancho Panza were drawn out of those gloomy shades to the light of the sun. A certain scholar, seeing him, said: "Thus should all bad governors come out of their governments, as this sinner comes out of the depth of this abyss, starved with hunger, wan, and, I suppose, penniless." Sancho, hearing him, said: "It is about eight or ten days, brother murmurer, since I entered upon the government of the island, that was bestowed upon me, in all which time I had not my belly full one hour: I was persecuted by physicians, and had my bones broken by enemies; nor had I leisure to make perquisites, or receive my dues; and this being so, as it really is, methinks I deserved not to be packed off in this manner: but, man proposes, and God disposes; and he knows what is best and fittest for every body; and, as is the reason, such is the season; and, let nobody say, I will not drink of this water; for, where one expects to meet with gammons of bacon, there are no pins to hang them on. God

knows my mind, and that is enough : I say no more, though I could.”—“ Be not angry, Sancho, nor concerned at what you hear,” replied Don Quixote ; “ for then you will never have done : come but you with a safe conscience, and let people say what they will ; for you may as well think to barricado the highway, as to tie up the tongue of slander. If a governor comes rich from his government, they say he has plundered it ; and, if he leaves it poor, that he has been a good-for-nothing fool.”—“ I warrant,” answered Sancho, “ that for this bout, they will rather take me for a fool than a thief.”

In such discourse, and surrounded by a multitude of boys and other people, they arrived at the castle, where the Duke and Dutchess were already in a gallery waiting for Don Quixote, and for Sancho, who would not go up to see the Duke, till he had first taken the necessary care of Dapple in the stable, saying, the poor thing had had but an indifferent night’s lodging : and, that done, up he went to see the Duke and Dutchess, before whom kneeling, he said : “ I, my Lord and Lady, because your Grandeurs would have it so, without any desert of mine, went to govern your island of Barataria, into which naked I entered, and naked I have left it : I neither win nor lose : whether I have governed well or ill, there are witnesses, who may say what they please. I have resolved doubts, and pronounced sentences,

and all the while ready to die with hunger, because Doctor Pedro Rezio, native of Tirteafuera, and physician in ordinary to the island and its governors, would have it so. Enemies attacked us by night, and though they put us in great danger, the people of the island say they were delivered, and got the victory, by the valour of my arm; and, according as they say true, so help them God. In short, in this time I have summed up the cares and burdens that governing brings with it, and find, by my account, that my shoulders cannot bear them, neither are they a proper weight for my ribs, or arrows for my quiver; and therefore, lest the government should forsake me, I resolved to forsake the government; and yesterday morning I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and roofs it had before I went into it. I borrowed nothing of any body, nor set about making a purse; and though I thought to have made some wholesome laws, I made none, fearing they would not be observed, which is all one as if they were not made. I quitted, I say, the island, accompanied by nobody but Dapple: I fell into a pit, and went along under ground, till this morning, by the light of the sun, I discovered a way out, though not so easy a one, but that, if Heaven had not sent my master Don Quixote there, I had staid till the end of the world. So that, my Lord Duke, and Lady Dutchess, behold

here your governor Sancho Panza, who, in ten days only, that he held the government, has gained the experience to know, that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not of an island only, but even of the whole world. This then being the case, kissing your Honour's feet, and imitating the boys at play, who cry, 'Leap you, and then let me leap,' I give a leap out of the government, and again pass over to the service of my master Don Quixote: for, after all, though with him I eat my bread in bodily fear, at least I have my belly full; and, for my part, so that be well filled, all is one to me, whether it be with carrots or partridges."

Here Sancho ended his long speech, Don Quixote fearing all the while he would utter a thousand extravagancies; and, seeing he had ended with so few, he gave thanks to Heaven in his heart. The Duke embraced Sancho, and assured him, that it grieved him to the soul he had left the government so soon; but that he would take care he should have some other employment, in his territories, of less trouble and more profit. The Dutchess also embraced him, and ordered he should be made much of; for he seemed to be sorely bruised, and in wretched plight.

CHAP. LVI.

OF THE PRODIGIOUS AND NEVER SEEN BATTLE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA AND THE LACKEY TOSILOS, IN DEFENCE OF THE DUENNA DONNA RODRIGUEZ'S DAUGHTER.

THE Duke and Dutchess repented not of the jest put upon Sancho Panza, in relation to the government they had given him; especially since their steward came home that very day, and gave them a punctual relation of almost all the words and actions Sancho had said and done during that time. In short, he exaggerated the assault of the island, with Sancho's fright and departure; at which they were not a little pleased.

After this, the history tells us, the appointed day of combat came; and the Duke having over and over again instructed his lackey Tosilos how he should behave towards Don Quixote, so as to overcome him without killing or wounding him, commanded that the iron heads should be taken off their lances; telling Don Quixote, that Christianity, upon which he valued himself, did not allow that this battle should be fought with so much peril and hazard of their lives, and that he should content himself with giving them free field-room in his territories, though in opposition to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits such challenges; and therefore he would not

push the affair to the utmost extremity. Don Quixote replied, that his Excellency might dispose matters relating to this business as he liked best, for he would obey him in every thing. The dreadful day being now come, and the Duke having commanded a spacious scaffold to be erected before the court of the castle for the judges of the field, and the two duennas, mother and daughter, appellants; an infinite number of people, from all the neighbouring towns and villages, flocked to see the novelty of this combat, the like having never been heard of in that country, neither by the living nor the dead.

The first, who entered the field and the pale, was the master of the ceremonies, who examined the ground, and walked it all over, that there might be no foul play, nor any thing covered to occasion stumbling or falling. Then entered the duennas, and took their seats, covered with veils to their eyes and even to their breasts, with tokens of no small concern. Don Quixote presented himself in the lists. A while after appeared on one side of the place, accompanied by many trumpets, and mounted upon a puissant steed, making the earth shake under him, the great lackey Tosilos, his visor down, and quite stiffened with strong and shining armour. The horse seemed to be a Frislander, well spread and flea-bitten, with a quarter of a hundred weight of wool about each fetlock. The valorous com-

batant came well instructed by the Duke his lord how to behave towards the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and cautioned in no wise to hurt him, but to endeavour to shun the first onset, to avoid the danger of his own death, which must be inevitable, should he encounter him full-but. He traversed the lists, and, coming where the duennas were, he set himself to view awhile her, who demanded him for her husband. The marshal of the field called Don Quixote, who had presented himself in the lists, and, together with Tosilos, asked the duennas, whether they consented that Don Quixote de la Mancha should maintain their right. They answered, that they did, and that, whatever he should do in the case, they allowed it for well done, firm, and valid. By this time the Duke and Dutchess were seated in a balcony over the barriers, which were crowded with an infinite number of people, all expecting to behold this dangerous and unheard-of battle. It was articulated between the combatants, that, if Don Quixote should conquer his adversary, the latter should be obliged to marry Donna Rodriguez's daughter; and, if he should be overcome, his adversary should be at his liberty, and free from the promise the women insisted upon, without giving any other satisfaction. The master of the ceremonies divided the sun equally between them, and fixed each in the post he was to stand in. The drums beat; the sound of the trumpets filled

the air; the earth trembled beneath their feet; the hearts of the gazing multitude were in suspense, some fearing, others hoping, the good or ill success of this business. Finally, Don Quixote, recommending himself with all his heart to God our Lord, and to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood waiting when the precise signal for the onset should be given. But our lackey's thoughts were very differently employed; for he thought of nothing but of what I am going to relate.

It seems, while he stood looking at his female enemy, he fancied her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life, and the little blind boy, called up and down the streets Love, would not lose the opportunity offered him of triumphing over a lacqueian³¹ heart, and placing it in the catalogue of his trophies; and so, approaching him fair and softly, without any body's seeing him, he shot the poor lackey in at the left side with an arrow two yards long, and pierced his heart through and through: and he might safely do it; for love is invincible, and goes in and out where he lists, without being accountable to any body for his actions.

I say then, that, when the signal was given for the onset, our lackey stood transported, thinking on her he had now made the mistress of his liberty, and therefore regarded not the trumpet's sound, as did Don Quixote, who had scarcely

heard it, when, bending forward, he ran against his enemy, at Rozinante's best speed; and his trusty squire Sancho, seeing him set forward, cried aloud: "God guide you, cream and flower of Knights-errant; God give you victory, since you have right on your side." And though Tosilos saw Don Quixote making towards him, he stirred not a step from his post, but called as loud as he could to the marshal of the field; who coming up to see what he wanted, Tosilos said: "Sir, is not this combat to decide, whether I shall marry, or not marry, yonder young lady?"—"It is," answered the marshal. "Then," said the lackey, "my conscience will not let me proceed any farther; and I declare, that I yield myself vanquished, and am ready to marry that gentlewoman immediately." The marshal was surprised at what Tosilos said, and, as he was in the secret of the contrivance, he could not tell what answer to make him. Don Quixote, perceiving that his adversary did not come on to meet him, stopped short in the midst of his career. The Duke could not guess the reason, why the combat did not go forward: but the marshal went and told him what Tosilos had said: at which he was surprised and extremely angry. In the mean time, Tosilos went up to the place where Donna Rodriguez was, and said aloud: "I am willing, Madam, to marry your daughter, and would not obtain that by strife and

contention, which I may have by peace, and without danger of death." The valorous Don Quixote, hearing all this, said: "Since it is so, I am absolved from my promise: let them be married in God's name, and, since God has given her, Saint Peter bless her." The Duke was now come down to the court of the castle, and, going up to Tosilos, he said: "Is it true, Knight, that you yield yourself vanquished, and that, instigated by your timorous conscience, you will marry this damsel?"—"Yes, my Lord," answered Tosilos. "He does very well," quoth Sancho Panza at this juncture; "for what you would give to the mouse, give it the cat, and you will have no trouble." Tosilos was all this while unlacing his helmet, and desired them to help him quickly, for his spirits and breath were just failing him, and he could not endure to be so long pent up in the straitness of that lodging. They presently unarmed him, and the face of the lackey was exposed to view. Which Donna Rodriguez and her daughter seeing, they cried aloud: "A cheat, a cheat! Tosilos, my Lord Duke's lackey, is put upon us instead of our true spouse; justice from God and the king against so much deceit, not to say villany."—"Afflict not yourselves, ladies," said Don Quixote; "for this is neither deceit nor villany, and, if it be, the Duke is not to blame, but the wicked enchanters, who persecute me, and who, envying

me the glory of this conquest, have transformed the countenance of your husband into that of this person, who, you say, is a lackey of the Duke's. Take my advice, and, in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry him; for without doubt he is the very man you desire to take for your husband." The Duke, hearing this, was ready to vent his anger in laughter, and said: "The things, which befall Signor Don Quixote, are so extraordinary, that I am inclined to believe this is not my lackey: but let us make use of this stratagem and device; let us postpone the wedding for fifteen days, if you please, and, in the mean time, keep this person, who holds us in doubt, in safe custody: perhaps, during that time, he may return to his pristine figure; for the grudge the enchanters bear to Signor Don Quixote cannot surely last so long, and especially since these tricks and transformations avail them so little."—"O Sir," quoth Sancho, "those wicked wretches make it their practice and custom to change things relating to my master from one shape to another. A Knight, whom he vanquished a few days ago, called the Knight of the Looking-glasses, was changed by them into the shape and figure of the Bachelor Sampson Carasco, a native of our town, and a great friend of ours; and they have turned my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a downright country wench: therefore I imagine this lackey will live and die a

lackey all the days of his life." To which Rodriguez's daughter said: "Let him be who he will, that demands me to wife, I take it kindly of him; for I had rather be a lawful wife to a lackey, than a cast mistress, and tricked by a gentleman, though he who abused me is not one." In short, all these accidents and events ended in Tosilos's confinement, till it should appear what his transformation would come to. The victory was adjudged to Don Quixote by a general acclamation: but the greater part of the spectators were out of humour to find, that the so much expected combatants had not hacked one another to pieces; just as boys are sorry, when the criminal they expected to see hanged is pardoned, either by the prosecutor or the court.

The crowd dispersed: the Duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle: Tosilos was confined: and Donna Rodriguez and her daughter were extremely well pleased to see, that, one way or other, this business was like to end in matrimony, and Tosilos hoped no less.

CHAP. LVII.

WHICH RELATES HOW DON QUIXOTE TOOK HIS LEAVE OF THE DUKE, AND OF WHAT BEFELL HIM WITH THE WITTY AND WANTON ALTISIDORA, ONE OF THE DUTCHESS'S WAITING-WOMEN.

DON Quixote now thought it high time to quit so idle a life as that he had led in the castle, thinking he committed a great fault in suffering his person to be thus confined, and in living lazily amidst the infinite pleasures and entertainments the Duke and Dutchess provided for him as a Knight-errant; and he was of opinion he must give a strict account to God for this inactivity. And therefore he one day asked leave of those princes, that he might depart, which they granted him, with tokens of being mightily troubled that he would leave them. The Dutchess gave Sancho Panza his wife's letters, which he wept over, and said: "Who could have thought, that hopes so great, as those conceived in the breast of my wife Teresa Panza at the news of my government, should end in my returning to the toilsome adventures of my master Don Quixote de la Mancha? Nevertheless I am pleased to find, that my Teresa has behaved like herself, in sending the acorns to the Dutchess; for, had she not sent them, I had been sorry, and she had showed herself ungrateful. But my comfort is,

that this present cannot be called a bribe; for I was already in possession of the government when she sent them: and it is very fitting, that those, who receive a benefit, should show themselves grateful, though it be with a trifle. In short, naked I went into the government, and naked am I come out of it; and so I can say with a safe conscience (which is no small matter), naked I was born, naked I am; I neither win nor lose." This Sancho spoke in soliloquy on the day of their departure; and Don Quixote, sallying forth one morning, having taken leave of the Duke and Dutchess the night before, presented himself completely armed in the court of the castle. All the folks of the castle beheld him from the galleries: the Duke and Dutchess also came out to see him. Sancho was upon his Dapple, his wallets well furnished, and himself highly pleased; for the Duke's steward, who had played the part of the Trifaldi, had given him a little purse with two hundred crowns in gold, to supply the occasions of the journey; and this Don Quixote, as yet, knew nothing of. Whilst all the folks were thus gazing at him, as has been said, among the other duennas and damsels of the Dutchess who were beholding him, on a sudden the witty and wanton Altisidora raised her voice, and in a piteous tone, said:

Oh turn, Sir Knight! oh turn and hear,
Thou most unworthy cavalier!

Oh check the rein, and stay the speed
 Of that thy wretched bare-ribb'd steed ;
 For, lo ! thou fly'st no venom'd snake,
 Infuriate darting from the brake,
 But one more mild than mountain lamb,
 Lamenting for its distant dam.

Thou fly'st a nymph more beauteous far
 Than those, that in the mountains are
 Attendant on the huntress queen,
 Or 'mid the groves with Venus seen.

O Knight, than Eneas more false and perfidious,
 More fierce than Bireno, than Barabbas hideous.

Thou bearest, impious theft ! away,
 To thy seductive wiles a prey,
 A tender virgin's heart, within
 Thy skel'ton frame of bones and skin.
 Three nightcaps hast thou stolen too ;
 A pair of garters, heav'nly blue ;
 Garters, which circled legs more bright
 Than Parian marble, and as white !
 And sighs two thousand hast thou taken,
 Sighs hot enough to scorch the bacon
 Of twice two thousand Trojans sound,
 If twice two thousand could be found.

O Knight, than Eneas more false and perfidious,
 More fierce than Bireno, than Barabbas hideous.

Oh may the bullskin's scourge be plied
 In vain on Sancho's scurvy hide !
 Oh may he dance and roar with pain,
 To disenchant thy nymph in vain !
 Thus she my fell revenge shall share,
 She of thy crimes the forfeit bear ;

And Justice shall condemn the one
 For t'other, as is often done.
 Thy dread adventures and bold carriage,
 May ignorance and scorn disparage ;
 And Quixote's lofty name hereafter,
 Be never mention'd but with laughter.

O Knight, than Eneas more false and perfidious,
 More fierce than Bireno, than Barabbas hideous.

Be thou esteem'd a very devil,
 Even from Manchena to Seville,
 By Loga-men and by Granaders,
 By English and by London traders.
 Ill luck attend thee at piquet,
 At ombre, chess, and lansquenet ;
 Ne'er on thy dice six-ace await,
 And all thy moves be but checkmate.
 Thy corns may bungling artists cut,
 Who mangle, but not cure the foot.
 May dentists, when thy teeth they draw,
 Leave rotten stumps within thy jaw.

O Knight, than Eneas more false and perfidious,
 More fierce than Bireno, than Barabbas hideous.

While the afflicted Altisidora was complaining in the manner you have heard, Don Quixote stood beholding her, and, without answering her a word, and then turning his face to Sancho, he said: "By the age of your ancestors, my dear Sancho, I conjure you to tell me the truth: have you taken away the three nightcaps and the garters this enamoured damsel mentions?" To

which Sancho answered: "The three nightcaps I have: but, as to the garters, I know no more of them than the man in the moon." The Dutchess was surprised at the liberty Altisidora took; for though she knew her to be bold, witty, and free, yet not to that degree as to venture upon such freedoms: and, as she knew nothing of this jest, her surprise increased. The Duke resolved to carry on the humour, and said: "I think it does not look well, Sir Knight, that, having received so civil an entertainment in this castle of mine, you should dare to carry off three nightcaps at least, if not my damsel's garters besides: these are indications of a naughty heart, and ill become your character. Return her the garters: if not, I defy you to mortal combat, without being afraid that your knavish enchanters should change or alter my face, as they have done that of Tosilos my lackey, your intended adversary."—"God forbid," answered Don Quixote, "that I should draw my sword against your illustrious person, from whom I have received so many favours. The nightcaps shall be restored; for Sancho says he has them: but for the garters, it is impossible; for I have them not, nor he either; and if this damsel of yours will search her hiding-places, I warrant she will find them. I, my Lord Duke, never was a thief, and think, if Heaven forsakes me not, I never shall be one as long as I live. This damsel talks (as she

owns) like one in love, which is no fault of mine; and therefore I have no reason to ask hers, or your Excellency's pardon, whom I beseech to have a better opinion of me, and, once again, to give me leave to depart."—"Pray God, Signor Quixote," said the Dutchess, "send you so good a journey, that we may continually hear good news of your exploits: and God be with you; for the longer you stay, the more you increase the fire in the breasts of the damsels that behold you; and, as for mine, I will take her to task so severely, that henceforward she shall not dare to transgress with her eyes, or her words."—"Do but hear one word more, O valorous Don Quixote, and I am silent," cried Altisidora; "which is, that I beg your pardon for saying you had stolen my garters; for, on my conscience and soul, I have them on: but I was absent in thought, like the man, who looked for his ass, while he was upon his back."—"Did I not tell you," quoth Sancho, "I am a rare one at concealing thefts? Had I been that way given, I had many a fair opportunity for it in my government." Don Quixote bowed his head, and made his obeisance to the Duke and Dutchess, and to all the spectators, and, turning Rozinante's head, Sancho following upon Dapple, he sallied out at the castle-gate, taking the road to Saragossa.

CHAP. LVIII.

SHOWING HOW ADVENTURES CROWDED SO FAST UPON DON QUIXOTE, THAT THEY TROD UPON ONE ANOTHER'S HEELS.

DON Quixote, seeing himself in the open field, free, and delivered from the courtship of Altisidora, thought himself in his proper element, and that his spirits were reviving in him to prosecute afresh his scheme of Knight-errantry; and, turning to Sancho, he said: "Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most valuable gifts Heaven has bestowed upon men: the treasures, which the earth encloses, or the sea covers, are not to be compared with it. Life may, and ought to be risked for liberty, as well as for honour: and, on the contrary, slavery is the greatest evil, that can befall us. I tell you this, Sancho, because you have observed the civil treatment and plenty we enjoyed in the castle we have left. In the midst of those seasoned banquets, those icy draughts, I fancied myself starving, because I did not enjoy them with the same freedom I should have done had they been my own. For the obligations of returning benefits and favours received are ties that obstruct the free agency of the mind. Happy the man to whom Heaven has given a morsel of bread, without laying him under the obligation of thanking any other for it than Heaven itself."

—“ Notwithstanding all your Worship has said,” quoth Sancho, “ it is fit there should be some small acknowledgment on our part for the two hundred crowns in gold, which the Duke’s steward gave me in a little purse; which, as a cordial and comfortative, I carry next my heart, against whatever may happen, for we shall not always find castles where we shall be made much of: now and then we must expect to meet with inns, where we may be soundly thrashed.”

In these, and other discourses, our errants, Knight and squire, went jogging on, when, having travelled a little above a league, they espied a dozen men, clad like peasants, sitting at dinner upon the grass, and their cloaks spread under them, in a little green meadow. Close by them were certain white sheets, as it seemed, under which something lay concealed. They were raised above the ground, and stretched out at some little distance from each other. Don Quixote approached the eaters, and, first courteously saluting them, asked them what they had under those sheets? One of them answered: “ Sir, under that linen are certain wooden images, designed to be placed upon an altar we are erecting in our village. We carry them covered, that they may not be sullied, and upon our shoulders, that they may not be broken.”— “ If you please,” answered Don Quixote, “ I should be glad to see them; for images, that are

carried with so much precaution, must doubtless be good ones.”—“Ay, and very good ones too,” said another, “as their price will testify; for, in truth, there is not one of them, but stands us in above fifty ducats. And, to convince your Worship of this truth, stay but a little while, and you shall see it with your own eyes.” And rising up from eating, he went and took off the covering from the first figure, which appeared to be a St. George on horseback, with a serpent coiled up at his feet, and his lance run through its mouth, with all the fierceness it is usually painted with. The whole image seemed to be, as we say, one blaze of gold. Don Quixote seeing it, said: “This Knight was one of the best errants the divine warfare ever had. He was called Don St. George, and was besides a defender of damsels: let us see this other.” The man uncovered it, and it appeared to be that of St. Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with the poor man. And scarcely had Don Quixote seen it, when he said: “This Knight also was one of the Christian adventurers; and I take it he was more liberal than valiant, as you may perceive, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with the beggar, and giving him half of it: and doubtless it must have been then winter; otherwise he would have given it him all, so great was his charity.”—“That was not the reason,” quoth Sancho; “but he had a mind to keep to the proverb, which says: *What to give,*

and what to keep, requires an understanding deep." Don Quixote smiled, and desired another sheet might be taken off, underneath which was discovered the image of the patron of Spain on horseback, his sword all bloody, trampling on Moors, and treading upon heads. And, at sight of it, Don Quixote said: "Ay, marry, this is a Knight indeed, one of Christ's own squadron. He is called Don St. Diego, the Moor-killer, one of the most valiant saints and Knights the world had formerly, or Heaven has now." Then they removed another sheet, which covered St. Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances, that are usually drawn in the picture of his conversion. When Don Quixote saw it represented in so lively a manner, that one would almost say Christ was speaking to him, and St. Paul answering, he said: "This was the greatest enemy the church of God our Lord had in his time, and the greatest defender it will ever have; a Knight-errant in his life, and a stedfast saint in his death; an unwearied labourer in the Lord's vineyard; a teacher of the gentiles; whose school was Heaven, and whose professor and master Jesus Christ himself." There were no more images, and so Don Quixote bid them cover them up again, and said: "I take it for a good omen, brethren, to have seen what I have seen: for these saints and Knights professed what I profess, which is, the exercise of arms: the only

difference between them and me is, that they were saints, and fought after a heavenly manner, and I am a sinner, and fight after an earthly manner. They conquered Heaven by force of arms (for Heaven suffers violence), and I hitherto cannot tell what I conquer by force of my sufferings. But, could my Dulcinea del Toboso get out of hers, my condition being bettered, and my understanding directed aright, I might perhaps take a better course than I do."—"God hear him," quoth Sancho straight, "and let sin be deaf." The men wondered, as well at the figure, as at the words of Don Quixote, without understanding half what he meant by them. They finished their repast, packed up their images, and, taking their leave of Don Quixote, pursued their journey.

Sancho remained as much in admiration at his master's knowledge, as if he had never known him before, thinking there was not an history, nor event, in the world, which he had not at his fingers' ends, and fastened down to his memory, and he said: "Truly, master of mine, if this, that has happened to us to-day, may be called an adventure, it has been one of the softest and sweetest, that has befallen us in the whole course of our peregrinations: we are got clear of it without blows, or any heart-beating; we have neither laid our hands to our swords, nor beaten the earth with our bodies, nor are we starved with hunger. Blessed be God for letting

me see this with my own eyes!"—"You say well, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "but you must consider, that all times are not alike, nor do they take the same course: and what the vulgar commonly call omens, though not founded upon any natural reason, a discreet man will yet look upon as lucky encounters. One of these superstitious rises and goes abroad early in the morning, and meeting with a frier of the order of the blessed St. Francis, turns his back, as if he had met a griffin, and goes home again. Another, a Mendoza, spills the salt upon the table, and presently melancholy overspreads his heart, as if nature was bound to show signs of ensuing mischances, by such trivial accidents as the afore-mentioned. The wise man and good Christian ought not to pry too curiously into the counsels of Heaven. Scipio, arriving in Africa, stumbled at jumping ashore: his soldiers took it for an ill omen; but he, embracing the ground, said: 'Africa, thou canst not escape me, for I have thee fast between my arms.' So that, Sancho, the meeting with these images has been a most happy encounter to me."—"I verily believe it," answered Sancho, "and I should be glad your Worship would inform me, why the Spaniards, when they join battle, invoke that saint Diego the Moor-killer, and cry, *Saint Jago, and Close Spain*. Is Spain, peradventure, so open, as to want closing? Or what ceremony is this?"—

“ You are a very child, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote ; “ for take notice, God gave this great Knight of the red cross to Spain for its patron and protector, especially in those rigorous conflicts the Spaniards have had with the Moors ; and therefore they pray to, and invoke him as their defender, in all the battles they fight ; and they have frequently seen him, visibly overthrowing, trampling down, destroying, and slaughtering the Hagarene squadrons³² ; and of this I could produce many examples recorded in the true Spanish histories.”

Sancho changed the discourse, and said to his master : “ I am amazed, Sir, at the assurance of Altisidora, the Dutchess’s waiting-woman. He they call Love must surely have wounded her sorely, and pierced her through and through. They say, he is a boy, who, though blear-eyed, or, to say better, without sight, if he takes aim at any heart, how small soever, he hits and pierces it through and through with his arrows. I have also heard say, that the darts of Love are blunted and rendered pointless by the modesty and reserve of maidens : but, in this same Altisidora, methinks, they are rather whetted than blunted.” — “ Look you, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “ Love regards no respects, nor observes any rules of reason in his proceedings, and is of the same nature with Death, which assaults the stately palaces of kings, as well as the lowly

cottages of shepherds ; and, when he takes entire possession of a soul, the first thing he does, is, to divest it of fear and shame ; and thus Altisidora, being without both, made an open declaration of her desires, which produced rather confusion, than compassion, in my breast.”—“ Notorious cruelty !” quoth Sancho ; “ unheard-of ingratitude ! I dare say for myself, that the least amorous hint of hers would have subdued me, and made me her vassal. O whoreson ! what a heart of marble, what bowels of brass, and what a soul of plaster of Paris ! But I cannot conceive what it is this damsel saw in your Worship, that subdued and captivated her to that degree. What finery, what gallantry, what gaiety, what face ; which of these, jointly or severally, made her fall in love with you ? for, in truth, in truth, I have often surveyed your Worship, from the tip of your toe to the top of your head, and I see in you more things to cause affright than love. And, having also heard say, that beauty is the first and principal thing that enamours, your Worship having none at all, I wonder what the poor thing was in love with.”—“ Look you, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “ there are two sorts of beauty, the one of the mind, the other of the body. That of the mind, shines and discovers itself in the understanding, in modesty, good behaviour, liberality, and good breeding : and all these qualities may subsist and

be found in an ill-favoured man; and when the aim is at this beauty, and not at that of the body, it produces love with impetuosity and advantage. I know very well, Sancho, that I am not handsome; but I know also, that I am not deformed; and an honest man, who is not a monster, may be beloved, provided he has the qualities of the mind I have mentioned."

Amidst these discourses they entered into a wood, not far out of the road; and on a sudden Don Quixote found himself entangled in some nets of green thread, which hung from one tree to another; and, not being able to imagine what it might be, he said to Sancho: "The business of these nets, Sancho, must, I think, be one of the newest adventures imaginable: let me die, if the enchanters, who persecute me, have not a mind to entangle me in them, and stop my journey, by way of revenge for the rigorous treatment Altisidora received from me. But I would have them to know, that, though these nets, as they are made of thread, were made of the hardest diamonds, or stronger than that, in which the jealous god of blacksmiths entangled Venus and Mars, I would break them as easily, as if they were made of bulrushes or yarn." And, as he was going to pass forward, and break through all, unexpectedly, from among some trees, two most beautiful shepherdesses presented themselves before him; at least they were clad like shepher-

desses, excepting that their waistcoats and petticoats were of fine brocade. Their habits were of rich gold tabby; their hair, which for brightness might come in competition with the rays of the sun, hanging loose about their shoulders, and their heads crowned with garlands of green laurel and red flower-gentles interwoven. Their age seemed to be, not under fifteen, nor above eighteen. This was a sight, which amazed Sancho, surprised Don Quixote, made the sun stop in his career to behold them, and held them all in marvellous silence. At length one of the shepherdesses spoke, and said to Don Quixote: "Stop, Signor cavalier, and break not the nets, placed here, not for your hurt, but our diversion; and because I know you will ask us, why they are spread, and who we are, I will tell you in a few words. In a town about two leagues off, where there are several people of quality, and a great many gentlemen, and those rich, it was agreed among several friends and relations, that their sons, wives, and daughters, neighbours, friends, and relations, should all come to make merry in this place, which is one of the pleasantest in these parts, forming among ourselves a new pastoral Arcadia, and dressing ourselves, the maidens like shepherdesses, and the young men like shepherds. We have got by heart two eclogues, one of the famous poet Garcilasso, and the other of the most excellent Camoëns, in his own Portu-



Shelley inv.

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Don Quixote breaking the Nets.

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guese tongue, which we have not yet acted. Yesterday was the first day of our coming hither: we have some field-tents pitched among the trees, on the margin of a copious stream, which spreads fertility over all these meadows. Last night we hung our nets upon these trees, to deceive the simple little birds, which should come at the noise we make, and be caught in them. If, Sir, you please to be our guest, you shall be entertained generously and courteously; for into this place neither sorrow nor melancholy enter."

She held her peace, and said no more. To which Don Quixote answered: "Assuredly, fairest Lady, Actæon was not in greater surprise and amazement, when unawares he saw Diana bathing herself in the water, than I have been in at beholding your beauty. I applaud the scheme of your diversions, and thank you for your kind offers; and, if I can do you any service, you may lay your commands upon me, in full assurance of being obeyed; for my profession is no other than to show myself grateful, and a benefactor to all sorts of people, especially to those of the rank your presence denotes you to be of: and should these nets, which probably take up but a small space, occupy the whole globe of the earth, I would seek out new worlds, to pass through, rather than hazard the breaking them. And, that you may afford some

credit to this exaggeration of mine, behold, he, who makes you this promise; is no less than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if perchance this name has ever reached your ears.”—“ Ah! friend of my soul!” cried the other young shepherdess then, “ what good fortune is this, that has befallen us? See you this gentleman here before us? I assure you, he is the most valiant, the most enamoured, the most complaisant Knight in the world, unless a history, which goes about of him in print, and which I have read, lies, and deceive us. I will lay a wager, this honest man, who comes with him, is that very Sancho Panza, his squire, whose pleasantries none can equal.”—“ That is true,” quoth Sancho; “ I am that same jocular person, and that squire you say; and this gentleman is my master, the very Don Quixote de la Mancha aforesaid, and historified.”—“ Ah!” cried the other, “ my dear, let us entreat him to stay; for our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleased to have him here; for I have heard the same things of his valour and wit, that you tell me: and particularly they say, he is the most constant and most faithful lover in the world; and that his mistress is one Dulcinea del Toboso, who bears away the palm from all the beauties in Spain.”—“ And with good reason,” said Don Quixote, “ unless your matchless beauty brings it into question. But weary not yourselves, La-

dies, in endeavouring to detain me ; for the precise obligations of my profession will suffer me to rest no where."

By this time there came up to where the four stood, a brother of one of the young shepherdesses ; he was also in a shepherd's dress, answerable in richness and gallantry to theirs. They told him, that the person he saw was the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the other Sancho, his squire, of whom he had some knowledge by having read their history. The gallant shepherd saluted him, and desired him to come with him to the tents. Don Quixote could not refuse, and therefore went with him. Then the nets were drawn, and filled with variety of little birds, who, deceived by the colour of the nets, fell into the very danger they endeavoured to fly from. Above thirty persons, genteelly dressed in pastoral habits, were assembled together in that place, and presently were made acquainted who Don Quixote and his squire were : which was no small satisfaction to them, being already no strangers to his history. They hastened to the tents, where they found the table spread, rich, plentiful, and neat. They honoured Don Quixote with placing him at the upper end. They all gazed at him, and admired at the sight. Finally, the cloth being taken away, Don Quixote, with great gravity, raised his voice, and said :

“Of all the grievous sins men commit, though some say, pride, I say, ingratitude is the worst, adhering to the common opinion, that hell is full of the ungrateful. This sin I have endeavoured to avoid, as much as possibly I could, ever since I came to the use of reason; and, if I cannot repay the good offices done me with the like, I place in their stead the desire of doing them; and, when this is not enough, I publish them; for he, who tells and publishes the good deeds done him, would return them in kind if he could: for generally the receivers are inferior to the givers, and God is therefore above all, because he is bountiful above all. But though the gifts of men are infinitely disproportionate to those of God, gratitude in some measure supplies their narrowness and defect. I then, being grateful for the civility offered me here, but restrained by the narrow limits of my ability from making a suitable return, offer what I can, and what is in my power; and therefore, I say, I will maintain, for two whole days, in the middle of this the king’s highway, which leads to Saragossa, that these Lady Shepherdesses in disguise are the most beautiful and most courteous damsels in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my thoughts; without offence to any, that hear me be it spoken.”

Sancho, who had been listening to him with

great attention, hearing this, said with a loud voice : “ Is it possible there should be any persons in the world, who presume to say, and swear, that this master of mine is a madman ? Speak, Gentlemen Shepherds ; is there a country vicar, though ever so discreet, or ever so good a scholar, who can say all that my master has said ? Is there a Knight-errant, though ever so renowned for valour, who can offer what my master has now offered ? ” Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and, with a wrathful countenance, said : “ Is it possible, O Sancho, there is any body upon the globe, who will say you are not an idiot, lined with the same, and edged with I know not what of mischievous and knavish ? Who gave you authority to meddle with what belongs to me, and to call in question my folly or discretion ? Hold your peace, and make no reply ; but go and saddle Rozinante, if he be unsaddled, and let us go and put my offer in execution ; for, considering how much I am in the right, you may conclude all those, who shall contradict me, already conquered.” Then, with great fury, and tokens of indignation, he rose from his seat, leaving the company in admiration, and in doubt, whether they should reckon him a madman or a man of sense. In short, they would have persuaded him not to put himself upon such a trial, since they were satisfied of his grateful nature, and wanted no other proofs of his valour, than

those, related in the history of his exploits. But for all that Don Quixote persisted in his design, and, being mounted upon Rozinante, bracing his shield, and taking his lance, he planted himself in the middle of the highway, which was not far from the verdant meadow. Sancho followed upon his Dapple, with all the pastoral company, being desirous to see what would be the event of this arrogant and unheard-of challenge.

Don Quixote, being posted, as I have said, in the middle of the road, wounded the air with such words as these : “ O ye passengers, travellers, knights, squires, people on foot or on horseback, who now pass this way, or are to pass in these two days following, know, that Don Quixote de la Mancha, Knight-errant, is posted here, ready to maintain, that the nymphs, who inhabit these meadows and groves, exceed all the world in beauty and courtesy, excepting only the mistress of my soul, Dulcinea del Toboso : and let him, who is of a contrary opinion, come ; for here I stand, ready to receive him.” Twice he repeated the same words, and twice they were not heard by any adventurer. But fortune, which was disposing his affairs from good to better, so ordered it, that soon after they discovered a great many men on horseback, and several of them with lances in their hands, all trooping in a cluster, and in great haste. Scarcely had they, who were with Don Quixote, seen them, when they turned

their backs, and got far enough out of the way, fearing, if they staid, they might be exposed to some danger. Don Quixote alone, with an intrepid heart, stood firm, and Sancho Panza screened himself with Rozinante's buttocks. The troop of lance-men came up, and one of the foremost began to cry aloud to Don Quixote : " Get out of the way, devil of a man, lest these bulls trample you to pieces."—" Rascals," replied Don Quixote, " I value not your bulls, though they were the fiercest, that Xarama ³³ ever bred upon its banks : confess, ye scoundrels, unsight unseen, that what I have here proclaimed is true ; if not, I challenge ye to battle." The herdsmen had no time to answer, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way, if he would : and so the whole herd of fierce bulls and tame kine, with the multitude of herdsmen, and others, who were driving them to a certain town, where they were to be baited in a day or two, ran over Don Quixote, and over Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, leaving them all sprawling and rolling on the ground. Sancho remained bruised, Don Quixote astonished, Dapple battered, and Rozinante not perfectly sound. But at length they all got up, and Don Quixote, in a great hurry, stumbling here and falling there, began to run after the herd, crying aloud : " Hold, stop, ye scoundrels ; for a single Knight defies ye all, who is not of the disposition or opinion of those, who say, ' Make a bridge of

silver for a flying enemy.'” But the hasty runners stopped not the more for this, and made no more account of his menaces than of last year’s clouds. Weariness stopped Don Quixote, and, more enraged than revenged, he sat down in the road, expecting the coming up of Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple. They came up; master and man mounted again, and, without turning back to take their leaves of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia, and with more shame than satisfaction, pursued their journey.



CHAP. LIX.

WHEREIN IS RELATED AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT,
WHICH BEFELL DON QUIXOTE, AND WHICH MAY
PASS FOR AN ADVENTURE.

THE dust and weariness, Don Quixote and Sancho underwent through the rude encounter of the bulls, were relieved by a clear and limpid fountain they met with in a cool grove; on the brink of which, leaving Dapple and Rozinante free without halter or bridle, the way-beaten couple, master and man, sat them down. Sancho had recourse to the cupboard of his wallet, and drew out what he was wont to call his sauce. He rinsed his mouth, and Don Quixote washed his face: with which refreshment they recovered their

fainting spirits. Don Quixote would eat nothing out of pure chagrin, nor durst Sancho touch the victuals out of pure good manners, expecting his master should first be his taster. But seeing him so carried away by his imaginations, as to forget to put a bit in his mouth, he said nothing, but breaking through all kind of ceremony, began to stuff his hungry maw with the bread and cheese before him. "Eat, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and support life, which is of more importance to you than to me, and leave me to die by the hands of my reflections, and by the force of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and you to die eating: and, to show you that I speak the truth, consider me printed in histories, renowned in arms, courteous in my actions, respected by princes, courted by damsels; and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs, and crowns, earned and merited by my valorous exploits, this morning have I seen myself trod upon, kicked, and bruised under the feet of filthy and impure beasts. This reflection sets my teeth on edge, stupifies my grinders, benumbs my hands, and quite takes away my appetite; so that I intend to suffer myself to die with hunger, the cruellest of all deaths."—"At this rate," quoth Sancho (chewing all the while apace), "your Worship will not approve of the proverb, which says: *let Martha die, but die with her belly full*. At least, I do not intend to kill myself,

but rather to imitate the shoemaker, who pulls the leather with his teeth till he stretches it to what he would have it. I will stretch my life by eating, till it reaches the end Heaven has allotted it; and let me tell you, Sir, there is no greater madness, than to despair as you do: believe me, and, after you have eaten, try to sleep a little upon the green matress of this grass, and you will see, when you awake, you will find yourself much eased." Don Quixote complied, thinking Sancho reasoned more like a philosopher than a fool; and he said: "If, O Sancho, you would now do for me, what I am going to tell you, my comforts would be more certain, and my sorrows not so great: and it is this, that while I, in pursuance of your advice, am sleeping, you will step a little aside from hence, and with the reins of Rozinante's bridle, turning up your flesh to the sky, give yourself three or four hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd, you are bound to give yourself for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for it is a great pity the poor Lady should continue under enchantment through your carelessness and neglect."—"There is a great deal to be said as to that," quoth Sancho: "for the present, let us both sleep, and afterwards God knows what may happen. Pray, consider, Sir, that this same whipping one's self in cold blood is a cruel thing, and more so, when the lashes light upon a body ill sustained and worse fed.

Let my Lady Dulcinea have patience; for, when she least thinks of it, she shall see me pinked like a sieve by dint of stripes; and, until death all is life: I mean, I am still alive, together with the desire of fulfilling my promise." Don Quixote thanked him, ate a little, and Sancho much; and both of them addressed themselves to sleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, those inseparable companions and friends, at their own discretion, and without any control, to feed upon the plenty of grass, with which that meadow abounded.

They awoke somewhat of the latest; they mounted again, and pursued their journey, hastening to reach an inn, which seemed to be about a league off; I say an inn, because Don Quixote called it so, contrary to his custom of calling all inns castles. They arrived at it, and demanded of the host, if he had any lodging? He answered, he had, with all the conveniences and entertainment that was to be found even in Saragossa. They alighted, and Sancho secured his travelling cupboard in a chamber, of which the landlord gave him the key. He took the beasts to the stable, gave them their allowance, and went to see what commands Don Quixote, who was sat down upon a stone bench, had for him, giving particular thanks to Heaven, that this inn had not been taken by his master for a castle. Supper-time came: they betook them to their chamber. Sancho asked the host, what he had to

give them for supper. The host answered, his mouth should be measured, and he might call for whatever he pleased; for the inn was provided, as far as birds of the air, fowls of the earth, and fishes of the sea could go. "There is no need of quite so much," answered Sancho: "roast us but a couple of chickens, and we shall have enough; for my master is of a nice stomach, and I am no glutton." The host replied, he had no chickens, for the kites had devoured them. "Then order a pullet, Signor host," quoth Sancho, "to be roasted; but see that it be tender."—"A pullet? My father!" answered the host: "truly, truly, I sent above fifty yesterday to the city to be sold; but, excepting pullets, ask for whatever you will."—"If it be so," quoth Sancho, "veal or kid cannot be wanting."—"There is none in the house at present," answered the host; "for it is all made an end of: but next week there will be enough, and to spare."—"We are much the nearer for that," answered Sancho: "I will lay a wager, all these deficiencies will be made up with a superabundance of bacon and eggs."—"Before God," answered the host, "my guest has an admirable guess with him: I told him I had neither pullets nor hens, and he would have me have eggs: talk of other delicacies, but ask no more for hens."—"Body of me! let us come to something," quoth Sancho: "tell me, in short, what you have, and

lay aside your flourishings, master host.”—
“Then,” said the innkeeper, “what I really and truly have, is, a pair of cow-heels, that look like calves-feet, or a pair of calves-feet, that look like cow-heel: they are stewed with pease, onions, and bacon, and at this very minute are crying, ‘Come eat me, come eat me’.”—“I mark them for my own, from this moment,” quoth Sancho, “and let nobody touch them; for I will pay more for them than another shall, because I could wish for nothing, that I like better; and I care not a fig what heels they are, so they are not hoofs.”—“Nobody shall touch them,” said the host; “for some other guests in the house, out of pure gentility, bring their own cook, their caterer, and their provisions with them.”—“If gentility be the business,” quoth Sancho, “nobody is more a gentleman than my master: but the calling he is of allows of no catering nor butlering: alas! we clap us down in the midst of a green field, and fill our bellies with acorns, or medlars.” This discourse Sancho held with the innkeeper, because he did not care to answer him any farther; for he had already asked him of what calling or employment his master was.

Supper-time being come, Don Quixote withdrew to his chamber: the host brought the flesh-pot just as it was, and fairly sat himself down to supper. It seems in the room next to that, where Don Quixote was, and divided only by a partition

of lath, Don Quixote heard somebody say; "By your life, Signor Don Jeronimo, while supper is getting ready, let us read another chapter of the second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha." Scarcely had Don Quixote heard himself named, when up he stood, and, with an attentive ear, listened to their discourse, and heard the afore-said Don Jeronimo answer: "Why, Signor Don John, would you have us read such absurdities? For he, who has read the first part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, cannot possibly be pleased with reading the second."—"But for all that," said Don John, "it will not be amiss to read it; for there is no book so bad, but it has something good in it. What displeases me most in it, is, that the author describes Don Quixote as no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso." Which Don Quixote overhearing, full of wrath and indignation, he raised his voice, and said: "Whoever shall say, that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgotten, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know, with equal arms, that he is very wide of the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea can neither be forgotten, nor is Don Quixote capable of forgetting: his motto is constancy, and his profession is to preserve it with sweetness, and without doing himself any violence."—"Who is it that answers us?" replied one in the other room. "Who should it be," quoth Sancho, "but Don

Quixote de la Mancha himself? who will make good all he says, and all he shall say. For, a good paymaster is in pain for no pawn." Scarcely had Sancho said this, when into the room came two gentlemen; for such they seemed to be: and one of them, throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, said: "Your presence can neither belie your name, nor your name do otherwise than credit your presence. Doubtless, Signor, you are the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the north and morning star of Knight-errantry, maugre and in despite of him, who has endeavoured to usurp your name, and annihilate your exploits, as the author of this book I here give you has done." And, putting a book, that his companion brought, into Don Quixote's hands, he took it, and, without answering a word, began to turn over the leaves, and presently after returned it, saying: "In the little I have seen I have found three things in this author, that deserve reprehension. The first is, some words I have read in the preface: the next, that the language is Arragonian; for he sometimes writes without articles: and the third, which chiefly convicts him of ignorance, is, that he errs, and deviates from the truth, in a principal point of the history. For here he says, that the wife of my squire Sancho Panza is called Mary Gutierrez, whereas that is not her name, but Teresa Panza; and he, who errs in so principal a point, may

very well be supposed to be mistaken in the rest of the history." Here Sancho said: "Prettily done indeed, of this same historian! he must be well informed, truly, of our adventures,⁹ since he calls Teresa Panza, my wife, Mary Gutierrez. Take the book again, Sir, and see whether I am in it, and whether he has changed my name."—"By what I have heard you speak, friend," said Don Jeronimo, "without doubt, you are Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's squire."—"I am so," answered Sancho, "and value myself upon it."—"In faith then," said the gentleman, "this modern author does not treat you with that decency, which seems agreeable to your person. He describes you a glutton, and a simpleton, and not at all pleasant, and a quite different Sancho from him described in the first part of your master's history."—"God forgive him," quoth Sancho; "he might have let me alone in my corner, without remembering me at all: for let him, who knows the instrument, play on it; and, Saint Peter is no where so well as at Rome."—The two gentlemen desired of Don Quixote, that he would step to their chamber, and sup with them; for they knew very well, there was nothing to be had in that inn, fit for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was always courteous, condescended to their request, and supped with them. Sancho staid behind with the flesh-pot, *cum mero mixto imperio*: he placed himself at the head of

the table, and by him sat down the innkeeper, as fond of the calves-feet, or cow-heels, as he.

While they were at supper, Don John asked Don Quixote; what news he had of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; whether she was married; whether yet brought to bed, or with child; or if, continuing a maiden, she still remembered, with the reserve of her modesty and good decorum, the amorous inclinations of Signor Don Quixote. To which our Knight replied: “Dulcinea is still a maiden, and my inclinations more constant than ever; our correspondence upon the old foot, and her beauty transformed into the visage of a coarse country wench.” Then he recounted every particular of the enchantment of the Lady Dulcinea, and what had befallen him in Montesinos’s cave, with the direction the sage Merlin had given him for her disenchantment, namely, by Sancho’s lashes. Great was the satisfaction the two gentlemen received to hear Don Quixote relate the strange adventures of his history, admiring equally at his extravagancies, and at his elegant manner of telling them. One while they held him for a wise man, then for a fool; nor could they determine what degree to assign him between discretion and folly.

Sancho made an end of supper, and, leaving the innkeeper fuddled, went to the chamber where his master was, and, at entering, he said: “May I die, Gentlemen, if the author of this

book you have got has a mind he and I should eat a good meal together: I wish, since, as you say, he calls me glutton, he may not call me drunkard too.”—“ Ay, marry, does he,” replied Don Jeronimo; “ but I do not remember after what manner: though I know the expressions carried but an ill sound, and were false into the bargain, as I see plainly by the countenance of honest Sancho here present.”—“ Believe me, Gentlemen,” quoth Sancho, “ that the Sancho and Don Quixote of that history are not the same with those of the book, composed by Cid Hamete Benengeli, who are we; my master, valiant, discreet, and in love; and I, simple, and pleasant, and neither a glutton nor a drunkard.”—“ I believe it,” answered Don John, “ and, if it were possible, it should be ordered, that none should dare to treat of matters relating to Don Quixote, but only Cid Hamete, his first author; in like manner as Alexander commanded, that none should dare to draw his picture but Apelles.”—“ Draw me who will,” said Don Quixote; “ but let him not abuse me; for patience is apt to fail, when it is overladen with injuries.”—“ None,” replied Don John, “ can be offered Signor Don Quixote, that he cannot revenge; unless he wards it off with the buckler of his patience, which, in my opinion, is strong and great.”

In these, and the like discourses, they spent

great part of the night; and though Don John had a mind Don Quixote should read more of the book, to see what it treated of, he could not be prevailed upon, saying, he deemed it as read, and pronounced it as foolish: besides, he was unwilling its author should have the pleasure of thinking he had read it, if peradventure he might come to hear he had had it in his hands; for the thoughts, and much more the eyes, ought to be turned from every thing filthy and obscene. They asked him, which way he intended to bend his course? He answered, to Saragossa, to be present at the jousts for the suit of armour, which are held every year in that city. Don John told him, how the new history related, that Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been there at the running at the ring, and that the description thereof was defective in the contrivance, mean and low in the style, miserably poor in devices, and rich only in simplicities. "For that very reason," answered Don Quixote, "I will not set a foot in Saragossa, and so I will expose to the world the falsity of this modern historiographer, and all people will plainly perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of."—"You will do very well," said Don Jeronimo, "and there are to be other jousts at Barcelona, where Signor Don Quixote may display his valour."—"It is my intention so to do," answered Don Quixote; "and, Gentlemen, be pleased to give me leave to go to

bed, for it is time, and place me among the number of your best friends and faithful servants.”—
—“And me too,” quoth Sancho: “perhaps I may be good for something.” Having thus taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving Don John and Don Jeronimo in astonishment at the mixture he had discovered of wit and madness; and they verily believed these were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those described by the Aragonese author. Don Quixote got up very early, and, tapping at the partition of the other room, he again bid his new friends adieu: Sancho paid the innkeeper most magnificently, and advised him to brag less of the provision of his inn, or to provide it better.



CHAP. LX.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN HIS WAY TO
BARCELONA.

THE morning was cool, and the day promised to be so too, when Don Quixote left the inn, first informing himself which was the directest road to Barcelona, without touching at Saragossa; so great was his desire to give the lie to that new historian, who, it was said, had abused him so much. Now it happened, that, in above

six days, nothing fell out worth setting down in writing: at the end of which, going out of the road, night overtook them among some shady oaks or cork-trees; for, in this, Cid Hamete does not observe that punctuality he is wont to do in other matters. Master and man alighted from their beasts, and, seating themselves at the foot of the trees, Sancho, who had had his afternoon's collation that day, entered abruptly the gates of sleep. But Don Quixote, whose imaginations, much more than hunger, kept him waking, could not close his eyes: on the contrary, he was hurried in thought to and from a thousand places: now he fancied himself in Montesinos's cave; now, that he saw Dulcinea, transformed into a country wench, mount upon her ass at a spring; the next moment, that he was hearing the words of the sage Merlin, declaring to him the conditions to be observed, and the dispatch necessary for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. He was ready to run mad, to see the carelessness and little charity of his squire Sancho, who, as he believed, had given himself five lashes only; a number, poor, and disproportionate to the infinite still behind: and hence he conceived so much chagrin and indignation, that he spoke thus to himself: "If Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, saying, To cut is the same as to untie, and became nevertheless universal lord of all Asia, the same, neither more

nor less, may happen now, in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, if I should whip Sancho, whether he will or no: for, if the condition of this remedy consists in Sancho's receiving upwards of three thousand lashes, what is it to me, whether he gives them himself, or somebody else for him, since the essence lies in his receiving them, come they from what hand they will?"

With this conceit, he approached Sancho, having first taken Rozinante's reins, and adjusted them so that he might lash him with them, and began to untruss his points; though it is generally thought, that he had none but that before, which kept up his breeches. But no sooner had he begun, than Sancho awoke, and said: "What is the matter? Who is it that touches and untrusses me?"—"It is I," answered Don Quixote, "who come to supply your defects, and to remedy my own troubles: I come to whip you, Sancho, and to discharge, at least in part, the debt you stand engaged for. Dulcinea is perishing; you live unconcerned; I am dying with desire; and therefore untruss of your own accord, for I mean to give you, in this solitude, at least two thousand lashes."—"Not so," quoth Sancho; "pray, be quiet, or, by the living God, the deaf shall hear us. The lashes I stand engaged for must be voluntary, and not upon compulsion; and, at present, I have no inclination to whip myself: let it suffice, that I give your

Worship my word to flog and flay myself, when I have a disposition to it.”—“There is no leaving it to your courtesy, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for you are hard-hearted, and, though a peasant, of very tender flesh.” Then he struggled with Sancho, and endeavoured to untruss him. Which Sancho Panza perceiving, he got upon his legs, and, closing with his master, he flung his arms about him, and, tripping up his heels, he laid him flat on his back, and, setting his right knee upon his breast, with his hands he held both his master’s so fast, that he could neither stir nor breathe. Don Quixote said to him: “How, traitor! do you rebel against your master and natural lord? Do you lift up your hand against him, who feeds you?”—“I neither make nor unmake kings,” answered Sancho: “I only assist myself, who am my own lord. If your Worship will promise me to be quiet, and not meddle with whipping me for the present, I will let you go free, and at your liberty: if not, here thou diest, traitor, enemy to Donna Sancha.” Don Quixote promised him he would, and swore, by the life of his thoughts, he would not touch a hair of his garment, and would leave the whipping himself entirely to his own choice and free will, whenever he was so disposed.

Sancho got up, and went aside some little distance from thence; and, leaning against a tree, he felt something touch his head, and,

lifting up his hands, he felt a couple of feet dangling, with hose and shoes. He began to tremble with fear; he went to another tree, and the like befell him again: he called out to Don Quixote for help. Don Quixote, going to him, asked him, what the matter was, and what he was frightened at. Sancho answered, that all those trees were full of men's legs and feet. Don Quixote felt them, and immediately guessed what it was, and said to Sancho: "You need not be afraid; for what you feel, without seeing, are, doubtless, the feet and legs of some robbers and banditti, who are hung upon these trees: for here the officers of justice hang them, when they can catch them, by twenties and thirties at a time, in clusters: whence I guess I am not far from Barcelona." And, in truth, it was as he imagined.

And now, the day breaking, they lifted up their eyes, and perceived, that the clusters hanging on those trees, were so many bodies of banditti: and, if the dead had scared them, no less were they terrified by above forty living banditti, who surrounded them unawares, bidding them, in the Catalan tongue, be quiet, and stand still, till their captain came. Don Quixote was on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance leaning against a tree, and, in short, defenceless; and therefore he thought it best to cross his hands, and hang his head, reserving himself for a better

opportunity and conjuncture. The robbers fell to rifling Dapple, and stripping him of every thing he carried in the wallet or the pillion: and it fell out luckily for Sancho, that he had secured the crowns given him by the Duke, and those he brought from home, in a belt about his middle. But, for all that, these good folks would have searched and examined him, even to what lay hid between the skin and the flesh, had not their captain arrived just in the nick. He seemed to be about thirty-four years of age, robust, above the middle size, of a grave aspect, and a brown complexion. He was mounted upon a puissant steed, clad in a coat of mail, and armed with two case of pistols, or firelocks. He saw, that his squires (for so they call men of that vocation) were going to plunder Sancho Panza: he commanded them to forbear, and was instantly obeyed, and so the girdle escaped. He wondered to see a lance standing against a tree, a target on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour and pensive, with the most sad and melancholy countenance, that sadness itself could frame. He went up to him, and said: "Be not so dejected, good Sir; for you are not fallen into the hands of a cruel Osiris, but into those of Roque Guinart, who is more compassionate than cruel." —"My dejection," answered Don Quixote, "is not upon account of my having fallen into your hands, O valorous Roque, whose renown no

bounds on earth can limit, but for being so careless, that your soldiers surprised me, my horse unbridled; whereas I am bound, by the order of Knight-errantry, which I profess, to be continually upon the watch, and at all hours my own sentinel: for, let me tell you, illustrious Roque, had they found me on horseback, with my lance and my target, it had not been very easy for them to have made me surrender; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, he of whose exploits the whole globe is full." Roque Guinart presently perceived, that Don Quixote's infirmity had in it more of madness than valour; and, though he had sometimes heard him spoken of, he never took what was published of him for truth, nor could he persuade himself, that such an humour should reign in the heart of man: so that he was extremely glad he had met with him, to be convinced near at hand of the truth of what he had heard at a distance; and therefore he said to him: "Be not concerned, valorous Knight, nor look upon this accident as a piece of sinister fortune: for it may chance, among these turnings and windings, that your crooked lot may be set to rights; for Heaven, by strange, unheard-of, and by men unimagined, ways, raises those that are fallen, and enriches those that are poor."

Don Quixote was just going to return him thanks, when they heard behind them a noise like that of a troop of horses; but it was occa-

sioned by one only, upon which came, riding full speed, a youth, seemingly about twenty years of age, clad in green damask with a gold-lace trimming, trousers, and a loose coat; his hat cocked in the walloon fashion, with straight waxed boots, and his spurs, dagger, and sword gilt; a small carabine in his hand, and a brace of pistols by his side. Roque turned about his head at the noise, and saw this handsome figure, which, at coming up to him, said: "In quest of you I come, O valorous Roque, hoping to find in you, if not a remedy, at least some alleviation of my misfortune; and, not to keep you in suspense, because I perceive you do not know me, I will tell you who I am. I am Claudia Jeronima, daughter of Simon Forte, your singular friend, and particular enemy to Clauquel Torellas, who is also yours, being of the contrary faction: and you know, that this Torellas has a son, called Don Vincente de Torellas, or at least was called so not two hours ago. He then (to shorten the story of my misfortune, I will tell you in a few words what he has brought upon me), he, I say, saw me, and courted me: I hearkened to him, and fell in love with him, unknown to my father: for there is no woman, be she never so retired, or never so reserved, but has time enough to effect and put in execution her unruly desires. In short, he promised to be my husband, and I gave him my word to be his, without proceeding

any farther. Yesterday I was informed, that, forgetting his obligations to me, he had contracted himself to another, and, this morning, was going to be married. This news confounded me, and I lost all patience: and, my father happening to be out of town, I had an opportunity of putting myself into this garb you see me in, and, spurring this horse, I overtook Don Vincente about a league from hence, and, without urging reproaches, or hearing excuses, I discharged this carabine, and this pair of pistols into the bargain, and, as I believe, lodged more than a brace of balls in his body, opening a door, through which my honour, distained in his blood, might issue out. I left him among his servants, who durst not, or could not, interpose in his defence. I am come to seek you, that by your means I may escape to France, where I have relations, and to entreat you likewise to protect my father, that the numerous relations of Don Vincente may not dare to take a cruel revenge upon him."

Roque, surprised at the gallantry, bravery, fine shape, and accident of the beautiful Claudia, said: "Come, Madam, and let us see, whether your enemy be dead, and afterwards we will consider what is most proper to be done for you." Don Quixote, who had listened attentively to what Claudia had said, and what Roque Guinart answered, said: "Let no one trouble himself about

defending this lady; for I take it upon myself: give me my horse and my arms, and stay here for me, while I go in quest of this Knight, and, dead or alive, make him fulfil his promise made to so much beauty."—"Nobody doubts that," quoth Sancho: "my master has a special hand at match-making; for, not many days ago, he obliged another person to marry, who also had denied the promise he had given to another maiden; and, had not the enchanters, who persecute him, changed his true shape into that of a lackey, at this very hour that same maiden would not have been one."

Roque, who was more intent upon Claudia's business, than the reasoning of master and man, understood them not; and, commanding his squires to restore to Sancho all they had taken from Dapple, ordering them likewise to retire to the place, where they had lodged the night before, he presently went off with Claudia, in all haste, in quest of the wounded, or dead, Don Vincente. They came to the place, where Claudia had come up with him, and found nothing there but blood newly spilt; then, looking round about them, as far as they could extend their sight, they discovered some people upon the side of a hill, and guessed (as indeed it proved) that it must be Don Vincente, whom his servants were carrying off, alive or dead, in order either to his cure, or his burial. They made all the

haste they could to overtake them ; which they easily did, the others going but softly. They found Don Vincente in the arms of his servants, and, with a low and feeble voice, desiring them to let him die there, for the anguish of his wounds would not permit him to go any further. Claudia and Roque, flinging themselves from their horses, drew near. The servants were startled at the sight of Roque, and Claudia was disturbed at that of Don Vincente : and so, divided betwixt tenderness and cruelty, she approached him, and, taking hold of his hand, she said : “ If you had given me this, according to our contract, you had not been reduced to this extremity.” The wounded cavalier opened his almost closed eyes ; and, knowing Claudia, he said : “ I perceive, fair and mistaken Lady, that to your hand I owe my death ; a punishment neither merited by me, nor due to my wishes ; for neither my desires, nor my actions, could, or would, offend you.”—“ Is it not true then,” said Claudia, “ that this very morning, you were going to be married to Leonora, daughter of the rich Balvastro ?”—“ No, in truth,” answered Don Vincente : “ my evil fortune must have carried you that news, to excite your jealousy to bereave me of life, which since I leave in your hands, and between your arms, I esteem myself happy ; and, to assure you of this truth, take my hand, and receive me for your husband,

if you are willing; for I can give you no greater satisfaction for the injury, you imagine you have received."

Claudia pressed his hand, and so wrung her own heart, that she fell into a swoon upon the bloody bosom of Don Vincente, and he into a mortal paroxysm. Roque was confounded, and knew not what to do. The servants ran for water to fling in their faces, and bringing it, sprinkled them with it. Claudia returned from her swoon, but not Don Vincente from his paroxysm; for it put an end to his life. Which Claudia seeing, and being assured that her sweet husband was no longer alive, she broke the air with her sighs, wounded the Heavens with her complaints, tore her hair, and gave it to the winds, disfigured her face with her own hands, with all the signs of grief and affliction, that can be imagined to proceed from a sorrowful heart. "Oh cruel and inconsiderate woman!" said she; "with what facility wert thou moved to put so evil a thought in execution! O raging force of jealousy, to what a desperate end dost thou lead those, who harbour thee in their breasts! Oh my husband! whose unhappy lot, for being mine, hath sent thee, for thy bridal bed, to the grave!" Such and so great were the lamentations of Claudia, that they extorted tears from the eyes of Roque, not accustomed to shed them upon any occasion. The servants wept; Claudia fainted away at

every step, and all around seemed to be a field of sorrow, and seat of misfortune. Finally, Roque Guinart ordered Don Vincente's servants to carry his body to the place, where his father dwelt, which was not far off, there to give it burial. Claudia told Roque, she would retire to a nunnery, of which an aunt of hers was abbess; where she designed to end her life, in the company of a better and an eternal Spouse. Roque applauded her good intention, and offered to bear her company whithersoever she pleased, and to defend her father against Don Vincente's relations, and all, who should desire to hurt him. Claudia would by no means accept of his company, and thanking him for his offer in the best manner she could, took her leave of him weeping. Don Vincente's servants carried off his body, and Roque returned to his companions. Thus ended the loves of Claudia Jeronima: and no wonder, since the web of her doleful history was woven by the cruel and irresistible hand of jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his squires in the place he had appointed them, and Don Quixote among them, mounted upon Rozinante, and making a speech, wherein he was persuading them to leave that kind of life, so dangerous both to soul and body. But, most of them being Gascons, a rude and disorderly sort of people, Don Quixote's harangue made little or no impression upon them. Roque, being arrived, demanded of Sancho Panza,

whether they had returned and restored him all the moveables and jewels his folks had taken from Dapple. Sancho answered, they had, all but three nightcaps, which were worth three cities. "What does the fellow say?" cried one of the by-standers: "I have them, and they are not worth three reals."—"That is true," said Don Quixote; "but my squire values them at what he has said, for the sake of the person, who gave them." Roque Guinart ordered them to be restored that moment, and, commanding his men to draw up in a line, he caused all the clothes, jewels, and money, and, in short, all they had plundered, since the last distribution, to be brought before them; and, making a short appraisal, and reducing the undividable into money, he shared it among his company with so much equity and prudence, that he neither went beyond, nor fell the least short of distributive justice. This done, with which all were paid, contented, and satisfied, Roque said to Don Quixote; "If this punctuality were not strictly observed, there would be no living among these fellows." To which Sancho said: "By what I have seen, justice is so good a thing, that it is necessary even among thieves themselves." One of the squires hearing him, lifted up the but-end of a musket, and had doubtless split Sancho's head therewith, had not Roque Guinart called out aloud to him to forbear. Sancho was frightened,

and resolved not to open his lips, while he continued among those people.

At this juncture came two or three of the squires, who were posted as sentinels on the highway, to observe travellers, and give notice to their chief of what passed, and said to him: "Not far from hence, Sir, in the road, that leads to Barcelona, comes a great company of people." To which Roque replied: "Have you distinguished, whether they are such as seek us, or such as we seek?"—"Such as we seek," answered the squire. "Then sally forth," replied Roque, "and bring them hither presently, without letting one escape."

They obeyed; and Don Quixote, Sancho, and Roque, remaining by themselves, stood expecting what the squires would bring; and, in this interval, Roque said to Don Quixote: "This life of ours must needs seem very new to Signor Don Quixote; new adventures, new accidents, and all of them full of danger: nor do I wonder it should appear so to you; for, I confess truly to you, there is no kind of life more unquiet, nor more full of alarms, than ours. I was led into it by I know not what desire of revenge, which has force enough to disturb the most sedate minds. I am naturally compassionate and good-natured: but, as I have said, the desire of revenging an injury done me so bears down this good inclination in me, that I persevere in this

state, in spite of knowing better: and, as one mischief draws after it another, and one sin is followed by a second, my revenges have been so linked together, that I not only take upon me my own, but those of other people. But it pleases God, that, though I see myself in the midst of this labyrinth of confusions, I do not lose the hope of getting out of it, and arriving at last in a safe harbour."

Don Quixote was in admiration to hear Roque talk such good and sound sense; for he thought, that, amongst those of his trade of robbing, murdering, and waylaying, there could be none capable of serious reflection; and he answered: "Signor Roque, the beginning of health consists in the knowledge of the distemper, and in the patient's being willing to take the medicines, prescribed him by the physician. You are sick; you know your disease; and Heaven, or rather God, who is our physician, will apply medicines to heal you, such as usually heal gradually, by little and little, and not suddenly, and by miracle. Besides, sinners of good understanding are nearer to amendment than foolish ones; and since, by your discourse, you have shown your prudence, it remains only, that you be of good cheer, and hope for a bettering of your conscience; and, if you would shorten the way, and place yourself with ease in that of your salvation, come with me, and I will teach you to

be a Knight-errant; in which profession there are so many troubles and disasters, that, being placed to the account of penance, they will carry you to Heaven in two twinklings of an eye." Roque smiled at Don Quixote's counsel, to whom, changing the discourse, he related the tragical adventure of Claudia Jeronima, which extremely grieved Sancho, who did not dislike the beauty, freedom, and sprightliness of the young lady.

By this time the squires returned with their prize, bringing with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, with about six servants, some on foot and some on horseback, accompanying them, and two muleteers belonging to the gentlemen. The squires enclosed them round, the vanquishers and vanquished keeping a profound silence, waiting till the great Roque should speak; who asked the gentlemen who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had. One of them answered: "Sir, we are two captains of Spanish foot; our companies are at Naples, and we are going to embark in four gallies, which are said to be at Barcelona, with orders to pass over to Sicily. We have about two or three hundred crowns, with which we think ourselves rich and happy, since the usual penury of soldiers allows no greater treasures." Roque put the same question to the pilgrims,

who replied, they were going to embark for Rome, and that, between them both, they might have about sixty reals. He demanded also, who those were in the coach, where they were going, and what money they carried; and one of those on horseback answered: "The persons in the coach are, my Lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones, wife of the regent of the vicarship of Naples, a little daughter, a waiting-maid, and a duenna. Six servants of us accompany them; and the money they carry is six hundred crowns." — "So then," said Roque Guinart, "we have here nine hundred crowns, and sixty reals: my soldiers are sixty; see how much it comes to apiece, for I am but an indifferent accomptant."

The robbers, hearing him say this, lifted up their voices, saying: "Long live Roque Guinart, in spite of all the wretches, who seek his destruction." The captains showed signs of affliction, the Lady Regent was dejected, and the pilgrims were not at all pleased, at seeing the confiscation of their effects. Roque held them thus for some time in suspense, but would not let their sorrow, which might be seen a musket-shot off, last any longer; and, turning to the captains, he said: "Be pleased, Gentlemen, to do me the favour to lend me sixty crowns, and you, Lady Regent, fourscore, to satisfy this squadron of my followers: for, the abbot must eat, that sings for his meat: and then you may

depart free and unmolested, with a pass I will give you, that if you meet with any more of my squadrons, which I keep in several divisions up and down in these parts, they may not hurt you; for it is not my intention to wrong soldiers, nor any woman, especially if she be of quality." Infinite and well expressed were the thanks the captains returned Roque for his courtesy and liberality; for such they esteemed his leaving them part of their own money. Donna Guiomar de Quinones was ready to throw herself out of her coach, to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque: but he would in no wise consent to it, but rather begged pardon for the injury he was forced to do them, in compliance with the precise duty of his wicked office. The Lady Regent ordered one of her servants immediately to give the eighty crowns, her share of the assessment, and the captains had already disbursed their sixty. The pilgrims were going to offer their little all: but Roque bid them stay a little, and, turning about to his men, he said: "Of these crowns, two fall to each man's share, and twenty remain: let ten be given to these pilgrims, and the other ten to this honest squire, that he may have it in his power to speak well of this adventure:" and, calling for pen, ink, and paper, with which he always was provided, Roque gave them a pass, directed to the chiefs of his band, and, taking leave of them, he let them go free, in admiration

at his generosity, his graceful deportment, and strange procedure, and looking upon him rather as an Alexander the Great, than a notorious robber.

One of the squires said, in his Gascon and Catalan language; "This captain of ours is fitter for a friar than a felon: for the future, if he has a mind to show himself liberal, let it be of his own goods, and not of ours." The wretch spoke not so low, but Roque overheard him, and, drawing his sword, he almost cleft his head in two, saying; "Thus I chastise the ill-tongued and saucy." All the rest were frightened, and no one durst utter a word; such was the awe and obedience they were held in. Roque went a little aside, and wrote a letter to a friend of his at Barcelona, acquainting him, that the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, that Knight-errant, of whom so many things were reported, was in his company; giving him to understand, that he was the pleasantest and most ingenious person in the world; and that, four days after, on the feast of Saint John Baptist, he would appear on the strand of the city, armed at all points, mounted on his horse Rozinante, and his squire Sancho upon an ass; desiring him to give notice thereof to his friends the Niarri, that they might make themselves merry with him; and expressing his wishes, that his enemies the Cadelli might not partake of the diversion; though that was im-

possible, because the wild extravagances and distraction of Don Quixote, together with the witty sayings of his squire Sancho Panza, could not fail to give general pleasure to all the world. He dispatched this epistle by one of his squires, who, changing the habit of an outlaw for that of a peasant, entered into Barcelona, and delivered it into the hands of the person it was directed to.

CHAP. LXI.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE AT HIS ENTRANCE INTO BARCELONA; WITH OTHER EVENTS, MORE TRUE THAN INGENIOUS.

THREE days and three nights Don Quixote staid with Roque; and, had he staid three hundred years, he would not have wanted subject matter for observation and admiration in his way of life. Here they lodge, there they dine: one while they fly, not knowing from whom; another, they lie in wait they know not for whom. They slept standing, with interrupted slumbers, and shifting from one place to another: they were perpetually sending out spies, posting sentinels, blowing the matches of their muskets; though they had but few, most of them making use of firelocks. Roque passed the nights apart from his followers, in places to them unknown: for

the many proclamations the viceroy of Barcelona had published against him, kept him in fear and disquiet, not daring to trust any body, and apprehensive lest his own men should either kill or deliver him up to justice, for the price set upon his head : a life truly miserable and irksome. In short, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, attended by six squires, set out for Barcelona, through unfrequented ways, short cuts, and covered paths. They arrived upon the strand on the eve of Saint John, in the night-time ; and Roque, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, to whom he gave the ten crowns promised, but not yet given him, left them, with a thousand offers of service made on both sides.

Roque returned back, and Don Quixote staid expecting the day on horseback, just as he was ; and it was not long, before the face of the beautiful Aurora began to discover itself through the balconies of the east, rejoicing the grass and flowers, instead of rejoicing the ears ; though, at the same instant, the ears also were rejoiced by the sound of abundance of waits and kettle-drums, the jingling of morrice-bells, with the trampling of horsemen, seemingly coming out of the city. Aurora gave place to the sun, which was rising by degrees from below the horizon, with a face bigger than a target. Don Quixote and Sancho, casting their eyes around on every side, saw the sea, which till then they had never seen. It ap-

peared to them very large and spacious, somewhat bigger than the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha. They saw the gallies lying close to the shore, which, taking in their awnings, appeared full of streamers and pennants trembling in the wind, and kissing and brushing the water. From within them sounded clarions, trumpets, and waits, filling the air all around with sweet and martial music. Presently the gallies began to move, and to skirmish, as it were, on the still waters: and, at the same time, corresponding with them, as it were, on the land, an infinite number of cavaliers mounted on beautiful horses, and attended with gay liveries, issued forth from the city. The soldiers on board the gallies discharged several rounds of cannon, which were answered by those on the walls and forts of the city. The heavy artillery, with dreadful noise, rent the wind, which was echoed back by the cannon on the forecastles of the gallies. The sea was cheerful, the land jocund, and the air bright, only now and then obscured a little by the smoke of the artillery. All which together seemed to infuse and engender a sudden pleasure in all the people. Sancho could not imagine how those bulks, which moved backwards and forwards in the sea, came to have so many legs.

By this time those with the liveries came up on a full gallop, with lilies and shouts after the Moorish fashion, to the place, where Don Qui-

xote was standing, wrapped in wonder and surprise; and one of them (the person to whom Roque had sent the letter) said in a loud voice to Don Quixote: "Welcome to our city, the mirror, the beacon, and polar star of Knight-errantry in its greatest extent: welcome, I say, the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha; not the spurious, the fictitious, the apocryphal, lately exhibited among us in lying histories, but the true, the legitimate, the genuine, described to us by Cid Hamete Benengeli, the flower of historians." Don Quixote answered not a word, nor did the cavaliers wait for any answer; but, wheeling about with all their followers, they began to career and curvet it round Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said: "These people seem to know us well; I will lay a wager they have read our history, and even that of the Arragonese lately printed." The gentleman, who spoke to Don Quixote, said again to him: "Be pleased, Signor Don Quixote, to come along with us; for we are all very humble servants, and great friends of Roque Guinart." To which Don Quixote replied: "If courtesies beget courtesies, yours, good Sir, is daughter, or very near kinswoman, to those of the great Roque: conduct me whither you please; for I have no other will but yours, especially if you please to employ it in your service." The gentleman answered in expressions no less civil; and, enclosing him in

the midst of them, they all marched with him, to the sound of waits and drums, toward the city, at the entrance of which, the wicked one, who is the author of all mischief, so ordered it, that, among the boys, who are more wicked than the wicked one himself, two bold and unlucky rogues crowded through the press, and one of them lifting up Dapple's tail, and the other that of Rozinante, they thrust under each a handful of briars. The poor beasts felt the new spurs, and by clapping their tails the closer, augmented their smart, in such sort, that, after several plunges, they flung their riders to the ground. Don Quixote, out of countenance, and affronted, hastened to free his horse's tail from this new plumage, and Sancho did the like by Dapple. Those, who conducted Don Quixote, would have chastised the insolence of the boys; but it was impossible, for they were soon lost among above a thousand more, that followed them. Don Quixote and Sancho mounted again, and, with the same acclamations and music, arrived at their conductor's house, which was large and fair, such, in short, as became a gentleman of fortune: where we will leave them for the present; for so Cid Hamete Benengeli will have it.

CHAP. LXII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE EN-
CHANTED HEAD, WITH OTHER TRIFLES, THAT MUST
NOT BE OMITTED.

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

Several of Don Antonio's friends dined with him that day; all honouring and treating Don Quixote as a Knight-errant; at which he was so puffed up with vain-glory, that he could scarcely conceal the pleasure it gave him. Sancho's witty conceits were such, and so many, that all the servants of the house hung as it were upon his lips, and so did all, that heard him. While they were at table, Don Antonio said to Sancho: "We are told here, honest Sancho, that you are so great a lover of capons and sausages, that, when you have filled your belly, you stuff your pockets with the remainder for next day."—"No, Sir, it is not so," answered Sancho; "your Worship is misinformed; for I am more cleanly, than gluttonous; and my master Don Quixote, here present, knows very well, how he and I often live eight days upon a handful of acorns or hazel-nuts: it is true, indeed, if it so falls out, that they give me a heifer, I make haste with a halter; I mean, that I eat whatever is offered me, and take the times as I find them; and whoever has said, that I am given to eat much, and am not cleanly, take it from me, he is very much out: and I would say this in another manner, were it not out of respect to the honourable beards here at table."—"In truth," added Don Quixote, "Sancho's parsimony and cleanliness in eating deserve to be written and engraved on plates of brass, to remain an eternal memorial

for ages to come. I must confess, when he is hungry, he seems to be somewhat of a glutton: for he eats fast, and chews at both sides at once: but, as for cleanliness, he always strictly observes it; and, when he was a governor, he learned to eat so nicely, that he took up grapes, and even the grains of a pomegranate, with the point of a fork."—"How!" cried Don Antonio, "has Sancho then been a governor?"—"Yes," answered Sancho, "and of an island, called Barataria. Ten days I governed it, at my own will and pleasure; in which time I lost my rest, and learned to despise all the governments in the world: I fled away from it, and fell into a pit, where I looked upon myself as a dead man, and out of which I escaped alive by a miracle." Don Quixote related minutely all the circumstances of Sancho's government; which gave great pleasure to the hearers.

The cloth being taken away, Don Antonio, taking Don Quixote by the hand, led him into a distant apartment, in which there was no other furniture, but a table seemingly of jasper, standing upon a foot of the same: upon which there was placed, after the manner of the busts of the Roman emperors, a head, which seemed to be of brass. Don Antonio walked with Don Quixote up and down the room, taking several turns about the table; after which he said: "Signor Don Quixote, now that I am assured nobody is

within hearing, and that the door is fast, I will tell you one of the rarest adventures, or rather one of the greatest novelties, that can be imagined, upon condition, that what I shall tell you be deposited in the inmost recesses of secrecy."—" I swear it shall," answered Don Quixote, " and I will clap a grave-stone over it, for the greater security ; for I would have your Worship know, Signor Don Antonio (for by this time he had learned his name), that you are talking to one, who, though he has ears to hear, has no tongue to speak : so that you may safely transfer whatever is in your breast into mine, and make account you have thrown it into the abyss of silence."—" In confidence of this promise," answered Don Antonio, " I will raise your admiration by what you shall see and hear, and procure myself some relief from the pain I suffer by not having somebody to communicate my secrets to, which are not to be trusted with every body." Don Quixote was in suspense, expecting what so many precautions would end in. Don Antonio then, taking hold of his hand, made him pass it over the brazen head, the table, and the jasper pedestal it stood upon, and then said : " This head, Signor Don Quixote, was wrought and contrived by one of the greatest enchanters and wizards the world ever had. He was, I think, by birth a Polander, and disciple of the famous Escotillo³⁴, of whom so many wonders are related. He was

here in my house, and, for the reward of a thousand crowns, made me this head, which has the virtue and property of answering to every question asked at its ear. After drawing figures, erecting schemes, and observing the stars, he brought it at length to the perfection we shall see to-morrow; for it is mute on Fridays, and, this happening to be Friday, we must wait till to-morrow. In the mean while you may bethink yourself what questions you will ask; for I know, by experience, it tells the truth in all its answers." Don Quixote wondered at the property and virtue of the head, and was ready to disbelieve Don Antonio: but, considering how short a time was set for making the experiment, he would say no more, but only thanked him for having discovered to him so great a secret. They went out of the chamber: Don Antonio locked the door after him; and they came to the hall, where the rest of the gentlemen were; and in this time Sancho had recounted to them many of the adventures and accidents, that had befallen his master.

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

mule, handsomely accoutred. In dressing him, unperceived by him, they pinned at his back a parchment, whereon was written in capital letters; **THIS IS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.** They no sooner began their march, but the scroll drew the eyes of all that passed by, and they read aloud, "This is Don Quixote de la Mancha." Don Quixote wondered, that every body, who saw him, named, and knew him; and, turning to Don Antonio, who was riding by his side, he said: "Great is the prerogative inherent in Knight-errantry, since it makes all its professors known and renowned throughout the limits of the earth: for, pray observe, Signor Don Antonio, how the very boys of this city know me, without having ever seen me."—"It is true, Signor Don Quixote," answered Don Antonio; "for, as fire cannot be hidden nor confined, so virtue will be known: and that, which is obtained by the profession of arms, shines with a brightness and lustre superior to that of all others."

Now it happened, that, as Don Quixote was riding along with the applause aforesaid, a Castilian, who had read the label on his shoulders, lifted up his voice, saying: "The devil take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha! What! are you got hither, without being killed by the infinite number of bangs you have had upon your back? You are mad, and, were you so alone, and within the doors of your own folly, the mis-

chief were the less : but you have the property of converting into fools and madmen, all that converse, or have any communication with you ; witness these Gentlemen, who accompany you. Get you home, fool, and look after your estate, your wife and children, and leave off these vanities, which worm-eat your brain, and skim off the cream of your understanding.”—“ Brother,” replied Don Antonio, “ keep on your way, and do not be giving counsel to those, who do not ask it. Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha is wise, and we, who bear him company, are not fools. Virtue challenges respect, wherever it is found : and be gone in an evil hour, and meddle not, where you are not called.”—“ Before God,” answered the Castilian, “ your Worship is in the right ; for to give advice to this good man, is to kick against the pricks. But for all that it grieves me very much, that the good sense, it is said, this madman discovers in all other things, should run to waste through the channel of his Knight-errantry : and the evil hour, your Worship wished me, be to me and to all my descendants, if, from this day forward, though I should live more years than Methusalem, I give advice to any body, though they should ask it me.” The adviser departed ; the procession went on : but the boys and the people crowded so to read the scroll, that Don Antonio was forced to take it off, under pretence of taking off something else.

Night came: the processioners returned home, where was a ball of ladies: for Don Antonio's wife, who was a lady of distinction, cheerful, beautiful, and discreet, had invited several of her friends to honour her guest, and to entertain them with his unheard-of madness. Several ladies came: they supped splendidly, and the ball began about ten o'clock at night. Among the ladies, there were two of an arch and pleasant disposition, who, though they were very modest, yet behaved with more freedom than usual, that the jest might divert without giving distaste. These were so eager to take Don Quixote out to dance, that they teased, not only his body, but his very soul. It was a perfect sight to behold the figure of Don Quixote, long, lank, lean, and yellow, straitened in his clothes, awkward, and especially not at all nimble. The ladies courted him, as it were by stealth, and he disdained them by stealth too. But, finding himself hard pressed by their courtships, he exalted his voice, and said: "*Fugite, partes adversæ*; leave me to my repose, ye unwelcome thoughts; avaunt, ladies, with your desires; for she, who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, will not consent, that any others but hers should subject and subdue me." And, so saying, he sat down in the middle of the hall upon the floor, quite fatigued and disjointed by this dancing exercise. Don Antonio ordered the servants

to take him up, and carry him to bed; and the first, who lent an helping hand, was Sancho, who said: "What, in God's name, master of mine, put you upon dancing? Think you that all, who are valiant, must be caperers, or all Knights-errant dancing-masters? If you think so, I say you are mistaken: I know those, who would sooner cut a giant's windpipe than a caper. Had you been for the shoe-jig³⁵, I would have supplied your defect; for I slap it away like any gerfalcon: but as for regular dancing, I cannot work a stitch at it." With this, and similar discourse, Sancho furnished matter of laughter to the company, and laid his master in bed, covering him up stoutly, that he might sweat out the cold he might have got by his dancing.

The next day, Don Antonio thought fit to make an experiment of the enchanted head; and so, with Don Quixote, Sancho, and two other friends, with the two ladies, who had worried Don Quixote in dancing (for they staid that night with Don Antonio's wife), he locked himself up in the room, where the head stood. He told them the property it had, charged them all with the secret, and told them, this was the first day of his trying the virtue of that enchanted head. Nobody but Don Antonio's two friends knew the trick of the enchantment; and, if Don Antonio had not first discovered it to them, they also would have been as much surprised as the

rest, it being impossible not to be so, so cunningly and curiously was it contrived. The first, who approached the ear of the head, was Don Antonio himself, who said in a low voice, yet not so low but he was overheard by them all: "Tell me, head, by the virtue inherent in thee, what am I now thinking of?" The head answered, without moving its lips, in a clear and distinct voice, so as to be heard by every body: "I am no judge of thoughts." At hearing of which they were all astonished, especially since, neither in the room, nor any where about the table, was there any human creature that could answer. "How many of us are here?" demanded Don Antonio again. Answer was made him in the same key: "You and your wife, with two friends of yours, and two of hers, and a famous Knight, called Don Quixote de la Mancha, with a certain squire of his, Sancho Panza by name." Here was wondering indeed; here was every body's hair standing on end out of pure affright. Don Antonio, going aside at some distance from the head, said: "This is enough to assure me, I was not deceived by him, who sold you to me, sage head, speaking head, answering head, and admirable head! Let somebody else go, and ask it what they please." Now, as women are commonly in haste, and inquisitive, the first, who went up to it, was one of the two friends of Don Antonio's wife, and her question was: "Tell me,

head, what shall I do to be very handsome?" It was answered: "Be very modest."—"I ask you no more," said the querist. Then her companion came up, and said: "I would know, head, whether my husband loves me, or no." The answer was: "You may easily know that by his usage of you." The married woman, going aside, said: "The question might very well have been spared; for, in reality, a man's actions are the best interpreters of his affections." Then one of Don Antonio's two friends went and asked him: "Who am I?" The answer was: "You know."—"I do not ask you that," answered the gentleman, "but only, whether you know me?"—"I do," replied the head; "you are Don Pedro Noriz."—"I desire to hear no more," said he; "since this is sufficient, O head, to convince me, that you know every thing." Then the other friend stepped up, and demanded: "Tell me, head, what desires has my eldest son?" It was answered; "Have I not told you already, that I do not judge of thoughts? But, for all that, I can tell you, that your son's desire is to bury you."—"It is so," replied the gentleman; "I see it with my eyes, and touch it with my finger; and I ask no more questions." Then came Don Antonio's wife, and said: "I know not, O head, what to ask you: only I would know of you, whether I shall enjoy my dear husband many years." The answer was:

“ You shall; for his good constitution, and his temperate way of living, promise many years of life, which several are wont to shorten by intemperance.” Next came Don Quixote, and said: “ Tell me, O answerer, was it truth, or a dream, what I related as having befallen me in Montesinos’s cave? Will the whipping of Sancho, my squire, be certainly fulfilled? Will the disenchantment of Dulcinea take effect?”—“ As to the business of the cave,” it was answered, “ there is much to be said: it has something of both: Sancho’s whipping will go on but slowly: the disenchantment of Dulcinea will be brought about in due time.”—“ I desire to know no more,” replied Don Quixote; “ for, so I may but see Dulcinea disenchanted, I shall make account, that all the good fortune I can desire comes upon me at a clap.” The last querist was Sancho, and his question was this: “ Head, shall I, peradventure, get another government? Shall I quit the penurious life of a squire? Shall I return to see my wife and children?” To which it was answered: “ You shall govern in your own house; and, if you return to it, you shall see your wife and your children, and, quitting service, you shall cease to be a squire.”—“ Very good, in faith,” quoth Sancho Panza: “ I could have told myself as much, and the prophet Perogrullo could have told me no more.”—“ Beast,” cried Don Quixote, “ what answer would you

have? Is it not enough, that the answers this head returns, correspond to the questions put to it?"—"Yes, it is enough," answered Sancho: "but I wish it had explained itself, and told me a little more."

Thus ended the questions and answers, but not the amazement of the whole company, excepting Don Antonio's two friends, who knew the secret: which Cid Hamete Benengeli would immediately discover, not to keep the world in suspense, believing there was some witchcraft, or extraordinary mystery, concealed in that head: and therefore he says, that Don Antonio Moreno procured it to be made, in imitation of another head he had seen at Madrid, made by a statuary for his own diversion, and to surprise the ignorant; and the machine was contrived in this manner. The table was of wood, painted, and varnished over like jasper; and the foot it stood upon was of the same, with four eagle-claws, to make it stand the firmer, and bear the weight the better. The head resembling that of a Roman emperor, and coloured like copper, was hollow, and so was the table itself, in which the bust was so exactly fixed, that no sign of a joint appeared. The foot also was hollow, and answered to the neck and breast of the head; and all this corresponding with another chamber just under that, where the head stood. Through all this hollow of the foot, table, neck, and breast

of the figure aforesaid, went a pipe of tin, which could not be seen. The answerer was placed in the chamber underneath, with his mouth close to the pipe, so that the voice descended and ascended in clear and articulate sounds, as through a speaking-trumpet; and thus it was impossible to discover the juggle. A nephew of Don Antonio's, a student acute and discreet, was the respondent; who, being informed beforehand by his uncle, who were to be with him that day in the chamber of the head, could easily answer, readily and exactly, to the first question: to the rest he answered by conjectures, and, as a discreet person, discreetly. Cid Hamete says farther, that this wonderful machine lasted about eight or ten days: but it being divulged up and down the city, that Don Antonio kept in his house an enchanted head, which answered to all questions, he, fearing lest it should come to the ears of the watchful sentinels of our faith, acquainted the gentlemen of the Inquisition with the secret; who ordered him to break it in pieces, lest the ignorant vulgar should be scandalized at it: but still, in the opinion of Don Quixote and of Sancho Panza, the head continued to be enchanted, and an answerer of questions, more indeed to the satisfaction of Don Quixote than of Sancho.

The gentlemen of the town, in complaisance to Don Antonio, and for the better entertain-

ment of Don Quixote, as well as to give him an opportunity of discovering his follies, appointed a running at the ring six days after, which was prevented by an accident, that will be told hereafter. Don Quixote had a mind to walk about the town, without ceremony, and on foot, apprehending that, if he went on horseback, he should be persecuted by the boys : and so he and Sancho, with two servants assigned him by Don Antonio, walked out to make the tour. Now it fell out, that, as they passed through a certain street, Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, saw written over a door in very large letters ; “ HERE BOOKS ARE PRINTED.” At which he was much pleased ; for, till then, he had never seen any printing, and was desirous to know how it was performed. In he went, with all his retinue, and saw drawing off the sheets in one place, correcting in another, composing in this, revising in that, in short, all the machinery to be seen in great printing-houses. Don Quixote went to one of the boxes, and asked, what they had in hand there. The workman told him : he wondered, and went on. He came to another box, and asked one, what he was doing. The workman answered : “ Sir, that gentleman yonder,” pointing to a man of a good person and appearance, and of some gravity, “ has translated an Italian book into our Castilian language, and I am composing it here for the press.”—“ What title has

the book?" demanded Don Quixote. To which the author answered: "Sir, the book in Italian is called, *Le Bagetelle*."—"And what answers to *Bagetelle* in our Castilian?" asked Don Quixote. "*Le Bagetelle*," said the author, "is, as if we should say, *Trifles*. But, though its title be mean, it contains many very good and substantial things." Don Quixote added; "I know a little of the Tuscan language, and value myself upon singing some stanzas of Ariosto. But, good Sir, pray tell me (and I do not say this with design to examine your skill, but out of curiosity, and nothing else), in the course of your writing, have you ever met with the word *Pignata*?"—"Yes, often," replied the author. "And how do you translate it in Castilian?" said Don Quixote. "How should I translate it," replied the author, "but by the word *Olla*?"—"Body of me," said Don Quixote, "what a progress has your Worship made in the Tuscan language! I would venture a good wager, that, where the Tuscan says *Piace*, you say, in Castilian, *Place*; and where it says *Più*, you say *Mas*; and *Su* you translate *Arriba*, and *Giù* by *Abaxo*."—"I do so, most certainly," replied the author; "for these are their proper renderings."—"I dare swear," added Don Quixote, "you are not known in the world, which is ever an enemy to rewarding florid wits, and laudable pains. What abilities are lost, what geniuses cooped up, and what virtues

undervalued! But, for all that, I cannot but be of opinion, that translating out of one language into another, unless it be from those queens of the languages, Greek and Latin, is like setting to view the wrong side of a piece of tapestry, where, though the figures are seen, they are full of ends and threads, which obscure them, and are not seen with the smoothness and evenness of the right side. And the translating out of easy languages shows neither genius nor elocution, any more than transcribing one paper from another. But I would not hence infer, that translating is not a laudable exercise; for a man may be employed in things of worse consequence, and less advantage. Out of this account are excepted the two celebrated translators, Doctor Christopher de Figueroa in his *Pastor Fido*, and Don John de Xauregui in his *Aminta*; in which, with a curious felicity, they bring it in doubt, which is the translation, and which the original. But, tell me, Sir, is this book printed on your own account, or have you sold the copy to some bookseller?"—"I print it on my own account," answered the author; "and I expect to get a thousand ducats by this first impression, of which there will be two thousand copies, and they will go off, at six reals a set, in a trice."—"Mighty well, Sir," answered Don Quixote: "it is plain you know but little of the turns and doubles of the booksellers, and the combination there is

among them. I promise you, when you find the weight of two thousand volumes upon your back, it will so depress you, that you will be frightened, especially if the book be any thing dull, or not over-sprightly."—"What! Sir," cried the author, "would you have me make over my right to the bookseller, who, perhaps, will give me three maravedis for it, and even think he does me a kindness in giving me so much? I print no more books to purchase fame in the world; for I am already sufficiently known by my works. Profit I seek, without which fame is not worth a farthing."—"God send you good success," answered Don Quixote; and, going on to another box, he saw they were correcting a sheet of another book, entitled, "The Light of the Soul." And seeing it, he said: "These kind of books, though there are a great many of them abroad, are those that ought to be printed: for there are abundance of sinners up and down, and so many benighted persons stand in need of an infinite number of lights." He went forward, and saw they were correcting another book; and asking its title, he was answered, that it was called the Second Part of the ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by such a one, an inhabitant of Tordesillas. "I know something of that book," said Don Quixote; "and, in truth, and on my conscience, I thought it had been burnt before now, and reduced to ashes, for its

impertinence: but its Martinmass will come, as it does to every hog³⁶: for all fabulous histories are so far good and entertaining, as they come near the truth, or the resemblance of it; and true histories themselves are so much the better, by how much the truer." And, so saying, he went out of the printing-house with some show of disgust: and that same day Don Antonio purposed to carry him to see the gallies, which lay in the road; at which Sancho rejoiced much, having never in his life seen any. Don Antonio gave notice to the commodore of the four gallies, that he would bring his guest, the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, that afternoon, to see them, of whom the commodore, and all the inhabitants of the city, had some knowledge; and what befell him there shall be told in the following chapter.

CHAP. LXIII.

OF THE UNLUCKY ACCIDENT, WHICH BEFELL SANCHO PANZA IN VISITING THE GALLIES, AND THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MORISCA.

MANY were the reflections Don Quixote made upon the answer of the enchanted head, none of them hitting upon the trick of it, and all centring in the promise, which he looked upon as certain, of the disenchantment of Dulcinea. He

rejoiced within himself, believing he should soon see the accomplishment of it; and Sancho, though he abhorred being a governor, as has been said, had still a desire to command again, and be obeyed: such is the misfortune power brings along with it, though but in jest. In short, that evening, Don Antonio Moreno and his two friends, with Don Quixote, and Sancho, went to the gallies. The commodore of the four gallies, who had notice of the coming of the two famous personages, Don Quixote and Sancho, no sooner perceived them approach the shore, but he ordered all the gallies to strike their awnings, and the waits to play: and immediately he sent out the pinnace, covered with rich carpets, and furnished with cushions of crimson velvet; and, just as Don Quixote set his foot into it, the captain-galley discharged her forecastle piece, and the other gallies did the like; and, at his mounting the ladder on the starboard side, all the crew of slaves saluted him, as the custom is, when a person of rank comes on board, with three "Hu, hu, hu's." The general, for so we shall call him, who was a gentleman of quality of Valencia, gave Don Quixote his hand, and embraced him, saying: "This day will I mark with a white stone, as one of the best I ever wish to see, while I live, having seen Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, in whom is composed and abridged the whole worth of Knight-errantry."

Don Quixote answered him in expressions no less courteous, being overjoyed to find himself treated so like a lord. All the company went to the poop, which was finely adorned, and seated themselves upon the lockers. The boatswain passed along the middle gangway, and gave the signal with his whistle for the slaves to strip; which was done in an instant. Sancho, seeing so many men in buff, was frightened; and more so, when he saw them spread an awning so swiftly over the galley, that he thought all the devils in hell were there at work. But all this was tarts and cheesecakes to what I am going to relate.

Sancho was seated near the stern, on the right hand, close to the hindmost rower, who, being instructed what he was to do, laid hold on Sancho, and lifted him up in his arms. Then the whole crew of slaves standing up, and beginning from the right side, passed him from bank to bank, and from hand to hand, so swiftly, that poor Sancho lost the very sight of his eyes, and verily thought the devils themselves were carrying him away; and they had not done with him, till they brought him round by the left side, and replaced him at the stern. The poor wretch remained bruised, out of breath, and in a cold sweat, without being able to imagine what had befallen him. Don Quixote, who beheld Sancho's flight without wings, asked the general, if

that was a ceremony commonly used at people's first coming aboard the gallies: for, if so, he, who had no intention of making profession in them, had no inclination to perform the like exercise, and vowed to God, that if any one presumed to lay hold of him to toss him, he would kick their souls out. And, saying this, he stood up, and laid his hand on his sword. At that instant they struck the awning, and, with a great noise, let fall the main-yard from the top of the mast to the bottom. Sancho thought the sky was falling off its hinges, and tumbling upon his head, and, shrinking it down, he clapped it for fear between his legs. Don Quixote knew not what to think of it, and he too quaked, shrugged his shoulders, and changed countenance. The slaves hoisted the main-yard with the same swiftness and noise they had struck it; and all this without speaking a word, as if they had neither voice nor breath. The boatswain made a signal for weighing anchor, and, jumping into the middle of the fore-castle, with his bull's pizzle, he began to flyflap the shoulders of the slaves at the oar, and by little and little to put off to sea. Sancho, seeing so many red feet (for such he took the oars to be) move all together, said to himself: "Ay, these are enchanted things indeed, and not those my master talks of. What have these unhappy wretches done to be whipped at this rate? And how has this one man, who goes whistling

up and down, the boldness to whip so many? I maintain it, this is hell, or purgatory at least." Don Quixote, seeing with what attention Sancho observed all that passed, said: "Ah, friend Sancho, how quickly and how cheaply might you, if you would, strip to the waist, and, placing yourself among these gentlemen, put an end to the enchantment of Dulcinea! for, having so many companions in pain, you would feel but little of your own: besides, perhaps, the sage Merlin would take every lash of theirs, coming from so good a hand, upon account for ten of those you must, one day or other, give yourself."

The general would have asked what lashes he spoke of, and what he meant by the disenchantment of Dulcinea; when a mariner said: "The fort of Montjuy makes a signal, that there is a vessel with oars on the coast, on the western side." The general, hearing this, leaped upon the middle gangway, and said: "Pull away, my lads, let her not escape us: it must be some brigantine belonging to the corsairs of Algiers, that the fort makes the signal for." Then the other three gallies came up with the captain, to receive his orders. The general commanded, that two of them should put out to sea as fast as they could, and he with the other would go along shore, and so the vessel could not escape. The crew plied the oars, impelling the gallies with such violence that they seemed to fly. Those, that stood out

to sea, about two miles off discovered a sail, which they judged to carry about fourteen or fifteen banks of oars: and so it proved to be. The vessel, discovering the gallies, put herself in chase, with design and in hope to get away by her swiftness. But, unfortunately for her, the captain-galley happened to be one of the swiftest vessels upon the sea, and therefore gained upon the brigantine so fast, that the corsairs saw they could not escape; and so the master of her ordered his men to drop their oars, and yield themselves prisoners, that they might not exasperate the captain of our gallies. But fortune, that would have it otherwise, so ordered, that, just as the captain-galley came so near, that the corsairs could hear a voice from her, calling to them to surrender, two Toraquis, that is to say, two Turks, that were drunk, who came in the brigantine with twelve others, discharged two muskets, with which they killed two of our soldiers upon the prow. Which the general seeing, he swore not to leave a man alive he should take in the vessel, and coming up with all fury to board her, she slipped away under the oars of the galley. The galley ran ahead a good way: they in the vessel, perceiving they were got clear, made all the way they could, while the galley was coming about, and again put themselves in chase with oars and sails. But their diligence did them not so much good, as their presumption did them

harm ; for the captain-galley, overtaking them in little more than half a mile, clapped her oars on the vessel, and took them all alive.

By this time the two other gallies were come up, and all four returned with their prize to the strand, where a vast concourse of people stood expecting them, desirous to see what they had taken. The general cast anchor near the land, and, knowing that the viceroy was upon the shore, he ordered out the boat to bring him on board, and commanded the main-yard to be let down, immediately to hang thereon the master of the vessel, and the rest of the Turks he had taken in her, being about six and thirty persons, all brisk fellows, and most of them Turkish musketeers. The general inquired, which was the master of the brigantine; and one of the captives, who afterwards appeared to be a Spanish renegado, answered him in Castilian : “ This youth, Sir, you see here, is our master ;” pointing to one of the most beautiful and most graceful young men, that human imagination could paint. His age, in appearance, did not reach twenty years. The general said to him : “ Tell me, ill-advised dog, what moved you to kill my soldiers, when you saw it was impossible to escape ? Is this the respect paid to captain-gallies ? Know you not, that temerity is not valour, and that doubtful hopes should make men daring, but not rash ?” The youth would have

replied; but the general could not hear him then, because he was going to receive the viceroy, who was just then entering the galley; with whom there came several of his servants, and some people of the town. "You have had a fine chase of it, Signor general," said the viceroy. "So fine," answered the general, "that your Excellency shall presently see it hanged up at the yard-arm."—"How so?" said the viceroy. "Because," replied the general, "against all law, against all reason, and the custom of war, they have killed me two of the best soldiers belonging to the galleys, and I have sworn to hang every man I took prisoner, especially this youth here, who is master of the brigantine;" pointing to one, who had his hands already tied, and a rope about his neck, and stood expecting death. The viceroy looked at him, and, seeing him so beautiful, so genteel, and so humble (his beauty giving him, in that instant, a kind of letter of recommendation), he had a mind to save him, and therefore he asked him: "Tell me, Sir, are you a Turk, a Moor, or a renegado?" To which the youth answered in the Castilian tongue: "I am neither a Turk, nor a Moor, nor a renegado."—"What are you then?" replied the viceroy. "A Christian woman," answered the youth. "A Christian woman, in such a garb, and in such circumstances," said the viceroy, "is a thing rather to be wondered at than believed."—"Gen-

tllemen," said the youth, "suspend the execution of my death: it will be no great loss, to defer your revenge, while I recount the story of my life." What heart could be so hard, as not to relent at these expressions, at least so far as to hear what the sad and afflicted youth had to say? The general bid him say what he pleased, but not to expect pardon for his notorious offence. With this license the youth began his story in the following manner.

"I was born of Moorish parents, of that nation more unhappy than wise, so lately overwhelmed under a sea of misfortunes. In the current of their calamity, I was carried away by two of my uncles into Barbary, it availing me nothing to say I was a Christian, as indeed I am, and not of the feigned or pretended, but of the true and catholic ones. The discovery of this truth had no influence on those, who were charged with our unhappy banishment; nor would my uncles believe it, but rather took it for a lie, and an invention of mine, in order to remain in the country, where I was born; and so, by force rather than by my good-will, they carried me with them. My mother was a Christian, and my father a discreet man, and a Christian too. I sucked in the Catholic faith with my milk. I was virtuously brought up, and, neither in my language nor behaviour, did I, as I thought, give any indication of being a Morisca. My beauty, if I have any,

grew up, and kept equal pace with these virtues ; for such I believe them to be : and, though my modesty and reserve were great, I could not avoid being seen by a young gentleman, called Don Gaspar Gregorio, eldest son of a person of distinction, whose estate joins to our town. How he saw me, how we conversed together, how he was undone for me, and how I was little less for him, would be tedious to relate, especially at a time, when I am under apprehension, that the cruel cord, which threatens me, may interpose between my tongue and my throat ; and therefore I will only say, that Don Gregorio resolved to bear me company in our banishment. And so, mingling with the Moors, who came from other towns (for he spoke the language well), in the journey he contracted an intimacy with my two uncles, who had the charge of me : for my father, being a prudent and provident person, as soon as he saw the first edict for our banishment, left the town, and went to seek some place of refuge for us in foreign kingdoms. He left a great number of pearls, and precious stones of great value, hid and buried in a certain place, known to me only, with some money in crusadoes and pistoles of gold, commanding me in no wise to touch the treasure he left, if peradventure we should be banished before he returned. I obeyed, and passed over into Barbary with my uncles and other relations and acquaintance, as I have already

said ; and the place we settled in was Algiers, or rather hell itself. The King heard of my beauty, and fame told him of my riches, which partly proved my good fortune. He sent for me, and asked me, of what part of Spain I was, and what money and jewels I had brought with me. I told him the town, and that the jewels and money were buried in it ; but that they might easily be brought off, if I myself went to fetch them. All this I told him, in hopes that his own covetousness, more than my beauty, would blind him.

“ While he was thus discoursing with me, information was given him, that one of the genteel-est and handsomest youths imaginable came in my company. I presently understood, that they meant Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty is beyond all possibility of exaggeration. I was greatly disturbed when I considered the danger Don Gregorio was in : for, among those barbarous Turks, a beautiful boy or youth is more valued and esteemed, than a woman, be she never so beautiful. The King commanded him to be immediately brought before him, that he might see him, and asked me, if it was true, what he was told of that youth. I, as if inspired by Heaven, answered, Yes, it was ; but that I must inform him, he was not a man, but a woman, as I was : and I requested, that he would let me go and dress her in her proper garb, that she might shine in full beauty, and appear in

his presence with the less concern. He said, I might go in a good hour, and that next day he would talk with me of the manner how I might conveniently return to Spain, to get the hidden treasure. I consulted with Don Gaspar; I told him the danger he ran in appearing as a man: and I dressed him like a Morisca, and that very afternoon introduced him as a woman to the King, who was in admiration at the sight of her, and proposed to reserve her for a present to the Grand Signior; and, to prevent the risk she might run in the seraglio among his own wives, and distrusting himself, he ordered her to be lodged in the house of a Moorish lady of quality, there to be kept and waited upon: whither she was instantly conveyed. What we both felt (for I cannot deny, that I love him) I leave to the consideration of those, who mutually love each other, and are forced to part. The King presently gave order for my returning to Spain, in this brigantine, accompanied by two Turks, being those, who killed your soldiers. There came with me also this Spanish renegado (pointing to him who spoke first), whom I certainly know to be a Christian in his heart, and that he comes with a greater desire to stay in Spain, than to return to Barbary. The rest of the ship's crew are Moors and Turks, who serve for nothing but to row at the oar. The two drunken and insolent Turks, disobeying the orders given them to set me and

the renegado on shore, in the first place of Spain we should touch upon, in the habit of Christians, with which we came provided, would needs first scour the coast, and make some prize, if they could; fearing, if they should land us first, we might be induced by some accident or other to discover, that such a vessel was at sea, and, if perchance there were any gallies abroad upon this coast, she might be taken. Last night we made this shore, and, not knowing any thing of these four gallies, were discovered ourselves, and what you have seen has befallen us. In short, Don Gregorio remains among the women, in woman's attire, and in manifest danger of being undone; and I find myself, with my hands tied, expecting, or rather fearing, to lose that life, of which I am already weary. This, Sir, is the conclusion of my lamentable story, as true as unfortunate. What I beg of you, is, that you will suffer me to die like a Christian, since, as I have told you, I am nowise chargeable with the blame, into which those of my nation have fallen.' Here she held her peace, her eyes pregnant with tender tears, which were accompanied by many of those of the standers-by.

The viceroy, being of a kind and compassionate disposition, without speaking a word, went to her, and with his own hands unbound the cord, that tied the beautiful ones of the fair Morisca. While the Moriscan Christian was

relating her strange story, an old pilgrim, who came aboard the galley with the viceroy, fastened his eyes on her, and, scarcely had she made an end, when, throwing himself at her feet, and embracing them, with words interrupted by a thousand sobs and sighs, he said: "O Anna Felix! my unhappy daughter! I am thy father Ricote, who am returned to seek thee, not being able to live without thee, who art my very soul." At which words, Sancho opened his eyes, and lifted up his head, which he was holding down, ruminating upon his late disgrace; and looking at the pilgrim, he knew him to be the very Ricote, he met with upon the day he left his government, and was persuaded this must be his daughter: who, being now unbound, embraced her father, mingling her tears with his. Ricote said to the general and the viceroy: "This, Sirs, is my daughter, happy in her name alone: Anna Felix she is called, with the surname of Ricote, as famous for her own beauty, as for her father's riches. I left my native country, to seek, in foreign kingdoms, some shelter and safe retreat; and, having found one in Germany, I returned, in this pilgrim's weed, in the company of some Germans, in quest of my daughter, and to take up a great deal of wealth I had left buried. My daughter I found not; but the treasure I did, and have it in my possession: and now, by the strange turn of fortune you have seen, I have

found the treasure, which most enriches me, my beloved daughter. If our innocence, and her tears and mine, through the uprightness of your justice, can open the gates of mercy, let us partake of it, who never had a thought of offending you, nor in any ways conspired with the designs of our people, who have been justly banished." Sancho then said: " I know Ricote very well, and am sure what he says of Anna Felix's being his daughter is true: but as for the other idle stories of his going and coming, and of his having a good or bad intention, I meddle not with them."

All that were present wondered at the strangeness of the case; and the general said: " Each tear of yours hinders me from fulfilling my oath: live, fair Anna Felix, all the years Heaven has allotted you, and let the daring and the insolent undergo the punishment their crime deserves." Immediately he ordered, that the two Turks, who had killed his soldiers, should be hanged at the yard-arm. But the viceroy earnestly entreated him not to hang them, their fault being rather the effect of madness than of valour. The general yielded to the viceroy's request; for it is not easy to execute revenge in cold blood. Then they consulted how to deliver Don Gaspar Gregorio from the danger he was left in. Ricote offered above two thousand ducats, which he had in pearls and jewels, towards it. Several expe-

dients were proposed, but none so likely to succeed as that of the Spanish renegado aforementioned, who offered to return to Algiers in a small bark of about eight banks, armed with Christian rowers; for he knew where, how, and when he might land; nor was he ignorant of the house, in which Don Gaspar was kept. The general and the viceroy were in doubt, whether they should rely on the renegado, or trust him with the Christians, who were to row at the oar. Anna Felix answered for him, and her father Ricote said, he would be answerable for the ransom of those Christians, if they should be betrayed. Matters being thus settled, the viceroy went ashore, and Don Antonio Moreno took the Morisca and her father along with him, the viceroy charging him to regale and welcome them, as much as possible, offering, on his own part, whatever his house afforded for their better entertainment; so great was the kindness and charity that the beauty of Anna Felix infused into his breast.

CHAP. LXIV.

TREATING OF THE ADVENTURE, WHICH GAVE DON QUIXOTE MORE SORROW THAN ANY, WHICH HAD HITHERTO BEFALLEN HIM.

THE history relates, that the wife of Don Antonio Moreno took a great deal of pleasure in seeing Anna Felix in her house. She gave her a kind welcome, enamoured as well of her beauty as of her discretion; for the Morisca excelled in both: and all the people of the city flocked to see her, as if they had been brought together by ringing the great bell. Don Quixote said to Don Antonio, that the method, they had resolved upon, for the redemption of Don Gregorio, was quite a wrong one, there being more danger, than probability of success, in it; and that they would do better to land him, with his horse and arms, in Barbary; for he would fetch him off, in spite of the whole Moorish race, as Don Gayferos had done by his wife Melisendra. "Take notice, Sir," quoth Sancho, hearing this, "that Signor Don Gayferos rescued his spouse on firm land, and carried her overland into France: but here, if, peradventure, we rescue Don Gregorio, we have no way to bring him into Spain, since the sea is between."—"For all things there is a remedy, excepting for death," replied Don Quixote; "for, let but a vessel come to the sea-

side, and we can embark in it, though the whole world should endeavour to oppose it.”—“Your Worship,” quoth Sancho, “contrives and makes the matter very easy: but, between the saying and the fact is a very large tract: and I stick to the renegado, who seems to me a very honest and good-natured man.” Don Antonio said, if the renegado should miscarry in the business, it would be time enough to put in practice the expedient of the great Don Quixote’s passing over into Barbary. Two days after, the renegado set sail in a small bark of six oars on a side, manned with a stout crew; and, two days after that, the gallies departed for the Levant, the general having engaged the viceroy to give him advice of all that should happen in respect to the deliverance of Don Gregorio, and the fortune of Anna Felix.

One morning, Don Quixote being sallied forth to take the air on the strand, armed at all points (for, as he was wont to say, his arms were his finery, and his recreation fighting, and so he was seldom without them); he perceived advancing toward him a Knight, armed likewise at all points. On his shield was painted a resplendent moon: and, when he was comé near enough to be heard, he raised his voice, and, directing it to Don Quixote, he said: “Illustrious Knight, and never enough renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon,

whose unheard-of exploits, perhaps, may bring him to your remembrance. I come to enter into combat with you, and to try the strength of your arm, in order to make you know and confess, that my mistress, be she who she will, is, without comparison, more beautiful than your Dulcinea del Toboso : which truth if you do immediately and fairly confess, you will save your own life, and me the trouble of taking it from you : and if you fight, and are vanquished by me, all the satisfaction I expect, is, that you lay aside arms, forbear going in quest of adventures, and retire home to your house for the space of one year, where you shall live, without laying hand to your sword, in profound peace, and profitable repose ; which will redound, both to the improvement of your estate, and the salvation of your soul : and if you shall vanquish me, my head shall lie at your mercy, the spoils of my horse and arms shall be yours, and the fame of my exploits shall be transferred from me to you. Consider, which is best for you, and answer me presently : for this business must be dispatched this very day."

Don Quixote was surprised and amazed, as well at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon, as at the reason of his being challenged by him : and so, with gravity composed, and countenance severe, he answered : " Knight of the White Moon, whose achievements have not as

yet reached my ears, I dare swear, you never saw the illustrious Dulcinea; for, had you seen her, I am confident, you would have taken care not to engage in this trial, since the sight of her must have undeceived, and convinced you, that there never was, nor ever can be, a beauty comparable to hers: and therefore, without giving you the lie, and only saying you are mistaken, I accept your challenge, with the aforementioned conditions; and that upon the spot, that the day allotted for this business may not first elapse: and out of the conditions I only except the transfer of your exploits, because I do not know what they are, nor that they are: I am contented with my own, such as they are. Take, then, what part of the field you please, and I will do the like, and, to whom God shall give her, Saint Peter give his blessing."

The Knight of the White Moon was discovered from the city, and the viceroy was informed, that he was in conference with Don Quixote de la Mancha. The viceroy, believing it was some new adventure, contrived by Don Antonio Moreno, or by some other gentleman of the town, immediately rode out to the strand, accompanied by Don Antonio, and a great many other gentlemen; and arrived just as Don Quixote had wheeled Rozinante about, to take the necessary ground for his career. The viceroy, perceiving they were both ready to turn for the encounter,

interposed, asking, what induced them to so sudden a fight. The Knight of the White Moon answered, it was the precedency of beauty ; and told him, in a few words, what he had said to Don Quixote, and that the conditions of the combat were agreed to on both sides. The viceroy asked Don Antonio, in his ear, whether he knew, who the Knight of the White Moon was, and whether it was some jest designed to be put upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio answered, that he neither knew, who he was, nor whether this challenge was in jest or earnest. This answer perplexed the viceroy, putting him in doubt, whether he should suffer them to proceed to the combat : but, inclining rather to believe it could be nothing but a jest, he went aside, saying : “ If there is no other remedy, Knights, but to confess or die, and if Signor Don Quixote persists in denying, and your Worship of the White Moon in affirming, at it, in God’s name.” He of the White Moon thanked the viceroy in courtly and discreet terms for the leave he gave them ; and Don Quixote did the same : who, recommending himself to Heaven with all his heart, and to his Dulcinea (as was his custom at the beginning of the combats that offered), wheeled about again, to fetch a larger compass, because he saw his adversary did the like ; and without sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument, to give the signal for the onset, they both turned

their horses about at the same instant : and he of the White Moon, being the nimblest, met Don Quixote at two thirds of the career, and there encountered him with such impetuous force (not touching him with his lance, which he seemed to raise on purpose), that he gave Rozinante and Don Quixote a perilous fall to the ground. Presently he was upon him, and, clapping his lance to his visor, he said : “ Knight, you are vanquished, and a dead man, if you do not confess the conditions of our challenge.” Don Quixote, bruised and stunned, without lifting up his visor, as if he was speaking from within a tomb, in a feeble and low voice, said : “ Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate Knight on earth, and it is not fit, that my weakness should discredit this truth : Knight, push on your lance, and take away my life, since you have spoiled me of my honour.”—“ By no means,” said he of the White Moon : “ live, live the fame of the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, in its full lustre : all the satisfaction I demand, is, that the great Don Quixote retire home to his own town for a year, or till such time as I shall command, according to our agreement before we began this battle.” All this was heard by the viceroy, Don Antonio, and many other persons there present ; who also heard Don Quixote reply, that, since he required nothing of him to the prejudice

of Dulcinea, he would perform all the rest like a punctual and true Knight.

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

CHAP. LXV.

IN WHICH AN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN, WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON WAS, WITH THE LIBERTY OF DON GREGORIO, AND OTHER ACCIDENTS.

DON Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon. A great number of boys also pursued and persecuted him, till they had lodged him at an inn within the city. Don Antonio went in after him, being desirous to know who he was. His squire came out to receive and unarm him. He shut himself up in a lower room, and with him Don Antonio, whose cake was dough, till he knew who he was. He of the White Moon, perceiving that this gentleman would not leave him, said: "I very well know, Sir, the design of your coming, which is, to learn who I am; and, because there is no occasion for concealing it, while my servant is unarming me, I will inform you, without deviating a tittle from the truth. Know, Sir, that I am called the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco: I am of the same town with Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose madness and folly move all, that know him, to compassion. Of those, who had most pity for him, was I; and, believing his recovery to depend upon his being quiet, and staying at home in his own house, I contrived how to make him continue there. And so, about three months ago, I sallied

forth to the highway like a Knight-errant, styling myself Knight of the Looking-glasses, designing to fight with him, and vanquish him, without doing him harm, the condition of our combat being, that the vanquished should remain at the discretion of the vanquisher: and what I, concluding him already vanquished, intended to enjoin him, was, that he should return to his village, and not stir out of it in a whole year; in which time he might be cured. But fortune ordained it otherwise; for he vanquished me, and tumbled me from my horse, and so my design did not take effect. He pursued his journey, and I returned home, vanquished, ashamed, and bruised with the fall, which was a very dangerous one. Nevertheless I lost not the desire of finding him, and vanquishing him, as you have seen this day. And, as he is so exact and punctual in observing the laws of Knight-errantry, he will doubtless keep that I have laid upon him, and will be as good as his word. This, Sir, is the business; and I have nothing to add, but only to entreat you not to discover me, nor to let Don Quixote know who I am, that my good intentions may take effect, and his understanding be restored to a man, who has a very good one, if the follies of chivalry do but leave him.”—
“ Oh! Sir,” replied Don Antonio, “ God forgive you the injury you have done the whole

world, in endeavouring to restore to his senses the most diverting madman in it. Do you not see, Sir, that the benefit of his recovery will not counterbalance the pleasure his extravagancies afford? But, I fancy, that all Signor Bachelor's industry will not be sufficient to recover a man so consummately mad; and, were it not against the rule of charity, I would say, may Don Quixote never be recovered: for, by his cure, we not only lose his pleasantries, but those of his squire Sancho Panza too; any one of which is enough to make Melancholy herself merry. Nevertheless I will hold my peace, and tell him nothing, to try, if I am right in suspecting, that all Signor Carrasco's diligence is likely to be fruitless." Carrasco answered, that, all things considered, the business was in a promising way, and he hoped for good success. Don Antonio, having offered his service in whatever else he pleased to command him, took his leave. The same day, the Bachelor, having caused his armour to be tied upon the back of a mule, rode out of the city upon the same horse, on which he entered the fight, and returned to his native place, nothing befalling him by the way worthy to be recorded in this faithful history. Don Antonio recounted to the viceroy all, that Carrasco had told him: at which the viceroy was not much pleased, considering, that Don Quixote's con-

finement would put an end to all that diversion, which his follies administered to those that knew them.

Six days Don Quixote lay in bed, chagrined, melancholy, thoughtful, and peevish, his imagination still dwelling upon the unhappy business of his defeat. Sancho strove to comfort him, and among other things, said: "Dear Sir, hold up your head, and be cheerful if you can, and give Heaven thanks, that, though you got a swinging fall, you did not come off with a rib broken; and since you know, that they, who will give, must take, and that there are not always bacon-fitches where there are pins, cry, 'A fig for the physician,' since you have no need of his help in this distemper. Let us return home, and leave this rambling, in quest of adventures, through countries and places unknown: and, if it be well considered, I am the greater loser, though your Worship be the greater sufferer. I, who, with the government, quitted the desire of ever governing more, did not quit the desire of being an earl, which will never come to pass, if your Worship refuses being a king, by quitting the exercise of chivalry; and so my hopes vanish into smoke."—"Peace, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "since you see my confinement and retirement is not to last above a year, and then I will resume my honourable profession, and shall not want a kingdom to win for myself, nor an

earldom to bestow on you.”—“ God hear it,” quoth Sancho, “ and let sin be deaf; for I have always been told, that a good expectation is better than a bad possession.”

They were thus discoursing, when Don Antonio entered with signs of great joy, saying: “ My reward, Signor Don Quixote, for the good news I bring: Don Gregorio, and the renegado, who went to bring him, are in the harbour: in the harbour, do I say? By this time they must be come to the viceroy’s palace, and will be here presently.” Don Quixote was a little revived, and said: “ In truth, I was going to say, I should be glad, if it had fallen out quite otherwise, that I might have been obliged to go over to Barbary, where, by the force of my arm, I should have given liberty, not only to Don Gregorio, but to all the Christian captives, that are in Barbary. But, what do I say, wretch that I am? Am I not he, who is vanquished? Am I not he, who is overthrown? Am I not he, who has it not in his power to take arms in a twelvemonth? Why then do I promise? Why do I vaunt, if I am fitter to handle a distaff than a sword?”—“ No more, Sir,” quoth Sancho: “ let the hen live, though she have the pip. To-day for you, and to-morrow for me: and, as for these matters of encounters and bangs, never trouble your head about them; for, he that falls to-day, may rise to-morrow, unless he has a mind to lie a-bed; I

mean, by giving way to despondency, and not endeavouring to recover fresh spirits for fresh encounters. And, pray, Sir, rise, and welcome Don Gregorio; for there seems to be a great bustle in the house, and by this time he is come."

He said the truth; for, Don Gregorio and the renegado having given the viceroy an account of the expedition, Don Gregorio, impatient to see Anna Felix, was come with the renegado to Don Antonio's house; and, though Don Gregorio, when he made his escape from Algiers, was in a woman's dress, he had exchanged it in the bark for that of a captive, who escaped with him. But, in whatever dress he had come, he would have had the appearance of a person worthy to be loved, served, and esteemed; for he was above measure beautiful, and seemed to be about seventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went out to meet him, the father with tears, and the daughter with modesty. The young couple did not embrace each other; for, where there is much love, there are usually but few freedoms. The joint beauties of Don Gregorio and Anna Felix surprised all the beholders. Silence spoke for the two lovers, and their eyes were the tongues, that proclaimed their joyful and modest sentiments. The renegado acquainted the company with the artifices and means he had employed to bring off Don Gregorio. Don Gregorio recounted the dangers and straits he was

reduced to among the women he remained with, not in a tedious discourse, but in few words, by which he showed, that his discretion outstripped his years. In short, Ricote generously paid and satisfied, as well the renegado, as those, that rowed at the oar. The renegado was reconciled and restored to the bosom of the church, and, of a rotten member, became clean and sound through penance and repentance.

Two days after, the viceroy and Don Antonio consulted together about the means how Anna Felix and her father might remain in Spain, thinking it no manner of inconvenience, that a daughter so much a Christian, and a father, to appearance, so well inclined, should continue in the kingdom. Don Antonio offered to solicit the affair himself at court, being obliged to go thither about other business; intimating, that, by means of favour and bribery, many difficult matters are there brought about. "No," said Ricote, who was present at this discourse, "there is nothing to be expected from favour or bribes: for with the great Bernardino de Velasco, Count of Salazar, to whom his Majesty has given the charge of our expulsion, no entreaties, no promises, no bribes, no pity are of any avail: for, though it is true, he tempers justice with mercy, yet, because he sees the whole body of our nation tainted and putrefied, he rather makes use of burning caustics, than mollifying ointments: so that, by prudence,

by sagacity, by diligence, by terrors, he has supported on his able shoulders the weight of this great machine, and brought it to due execution and perfection: our artifices, stratagems, diligence, and policies, not being able to blind his Argus' eyes, continually open to see, that none of us stay, or lurk behind, that, like a concealed root, may hereafter spring up, and spread venomous fruit through Spain, already cleared, already freed from the fears our vast numbers kept the kingdom in. A most heroic resolution of the great Philip the Third, and unheard-of wisdom in committing this charge to the said Don Bernardino de Velasco!" — "However, when I am at court," said Don Antonio, "I will use all the diligence and means possible, and leave the success to Heaven. Don Gregorio shall go with me, to comfort his parents under the affliction they must be in for his absence: Anna Felix shall stay at my house with my wife, or in a monastery; and I am sure the viceroy will be glad, that honest Ricote remain in his house, till he sees the success of my negotiation." The viceroy consented to all, that was proposed. But Don Gregorio, knowing what passed, expressed great unwillingness to leave Anna Felix: but, resolving to visit his parents, and to concert the means of returning for her, he came at length into the proposal. Anna Felix remained with

Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote in the viceroy's house.

The day of Don Antonio's départure came, and that of Don Quixote's and Sancho's two days after, his fall not permitting him to travel sooner. At Don Gregorio's parting from Anna Felix, all was tears, sighs, swoonings, and sobbings. Ricote offered Don Gregorio a thousand crowns, if he desired them; but he would accept only of five, that Don Antonio lent him, to be repaid, when they met at court. With this they both departed; and Don Quixote and Sancho afterwards, as has been said; Don Quixote unarmed, and in a travelling dress, and Sancho on foot, because Dapple was loaded with the armour.

CHAP. LXVI.

TREATING OF MATTERS, WHICH HE, WHO READS, WILL SEE; AND HE, WHO HEARS THEM READ, WILL HEAR.

AT going out of Barcelona, Don Quixote turned about to see the spot, where he was overthrown, and said: "Here stood Troy; here my misfortunes, not my cowardice, despoiled me of my acquired glory: here I experienced the fickleness of fortune; here the lustre of my exploits was obscured; and lastly, here fell my happiness,

never to rise again." Which Sancho hearing, he said: "It is as much the part of valiant minds, dear Sir, to be patient under misfortunes, as to rejoice in prosperity: and this I judge by myself: for as, when a governor, I was merry, now that I am a squire on foot, I am not sad: for I have heard say, that she, they commonly call Fortune, is a drunken, capricious dame, and, above all, very blind; so that she does not see what she is about, nor knows, whom she casts down, or whom she exalts."—"You are much of a philosopher, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and talk very discreetly; I know not whence you had it. What I can tell you is, that there is no such thing in the world as Fortune, nor do the things, which happen in it, be they good or bad, fall out by chance, but by the particular appointment of Heaven; and hence comes the saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune. I have been so of mine, but not with all the prudence necessary; and my presumption has succeeded accordingly: for I ought to have considered, that the feebleness of Rozinante was not a match for the ponderous bulk of the Knight of the White Moon's steed. In short, I adventured it; I did my best; I was overthrown; and, though I lost my honour, I lost not, nor could I lose, the virtue of performing my promise. When I was a Knight-errant, daring and valiant, by my works I gained credit to my exploits; and, now

that I am but a walking squire, I will gain reputation to my words, by performing my promise. March on then, friend Sancho, and let us pass at home the year of our noviciate; by which retreat we shall acquire fresh vigour, to return to the never-by-me-forgotten exercise of arms."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "trudging on foot is no such pleasant thing; as to encourage or incite me to travel great days journeys: let us leave this armour hanging upon some tree, instead of a hanged man; and, when I am mounted upon Dapple, my feet from the ground, we will travel as your Worship shall like and lead the way; for to think, that I am to foot it, and make large stages, is to expect what cannot be."—"You have said well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "hang up my armour for a trophy; and under them, or round about them, we will carve on the tree that, which was written on the trophy of Orlando's arms:

"These arms let none attempt to wear
Unless they Roldan's rage can bear."

"All this seems to me extremely right," answered Sancho, "and, were it not for the want we should have of Rozinante upon the road, it would not be amiss to leave him hanging too."—"Neither him, nor the armour," replied Don Quixote, "will I suffer to be hanged, that it may not be said, for good service, bad recom-

pense.”—“ Your Worship says well,” answered Sancho; “ for, according to the opinion of the wise, the ass’s fault should not be laid upon the pack-saddle, and, since your Worship is in fault for this business, punish yourself, and let not your fury spend itself upon the already shattered and bloody armour, nor upon the gentleness of Rozinante, nor upon the tenderness of my feet, making them travel more than they can bear.”

In these reasonings and discourses they passed all that day, and even four more, without encountering any thing to put them out of their way. And, on the fifth, at entering into a village, they saw, at the door of an inn, a great number of people, who, it being a holyday, were there solacing themselves. When Don Quixote came up to them, a peasant said aloud; “ One of these two gentlemen, who are coming this way, and who know not the parties, shall decide our wager.”—“ That I will,” answered Don Quixote, “ most impartially, when I am made acquainted with it.”—“ The business, good Sir,” said the peasant, “ is, that an inhabitant of this town, who is so corpulent, that he weighs about twenty-three stone³⁷, has challenged a neighbour, who weighs not above ten and a half, to run with him an hundred yards, upon condition of carrying equal weight; and the challenger, being asked how the weight should be made equal, said, that the challenged, who weighed

but ten and a half, should carry thirteen stone of iron about him, and so both the lean and the fat would carry equal weight.”—“ Not so,” quoth Sancho immediately, before Don Quixote could answer; “ and to me, who have so lately left being a governor and a judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to resolve these doubts, and give my opinion in every controversy.”—“ Answer in a good hour, friend Sancho,” cried Don Quixote; “ for I am not fit to feed a cat³⁸, my brain is so disturbed and turned topsy-turvy.” With this license, Sancho said to the country-fellows, who crowded about him, gaping, and expecting his decision: “ Brothers, the fat man’s proposition is unreasonable, nor is there the least shadow of justice in it; for, if it be true, what is commonly said, that the challenged may choose his weapons, it is not reasonable the other should choose for him such as will hinder and obstruct his coming off conqueror: and therefore my sentence is, that the fat fellow, the challenger, pare away, slice off, or cut out, thirteen stone of his flesh, somewhere or other, as he shall think best and properest; and so, being reduced to ten and a half stone weight, he will be equal to, and matched exactly with his adversary: and so they may run upon even terms.”—“ I vow,” cried one of the peasants, who listened to Sancho’s decision, “ this gentleman has spoken like a saint, and given sentence like a canon: but I warrant the

fat fellow will have no mind to part with an ounce of his flesh, much less thirteen stone."—"The best way," answered another, "will be, not to run at all, that the lean may not break his back with the weight, nor the fat lose flesh; and let half the wager be spent in wine, and let us take these gentlemen to the tavern that has the best, and, give me the cloak when it rains."—"I thank ye, Gentlemen," answered Don Quixote, "but cannot stay a moment: for melancholy thoughts, and disastrous circumstances, oblige me to appear uncivil, and to travel faster than ordinary." And so, clapping spurs to Rozinante, he went on, leaving them in admiration, both at the strangeness of his figure, and the discretion of his man (for such they took Sancho to be); and another of the peasants said; "If the man be so discreet, what must the master be? I will lay a wager, if they go to study at Salamanca, in a trice they will come to be judges at court; for there is nothing easier; it is but studying hard, and having favour and good luck, and, when a man least thinks of it, he finds himself with a white wand in his hand, or a mitre on his head."

That night master and man passed in the middle of the fields, exposed to the smooth and clear sky; and, the next day, going on their way, they saw coming towards them a man on foot, with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin or

half-pike in his hand, the proper equipment of a foot-post; who, when he was come pretty near to Don Quixote, mended his pace, and, half running, went up to him, and, embracing his right thigh (for he could reach no higher) with signs of great joy, he said: "Oh! Signor Don Quixote, de la Mancha, with what pleasure will my Lord Duke's heart be touched, when he understands, that your Worship is returning to his castle, where he still is with my Lady Dutchess!"—"I know you not, friend," answered Don Quixote, "nor can I guess who you are, unless you tell me."—"I, Signor Don Quixote," answered the foot-post, "am Tosilos the Duke's lackey, who would not fight with your Worship about the marriage of Donna Rodriguez's daughter."—"God be my aid!" cried Don Quixote, "are you he, whom the enchanters, my enemies, transformed into the lackey, to defraud me of the glory of that combat?"—"Peace, good Sir," replied the foot-post: "for there was not any enchantment, nor change of face: I was as much the lackey Tosilos, when I entered the lists, as Tosilos the lackey, when I came out. I thought to have married without fighting, because I liked the girl: but my design succeeded quite otherwise; for, as soon as your Worship was departed from our castle, my Lord Duke ordered a hundred bastinadoes to be given me, for having contravened the directions he gave me

before the battle: and the business ended in the girl's turning nun, and Donna Rodriguez's returning to Castile: and I am now going to Barcelona, to carry a packet of letters from my Lord to the viceroy. If your Worship pleases to take a little draught, pure, though warm, I have here a calabash full of the best, with a few slices of Trochon cheese, which will serve as a provocative and awakener of thirst, if perchance it be asleep." —" I accept of the invitation," quoth Sancho; " and throw aside the rest of the compliment, and fill, honest Tosilos, maugre and in spite of all the enchanters that are in the Indies." —" In short, Sancho," said Don Quixote, " you are the greatest glutton in the world, and the greatest ignorant upon earth, if you cannot be persuaded that this foot-post is enchanted, and this Tosilos a counterfeit. Stay you with him, and sate yourself; for I will go on fair and softly before, and wait your coming." The lackey laughed, unsheathed his calabash, and unwalleted his cheese; and taking out a little loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the green grass, and, in peace and good fellowship, quickly dispatched, and got to the bottom of the provisions in the wallet, with so good an appetite, that they licked the very packet of letters, because it smelt of cheese. Tosilos said to Sancho: " Doubtless, friend Sancho, this master of yours ought to be reckoned a madman." —" Why ought³⁹?" replied Sancho; " he

owes nothing to any body ; for he pays for every thing, especially where madness is current. I see it full well, and full well I tell him of it : but what boots it, especially now that there is an end of him ? For he is vanquished by the Knight of the White Moon." Tosilos desired him to tell him what had befallen him : but Sancho said, it was unmannerly to let his master wait for him, and that some other time, if they met, he should have leisure to do it. And rising up, after he had shaken his loose upper coat, and the crumbs from his beard, he drove Dapple before him, and, bidding Tosilos adieu, he left him, and overtook his master, who was staying for him under the shade of a tree.

CHAP. LXVII.

OF THE RESOLUTION DON QUIXOTE TOOK TO TURN SHEPHERD, AND LEAD A RURAL LIFE, TILL THE YEAR OF HIS PROMISE SHOULD BE EXPIRED ; WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS TRULY PLEASANT AND GOOD.

IF various cogitations perplexed Don Quixote before his defeat, many more tormented him after his overthrow. He staid, as has been said, under the shade of a tree, where reflections, like flies about honey, assaulted and stung him ; some dwelling upon the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and others upon the life he was to lead in his

forced retirement. Sancho came up, and commended to him the generosity of the lackey Tosilos. "Is it possible, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that you persist in thinking, that he is a real lackey? You seem to have quite forgotten, that you saw Dulcinea converted and transformed into a country wench, and the Knight of the Looking-glasses into the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco: all the work of enchanters, who persecute me. But, tell me, did you inquire of this Tosilos, what God has done with Altisidora; whether she still bewails my absence, or has already left in the hands of oblivion the amorous thoughts, that tormented her, whilst I was present?"—"Mine," answered Sancho, "were not of a kind to afford me leisure to inquire after fooleries: body of me, Sir, is your Worship now in a condition to be inquiring after other folk's thoughts, especially amorous ones?"—"Look you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "there is a great deal of difference between what is done out of love, and what out of gratitude: it is very possible, a gentleman may not be in love; but it is impossible, strictly speaking, he should be ungrateful. Altisidora, to all appearance, loved me: she gave me three nightcaps you know of: she wept at my departure: she cursed me, vilified me, and, in spite of shame, complained publicly of me; all signs, that she adored me; for the anger of lovers usually ends in maledictions. I

had neither hopes to give her, nor treasures to offer her; for mine are all engaged to Dulcinea, and the treasures of Knights-errant, like those of fairies, are delusions, not realities, and I can only give her these remembrances I have of her, without prejudice however to those I have of Dulcinea, whom you wrong through your remissness in whipping yourself, and in disciplining that flesh of yours, (may I see it devoured by wolves!) which had rather preserve itself for the worms, than for the relief of that poor lady.”—
“ Sir,” answered Sancho, “ if I must speak the truth, I cannot persuade myself, that the lashing of my posteriors can have any thing to do with disenchanting the enchanted; for it is as if one should say, ‘ If your head aches, anoint your kneepans.’ At least I dare swear, that in all the histories your Worship has read, treating of Knight-errantry, you never met with any body disenchanting by whipping. But, be that as it will, I will lay it on, when the humour takes me, and time gives me conveniency of chastising myself.”—“ God grant it,” answered Don Quixote, “ and Heaven give you grace to see the duty and obligation you are under to aid my Lady, who is yours too, since you are mine.”

With these discourses they went on their way, when they arrived at the very place and spot, where they had been trampled upon by the bulls. Don Quixote knew it again, and said to Sancho.

“ This is the meadow, where we lighted on the gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds, who intended to revive in it, and imitate, the pastoral Arcadia: a thought, as new as ingenious; in imitation of which, if you approve it, I could wish, O Sancho, we might turn shepherds, at least for the time I must live retired. I will buy sheep, and all other materials necessary for the pastoral employment; and I calling myself the shepherd Quixotiz, and you the shepherd Panzino, we will range the mountains, the woods, and meadows, singing here, and complaining there, drinking the liquid crystal of the fountains, of the limpid brooks, or of the mighty rivers. The oaks with a plentiful hand shall give their sweetest fruit; the trunks of the hardest cork-trees shall afford us seats; the willows shall furnish shade, and the roses scent; the spacious meadow shall yield us carpets of a thousand colours; the air, clear and pure, shall supply breath; the moon and stars afford light, in spite of the darkness of the night: singing shall furnish pleasure, and complaining yield delight; Apollo shall provide verses, and love conceits; with which we shall make ourselves famous and immortal, not only in the present, but in future ages.”—“ Before God,” quoth Sancho, “ this kind of life squares and corners with me exactly. Besides, no sooner will the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas, the Barber, have

well seen it, but they will have a mind to follow and turn shepherds with us, and God grant that the Priest have not an inclination to make one in the fold, he is of so gay a temper, and such a lover of mirth.”—“ You have said very well,” replied Don Quixote; “ and the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, if he enters himself into the pastoral society, as doubtless he will, may call himself the shepherd Sampsonino, or Carrascon. Nicholas the Barber may be called Niculoso, as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso⁴⁰. As for the Priest, I know not what name to bestow upon him, unless it be some derivative from his profession, calling him the shepherd Curiambro. As for the shepherdesses, whose lovers we are to be, we may pick and choose their names, as we do pears; and since that of my Lady quadrates alike with a shepherdess and a princess, I need not trouble myself about seeking another that may suit her better. You, Sancho, may give yours what name you please.”—“ I do not intend,” answered Sancho, “ to give mine any other than Teresona, which will fit her fat sides well, and is near her own too, since her name is Teresa. Besides, when I come to celebrate her in verse, I shall discover my chaste desires: for I am not for looking in other folk’s houses for better bread than made of wheat. As for the Priest, it will not be proper he should have a shepherdess, that he may set a good example; and if the Bachelor

Sampson will have one, his soul is at his own disposal."

"God be my aid!" cried Don Quixote, "what a life shall we lead, friend Sancho! what a world of bagpipes shall we hear! what pipes of Zamora! what tambourets! what tabors! and what rebecs! And, if to all these different musics be added the albogues, we shall have almost all the pastoral instruments."—"What are your albogues?" demanded Sancho; "for I never heard them named, nor ever saw one of them in all my life."—"Albogues," answered Don Quixote, "are certain plates of brass like candlesticks, which, being hollow, and struck against each other, give a sound, if not very agreeable, or harmonious, yet not offensive, and agreeing well enough with the rusticity of the tabor and pipe. And this name Albogues is Moorish, as are all those in Spanish, that begin with *al*: as *Almohaza*, *Almorzar*, *Alhombra*, *Alguacil*, *Aluzema*, *Almacen*, *Alcancia*, and the like, with very few more: and our language has only three Moorish words ending in *i*, namely *Borcegui*, *Zaquizami*, and *Maravedi*: *Alheli* and *Alfaqui*, as well for beginning with *al*, as ending in *i*, are known to be Arabic. This I have told you by the by, the occasion of naming albogues having brought it into my mind. One main help, probably, we shall have toward perfecting this profession, is, that I, as you know, am somewhat of a poet, and the Ba-

chelor Sampson Carrasco an extremely good one. Of the Priest I say nothing: but I will venture a wager, he has the points and collar of a poet⁴⁷, and that master Nicholas, the Barber, has them too, I make no doubt: for most or all of that faculty are players on the guitar and song-makers. I will complain of absence: you shall extol yourself for a constant lover: the shepherd Carrasco shall lament his being disdained; and the Priest Curiambro may say, or sing, whatever will do him most service: and so the business will go on as well as heart can wish."

To which Sancho answered: "I am so unlucky, Sir, that I am afraid I shall never see the day, wherein I shall be engaged in this employment. Oh! what neat wooden spoons shall I make, when I am a shepherd! what crumbs! what cream! what garlands! what pastoral gimcracks! which, though they do not procure me the reputation of being wise, will not fail to procure me that of being ingenious. My daughter Sanchica shall bring us our dinner to the sheepfold: but have a care of that; she is a very sightly wench, and shepherds there are, who are more of the knave than the fool; and I would not have my girl come for wool, and return back shorn: and your loves, and wanton desires, are as frequent in fields, as in the cities, and to be found in shepherds' cottages, as well as in kings' palaces: and, take away the occasion, and you take away

the sin: and, what the eye views not, the heart rues not: a leap from behind a bush has more force than the prayer of a good man.”—“No more proverbs, good Sancho,” cried Don Quixote; “for any one of those you have mentioned is sufficient to let us know your meaning. I have often advised you not to be so prodigal of your proverbs, and to keep a strict hand over them: but, it seems, it is preaching in the desert, and, the more my mother whips me the more I rend and tear.”—“Methinks,” answered Sancho, “your Worship makes good the saying, The kettle called the pot black-face. You are reproving me for speaking proverbs, and you string them yourself by couples.”—“Look you, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “I use mine to the purpose, and, when I speak them, they are as fit as a ring to the finger: but you drag them in by head and shoulders. If I remember right, I have already told you, that proverbs are short sentences, drawn from experience, and the speculations of our ancient sages; and the proverb, that is not to the purpose, is rather an absurdity than a sentence. But enough of this; and, since night approaches, let us retire a little way out of the high road, where we will pass this night, and God knows what will be to-morrow.”

They retired: they supped late and ill, much against Sancho's inclination, who now began to reflect upon the difficulties attending Knight-

errantry, among woods and mountains; though now and then plenty showed itself in castles and houses, as at Don Diego de Miranda's, at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and at Don Antonio Moreno's: but he considered it was not possible it should always be day, nor always night; and so he spent the remainder of that sleeping, and his master waking.

CHAP. LXVIII.

OF THE BRISTLED ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL DON QUIXOTE.

THE night was somewhat dark, though the moon was in the heavens, but not in a part, where she could be seen; for sometimes Signora Diana takes a trip to the antipodes, and leaves the mountains black, and the vallies in the dark. Don Quixote gave way to nature, taking his first sleep, without giving place to a second; quite the reverse of Sancho, who never had a second, one sleep lasting him from night to morning; an evident sign of his good constitution, and few cares. Those of Don Quixote kept him so awake, that he awakened Sancho, and said: "I am amazed, Sancho, at the insensibility of your temper; you seem to me to be made of marble, or brass, not susceptible of any emotion or sentiment: I wake, while you sleep; I weep, when

you are singing; I am fainting with hunger, when you are lazy and unwieldy with pure cramming: it is the part of good servants to share in their masters' pains, and to be touched with what affects them, were it but for the sake of decency. Behold the serenity of the night, and the solitude we are in, inviting us, as it were, to intermingle some watching with our sleep. Get up, by your life, and go a little apart from hence, and, with a willing mind and a good courage, give yourself three or four hundred lashes, upon account, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea: and this I ask as a favour; for I will not come to wrestling with you again, as I did before, because I know the weight of your arms. After you have laid them on, we will pass the remainder of the night in singing, I my absence, and you your constancy, beginning from this moment our pastoral employment, which we are to follow in our village."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "I am of no religious order, to rise out of the midst of my sleep, and discipline myself; neither do I think, one can pass from the pain of whipping to music. Suffer me to sleep, and urge not this whipping myself, lest you force me to swear never to touch a hair of my coat, much less of my flesh."—"O hardened soul!" cried Don Quixote; "O remorseless squire! O bread ill employed, and favours ill considered, those I have already bestowed upon you, and those I

still intend to bestow upon you! To me you owe, that you have been a governor; and to me you owe, that you are in a fair way of being an earl, or of having some title equivalent; and the accomplishment of these things will be delayed no longer than the expiration of this year; for *post tenebras spero lucem.*—“ I know not what that means,” replied Sancho: “ I only know, that, while I am asleep, I have neither fear, nor hope, neither trouble, nor glory: and blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle, that covers all human thoughts; the food, that appeases hunger; the drink, that quenches thirst; the fire, that warms cold; the cold, that moderates heat; and, lastly, the general coin, that purchases all things; the balance and weight, that makes the shepherd equal to the king, and the simple to the wise. One only evil, as I have heard, sleep has in it, namely, that it resembles death; for, between a man asleep and a man dead, there is but little difference.”—“ I never heard you, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “ talk so elegantly as now; whence I come to know the truth of the proverb, you often apply, *Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed.*”—“ Dear master of mine,” added Sancho, “ it is not I, that am stringing of proverbs now; for they fall from your Worship’s mouth also, by couples, faster than from me: only between yours and mine there is this difference, that your Worship’s

come at the proper season, and mine out of season : but, in short, they are all proverbs.”

They were thus employed, when they heard a kind of deaf noise, and harsh sound, spreading itself through all those vallies. Don Quixote started up, and laid his hand to his sword ; and Sancho squatted down under Dapple, and clapped the bundle of armour on one side of him, and the ass's pannel on the other, trembling no less with fear, than Don Quixote with surprise. The noise increased by degrees, and came nearer to the two tremblers, one at least so, for the other's courage is already sufficiently known. Now the business was, that certain fellows were driving above six hundred hogs to sell at a fair, and were upon the road with them at that hour ; and so great was the din they made with gruntling and blowing, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not presently guess the occasion of it. The far-spreading and gruntling herd came crowding on, and, without any respect to the authority of Don Quixote, or to that of Sancho, trampled over them both, demolishing Sancho's intrenchment, and overthrowing, not only Don Quixote, but Rozinante to boot. The crowding, the gruntling, the hurrying on of those unclean animals put into confusion, and overturned, the pack-saddle, the armour, Dapple, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote. Sancho got up as well as he could,

and desired his master to lend him his sword, saying, he would kill half a dozen of those unmannerly gentlemen swine, for such by this time he knew them to be. Said Don Quixote to him : “ Let them alone, friend ; for this affront is a punishment for my sin ; and it is a just judgment of Heaven, that wild dogs should devour, wasps sting, and hogs trample upon, a vanquished Knight-errant.”—“ It is also, I suppose, a judgment of Heaven,” answered Sancho, “ that the squires of vanquished Knights-errant should be stung by flies, eaten up by lice, and besieged by hunger. If we squires were the sons of the Knights we serve, or very near of kin to them, it would be no wonder, if the punishment of their faults should overtake us to the fourth generation : but what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes ? Well, let us compose ourselves again, and sleep out the little remainder of the night, and God will send us a new day, and we shall have better luck.”—“ Sleep you, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote ; “ for you were born to sleep ; whilst I, who was born to watch, in the space between this and day, give the reins to my thoughts, and cool their heat in a little madrigal, which, unknown to you, I composed to-night in my mind.”—“ Methinks,” quoth Sancho, “ the thoughts, which give way to the making of couplets, cannot be many. Couplet it as much as your Worship pleases, and I will sleep as much as I can.” Then

taking as much ground as he wanted, he bundled himself up, and fell into a sound sleep, neither suretyship, nor debts, nor any troubles disturbing him. Don Quixote, leaning against a beech or cork-tree (for Cid Hamete Benengeli does not distinguish what tree it was), to the music of his own sighs sung as follows :

O Love, whene'er I think of thee,
Whose torments rend my anxious breast,
I fain would seek that peaceful rest,
Which death alone can give to me.

But when I reach the destin'd spot,
The tranquil port from restless seas,
I haste me back, my mind's at ease,
And sooth'd the sorrows of my lot.

Thus life is death—yet (stranger thing!)
Thus dying leads to life again.
Oh! state unknown to other men,
Which life and death at once can bring!

He accompanied each stanza with a multitude of sighs, and not a few tears, like one, whose heart was pierced through by the grief of being vanquished, and by the absence of Dulcinea. Now the day appeared, and the sun began to dart his beams in Sancho's eyes. He awaked, roused, and shook himself, and stretched his lazy limbs, and beheld what havoc the hogs had made in his cupboard; and cursed the drove, and somebody else besides.

Finally, they both set forward on their journey; and, toward the decline of the afternoon, they discovered about half a score men on horseback, and four or five on foot, advancing toward them. Don Quixote's heart leaped with surprise, and Sancho's with fear: for the men, that were coming up, carried spears and targets, and advanced in very warlike array. Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and said: "Sancho, if I could but make use of my arms, and my promise had not tied up my hands, this machine, that is coming towards us, I would make no more of than I would of so many tarts and cheesecakes. But it may be something else than what we fear." By this time the horsemen were come up; and lifting up their lances, without speaking a word, they surrounded Don Quixote, and clapped their spears to his back and breast, threatening to kill him. One of those on foot, putting his finger to his mouth, to signify he should be silent, laid hold on Rozinante's bridle, and drew him out of the road: and the others on foot, driving Sancho and Dapple before them, all keeping a marvellous silence, following the steps of him, who led Don Quixote, who had a mind three or four times to ask, whither they were carrying him, or what they would have. But scarcely did he begin to move his lips, when they were ready to close them with the points of their spears. And the same befell Sancho; for no sooner did he show an inclina-

tion to talk, than one of those on foot pricked him with a goad, and did as much to Dapple, as if he had a mind to talk too. It grew night; they mended their pace; the fear of the two prisoners increased, especially, when they heard the fellows ever and anon say to them: "On, on, ye Troglodytes; peace, ye barbarous slaves; pay, ye Anthropophagi; complain not, ye Scythians; open not your eyes, ye murdering Polyphemuses, ye butcherly lions;" and other the like names, with which they tormented the ears of the miserable pair, master and man. Sancho went along, saying so himself: "We Ortolans? We barbers' slaves? We Andrew popinjays? We Citadels? We Polly famous's? I do not like these names at all: this is a bad wind for winnowing our corn; the whole mischief comes upon us together, like kicks to a cur; and would to God this disventurous adventure, that threatens us, may end in no worse!" Don Quixote marched along, quite confounded, and not being able to conjecture, by all the conclusions he could make, why they called them by those reproachful names; from which he could only gather, that no good was to be expected, and much harm to be feared. In this condition, about an hour after nightfall, they arrived at a castle, which Don Quixote presently knew to be the Duke's, where he had so lately been. "God be my aid!" said he, as soon as he knew the place, "what will this end in?"

In this house all is courtesy and civil usage: but to the vanquished, good is converted into bad, and bad into worse." They entered into the principal court of the castle, and saw it decorated and set out in such a manner, that their admiration increased, and their fear doubled, as will be seen in the following chapter.



CHAP. LXIX.

OF THE NEWEST AND STRANGEST ADVENTURE OF ALL,
THAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE WHOLE COURSE
OF THIS GRAND HISTORY.

THE horsemen alighted, and, together with those on foot, taking Sancho and Don Quixote forcibly in their arms, carried them into the court-yard, round which near an hundred torches were placed in sockets, and above five hundred lights about the galleries of the court; insomuch that, in spite of the night, which was somewhat darkish, there seemed to be no want of the day. In the middle of the court was erected a tomb, about two yards from the ground, and over it a large canopy of black velvet; round which, upon its steps, were burning above an hundred wax tapers in silver candlesticks. On the tomb was seen the corpse of a damsel so beautiful, that her beauty made death itself appear beautiful. Her head lay upon a cushion of gold brocade, crowned

with a garland interwoven with odoriferous flowers of divers kinds : her hands lying crosswise upon her breast, and between them a branch of never-fading victorious palm. On one side of the court was placed a theatre, and in two chairs were seated two personages, whose crowns on their heads, and sceptres in their hands, denoted them to be kings, either real, or feigned. On the side of the theatre, to which the ascent was by steps, stood two other chairs ; upon which they, who brought in the prisoners, seated Don Quixote and Sancho, all this in profound silence, and by signs giving them to understand they must be silent too : but, without bidding, they held their peace ; for the astonishment they were in at what they beheld tied up their tongues. And now two great persons ascended the theatre with a numerous attendance, whom Don Quixote presently knew to be the Duke and Dutchess, whose guest he had been. They seated themselves in two very rich chairs, close by those, who seemed to be kings. Who would not have admired at all this, especially considering that Don Quixote had now perceived, that the corpse upon the tomb was that of the fair Altisidora ? At the Duke and Dutchess's ascending the theatre, Don Quixote and Sancho rose up, and made them a profound reverence, and their Grandeurs returned it by bowing their heads a little. At this juncture, an officer crossed the place, and, coming to Sancho,

threw over him a robe of black buckram, all painted over with flames, and, taking off his cap, put on his head a pasteboard mitre three foot high, like those used by the penitents of the Inquisition; bidding him in his ear not to unsew his lips; if he did, they would clap a gag in his mouth, or kill him. Sancho viewed himself from top to toe, and saw himself all over in flames; but, finding they did not burn him, he cared not two farthings. He took off his mitre, and saw it all painted over with devils: he put it on again, saying within himself: "Well enough yet, these do not burn me, nor those carry me away." Don Quixote also surveyed him, and, though fear suspended his senses, he could not but smile to behold Sancho's figure.

And now, from under the tomb, proceeded a low and pleasing sound of flutes; which not being interrupted by any human voice, for Silence herself kept silence there, the music sounded both soft and amorous. Then on a sudden, by the cushion of the seemingly dead body, appeared a beautiful youth in a Roman habit, who, in a sweet and clear voice, to the sound of a harp, which he played on himself, sung the two following stanzas:

Whilst the high pow'rs of magic lend their aid
To call thy spirit back to realms of day,
Thy spir't, Altisidora, luckless maid!
Of unrequited love the early prey;

Whilst dames, of this enchanted court the grace,
 Sit richly rob'd in silken weeds of woe,
 And she, the sov'reign Lady of the place,
 In humble vestment clad, stands far below,
 Will I declare thy beauty and thy pain,
 With wilder notes, and in a sweeter strain,
 Than ever was attun'd by the sad Thracian swain.

Nor deem, fair maiden, that I shall forbear,
 E'en in the grasp of death, my votive song;
 My cold and lifeless tongue will still declare
 The charms, the graces, which to thee belong.
 And when my soul, from its dull load releas'd,
 Shall trace with flitting step the Stygian bound,
 Thee will I sing, in words so pure, so chaste,
 That Lethe's self, rous'd from her sleep profound,
 Her drowsy head, with poppies crown'd, shall raise,
 Stop her slow course, and listen to my lays,
 Charm'd into living joy by more than mortal praise.

“ Enough,” said one of the supposed kings,
 “ enough, divine enchanter; for there would be
 no end of describing to us the death and graces
 of the peerless Altisidora, not dead, as the ig-
 norant world supposes, but alive in the mouth of
 fame, and in the penance Sancho Panza here
 present must pass through, to restore her to the
 lost light: and therefore, O Rhadamanthus,
 who with me judgest in the dark caverns of
 Pluto, since thou knowest all, that is decreed by
 the inscrutable destinies, about bringing this
 damsel to herself, speak and declare it instantly,

that the happiness we expect from her revival may not be delayed." Scarcely had Minos, judge, and companion of Rhadamanthus, said this, when Rhadamanthus, rising up, said: "Ho, ye officers of this household, high and low, great and small, run one after another, and seal Sancho's face with four-and-twenty twitches, and his arms and sides with twelve pinches, and six pricks of a pin; for in the performance of this ceremony consists the restoration of Altisidora." Which Sancho Panza hearing, he broke silence, and said: "I vow to God, I will no more let my face be sealed, nor my flesh be handled, than I will turn Turk: body of me! what has handling my countenance to do with the resurrection of this damsel? The old woman has had a taste, and now her mouth waters. Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be whipped to disenchant her; and now Altisidora dies, of some distemper it pleases God to send her, and she must be brought to life again, by giving me four-and-twenty twitches, and making a sieve of my body by pinking it with pins, and pinching my arms black and blue. Put these jests upon a brother-in-law: I am an old dog, and *tus, tus*, will not do with me."—"Thou shalt die, then," cried Rhadamanthus, in a loud voice: "relent, thou tiger; humble thyself, thou proud Nimrod; suffer and be silent, since no impossibilities are required of thee; and set not thyself to examine

the difficulties of this business: twitched thou shalt be, pricked thou shalt see thyself, and pinched shalt thou groan. Ho, I say, officers, execute my command; if not, upon the faith of an honest man, you shall see what you were born to."

Now there appeared, coming in procession along the court, six duennas, four of them with spectacles, and all of them with their right hands lifted up, and four fingers breadth of their wrists naked, to make their hands seem the longer, as is now the fashion. Scarcely had Sancho laid his eyes on them, when, bellowing like a bull, he said: "I might, perhaps, let all the world beside handle me; but to consent that duennas touch me, by no means: let them cat-claw my face, as my master was served in this very castle; let them pierce my body through and through with the points of the sharpest daggers; let them tear off my flesh with red-hot pincers; and I will endure it patiently, to serve these noble persons: but, to let duennas touch me, I will never consent, though the devil should carry me away." Don Quixote also broke silence, saying to Sancho: "Be patient, son; oblige these noble persons, and give many thanks to Heaven, for having infused such virtue into your person, that, by its martyrdom, you disenchant the enchanted, and raise the dead." By this time the duennas were got about Sancho; and he, being mollified

and persuaded, and seating himself well in his chair, held out his face and beard to the first, who gave him a twitch well sealed, and then made him a profound reverence. "Less complaisance, less daubing, Mistress Duenna," quoth Sancho; "for, before God, your fingers smell of vinegar." In short, all the duennas sealed him, and several others of the house pinched him: but what he could not bear, was, the pricking of the pins; and so up he started from his seat, quite out of all patience, and, catching hold of a lighted torch that was near him, he laid about him with it, putting the duennas, and all his executioners, to flight, and saying: "Avaunt, ye infernal ministers; for I am not made of brass, to be insensible of such extraordinary torments."

Upon this, Altisidora, who could not but be tired with lying so long upon her back, turned herself on one side: which the by-standers perceiving, almost all of them with one voice, cried: "Altisidora is alive, Altisidora lives!" Then Rhadamanthus bid Sancho lay aside his wrath, since they had already attained the desired end. Don Quixote no sooner saw Altisidora stir, than he went and kneeled down before Sancho, and said: "Now is the time, dear son of my bowels, rather than my squire, to give yourself some of those lashes, you stand engaged for, in order to the disenchantment of Dulcinea. This, I say,

is the time, now that your virtue is seasoned, and of efficacy to operate the good expected from you." To which Sancho answered: "This seems to me to be reel upon reel, and not honey upon fritters: a good jest indeed, that twitches, pinches, and pin-prickings, must be followed by lashes: but take a great stone, once for all, and tie it about my neck, and toss me into a well: it will not grieve me much, if, for the cure of other folk's ailments, I must still be the wedding-heifer: let them not meddle with me; else, by the living God, all shall out."

And now Altisidora had seated herself upright on the tomb, and at the same instant the waits struck up, accompanied by flutes, and the voices of all, crying aloud: "Live Altisidora, Altisidora live!" The Duke and Dutchess, and the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus, rose up, and, all in a body, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive Altisidora, and help her down from the tomb: who, counterfeiting a person fainting, inclined her head to the Duke and Dutchess, and to the kings, and, looking askew at Don Quixote, said: "God forgive you, unrelenting Knight, through whose cruelty I have been in the other world, to my thinking, above a thousand years: and thee I thank, O most compassionate squire of all the globe contains, for the life I enjoy. From this day, friend Sancho, six of my smocks are at your service, to be made

into so many shirts for yourself; and, if they are not all whole, at least they are all clean." Sancho, with his mitre in his hand, and his knee on the ground, kissed her hand. The Duke ordered it to be taken from him, and his cap to be returned him, and his own garment instead of the flaming robe. Sancho begged the Duke to let him keep the mitre and frock, having a mind to carry them to his own country, in token and memory of this unheard-of adventure. The Dutchess replied, he should have them, for he knew how much she was his friend. Then the Duke ordered the court to be cleared, and every body to retire to their own apartment, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their old lodgings.



CHAP. LXX.

WHICH FOLLOWS THE SIXTY-NINTH, AND TREATS OF MATTERS INDISPENSABLY NECESSARY TO THE PERSPICUITY OF THIS HISTORY.

SANCHO slept that night on a truckle-bed, in the same chamber with Don Quixote; a thing he would have excused, if he could; for he well knew, his master would disturb his sleep with questions and answers, and he was not much disposed to talk; the smart of his past sufferings being still present to him, and an obstruction to

the free use of his tongue : and he would have liked better to have lain in a hovel alone, than in that rich apartment in company. His fear proved so well founded, and his suspicion so just, that, scarcely was his master got into bed, when he said : “ What think you, Sancho, of this night’s adventure ? Great and mighty is the force of rejected love, as your own eyes can testify, which saw Altisidora dead, by no other darts, no other sword, nor any other warlike instrument, nor by deadly poison, but merely by the consideration of the rigour and disdain, with which I always treated her.”—“ She might have died in a good hour, as much as she pleased, and how she pleased,” answered Sancho ; “ and she might have left me in my own house, since I neither made her in love, nor ever disdained her in my life. I know not, nor can I imagine how it can be, that the recovery of Altisidora, a damsel more whimsical than discreet, should have any thing to do (as I have already said) with the torturing of Sancho Panza. Now indeed I plainly and distinctly perceive, there are enchanters and enchantments in the world, from which good Lord deliver me, since I know not how to deliver myself. But, for the present, I beseech your Worship to let me sleep, and ask me no more questions, unless you have a mind I should throw myself out of the window.”—“ Sleep, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “ if the pin-

prickings, pinchings, and twitchings, you have received, will give you leave.”—“No smart,” replied Sancho, “came up to the affront of the twitches, and for no other reason, but because they were given by duennas, confound them! and once more I beseech your Worship to let me sleep; for sleep is the relief of those, who are uneasy awake.”—“Be it so,” replied Don Quixote, “and God be with you.”

They both fell asleep, and, in this interval, Cid Hamete, author of this grand history, had a mind to write, and give an account, of what moved the Duke and Dutchess to raise the edifice of the aforementioned contrivance, and says, that the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, not forgetting how, when Knight of the Looking-glasses, he was vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, which defeat and overthrow baffled and put a stop to all his designs, had a mind to try his hand again, hoping for better success than the past. And so, informing himself by the page, who brought the letter and presents to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, where Don Quixote was, he procured fresh armour, and a horse, and painted a white moon on his shield, carrying the whole magazine upon a he-mule, and conducted by a peasant, not Thomas Cecial, his former squire, lest Sancho Panza or Don Quixote should know him. He arrived at the Duke's castle, who informed him what way and route

Don Quixote had taken, to be present at the tournaments of Saragossa. He also related to him the jests that had been put upon him, with the contrivance for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, at the expense of Sancho's posteriors. In short, he gave him an account, how Sancho had imposed upon his master, making him believe, that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country wench; and how the Dutchess his wife had persuaded Sancho, that he himself was deceived, and that Dulcinea was really enchanted. At which the Bachelor laughed, and wondered not a little, considering as well the acuteness and simplicity of Sancho, as the extreme madness of Don Quixote. The Duke desired, if he found him, and overcame him, or not, to return that way, and acquaint him with the event. The Bachelor promised he would: he departed in search of him; and, not finding him at Saragossa, he went forward, and there befell him what you have already heard. He came back to the Duke's castle, and recounted the whole to him, with the conditions of the combat, and that Don Quixote was now actually returning to perform his word, like a true Knight-errant, and retire home to his village for a twelvemonth, in which time perhaps, said the Bachelor, he may be cured of his madness. This, he said, was the motive of these his disguises, it being a great pity, that a gentle-

man of so good an understanding as Don Quixote should be mad. Then he took leave of the Duke, and returned home, expecting there Don Quixote, who was coming after him.

Hence the Duke took occasion to play him this trick, so great was the pleasure he took in every thing relating to Don Quixote and Sancho: and, sending a great many of his servants, on horse-back and on foot, to beset all the roads about the castle, every way by which Don Quixote might possibly return, he ordered them, if they met with him, to bring him, with or without his good will, to the castle. They met with him, and gave notice of it to the Duke, who, having already given orders for what was to be done, as soon as he heard of his arrival, commanded the torches, and other illuminations, to be lighted up in the court-yard, and Altisidora to be placed upon the tomb, with all the preparations before related; the whole represented so to the life, that there was but little difference between that and truth. And Cid Hamete says besides, that, to his thinking, the mockers were as mad as the mocked; and that the Duke and Dutchess were within two fingers breadth of appearing to be mad themselves, since they took so much pains to make a jest of two fools: one of whom was sleeping at full swing, and the other waking with his disjointed thoughts; in which state the day found

them, and the desire to get up ; for Don Quixote, whether conquered, or conqueror, never took pleasure in the downy bed of sloth.

Altisidora, who, in Don Quixote's opinion, was just returned from death to life, carrying on the humour of the Duke and Dutchess, crowned with the same garland she wore on the tomb, and clad in a robe of white taffeta, flowered with gold, and her hair dishevelled, and leaning on a black staff of polished ebony, entered the chamber of Don Quixote, who was so amazed and confounded at the sight of her, that he shrunk down, and covered himself almost over head and ears with the sheets and quilts, his tongue mute, and with no inclination to show her any kind of civility. Altisidora sat down in a chair by his bed's head, and, after fetching a profound sigh, with a tender and enfeebled voice, she said: " When women of distinction, and reserved maidens, trample upon honour, and give a loose to the tongue, breaking through every inconveniency, and giving public notice of the secrets of their heart, they must sure be reduced to a great strait. I, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, am one of these distressed, vanquished, and enamoured, but, for all that, patient, long-suffering, and modest, to such a degree, that my soul burst through my silence, and I lost my life. It is now two days since, by reflection on your rigour, oh flinty Knight, and harder than

any marble to my complaints, I have been dead, or at least judged to be so by those, that saw me; and were it not that love, taking pity on me, placed my recovery in the sufferings of this good squire, there had I remained in the other world.” —“ Love,” quoth Sancho, “ might as well have placed it in those of my ass, and I should have taken it as kindly. But, pray tell me, Signora, so may Heaven provide you with a more tender-hearted lover than my master, what is it you saw in the other world? What is there in hell? For whoever dies in despair must perforce take up his rest in’ that place.” —“ In truth,” said Altisidora, “ I did not die quite, since I went not to hell: for, had I once set foot in it, I could not have got out again, though I had never so great a desire. The truth is, I came to the gate, where about a dozen devils were playing at tennis, in their waistcoats and drawers, their shirt-collars ornamented with Flanders lace, and ruffles of the same, with four inches of their wrists bare, to make their hands seem the longer⁴², in which they had rackets of fire. But what I wondered most at, was, that, instead of tennis-balls, they made use of books, seemingly stuffed with wind and flocks; a thing marvellous and new; but this I did not so much wonder at, as to see, that, whereas it is natural for winning gamesters to rejoice, and losers to be sorry, among the gamesters of that place, all grumbled, all were upon

the fret, and all cursed one another.”—“That is not at all strange,” answered Sancho: “for devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be contented.”—“That is true,” said Al-tisidora: “but there is another thing I wonder at; I mean, I wondered at it then; which was, that, at the first toss, the ball was demolished, and could not serve a second time; and so they whipped them away, new and old, that it was marvellous to behold; and to one of them, flaming new, and neatly bound, they gave such a smart stroke, that they made its guts fly out, and scattered its leaves all about; and one devil said to another: ‘See what book that is;’ and the other devil answered: ‘It is, The Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, not composed by Cid Hamete, its first author, but by an Arragonese, who calls himself a native of Tordesillas.’—‘Away with it,’ cried the other devil, ‘and down with it to the bottom of the infernal abyss, that my eyes may never see it more.’—‘Is it so bad?’ answered the other. ‘So bad,’ replied the first, ‘that had I myself undertaken to make it worse, it had been past my skill.’ They went on with their play, tossing other books up and down; and I, for having heard Don Quixote named, whom I so passionately love, endeavoured to retain this vision in my memory.”—“A vision, doubtless, it must be,” said Don Quixote; “for there is no other I in the

world, and this history is tossed about from hand to hand, but stays in none ; for every body has a kick at it. It gives me no concern to hear, that I wander, like a phantom, about the shades of the abyss, or about the light of this earth, because I am not the person this history treats of. If it be good, faithful, and true, it will survive for ages ; but, if it be bad, from its birth to its grave the passage will be but short."

Altisidora was going on with her complainings of Don Quixote, when Don Quixote said to her : " I have often told you, Madam, that I am very sorry you have placed your affections on me, since from mine you must expect no other return but thanks. I was born to be Dulcinea del Toboso's, and to her the fates, if there be any, have devoted me ; and to think, that any other beauty shall occupy the place she possesses in my soul, is to think what is impossible. This may suffice to disabuse you, and prevail with you to retreat within the bounds of your own modesty, since no creature is tied to the performance of impossibilities." Which Altisidora hearing, she assumed an air of anger and fury, and said : " God's my life ! Don poor-jack ⁴³, soul of a mortar, stone of a date, and more obdurate and obstinate than a courted clown, if I come at you, I will tear your very eyes out. Think you, Don vanquished, and Don cudgelled, that I died for you ? All, that you have seen this

night, has been but a fiction; for I am not a woman to let the black of my nail ake for such camels, much less to die for them.”—“ That I verily believe,” quoth Sancho; “ for the business of dying for love is a jest: folks may talk of it; but, for doing it, believe it Judas.”

While they were engaged in this discourse, there entered the musician, singer, and poet, who had sung the two forementioned stanzas: who, making a profound reverence to Don Quixote, said: “ Be pleased, Sir Knight, to reckon and look upon me in the number of your most humble servants; for I have been most affectionately so this great while, as well on account of your fame, as of your exploits.” Don Quixote answered; “ Pray, Sir, tell me who you are, that my civility may correspond with your merits.” The young man answered, that he was the musician and panegyrist of the foregoing night. “ Indeed,” replied Don Quixote, “ you have an excellent voice: but what you sung did not seem to me much to the purpose; for what have the stanzas of Garcilasso to do with the death of this gentlewoman?”—“ Wonder not at that, Sir,” answered the musician; “ for, among the upstart poets of our age, it is the fashion for every one to write as he pleases, and to steal from whom he pleases, be it to the purpose or not; and, in these times, there is no silly thing sung or written, but is ascribed to poetical license.”

Don Quixote would have replied: but the Duke and Dutchess, coming to visit him, prevented him: and between them there passed a long and delicious conversation, in which Sancho said so many pleasant and waggish things, that their Grandeurs admired afresh, as well at his simplicity, as his acuteness. Don Quixote beseeched them to grant him leave to depart that very day, for it was more becoming such vanquished Knights as he to dwell in a hogsty, than a royal palace. They readily granted his request, and the Dutchess asked him, whether Altisidora remained in his good graces. He answered: "Your Ladyship must know, dear Madam, that the whole of this damsel's distemper proceeds from idleness, the remedy whereof consists in some honest and constant employment. And she has told me here, that lace is much worn in hell, and, since she must needs know how to make it, let her stick to that; for, while her fingers are employed in managing the bobbins, the image or images of what she loves will not be roving so much in her imagination. This is the truth, this is my opinion, and this my advice."—"And mine too," added Sancho; "for I never in my life saw a maker of lace that died for love; for your damsels, that are busied, have their thoughts more intent upon performing their tasks, than upon their loves. I know it by myself; for, while I am digging, I never think of my deary;

I mean my Teresa Panza, whom I love better than my very eyelids.”—“ You say very well, Sancho,” added the Dutchess, “ and I will take care, that my Altisidora shall henceforward be employed in needle-work, at which she is very expert.”—“ There is no need, Madam,” answered Altisidora, “ of this remedy, since the consideration of the cruel treatment, I have received from this ruffian and monster, will blot him out of my memory, without any other expedient; and, with your Grandeur’s leave, I will withdraw, that I may not have before my eyes, I will not say, his sorrowful figure, but his abominable and hideous aspect.”—“ I wish,” cried the Duke, “ this may not prove like the saying, a lover railing is not far from forgiving.” Altisidora, making show of wiping the tears from her eyes with a handkerchief, and then making a low courtesy to her Lord and Lady, went out of the room. “ Poor damsel !” quoth Sancho, “ I forebode thee ill luck, since thou hast to do with a heart of matweed, and a soul of oak; for, in faith, if thou hadst had to do with me, another-guise cock would have crowed.” The conversation was at an end: Don Quixote dressed himself, dined with the Duke and Dutchess, and departed that afternoon.

CHAP. LXXI.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH HIS SQUIRE
SANCHO, IN THE WAY TO HIS VILLAGE.

THE vanquished and forlorn Don Quixote travelled along, exceedingly pensive on the one hand, and very joyful on the other. His defeat caused his sadness, and his joy was occasioned by considering, that the disenchantment of Dulcinea was likely to be effected by the virtue inherent in Sancho, of which he had just given a manifest proof in the resurrection of Altisidora; though he could not readily bring himself to believe, that the enamoured damsel was really dead. Sancho went on, not at all pleased to find, that Altisidora had not been as good as her word, in giving him the smocks: and, revolving it in his mind, he said to his master: “In truth, Sir, I am the most unfortunate physician, that is to be met with in the world; in which there are doctors, who kill the patient they have under cure, and yet are paid for their pains, which is no more than signing a little scroll of certain medicines, which the apothecary, not the doctor, makes up: while poor I, though another’s cure cost me drops of blood, twitches, pinchings, pin-prickings, and lashes, get not a doit. But, I vow to God, if ever any sick body falls into my hands again, they shall grease them well before I perform the

cure; for, the abbot must eat, that sings for his meat; and I cannot believe Heaven has endued me with the virtue I have, that I should communicate it to others for nothing.”—“ You are in the right, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “ and Altisidora has done very ill by you, not to give you the promised smocks; though the virtue you have was given you gratis, and without any studying on your part, more than studying how to receive a little pain in your person. For myself, I can say, if you had a mind to be paid for disenchanting Dulcinea, I would have made it good to you ere now: but I do not know, whether payment will agree with the conditions of the cure, and I would by no means have the reward hinder the operation of the medicine. But, for all that, I think, there can be no risk in making a small trial. Consider, Sancho, what you would demand, and set about the whipping straight, and pay yourself in ready money, since you have cash of mine in your hands.”

At these offers Sancho opened his eyes and ears a span wider, and in his heart consented to whip himself heartily, and he said to his master: “ Well then, Sir, I will now dispose myself to give your Worship satisfaction, since I shall get something by it; for, I confess, the love I have for my wife and children makes me seem a little self-interested. Tell me, Sir, how much will your Worship give for each lash?”—“ Were I

to pay you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "in proportion to the greatness and quality of the cure, the treasure of Venice, and the mines of Potosi, would be too small a recompense. But see how much cash you have of mine, and set your own price upon each lash."—"The lashes," answered Sancho, "are three thousand, three hundred, and odd: of these I have already given myself five; the rest remain; let the five pass for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand, three hundred; which, at a quarter of a real apiece, and I will not take less, though all the world should command me to do it, amount to three thousand, three hundred, quarter-reals; which make one thousand, six hundred, and fifty half-reals; which make eight hundred and twenty-five reals. These I will deduct from what I have of your Worship's in my hands, and shall return to my house rich and contented, though well whipped: for, they do not take trouts—I say no more."—"Oh blessed Sancho! Oh amiable Sancho!" replied Don Quixote; "how much shall Dulcinea and I be bound to serve you all the days of life Heaven shall be pleased to grant us? If she recovers her lost state, as is it impossible but she must, her mishap will prove her good fortune, and my defeat a most happy triumph: and, when, Sancho, do you propose to begin the discipline? I will add an hundred reals over and above for dispatch."—"When?" replied Sancho; "even

this very night without fail : take you care, Sir, that we may be in open field, and I will take care to lay my flesh open."

At length came the night, expected by Don Quixote with the greatest anxiety in the world, the wheels of Apollo's chariot seeming to him to be broken, and the day to be prolonged beyond its usual length : even as it happens to lovers, who, in the account of their impatience, think the hour of the accomplishment of their desires will never come.

Finally, they got among some pleasant trees a little way out of the high road, where, leaving the saddle and pannel of Rozinante and Dapple vacant, they laid themselves along on the green grass, and supped out of Sancho's cupboard : who, making a ponderous and flexible whip of Dapple's headstall and halter, withdrew about twenty paces from his master among some beech-trees. Don Quixote seeing him go with such resolution and spirit, said to him : " Take care, friend, you do not lash yourself to pieces ; take time ; let one stroke stay till another's over ; hurry not yourself so as to lose your breath in the midst of your career ; I mean, you must not lay it on so unmercifully, as to lose your life before you attain to the desired number. And, that you may not lose the game by a card too much or too little, I will stand aloof, and keep reckoning upon my beads the lashes you shall give yourself ; and

Heaven favour you as your worthy intention deserves."—"The good paymaster is in pain for no pawn," answered Sancho: "I design to lay it on in such a manner, that it may smart without killing me; for in this the substance of the miracle must needs consist." He then stripped himself naked from the waist upward: and then, snatching and cracking the whip, he began to lay himself on, and Don Quixote to count the strokes. Sancho had given himself about six or eight, when he thought the jest a little too heavy, and the price much too easy; and, stopping his hand a while, he said to his master, that he appealed on being deceived, every lash of those being richly worth half a real, instead of a quarter. "Proceed, friend Sancho, and be not faint-hearted," cried Don Quixote; "for I double the pay."—"If so," quoth Sancho, "away with it in God's name, and let it rain lashes." But the sly knave, instead of laying them on his back, laid them on the trees, fetching ever and anon such groans, that one would have thought, each would have torn up his very soul by the roots. Don Quixote, naturally tender-hearted, and fearing he would put an end to his life, and so he should not attain his desire through Sancho's imprudence, said to him: "I conjure you, by your life, friend, let the business rest here; for this medicine seems to me very harsh; and it will not be amiss to give time to time; for Za-

mora was not taken in one hour. You have already given yourself, if I reckon right, above a thousand lashes, enough for the present; for the ass (to speak in homely phrase) will carry the load, but not a double load."—"No, no," answered Sancho, "it shall never be said for me, the money paid, the work delayed: pray, Sir, get a little farther off, and let me give myself another thousand lashes at least; for a couple more of such bouts will finish the job, and stuff to spare."—"Since you find yourself in so good a disposition," replied Don Quixote, "Heaven assist you: and stick to it, for I am gone." Sancho returned to his task with so much fervour, and such was the rigour, with which he gave the lashes, that he had already disbarked many a tree: and once, lifting up his voice, and giving an unmeasurable stroke to a beech, he cried: Down with thee, Sampson, and all that are with thee." Don Quixote presently ran to the sound of the piteous voice, and the stroke of the severe whip, and, laying hold of the twisted halter, which served Sancho instead of a bull's pizzle, he said: "Heaven forbid, friend Sancho, that, for my pleasure, you should lose that life, upon which depends the maintenance of your wife and children: let Dulcinea wait a better opportunity: for I will contain myself within the bounds of the nearest hope, and stay till you recover fresh strength, that this business may be concluded to

the satisfaction of all parties.”—“ Since your Worship, dear Sir, will have it so,” answered Sancho, “ so be it, in God’s name, and pray, fling your cloak over my shoulders: for I am all in a sweat, and am loath to catch cold, as new disciplinants are apt to do.” Don Quixote did so; and, leaving himself in his doublet, he covered up Sancho, who slept till the sun waked him, and then they prosecuted their journey, till they stopped at a place about three leagues off.

They alighted at an inn; for Don Quixote took it for such, and not for a castle, moated round, with its turrets, portcullises, and draw-bridge: for, since his defeat, he discoursed with more judgment on all occasions, as will presently appear. He was lodged in a ground room, hung with painted serge, instead of tapestry, as is the fashion in country towns. In one of the pieces was painted, by a wretched hand, the rape of Helen, when the daring guest carried her off from Menelaus. In another, was the history of Dido and Æneas; she upon a high tower, as making signals with half a bed-sheet to her fugitive guest, who was out at sea, flying away from her, in a frigate or brigantine. He observed in the two history-pieces, that Helen went away with no very ill will; for she was slyly laughing to herself: but the beauteous Dido seemed to let fall from her eyes tears as big as walnuts. Don Quixote, seeing this, said: “ These two la-

dies were most unfortunate in not being born in this age, and I above all men unhappy, that I was not born in theirs: for had I encountered those gallants, neither had Troy been burnt, nor Carthage destroyed; since, by my killing Paris only, all these mischiefs had been prevented.”—“ I hold a wager,” quoth Sancho, “ that, ere it be long, there will not be either victualling-house, tavern, inn, or barber’s shop, in which the history of our exploits will not be painted, but I could wish, they may be done by the hand of a better painter, than he that did these.”—“ You are in the right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “ for this painter is like Orbaneja of Ubeda, who, when he was asked what he was drawing, answered; As it shall happen; and if it chanced to be a cock, he wrote under it, *This is a cock*, lest people should take it for a fox. Just such a one, methinks, Sancho, the painter or writer (for it is all one) must be, who wrote the history of this new Don Quixote, lately published: he painted, or wrote, whatever came uppermost. Or, he is like a poet, some years about the court, called Mauleon, who answered all questions extempore; and, a person asking him the meaning of *Deum de Deo*, he answered, *Deé donde diere*. But, setting all this aside, tell me, Sancho, do you think of giving yourself the other-brush to-night? And have you a mind it should be under a roof, or in the open air?”—“ Before God, Sir,” an-

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

CHAP. LXXII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO ARRIVED AT THEIR VILLAGE.

DON Quixote and Sancho staid all the day at the inn in that village, waiting for night; the one to finish his task of whipping in the fields, and the other to see the success of it, in which consisted the accomplishment of his wishes. At this juncture came a traveller on horseback to the inn, with three or four servants, one of whom said to him, who seemed to be the master of them: "Here, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your Worship may pass the heat of the day; the lodging seems to be cool and cleanly." Don Quixote, hearing this, said to Sancho: "I am mistaken, Sancho, if, when I turned over the second part of my history, I had not a glimpse of this Don Alvaro Tarfe."—"It may be so," answered Sancho: "let him first alight, and then we will question him." The gentleman alighted, and the landlady showed him into a ground room, opposite to that of Don Quixote, hung likewise with painted serge. This new-arrived cavalier undressed and equipped himself for coolness, and stepping out to the porch, which was airy and spacious, where Don Quixote was walking backwards and forwards, he asked him: "Pray, Sir, which way is your Worship travelling?" And

Don Quixote answered: "To a village not far off, where I was born. And, pray, Sir, which way may you be travelling?"—"I, Sir," answered the gentleman, "am going to Granada, which is my native country."—"And a good country it is," replied Don Quixote. "But, Sir, oblige me so far as to tell me your name; for I conceive it imports me to know it, more than I can well express."—"My name is Don Alvaro Tarfe," answered the new guest. To which Don Quixote replied: "Then, I presume, your Worship is that Don Alvaro Tarfe, mentioned in the second part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, lately printed, and published by a certain modern author."—"The very same," answered the gentleman, "and that Don Quixote, the hero of the said history, was a very great friend of mine; and I was the person, who drew him from his native place: at least I prevailed upon him to be present at certain jousts and tournaments held at Saragossa, whither I was going myself; and, in truth, I did him a great many kindnesses, and saved his back from being well stroked by the hangman for being too bold."—"Pray tell me, Signor Don Alvaro," said Don Quixote, "am I any thing like that Don Quixote you speak of?"—"No, in truth," answered the guest, "not in the least."—"And this Don Quixote," said ours, "had he a squire with him, called Sancho Panza?"—"Yes, he had," answered Don Al-

varo ; “ and, though he had the reputation of being very pleasant, I never heard him say any one thing, that had any pleasantry in it.”—“ I verily believe it,” quoth Sancho straight ; “ for it is not every body’s talent to say pleasant things ; and this Sancho, your Worship speaks of, Signor Gentleman, must be some very great rascal, idiot, and knave into the bargain : for the true Sancho Panza am I, who have more witty conceits than there are drops in a shower. Try but the experiment, Sir, and follow me but one year, and you will find, that they drop from me at every step, and are so many, and so pleasant, that, for the most part, without knowing what I say, I make every body laugh, that hears me : and the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the renowned, the valiant, the discreet, the enamoured, the undoer of injuries, the defender of pupils and orphans, the protector of widows, the murderer of damsels, he, who has the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso for his sole mistress, is this gentleman here present, my master : any other Don Quixote whatever, and any other Sancho Panza, is all mockery, and a mere dream.”—“ Before God, I believe it,” answered Don Alvaro ; “ for you have said more pleasant things, friend, in four words you have spoken, than that other Sancho Panza in all I ever heard him say, though that was a great deal : for he was more gluttonous than well-spoken, and more stupid than pleasant : and I take it for

granted, that the enchanters, who persecute the good Don Quixote, have had a mind to persecute me too with the bad one: but I know not what to say; for I durst have sworn I had left him under cure in the Nuncio of Toledo's house, and now here starts up another Don Quixote very different from mine."—"I know not," said Don Quixote, "whether I am the good one; but I can say I am not the bad one; and as a proof of what I say, you must know, dear Signor Alvaro Tarfe, that I never was in Saragossa in all the days of my life: on the contrary, having been told, that this imaginary Don Quixote was at the tournaments of that city, I resolved not to go thither, that I might make him a liar in the face of all the world: and so I went directly to Barcelona, that register of courtesy, asylum of strangers, hospital of the poor, native country of the valiant, avenger of the injured, agreeable seat of firm friendship, and, for situation and beauty, singular. And, though what befell me there be not very much to my satisfaction, but, on the contrary, much to my sorrow, the having seen that city enables me the better to bear it. In a word, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the same that fame speaks of, and not that unhappy wretch, who would usurp my name, and arrogate to himself the honour of my exploits. And, therefore, I conjure you, Sir, as you are a gentleman, to make a declaration be-

fore the magistrate of this town, that you never saw me before in your life, and that I am not the Don Quixote, printed in the second part; nor this Sancho Panza, my squire, him, you knew."—"That I will, with all my heart," answered Don Alvaro; "though it surprises me to see two Don Quixotes, and two Sanchos, at the same time, as different in their actions, as alike in their names. And, I say again, I am now assured, that I have not seen what I have seen, nor, in respect to me, has that happened, which has happened."—"Without doubt," quoth Sancho, "your Worship must be enchanted, like my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso: and would to Heaven your disenchantment depended upon my giving myself another three thousand and odd lashes, as I do for her; for I would lay them on without interest or reward."—"I understand not this business of lashes," replied Don Alvaro. Sancho answered, it was too long to tell at present, but he would give him an account, if they happened to travel the same road.

Dinner-time was now come: Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together. By chance the magistrate of the town came into the inn, with a notary; and Don Quixote desired of him, that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, might depose before his Worship, that he did not know Don Quixote de la Mancha, there present, also, and that he was not the man

handed about in a printed history, intitled, "The Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by such a one de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas." In short, the magistrate proceeded according to form: the deposition was worded as strong as could be in such cases: at which Don Quixote and Sancho were overjoyed, as if this attestation had been of the greatest importance to them, and as if the difference between the two Don Quixotes, and the two Sanchos, were not evident enough from their words and actions. Many compliments and offers of service passed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote, in which the great Manchegan showed his discretion in such manner, that he convinced Don Alvaro Tarfe of the error he was in; who was persuaded he must needs be enchanted, since he had touched with his hand two such contrary Don Quixotes.

The evening came: they departed from that place, and, at the distance of about half a league, the road parted into two: one led to Don Quixote's village, and the other to where Don Alvaro was going. In this little way Don Quixote related to him the misfortune of his defeat, and the enchantment and cure of Dulcinea; which was new cause of admiration to Don Alvaro, who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, went on his way, and Don Quixote his.

That night he passed among some other trees, to give Sancho an opportunity of finishing his

discipline, which he did after the same manner as he had done the night before, more at the expense of the bark of the beeches, than of his back, of which he was so careful, that the lashes he gave it would not have brushed off a fly, that had been upon it. The deceived Don Quixote was very punctual in telling the strokes, and found, that, including those of the foregoing night, they amounted to three thousand and twenty-nine. One would have thought the sun himself had risen earlier than usual to behold the sacrifice; by whose light they resumed their journey, discoursing together of Don Alvaro's mistake, and how prudently they had contrived to procure his deposition before a magistrate, and in so authentic a form.

That day, and that night, they travelled without any occurrence worth relating, unless it be, that Sancho finished his task that night; at which Don Quixote was above measure pleased, and waited for the day, to see if he could light on his Lady, the disenchanted Dulcinea, in his way: and, continuing his journey, he looked narrowly at every woman he met, to see if she were Dulcinea del Toboso, holding it for infallible, that Merlin's promises could not lie. With these thoughts and desires, they ascended a little hill, from whence they discovered their village; which as soon as Sancho beheld, he kneeled down, and said: "Open thine eyes, O desired country, and

behold thy son Sancho Panza, returning to thee again, if not very rich, yet very well whipped : open thine arms, and receive likewise thy son Don Quixote, who, if he comes conquered by another's hand, yet he comes a conqueror of himself, which, as I have heard him say, is the greatest victory, that can be desired. Money I have ; for, if I have been well whipped, I am come off like a gentleman."—" Leave these fooleries, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, " and let us go directly home to our village, where we will give full scope to our imaginations, and settle the plan, we intend to govern ourselves by, in our pastoral life." This said, they descended the hill, and went directly to the village.

CHAP. LXXIII.

OF THE OMENS DON QUIXOTE MET WITH AT THE
ENTRANCE INTO HIS VILLAGE, WITH OTHER ACCI-
DENTS, WHICH ADORN AND ILLUSTRATE THIS GREAT
HISTORY.

AT the entrance into the village, as Cid Hamete reports, Don Quixote saw a couple of boys quarrelling in a threshing-floor, and one said to the other : " Trouble not yourself, Periquillo ; for you shall never see it more while you live." Don Quixote, hearing him, said to Sancho :

“ Do you not take notice, friend, what this boy has said, ‘ You shall never see it more, while you live?’—“ Well,” answered Sancho, “ what signifies it, if the boy did say so?”—“ What!” replied Don Quixote, “ do you not perceive, that, applying these words to my purpose, the meaning is, I shall never see Dulcinea more?” Sancho would have answered, but was prevented by seeing a hare come running cross the field, pursued by abundance of dogs and sportsmen; which, frightened, came for shelter, and squatted between Dapple’s feet. Sancho took her up alive, and presented her to Don Quixote, who cried, “ *Malum signum, malum signum!* A hare flies; dogs pursue her; Dulcinea appears not.”—“ Your Worship is a strange man,” quoth Sancho: “ let us suppose now, that this hare is Dulcinea del Toboso, and these dogs, that pursue her, those wicked enchanters, who transformed her into a country wench: she flies, I catch her, and put her into your Worship’s hands, who have her in your arms, and make much of her: what bad sign is this, or what ill omen can you draw from hence?” The two contending boys came up to look at the hare, and Sancho asked one of them, what they were quarrelling about? And answer was made by him, who had said, “ You shall never see it more while you live;” that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he never intended to restore to him, while he

lived. Sancho drew four quarter-maravedis⁴⁴ out of his pocket, and gave it the boy for his cage, which he put into Don Quixote's hands, and said: "Behold, Sir, all your omens broken, and come to nothing; and they have no more to do with our adventures, in my judgment, a dunce as I am, than last year's clouds; and, if I remember right, I have heard the Priest of our village say, that good Christians, and wise people, ought not to regard these fooleries: and your Worship's own self told me as much a few days ago, giving me to understand, that all such Christians, as minded presages, were fools: so there is no need of troubling ourselves any farther about them, but let us go on, and get home to our village."

The hunters came up, and demanded their hare, and Don Quixote gave it them. They went on their way, and, at the entrance of the village, in a little meadow, they found the Priest, and the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, repeating their breviary. Now, you must know, that Sancho Panza had thrown the buckram robe, painted with flames of fire, which he had worn at the Duke's castle, the night he brought Altisidora to life again, instead of a sumpter-cloth, over the bundle of armour upon his ass. He had likewise clapped the mitre on Dapple's head; inso-much that never was ass so metamorphosed and adorned. The Priest and the Bachelor presently

knew them both, and came running to them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted, and embraced them closely; and the boys, who are sharp-sighted as lynxes, espying the ass's mitre, flocked to view him, and said one to another: "Come, boys, and you shall see Sancho Panza's ass finer than Mingo⁴⁵, and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever." Finally, surrounded with boys, and accompanied by the Priest and the Bachelor, they entered the village, and took the way to Don Quixote's house, where they found at the door the Housekeeper and the Niece, who had already heard the news of his arrival. It had likewise reached the ears of Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, who, half naked, with her hair about her ears, and dragging Sanchica after her, ran to see her husband: and, seeing him not so well equipped as she imagined a governor ought to be, she said: "What makes you come thus, dear husband? Methinks you come afoot, and foundered, and look more like a misgoverned person, than a governor."—"Peace, Teresa," answered Sancho; for there is not always bacon, where there are pins to hang it on; and let us go to our house, where you shall hear wonders. Money I bring with me (which is the main business), got by my own industry, and without damage to any body."—"Bring but money, my good husband," cried Teresa, "and let it be got this way or that way: for, get it how you will, you will have

brought up no new custom in the world." Sanchica embraced her father, and asked, if he had brought her any thing ; for she had been wishing for him, as people do for rain in May : and, she taking hold of his belt on one side, and his wife taking him by the hand on the other, Sanchica pulling Dapple after her, they went home to their house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the power of his Niece and the Housekeeper, and in the company of the Priest and the Bachelor.

Don Quixote, without standing upon times or seasons, in that very instant went apart with the Bachelor and the Priest, and related to them, in few words, how he was vanquished, and the obligation he lay under, not to stir from his village in a year ; which he intended punctually to observe, without transgressing a tittle, as became a true Knight-errant, obliged by the strict precepts of chivalry. He also told them, how he had resolved to turn shepherd for that year, and to pass his time in the solitude of the fields, where he might give the reins to his amorous thoughts, exercising himself in that pastoral and virtuous employment ; beseeching them, if they had leisure, and were not engaged in business of greater consequence, to bear him company ; telling them, he would purchase sheep, and stock sufficient to give them the name of shepherds ; acquainting them also, that the principal part of the business was already done, he having chosen

for them names as fit, as if they had been cast in a mould. The Priest desired him to repeat them. Don Quixote answered, that he himself was to be called the shepherd Quixotiz; the Bachelor, the shepherd Carrascon: the Priest, the shepherd Curiambro, and Sancho Panza, the shepherd Panzino. They were astonished at this new madness of Don Quixote: but, to prevent his rambling once more from his village, and resuming his chivalries, and in hopes he might be cured in that year, they fell in with his new project, and applauded his folly as an high piece of discretion, offering to be his companions in that exercise. “ Besides,” said Sampson Carrasco, “ I, as every body knows, am an excellent poet, and shall be composing, at every turn, pastoral or courtly verses, or such as shall be most for my purpose, to amuse and divert us as we range the fields. But, Gentlemen, the first and chief thing necessary, is, that each of us choose the name of the shepherdess he intends to celebrate in his verses, and we will not leave a tree, be it never so hard, in whose bark we will not inscribe and grave her name, as is the fashion and custom of enamoured shepherds.”—“ That is very right,” answered Don Quixote; “ though I need not trouble myself to look for a feigned name, having the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks, the ornament of these meads, the support of beauty, the cream of good humour,

and, lastly, the worthy subject of all praise, be it never so hyperbolic."—"That is true," said the Priest; "but, as for us, we must look out for shepherdesses of an inferior stamp, who, if they do not square, may corner with us." To which Sampson Carrasco added: "And, when we are at a loss, we will give them the names we find in print, of which the world is full, as, Phillises, Amarillises, Dianas, Floridas, Galateas, and Belisardas: for, since they are sold in the market, we may lawfully buy, and make use of them as our own. If my mistress, or, to speak more properly, my shepherdess, is called Anna, I will celebrate her under the name of Anarda, and, if Frances, I will call her Francesina, and, if Lucy, Lucinda; and so of the rest. And Sancho Panza, if he is to be one of this brotherhood, may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza by the name of Teresaina." Don Quixote smiled at the application of the names, and the Priest highly applauded his virtuous and honourable resolution, and again offered to bear him company all the time he could spare from attending the duties of his function. With this they took their leave of him, desiring and entreating him to take care of his health; and make much of himself with good heartening things.

Now fortune would have it, that his Niece and Housekeeper overheard their conversation; and, as soon as these two were gone, they both came

in to Don Quixote; and the Niece said; "What is the meaning of this, Uncle? Now that we thought your Worship was returned with a resolution to stay at home, and live a quiet and decent life, you have a mind to involve yourself in new labyrinths, by turning shepherd. In truth, the straw is too hard to make pipes of." To which the Housekeeper added: "And can your Worship bear, in the fields, the summer's sultry heat, the winter's pinching cold, and the howling of the wolves? No, certainly; for this is the business of robust fellows, tanned and bred to such employment, as it were, from their cradles and swaddling-clothes. And, of the two evils, it is better to be a Knight-errant than a shepherd. Look you, Sir, take my advice, which is not given by one full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years over my head: stay at home, look after your estate, go often to confession, and relieve the poor; and if any ill comes of it, let it lie at my door."—"Peace, daughters," answered Don Quixote; "for I know perfectly what I have to do. Lead me to bed: for, methinks, I am not very well; and assure yourselves, that, whether I am a Knight-errant, or a wandering shepherd, I will not fail to provide for you, as you shall find by experience." The two good women (for doubtless such they were), the Housekeeper and Niece, carried him

to bed, where they gave him to eat, and made as much of him as possible.

CHAP. LXXIV.

HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL SICK, MADE HIS WILL, AND DIED.

AS all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, incessantly declining from their beginning, till they arrive at their final period; and as that of Don Quixote had no peculiar privilege from Heaven, to exempt it from the common fate, his end and dissolution came, when he least thought of it. For, whether it proceeded from the melancholy occasioned by finding himself vanquished, or from the disposition of Heaven so decreeing it, he was seized with a fever, which confined him six days to his bed, in which time he was frequently visited by the Priest, the Bachelor, and the Barber, his friends; his trusty squire Sancho Panza never stirring from his bed-side. They, supposing that his grief at being vanquished, and the disappointment of his wishes as to the restoration and disenchantment of Dulcinea, had reduced him to this state, endeavoured by all imaginable ways to revive his spirits. The Bachelor bid him be of good courage, and rise from bed, to enter upon his pas-

toral exercise; he having already composed an eclogue to that purpose, not inferior to any written by Sannazarius; telling him besides, that he had already bought with his own money of a herdsman of Quintanar, two excellent dogs, to guard the flock, the one called Barcino, and the other Butron. But, for all this, Don Quixote's melancholy continued. His friends sent for a physician, who felt his pulse, and did not much like it, and said, come what would, it would not be amiss for him to look to his soul's health, that of his body being in danger. Don Quixote heard it with composure of mind: but not so did his Housekeeper, his Niece, and his squire, who all began to weep most bitterly, as if he were already dead, and laid out before their faces. It was the doctor's opinion, that melancholy and disappointment had brought him to his end. Don Quixote desired they would leave him, for he was inclined to sleep a little.

They did so, and he slept at a stretch, as the saying is, above six hours, insomuch that the Housekeeper and the Niece thought he would never awake more. But awake he did at the end of that time, and, with a loud voice, said: "Blessed be Almighty God, who has vouchsafed me so great a good: in short, his mercies have no bounds, and the sins of men can neither lessen nor obstruct them." The Niece listened attentively to her uncle's words, and she thought

there was more sense in them than usual, at least since his sickness, and she said to him: "What is it you say, Sir? Has any thing extraordinary happened? What mercies, and what sins do you speak of?"—"Niece," answered Don Quixote, "the mercies, I mean, are those, God has been pleased, notwithstanding my sins, to vouchsafe me at this instant. My judgment is now undisturbed, and free from those dark clouds of ignorance, with which my eager and continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. Now I perceive the absurdity and delusion of them, and am only sorry I am undeceived so late, that I have no time left to make some amends, by reading others that might help to enlighten my soul. I feel myself, Niece, at the point of death, and I would fain so order it, as not to leave the imputation of madness upon my memory; for, though I must confess I have been a madman, I would not confirm the truth of it at my death. Dear child, call hither my good friends, the Priest, the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber; for I would make my confession and my will." But this trouble was saved the Niece by the coming of all three.

Scarcely had Don Quixote set his eyes on them, when he cried out: "Give me joy, good Gentlemen, that I am now no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, for his

virtues surpamed the Good. I am now an utter enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the innumerable rabble of his descendants : now all the histories of Knight-errantry are to me odious and profane : I am now sensible of my folly, and of the danger I was led into by reading them ; and now, through the mercy of God, and my own dear-bought experience, I detest and abhor them." When his three friends heard him speak thus, they believed for certain, that some new frenzy had possessed him ; and Sampson said to him : " What ! Signor Don Quixote, now that we have news of the Lady Dulcinea's being disenchanted, do you talk at this rate ? and, now that we are just upon the point of becoming shepherds, to lead our lives singing, and like any princes, would you turn hermit ?"—" Peace, I conjure you," replied Don Quixote ; " recollect yourself, and leave idle stories : those, which have hitherto done me so much real hurt, my repentance, by the assistance of Heaven, shall convert to my good. I feel, Gentlemen, the quick approach of death : let us be serious, and bring me a confessor, and a notary to draw my will ; for, in such circumstances as these, a man must not trifle with his soul : and therefore I beseech you, while my friend the Priest is taking my confession, let the notary be fetched." They stared at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's expressions, and, though still in some doubt, they resolved to

believe him: and one of the signs, by which they conjectured he was dying, was, his passing, by so easy and sudden a transition, from mad to sober. To the words he had already spoken he added others, so proper, so rational, and so Christian, that their doubt was quite removed, and they verily believed him in his perfect senses. The Priest made every body leave the room, and staid with him alone, and confessed him. The Bachelor went for the notary, and presently returned with him, and with Sancho Panza, who having learned from the Bachelor in what condition his master was, besides finding the Housekeeper and the Niece in tears, began to pucker up his face, and to fall a-blubbering. The confession ended, the Priest came out of the room, saying: "Good Alonzo Quixano is just expiring, and certainly in his right mind: let us all go in, that he may make his will." This news opened the sluices of the swollen eyes of the Housekeeper, the Niece, and Sancho Panza, his trusty squire, in such wise, that it forced a torrent of tears from their eyes, and a thousand groans from their breasts: for, in truth, as has been said before, both while he was plain Alonzo Quixano, and while he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of an amiable disposition, and affable behaviour, and was therefore beloved, not only by those of his own family, but by all that knew him.



P. Thomson Sculp.

Don Quixote making his Will

The notary now entered the room with the others; and the preamble of the will being made, and Don Quixote having disposed of his soul, with all the Christian circumstances required, coming to the legacies, he said: "Item, it is my will, that, in respect to certain monies, which Sancho Panza, whom, in my madness, I made my squire, has in his hands, there being between him and me some reckonings, receipts, and disbursements, he shall not be charged with them, nor called to any account for them; but if, after he has paid himself, there be any overplus, which will be but very little, it shall be his own, and much good may it do him: and if, as, during my madness, I was the occasion of procuring for him the government of an island, I could, now that I am in my senses, procure him that of a kingdom, I would readily do it; for the sincerity of his heart, and the fidelity of his dealings, deserve it:" and, turning to Sancho, he said: "Forgive me, friend, for making you a madman, by persuading you to believe, as I did myself, that there have been formerly, and are now, Knights-errant in the world."—"Alas!" answered Sancho sobbing, "dear Sir, do not die; but take my counsel, and live many years; for the greatest madness, a man can commit in this life, is to suffer himself to die, without any body's killing him, or being brought to his end by any other hand than that of melancholy. Be not

lazy, Sir, but get out of bed, and let us be going to the field, dressed like shepherds, as we agreed to do; and who knows, but behind some bush or other we may find the Lady Dulcinea disenchanted as fine as heart could wish? If you die for grief of being vanquished, lay the blame upon me, and say you were unhorsed by my not having girted Rozinante's saddle as it ought to have been: besides, your Worship must have read in your books of chivalries, that it is a common thing for one Knight to unhorse another, and him, who is vanquished to-day, to become conqueror to-morrow."—"It is so," said Sampson, "and honest Sancho is very much in the right."—"Gentlemen," replied Don Quixote, "let us proceed fair and softly. Look not for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad; I am now sober: I was Don Quixote de la Mancha; I am now, as I have said, the good Alonzo Quixano: and may my unfeigned repentance, and my sincerity, restore me to the esteem you once had for me: and let the notary proceed."

"Item, I bequeath to Antonia Quixano, my Niece, here present, all my estate real and personal, after the payment of all my debts and legacies: and the first to be discharged shall be, the wages due to my Housekeeper, for the time she has been in my service, and twenty ducats besides for mourning. I appoint for my executors

Signor the Priest, and Signor Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, here present. Item, it is my will, that, if Antonia Quixano my Niece is inclined to marry, it shall be with a man, who, upon the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of books of chivalry; and, in case it shall appear he is acquainted with them, and my Niece notwithstanding will and does marry him, she shall forfeit all I have bequeathed her, which my executors may dispose of in pious uses, as they think proper. Item, I beseech the said Gentlemen, my executors, that, if good fortune should bring them acquainted with the author, who is said to have written a history handed about, and entitled, THE SECOND PART OF THE EXPLOITS OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to pardon the occasion I have unwittingly given him of writing so many and so great absurdities as he there has done: for I depart this life with a burden upon my conscience for having furnished him with a motive for so doing." With this the will was closed, and, a fainting-fit seizing him, he stretched himself out at full length in the bed. They were all alarmed, and ran to his assistance; and, in three days, that he survived the making his will, he fainted away very often. The house was all in confusion: however, the Niece ate, the Housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza made much of himself; for this business

of legacies effaces, or moderates, the grief, that is naturally due to the deceased.

In short, after receiving all the sacraments, and expressing his abhorrence, in strong and pathetic terms, of all the books of chivalry, Don Quixote's last hour came. The notary was present, and protested he had never read in any book of chivalry, that ever any Knight-errant had died in his bed in so composed and Christian a manner, as Don Quixote; who, amidst the complaints and tears of the by-standers, resigned his breath, I mean, died. Which the Priest seeing, he desired the notary to draw up a certificate, that Alonzo Quixano, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, was departed this life, and died a natural death: and he insisted upon this testimonial, lest any other author, besides Cid Hamete Benengeli, should raise him from the dead, and write endless stories of his exploits.

This was the end of the ingenious gentleman of La Mancha, the place of whose birth Cid Hamete would not expressly name, that all the towns and villages of La Mancha might contend among themselves, and each adopt him for their own, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer. We omit the lamentations of Sancho, the Niece, and the Housekeeper, with the new epitaphs upon his tomb, excepting this by Sampson Carrasco.

Here lies the flow'r of Chivalry,
 The Knight of courage ample ;
 In soul and arms so great was he,
 Death could not quell his bravery,
 Nor on his laurels trample.

He in short time extended wide
 Through all the world his glory :
 In madness with Orlando vied,
 But like a sober Christian died—
 And so concludes his story.

And the sagacious Cid Hamete, addressing himself to his pen, said: “ Here, O my slender quill, whether well or ill cut I know not, here, suspended by this brass wire, shalt thou hang upon this spit-rack, and live many long ages, if presumptuous or wicked historians do not take thee down, to profane thee. But, before they offer to touch thee, give them this warning in the best manner thou canst :

Beware, ye Poet-thieves, beware,
 Nor steal a single line ;
 For Fate has made this work its care,
 And guaranteed it mine.

For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him : he knew how to act, and I how to write : we were destined for each other, maugre and in despite of that scribbling impostor of Tordesillas, who has dared, or shall dare, with his gross and ill-cut ostrich quill, to describe

the exploits of my valorous Knight; a burden too weighty for his shoulders, and an undertaking above his cold and frozen genius. And warn him, if perchance he falls in thy way, to suffer the wearied and now mouldering bones of Don Quixote to repose in the grave: nor endeavour, in contradiction to all the ancient usages and customs of death, to carry him into Old Castile, making him rise out of the vault, in which he really and truly lies at full length, totally unable to attempt a third expedition, or a new sally: for the two he has already made, with such success, and so much to the general satisfaction, as well of the people of these kingdoms of Spain, as of foreign countries, are sufficient to ridicule all, that have been made by other Knights-errant. And thus shalt thou comply with the duty of thy Christian profession, giving good advice to those, who wish thee ill; and I shall rest satisfied, and proud to have been the first, who enjoyed entire the fruits of his writings: for my only desire was to bring into public abhorrence the fabulous and absurd histories of Knight-errantry, which, by means of that of my true and genuine Don Quixote, begin already to totter, and will doubtless fall, never to rise again. Farewell."

NOTES.

NOTE PAGE

- 1 — 7 “GREEK commentator.” We cannot discover whom Cervantes alludes to. Shelton translates it, “though they be more than Maller’s.”
- 2 — 8 “Lelilies.” This Moorish cry seems to be nothing more than a quick and frequent repetition of the word “Alla,” which signifies *God*.
- 3 — 13 “Penitent of the light.” *Disciplinante de luz*. “A penitent of the light,” says the Royal Dictionary, “they call in Germany him, who is to be exposed in a public manner, by being led through the streets, or set in the pillory.” Thus far the Royal Dictionary. In England, a white sheet, and a candle or torch in hand, was called doing penance; and, under the same appearance of white and a torch, the “*amende honorable*” is performed in France.
- N. B. By mistake No. 4 was omitted.
- 5 — 59 “Clavileno.” A name derived from two Spanish words; *clave*, a nail or pin, and *lena*, wood.
- 6 — 62 “Gaeta.” This is the name of a church in Spain, dedicated to the Holy Trinity.
- 7 — 72 “Seven little she-goats.” The Pleiades are vulgarly called thus in Spain.
- 8 — 74 “A he-goat.” In Spanish, “*cabron*” means either

- a *he-goat* or a *cuckold*. Hence the play upon the word by Sancho.
- 9 — 77 “The Christus.” The cross put at the beginning of the A, B, C; from thence called the Christ-cross-row.
- 10 — 86 “Over the hills and far away.” In the original it means, “By the rocks of Ubeda,” which is the beginning of an old popular song.
- 11 — 89 “To the rack.” The original is, “draughts of the rack.” It alludes to a particular kind of torture in Spain, namely, a thin piece of gauze moistened and put to the lips of a person dying with thirst, who swallows it down by degrees, and then it is pulled up again by the end the executioner holds in his hand.
- 12 — 89 “Pears in a pannier.” In the month of March they send great quantities of pears from Doraca to Madrid; and they must be carefully packed to prevent them from bruising.
- 13 — 89 “Called Sancho.” The true proverb is, “to keep silence well is called “santo,” *holy*: but Sancho changes it to his own name.
- 14 — 95 “A la Gineta.” That is, with short stirrups.
- 15 — 106 “Enchanted Moor.” This alludes to the story of Maritornes and the carrier, in the former part of this work.
- 16 — 107 “Wine-cooling bottles.” The Spanish word is, “Cantimplora.” A sort of bottle for keeping wine cool, with a very long neck, and very broad and flat below, that the ice may lie conveniently upon it in the pail, and a broad cork fitted to the pail, with a hole in the middle, to let the neck of the bottle through.
- 17 — 107 “So cheap a rate.” In Spanish, “barato” means *cheap*.

- NOTE PAGE
 18 — 118 “Shoulder-belt.” Here his belt, according to the true signification of Tahali, is one hung on his shoulders; at Diego de Miranda’s it seemed to be a belt girded about his loins, and was made of a skin proper for the weakness he was supposed to have in them.
- 19 — 125 “Fruit before him.” Both the Spaniards and Italians used to begin their dinner with some kind of fruit, as we end it.
- 20 — 127 “Olla-podrida.” An olla-podrida is a dish, consisting of a great number of ingredients, as flesh, fowl, &c. all stewed together. “Podrida” is usually interpreted *rotten*, as if the stewing them together was supposed to have the same effect, as to making them tender, as rottenness would have. But Covarruvias, in his etymologies, derives it from “poderoso,” *powerful*, because all the ingredients are substantial and nourishing. And this is confirmed by Sancho’s adding, “the stronger they are the better,” when he mentions them in p. 152.
- 21 — 128 “Ossuna.” This is entirely fictitious. “Regio de Aguero” means *positive of the omen*, and “Tirteafuera,” *take yourself away*.
- 22 — 128 “Pedro Rezio de Aguero.” In the original, Sancho calls him “Rezio de *mal* Aguero,” *Doctor Positive of the ill omen*. This is lost in the translation.
- 23 — 131 “Grateful bread.” In Spanish it is “Pan agradecido.” When the country-people would define an honest good-natured man, they say, “He is as good as bread itself.”
- 24 — 152 “The stronger the better.” See note 20.
- 25 — 156 “The benevolence.” “Barato” originally means

- cheap*; but, among gamesters, "dar barato" is, when a gamester, by way of courtesy, or in return for deciding in his favour, gives something to a stander-by. And this in Spain is a common practice among all ranks of people, and many get their living by it.
- 26 — 176 "Trunk hose." These are something similar to our pantaloons. "Calzas atacadas" are breeches and stockings all in one, clasped or tied to the girdle.
- 27 — 213 "Poor porridge." It is called "Gazpacho," and is made of oil, vinegar, water, salt, and spice, with bread.
- 28 — 214 "Hempen sandals." These are a sort of flat sandal, or shoe, made of hemp, or of bulrushes, artfully platted, and fitted to the foot, worn by the poor people in Spain and Italy.
- 29 — 217 "Guelte." This in Dutch means money.
- 30 — 231 "Galiana." A beautiful palace of a Moorish princess, now in ruins near Toboso, is called by that name.
- 31 — 242 "Lacqueian." This word "lacayuna" is made for the purpose.
- 32 — 259 "Hagarene squadrons." There is a tradition still believed in Spain, that the Moors are descended from Hagar.
- 33 — 269 "Xarama." The bulls of Xarama are supposed to be the fiercest in all Spain.
- 34 — 310 "Escotillo." Cervantes means Michael Scotus, who, being more knowing in natural and experimental philosophy, than was common in the dark ages of ignorance, passed for a magician: as friar Bacon and Albert the Great did: of the first of whom (Friar Bacon) a like story of a brazen head is told.

NOTE PAGE

- 35 — 315 “The shoe-jig.” This was a peculiar sort of dance, in which the soles of the shoe were struck by the palm of the hand, at certain intervals, keeping regular time.
- 36 — 325 “Every hog.” About the feast of St. Martin was the time for killing hogs for bacon.
- 37 — 359 “Twenty-three stone.” This is about eleven arrobas: the arroba is a quarter of a hundred, or twenty-five pounds: eleven of them make two hundred and seventy-five pounds.
- 38 — 360 “To feed a cat.” This is an allusion to the custom in Spain of an old or disabled soldier’s carrying offals of tripe, or liver, about the streets to feed the cats.
- 39 — 363 “Why ought.” Here is a double meaning and play upon the word “deve,” which means either *must*, the sign of a mood, or relates to *owing* a debt.
- 40 — 368 “Nemoroso.” This has the same meaning, as if in English we should say, “Mr. *Wood* called himself Mr. *Grove*.”
- 41 — 370 “The points and collar of a poet.” Formerly, in Spain, the men of quality wore loose coats, sloped down before and unbuttoned, under which appeared the rich waistcoat, and its collar terminating in two points.
- 42 — 394 “Seem the longer.” It was considered so strange and impudent a sight in Spain, for women, or even men, to show their naked wrists, or arms, that Cervantes makes the devils dress so.
- 43 — 396 “Poor Jack.” There is a fish in Spain, called “bacalloo,” or *poor-jack*.
- 44 — 418 “Quarter-maravedi.” These are about a half-penny each.

NOTE PAGE

45 — 419 "Mingo." This is the name of a very tedious and verbose poet, cotemporary with our Author, and probably somewhat fantastical in his dress.

THE END.

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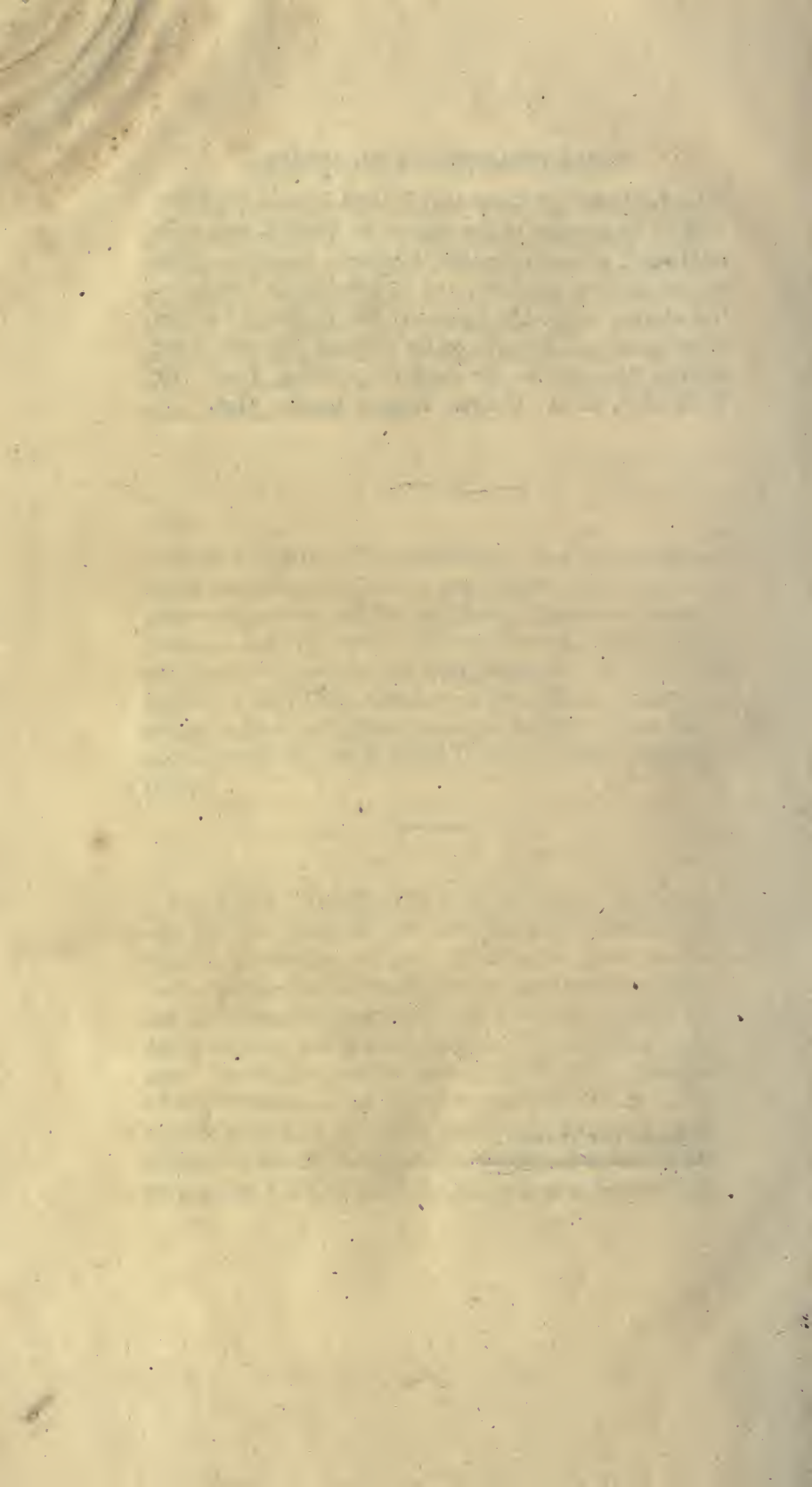
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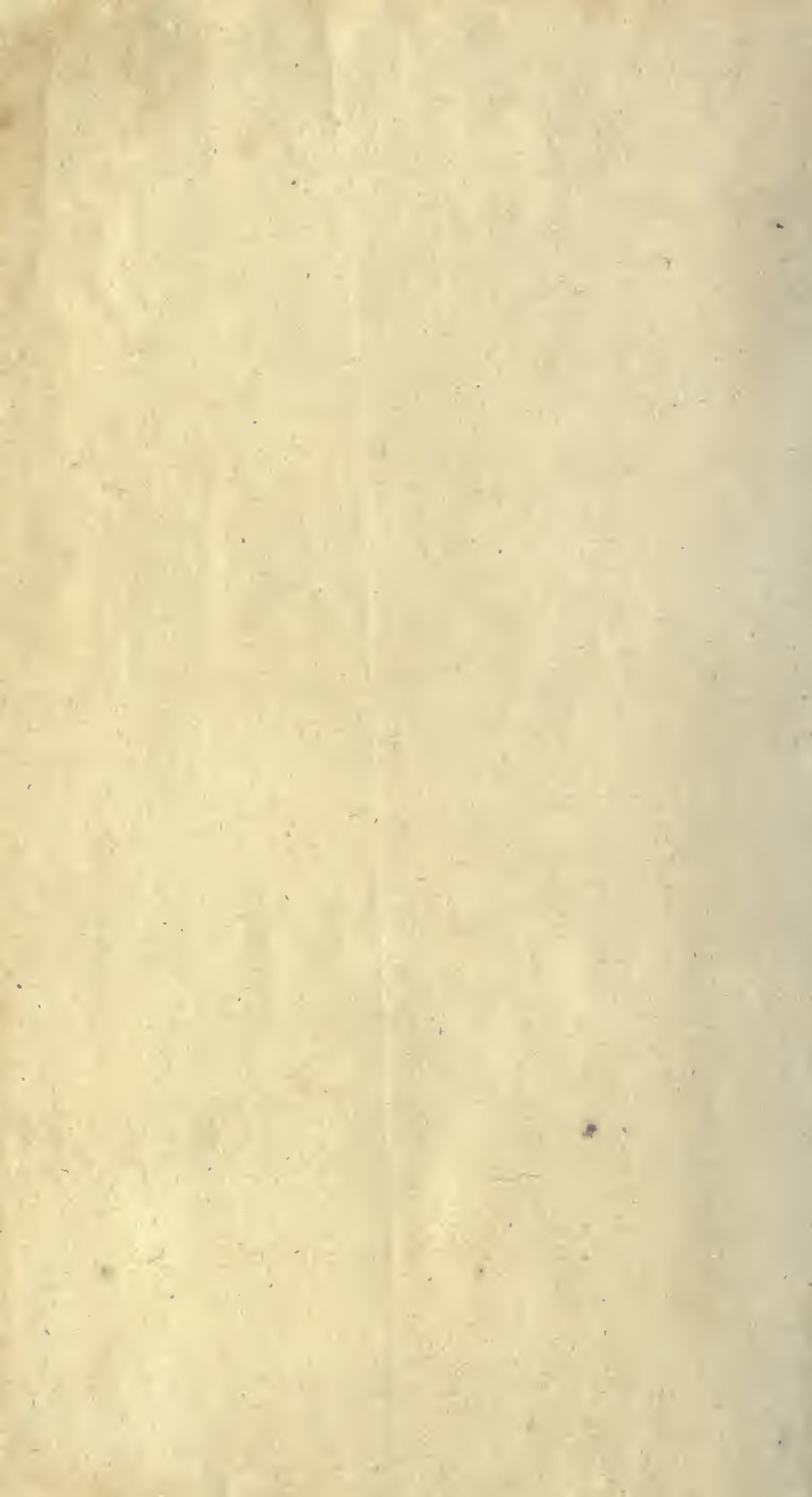
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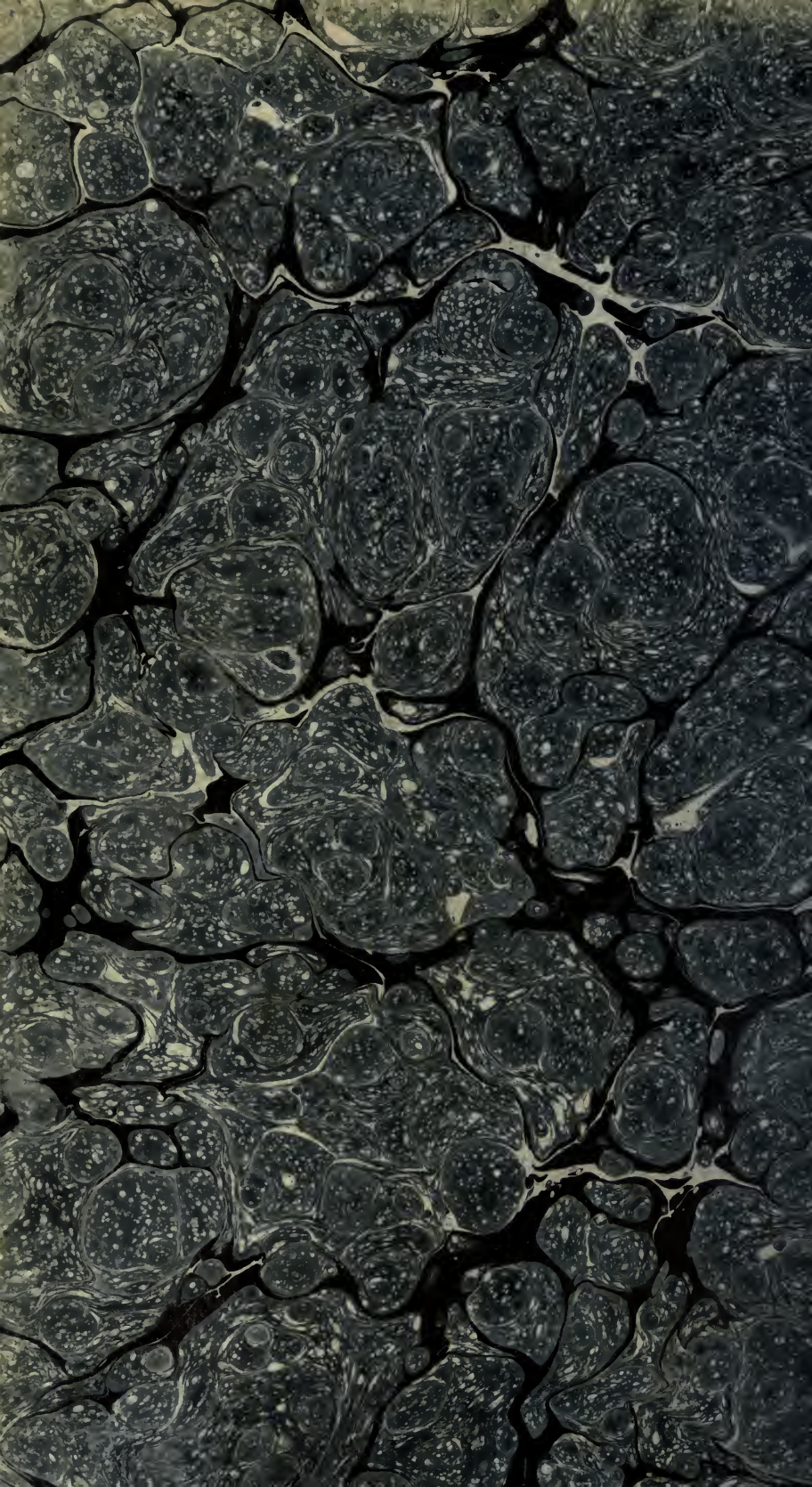
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