ASSOCIATION BOOK.

CERVANTES.

See Wiley's "Four Speeches by Lincoln" page 67 for reference to Lincoln's use of this work.
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

By Cervantes.

In the little book recently published under the title: "Four Speeches by Lincoln," is a foot-note saying:

"Don Quixote, which has not, hitherto, been associated with Lincoln's name, may be added to the list of books which influenced him."

This note is based on a paragraph from one of the four speeches reported in this work, which reads as follows:

"This explains the new plan or system of tactics adopted by the Democracy. It is to ridicule and burlesque the whole military character out of credit; and thus to kill General Scott with vexation. Being philosophical and literary men, they have read, and remembered, how the institution of chivalry was ridiculed out of existence by its fictitious votary, Don Quixote."

See page 67 of "Four Speeches by Lincoln" edited by Earl S. Wiley.
THE
HISTORY
AND
ADVENTURES
OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE.
TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH
OF
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,
BY DR. SMOLLETT.
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

LONDON:
Printed for Harrison and Co. No. 18, Paternoster Row.
M DCC XCII.
TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
DON RICARDO WALL,
PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE TO HIS MOST CATHOLICK MAJESTY,
LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF THE ARMIES OF SPAIN,
COMMENDARY OF PENAUZENDE IN THE ORDER OF SAINT JAGO, &c.
AND HERETOFORE
AMBASSADOR AND PLENIPOTENTIARY AT THE COURT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,

THE permission I obtained to inscribe the following Translation of Don Quixote to your Excellency, while you resided in this Capital, affords me a double pleasure; as it not only gives me an opportunity of expressing that profound respect and veneration with which I contemplate your Excellency's character; but also implies your approbation, which cannot fail to influence the publick in behalf of the performance.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your Excellency's most obedient,

Humble Servant,

LONDON,
Feb. 7, 1755.

T. SMOLLETT.
THE

LIFE OF CERVANTES.

MIGUEL De Cervantes Saavedra was at once the glory and reproach of Spain; for, if his admirable genius and heroic spirit conducted to the honour of his country, the distresses and obscurity which attended his old age, as effectually redounded to her disgrace. Had he lived amidst Gothic darkness and barbarity, where no records were kept, and letters altogether unknown, we might have expected to derive from tradition a number of particulars relating to the family and fortune of a man so remarkably admired even in his own time. But one would imagine pains had been taken to throw a veil of oblivion over the personal concerns of this excellent author. No enquiry hath as yet been able to ascertain the place of his nativity; and, although in his works he has declared himself a gentleman by birth, no house has hitherto laid claim to such an illustrious descendent.

One author says he was born at Esquivias*; but offers no argument in support of his assertion: and probably the conjecture was founded upon the encomiums which Cervantes himself bestows on that place, to which he gives the epithet of renowned, in his preface to Persiles and Sigismunda. Others affirm he first drew breath in Lucena, grounding their opinion upon a vague tradition which there prevails; and a third set take it for granted that he was a native of Seville, because there are families in that city known by the names of Cervantes and Saavedra†; and our author mentions his having, in his early youth, seen plays acted by Lope Rueda, who was a Sevillian. These, indeed, are preposterous that deserve some regard, though far from implying certain information, they scarce even amount to probable conjecture; nay, these very circumstances seem to disprove the supposition; for, had he been actually descended from those families, they would in all likelihood have preserved some memorials of his birth, which Don Nicholas Antonio would have recorded, in speaking of his fellow-citizen. All these pretensions are now generally set aside in favour of Madrid, which claims the honour of having produced Cervantes, and builds her title on an expression in his Voyage to Parnassus‡, which, in my opinion, is altogether equivocal and inconclusive.

In the midst of such undecided information, if I may be allowed to hazard a conjecture, I would suppose that there was something mysterious in his extraction, which he had no inclination to explain, and that his family had domestic reasons for maintaining the like reserve. Without admitting some such motive, we can hardly account for his silence on a subject that would have afforded him an opportunity to indulge that self-respect which he so honestly displays in the course of his writings. Unless we conclude that he was inflamed to renounce all connection with his kindred and allies, by some contemptuous flight, mortifying repulse, or real injury he had sustained; a supposition which, I own, is not at all improbable, considering the jealous tenacity of the Spaniards in general, and the warmth of resentment peculiar to our author, which glows through his productions, unrestrained by all the fears of poverty, and all the maxims of old age and experience.

* Thomas Tamayo De Vargas.
† Don Nicholas Antonio.
‡ He describes his departure from Madrid in these words: "Out of my country and myself I go!"
Whatever may have been the place of his nativity, we gather from the preface to his novels, that he was born in the year 1549: and his writings declare that his education was by no means neglected; for, over and above a natural fund of humour and invention, he appears to have possessed a valuable stock of acquired knowledge; we find him intimately acquainted with the Latin classics, well read in the history of nations, versed in the philosophy, rhetoric, and divinity of the schools, tinctured with astrology and geography, conversant with the best Italian authors, and perfectly master of his own Castilian language. His genius, which was too delicate and volatile to engage in the severer studies, directed his attention to the productions of taste and polite literature; which, while they amused his fancy, enlarged, augmented, and improved his ideas, and taught him to set proper bounds to the excursions of his imagination.

Thus qualified, he could not fail to make pertinent observations in his commerce with mankind: the peculiarities of character could not escape his penetration; whatever he saw became familiar to his judgment and understanding; and every scene he exhibits is a just well-drawn characteristical picture of human life.

How he exercised these talents in his youth, and in what manner the first years of his manhood were employed, we are not able to explain, because history and tradition are altogether silent on the subject; unless we admit the authority of one author*, who says he was secretary to the Duke of Alva, without alleging any one fact or argument in support of his assertion. Had he actually enjoyed a part of such importance, we should not, in all probability, have wanted materials to supply this chasm in his life; nor should we find him afterwards in the station of a common soldier.

Others imagine that he served as a volunteer in Flanders, where he was raised to the rank of ensign in the company commanded by Don Diego de Urbina; grounding this belief on the supposition that the history of the captive related in the first part of Don Quixote, is a literal detail of his own adventures. But this notion is rejected by those who consider that Cervantes would hardly have contented himself with the humble appellation of soldier, which, in speaking of himself, he constantly assumes, had he ever appeared in any superior station of a military character. In a word, we have very little information touching the transactions of his life, but what he himself is pleased to give through the course of his writings; and from this we learn, that he was chamberlain to Cardinal Aquaviva in Rome, and followed the profession of a soldier for some years, in the army commanded by Marco Antonio Colonna; who was, by Pope Pius V. appointed general of the ecclesiastical forces employed against the Turks, and received the consecrated standard from the hands of his holiness, in the church of St. Peter.

Under this celebrated captain, Cervantes embarked in the Christian fleet commanded by Don John of Austria, who obtained over the Turks the glorious victory of Lepanto, where our author lost his left-hand by the shot of an arquebus. This mutilation, which redounded so much to his honour, he has taken care to record on divers occasions: and, indeed, it is very natural to suppose his imagination would dwell upon such an adventure, as the favourite incident of his life. I wish he had told us what recompence he received for his services, and what consolation he enjoyed for the loss of his limb; which must have effectually disqualified him for the office of a common soldier, and reduced him to the necessity of exercising some other employments.

Perhaps it was at this period he entered into the service of Cardinal Aquaviva, to whose protection he was entitled by his gallantry and misfortune; and now, in all likelihood, he had leisure and opportunity to prosecute his favourite studies, to cultivate the muse, and render himself conspicuous by the productions of his genius; which was known and admired by several authors of distinction, even before his captivity; for Louis Galvez De Montalvo, in his poem prefixed to Galatea, says, "The world lamented his misfortune in tears, and the muse excited a widow's grief at his absence." I will even venture to suppose, that, in this interval, his situation was such as enabled him to raise an independent for-

* Nicholas Antonio, biblioth. Hisp.
† His dedication of Galatea.
tune; for we find him afterwards relieving the wants of his fellow-captives in Barbary, with such liberality as denoted the affluence of his own circumstances; and, in his Voyage to Parnassus, which was published in his old age, Apollo upbraids him with want of economy; and reminds him of his having once made his own fortune, which in the sequel he squandered away.

I make no doubt but this was the most fortunate period of Saavedra's life; during which, he reformed and improved the Spanish theatre, and ushered into the world a number of dramatic performances, which were acted with universal applause. He tells us that he had seen plays acted by the great Lope de Rueda, who was a native of Seville, and originally a gold-beater. When this genius first appeared, the Spanish drama was in its infancy: one large sack or bag contained all the furniture and dresses of the theatre, consisting of four sheep-skin jackets with the wool on, trimmed with gilt leather; four beards and periwigs, and the same number of pastoral crooks. The piece was no other than a dialogue or eclogue between two or three swains and a shepherdess, seasoned with comic interludes, or rather low buffoony, exhibited in the characters of a black-moor, a bravo, a fool, and a Biscayan. The stage itself was composed of a few boards, raised about three feet from the ground, upon four benches or forms. There was no other scenery than a blanket or horse-cloth stretched across, behind which the musicians sung old ballads, unaccompanied by any sort of instrument. Lope de Rueda not only composed theatrical pieces, but also acted in every character with great reputation; in which he was succeeded by Naharro, a Toledan, who improved and augmented the decorations; brought the music from behind the blanket, and placed it forwards to the audience; deprived the actors of their counterfeit beards, without which no man's part had been hitherto performed; invented machines, clouds, thunder, and lightning; and introduced challenges and combats with incredible success. But still the drama was rude, unpolished, and irregular; and the fable, though divided into five acts, was almost altogether destitute of manners, propriety, and invention.

From this uncultivated state of ignorance and barbarity, Cervantes raised the Spanish theatre to dignity and esteem, by enriching his dramatic productions with moral sentiments, regularity of plan, and propriety of character; together with the graces of poetry, and the beauties of imagination. He published thirty pieces, which were reprinted at Madrid with universal applause; so that he may be justly deemed the patriarch of the Spanish drama; and, in this particular, revered above Lope de Vega himself, who did not appear until he had left off writing for the stage.

In the year 1574, he was unfortunately taken by a Barbary corsair, and conveyed to Algiers, where he was sold to a Moor, and remained a slave for the space of five years and a half; during which, he exhibited repeated proofs of the most enterprising genius and heroic generosity. Though we know not on what occasion he fell into the hands of the Barbarians, he himself gives us to understand, in the story of the Captive, that he resided at Algiers in the reign of Hafian Aga, a Russian renegade, whose cruelty he describes in these terms. "He was every day hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon such slight occasions, frequently without any cause assigned, that the Turks themselves owned he acted thus out of mere wantonness and barbarity, as being naturally of a savage disposition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The person who used the greatest freedom with him, was one Saavedra, a Spanish soldier; who, though he did many things which those people will not soon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him once to be chastised, nor even chid him with one harsh word; and yet the least of all his pranks was sufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the stake; nay, he himself was more than once afraid of, being impaled alive. If time would permit, I could here recount some of that soldier's actions, which perhaps might entertain and surprize you more than the relation of my own story."

Thus Cervantes ascertains the time of his own slavery, delineates with great exactness the character of that inhuman tyrant, who is recorded in history as a

* In the preface to his plays.
monster of cruelty and avarice; and proves to demonstration, that his own story was quite different from that which the Captive related of himself. Saavedra's adventures at Algiers were truly surprising; and though we cannot favour the publick with a substantial detail of every incident, we have found means to learn such particulars of his conduct, as cannot fail to reflect an additional lustre on a character which has been long the object of admiration.

We are informed by a respectable historian*, who was his fellow-slave, and an eye-witness of the transaction, that Don Miguel de Cervantes, a gallant, enterprising, Spanish cavalier, who, though he never wanted money, could not obtain his release without paying an exorbitant ransom, contrived a scheme for setting himself free, together with fourteen unhappy gentlemen of his own country, who were all in the like circumstances of thraldom under different patrons. His first step was to redeem one Viana, a bold Mayorcan mariner, in whom he could confide, and with whom he sent letters to the governor of that island, desiring, in the name of himself and the other gentlemen captives, that he would send over a brigantine under the direction of Viana, who had undertaken, at an appointed time, to touch upon a certain part of the coast, where he should find them ready to embark. In consequence of this agreement, they withdrew themselves from their respective masters, and privately repaired to a garden near the seaside, belonging to a renegado Greek, whose name was Al-Caid Haffan; where they were concealed in a cave, and carefully screened from the knowledge of the owner, by his gardener, who was a Christian captive. Viana punctually performed his promise, and returned in a vessel, with which he was supplied by the governor of Mayorca; but some Moors chancing to pass just as he anchored at the appointed place, the coast was instantly alarmed, and he found himself obliged to relinquish the enterprise. Meanwhile, the captives being ignorant of this accident, remained in the cavern, which they never quitted except in the night, and were maintained by the liberality of Cervantes, for the space of seven months; during which the necessities of life were brought to them by a Spanish slave, known by the appellation of El Dorador, or the Gilder. No wonder that their hope and patience began to fail, and their confessions to be affected by the dampness of the place, and the grief of their disappointment, which Don Miguel endeavoured to alleviate by the exercise of his reason, good humour, and humanity; till at last their purveyor turned traitor; and, assured by the hope of receiving a considerable reward, discovered the whole affair to Haffan Baha. This tyrant, transported with joy at the information, immediately ordered the guardian Baha, with a body of armed men, to follow the perfidious wretch, who conducted them to the cave, where they seized those unhappy fugitives, together with their faithful gardener, and forthwith carried the whole number to the publick bagnio, except Cervantes, touching whose person they had received particular directions from Haffan, who knew his character, and had been long desirous ofpossessing such a notable slave. At present, however, his intention was to persuade Don Miguel to accuse Oliver, one of the fathers of the redemption then at Algiers, as an accomplice in the scheme they had projected, that he might, on this pretence, extort from the friar, by way of composition, the greatest part of the money which had been collected for the ransom of Christian slaves. Accordingly, he endeavoured to inveigle Saavedra with artful promises, and to intimidate him with dreadful threats and imprecations, into the confession or imprisonment on which he wanted to lay hold; but that generous Spaniard, with a resolution peculiar to himself, rejected all his offers, and despising the terrors of his menaces, persisted in affirming that he had no affectation in the plan of their escape, which was purely the result of his own reflection.

After having in vain tampered with his integrity, in repeated trials that lasted for several days, he re fora med him and his companions to their respective patrons, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Al Caid Haffan, owner of the garden in which they had been apprehended; who, probably with a view to manifest his own innocence, strenuously exhorted the Basha to inflict the most exemplary punishment on the offenders, and actually put his own gardener to death. Cervantes

* F. Diego Da Haedo.
had so often signalized his genius, courage, and activity, that Hassan resolved to make him his own, and purchased him from his master for five hundred ducats; then he was heard to say, 'While I hold that maimed Spaniard in safe custody, my vessels, slaves, and even my whole city, are secure.' For he had not only concerted a number of schemes for the deliverance of his fellow-captives, but his designs had even aspired to the conquest of Algiers, and he was at four different times on the point of being impaled, hanged, or burned alive. Any single attempt of that kind would have been deemed a capital offence, under the mildest government that ever subsisted among the Moors; but there was something in the character or personal deportment of Cervantes, which commanded respect from barbarity itself: for we find that Hassan-Basha treated him with incredible lenity, and his redemption was afterwards effected by the intercession of a trinitarian father, for a thousand ducats.

From this account of his behaviour in Barbary, it appears that he acted a far more important part than that of a poor mutilated soldier: he is dignified with the appellation of Don Miguel De Cervantes, and represented as a cavalier whose affluent fortune enabled him to gratify the benevolence and liberality of his disposition. We must therefore take it for granted, that he acquired this wealth after the battle of Lepanto, where he surely would not have fought as a private soldier, could he have commanded either money or interest to procure a more conspicuous station in the service. Be that as it will, his conduct at Algiers reflects honour upon his country; and while we applaud him as an author, we ought to revere him as a man; nor will his modesty be less the object of our admiration, if we consider that he has, upon this occasion, neglected the fairest opportunity a man could possibly enjoy, of displaying his own character to the greatest advantage, and indulging that self-complacency which is so natural to the human heart.

As he returned to his own country with those principles by which he had been distinguished in his exile, and an heart tendered and exercised in sympathizing with his fellow-creatures in distress; we may suppose he could not advert to the lessons of Economy, which a warm imagination seldom or never retains; but that his heart glowed with all the enthusiasm of friendship, and that his bounty extended to every object of compassion which fell within his view.

Notwithstanding all the shafts of ridicule which he hath so successfully levelled against the absurdities of the Spanish romance, we can plainly perceive from his own writings, that he himself had a turn for chivalry: his life was a chain of extraordinary adventures, his temper was altogether heroick, and his actions were, without doubt, influenced by the most romantic notions of honour.

Spain has produced a greater number of these characters than we meet with upon record in any other nation; and whether such singularity be the effect of natural or moral causes, or of both combined, I shall not pretend to determine. Let us only affirm, that this disposition is not confined to any particular people or period of time: even in our own country, and in these degenerate days, we sometimes find individuals whom nature seems to have intended for members of those ideal societies which never did, and perhaps never can exist, but in imagination; and who remind us of the characters described by Homer and Plutarch, as patriots sacrificing their lives for their country, and heroes encountering danger, not with indifference and contempt, but with all the rapture and impiety of a passionate admirer.

If we consider Cervantes as a man inspired by such sentiments, and actuated by

* To this adventure he doubtless alludes, in the story of the Captive; who says, that when he and his fellow-slaves were deliberating about renomming one of their number, who should go to Valencia and Mayorga, and procure a vessel with which he might return and fetch off the rest, the renegade who was of their council opposed the scheme, observ-
such motives; and at the same time, from his known sensibility and natural com-
plication, suppose him to have been addicted to pleasure and the annuements of
gallantry; we cannot be surprized to find his finances in a little time exhausted,
and the face of his affairs totally reversed. It was probably in the decline of his
fortune, that he resolved to re-appear in the character of an author, and stand can-
didate for the publick favour, which would be a certain resource in the day of
trouble; he therefore composed his Galatea, in six books, which was published in
the year 1584, dedicated to Alcario Colonna, at that time abbot of St. Sophia,
and afterwards cardinal of the holy crofs of Jerusalem.

The rich vein of invention, the tenderness of passion, the delicacy of senti-
ment, the power and purity of diction, displayed in this performance, are cele-
brated by Don Louis De Vargas Manrique, in a commendatory sonnet, which is
a very elegant and honourable testimony of our author's succes. Nevertheless,
the production has been confounded for the irregularity of it's fitle, the incorrectness
of it's verification, and the multiplicity of it's incidents, which incumber and
perplex the principal narration; and, over and above these objections, the design
is not brought to a conclusion, fo that the plan appears meagre and defiptive. He
himself pleads guilty to fome part of the charge, in the fentence pronounced by the
curie, in the firft part of Don Quixote; who, when the barber takes up the Ga-
latea of Miguel De Cervantes, " That fame Cervantes," fays he, " has been an
intimate friend of mine these many years; and is to my certain knowledge,
more converfant with misfortunes than with poetry. There is a good vein of
invention in his book, which propofes something, though it concludes nothing.
We must wait for the second part which he promises; and then, perhaps, his
amendment may deferve a full pardon, which is now denied."

Whether the suces of Galatea encouraged our author to oblige the world with
fome of those theatrical pieces, which we have already mentioned as the firft re-
gular productions of the Spanifh drama, or the whole number of thefe was written
and acted before his captivity, I have not been able to determine; but, in all prob-
bability, his firft effays of that kind were exhibited in the interval between the bat-
tle of Lepanto and the commencement of his slavery, and the rest published after
his redemption.

Unless we fuppofe him to have been employed at Madrid in this manner for his
infubfence, we muft pafs over two and twenty years, which afford us no particular
information touching the life of Saavedra; though, in that period, he married
Donna Catalina De Salazar, dissipat the remains of his fortune, experienced the
ingratitude of those he had befriended in his prosperity, and after having futfained
a series of mortifications and difficulties, was committed to prifon in confequence of
the debts he had contracted.

In this difmal situation, he compofed that performance which is the delight and
admiration of all Europe; I mean, the firft part of Don Quixote, which he
wrote with a view to ridicule and dicredit thofe abfurd romances, filled with the
most naiveous improbablety and unnatural extravagance, which had debauched the
taste of mankind, and were indeed a difgrace to common fense and reafon. Not
that Cervantes had any intention to combat the fpirit of knight-errantry, fo pre-
valent among the Spaniards; on the contrary, I am perfuaded he would have been
the firft man in the nation to stand up for the honour and defence of chivalry;
which, when restrained within due bounds, was an excellent institution, that in-
spired the moft heroic sentiments of courage and patrioSim, and on many occa-
sions conduced to the peace and safety of the commonwealth. In the character of
Don Quixote, he exhibits a good understanding, perverted by reading romancitc
fories, which had no foundation in nature or in fact. His inelegance are not sup-
pofed to have been damaged by the perufal of authentick histories, which recount
the exploits of kings and heroes who really, existed; but his madness seems to
have flowed from his credulity, and a certain wildnefs of imagination, which was
captivated by the marvelous representation of dwarfs, giants, necromancers, and
other preternatural extravagance. From these legends he formed his whole plan
of conduct; and, though nothing can be more ridiculouf than the terms upon
which he is defcribed to have commenced knight-errant, at a time when the re-
gulations of society had rendered the profession unnecessary, and indeed illegal;
the
the criterion of his frenzy confines in that strange faculty of mistaking and con-
 founding the most familiar objects with the fantastical illusions which those ro-
mances had engendered in his fancy. So that our author did not enter the lists
against the memory of the real substantial chivalry, which he held in veneration;
but with design to expel an hideous phantom that possessed the brains of the people,
waging perpetual war with true genius and invention.
The successes of this undertaking must have exceeded his most sanguine hopes.
Don Quixote no sooner made his appearance, than the old romances vanished like
mift before the sun. The ridicule was so striking, that even the warmest admirers
of Amadis and his posterity seemed to awake from a dream, and reflected with
amazement upon their former infatuation. Every dispassionate reader was charmed
with the humorous characters of the knight and squire, who straight became the
favourites of his fancy; he was delighted with the variety of entertaining inci-
dents, and considered the author's good sense and purity of style with admiration
and applause.
He informs us, by the month of the batchelor Sampson Carraflco, that even
before the publication of the second part, twelve thousand copies of the first were
already in print; besides a new impression then working off at Antwerp. ' The
very children,' says he, 'handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people
applaud the performance. It is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes
it up, some struggling, and some treating for a fight of it; in fine, this history
is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen; for,
in the whole book, there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor
one thought unworthy of a good catholic.'
Nor was this applause confined to the kingdoms and territories of Spain. The
fame of Don Quixote diffused itself through all the civilized countries of Europe;
and the work was so much admired in France, that some gentlemen who attended
the French ambassado for Madrid, in a conversation with the licentiate Marques
Torres, chaplain to the archbishop of Toledo, expressed their surprize that Cer-
vantes was not maintained from the publick treasury, as the honour and pride of
the Spanish nation. Nay, this work, which was first published at Madrid in the
year 1605, had the good fortune to extort the approbation of royalty itself: Phi-
lip III. standing in a balcony of his palace, and surveying the adjacent country,
perceived a student on the bank of the Manzanares, reading a book, and every now
and then striking his forehead and bursting out into loud fits of laughter. His majesty
having observed his emotions for some time, ' That student,' said he, ' is either mad,
or reading Don Quixote.' Some of the courtiers in attendance, had the curiosi-
ty to go out and enquire, and actually found the scholar engaged in the adventures
of our Manchegan.
As the book was dedicated to the Duke de Bejar, we may naturally suppose
that nobleman, either by his purse or interest, obtained the author's discharge from
prison; for he congratulates himself upon the protection of such a patron, in
certain verses prefixed to the book, and supposed to be written by Urganda the
unknown. He afterwards attracted the notice of the Count De Lemos, who
seems to have been his chief and favourite benefactor; and even enjoyed a small
share of the countenance of the cardinal archbishop of Toledo: so that we cannot,
with any probability, entertain the opinion of those who believe his Don
Quixote was intended as a satire upon the administration of that nobleman. Nor
is there the least plausible reason for thinking his aim was to ridicule the conduct
of Charles V. whose name he never mentions without expressions of the utmost
reverence and regard. Indeed, his own indulgence was a more severe satire than
any thing he could have invented against the ministr y of Philip III. for, though
their protection kept him from starving, it did not exempt him from the difficulties
and mortifications of want; and no man of taste and humanity can reflect upon
his character and circumstances, without being shocked at the barbarous indifference
of his patrons. What he obtained was not the offering of liberality and taste, but
the scanty alms of compassion: he was not respected as a genius, but relieved
as a beggar.
One would hardly imagine that an author could languish in the shade of po-
verty and contempt, while his works afforded entertainment and delight to whole
nations,
nations, and even sovereigns were found in the number of his admirers; but Cervantes had the misfortune to write in the reign of a prince whose disposition wasfordid, and whose talents, naturally mean, had received no manner of cultivation; so that his head was altogether unincultured with science, and his heart an utter stranger to the virtues of beneficence. Nor did the liberal arts derive the least encouragement from his ministry, which was ever weak and waver ing. The Duke de Lerma seems to have been a proud, irresolute, shallow-brained politician, whose whole attention was employed in preserving the good graces of his master; though, notwithstanding all his efforts, he still fluctuated between favour and disgrace, and at last was fain to shelter himself under the hat of a cardinal. As for the Count de Lemos, who had some share in the administration, he affected to patronize men of genius, though he had hardly penetration enough to distinguish merit; and the little taste he possessed was so much warped by vanity and self-conceit, that there was no other avenue to his friendship but the road of adulation and panegyric: we need not, therefore, wonder that his bounty was so sparingly bestowed upon Cervantes, whose conscious worth and spirit would not suffer him to practice such servility of prostration.

Rather than stoop so far beneath the dignity of his own character, he resolved to endure the severest slings of fortune; and, for a series of years, wrestled with inconceivable vexation and diffires. Even in this low situation, he was not exempt ed from the ill offices of those who envied his talents and his fame. The bad writers vilified his genius, and cursed his morals; they confounded Don Quixote into an impertinent libel, and endeavoured to depreciate his Exemplary Novels, which were published at Madrid, in the year 1615. This performance is such as might be expected from the invention and elegance of Cervantes, and was accordingly approved by the best judges of his time. Indeed, it must have been a great consolation to him, in the midst of his misfortunes, to see himself celebrated by the choicest wits of Spain; and, among the rest, by the renowned Lope de Vega, prince of the Spanish theatre, who, both during the life and after the death of our author, mentioned him in the most respectful terms of admiration*.

But, of all the insults to which he was exposed from the malevolence of mankind, nothing provoked him so much, as the outrage he sustained, from the inulence and knavery of an author, who, while he was preparing the second part of Don Quixote for the press, in the year 1614, published a performance, intitled, The Second Volume of the Life of Don Quixote de la Mancha, containing his third sally. Composed by the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tudelillas; dedicated to the alcalde, repidores, and gentlemen, of the noble town of Argamalla, the happy country of Don Quixote de la Mancha. This impostor, not contented with having robbed Cervantes of his plan, and, as some people believe, of a good part of his copy, attacked him personally, in his preface, in the most virulent manner; accusing him of envy, malice, peevishness, and rancour; reproaching him with his poverty, and taxing him with having abused his contemporaries writers, particularly Lope de Vega, under the shadow of whose reputation this impious writer takes shelter, pretending to have been lashed, together with that great genius, in some of our author's critical reflections.

In spite of the disguise he assumed, Cervantes discovered him to be an Arragonian; and in all probability knew his real name, which, however, he did not think proper to transmit to posterity; and his silence in this particular was the result either of diffusion, or contempt. If he was a person of consequence, as some people suppose, it was undoubtedly prudent in Cervantes to pretend ignorance of his true name and quality; because, under the shadow of that pretence, he could the more securely chastise him for his dulness, scurvity, and presumption; but if he knew him to be a man of no character or estimation in life, he ought to have deemed him altogether unworthy of his resentment; for his production was such as could not possibly prejudice our author's interest or reputation. It is altogether void of invention and propriety; the characters of Don Quixote and

* Laurél de Apollo Selva S.
Sancho are flattened into the most insipid absurdity; the adventures are unenter-
taining and improbable; and the style barbarous, tawdry, and pedantic.

Howsoever Saavedra's fortune might have been affected by this fraudulent an-
ticipation, I am persuaded, from the consideration of his magnanimity, that he
would have looked upon the attempt with silent disdain, had the fictitious Avel-
laveda abstained from personal abuse; but finding himself so injuriously upbraided
with crimes which his soul abhorred, he gave a loose to his indignation and ridic-
cule, which appear through the preface and second part of Don Quixote, in a
variety of anamadversions equally witty and severe. Indeed, the genuine con-
tinuation, which was published in the year 1615, convinced the world that no other
person could compass the plan of the original projector. It was received with
universal joy and approbation; and in a very little time translated into the lan-
guages of Italy, France, England, and other countries, where, though the knight
appeared to disadvantage, he was treated as a noble stranger of superlative merit
and distinction.

In the year after the publication of his novels, Cervantes ushered into the
world a poem called, A Voyage to Parnassus, dedicated to Don Rodrigo De
Tapia, knight of St. Jago. This performance is an ironical satire on the Spa-
nish poets of his time, written in imitation of Cesar Caporal, who laathed his
coterpanaries of Italy under the same title; though Saavedra seems to have had
also another scope, namely, to complain of the little regard that was paid to his
own age and talents. Those who will not allow this piece to be an excellent
poem, cannot holding that it abounds with wit and manly satire; and that
nothing could be a more keen reproach upon the taste and patronage of the times,
to the dialogue that passes between him and Apollo; to whom, after having
made a bold, yet just recapitulation of his own success in writing, he pathetically
complains, that he was denied a feast among his brethren; and takes occasion to
observe, that rewards were not bestowed according to merit, but in consequence of
interest and favour.

He has, upon other occasions, made severe remarks upon the licence of patrons
among the nobility of Spain, and even aimed the shafts of his satire at the throne
itself. In his dedication of the second part of Don Quixote, to the Count De
Lemos, he proceeds in this ironical strain: 'But no person expresses a greater
desire of seeing my Don Quixote, than the mighty Emperor of China, who,
about a month ago, lent me a letter by an express, desiring, or rather beseech-
ing, me to supply him with a copy of that performance, as he intended to build
and endow a college for teaching the Spanish language from my book, and was
resolved to make me rector or principal teacher. I asked if his majesty had
lent me any thing towards defraying the charges; and, when he answered in the
negative, "Why, then, friend," said I, "if you may return to China as soon as
you please; for my own part, I am not in a state of health to undertake such a
long journey; besides, I am not only weak in body, but still weaker in purse,
and so I am the emperor's most humble servant." In short, emperor for empe-
or, and monarch for monarch, to take one with the other, and fet the hare's head
against the goose giblets, there is the noble Count De Lemos, at Naples, who,
without any rectorships, supports, profits, and favours me, to my heart's
content.'

This facetious paragraph certainly alludes to some unsubstantial promise he had
received from the court. At the same time I cannot help observing, that his grati-
tude and acknowledgment to the Count De Lemos, seem to have greatly exceeded
the obligation; for, at this very time, while he is extolling his generosity, he gives
us to understand that his circumstances were extremely indigent.

At the very time of this dedication, the poverty of Cervantes had increased to
such a degree of distress, that he was fain to sell eight plays; and as many
interludes, to Juan Villaruel, because he had neither means nor credit for printing
them at his own expense. These theatrical pieces, which were published at Madrid
in the year 1615, though counted inferior to many productions of Lope De Vega,
have nevertheless merit enough to persuade the differing reader that they would
have succeeded in the representation, but he was no favourite with the players, who
have always arrogated to themselves the prerogative of judging and rejecting the
productions.
productions of the drama; and, as they forborne to offer, he disdained to solicit their acceptance. The truth is, he considered actors as the servants of the public; who, though entitled to a certain degree of favour and encouragement for the entertainment they afforded, ought ever to demean themselves with modesty and respect for their benefactors; and he had often professed himself an enemy to the self-sufficiency, intolence, and outrageous behaviour of the king's company; some of whom had been guilty of the most flagrant crimes, and even committed murder with impunity.

It is sometimes in the power of the most inconsiderable wretch to mortify a character of the highest dignity. Cervantes, notwithstanding his contempt of such petty critics, could not help feeling the pertulance of a puny player, who profumed to depreciate the talents of this venerable father of the stage. * Some years ago*, says he, 'I had recourse again to my own amusement; and, on the supposition that the times were not altered since my name was in some estimation, I compos'd a few pieces for the stage; but found no birds in last year's nests; my reason is, I could find no player who would ask for my performances, though the whole company knew they were finished; so that I threw them aside, and condemned them to perpetual silence. About this time, a certain bookseller told me he would have purchased my plays, had he not been prevented by an actor, who said, that from my profuse much might be expected, but nothing from my verse. I confess, I was not a little chagrined at hearing this declaration; and said to myself, * Either I am quite altered, or the times are greatly improved, contrary to common observation, by which the path is always preferred to the present.* I revised my comedies, together with some interludes which had lain some time in a corner, and I did not think them so wretched, but that they might appeal from the muddy brain of this player, to the clearer perception of other actors, less ferocious and more judicious. Being quite out of humour, I parted with the copy to a bookseller, who offered me a tolerable price; I took his money, without giving myself any farther trouble about the actors, and he printed them as you see. I could wish they were the best in the world; or, at least, possessed of some merit. Gentle reader, thou wilt soon see how they are, and if thou canst find anything to thy liking, and afterwards should happen to meet with my back-biting actor, define him, from me, to take care and mend himself; for I offend no man: as for the plays, thou mayest tell him, they contain no glaring nonentities, no palpable absurdities.'

The source of this indifference towards Cervantes, we can easily explain, by observing that Lope De Vega had, by this time, engrossed the theatre, and the favour of the public, to such a degree, as ensured success to all his performances; so that the players would not run any risk of miscarriage, in exhibiting the productions of an old neglected veteran, who had neither inclination nor ability to support his theatrical pieces by dint of interest and cabal. Far from being able to raise faction in his favour, he could hardly subsist in the most partizanous manner; and in all probability would have actually starved, had not the charity of the Count De Lemos enabled him barely to breathe.

The last work he finished was a novel, intitled, The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda; which, however, he did not live to see in print. This child of his old age he mentions in the warmest terms of paternal affecion,† preferring it to all the rest of his productions; a compliment which every author pays to the youngest offspring of his genius; for, whatever sentence the world may pronounce, every man thinks he daily improves in experience and understanding; and that in refusing the pre-emincence to his last effort, he would fairly own the decay and degeneracy of his own talents.

We must not, however, impute the encomiums which Cervantes bestows upon his last performance to this fond partiality alone; because the book has indubitable merit; and, as he himself says, may presume to vie with the celebrated romance of Heliodorus, in elegance of diction, entertaining incidents, and fecundity of invention.
Invention. Before this novel saw the light, our author was seized with a dropsey, which gradually conveyed him to his grave; and nothing could give a more advantageous idea of his character, than the fortitude and good humour which he appears to have maintained to the last moment of his life, overwhelmed as he was with misery, old age, and an incurable distemper. The preface and dedication of his Perúles and Sigismunda contain a journal of his last stage, by which we are enabled to guess at the precise time of his decease. "Loving reader," said he, "as two of my friends and myself were coming from the famous town of Equivias—famous, I say, on a thousand accounts; first, for it's illustrious families, and secondly, for it's more illustrious wines, &c.—I heard somebody galloping after us, with intent, as I imagined, to join our company; and, indeed, he soon justified my conjecture, by calling out to us to ride more softly. We accordingly waited for this stranger; who riding up to us upon a fine ass, appeared to be a grey student; for he was clothed in grey, with country buffing, such as peasants wear to defend their legs in harvest-time, round-toed shoes, a sword provided, as it happened, with a tolerable chape, a flarched band, and an even number of three-thread bredes; for the truth is, he had but two; and, as his band would every now and then shift to one side, he took incredible pains to adjust it again. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are going, belike, to solicit some post or pension at court; his eminence of Toledo must be there, to be sure, or the king at least, by your making such haste. In good faith I could hardly overtake you, though my ass hath been more than once applauded for a tolerable stroller. To this address one of my companions replied, "We are obliged to let on at a good rate, to keep up with that there mattle some nag, belonging to Signior Miguel De Cervantes." Scarce had the student heard my name, when, springing from the back of his ass, whilst his pannel fell one way, and his wallet another, he ran towards me, and taking hold of my stirrup, "Aye, aye," cried he, "this is the sound cripple! the renowned, the merry writer; in a word, the darling of the muse!" In order to make some return to the high compliments, I threw my arms about his neck, so as that he left his band by the cagerness of my embraces; and told him that he was mistaken, like many of my well-wishers. "I am, indeed, Cervantes," said I; "but not the darting of the muses, or in any shape deferving of those encomiums you have bestowed; he pleased, therefore, good Signior, to remount your beast, and let us travel together like friends thereof the way." The courteous student took my advice; and, as we jogged on softly together, the conversation happening to turn on the subject of my illness, the stranger soon pronounced my doom, by assuring me that my distemper was a dropsey, which all the water of the ocean, although it were not salt, would never be able to quench. "Therefore, Signior Cervantes," added the student, "you must totally abstain from drink; but do not forget to eat heartily; and this regimen will effect your recovery without phytick." —"I have received the same advice from other people," answered I, "but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to do nothing else but drink. My life is drawing to a period; and, by the daily journal of my pulse, which I find will have finished it's course by next Sunday at farthest, I shall also have finished my career; so that you come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me, though I shall have no opportunity of shewing how much I am obliged to you for your good will." By this time we had reached the Toledo Bridge; where, finding we must part, I embraced my student once more, and he having returned the compliment with great cordiality, spurred up his beast, and left me as ill-disposed on my horse as he was ill-mounted on his ass; although my pen itched to be writing some humourous description of his equipage: but, adieu my merry friends all; for I am going to die, and I hope to meet you again in the other world, as happy as heart can wish." After this adventure, which he so pleanently relates, (nay, even in his last moments) he dictated a most affectionate dedication to his patron, the Count De Lemos, who was at that time president of the Supreme Council in Italy. He begins facetiously with a quotation from an old ballad; then proceeds to tell his excellency, that he had received extreme unition, and was on the brink
of eternity; yet he wished he could live to see the count’s return, and even to
finish the Weeks of the Garden, and the second part of Galatea, in which he had
made some progress.

This dedication was dated April 19, 1617; and, in all probability, the author
died the very next day, as the ceremony of theunction is never performed until
the patient is supposed to be in extremity; certain it is, he did not long survive
this period; for, in September, a licence was granted to Donna Catalina De Sala-
zar, widow of Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra, to print the Troubles of Perúles
and Sigismunda, a northern history; which was accordingly published at Madrid,
and afterwards translated into Italian.

Thus have I collected and related all the material circumstances mentioned by
history and tradition, concerning the life of Cervantes; which I shall conclude
with the portrait of his person, drawn by his own pen, in the preface to his
novels. His visage was sharp and aquiline, his hair of a chestnut colour, his
forehead smooth and high, his nose hookish or hawkish, his eyes brisk and cheer-
ful, his mouth little, his beard originally of a golden hue, his upper-lip fur-
nished with large mustachios, his complexion fair, his stature of the middling size:
and he tells us, moreover, that he was thick in the shoulders, and not very light
of foot.

In a word, Cervantes, whether considered as a writer or a man, will be found
worthy of universal approbation and esteem; and we cannot help applauding that
fortitude and courage, which no difficulty could disturb, and no danger dismay;
while we admire that delightful stream of humour and invention, which flowed so
plenteous and so pure, surmounting all the mounds of malice and adversity.
The translator's aim, in this undertaking, was to maintain that ludicrous solemnity and self-importance by which the inimitable Cervantes has distinguished the character of Don Quixote, without raising him to the insipid rank of a dry philosopher, or debasing him to the melancholy circumstances and unenterprising caprice of an ordinary madman; and to preserve the native humour of Sancho Panza from degenerating into mere proverbial phlegm, or affected buffoonery.

He has endeavoured to retain the spirit and ideas, without servilely adhering to the literal expression of the original; from which, however, he has not so far deviated, as to destroy that formality of idiom, so peculiar to the Spaniards, and so essential to the character of the work.

The satire and propriety of many allusions, which had been lost in the change of custom and lapse of time, are restored in explanatory notes; and the whole is conducted with that care and circumspection, which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a task already performed, subjects himself to the most invidious comparison.
PREFACE TO THE READER.

Dear reader, without an oath thou mayest believe, that I wish this book, as the child of my understanding, were the most beautiful, slyly, and discreet production, that ever was conceived. But it was not in my power to contravene the order of nature: in consequence of which, every creature procreates it's own resemblance. What, therefore, could be engendered in my barren, ill-cultivated genius, but a dry, meagre offspring, wayward, capricious, and full of whimsical notions peculiar to my own imagination, as if produced in a prison, which is the seat of inconvenience, and the habitation of every dismal sound*. Quiet solitude, pleasant fields, serene weather, purling streams, and tranquility of mind, contribute so much to the fecundity even of the most barren genius, that it will bring forth productions so fair as to awaken the admiration and delight of mankind.

A man who is so unfortunate as to have an ugly child, destitute of every grace and favourable endowment, may be so hood-winked by paternal tendernes, that he cannot perceive his defects; but, on the contrary, looks upon every blemish as a beauty, and recounts to his friends every instance of his folly as a sample of his wit: but I, who, though seemingly the parent, am no other than the step-father of Don Quixote, will not fail with the stream of custom; nor, like some others, supplicate thee, gentle reader, with the tears in my eyes, to pardon or conceal the faults which thou mayest spy in this production. Thou art neither it's father nor kinman; hast thy own soul in thy own body, and a will as free as the finest; thou art in thy own house, of which I hold thee as absolute master as the king of his revenue; and thou knowest the common saying, 'Under my cloak the king is a joke.' These considerations free and exempt thee from all manner of restraint and obligation; so that thou mayest fully and frankly declare thy opinion of this history, without fear of calumny for thy ceniture, and without hope of recompence for thy approbation.

I wished only to present thee with the performance, clean, neat, and naked, without the ornament of a preface, and unincumbered with an innumerable catalogue of slysonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verses, as are generally prefixed to the productions of the present age; for I can assure thee, that although the composition of the book hath cost me some trouble, I have found more difficulty in writing this preface, which is now under thy inspection: divers and sundry times did I seize the pen, and as often laid it aside, for want of knowing what to say; and during this uneasy state of suspense, while I was one day ruminating on the subject, with the paper before me, the quill behind my ear, my elbow fixed on the table, and my cheek leaning on my hand; a

* This is a strong presumption that the first part of Don Quixote was actually written in a gaol,
friend of mine, who possesses a great fund of humour and an excellent understanding, suddenly entered the apartment, and finding me in this musing posture, asked the cause of my being so contemplative. As I had no occasion to conceal the nature of my perplexity, I told him I was studying a Preface for the History of Don Quixote; a task which I found so difficult, that I was resolved to desist, and even suppress the adventures of such a noble cavalier: for you may easily suppose how much I must be confounded at the animadversions of that ancient law-giver the vulgar, when it shall see me, after so many years that I have slept in silence and oblivion, produce, in my old age, a performance as dry as a rush, barren of invention, meagre in style, beggarly in conceit, and utterly deftitute of wit and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end, as we see in other books, let them be never so fabulous and profane; indeed, they are generally so stufled with apothegms from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole body of philosophers, that they excite the admiration of the readers, who look upon such authors as men of unbounded knowledge, eloquence, and erudition. When they bring a citation from the Holy Scripture, one would take them for so many Saint Thomas’s, and other doctors of the church; herein observing such ingenious decorum, that in one line they will represent a frantick lover, and in the very next begin with a godly sermon, from which the Christian readers, and even the hearers, receive much comfort and edification. Now, my book must appear without all these advantages; for I can neither quote in the margin, nor note in the end: nor do I know what authors I have imitated, that I may, like the rest of my brethren, prefix them to the work in alphabetic order, beginning with Aristotle, and ending in Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis, though one wasa back bitter, and the other a painter. My history must likewise be published without poems at the beginning, at least without sonnets written by dukes, marquisses, counts, bishops, ladies, and celebrated poets: although, should I make the demand, I know two or three good-natured friends, who would oblige me with such versifies as should not be equalled by the most famous poetry in Spain.

In a word, my good friend,” said I, “Signior Don Quixote shall be buried in the archives of La Mancha, until Heaven shall provide some person to adorn him with those decorations he seems to want; for I find myself altogether unequal to the task, through insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too bafthul and indolent to go in quest of authors to say what I myself can say as well without their assistance. Hence arose my thoughtfulness and meditation, which you will not wonder at, now that you have heard the cause.” My friend having listened attentively to my remotraences, flapped his forehead with the palm of his hand, and, bursting into a loud laugh, ‘Fore God! brother,” said he, “I am now undeceived of an error, in which I have lived during the whole term of our acquaintance; for I always looked upon you as a person of prudence and discretion; but now, I see, you are as far from that character as heaven is distant from the earth. What! is it possible that such a trifling inconvenience, so easily remedied, should have power to mortify and perplex a genius like yours, brought to such maturity, and so well calculated to demolish and surmount much greater difficulties? In good faith, this does not proceed from want of ability, but from ex-
cessive indolence, that impedes the exercit of reason. If you would
be convinced of the truth of what I allledge, give me the hearing,
and, in the twinkling of an eye, all your difficulties shall vanish,
and a remedy be prescribed for all those defects which, you say,
perplex your understanding, and deter you from uhering to the light
your history of the renowned Don Quixote, the luminary and sole
mirror of knight-errantry. Hearing this declaration, I desired he
would tell me in what manner he proposed to fill up the vacuity of my
appraisition, to diffute light, and reduce to order the chaos of my
confusion; and he replied, "Your first objection, namely, the want of
sonnets, epigrams, and commenatory verses from persons of rank
and gravity, may be obviated, by your taking the trouble to com-
pose them yourself, and then you may chriif them by any name
you shall think proper to chufe, fathering them upon Prefidor John of
the Indies, or the Emperor of Trebifond; who, I am well informed,
were very famous poets: and even should this intelligence be untrue,
and a few pedants and batchelors of arts should backbite and grumble
at your conduct, you need not value them three farthing: for al-
thought they convict you of a lye, they cannot cut off the hand that
wrote it.

With regard to the practice of quoting in the margin, such books
and authors as have furnished you with sentences and sayings for the
embellishment of your history, you have nothing to do, but to season
the work with some Latin maxims, which your own memory will
suggest, or a little industry in searching easily obtain: for example,
in treating of freedom and captivity, you may say, Non bene pro into
libertas venditur auro; and quote Horace, or whom you please, in
the margin. If the power of death happens to be your subject, you
have at hand, Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regum-
que turris. And expatiating upon that love and friendship which
God commands us to entertain even for our enemies, you may have
recourse to the Holy Scripture, though you should have never so little
curiosity, and say, in the very words of God himself, Ego autem
dico votis, diligite inimicos vestros. In explaining the nature of ma-
levolence, you may again extract from the Gospel, De corde eintent
cogitationes male. And the infability of friends may be aptly il-
lustrated by this distich of Cato, Donc cris felici, multos numerabis
amicos; tempora si fuerint nubila, folus eris: By these, and other such
scrap's of Latin, you may pass for an able grammarian; a character
of no small honour and advantage in these days. And as to the an-
notations at the end of the book, you may safely furnish them in
this manner: when you chance to write about giants, be sure to
mention Goliath; and this name alone, which costs you nothing, will
afford a grand annotation, couched in these words, "The giant
Golias, or Goliat, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David flew
with a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is writ-
ten in such a chapter of the book of Kings."

If you have a mind to display your erudition and knowledge of
cosmography, take an opportunity to introduce the River Tagus into
your history, and this will supply you with another famous annota-
tion, thus expressed, "The River Tagus, so called from a king of
Spain, Alluding to the loss of his hand in the battle of Lepanto."
Spain, takes it's rise in such a place, and is lost in the sea, after having killed the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and is said to have golden sands, &c." If you treat of robbers, I will relate the story of Cæcusa, which I have by rote. If of harlots, the Bishop of Mondoneza will lend you a Lamia, a Laos, and a Flora; and such a note will greatly redound to your credit. When you write of cruelty, Ovid will surrender his Medea. When you mention wizards and enchanters, you will find a Calypso in Homer, and a Circe in Virgil. If you have occasion to speak of valiant captains, Julius Caesar stands ready drawn in his own Commentaries; and from Plutarch you may extract a thousand Alexanders.

If your theme be love, and you have but two ounces of the Tucan tongue, you will light upon Leon Hebréo, who will fill up the measure of your desire: and if you do not chuse to travel into foreign countries, you have at home Fonseca's Treatise on the Love of God, in which all that you, or the most ingenious critic can desire, is fully decyphered and diffus'd. In a word, there is nothing more to be done, than to procure a number of these names, and hint at their particular stories in your text; and to leave me the talk of making annotations and quotations, with which I will engage, on pain of death, to fill up all the margins, besides four whole sheets at the end of the book. Let us now proceed to the citation of authors, so frequent in other books, and so little used in your performance; the remedy is obvious and easy; take the trouble to find a book that quotes the whole tribe alphabetically, as you observed, from Alpha to Omega, and transfer them into your book; and though the absurdity should appear never so glaring, as there is no necessity for using such names, it will signify nothing. Nay, perhaps, some reader will be weak enough to believe you have actually availed yourself of all those authors, in the simple and sincere history you have compos'd; and, if such a large catalogue of writers should answer no other purpose, it may serve at first sight to give some authority to the production: nor will any person take the trouble to examine, whether you have or have not followed those originals, because he can reap no benefit from his labour. But, if I am not mistaken, your book needs none of those embellishments in which you say it is defective: for it is one continued satire upon books of chivalry; a subject which Aristotle never investigated, St. Basil never mentioned, and Cicero never explained. The punctuality of truth, and the observations of astrology, fall not within the fabulous relation of our adventures; to the description of which, neither the proportions of geometry, nor the confirmation of rhetorical arguments, are of the least importance: nor hath it any connection with preaching, or mingling divine truths with human imagination; a mixture which no Christian's fancy should conceive. It only seeks to avail itself of imitation; and the more perfect this is, the more entertaining the book will be: now, as your sole aim in writing, is to invalidate the authority, and ridicule the absurdity, of those books of chivalry, which have, as it were, fascinated the eyes and judgment of the world, and in particular of the vulgar, you have no occasion to go a begging maxims from philosophers, exhortations from Holy Writ, fables from poets, speeches from orators, or miracles from saints; your business is, with plain, significant, well-chosen
honor, and elegant words, to render your periods sonorous, and your
style entertaining; to give spirit and expression to all your descrip-
tions, and communicate your ideas without obscurity and confusion.
You must endeavour to write in such a manner as to convert melan-
choly into mirth, increase good-humour, entertain the ignorant, ex-
cite the admiration of the learned, escape the contempt of gravity,
and attract applause from persons of ingenuity and taste. Finally, let
your aim be levelled against that ill-founded bulwark of idle books of
chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more; which if you
can batter down, you will have achieved no inconsiderable exploit.

I listened to my friend's advice in profound silence, and his remarks
made such impression upon my mind, that I admitted them without he-
sitation or dispute; and resolved that they should appear instead of a
Preface. Thou wilt, therefore, gentle reader, perceive his discretion,
and my good luck in finding such a counsellor in such an emergency;
or wilt thou be sorry to receive, thus genuine and undisguised, the His-
tory of the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha, who, in the opinion
of all the people that live in the district of Montiel, was the most vir-
tuous and valiant knight who had appeared for many years in that
neighbourhood. I shall not pretend to enhance the merit of having
introduced thee to such a famous and honourable cavalier; but I ex-
pect thanks for having made thee acquainted with Sancho Panza, in
whom I think are united all the singular graces which we find scattered
through the whole tribe of vain books written on the subject of chivalry.
So, praying God will give thee health, without forgetting such an
humble creature as me, I bid thee heartily farewell.
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA

AUTHOR OF THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE.
THE

ACHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

OF THE QUALITY AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

In a certain corner of La Mancha, the name of which I do not choose to remember, there lately lived one of those country gentlemen, who adorn their halls with a rusty lance and worm-eaten target, and ride forth on the skeleton of a horse, to course with a sort of a starved greyhound.

Three-fourths of his income were scarce sufficient to afford a dish of hodge-podge, in which the mutton bore no proportion to the beef, for dinner; a plate of salmagundy, commonly at supper; gripes and grumblings on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and the addition of a pigeon or some such thing on the Lord's day. The remaining part of his revenue was consumed in the purchase of

* Mutton in Spain is counted greatly preferable to beef.
† Salpicón, which is the word in the original, is no other than cold beef sliced, and eaten with oil, vinegar, and pepper.
‡ Gripes and grumblings, in Spanish dueto y quebrantos; the true meaning of which the former translators have been at great pains to investigate, as the importance of the subject (no doubt) required. But their labours have, unhappily, ended in nothing else but conjectures, which, for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, we beg leave to repeat. One interprets the phrase into collops and eggs; 'Being,' faith he, 'a very sorry dish.' In this decision, however, he is contradicted by another commentator, who affirms, 'It is a mess too good to mortify withal:' neither can this virtuoso agree with a late editor, who translates the passage in question into an amlet; but takes occasion to fall out with Boyer for his description of that dish, which he most sagaciously understands to be a 'bacon frizée,' or rather frize, from it's being fried, from friz in French; and concludes with this judicious query, ' After all these learned disquisitions, who knows but the author means a dish of nichils?' If this was his meaning, indeed, surely we may venture to conclude, that fasting was very expensive in La Mancha; for the author mentions
chase of a fine black suit, with velvet breeches, and slippers of the same, for holidays; and a coat of home-spun, which he wore in honour of his country, during the rest of the week.

He maintained a female housekeeper turned of forty, a niece of about half that age, and a trusty young fellow, fit for field and market, who could turn his hand to any thing, either to saddle the horse or handle the hough.

Our squire, who bordered upon sixty, was of a tough constitution, extremely meagre, and hard featured, an early riser, and in point of exercise, another Nimrod 1. He is said to have gone by the name of Quixada, or Quefada, (for in this particular the authors who mention that circumstance differ) though, from the most probable conjectures, we may conclude that he was called by the significant name of Quixadat, but this is of small importance to the history, in the course of which it will be sufficient if we swerve not a tittle from the truth.

Be it known, therefore, that this said hot gentleman, at his leisure hours, which engrossed the greatest part of the year, addicted himself to the reading of books of chivalry, which he perused with such attention and application, that he not only forgot the pleasures of the chase, but utterly neglected the management of his estates nay, to such a pass did his curiosity and madness in this particular drive him, that he sold many good acres of Terra Firma, to purchase books of chivalry-errantry, with which he furnished his library to the utmost of his power; but none of them pleased him so much as those that were written by the famous Feliciano De Sylva, whom he admired as the pearl of all authors, for the brilliancy of his prose, and the beautiful perplicity of his expression; how he was transported, when he read those amorous complaints, and doughty challenges, that so often occur in his works!

'The reason of the unreasonable usage
'my reason has met with, so unreasonable
'my reason, that I have reason to com-
plain of your beauty! ' And how did he enjoy the following flower of composition! ' The high heaven of your divi-

nity, which with stars, divinely sati-

fies your beauty, and renders you me-
terious of that merit, which by your
'highness is merited.

The poor gentleman lost his senses in poing over, and attempting to discover the meaning of these and other such rhapsodies, which Aristotle himself would not be able to unravel, were he to visit, from the dead for that purpose only. He could not comprehend the probability of these direful wounds, given and received by Don Bellianis, whose face and whole carcase must have remained quite covered with marks and scars, even allowing him to have been cured by the most expert surgeons of the age in which he lived.

He, notwithstanding, bestowed great commendations on the author, who con-
cludes his book with the promise of fin-

ishing that interminable adventure, and was more than once inclined to seize the quill, with a view of performing what was left undone; nay, he would have actually accomplished the affair, and published it accordingly, had not reflections of greater moment employed his imagination, and diverted him from the execution of that design.

Divers and obilinate were the disputes he maintained against the parson of the parish, (a man of some learning, who had taken his degrees at Signezuella, ) on that puzzling question, whether Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul, was the most illustrious knight-errant;

mentions the doctella quebrantias among those articles that consumed three-fourths of the

 Khal's income.

Having considered this momentous affair with all the deliberation it deserves, we in our two present the reader with cucumbers, greens, or pea-corridges, a the fruit of our in-
deous researches; being thereunto determined by the literal signification of the text; which is not grumblings and groanings, as the last-mentioned ingenious annotator seems to think, but rather pains and breakings; and evidently points at such capables as generate and expel wind; qualities (as everybody knows) eminently inherent in those vegetables we have mentioned as our hero's Saturday's repast.

Peddiers, literally signifies a grilling-book.

1 Quixada, signifies a pen, of which our knight had an extraordinary provision.

2 Signezuella, a town situated on the banks of the Hentzes, in New Calstile, in which there is a small university.
but master Nicholas, who acted as barber to the village, affirmed, that none of them equalled the knight of the sun, or indeed could be compared to him in any respect, except Don Galax, brother of Amadis De Gaul; for his disposition was adapted to all emergencies; he was neither such a precise nor such a fulging coxcomb, as his brother; and in point of valour, his equal at least.

So eager and entangled was our herald, in this kind of history, that he would often read from morning to night, and from night to morning again, without interruption; till at last the moisture of his brain being quite exhausted with indefatigable watching and study, he fairly lost his wits; all that he had read of quarses, incantations, battles, challenges, wounds, tortures, amorous complaints, and other improbable conceits, took full possession of his fancy; and he believed all those romantiick exploits to implicitly, that, in his opinion, the Holy Scripture was not more true. He observed that Cid Ruydias was an excellent knight; but not equal to the lord of the flaming sword, who had one back-stroke had cut two fierce and monstrous giants through the middle. He had still a better opinion of Bernardo Del Carpio; who, at the battle of Roncevalles, put the incumbent Orlando to death, by the fame means that Hercules used when he strangelf the earth born Anteus. Neither was he silent in the praise of Morganate; who, though of that gigantic race which is noted for insolence and incivility, was perfectly affable and well-bred. But his chief favourite was Reynaldo of Montalban, whom he hugely admired for his prowess, in falling from his castle to rob travellers; and, above all things, for his dexterity in stealing that idol of the impotent Mahomet, which, according to the history, was of solid gold. For an opportunity of pummelling the traitor Galalon, he would willingly have given his housekeeper, body and soul; nay, and his niece into the bargain. In short, his understanding being quite perverted, he was feized with the strangest whim that ever entered the brain of a madman: this was no other than a full persuasion, that it was highly expedient and necessary, not only for his own honour, but also for the good of the publick, that he should profess knight-errantry, and ride through the world in arms, to seek adventures, and conform in all points to the practice of those itinerant heroes whose exploits he had read; redressing all manner of grievances, and courting all occasions of exposing himself to such dangers, as in the event would emlise him to everlasting renown.

This poor lunatick looked upon himself already as good as seated, by his own single valour, on the throne of Trebizond; and, intoxicated with these agreeable vapours of his unaccountable folly, resolved to put his design in practice forthwith.

In the first place he cleaned an old suit of armour, which had belonged to some of his ancestors, and which he found in his garret, where it had lain for several ages, quite covered over with mouldines and rust; but having uncovered and put it to rights, as well as he could, he perceived, that instead of a compleat helmet, there was only a simple head-piece without a bevor. This unlucky defect, however, his industry supplied by a virez, which he made of plate-board, and fixed to artificially to the morion, that it looked like an entire helmet. True it is, that in order to try if it was strong enough to with his jaws in, he unfeathed his sword, and bestowed upon it two heavy strokes, the first of which in a twinkling undid his whole week's labour. He did not at all approve of the facility with which he hewed it in pieces; and therefore, to secure himself from any such danger for the future, went to work anew. He faced it with a plate of iron, in such a manner as that he remained satisfied of its strength without putting

Hidalgo has much the same application in Spain as squire in England; though it literally signifies the son of something, in contradistinction to those who are the sons of nothing.

† Orlando, the supposed nephew of Charlemagne, and poetical hero of Boiardo and Ariosto, is said to have been invulnerable in all parts of his body, except the sides of his feet, which he therefore took care to secure with double plates of armour.

‡ Galalon is said to have betrayed Charlemagne's army at Roncevalles, where it was roughly handled by the Moors, in his retreat from Spain.
it to a second trial, and looked upon it as a most finished piece of armour.

He next visited his horse, which (though he had more corners than a real one, being as lean as Gourna's, that tantum pellis et offa fuit) nevertheless, in his eye, appeared infinitely preferable to Alexander's Bucephalus, or the Cid's Babeca. Four days he confumed in inventing a name for this remarkable steed; suggettng to himself what an impropriety it would be if an horse of his qualities, belonging to such a renowned knight, should go without some founding and significant appellation: he therefore resolved to accommodate him with one that should not only declare his pait, but also his present capacity; for he thought it but reasonable, that since his matter had altered his condition, he should also change his horse's name, and invest him with some sublime and honours epithet, suitable to the new order and employment he professed. Accordingly, after having chosen, rejected, amended, tortured, and revolved, a world of names in his imagination, he fixed upon Rozinante; an appellation, in his opinion, lofty, honourable; and expressive, not only of his former, but likewise of his present situation, which entitled him to the preference over all other horses under the sun. Having thus denominated his horse, so much to his own satisfaction, he was delirious of doing himself the like justice; and after eight days study, actually assumed the title of Don Quixote de la Mancha: from whence, as hath been observed, the authors of this authentic history concluded, that his former name must have been Quixada, and not Quedada, as others are pleased to affirm. But recollecting that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with that simple appellation, added to it that of his country; and in order to dignify the place of his nativity, called himself Amadis de Gaul. He resolved, like a worthy knight, to follow such an illustrious example, and assume the name of Don Quixote de la Mancha; which, in his opinion, fully expiated his generation, and at the same time reflected infinite honour on his fortunate country.

Accordingly, his armour being fixed, his heaed fitted to his head-piece, his shield accommodated with a name, and his own dignified with these additions, he reflected, that nothing else was wanting but a lady to inspire him with love; for a knight-errant without a mistress, would be like a tree without a fruit, or a body without a soul. If, 'tis said, 'tis more, or rather for my honour, I should engage with some giant, an adventure common in knight-errantry, and overthrow him in the field, by clearing him in twain, or, in short, disarming and subduing him; will it not be highly proper that I should have a mistress, to whom I may send my conquered foe; who, coming into the presence of the charming fair, will fall upon his knees, and say, in an humble and submissive tone: "Incomparable prince, I am the giant Curtulian-bro, lord of the island Malindrania, who being vanquished in single combat by the invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, am commanded by him to present myself before your beauty, that I may be disposed of, according to the pleasure of your highness?" How did the heart of our worthy knight dance with joy when he uttered this address? and still more, when he found a lady worthy of his affection! This, they say, was an hale, buxom, country wench, called Aldonza Lorenzo, who lived in the neighbourhood, and with whom he had formerly been in love; though, by all accounts, she never knew, nor gave herself the least concern about the matter. Her he looked upon as one qualified, in all respects, to be the queen of his inclinations; and putting his invention again to the rack for a name that should bear some affinity with her own, and at the same time become a princess or lady of quality, he determined to call her Dulcinea del Tobolo, the being a native of that place; a name, in his opinion, mulbal, romantic, and expressive,
expressive, like the rest which he had appropriated to himself and his con-
cerns.

C H A P. II.

OF THE SAGE DON QUIXOTE'S FIRST SALLY FROM HIS OWN HABITATION.

These preparations being made, he could no longer reft the desire of executing his design; reflecting with impatience on the injury his delay occasioned in the world, where there was abundance of grievances to be redressed, wrongs to be rectified, errors to be amended, abuses to be reformed, and doubts to be removed; he therefore, without communicating his intention to any body, or being seen by a living soul, one morning before day, in the searching month of July, put on his armour, mounted Rozinante, buckled his ill-contrived helmet, braced his target, seized his lance, and through the back door of his yard fell'd into the fields in a rapture of joy, occasioned by this easy and successful beginning of his admirable undertaking: but scarce was he clear of the village, when he was assaulted by such a terrible ob-
jection, as had well-nigh induced our hero to abandon his enterprize directly; for he recollected that he had never been knighted; and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists with any antagonsift of that degree; nay, even granting he had received that mark of distinction, it was his duty to wear white armour, like a new knight, without any device on his shield, until such time as his valour should entitle him to that hon-
our.

These cogitations made him waiver a little in his plan; but his madness prevailing over every other consideration, suggested that he might be dubbed by the first person he should meet; after the example of many others who had fallen upon the same expedient; as he had read in those mischievous books which had disordered his imagination. With respect to the white armour, he proposed, with the first opportunity, to lower his own, until it should be fayer than ermine; and having satisfied his con-
science in this manner, he purfued his de-
sign, without following any other road than that which his horse was pleas'd to chufe; being perfuaded that, in so do-
ing, he manifested the true spirit of ad-
venture. Thus proceeded our flaming adventurer, while he uttered the follow-
ing soliloquy:

"Doubtless, in future ages, when the true history of my famed exploits shall come to light, the sage author, when he recounts my first and early fally, will express himself in this manner: "Scarcely had ruddy Placebus, o'er this wide and spacious earth, di-
played the golden threads of his re-
fulent hair; and scarce the little painted warblers, with their forký tongues, in soft, mellifluous har-
mony, had hailed the approach of rofy-winged Aurora, who ftreal-
ing from her jealous husband's couch, "through the balconies and aerial gates of Mancha's bright horizon, "flood confess'd to wondering mortals; "when lo! the illustrious knight Don "Quixote de La Mancha, up-springing "from the lazy downy, bespotted famed "Rozinante his unrivalled steed! and "through Montell's ancient, well-
known field," which was really the cafe, "purfued his way." Then he added, "O fortunate age! O happy times! in which shall be made pub-
lick my incomparable achievements, "worthy to be engraved in brats, on marble sculptured, and in painting "shewn, as great examples to futurity! "And O! thou sage enchanter, who-
ever thou mayst be, doomed to re-
cord the wondrous story, forget not, "I beseech thee, my trusty Rozinante, "the firm companion of my various fate!" Then making a sudden tran-
fition, he exclaimed, as if he had been actually in love, "O Dulcinea! lovel-
ely "regn princes of this captive heart, "what

According to the ancient rules of chivalry, no man was entitled to the rank and degree of knighthood, until he had been in actual battle, and taken a prifoner with his own hand.

† It was common for one knight to dub another. Francis I. King of France, was knighted, at his own desire, by the Chevalier Bayard, who waslook'd upon as the flower of chivalry.
DON QUIXOTE.

what dire affliction hath thou made me suffer, thus banished from thy presence with reproach, and fettered by thy rigorous command, not to appear again before thy beauteous face!

Deign, princes, to remember this thy faithful slave, who now endures such misery for love of thee! These, and other such rhapsodies, he strung together; imitating, as much as in him lay, the fable of those ridiculous books which he had read; and jogging along, in spite of the fun, which seemed upon him so intensely hot, that fully his brains, if any had remained, would have been fried in his skull: that whole day did he travel without encountering anything worth mentioning; a circumstance that grieved him sorely, for he had expected to find some object on which he could try the prowess of his valiant arm.

Some authors say, his first adventure was that of the pass of Lapize; but others affirm, that the windmills had the maidenhead of his valor: all that I can aver of the matter, in consequence of what I found recorded in the annals of La Mancha, is, that having travelled the whole day, his horse and he, about twilight, found themselves excessively wearied, and half dead with hunger; and that looking around for some castle or sheep-cote, in which he might allay the cravings of nature, by repose and refreshment; he descried not far from the road, an inn, which he looked upon as the place that would guide him to the porch, if not the palace, of his redemption: in this hope, he put spurs to his horse, and just in the twilight reached the gate, where at that time there happened to be two ladies of the game; who, being on their journey to Seville, with the carriers, had chanced to take up their night's lodging in this place.

As our hero's imagination converted whatsoever he saw, heard, or considered, into something of which he had read in books of chivalry; he no sooner perceived the inn, than his fancy represented it as a stately castle, with its four towers and pinnacles of shining silver, accommodated with a draw-bridge, deep moat, and all other conveniences that are described as belonging to buildings of that kind.

When he was within a small distance of this inn, which to him seemed a castle, he drew bridle, and stopped Rozinante, in hope that some dwarf would appear upon the battlements, and dignify his arrival by sound of trumpet: but as this ceremony was not performed so soon as he expected, and his teed expressed great eagerness to be in the stable, he rode up to the gate, and observing the battered wenchies before-mentioned, mistook them for two beautiful maidens, or agreeable ladies, enjoying the cool breeze at the castle gate. At that instant, a stein herd, who, in a field hard by, was tending a drove of hogs; (with leave be it spoken) chanced to blow his horn, in order to collect his scattered subjects; immediately the knight's expectation was fulfilled, and concluding that now the dwarf had given the signal of his approach, he rode towards the inn with infinite satisfaction. The ladies no sooner perceived such a strange figure, armed with lance and target, than they were seized with consternation, and ran affrighted to the gate; but Don Quixote, guessing their terror by their flight, lifted up his pate-bound vizard, and discovering his meagre lanthorn-jaws besmeared with dust, addressed them thus, with gentle voice and courteous demeanor: 'Fly me not, ladies: nor dread the least affront; for it belongs not to the order of knights, which I profess, to injure any mortal, much less such high-born damsels as your appearance declares you to be.'

The wenches, who fled at him with all their curiosity, in order to discover his face, which the lofty beaver concealed, hearing themselves filled high-born damsels, an epithet to foreign to their profession, could contain themselves no longer, but burst out into such a fit of laughter, that Don Quixote, being offended, rebuked them in these words: 'Nothing is more commendable in beautiful women than modesty; and nothing more ridiculous than laughter proceeding from a flight of

* He might have imitated the young knight described in Pierre Forez, who having been cut off by King Alexander, rode into a wood, and attacked the trees with such fury and address, that the king and his whole court were convinced of his prowess and dexterity.
DON QUIXOTE.

caused but this I mention not as a reproach, by which I may incur your indignation; on the contrary, my intention is only to do you service.

This address, which was wholly unintelligible to the ladies, together with the ludicrous appearance of him who pronounced it, increased their mirth; which kindled the knight's anger, and he began to wax wrath; when luckily the landlord interposed. This inn-keeper, who, by reason of his unwieldy belly, was of a pacific disposition, no sooner beheld the preposterous figure of our hero, equipped with such ill-fitted accoutrements as his bridle, lance, target, and corset composed, than he was seized with an inclination to join the nymphs in their unfavourable merriment; but being justly afraid of incensing the owner of such unaccountable furniture, he resolved to behave civilly, and accordingly accosted him in these words:

Sir knight, if your worship wants lodging, you may be accommodated in this inn with every thing in great abundance, except a bed; for at present we have not one unengaged.

Don Quixote perceiving the humility of the governor of the castle, for such he supposed the landlord to be, answered,

For me, Signior Castellano, any thing will suffice; my drefs is armour, battles my repose, &c. Mr. Holf imagining that he called him Castellano, because he looked like a hypocritcal rogue; though indeed, he was an Andalufian, born on the coast of St. Lucern, as great a thief as Cacus, and more mischievous than a collegian or a page, replied with a sneer, ' If that be the case, I suppose your worship's couch is no other than the flinty rock, and your steep perpetual waking; for that you may alight with the comfortable assurance, that you will find, in this mansion, continual opportunities of defying sleep, not only for one night, but for a whole year, if you please to try the experiment.' With these words, he laid hold of the stirrup of Don Quixote; who, dismounting with infinite pain and difficulty, occasioned by his having travelled all day long without any refreshment, bade the landlord take special care of his feet; for, he observed, a better piece of horse-flesh had never broke bread.

The innkeeper, though with all his penetration he could not discern any qualities in Rozinante sufficient to justify one half of what was laid in his praise, led him civilly into the stable; and having done the honours of the place, returned to receive the commands of his other guest, whom he found in the hands of the high born damfels; who, having by this time reconciled themselves to him, were buffed in taking off his armour: they had already unclermed him of his back and breast-plates, but could fall upon no method of disengaging his head and neck from his ill-contrived helmet and gorget, which were fast tied with green ribbands, the Gordian knots of which no human hands could loose; and he would, by no means allow them to be cut; so that he remained all night armed from the throat upwards, and afforded as odd and comical a spectacle as ever was seen. While these kind herridans, whom he supposed to be the constable's lady and daughter, were employed in this hospitalable office, he laid, to them with a firit of inconcevable pleasure, ' Never was knight so honoured by the service of ladies as Don Quixote, when he first uttered himself into the world; ladies, minisfered unto him, and princelics took charge of his Rozinante. O Rozinante! (for that, fair ladies, is the name of my feet, and Don Quixote de la Mancha the appellation of his master) not that I intended to have disclosed myself until the deeds achieved in your service should have made me known; but, in order to accommodate my present situation to that venerable romance of Sir Lan- celor, I am obliged to discover my name a little prematurely; yet the time

Sana de Castella, signifies a crafty knave.

† This circumstance of the ladies disfiguring the knight, is exactly conformable to the practice of chivalry; though his refusing to lay aside his helmet is no great argument of his courtesy or attachment to the laws and customs of his profession; for, among knights, it was looked upon as an indispensable mark of respect, to appear without the helmet in church, and in presence of ladies, or respectable personages; and, indeed, in those not unhappy times, this was considered as a necessary mark and proof of peaceable intention; hence we derive the custom of uncovering the head in falutation.
will come, when your highness shall command, and I will obey, and the valour of this arm testifies that I feel of being your slave.

The charmers, whose nature never defied to expose to such extraordinary compliments, answered not a syllable, but asked if he chose to have any thing for supper. To which kind question Don Quixote replied, that from the information of his bowels, he believed nothing edible could come amiss. As it was unluckily a meagre day, the inn afforded no other fare than some bundles of that fish which is called abedexo in Castile, baccalao in Andalusia, curadillo in some parts of Spain, and truchuela in others: so that they inquired if his worship could eat truchuela; for there was no other fish to be had. "A number of troutlings," answered the knight, "will please me as much as one trout; for, in my opinion, eight single rials are equivalent to one piece of eight; besides, those troutlings may be as much preferable to trout, as veal is to beef, or lamb to mutton: be that as it will, let the fish be immediately produced; for the toil and burden of arms are not to be borne without satisfying the cravings of the stomach." A table being therefore covered at the inn-door, for the benefit of the cool air, mine host brought out a cut of baccalao, wretchedly watered, and villainously cooked, with a loaf as black and greasy as his guest's own armour: but his manner of eating afforded infinite subject for mirth; for, his head being inclin'd in his helmet, and the Beaver litted up, his own hands could be of no service in reaching the food to his mouth; and therefore one of the ladies undertook to perform that office; but they found it impossible to convey drink in the same manner: and our hero must have made an uncomfortable meal, if the landlord had not bored a cane, and putting one end of it in his mouth, poured some wine into the other; an operation he endured with patience, rather than suffer the ribbands of his helmet to be destroyed.

While they were thus employed, a bow-gelder happened to arrive at the inn, and winding three or four blasts with his horn, confirmed Don Quixote in his opinion, that he sat in some stalely calle, entertained with music during his repast, which, uniting with delicate troutling and bread of the finest flour, was served up, not by a brace of harlots and a thievish innkeeper, but by the fair hands of two beautiful ladies, and the courteous governor of the place. This conciliatory he undertook and rendered him very happy in the success of his first fall: but he was mortified when he recollected that he was not as yet knighted; because he thought he could not lawfully achieve any adventure without having been first invested with that honourable order.

CHAP. III.

THE DIVERTING EXPEDIENT DON QUIXOTE FALLS UPON IN ORDER TO BE KNIGHTED.

HARASSED by this reflection, he abridged hissorry meal, and called for the landlord; with whom having flung himself up in the fable, he fell upon his knees, and addressed the supposed constable in these words: "Never will I rise from this suppliant posture, thrice valiant knight, until your courtesy shall grant the boon I mean to beg; a boon, that will not only redound to your particular praise, but also to the inestimable benefit of mankind in general." The innkeeper hearing such discourse proceeded from the mouth of his guest, who kneeled before him, was astonished; and gazed at our hero, without knowing what to say or do; at length, however, he intreated him to rise; but this request was absolutely refused, until he assured him that his boon should be granted. "Signior," said Don Quixote, "I could expect no less from the courtesy of your magnificence; I will now therefore tell you, that the boon which I have begged, and obtained from your generosity, is, that you will, to-morrow morning, vouchsafe to confer upon me the honour of

* In the original, or kid to he-goat.

+ This request was a little premature, inasmuch as the practice of chivalry did not authorize the supplicant to ask a boon of his godfather, until he was dubbed, and then he had a right to demand it.

knight-
knighthood. This night will I watch my arms in the chapel of your castle; that the morning, as I said, may fill my eager desire, and enable me, as I ought, to traverse the four corners of the world, in search of adventures for the relief of the distressed, according to the duty and office of chivalry, and of those knight-errants, in imitation of whom my genius is strongly addicted to such achievements.

The landlord, who, as we have already observed, was a sort of a wag, and had, from the beginning, suspected that his lodged's brain was none of the foundeft, having heard him to an end, no longer entertained any doubts about the matter; and, in order to regale himself and the rest of his guests with a dith of mirth, resolved to humour him in his extravagance. With this view, he told him, that nothing could be more just and reasonable than his request, his conceptions being extremely well-fitted, and natural to such a peerless knight as his commanding presence and gallant demeanour demonstrated him to be; that he himself had, in his youth, exercised the honourable profession of errantry, straggling from place to place in quest of adventures, in the course of which he did not fail to visit the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riara, the booths of Seville, the market-place of Segovia, the olive-gardens of Valencia, the little tower of Grenada, the bay of St. Lucar, the spout of Cordova, the publick houses of Toledo, and many other places, in which he had exercised the dexterity of his hands as well as the lightness of his heels, doing infinite mischief, courting widows without number, debauching damsels, ruining heirs, and, in short, making himself known at the bar of every tribunal in Spain; that, at length, he had retired to the castle, where he lived on his own means, together with those of other people; accommodating knights-errant of every quality and degree; solely on account of the affection he bore to them, and to the coin which they parted with in return for his hospitality. He, moreover, informed him, that there was no chapel in the castle at present, where he could watch his armour, it having been demolished in order to be rebuilt; but that, in case of necessity, as he very well knew, he might choose any other place; that the court-yard of the castle would very well serve the purpose; where, when the knight should have watched all night, he, the host, would in the morning, with God's permission, perform all the other ceremonies required, and create him not only a knight, but such an one as should not have his fellow in the whole universe.

He then asked, if he carried any money about with him; and the knight replied, that he had not a sou; for he had never read in the history of knights-errant, that they had ever troubled themselves with any such incumbrance. The innkeeper assured him, that he was very much mistaken; for that though no such circumstance was to be found in those histories, the authors having thought it superfluous to mention things that were so plainly necessary as money and clean shirts, it was not to be supposed that their heroes travelled without supplies of both; he might therefore take it for granted and uncontroversible, that all those knights, whose actions are so voluminously recorded, never rode without their purses well lined in cases of emergency; not forgetting to carry a flock of linens, with a small box of ointment to cure the wounds they might receive in the course of their adventures; for it was not to be imagined, that any other relief was to be had every time they should have occasion to fight, and be wounded in fields and forests, unless they were befriended by some sage inchanter, who would assist them, by transporting through the air, in a cloud, some damsel, or dwarf, with a corolial of such virtue, that one drop of it would instantly cure them of their bruises and wounds, and make them as sound as if no such infortune had happened, but the knights behelded him with a smile.

* Literally, the colt of Cordova, because the water gushes out of a fountain resembling a horse's mouth. These are places of resort frequented by thieves and harpers.

† Here the landlord was more selfish than observant of the customs of chivalry; for knights were actually exempted from all expense whatsoever; except, when damages were awarded against them in a court of justice; and in that case they paid for their rank. The landlord, however, was only acting upon a mark of their pre-emience, in consequence of which, at the siege of Don le Roi, in the year 1023, each knight was ordered to carry eight falcomes, while the squire was cotit for half the number.
of former ages, who had no such assistance to depend upon, laid it down as a
constant maxim, to order their squires to provide themselves with money and other necessaries, such as ointment and lint for immediate application; and, when the knight happened to be without a squire, which was very seldom the case, he himself kept them in very small bags, that hung, scarce perceptible, at his horse's rump, as if it were a treasure of much greater importance. Though, indeed, except upon such an occasion, that of carrying bags was not much for the honour of knight-errantry; for which reason, he advised Don Quixote, and now that he was on the brink of being his godson, he might command him, never thenceforward to travel without money, and those other indispensible necessaries, with which he should provide himself as soon as possible; and then he would, when he leant thought of it, find his account in having made such provision.

The knight promised to follow his advice with all deference and punctuality; and thereupon received orders to watch his armour in a large court on one side of the inn; where, having gathered the several pieces on a heap, he placed them in a cittern that belonged to the well; then bracing on his target, and grasping his lance, he walked with courteous demeanour backward and forward before the cittern; beginning this knightly exercise as soon as it was dark*. The rufiush landlord having informed every lodger in his house of our hero's frenzy, the watching of his armour, and his expectation of being dubbed a knight: they were astonished at such a peculiar strain of madness, and going out to observe him at a distance, beheld him with silent gesture sometimes flaking along, sometimes leaning on his spear, with his eyes fixed upon his armour, for a considerable space of time. Though it was now night, the moon shone with such splendour, as might even vie with the source from which she derived her brightness; so that every motion of our noviccate was distinctly perceived by all present. At this instant, a carrier, who lodged in the inn, took it in his head to water his mules; and it being necessary for this purpose to clear the cittern, he went to lift off Don Quixote's armour; when a loud voice accosted him in these words: * O thou! whoever thou art, bold and inoffent knight! who presumeft to touch the armour of the most valiant errant that ever guided himself with cold iron, consider what thou art about to attempt, and touch it not, unless thou art disposed of yielding thy life as the price of thy temerity.*

The carrier, far from regarding these threats, which, had he regarded his own care, he would not have despised, laid hold on the sacred deposit, and threw it piece-meal into the yard with all his might. Don Quixote no sooner beheld this profanation, than lifting up his eyes to Heaven, and addressing himself, in all likelihood, to his Mistress Dulcinea, he said, * Grant me thy assistance, dear lady of my heart! in this insult offered to thy lowly vassal, and let me not be deprived of thy favourable protection in this my first perilous achievement.* Having uttered this and some other ejaculation, he quitted his target, and raising his lance with both hands, bestowed it with such good-will upon the carrier's head, that he fell prostrate on the ground, so effectually maimed, that had the blow been repeated, there would have been no occasion to call a surgeon. This exploit being performed, he replaced his armour, and returned to his walk, which he continued with his former composure.

It was not long before another carrier, not knowing what had happened to his companion, who still lay without sense or motion, arrived, with the same intention of watering his mules, and went straight up to the cittern, in order to remove the armour; when Don Quixote, without speaking a syllable, or asking leave of any living soul, once more quitted his target, and lifting up his lance, made another experiment of it's hardness upon the pate of the second carrier, which failed in the application, giving way in four different places. At the

* This custom of watching armour in church or chapel, was a religious duty imposed upon knights, who used to confine the whole night in prayer to some saint, whom they chose as their patron; and this exercise of devotion was performed on the night preceding the said saint's day. The same ceremony was observed by those who were sentenced to the combat-proof.
Plate XII. Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. May 23, 1782.
noise of this encounter, every body in the house, innkeeper, and all, came running to the field; at fight of whom Don Quixote, snatching up his target, and drawing his sword, pronounced aloud: *O lady, of transcendent beauty! the force and vigour of my enfeebled heart; now, if ever, is the time for thee to turn thy princely eyes on this thy cavalier knight, who is on the eve of so mighty an adventure.* So saying, he seemed to have acquired such courage, that had he been assaulted by all the carriers in the universe, he would not have retreated one step.

The companions of the wounded, seeing how their friends had been handled, began at a distance to discharge a shower of stones upon the knight; who, as well as he could, sheltered himself under his shield, not daring to leave the cistern, lest some mishap should happen to his armour. The innkeeper called aloud, entreating them to leave off; for, as he had told them before, the man being mad, would be acquitted on account of his lunacy, even though he should put every soul of them to death.

At the same time, Don Quixote, in a voice louder still, upbraided them as cowardly traitors, and called the constable of the castle a worthless and base-born knight, for allowing his guest to be treated in such an inhospitable manner; swearing, that if he had received the honour of knighthood, he would make him repent his discourteous behaviour. *But as for you,* said he, *ye vile, ill-mannered fellows, ye are beneath my notice. Discharge, approach, come forward, and annoy me as much as you can, you shall soon see what reward you will receive for your infamous extravagance.* These words, delivered in a bold and resolute tone, struck terror into the hearts of the assailants; who, partly for this menace, and partly on account of the landlord’s persuasion, gave over their attack; while he, on his side, allowed the wounded to retire, and returned to his watch, with his former ease and tranquillity.

These pranks of the knight were not at all to the liking of the landlord, who resolved to abridge the ceremony, and below this unlucky order of knighthood immediately, before any other mischief should happen. Approaching him, therefore, he disclaimed the insolence with which his guest had been treated by those saucy plebeians; without his knowledge or consent; and observed that they had been justly chastised for their impudence: that, as he had told them before, there was no chapel in the castle, nor indeed, for what was to be done, was it at all necessary; nothing of the ceremony now remaining unperformed, except the cuff on the neck, and the thwack on the shoulders, as they are prescribed in the ceremonial of the order; and that this part might be executed in the middle of a field; he assured him also, that he had punctually complied with every thing that regarded the watching of his armour, which might have been finished in two hours, though he had already remained double the time on that duty. Don Quixote believing every syllable that he spoke, said, he was ready to obey him in all things, and besought him to conclude the matter as soon as possible: for, in case he should be attacked again, after having been knighted, he would not leave a soul alive in the castle, except those whom he should spare at his request.

The constable, alarmed at this declaration, immediately brought out his day-book, in which he kept an account of the barley and straw that was expended for the use of the carriers, and attended by a boy with a candle’s end in his hand, together with the two ladies before mentioned, came to the place where Don Quixote stood; then ordering him to kneel before him, mumbled in his manual, as if he had been putting up some very devout petition; in the midst of which he lifted up his hand, and gave him a hearty thump on the neck; then, with the flat of his own sword, bellowed an handsome application across his shoulders, muttering all the time between his teeth, as if he had been employed in some fervent ejaculation*. This article being fulfilled, he commanded one of the ladies to gid on his sword, an office the performed with great dexterity and discretion, of which there was no small need to restrain her laughter at each particular of this strange ceremony; but

* The slap on the shoulders, and the box on the ear being bestowed, the godfather pronounced, *In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight: be worthy, bold, and loyal.*
the effects they had already seen of the knight's disposition, kept their mirth effectually under the rein.

"When this good lady had girded on his sword, and make you fortunate in all your encounters," Don Quixote then begged to know her name, that he might henceforward understand to whom he was obliged for the favour he had received at her hands, and to whom he might attribute some part of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his invincible arm. She answered with great humility, that her name was Tobosa, daughter of an honest butcher in Toledo, who lived in one of the halls of Sancho Minaya: that she should always be at his service, and acknowledge him for her lord and master. The knight professed himself extremely obliged to her for her love, and begged she would, for the future, dignify her name by calling herself Donna Tobosa. This request she promised faithfully to comply with; and a dialogue of the same kind passed between him and the other lady who buckled on his spur; when he asked her name, she told him it was Mollineri; and that her father was an honourable miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to ennable her name with the same title of Donna, loaded her with thanks, and made a tender of his service. These hitherto unseen ceremonies being dispatched, as it were with post-haste, Don Quixote, impatient to see himself on horseback, in quest of adventures, saddled and mounted Rozinante forthwith, and embracing his holt, uttered such a strange rhapsody of thanks for his having dubbed him knight, that it is impossible to rehearse the compliment. The landlord, in order to get rid of him the sooner, answered in terms so eloquent, though something more laconick, and let him march off in a happy hour, without demanding one farthing for his lodging.

CHAP. IV.

OF WHAT BEFELL OUR KNIGHT, WHEN HE SALLIED FROM THE INN.

I t was early in the morning when Don Quixote sallied from the inn so well finished, so promptly, and so glad to see himself invested with the order of knighthood, that the very girths of his horse vibrated with joy; but, remembering his landlord's advice, with regard to the necessaries he ought to carry along with him, in particular the money and clean shirts, he resolved to return to his own house, and furnish himself not only with these, but also with a squire. For this office he fixed, in his own mind, upon a poor ploughman who lived in his neighbourhood, maintaining a family of children by his labour; a perfan in all respects qualified for the lower services of chivalry. With this view he steer'd his course homeward, and Rozinante, as if he had guessed the knight's intention, began to move with such alacrity and nimbleness, that his hoofs scarce seemed to touch the ground.

He had not travelled far, when from the thickest part of a wood that grew on his right-hand, his ear was saluted with shrill repeated cries, which seemed to issue from the mouth of some creature in grievous distress. No sooner did our hero hear this lamentation, than he exclaimed,  "Heaven be praised for the favour with which it now indulges me, in giving me an opportunity to soon of fulfilling the duties of my profession, and reaping the fruit of my laudable intention! These cries doubtless proceed from some miserable male or female, who stands in need of my immediate aid and protection." Then turning Rozinante, he rode towards the place whence the complaint seemed to come; and having entered the wood a few paces, he found a mare tied to one oak, and a lad about fifteen, naked from the waist upwards, made fast to another. This was he who screamed so piteously, and indeed not without reason; for a sturdy peasant was employed in making applications to his carcasse with a leathern strap, accompanying each stripe with a word of reproof and advice. Above all things, laying upon him strong inunctions, to use his tongue less, and his eyes more; the young fellow replied, with great fervency:  "I will never do so again, master, to help me; God! I won't do so any more; but for the future take more care, and use more dispatch."

Don Quixote observing what passed, pronounced aloud with great indignation: "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to attack one who cannot defend
The countryman hung his head, and without speaking a syllable, untied his man, who, being asked by the knight how much money was due to him, said his matter owed him for three quarters, at the rate of six rials a month. His deliverer having called it up, found that the whole amounted to sixty-three rials, and ordered the peafant to discharge him instantly; unless he had a mind to pereh under his hands. The affrighted farmer affirmed, by the grievous situation in which he was, and the oath he had already taken, though, by the bye, he had taken no oath at all, that the sum did not amount to so much; for that he was to discount and allow for three pair of shoes he had received, and a rial for two bleedings while he was sick. Granting that to be true, replied Don Quixote, the shoes and the bleeding shall stand for the stripes you have given him without cause; for, if he has wore out the leather of the shoes that you paid for, you have made as free with the leather of his carcass; and if the barber let out his blood when he was sick, you have bled him when he was well; he therefore stands acquitted of these debts.—*The misfor-

*Defend, himself, mount thy steed, couch thy lance,* (for there was actually a lance leaning against the tree to which the mare was tied) *and I will make thee sensible of the cowardice of the action in which thou art now engaged.* The peafant seeing this strange figure, buckled in armour, and brandishing a lance over his head, was mortally afraid, and with great humility replied, *Sir knight, this lad whom I am challenging is my own servant hired to keep a flock of sheep, which fed in these fields; but he is so negligent, that every day I lose one of the number, and because I punish him for his carelessness, or knavery, he says that I scourge him out of avarice, rather than pay him his wages; though, upon my confidence, and as I shall assure God, he tells a lie.* *How! a lie, before me, base cautif!* cried Don Quixote; *by the fun that enlightens this globe, I have a good mind to thrust this lance through thy body! Pay the young man his wages straight, without reply; or, by the Power that rules us, I will finish and annihilate thee in an instant! unbind him therefore without hesitation.*

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the wood; then turning to Andrew, said, 'Come hither, child, I must pay what I owe you, according to the order of that redresser of wrongs.'—

And added,' said Andrew, 'you had best not neglect the orders of that worthy knight, who (blessings on his heart!) is equally valiant and upright; for odds bobs, if you do not pay me, he will return and be as good as his word.'—'In faith, I am of the same opinion,' replied the peasant; 'but, out of my infinite regard for you, I am dubious of encroaching the debt, that the payment may be doubled.'

So saying, he laid hold of his arm, and tying him again to the tree, flogged him so severely, that he had like to have died on the spot. Now is the time, Mr. Andrew,' said the executioner, 'to call upon the redresser of grievances, who will find it difficult to redress this, which by the bye I am loth to finish, being very much inclined to justify your fear of being flayed alive.' At length, however, he unbound and left him at liberty to find out his judge, who was to execute the sentence he had pronounced. Andrew sneaked off, not extremely well satisfied: on the contrary, vowing to go in quest of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, and inform him punctually of every thing that had happened, an account which would certainly induce him to pay the countryman sevenfold.

In spite of this consolation, however, he departed blubbering with pain, while his master remained weeping with laughter. And thus was the grievance redressed by the valiant Don Quixote, who, transported with the success, and the happy and sublime beginning which he imagined his chivalry had been favoured with, jogged on towards his own village, with infinite elf satisfaction, pronouncing with a low voice, 'O Dulcinea del Toboso, fairest among the fair! well may it thou be count'd the most fortunate beauty upon earth, seeing it is thy fate to keep in subjection and wholly refuged to thy will and pleasure, such a daring and renowned knight as Don Quixote de la Mancha now is, and always will remain. He who, as all the world knows, but yesterday received the honour of knighthood, and has this day redressed the greatest wrong and griev-

ance that ever injustice hatch'd, and cruelty committed! To-day he wrested the yolk from the hand of the merciless enemy, who so unjustly incourag'd the body of that tender infant! Having uttered this exclamation, he found himself in a road that divided into four paths, and straight his imagination suggested those crofs-ways that were wont to perplex knights-errant in their choice; in imitation of whom, he paufed a little, and after mature deliberation, threw the reins on Rozinante's neck; leaving the decision to him, who following his first intention, took the path that led directly to his own Rable.

Having travelled about two miles farther, Don Quixote descried a number of people, who, as was afterwards known, were six merchants of Toledo, going to buy bulls at Merica, and who travelled with umbrellas, attended by four servants on horseback, and three mule-drivers on foot. Don Quixote no sooner perceived them at a distance, than he imagined them to be some new adventure; and, in order to imitate, as much as in him lay, those scenes he had read in his books of chivalry, he thought this was an occasion expressly ordained for him to execute his purposed achievement.

He therefore, with gallant and resolute deportment, seated himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, braced on his target, and putting himself in the middle of the road, waited the arrival of those knights-errant, for such he judged them to be. When they were near enough to hear him, he pronounced in a loud and arrogant tone: 'Let the whole universe cease to move, if the whole universe refuses to confess, that there is not in the whole universe a more beautiful damsel than the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the high and mighty Empress of La Mancha.'

The merchants hearing this declaration, and seeing the strange figure from which it proceeded, were alarmed at both, and halting immediately, at a distance recommended the madness of the author. Curious, however, to know the meaning of that confession which he exacted, one of them, who was a fort of a wag, though at the same time a man of prudence and discretion, accosted him thus: 'Sir Knight, as we have not the honour to know who this worthy lady is, be so good as to produce her, and
DON QUIXOTE.

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and if we find her so beautiful as you
proclaim her to be, we will gladly,
and without any sort of reward, con-
sents the truth, according to your de-
tire.'—* If I produce her,' replied
Don Quixote, 'what is the mighty me-
rit of your confessing such a notorious
truth? The importance of my de-
mand consists in your believing, ac-
knowledging, affirming upon oath, and
defending her beauty, before you have
seen it. And this ye shall do, ye in-
solent and uncivil race, or engage
with me in battle forthwith. Come
on then, one by one, according to
the laws of chivalry, or all together,
as the treacherous custom is among
such wretches as you; here I expect
you with full hope and confidence in
the justice of my cause.'—* Sir knight,'
replied the merchant, 'I humbly beg,
in the name of all these princes here
present, that your worship will not
oblige us to burden our consciences,
by giving testimony to a thing that we
have neither seen nor heard, especially
as it tends to the prejudice of the
queens and princesses of Alcarria and
Estremadura; but, if your worship
will be pleased to shew us any sort of
a picture of this lady, though it be no
bigger than a grain of wheat, so as
we can judge the clue by the thread,
we will be satisfied with this sample,
and you shall be obeyed to your
heart's content; for I believe we are
already so prepossessed in her favour,
that though the portrait should repre-
sent her squinting with one eye, and
distilling vermillion and brimstone
with the other, we will, with-
standing, in compliance to your wor-
ship, say what you desire in her fa-
vour.'—* Her eyes, infamous wretch!'
replied Don Quixote, in a rage, 'distil
not such productions, but teem with
amber and rich perfume; neither is
there any defect in her fight, or in her
body, which is more straight than a
Guadarrama spindie; but you shall
suffer for the licentious blasphemy you
have uttered against the unparalleled
beauty of my sovereign mistress.' So
saying, he coughed his lance, and at-
tacked the spokesman with such rage
and fury, that had not Rocinante luck-
ily stumbled and fallen in the midst of
his career, the merchant would have
had no cause to rejoice in his rashness;
but when the unhappy feed fell to the
ground, the rider was thrown over his
head, and pitched at a good distance
upon the field, where he found all his
efforts to get up again ineffectual,
so much was he encumbered with his
lance, target, helmet, and spurs; toge-
ther with the weight of his ancient
armour.

While he thus struggled, but in vain,
to rise, he hollered forth, 'Fly nor,
ye cowardly crew; tarry a little; ye
base caitiffs: not through any fault
of my own, but of my horse, am I
thus discomfited.' One of the mule-
drivers, who seems not to have been of
a very milky disposition, could not bear
this arrogant language of the poor over-
thrown knight, without making a reply
upon his ribs. Going up to him, there-
fore, he laid bold on his lance, and
breaking it, began to thresh him so fe-
verely, that, in spite of the resistance
of his armour, he was almost beaten
into mummy; and though the fellow's
matter called to him to forbear, he was
so incensed, that he could not leave off
the game, until he had exhausted the
whole of his choler. Gathering the
other pieces of the lance, he reduced
them all to shivers, one after another,
on the miserable carcasse of the Don,
who, notwithstanding this storm of
blows which descended on him, never
closed his mouth, but continued threat-
ening heaven and earth, and those ban-
ditti, for such he took the merchants
to be.

The driver was tired at length of his
exercise, and his masters pursued their
journey, carrying with them sufficient
food for conversation about this poor
battered knight; who no sooner found
himself alone, than he made another
effort to rise; but if he found this de-
sign impracticable when he was safe
and found, much less could he accom-
plish it now that he was disabled, and
as it were wrought into a paste. He
did not, however, look upon himself
as unhappy, because this misfortune
was in his opinion peculiar to knights-
errant; and, that he was not able to
rise, on account of the innumerable
bruises he had received, he ascribed en-
tirely to the fault of his horse.
Finding it therefore impossible to move, he was fain to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to amuse his imagination with some passages of the books he had read; and his madness immediately recalled to his memory that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain; a piece of history that every body knows, that every young man is acquainted with, and which is celebrated, nay more, believed, by old age itself, though it be as apocryphal as the miracles of Mahomet: nevertheless, it occurred to him as an occasion expressly adapted to his present situation. Therefore, with marks of extreme affliction, he began to roll about upon the ground, and with a languid voice, exclaim, in the words of the wounded knight of the wood—

Where art thou, lady of my heart,
Regardless of my misery?
Thou little know'st thy lover's smart,
Or faithless art and false perjur'd?

In this manner he went on repeating the romance until he came to these lines:

O noble prince of Mantuan plains,
My carnal kinsman, and my lord!

Before he could repeat the whole couplet, a peasant who was a neighbour of his own, and lived in the same village, chanced to pass, in his way from the mill where he had been with a load of wheat. This honest countryman seeing a man lying stretched upon the ground, came up, and asked him who he was, and the reason of his lamenting so piteously. Don Quixote doubtless believed that this was his uncle the Marquis of Mantua, and made no other reply but the continuation of his romance, in which he gave an account of his own misfortune, occasioned by the amour betwixt his wife and the emperor's son, exactly as it is related in the book. The peasant, astonished at such a rhapsody, took off his beaver, which had been beaten to pieces by the mule-driver, and wiping his face, which was covered with dust, immediately knew the unfortunate knight. "Signior Quixada," said he, (for so he was called before he had lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober country gentleman into a knight-errant) "who has left your worship in such a woeful condition?" But he, without minding the question that was put to him, proceeded, as before, with his romance; which the honest man perceiving, went to work, and took off his back and breast-plates, to see if he had received any wound, but he could perceive neither blood nor scar upon his body. He then raised him upon his legs, and with infinite difficulty mounted him upon his own beast, which appeared to him a safer carriage than the knight's stead.

Having gathered up his armour, even to the splinters of the lance, he tied them upon Rozinante, and taking hold of the reins, together with the halter of his own afis, jogged on towards the village, not a little concerned to hear the mad exclamations of Don Quixote, who did not find himself extremely easy; for he was so battered and bruised, that he could not sit upright upon the beast, but from time to time vented such dismal groans, as obliged the peasant to ask again what was the matter with him. Indeed, one would have thought, that the devil had afflicted his memory in supplying him with tales accommodated to the circumstances of his own situation; for at that instant, forgetting Valdovinos, he recollected the story of Abindar-Raez the Moor, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, took prisioner, and carried into captivity to the place of his residence; so that when the countryman repeated his desire of knowing where he had been, and what was the matter with him, he answered to the purpose, nay, indeed, in the very words, used by the captive Abencerajje to the said Rodrigo de Narvaez, as may be seen in the Diana of George Monte-major, which he had read, and so well-adapted for his purpose, that the countryman hearing such a composition of folly, wished them both at the devil.

It was then he discovered that his neighbour was mad; and therefore made all the haste he could to the village, that he might be the sooner rid of his unsavouriness at the unaccountable harangue of Don Quixote; who had no sooner finished this exclamation, than he acco-
colled his conductor in these words—

'Know, then, valiant Don Rodrigo de Navarre, that this same beautiful Xarifa, whom I have mentioned, is no other than the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have performed, undertaken, and will achieve, the most renowned exploits, that ever were, are, or will be seen on earth.' To this address the countryman replied with great simplicity—How your worship talks! As I am a sinner, I am neither Don Rodrigo de Navarre, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo, your neighbour; nor is your worship either Valdovinos, or Abinadar-raez, but the worthy gentleman Signior Quixada. — 'I know very well who I am,' replied Don Quixote; and that it is possible for me to be not only those whom I have mentioned, but also the whole Twelve Peers of France, and even the Nine Worthies, seeing that my achievements will excel not only those of each of them singly, but even the exploits of them all joined together.'

Discoursing in this manner, they arrived at the village about twilight, but the peasant said till it was quite dark, that the poor rib-roasted knight might not be seen in such a woeful condition. Then he conducted Don Quixote to his own house, which was all in confusion. When he arrived, the curate and the barber of the village, two of his best friends and companions, were present, and his housekeeper was just laying with a woeful countenance, 'Mr. Licentiate Pero Perez,' that was the curate's name, 'some misfortune must certainly have happened to my master; for six days, both he and his horse, together with the target, lance, and armour, have been missing': as I am a sinner, it is just come into my head, and it is certainly as true as that every one is born to die, those hellish books of knight-errantry, which he used to read with so much pleasure, have turned his brain; for now I remember to have heard him say to himself more than once, that he longed to be a knight-errant, and trott about in quest of adventures. May the devil and Barrabas lay hold of such legends, which have perverted one of the soundest understandings in all La Mancha!' To this remark the niece attented, saying—Moreover, you must know, Mr. Nicolas,' this was the name of the barber, 'my uncle would frequently, after having been reading in these profane books of misadventures, for two whole days and nights together, start up, throw the book upon the ground, and drawing his sword, fence with the walls till he was quite fatigued; then affirm that he had killed four giants as big as steeples, and swear that the sweat of his brows, occasioned by this violent exercise, was the blood of the wounds he had received in battle; then he would drink of a large pitcher of cold water, and remain quiet and refreshed, saying, that the water was a most precious beverage, with which he was supplied by the sage Isquife, a mighty inchanter and friend of his; but I take the whole blame to myself, for not having informed your worship of my dear uncle's extravagancies, that some remedy might have been applied before they had proceeded to such excesses; and that you might have burnt all those excommunicated books, which deserve the fire as much as if they were crammed with heresy.

' I am of the same opinion,' said the curate; 'and assure you, before another day shall pass, they shall undergo a severe trial, and be condemned to the flames, that they may not induce other readers to follow the same path which I am afraid my good friend has taken.' Every syllable of this conversation was overheard by Don Quixote and his guide, which last had now no longer any doubt about his neighbour's infirmity, and therefore pronounced with a loud voice—'Open your gates to the valiant Valdovinos, and the great Marquis of Mantua, who comes home wounded from the field together with the Moor Abinadar-raez, who drags in captivity the valiant Rodrigo de Navarre, governor of Antequera.'

Alarmed at these words, they came all to the door, and perceiving who it was, the barber and curate went to receive their friend, and the women ran
to embrace their master and kin's man; who, for indeed it was not in his power, proclaimed aloud—‘Let the whole world take notice, that the wounds I have received were owing to the fault of my horse alone; carry me therefore to bed, and send if possible for the sage Urganda, to search and cure them.'

See now, in an evil hour, cried the housekeeper, hearing these words, if I did not truly foretell of what leg my master was lame—Your worship shall understand, in good time, that without the assistance of that same Urganda, we know how to cure the hurts you have received; and curst, I say, nay a hundred and a hundred times cursed, be those books of chivalry, which have so disordered your honour's brain! Having carried him to his bed, they began to search for his wounds, but could find none; and he told them that his whole body was one continued bruise, occasioned by the fall of his horse Rozinante, during his engagement with ten of the most insolent and outrageous giants that ever appeared upon the face of the earth. 'Ah, ha!' cried the curate, 'have we got giants too in the dance! Now, by the faith of my function, I will reduce them all to ashes before to-morrow night.'

A thousand questions did they ask of the knight, who made no other answer, but desired them to bring him some food, and leave him to his repose, which indeed was what he had most occasion for. They complied with his request, and the curate informed himself at large of the manner in which he had been found by the countryman, who gave him full satisfaction in that particular, and repeated all the nonsense he had uttered when he first found him, as well as what he afterwards spoke in their way home. This information confirmed the licentiate in his resolution, which was executed next day, when he brought his friend master Nicolas the barber along with him to Don Quixote's house.

* The name of a good-natured enchantress in Amadis de Gaul. During the age of knight-errantry, it was usual for ladies to study the art of surgery, in order to dress the wounds of those knights who were their servants. One of the heroines of Perce Forest says to Norgal, 'Fair nephew, methinks your arm is not at ease.'—'In faith, dear lady, answered Norgal, 'you are in the right; and I beseech you to take it under your care. Then she called her daughter Helen, who entertained her cousin with good cheer, and afterwards reduced his arm which was dislocated.
the good man, 'something mysterious in this circumstance; for, as I have heard, that was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, from which all the rest have derived their origin and plan; and therefore, in my opinion, we ought to condemn him to the fire, without hesitation, as the law-giver of such a pernicious sect.'—By no means,' cried the barber; 'for I have also heard, that this is the best book of the kind that was ever composed; and therefore ought to be pardoned, as an original and model in it's way.'—'Right,' said the curate; and for that reason he shall be spared for the present. Let us see that author who stands next to him.'—‘This,' says the barber, 'contains the achievements of Epplandian, the lawful son of Amadis de Gaul.'—Truly, then,' said the curate, 'the virtues of the father shall not avail the son. Here, Mrs Houfekeeper, open that window, and toss him into the yard, where he shall serve as a foundation for the bonfire we intend to make.'

This talk the housekeeper performed with infinite satisfaction; and the worthy Epplandian took his flight into the yard, to wait in patience for the fire with which he was threatened. Proceed,' cried the curate. 'This that comes next,' said the barber, 'is Amadis of Greece; and I believe all the authors on this shelf are of the same family.'—'To the yard, then, with all of them,' replied the curate; for rather than not burn Queen Pina, tiquimiestra, and the shepherd Dariel with his elegies, together with the unintelligible and bedevilled discourses of his author; I would even confume the father who begat me, should he appear in the figure of a knight-errant.—I am of your opinion,' said the barber. 'And I,' cried the niece. 'Since that is the case,' said the housekeeper, 'to the yard with them immediately.' Accordingly, they delivered a number into her hands; and she, out of tenderness for the fair café, sent them all out of the window.

'Who may that run-like author be?' said the curate. 'This here,' answered the barber, 'is Don Olivante de Laura.'—'The very same,' replied the curate, who composed the Garden of Flowers; and truly it is hard to determine, which of his two books is the most true, or rather which of them is least false: all that I know is, that he shall go to the spike for his arrogance and folly.'—'He that follows,' says the barber, 'is Florimart of Hircania.'—'What, Signior Florimart?' replied the curate: 'in faith, then he must prepare for his fate; notwithstanding his surprising birth, and mighty adventures, and the unparalleled finesses and ferility of his file.—Down with him, Miftress Houfekeeper! and take this other along with you alio.'—With all my heart, dear Sir!' replied the governante; who executed his commands with vast alacrity.

'He that comes next,' said the barber, 'is the knight Platir.'—'That is an old book,' said the clergyman; but as I can find nothing in him that deserves the least regard, he must even keep the rest company.' He was accordingly doomed to the flames, without farther question. The next book they opened was intituled, The Knight of the Cross; which the curate having read, 'The ignorance of this author,' said he, 'might be pardoned, on account of his holy title; but according to the proverb, 'The devil skulks behind the cross;' and therefore let him defend into the fire.' Master Nicolas, taking up another book, found it was the Mirror of Chivalry. 'Oh! hol' cried the curate, 'I have the honour to know his worship. Away with Signior Rinaldo de Montalban, with his friends and companions, who were greater thieves than Cacus; not forgetting the Twelve Peers, together with Turpin, their candid historian. Though, truly, in my opinion, their punishment ought not to exceed perpetual banishment, because they contain some part of the invention of the renowned Matteo Boyardo, on which was weaved the ingenious web of the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto; to whom, should I find him here speaking in any other language than his own, I would pay no regard; but, if he talks in his own idiom, I will place him on my head, in token of respect.'—I have got him at home,' said the barber, 'in Italian, but I don't understand that language.'—'Nor is it necessary you should,' replied the curate; 'and here let us pray Heaven to forgive the captain, who has imposed verified
enished him so much, by translating
him into Spanish, and making him
a Castilian. And, indeed, the fame
thing will happen to all those who
pretend to translate books of poetry
into a foreign language; for, in spite
of all their care and ability, they will
find it impossible to give the transla-
tion the same energy which is found
in the original. In short, I sentence
this book, and all those which we
shall find treating of French matters,
to be thrown and deposited in a dry
well, until we can determine at more
leisure what fate they must undergo,
except Bernardo del Carpio, and an-
other called Roncelvalles, which if
they fall into my hands, shall pass
into those of the housekeeper, and
thence into the fire, without any mi-
tigation.

This was approved of as an equita-
ble decision, and accordingly confirmed
by the barber, who knew the curate to
be such a good Christian, and so much
a friend to truth; that he would not be
guilty of an equivocation for the whole
universe. The next volume he opened
was Palmerin D'Oliva; and hard by
him stood another, called Palmerin of
England; which was no sooner per-
ceived by the licentiate, than he cried;
'Let that Oliva be hewn in pieces, and
burned; so as not so much as a cin-
der of him shall remain; but let the
English Palmerin be defended, and
preferred as an inestimable jewel, and
such another casket be made for him
as that which Alexander found among
the spoils of Darius, and defined as
a case for the works of Homer. That
book, neighbour, is venerable for two
reasons, first, because it is in itself
excellent; and, secondly, because it
is said to have been composed by an
ingenious king of Portugal. All the
adventures of the castle of Miraguar-
da are incomparable, and contrived
with infinite art; the language per-
spicuous and elegant, and the char-
acters supported with great propri-
ety of sentiment and decorum. I pro-
pose, Mr. Nicolas, having your better
judgment, to exempt this book and
Amadis de Gaul from the flames, and
let all the rest perish without farther
enquiry.'

'Pardon me, neighbour,' replied the
barber, 'I have here got in my hand
the renowned Don Belianis.'—'Even
he,' answered the priest, 'with the se-
cond, third, and fourth parts, stands
very much in need of a little rhubarb
to purge his excessive choler, and
ought to be pruned of that whole
Calie of Fame, and other more im-
portant impertinences. For which rea-
son, let the sentence be changed into
transportation; and, according as he
reforms he shall be treated with lenity
and justice. In the mean time, friend
Nicolas, keep him safe in your house,
out of the reach of every reader.'—
'With all my soul!' answered the bar-
ber; and without giving themselves the
trouble of reading any more titles, they
ordered the housekeeper to difmis all
the large books into the yard.

This direction was not given to a
person who was either doating or deaf;
but to one who was much more inclined
to perform that office than to compose
the largest and finest web that ever was
seen. Taking up, therefore, seven or
eight at a time, they heaved them out of
the window, with incredible dispatch.
While she was thus endeavouring to lift
a good many together, one of them
chanced to fall at the feet of the barber,
who being feized with an inclination of
knowing the contents, found upon ex-
amination, that it was called the History
of the famous Knight Tirante the White.

'Heaven be praised!' cried the curate,
aloud, 'that we have discovered Tirante
the White in this place: pray give it
me, neighbour; for if this book I
reckon I have found a treasure of fa-
tisfaction, and a rich mine of amufe-
ment. Here is the famous Godamery*
of Montalan, and his brother
Thomas of Montalan, and the
knight Fonfeca, as also an account
of the battle fought between Alas-
no and the valiant Detrante, toge-
ther with the Witches of the Young
Lady, Joy of my Life, with the amo-
rous stragglings of the Widow Quiet,
and her highness the Empress who was
enamoured of her Squire Hippolito.

I do assure you, upon my word, Mr.
Nicolas, that, in point of title, this
is the best book that ever was written.
Here the knights eat, sleep, and die,
in their beds, after having made their wills, with many circumstances that are wanting in other books of the same kind. Notwithstanding, the author who compiled it certainly deserved to be sent to the galleys for life, for having spent his time in writing so much nonsense. Take and read him at home, and you shall find what I say to be true."—'Very like,' replied the barber: 'what shall we do with these small books that remain?'

'These,' said the curate, 'cannot be books of chivalry, but must be poems.' Accordingly, opening one, he found it was the Diana of George de Monte-major, and taking it for granted that all the rest were of the same kind, said, 'These books do not deserve to be burnt with the rest; for they neither are nor ever will be guilty of so much mischief, as those of chivalry have done; being books of entertainment, and no ways prejudicial to religion.'—'Pray, Sir,' said the niece, 'be so good as to order these to be burnt with the rest; for my uncle will no sooner be cured of his knight-errantry, than by reading these, he will turn shepherd, and wander about the groves and meadows, piping and singing. Nay, what is worse, perhaps turn poet, which they say is an infectious and incurable distemper.'

'—The young woman is in the right,' said the curate; 'and therefore it won't be amiss to remove this temptation and stumbling block out of our friend's way. Since we have therefore begun with the Diana of Monte-major, I am of opinion that we should not burn him, but only expunge what relates to the sage Felicia, and the enchanted water, together with all the larger poems, and leave to him, a God's name, all the profe, and the honour of being the ring-leader of the writers of that class.'

'This that follows,' said the barber, 'is called Diana the Second of Salaman-tino, and this other that bears the same name, is written by Gil Polo.'

—Let Salaman-tino,' replied the curate, 'increase the number of those that are already condemned to the yard; but let Gil Polo be preferred as carefully as if it was the production of Apollo himself. Proceed, friend Nicolas, and let us dispatch, for it grows late.'—'This here book,' said the barber, opening the next, 'is called the ten books of the Fortune of Love; the production of Antonio Lofracco, a Sardinian poet.'—By my holy orders,' cried the curate, 'since Phœbus was Apollo, the Muses the daughters of Jove, and bards delighted in poe-try, there never was such a pleasant and comical performance composed as this, which is the best and most origi-nal of the kind which ever saw the light; and he who has not read it may assure himself, that he has never read any thing of taste: reach it me, neighbour; it gives me more pleasure to have found this, than if I had receiv-ed a caftlock of Florence silk.'

Accordingly, he laid it carefully by with infinite pleasure, and the barber proceeded in his talk, saying: 'Those that come next are the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Henares, and the Undeceptions of Jealousy.'

'—Then there is no more to do,' said the priest, 'but to deliver them over to the secular arm of the housekeeper; and do not ask me why, else we shall never have done.'—'Here comes the Shep-herd of Filida.'—'He is no shepherd,' cried the curate, 'but a very elegant courtier, and therefore preferve him as a precious jewel.' Then the barber laid hold of a very large volume, which was entitled, The Treasure of Poetry.

'If there was not so much of him, he would be more esteemed,' said the licentiate, 'that book ought to be weed-ed and cleared of certain meanesses, which have crept into the midst of it's excellencies: take care of it, for the author is my friend, and deserves re-gard for some other more heroic and elevated works, which he has com-piled.'—'And this,' continued the barber, 'is a Collection of Songs, by Lopez Maldonado.'—'That author is my very good friend also,' replied the curate; 'and his own verses out of his own mouth are the admiration of every body; for he chants them with so sweet a voice, that the hearers are enchanted. His elegues are indeed a little diffuse, but there cannot be too much of a good thing. Let them be preferred among the rest: but, pray what book is that next to it?' When the barber told him it was the Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes; 'That same Cervantes,' said he, 'has been an in-timate friend of mine these many years, and is to my certain knowledge more conversant with misfortunes than poe-
try. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, though it concludes nothing. We must wait for the second part, which he promises, and then perhaps his amendment may deserve a full pardon, which is now denied: until that happens, let him be close confined in your closet.

'With all my heart,' replied the barber; 'but here come three more together, the Ararancii of Don Alonso de Errolla, the Austrida of Juan Rufo Jurado de Cordova, and the Monferrato of Chitillovel de Virnes, a Valient poet.'—'These three books,' said the curate, 'are the loft epic poems in the Caffilian language, and may be compared with the most renowned performances of Italy. Let them be kept as the ineffimable pledges of Spanish poetry.' The curate grew tired of examining more books, and would have condemned all the rest, contents unknown, if the barber had not already opened another, which was called the Tears of Angelica. 'I should have shed tears for my raiiinets,' said the curate, hearing the name, 'if I had ordered that book to be burned: for it's author was one of the most celebrated poets, not only of Spain, but of the whole world; and, in particular, extremely successful in translating some of the Metamorphes of Ovid.'

C H A P. VII.

THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

WHILE they were busied in this manner, Don Quixote began to cry aloud, 'This way, this way, ye valiant knights! now is the time to shew the strength of your invincible arms, that the courtiers may not carry off the honour of the tournament.' The scrutiny of the books that remained was defcrcted by the curate and barber, who hastened to the author of this witty exclamation, and it is believed that all were committed to the flames, unseen, unheard, not even excepting the Carlolea, and Lyon of Spain, together with the exploits of the emperor, composed by Don Louis D'Avia; which were, doubtless, among those committed to the fire; though, perhaps, had the curate seen them, they would not have undergone so severe a sentence.

When they arrived in Don Quixote's chamber, they found him on the floor, proceeding with his rhapsody, and fencing with the walls, as broad awake as if he had never felt the influence of sleep. Laying hold on him, by force they re-conveyed him to his bed; where, after having rested a little, he returned to his ravings, and addressed himself to the curate in these words; 'Certainly, my Lord Archbishop Turpin, we, who are called the Twelve Peers of France, will be greatly disgraced, if we allow the court-knights to win the victory in this tournament, after we, the adventurers, have gained the prize in the three preceding days.'—'Give yourself no trouble about that consideration, my worthy friend,' said the curate; 'for Providence may turn the scale, and what is lost to-day may be retrieved to-morrow. In the mean time, have a reverend care of your health, for you seem to be excessively fatigued, if not wounded grievously.'—'I am not wounded,' replied the knight: 'but that I am battered and bruised, there is no manner of doubt; for the battard Don Orlando has mauled me to mummy with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he saw that I alone withstood his valor. But may I no longer deserve the name of Reynaldos de Montalban, if, when I rise from this bed, I do not repay him in his own coin, in spite of all his enchantments! Meanwhile, bring me some food, which is what I chiefly want at present, and let me alone to take vengeance for the injury I have received.'

In compliance with his desire they brought him something to eat, and left him again to his repose, not without admiration of his madness and extravagance. That very night the house-keeper set fire to, and consumed, not only all the books that were in the yard, but also every one she could find in the house; and all doubt many were burned, which deferred to have been kept as perpetual archives. But this their dearness, and the laziness of the inquisitors, would not allow; so that in them was fulfilled the old proverb, a faint may sometimes suffer for a siner. Another remedy which the curate and barber prescribed...
prescribed for the diffemper of their friend, was to alter and block up the closet where his books had been kept; that upon his getting up, he should not find them; and the cause being taken away, the effect might cease; and that, upon his inquiry, they should tell him an inchafer had carried them off, closet and all; this resolution was executed with all imaginable dispatch, during the two days that Don Quixote kept his bed.

The first thing he did when he got up, was to go and visit his books, and not finding the apartment where he had left it, he went from one corner of the house to the other in quest of his study. Coming to the place where the door stood, he endeavoured but in vain to get in, and cast his eyes all around without uttering one syllable; but after he had spent some time in this sort of examination, he inquired of his housekeeper whereabout's he might find his book-closet. She being well instructed, readily answered, 'What closet, or what nothing is your worship in search of? There are neither books nor closet in this house; for the devil himself has run away with both.'—It was not the devil, cried the niece; 'but an inchafer that conveyed himself hither in a cloud, one night after your worship's departure, and alighting from a dragon on which he was mounted, entered the closet, where I know not what he did, but having itaid a very little while, he came flying through the roof, leaving the whole house full of smoke. And when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find books nor closet; only the housekeeper and I can very well remember, that when the old wicked conjurer went away, he cried in a loud voice, that for the hatred he bore to the matter of those books and closet, he had done that mischief, which would afterwards appear: he said also, that his name was the fage Munaton.'—'You mean Freton,' said Don Quixote. 'I do not know,' answered the housekeeper, whether it was Freton or Friton, but this I am certain of, that his name ended in ton.'—The cafe then is plain, said the knight; that name fage inchafer is one of my greatest enemies; who bears me a grudge, because he knows, by the mystery of his art, that the time will come when I shall

fight and vanquish, in single battle a certain knight, whom he favours; in spite of all he can do to prevent my successes; and for this reason, he endeavours to give me every mortification in his power; but let me tell him he won't find it an easy matter to contradict or evade what Heaven has decreed.' — Who ever doubted that? said the niece; 'but what business have you, dear uncle; with these quarrels? Would it not be better to live in peace at home, than to stray up and down the world in search of superfine bread, without considering that many a one goes out for wool, and comes home quite thorn.'—'My dear niece,' replied Don Quixote, 'you are altogether out of your reckoning. Before I be thorn, I will pull and pluck off the beards of all those who pretend to touch a single hair of my mustacho.'

The two women did not chuse to make any farther answer, because they perceived that his cholcr was very much inflamed. After this transaction, however, he sailed at home fifteen days in great tranquillity, without giving the least sign or inclination to repeat his folly; during which time, many infinitely diverting conversations passed between him and his friends, the curate and the barber; wherein he observed, that the world was in want of nothing so much as of knights-errant, and that in him this honourable order was revived. The clergyman sometimes contradicted him, and sometimes assented to what he said, because, without this artful conduit, he would have had no chance of bringing him to reason.

About this time, too, the knight tampered with a peasant in the neighbourhood, a very honest fellow, if a poor man may deserve that title, but one who had a very small quantity of brains in his skull. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments to persuade, and promised him such mountains of wealth, that this poor simpleton determined to follow and serve him in quality of squire. Among other things, that he might be disposed to engage cheerfully, the knight told him that an adventure might easily happen, in which he should win some island in the twinkling of an eye, and appoint him governor of his conquest. Intoxicated with these and other such promises, Sancho Panza (to was the countryman called)
deflected his wife and children, and lifted himself as his neighbour's squire.

Thus far successful, Don Quixote took measures for supplying himself with money; and what by selling one thing, mortgaging another, and making a great many very bad bargains, he raised a tolerable sum. At the same time accommodating himself with a target, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up the remains of his vizor as well as he could, he advertised his squire Sancho of the day and hour in which he resolved to set out, that he might provide himself with those things which he thought most necessary for the occasion; above all things, charging him to purchase a wallet. Sancho promised to obey his orders; and moreover said he was resolved to carry along with him an excellent afs which he had, as he was not designed by nature to travel far on foot.

With regard to the afs, Don Quixote demurred a little, endeavouring to recollect some knight-errant who had entertained a squire mounted on an afs; but as no such instance occurred to his memory, he was nevertheless determined to allow it on this occasion, on a supposition that he should be able to accommodate him with a more honourable carriage, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet with. He also laid in a store of linen, and every thing else in his power, conformable to the advice of the innkeeper.

Every thing being thus settled and fulfilled, Panza, without taking leave of his children and wife; and Don Quixote, without bidding adieu to his niece and housekeeper, sallied forth from the village one night, unperceived by any living soul, and travelled so hard, that before dawn they found themselves secure from all search, if any such had been made: Sancho Panza journeying upon his afs like a venerable patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, longing extremely to see himself settled in the government of that island which was promised to him by his master.

The knight happened to take the same route and follow the same road in which he travelled at his first sally through the field of Montiel, over which he now passed with much less pains than formerly, because it was now early in the morning, the rays of the sun were more oblique, consequently he was less disturbed by the heat. It was hereabouts that Sancho first opened his mouth, saying to his master, "Sir knight-errant, I hope your worship will not forget that same island which you have promised me, and which I warrant myself able to govern, let it be as great as it will." To this remonstrance Don Quixote replied, "You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was an establisht custom among the ancient knights-errant, to inveigl their squires with the government of such islands and kingdoms as they had laid under their subjection; and I am firmly resolved, that such a grateful practice shall never fail in me, who, on the contrary, mean to improve it by my generosity; for they sometimes, nay generally, waited until their squires turned grey-haired, and then, after they were worn out with service, and had endured many dismal days and doleful nights, bestowed upon them the title of count or marquis, at least of some valley or province, more or less; but if Heaven spares thy life and mine, before six days be at an end, I may chance to acquire such a kingdom as shall have others depending upon it, as if expressly designed for thee to be crowned sovereign in one of them. And thou oughtest not to be surprized, that such incidents and accidents happen to knights-errant, by means never before known or conceived, as will enable me even to exceed my promise." — In that case," replied Sancho Panza, "if I should ever become a king, by any of those miracles which your worship mentions, my duck Juana Gutierrez would also be a queen, and each of my daughters an infanta." — Certainly," said the knight; "who doubts that? — That do I," said the squire; "for certain I am, that though it were to rain kingdoms upon the earth, not one of them would fit feemly on the head of Mary Gutierrez*; your worship must know, she is not worth a farthing for a queen; the might do indeed for a countess, with the blessing of God, and good assistance." — Recommend the matter to Providence," replied Don Quixote.

* How comes Juana to be so suddenly metamorphosed into Mary? which
which will: heftow upon thee what will be best adapted to thy capacity; but let not thy soul be so far debauched, as to content itself with any thing less than a vice-royalty.'—' That I will not,' answered Sancho, 'especially as I have a powerful master in your worship, who will load me with as much preferment as I can conveniently bear.'

C H A P. VIII.

OF THE HAPPY SUCCESS OF THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE, AND THE DREADFUL AND INCONCEIVABLE ADVENTURE OF THE WIND-MILLS, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED BY THE MOST ABLE HISTORIAN.

In the midst of this their conversation, they discovered thirty or forty windmills all together on the plain, which the knight no sooner perceived, than he said to his squire, ' Chance has conducted our affairs even better than we could either wish or hope for; look there, friend Sancho, and behold thirty or forty outrageous giants, with whom I intend to engage in battle, and put every soul of them to death, so that we may begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for it is a meritorious warfare, and serviceable both to God and man, to extirpate such a wicked race from the face of the earth.'—' What giants do you mean?' said Sancho Panza in amaze. ' Tho' ye see yonder,' replied his master, 'with vast extended arms; some of which are two leagues long.'—' I would your worship would take notice,' replied Sancho, 'that those ye see yonder are no giants, but wind-mills; and what seem arms to you, are furls, which being turned with the wind, make the mill-stone work.'—' It seems very plain,' said the knight, 'that you are but a novice in adventures; these I affirm to be giants; and if thou art afraid, get out of the reach of danger, and put up thy prayers for me, while I join with them in fierce and unequal combat.' So saying, he put spurs to his steed Rozinante, without paying the least regard to the cries of his squire Sancho, who assured him, that those he was going to attack were no giants, but innocent wind-mills: but he was so much poffeffed with the opinion that they were giants, that he neither heard the advice of his squire Sancho, nor would use the intelligence of his own eyes, though he was very near them; on the contrary, when he approached them, he called aloud, ' Fly not, ye base and cowardly subjects, for he is but a single knight who now attacks you.' At that instant a breeze of wind springing up, the great sails began to turn; which being perceived by Don Quixote, 'Thou yeld,' said he, 'more arms than ever belonged to the giant Briareus, I will make you pay for your insolence.' So saying, and heartily recommending himself to his Lady Dulcinea, whom he implored to succour him in this emergency, bracing on his target, and setting his lance in the rest, he put his Rozinante to full speed, and assaulting the nearest wind-mill, thrust it into one of the fails, which was drove about by the wind with so much fury, that the lance was shattered to pieces, and both knight and steed whirled aloft, and overthrown in very bad plight upon the plain.

Sancho Panza rode as fast as the afs could carry him to his assistance; and when he came up, found him unable to stir, by reason of the bruises which he and Rozinante had received. ' Lord have mercy upon us!' said the squire, did not I tell your worship to consider well what you were about? Did not I assure you, they were no other than wind-mills? Indeed, no body could mistake them for any thing else, but one who has wind-mills in his own hand!'—' Pruythee, hold thy peace, friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'the affairs of war are more than any thing subject to change. How much more so, as I believe, nay, am certain, that the fage Freton, who foled my closet and books, has converted those giants into mills, in order to rob me of the honour of their overthrow; fuch is the enmity he bears me; but in the end, all his treacherous arts will but little avail against the vigour of my sword.'—' God's will be done!' replied Sancho Panza, who helped him to rise and mount Rozinante that was almost disjoind.

While they conversed together upon what had happened, they followed the road that leads to the passes of Lapice;
for in that, which was a great thorough-
fare, as Don Quixote observed, it was
impossible but they must meet with many
and divers adventures. As he jogged
along, a good deal concerned for the
lofs of his lance, he said to his squire,
I remember to have read of a Spani-
ish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas,
who, having broke his fword in bat-
tle, tore off a mighty branch or
bough from an oak, with which he
performed such wonders, and felled
so many Moors, that he retained the
name of Machuca, or the Feller, and
all his descendents from that day for-
ward have gone by the name of Var-
gos and Machuca. This circumstance
I mention to thee, because, from the
first anf or oak that I meet with, I
am resolved to rend as large and flout
a bough as that, with which I ex-
pect, and intend to perform fuch ex-
plotts, as thou shalt think thyfelf
extremely happy in being thought wor-
thy to fee, and give testimony to feats
otherwise incredible.—By God's
help," says Sancho, I believe that
every thing will happen as your wor-
ship fays: but pray, Sir, fit a little
more upright; for you feem to lean
strangely to one fide, which muft pro-
ceed from the bruises you received in
your fall.——Thou art in the right," an-
swered Don Quixote; "and if I do
not complain of the pain, it is because
knights-errant are not permitted to
complain of any wound they receive,
even though their bowels should come
out of their bodies."—If that be the
cafe, I have nothing to reply," said San-
cho; "but God knows, I fhould be glad
your worfhip would complain when
anything gives you pain; this I know,
that, for my own part, the smallest
prick in the world would make me
complain, if that law of not com-
plaining does not reach to the fquires
as well as the knights." Don Quixote
could not help frning at the simplicitv
of his fquire, to whom he gave per-
mission to complain as much and as of-
ten as he pleased, whether he had caufe
or no; for, as yet, he had read nothing
to the contrary in the history of knight-
errantry.

Then Sancho observing that it was
dinner-time, his master told him, that
for the present he had no occafion for
food; but that he, his fquire, might go
to viuels when he pleased. With this
permission, Sancho adjusted himself as
well as he could upon his afs, and taking
out the provision with which he had
burst his wallet, he dropped behind his
mater a good way, and kept his jaws
agoing as he jogged along, lifting the
bottle to his head, from time to time,
with fo much fatisfaction, that the moft
pampered ymmer of Malaga might have
envied his fituafion.

While he travelled in this manner,
repeating his agreeable draughts, he ne-
ever thought of the promife which his
mater had made to him, nor confidered
it as a toil, but rather as a diversion, to
go in quest of adventures, how dangerous
foever they might be: in fine, that night
they paffed under a tuft of trees, from
one of which Don Quixote tore a wither-
ned branch to serve instead of a lance; and
fitted it to the iron head he had taken from
that which was broken: all night long
the knight closed not an eye, but mufled
upon his Lady Dulcinea, in order to ac-
commodate himself to what he had read
of those errants who had paffed many
effeplefs nights in woods and defarts,
entertaining themselves with the remem-
brance of their miiftles.

This was not the cafe with Sancho
Panza, whose belly being well reple-
niffed, and that not with plantain wa-
ter, made but one nap of the whole
night, and even then would not have
waked, unlefs his mater had called to
him, notwithstanding the fun-beams
that played upon his face, and the fing-
ing of the birds, which in great num-
bcrs, and joyous melody, faluted the
approach of the new day. The first
thing he did when he got up, was to
visit his bottle, which finding consid-
ervably more lank than it was the night
before, he was grievously afflicted, be-
cause in the road that they purfued, he
had no hopes of being able in a little
time to fupply it's defect. Don Quix-
ote refusing to breakfaft, because, as
we have already faid, he regaled him-
selt with the favour remembrance of
his miiftres, they purfued their journey
through the pafs; which, after three days
travelling, they discovered. "Here," cri-
ed Don Quixote, "here, brother San-
cho Panza, we fhall be able to dip
our hands up to our elbows in what
is called adventure; but take notice,
although thou feeff me beft with the
moft extreme danger, thou muft by
no means even fo much as lay thy
tahd
hand upon thy sword, with design
to defend me, unless I am assaulted
by vulgar and low-born antagonists;
in which case thou mayest come to
my assistance; but if they are knights,
thou art by no means permitted or
licensed, by the laws of chivalry, to
give me the least succour, until thou
thyselt hast received the honour of
knighthood."—As for that mat-
ter," replied Sancho, "your worship
shall be obeyed to a tittle; for I am
a very peaceable man, and not at all
fond of meddling with riots and quar-
rels. True, indeed, in the defence
of my own person, I shall not pay
much regard to the said laws, seeing
every one that is aggrieved is permitted
to defend himself by all the laws of
God and man."—I say nothing to
the contrary," replied Don Quixote;
but in the affair of afflicting me against
knights, thou must keep thy natural
impetuosity under the rein."—That
will I," answered Sancho, "and keep
your honour's command as strictly as
I keep the Lord's day.

While they were engaged in this con-
versation, there appeared before them
two Benedictine monks mounted upon
dromedaries, for their mules were not
much lefts, with their travelling specta-
cles and umbrellas; after them came a
coach, accompanied by four or five peo-
ple on horseback, and two mule-drivers
on foot. In this carriage, it was after-
wards known, a Biscayan lady was travell-
ing to Seville to her husband, who
was bound to the Indies with a rich
cargo.

Don Quixote no sooner perceived the
friars, (who though they travelled the
same road, were not of her company)
than he said to his squire, "If I am not
very much mistaken, that will be the
most famous adventure that ever was
known, for those black apparitions
on the road must double be in-
chanters, who are carrying off in that
coach some princes they have stolen;
and there is a necessity for my ex-
ercising my whole power in redressing
her wrongs."—This will be worse
than the wind-mills," cried Sancho:
for the love of God! Sir, consider that
these are Benedictine friars; and those
who are in the coach can be no other
than common travellers. Mind what
I say, and consider what you do, and
let not the devil deceive you."—I
have told thee already, Sancho," re-
piled Don Quixote, "that with regard
to adventures, thou art utterly igno-
rant: what I say is true, and in a mo-
ment thou shalt be convinced.

So saying, he rode forward, and placed
himself in the middle of the highway
through which the friars were to pass;
and when he thought them near enough
to hear what he said, he pronounced, in
a loud voice, "Monstrous and diaboli-
cal race! surrender, this instant, those
high-born princesses, whom you car-
ry captives in that coach; or prepare
to receive immediate death, as a just
punishment for your misdeeds." The
friars immediately stopped short, af-
monished as much at the figure as at the
dicourse of Don Quixote: to which
they replied, "Sir knight, we are nei-
er diabolical nor monstrous, but in-
nocent monks of the order of St. Be-
nedict, who are going this way about
our own affairs; neither do we know
of any princesses that are carried cap-
tives in that coach."—These faun-
ing speeches," said Don Quixote, "shall
not impose upon me, who know too
well what a treacherous pack ye are.
And without waiting for any other re-
ply, he put spurs to Rozinante; and
couching his lance, attacked the first
friar with such fury and resolution, that
if he had not thrown himself from his
mule, he would have come to the ground
extremely ill-handled, not without some
deresperate wound, nay, perhaps stone
dead. The second monk, who saw how
his companion had been treated, clapp-
ed spurs to the flanks of his truly mule,
and flew through the field even swifter
than the wind.

Sancho Panza seeing the friar on the
ground, leaped from his afs with great

* Here Don Quixote seems to have been too scrupulous: for though no squire was per-
mitted to engage with a knight on horseback, yet they were allowed, and even enjoined,
to afflict their matters when they were unhorsed or in danger, by mounting them on fresh
steeds,upplying them with arms, and warding off the blows that were aimed at them:
Davy Gam, at the battle of Agincourt, lost his life in defending Henry V. of England;
and Saint Severin met with the same fate in warding off the blows that were aimed at
Francis I. of France, in the battle of Pavia.

agility,
agility, and beginning to uncase him with the utmost dexterity, two of their servants came up, and asked for what reason he stripped their matter. The squire replied, that the cloaths belonged to him, as the spoils that Don Quixote, his lord, had won in battle: but the others, who did not understand raillery, nor knew any thing of spoils and battles, seeing Don Quixote at a good distance, talking with the ladies in the coach, went to loggerheads with Sancho, whom they soon overthrew; and, without leaving one hair of his beard, mauled him so unmercifully, that he lay stretched upon the ground, without sense or motion. Then, with the utmost dispatch, the friar mounted, as pale as a sheet, and almost frightened to death; and no sooner found himself on horseback, than he galloped towards his companion, who tarried at a good distance, to see the issue of this strange adventure. However, being joined again, without waiting for the conclusion of it, they pursued their journey; making as many crosfies as if the devil had been at their backs.

Don Quixote, in the mean time, as we have already observed, was engaged in conversation with the lady in the coach, to whom he expressed himself in this manner: 'Beautiful lady, you may now dispose of your own person according to your pleasure; for the pride of your ravishers lies level with the ground, being overthrown by this my invincible arm; and that you may be at no difficulty in understanding the same of your deliverer, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, adventurer and captive of the unparalleled and beautiful Donna Dulcinea del Toboso: and the only acknowledgment I expect for the benefit you have received is, that you return to that place, and presenting yourself before my mistress, tell her what I have performed in behalf of your liberty.' This whole address of the knight was overheard by a Biscayan squire, who accompanied the coach, and who, seeing that he would not allow the carriage to pass forward, but insisted upon their immediate returning to Toboso, rode up to Don Quixote, and laying hold of his lance, spoke to him thus in bad Castilian, and worse Biscayan: 'Get thee gone, cavalier! go to the devil, I say! vor, by the God that made her, if thou wilt not let the coach alone, she will kill thee dead, as sure as she was a Biscayan.' The knight, understanding very well what he said, replied with great compofure; ('If thou wilt a gentleman, as thou art not, I would chaff thee insolence and rashness, wretched creature.'—'I not a gentleman!' replied the Biscayan in great choler; 'by God in heaven, thou lyest, as I am a Christian! if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, she will soon see which be the better man.' Biscayan by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman by devil; and thou liest, look ye, in thy throat, if thou zayest other wise.'—'Thou shalt fee that presently, as Agragis said,' replied Don Quixote; who, throwing his lance upon the ground, unheathing his sword, and bracing on his target, attacked the Biscayan with full resolution to put him to death.

His antagonist, who saw him approach, faint would have alighted from his mule, (which being one of the worst that ever was let out for hire, could not much be depended upon;) but he scarce had time to draw his sword; however, being luckily near the coach, he snatched out of it a cushion, which served him as a shield, and then they flew upon each other as two mortal enemies. The rest of the people who were present endeavoured, but in vain, to appease them; for the Biscayan swore, in his uncouth expressions, that if they did not leave him to fight the battle, he would certainly murder his mistresses, and every body who should pretend to oppose it. The lady in the coach, surprised and frightened at what she saw, ordered the coachman to drive a little...
out of the road, to a place from whence
the should see at a distance this rigorous
engagement. In the course of which, the
Biscayan bellowed such a huge stroke
upon the shoulder of Don Quixote;
that if it had not been for the defence of
his buckler, he would have been left
down to his girdle. The knight feeling
the shock of such an unconscionable
blow, exclaimed aloud, 'O Dulcinea!
lady of my soul, thou rose of beauty,
succour thy knight, who, for the sa-
tisfaction of thy excessive goodness, is
now involved in this dreadful emer-
gency.' To pronounce these words,
to raise his sword, to secure himself with
his target, and attack the Biscayan, was
the work of one instant; for he was de-
termined to risk his all upon a single
stroke. His antagonist, who saw him
advance, and by this time was convinced
of his courage by his resolution, deter-
mined to follow his example; and cov-
ering himself with his cushion, waited
his assault, without being able to turn his
mule either on one side or the other; for
she was already jaded, and so little ac-
customed to such pastime, that she would
not move one step out of the way.

Don Quixote, then, as we have said,
advanced against the cautious Biscayan,
his sword lifted up with an intention
to cleave him through the middle: the
Biscayan waited his attack in the fame
posture, being shielded with his cushion.
The frightened bystanders stood a-
loof, intent upon the success of those
mighty strokes that threatened each of
the combatants; and the lady in the
coach, with the rest of her attendants,
put up a thousand prayers to Heaven,
and vowed an offering to every image,
and house of devotion in Spain, pro-
vided God would deliver the squire
and them from the imminent danger in which
they were: but the misfortune is, that
in this very critical instant, the author of
the history has left this battle in sus-
fence, excusing himself, that he could
find no other account of Don Quixote's
exploits, but what has already been re-
lated. True it is, that this second au-
 thor of this work could not believe that
such a curious history was consigned to
oblivion; nor, that there could be such
a scarcity of curious virtuosi in La Man-
cha, but that some papers relating to
this famous knight should be found in
their archives or cabinets: and therefore,
potlesed of this opinion, he did not de-
spair of finding the conclusion of this
delightful history, which indeed he very
providentially lighted upon, in the man-
ner which will be related in the second
book.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.
THE

ACHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGACIOUS HIDALGO

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

THE CONCLUSION AND CONSEQUENCE OF THE STUPENDOUS COMBAT BETWEEN THE GAL- 
LANT BISCAYAN, AND THE VA- 
LIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA.

In the first book of this history we left the valiant Bilcayan and renowned Don Quixote with their gleaming swords brandished aloft, about to discharge two such furious strokes, as mull (if they had cut sheer) have cleft them both asunder from top to toe, like a couple of pomegranates; and in this dubious and critical conjunction, the delicious history abruptly breaks off, without our being informed by the author where or how that which is wanting may be found.

I was not a little concerned at this disappointment; for the pleasure I enjoyed in the little I had read, was charged into disgust, when I reflected on the small prospect I had of finding the greater part of this relishing story, which in my opinion was lost; and yet it seemed impossible, and contrary to every laudable custom, that such an excellent knight should be unprovided with some sage to undertake the history of his un-

heard of exploits; a convenience which none of those knights-errant, who went in quest of adventures, ever wanted, each of them having been accommodated with one or two necromancers, on purpose to record not only his achievements, but even his most hidden thoughts and amusements. Surely, then, such a completerant could not be so unlucky as to want that, which even Platil, and other such second-rate warriors, enjoyed.

I could not therefore prevail upon myself to believe that such a spirited history was left so lame and unfinished, but laid the whole blame on the malignity of time, which waftes and devours all things, and by which, no doubt, this was either consumed or concealed: on the other hand, I confidered, that as some books had been found in his library so modern as the Undeceptions of Jealousy, together with the Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares; his own history must also be of a modern date, and the circumstances, though not committed to writing, still fresh in the memory of his neighbours and townsmen. This consideration perplexed and infamed me with the desire of knowing the true and genuine account of the life and wonderful exploits of our Spauish worthy Don Quixote de La Mancha, the sun and mirror of Manchegan chivalry; the first who,
who, in this our age, and these degenerate times, undertook the toil and exercise of errantry and arms, to redress grievances, support the widow, and protect those damsels who stroll about with whip and palfrey, from hill to hill, and from dale to dale, on the strength of their virginity alone: for in times past, unless some libidinous clown with hatchet and morion, or monstrous giant, forced her to his brutal wills, a damsel might have lived four-score years without ever lying under any other cover than that of heaven, and then gone to her grave as good a maiden as the mother that bore her. I say, therefore, that for these and many other confederations, our gallant Don Quixote merits incessant and immortal praise; and even I myself may claim some share, for my labour and diligence in finding the conclusion of this agreeable history; though I am well aware, that if I had not been favoured by fortune, chance, or Providence, the world would have been deprived of that pleasure and satisfaction which the attentive reader may enjoy for an hour or two, in perusing what follows: the manner of my finding it I will now recount.

While I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy coming up to a certain mercer, offered to sell him a bundle of old papers he had in his hand: now, as I have always a strong propensity to read even those scraps that sometimes fly about the streets, I was led by this my natural curiosity, to turn over some of the leaves; I found them written in Arabick, which not being able to read, though I knew the characters, I looked about for some Portuguese Moor who should understand it; and, indeed, though the language had been both more elegant and ancient, I might easily have found an interpreter. In short, I lighted upon one, to whom expressing my desire, and putting the pamphlet into his hands, he opened it in the middle, and after having read a few lines, began to laugh; when I asked the cause of his laughter, he said it was occasioned by a whimsical annotation in the margin of the book. I begged he would tell me what it was, and he answered, still laughing, 'What I find written in the margin, is to this purpose: 'this fame Dulcinea, so often mentioned in the history, is said to have had the belt hand at falling pork of any woman in La Mancha.'

Not a little surprized at hearing Dulcinea del Toboso mentioned, I immediately conjectured that the bundle actually contained the history of Don Quixote. Possessed with this notion, I bade him, with great eagerness, read the title-page, which having perused, he translated it extempore from Arabic to Spanish, in these words: 'The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabic author.' No small deliberation was requisite to dissemble the satisfaction I felt, when my ears were gratified with the title of these papers, which, snatching from the mater, I immediately bought in the lump for half a rial; though, if the owner had been cunning enough to discover my eagerness to possess them, he might have laid his account with getting twelve times the sum by the bargain.

I then retired with my Moor through the cloisters of the cathedral, and desired him to translate all those papers that related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without addition or diminution, offering to pay anything he should charge for his labour: his demand was limited to two quarters of raiñias, and as many bushels of wheat, for which he promised to translate them with great care, considerateness, and fidelity: but I, the more to facilitate the business without parting with such a rich prize, conducted him to my own house, where, in little less than six weeks, he translated the whole, in the same manner as shall here be related.

In the first sheet was painted to the life the battle betwixt Don Quixote and the Biscayan, who were represented in the same posture as the history has already described, their swords brandished aloft, one of the antagonists covered with his shield, the other with his cushion, and the Biscayan's mule so naturally set forth, that you might have known her to have been an hireling, at the distance of a bow-shot. Under the feet of her rider was a label containing these words, 'Don Sancho de Arseia,' which was doubtless his name; and beneath our knight was another, with the title of 'Don Quixote.' Rozinante was most wonderfully delineated, so long and raw-boned, so lank and mangy, so sharp in the back, and consumptive, that one might easily perceive, with what propriety and penetration the name of Rozinante had been bestowed upon him.
Hard by the heed was Sancho Panza, holding his afs by the halter, at whose feet was a third label, inscribed 'Sancho & Zancas,' who, in the picture, was represented as a person of a short stature, swag belly, and long spindle-hanks: for this reason he ought to be called indiscriminately by the names of Panza* and Zanchas; for by both these forenames is he sometimes mentioned in history.

There were divers other minute circumstances to be observed, but all of them of small importance and concern to the truth of the history, though, indeed, nothing that is true can be imper- tinent: however, if any objection can be stated to the truth of this, it can be no other, but that the author was an Arabian, of a nation but too much addicted to falsehood, though, as they are at present our enemies, it may be sup- posed, that he has rather failed than exceeded in the representation of our hero's exploits; for, in my opinion, when he had frequently opportunities and calls to exercise his pen in the praise of such an illustrious knight, he seems to be indifferently silent on the subject; a circumstance very little to his commendation, for all historians ought to be punctual, candid, and dispassionate, that nei- ther interest, rancour, fear, or affection, may mislead them from the road of Truth, whose mother is History, that rival of Time, that repository of great actions, witnesses of the past, example and pattern of the present, and oracle of future ages. In this, I know, will be found whatsoever can be expected in the most pleasant performance; and if any thing seems imperfect, I affirm it must be owing to the fault of the infidel it's author, rather than to any failure of the subject itself: in short, the second book in the translation begins thus—

The flaming swords of the two valiant and incensed combatants, brandished in the air, seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and hell, such was the rage and resolution of those that wielded them; but the first blow was discharged by the cholerick Biscayan, who struck with such force and fury, that if the blade had not turned by the way, that single stroke would have been sufficient to have put an end to this dreadful conflict, and all the other adventures of our knight; but

* Panza, in Calilian, signifies Paunch; and Zancas, Spindle-hanks.

his good genius, which preferred him for mightier things, turned the sword of his antagonist aside, so that though it fell upon his left shoulder, it did no other damage than disform that whole side, slicking off in it's passage, the greatest part of his helmet, with half of his ear, which fell to the ground with hide- ous ruin, leaving him in a very uncom- fortable situation. Good Heavens! where is the man who can worthily express the rage and indignation which entered into the heart of our Manchegan, when he saw himself handled in this manner! I shall only say, his fury was such, that raising himself again in his stirrups, and grasping his sword with both hands, he discharged it so full upon the cushion and head of the Biscayan, which it but ill-defended, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, he began to spout blood from his nostrils, mouth, and ears, and seemed ready to fall from his mule, which would certainly have been the case, if he had not laid hold of the mane: yet notwithstanding this effort, his feet falling out of the stirrups, and his arms quitting their hold, the mule, which was frightened at the terrible stroke, began to run across the field, and after a few plunges came with her master to the ground. Don Quixote, who fat observing him with great tranquility, no sooner perceived him fall, than leaping from his horse, he ran up to him with great agility, and setting the point of his sword to his throat, bade him surrender on pain of having his head cut off. The Biscayan was so con- founded by the blow and fall he had sustained, that he could not answer one syllable; and as Don Quixote was blinded by his rage, he would have fared very ill, if the ladies of the coach, who had hitherto, in great consternation, been spectators of the battle, had not run to the place where he was, and re- quelled, with the most fervent entreaties, that his worship would grant them the favour to spare the life of their squire.

To this petition the knight replied, with great stateliness and gravity, 'Al- furedly, most beautiful ladies, I am very ready to do what you desire, but it shall be upon condition and proviso, that this cavalier promise to go straight to Tobalit, and present himself in my behalf, before the unparalleled Donna Dulcinea.
Dulcinea, that she may use him according to her good pleasure. The timorous and disconsolate ladies, without entering into the detail of what Don Quixote desired, or enquiring who this Dulcinea was, promised that the squire should obey the knight's commands in everything. 'Upon the faith of your word, then,' said Don Quixote, 'I will do him no farther damage, though he has richly deserved it at my hand.'

CHAP. II.

OF WHAT FARTHER HAPPENED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE BISCAYAN.

All this time, Sancho Panza having got up, though very roughly handled by the lacquies of the friars, stood very attentively beholding the battle of his master Don Quixote, and put up ejaculatory petitions to heaven, that it would please to grant him the victory, and that he might gain by it some island, of which he himself might be made governor, in consequence of the knight's promise. Seeing therefore the battle ended, and his master returning to mount Rozinante, he went to hold his stirrup, and before he got up, fell on his knees before him; then laying hold of his hand, and kissing it, pronounced with great fervency, 'Sir, Don Quixote, will your worship be pleased to bestow on me the government of that island which you have won in this dreadful combat; for let it be ever so great, I find I have strength enough to govern it, as well as any he who governs an island in this world.' To this request Don Quixote replied, 'You must know, brother Sancho, that such as these are not adventures of islands, but frays that happen in bye-roads, in which there is nothing to be got but a broken head, with the loss of an ear; have a little patience, and we shall meet with adventures, which will enable me to make you not only a governor, but something more.' Sancho made him many hearty acknowledgments for his promise, then kissing his hand again, and his coat of mail, helped him to mount Rozinante; and he himself getting upon his as, followed his master, who set off at a round pace, and without bidding adieu, or speaking one syllable to thole in the coach, entered a wood that was in the neighbourhood.

Sancho followed him as hard as his beast would trot; but Rozinante exerted such speed, that seeing himself left behind, he was obliged to call to his master to wait for him. The knight complied with his request, and checked his horse, until he was overtaken by his weary squire, who, when he approached him, 'Sir,' said he, 'methinks it would be the wildest course for us to retreat to some church; for as he with whom you fought remains but in a sorry condition, it is odds but they inform the holy brotherhood of the affair, and have us apprehended; and verily, if they do, before we get out of prilro we may chance to sweat for it.—Peace, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, where didst thou ever see or hear, that a knight-errant was brought to justice for the greatest homicides he had committed?' —'I know nothing of your honey-feeds,' answered Sancho, 'nor in my life did I ever see one of them; this only I know, that the holy brotherhood commonly looks after those who quarrel and fight up and down the country; and as to the other affair, I have no business to intermediate in it.'

'Set your heart at ease then, friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'for I will deliver you from the hands of the Philiscines; much more from the clutches of the brotherhood; but tell me, on thy life, hast thou ever seen a more valiant knight than me in any country of the known world? Hast thou ever read in story of any other who poisles, or has poisled, more courage in attacking, more breath in persevering, more dexterity in woundings, and more agility in overthrowing his antagonist?' —'The truth is,' answered Sancho, 'I never read a history since I was born; for indeed I can neither read nor write; but what I will make bold to wager upon is, that a more daring master than your wor-

* Santa Hermanad was a brotherhood or society instituted in Spain in times of confusion, to suppress robbery, and render travelling safe.
ship I never served in the days of my life; and I wish to God, that your courage may not meet with that reward I have already mentioned. What I beg of your worship at present is, that you would allow me to dress that ear, which bleeds very much, for I have got some lint, and a little white ointment in my wallet. — These would have been altogether needless,' answered the knight, 'if I had remembered to make a phial of the balm of Hierabres, one single drop of which would have abundance of time and trouble.' — What sort of a phial and balmam is that?' said Sancho Panza. 'It is a balmam,' replied Don Quixote, 'the receipt of which I retain in my memory, and he that possessest the valuable composition needth be in no fear of death, nor think of perishing by any wound whatsoever: and therefore, when I shall have made it, and delivered it into thy keeping, thou shalt no more to do, when thou feelest me in any combat cut through the middle, a circumstance that very often happens, but to snatch up that part of the body which falls to the ground, and before the blood shall congeal, set it upon the other half that remains in the saddle, taking care to join them with the utmost nicety and exactness; then making me swallow a couple of draughts of the aforesaid balmam, thou wilt see me in a twinkling, as whole and as sound as an apple.'

'If that be the case,' said Sancho Panza, 'I henceforth renounce the government of that island you promised me, and define no other reward for my long and faithful service, but that your worship will give me the receipt of that fame most exceeding liquor; for I imagine, that it will fell for two rials an ounce at least, and that will be sufficient to make me spend the rest of my days in credit and ease; but it will be necessary to know if the composition be costly.' — 'I can make a gallon of it for less than three rials,' replied the knight. 'Sinner that I am!' cried Sancho, 'what hinders your worship from teaching me to make it this moment? — Hold thy tongue, friend,' said the knight. 'I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and bellow upon thee more considerable rewards than that; but, in the mean time, let us dress my ear, which pains me more than I could wish.'

The squire accordingly took out his lint and ointment: but when his master found that his helmet was quite demolished, he had almost run stark mad: he laid his hand upon his sword, and lifting up his hands to heaven, pronounced aloud, 'I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is written in the four holy evangelists! to lead the life which the great Marquis of Mantua led, when he swore to revenge the death of his cousin Valdovinos; neither to eat food upon a table, nor enjoy his wife, with many other things, which, though I do not remember, I here consider as exprest; until I shall have taken full vengeance upon him who has done me this injury.' Sancho hearing this invocation, 'Sir Don Quixote,' said he, 'I hope your worship will consider, that if the knight shall accomplish what he was ordered to do, namely, to present himself before my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done his duty, and certainly deserves no other punishment, unless he commits a new crime.' — 'Thou hast spoke very much to the purpose, and hit the nail on the head,' replied Don Quixote, 'therefore I annul my oath, so far as it regards my revenge, but I make and confirm it anew, to lead the life I have mentioned, until such time as I can take by force as good a helmet as this from some other knight; and thou must not think, Sancho, that I am now making a smoke of straw; for I know very well whom I imitate in this affair; the same thing having literally

* These ridiculous oaths or vows are not confined to romances. Philip, the good Duke of Burgundy, at a publick banquet, vowed to God, the holy virgin, the peacock and the ladies, that he would declare war against the infidels; and a great number of persons who were present, lifted themselves under the same vow, and incurred voluntary penance until it should be accomplished. Some swore they would never lie upon a bed, others renounced the use of a table-cloth, a third set obliged themselves to fast one particular day in the week, a fourth went without one particular piece of armour, a fifth wore his armours night and day, and many confined themselves to shirts of sackcloth and hair. — happened
happened about the helm of Man- 
bro, which cost Scripante so dear."

"Sir, Sir," replied Sancho, with some 
heat, 'I with your worship would send 
to the devil all such oaths, which are 
so mischievous to the health and pre-
judicial to the conscience; for, tell 
me now, if we should not find in many 
days, a man armed with a helmet, 
what must we do? must we perform 
this vow, in spite of all the rubs and 
inconveniences in the way; such as 
to lie in one's cloaths, and not to sleep 
in an inhabited place, with a thousand 
other penances contained in the oath 
of that old mad Marquis of Mantua, 
which your worship now wants to re-
nov? Pray, Sir, consider that there 
are no armed people in these roads, 
none but carriers and carters, which 
far from wearing helmets themselves, 
perhaps never heard of any such thing 
during the whole course of their lives.' 
—"There thou art egregiously mis-
taken," replied Don Quixote; "for, 
before we are two hours in the cross-
ways, we shall see armed men more 
numerous than those that came to 
Albraca, in order to win Angelica the 
fair."—"On then, and be it so," said 
Sancho, and pray God we may suc-
cceed, and that the time may come 
when we shall gain that island which 
has cost me so dear, and then I care 
not how soon I die."—"I have al-
ready advized thee, Sancho," said the 
knights-errant, "to give thyself no trouble 
about that affair; for, should we be 
disappointed in the expectation of an 
island, there is the kingdom of Den-
mark; or that of Sobrediza, which 
will suit thee as well as ever a ring 
fitted a finger, and ought to give thee 
more joy, because it is situated on 
 Terra Firm a; but let us leave these 

things to the determination of time, and 
fee if thou hast got anything else in thy 
wallet; for we must go presently in 
quell of some cattle, where we may 
procure a night's lodging, and ingre-
dients to make that same hal'sam I 
mentioned; for, I vow to God! my 
ear gives me infinite pain.'

'I have got here in my bags," said 
Sancho, "an onion, a slice of cheese, 
and a few crusts of bread; but these 
are eatables which do not suit the pal-
late of such a valiant knight-errant 
as your worship."—"How little you 
undertand of the matter!" answered 
Don Quixote. 

"Thou must know, Sancho, that it is for the honour 
of knights-errant, to abstain whole 
months together from food, and when 
they do eat, to be contented with what 
is next at hand; this thou wouldst not 
have been ignorant of, hadst thou read 
so many histories as I have perused, 
in which, numerous as they are, I 
have never found any account of 
knights-errant eating, except occa-
ionally, at some sumptuous banquet 
made on purpose for them; at other 
times, living upon air; and though it 
must be taken for granted, that they 
could not altogether live without eat-
ing, or complying with the other ne-
cessities of nature, being in effect men 
as we are; yet we are likewise to 
consider, that as the greatest part of 
their lives was spent in travelling 
through woods and deserts, without 
any cook or caterer, their ordinary 
diet was no other than such rustic 
food as thou hast now got for our 
present occasions; therefore, friend 
Sancho, give thyself no uneasiness, 
because thou hast got nothing to gra-
tify the palate, nor seek to unhinge 
or alter the constitution of things.

* Geoffroi de Rançon, having been injured by the Count de La Marche, swore by the 
faints that he would wear his buskin like a woman, and never suffer himself to be shaved 
in the manner of chivalry, until he should be revenged. This oath he scrupulously ob-
erved, until he saw his adversary, with his wife and children, kneeling in distress before 
the king, and imploring his forgiveness; then he called for a file, adjusted his buskin, 
and was shaven in presence of his majesty and the court.

The knight's forehead was commonly shaved, that in case he should lose his helmet 
in combat, his antagonist should have no hold by which he might be pulled off his 

horse.

† We read in Perce Forest, that there were flat stones placed at certain distances in 
uninhabited parts of the country, for the use of knights-errant; who, having killed a 
roe-buck, pressed the blood out of it upon one of these tables by the help of another 
smooth stone, and then eat it with some salt and spices, which they carried along with 
them for that purpose. This diet is called in the French romances, Chevaux de prêts, 
courture des bœufs.
I beg your worship's pardon,' said Sancho; 'for as I can neither read nor write, as I have already observed, I may have mistaken the rules of your knightly profession; but from hence-forward I will store my budget with all sorts of dry fruits for your worship, who are a knight; and for myself, who am none, I will provide other more volatile and substantial food.*— I do not say, Sancho, that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing except these fruits, but only that their most ordinary sustenance is composed of them and some certain herbs, which they know how to gather in the fields; a species of knowledge which I myself am no stranger to.— Surely,' answered Sancho, 'it is a great comfort to know these same herbs; for it comes into my head, we shall one day or another have occasion to make use of the knowledge, and taking out the contents of his wallet, they eat together with great harmony and satisfaction; but, being defirous of finding some place for their night's lodging, they finished their humble repast in a hurry, and mounting their beast, put on at a good rate, in order to reach some village before it should be dark; but the hope of gratifying that desire failed them with day-light, just when they happened to be near a goatherd's hut, in which they resolved to pass the night; and in the same proportion that Sancho was disdained at not being able to reach some village, his master was rejoiced at an opportunity of sleeping under the cope of heaven, because he looked upon every occasion of this kind as an act of possession that strengthened the proof of his knight-errantry.

**CHAP. III.**

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE WHILE HE REMAINED WITH THE GATHERING.

He received a very hearty welcome from the goatherds; and Sancho, having, as well as he could, accommodated Rasinante and his ass, was attracted by the odour that issued from some pieces of goat's flesh that were boiling in a kettle; but though he longed very much at that instant to see if it was time to transfer them from the kettle to the belly, he checked his curiosity, because the landlord took them from the fire, and spreading some sheep-skins upon the ground, set out their rustic table without lots of time; inviting their two guests to a share of their mets, with many expressions of good-will and hospitality. Then those who belonged to the cot, being fix in number, seated themselves round the skins, having first, with their boorish ceremony, desired Don Quixote to sit down on a trough, which they had overthrown for that purpose.

The knight accepted their offer, and Sancho remained standing, to administer the cup, which was made of horn; but his master perceiving him in this attitude, 'That thou may'st see, Sancho,' said he, 'the benefit which is concentrated in knight-errantry; and how near all those who exercise themselves in any sort of ministrion belonging to it, are to preferment and esteem of the world, I defire thee to sit down here by my side, in company with these worthy people; and that thou may'st be on an equal footing with me, thy natural lord and master, eating in the same dish, and drinking out of the same cup that I use; for what is said of love may be observed of knight- errantry, that it puts all things upon a level.'

' I give you a thousand thanks,' said Sancho; 'but I must tell your worship that, provided I have plenty, I can eat as much, nay more to my satisfaction, standing on my legs, and in my own company, than if I was to sit by the side of an emperor; and, if all the truth must be told, I had much rather dine by myself in a corner, though it should be upon a bit of bread and an onion, without all your nuncies and ceremonies, than eat turkey-cocks at another man's table, where I am obliged to chew softly, to drink sparingly, to wipe my mouth every minute, to abstain from mewing or coughing, though I should be never so much inclined to either, and from a

* Volatile, in the original, signifies any things that fly; and therefore Sancho may be supposed to mean, he would provide himself with game or poultry; but the blunder which we have made him commit seems to be more in character.
great many other things, which I can freely do when alone; therefore, Sir matter of mine, I hope these honours which your worship would put upon me, as being the servant and abettor of knight errantry, which to be sure I am, while I remain in quality of your squire, may be converted into other things of more ease and advantage to me, than those which, though I hold them as received in full, I renounce from henceforth for ever, amen.—

Thou must nevertheless sit thee down,' said his master; 'for him that is humble, God will exalt,' and, seizing him by the arm, he pulled him down to the seat on which he himself sat.

The goatherds, who understood not a word of all this jargon of squire and knights-errant, did nothing but eat in silence, and gaze upon their guests; who, with keen appetite, and infinite relish, swallowed pieces as large as their fists. This service of meat being finished, they spread upon their skins great quantities of acorns, and half a cheese, harder than plaster of Paris: all this time the horn was not idle, but went round so fast, sometimes full, sometimes empty, like the buckets of a well, that they soon voided one of the two skins of wine that hung in view.

Don Quixote having satisfied his appetite, took up handful of the acorns, and after looking at them attentively, delivered himself to this purpose: 'Happy age, and happy days were those, to which the ancients gave the name of golden; not that gold, which in these our iron times is so much esteemed, was to be acquired without trouble; in that fortunate period; but because people were then ignorant of those two words mine and thine: in that sacred age, all things were in common; no man was necessitated, in search of his daily food, to undergo any other trouble than that of reaping out his hand, and receiving it from the sturdy oak, that liberally invited him to pull his sweet and flagitious fruit. The limpid fountains and murmuring rills afforded him their favour and transparent waters in magnificent abundance. In clefts of rocks and hollow trees, the prudent and industrious bees formed their commonwealths, offering without interest to every hand the fruitful har-

veft of their delicious toil. The lately

cork-trees voluntarily stripped themselves of their light extended bark, with which men began to cover their rural cottages, supported upon rutile poles, with a view only to defend themselves from the inclemencies of the weather. All was then peace, all was harmony, and all was friendship.

As yet the ponderous coulter of the crooked plough had not prefumed to open, or visit the pious entrails of our first mother, who, without compulsion, presented on every part of her wide and fertile bosom, every thing that could satisfy, sustain, and delight her sons, who then possefsed her. Then did the simple and beautiful shepherdesses rove from hill to hill, and dare to dare, bare-headed, in their braided locks, without any other cloaths than what were necessary to cover modestly that which modesty commands, and always has commanded to be covered. Neither were their ornaments such as are used now-a-days, enhanced in value by the Tyrian purple, and the many-ways martyred silk, but composed of verdant dock-leaves, and ivy interwove together; with which they appeared, perhaps, with as great pomp and contrivance as the court ladies of our days, dressed in all the rare and foreign fashions which idle curiosity has invented. Then were the amorous dictates of the soul expressed in sensible simplicity, just as they were conceived, undisguised by the artificial cloak of specious words. There was no fraud, no deceit, no malice intemixed with plain dealing truth; justice then kept within her proper bounds, undisturbed and unbiased by interest and favour, which now impair, confound, and pervert, her so much; law was not then centered in the arbitrary bosom of the judge, for, at that time, there was neither cause nor content. Damels and decency, as I have already said, went aboutingle, and without fear of being injured by insolence or lust; and their ruin, when it happened, was the fruit of their own will and pleasure.

But, now-a-days, in this detestable age, no maid is secure, though she was concealed and shut up in such another labyrinth as was that of Crete; for, even there, the amorous pell-
lence, with the zeal of mischievous
importunity, would enter either by the
help of wings, or by gliding through
some chink or other, and all her bar-
ricated chastity would go to wreck.
For the security of this virtue, in pro-
cefs of time, when mischief grew to a
greater head, the order of knight-err-
antry was first instituted to defend
damfels, protect widows, and succour
the needy and the fatherless. This
order, brother goatherds, I profess;
and thank you for this kind enter-
tainment and reception, which I and
my squires have received at your hands;
for though, by the law of nature, all
mankind are obliged to favour and
affili knights-errant, during the whole
course of their lives; yet, as you have
received and regaled me, before you
knew yourselves to be under that obli-
gation, I think it my duty to return
my most sincere acknowledgment for
your hospitality.
The whole of this tedious harangue,
which might very well have been spared,
was pronounced by our knight, because
the acorns they presented recalled to his
memory the golden age: therefore he took
it in his head to make these useless
reflections to the goatherds; who, with-
out answering one syllable, listened with
suspence and astonishment. Sancho was
also silent, but kept his teeth employed
upon the acorns, and paid many a visit
to the second wine-bag; which, that the
contents might be the cooler, was hung
upon a cork-tree. Don Quixote was
less tedious in his discourse than at his
meal, which being ended, one of the
goatherds said, "That your worship
knight-errant, may be convinced of
our readiness and good-will to give
you all the entertainment in our power,
you shall have the pleasure and satis-
faction of hearing a song from one of
our companions, who will soon be here;"
He is an understanding young fellow,
very much in love, who, moreover,
can read and write, and play upon
the rebek*, that it will delight you to
hear him." Scarcely had the goatherd
pronounced these words, when their ears
were saluted with a sound of this in-
strument; and presently after appeared
the musician, who was a young fellow
of about twenty, or twenty-two years
of age, and of a very graceful appear-
ance. His companions asked him if he
had stopped, and he answering in the
affirmative, one of them, who made the
offer to the knight, said to him, "If
that be the cafe, Antonio, you will
do us the pleasure to sing a song, that
this gentleman, our guest, may see
there are some, even among these
woods and mountains, who understand
music. We have already in-
formed him of thy uncommon talents,
and we desire thou wouldst fiew them,
in order to justify what we have said
in thy praise; I therefore earnestly
beseech thee to sit down and sing the
ballad of thy love, composed by thy
uncle the curate, which is so much
commended in our village." — With
all my heart," replied the young man;
who, without farther entreaty, sat down
upon the trunk of an ancient oak, and
 tuned his instrument, began in a very
graceful manner to sing and accompany
the following song.

I.

YOU love, Stella, nay, adore me;
In spite of all your art I know it,
Although you never smile before me,
And neither tongue nor eyes avow it.

II.

For, sure to sight a lover's passion
So try'd as that which lives this heart in,
Were but small proof of penetration;
And that you are no fool is certain.

III.

Sometimes, indeed, and 'tis amazing,
Tho' prov'd by evidence of twenty,
You've plainly shewn your soul was brazen,
And cke your snowy bonet, flinty.

IV.

Yet in the midst of maiden shyness,
Afflicted scorn and decent scolding,
Kind Hope appear'd with proffer'd spy-glass,
The border of her robe unfolding.

V.

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

VI.

If love be coarsest refin'd,
And you be civil to profusion,
That you will to my hopes prove kind,
Is but a natural conclusion.

* A sort of small fiddle of one piece, with three strings, used by shepherds.

VII.
The original sentiments which this courtly stanza is designed to translate, are literally these:

"I do not mention the praises I have spoke of your beauty, which, though true in fact, are the occasion of my being hated by some other women,"

self
self no trouble about it, for he would apply a remedy that would heal it in a
trace; so saying, he took some leaves of
tofe ram, which grew in great plenty
round the hut, and having chewed and
mixed them with a little salt, applied
the poultice to his ear; and binding it
up carefully, affured him, as it actu-
ally happened, that it would need no
other plaiter.

C H A P. IV.
WHAT WAS RELATED BY A GOAT-
HERD, WHO CHANCED TO COME
INTO THE HUT.

In the mean time, another of the
lads, who brought them viuals
from the village, entering the hut, said,
"Do you know what has happened in
our town, comrades? When one
of them answered, "How should we!
Know, then," continued he, "that the
famous student Chryfofon died this
morning; and it is murmured about,
that his death was occasioned by his
love for that devilish girl Marcella,
daughter of William the rich. She
that roves about these plains in the
habit of a shepherdess."— For Mar-
cella, said you! I cried one. "The
same," answered the goatherd; and it
is certain, that in his laft will he
ordered himself to be buried in the
field like a Moor (God blefs us!) at the foot of the rock, hard by the
cork-tree spring; for, the report goes,
and they say he said so himself, as
how the first time he faw her was in
that place; and he has also ordained
many other such things as the clerge
fay must not be accomplished; nor
is it right they should be accomplished;
for, truly, they seem quite heathenish;
to all which objections his dear friend,
Ambrofo the student, who also dressed
himself like a shepherd, to keep him
company, replies, that he will per-
form every thing, without fail, that
Chryfofon has ordered; and the
whole village is in an uproar about it;
but it is believed that every thing, at
laff, will be done according to the
defire of Ambrofo, and all the reft
of the shepherds, his friends; and
that to-morrow he will be intered
with great pomp in the very spot I
have mentioned. I am resolved, there-
fore, as it will be a thing well worth
feeling, to go thither without fail, even
though I thought I should not be
able to return to the village that
night."— "We will do fo too," replied
the goatherds, "and call lots to see
which of us muft flay and take care
of our flocks."— "You are in the
right, Pedro," said one; "but there
will be no occasion to use that shift,
for I myself will flay and take care of
the whole; and you muft not impute
my tarrying to virtue, or the want of
curiosity, but to the plaugy thorn
that ran into my foot the other day,
and hinders me from walking."—
"We are obliged to thee, however,"
answered Pedro, whom Don Quixote
desired to tell him who that fame dead
shepherd and living shepherdess were.

To this question the goatherd replied,
all that he knew of the matter was,
that the deceased was the fon of a rich
farmer, who lived in the neighbour-
hood of a village in these mountains;
that he had lived in Salamanca many
years, at the end of which he had re-
turned to his family with the charaeter
of a great scholar: in particular, they
said he was very knowing in the science
of the thars, and what passed betwixt
the fun and moon, and the heavens; for
he had punctually foretold the clipfe
of them both! 'The obfuration of
those two great luminaries," said the
knight, "is called the eclipse, and not
the clipfe, friend." But Pedro, with-
out troubling his head with thefe trifles,
proceeded, faying, "he likewife forefaw
when the year would be plentiful or
ftaril."— "You mean, fertile," said
Don Quixote, "Sterile, or staril," re-
plied Pedro, "comes all to the fame pur-
pofe; and I fay, that his father and
his friends, taking his advice, became
very rich; for they gave credit to his
words, and followed his counsel in
tall things. When he would flay, this
year you muft bow barley, and no
wheat; here you muft bow carabances,
but no barley; next year there will
be a good harvest of oil; but for three
years to come there will not be a drop.*
— "That science," replied Don Quixote,
is called aitrology."— "I know not
how it is called," replied Pedro; "but
this I know, that he knew all this,
and much more. In short, not many
months after he came from Salaman-
ca, he appeared all of a fudden in
shepherd-
the shepherd-ewe, with his woolly jack-
et, and a flock of sheep, having laid
aside the long drefs of a student.
And he was accompanied by a friend
of his in the same habit, whose name
was Ambrofio, and who had been his
fellow-student at college. I forgot to
tell you that Chryiftom the defunct
was fuch a great man at compofing
couplets, that he made carols for
Christmas eve, and plays for the
Lord's-day, which were represented
by the young men in our village; and
every body faid, that they were tip-
top. When the people of the village
saw the two scholars fo suddenly
cloathed like shepherds, they were fur-
prized, and could not guess their rea-
fon for fuch an odd change. About
that time the father of this Chryiftom
dying, he inherited great riches, that
were in moveables and in lands, with
no small number of fheep, more or
less, and a great deal of money; of
all which this young man remained
defolate lord and master; and truly
he deferred it all; for he was an ex-
cellent companion, very charitable, a
great friend to good folks, and had a
molt blessed countenance. After-
wards it came to be known, that his
reafon for changing his garb, was no
other than with a view of ftrolling
through the woods and deferts after
that fame shepherdeis Marcella, whose
name my friend mentioned juft now,
and with whom the poor defunct
Chryiftom was woundily in love:
and I will now tell you, for it is ne-
cefary that you should know who this
wench is; for, mayhap, nay even
without a mayhap, you never heard
of fuch a thing in all the days of
your life, though you be older than
St. Paul*.—'Say, Paul's,' replied
Don Quixote, offended at the goatherd's
perverting the words. 'Saint Paul was
no chicken,' replied Pedro; 'and if
your worship be refoved to correct
my words every moment, we shall not
have done in a twelvemonth.'—'I
ask your pardon friend,' said the
knight; 'I only mention this, because
there is a wide difference between the
perfon of St. Paul, and a church
that goes by his name; but, however,
you made a very fenfible reply; for,
to be fure, the faint lived long before
the church was built; therefore go on
with your flory, and I promise not to
interrupt you again.'

'Well, then, my good matter,' said
the goatherd, 'there lived in our vil-
lage a farmer, Rill richer than Chry-
iftom's father; his name was Wil-
liam, and God gave him, over and
above great wealth, a daughter, who
at her birth was the death of her mo-
ther, the moft worthy dame in all
the country. Methinks I fee her now
with that face of her's, which seemed
to have the fun on one fide, and the
moon on the other; the was an excel-
ient houfewife, and a great friend to
the poor, for which reafon I believe
her foul is enjoying the prefence of
God in paradise. Her husband died
d of grief for the losfs of fo good a wife,
leaving his daughter Marcella, young
and rich, to the care of an uncle, who
has got a living in our village. The
girl grew up with fo much beauty,
that she put us in mind of her mo-
ther, who had a great fhare, and yet
it was thought it would be farfederal
by the daughter's. It happened ac-
cordingly; for when she came to the
age of fourteen or fifteen, nobody
could behold her without bleeding
God, for having made fo beautiful a
creature; and evety body almoft grew
desperately in love with her. Her
uncle kept her up with great care;
but, for all that, the fame of her ex-
sceeding beauty spread in fuch a man-
ner, that both for her perfon and her
fortune, not only the richest people
in our town, but likewife in many
leagues about, came to ask her in
marriage of her uncle, with much
importunity and solicitation. But he,
who, to give him his due, was a good
Christian, although he wanted to dif-
poze of her as soon as he came to the
age fit for matrimony, would not give
her away without her own consent;
neither had he a view in deferring her
marriage, to the gain and advantage
which he might enjoy in managing the
girl's fortune. And truly I have

* In the original Spanifh, the goatherd, instead of faying as old as Sarah, fays, as old
as Sarna, which in that language signifies the itch; but as it is impoljible to pre serves
these mistakes in the translation, I have confuted another in it's roomy, which I appro-
ached is equally natural and expressive.
heard this spoken in more companies
than one, very much to the praise of
the honest priest. For I would have
you know, Sir traveller, that in these
small towns people intermeddle and
grumble about every thing. And
this you may take for certain, as I
know it to be so, that a clergman
must be excessively good indeed, if
he can oblige his flock to speak well
of him, especially in country villages."

"You are certainly in the right," said
Don Quixote; "and pray go on, for
your story is very entertaining; and
you, honest Pedro, relate it with a
good grace."—May I never want
God's grace!" said the shepherd; "for
that is the main chance; and you must
know, moreover, that though the
uncle proposed to his niece, and de-
scribed the good qualities of each in
particular who asked her in marriage,
defining her to give her hand to some
one or other, and chuse for herself;
she never would give him any other
answer, but that she did not chuse to
marry, for she was too young to bear
the burden of matrimony. On ac-
count of these excuses, which seemed
to have some reason in them, her uncle
forsore to importune her, and waited
till she should have more years and
discernment to make choice of her
own company; for he said, and to be
sure it was well said, that parents
should never dispose of their children
against their own inclinations. But
behold, when we least thought of it,
the timorous Marcella one day ap-
ppeared in the habit of a shepherdess;
and without imparting her design to
her uncle, or any body in the village,
for fear they might have diffused her
from it, she took to the field with her
own flock, in company of the other
damsels of the village. As the now
appeared in publick, and her beauty
was expos'd to the eyes of every body,
you cannot conceive what a number
of rich youths, gentlemen and far-
mers, immediately took the garb of
Chrysolom, and went wooing her
through the fields. One of these sui-
tors, as you have heard, was the de-
cayed, who, they say, left off loving
to adore her; and you must not think,
that because Marcella took to this
free and unconfin'd way of living,
she brought the least disapprobation
upon her chastity and good name; on

the contrary, such is the vigilance
with which she guards her honour,
that of all thole who serve and solicit
her, not one has boasted, nor indeed
can boast with any truth, that she has
given him the smallest hope of accom-
plishing his desire; for though she
neither flies, or avoids the company
and conversation of the shepherds, but
treats them in a courteous and friendly
manner, whenever any one of them
comes to disclose his intention, let it
be ever so just and holy, even marriage
itself, she throws him from her like a
stone from a sling; and being of this
disposition, does more damage in this
country, than if a peffilence had seized
it; for her affability and beauty al-
lures all the hearts of those that con-
verse with her to serve and love her,
but her coyness and plain dealing
drives them even to the borders of de-
pair; therefore they know not what
to say, but upbraid her with cruelty
and ingratitude, and give her a great
many such titles, as plainly shew the
nature of her disposition; and if your
worship was but to stay here one day,
you would hear these hills and dales
remonstrate with the lamentations of her
rejected followers. Not far from this
place there is a tuft of about a dozen
tall beeches, upon every one of
which you may read engraved the name
of Marcella, and over some a crown
cut out in the bark, as if her lover
would have declared, that Marcella
wears, and deserves to wear, the crown
of all earthly beauty. Here one shep-
herd sighs, there another complains;
in one place you may hear amorous
ditties, in another the dirges of de-
pair; one lover fits musing through
all the hours of the night, at the foot
of some tall ash or rugged rock, and
there, without having closed his weep-
ing eyes, shrunk up as it were, and
infringed in his own reflections, he is
found by the rising sun; a second,
without giving respite or truce to his
sighs, expos'd to the heat of the most
fertile summer's fun, lies stretched
upon the burning sand, breathing his
complaints to pitying Heaven, and
over this and that, and these and those,
the free, the unconcerned, the fair
Marcella triumphs. We who are ac-
quainted with her disposition, wait with
impatience to see the end of all this
disdain, and long to know what happy

man
man will tame such an unfociable humour, and enjoy such exceeding beauty. As every thing that I have recounted is true to a tittle, I have no reason to doubt the truth of what our comrades said concerning the cause of Chrysfollom’s death; and therefore I advise you, Sir, not to fail being to-morrow at his burial, which will be well worth seeing; for Chrysfollom had a great many friends, and the spot in which he ordered himself to be buried is not more than half a league from hence.

‘I will take care to be present,’ said the knight, ‘and thank you heartily for the pleasure you have given me in relating such an interesting story.’ — ‘Oh! as for that,’ cried the goatherd, ‘I do not know one half of what has happened to the lovers of Marcella: but to-morrow, perhaps, we may light upon some shepherd on the road, who is better acquainted with them. In the mean time you will do well to go to sleep under some cover, for the cold night air may not agree with the hurt your jaws have received, though the remedy I have applied is such, that you have nothing else to fear.’

Sancho Panza, who wished the goatherd’s loquacity at the devil, earnestly intreated his master to go to sleep in Pedro’s hut. This request the knight complied with, and spent the greatest part of the night in thinking of his Lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcella’s lovers; while Sancho Panza, taking up his lodging betwixt Rosinante and his ass, slept soundly, not like a disguised lover, but like one who had been battered and bruised the day before.

CHAP. V.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS MARCELLA, AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

SCARCE had Aurora disclosed herself through the balconies of the eatl, when five of the six goatherds arising, went to waken Don Quixote, and told him, that if he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of Chrysfollom, they would keep him company. The knight, who defied nothing better, arose, and commanded Sancho to saddle his horse and pannel his ass immediately. This order was executed with great dispatch, and they set out without loss of time. They had not travelled more than a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a path, they saw coming towards them six shepherds, clothed in jackets of black sheep-skin, and crowned with garlands of cypresses and bitter-bay, each having a club of holly in his hand. Along with them came also two gentlemen on horseback, very well equipped for travel, accompanied by three young men on foot.

When they advanced they saluted one another, and understanding, upon inquiry, that they were all bound to the place of interment, they joined company, and travelled together. One of the horsemen said to his companion, ‘Signior Vivaldo, we shall not have reason to grudge our tarrying to see this famous funeral, which must certainly be very extraordinary, by the strange account we have received from these people, of the dead shepherd, and the murderous shepherds.’ — ‘I am of the same opinion,’ answered Vivaldo; and would not only tarry one day, but even four or five, on purpose to see it.’ Don Quixote asking what they had heard of Marcella and Chrysfollom, the traveller replied, that early in the morning they had met with these shepherds, of whom inquiring the cause of their being clothed in such melancholy weeds, they had been informed of the connexions and beauty of a certain shepherdess called Marcella, and the hapless love of many who courted her, together with the death of that famous Chrysfollom to whose funeral they were going. In short, he recounted every circumstance of what Pedro had told Don Quixote before.

This conversation being ended, another began by Vivaldo’s asking Don Quixote why he travelled thus in armour in a peaceable country. To this question the knight replied, ‘The exercise of my profession will not permit or allow me to go in any other manner. Revels, feasting, and repose, were invented by effeminate courtiers; but toil, anxiety, and arms, are peculiar to those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which order I, though unworthy, and the least, am one.’ He had no sooner pronounced these words, than all present took him
for a madman; but, in order to confirm their opinion, and discover what kind of madness it was, Vivaldo desired to know what he meant by knights-errant. 'What!' said Don Quixote, 'have you never read the annals and history of England, which treat of the famous exploits of Arthur, who, at present, in our Castilian language, is called King Arthur, and of whom there is an ancient tradition, generally believed all over Great Britain, that he did not die, but was, by the art of enchantment, metamorphosed into a raven; and that the time will come when he shall return, and recover his sceptre and throne; for which reason it cannot be proved, that from that period to this, any Englishman has killed a raven. In the reign of that excellent king was instituted that famous order of chivalry, called the Knights of the Round Table; and those amours punctually happened, which are recounted of Don Lancelot of the Lake, with Queen Ginebra, by the help and mediation of that sage and venerable duenna Quitianiona, from whence that delightful ballad, so much sung in Spain, took its rise:

4 For never, sure, was any knight
So serv'd by damsel, or by dame,
As Lancelot, that man of might,
When he at first from Britain came.*

With the rest of that most relishing and delicious account of his amours and valiant exploits, from that time the order of knight-errantry was extended, as it were, from hand to hand, and spread through divers and fundry parts of the world, producing, among many other worthy celebrations for their achievements, the valiant Ama
dis de Gaul, with all his sons and nephews, even to the fifth generation; the courageous Fleximarte of Hicarnia, the never-encout to be command-ed Tirante the White, and he whom, in this our age, we have as it were seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous knight Don Belia
is of Greece. This, gentlemen, is what I meant by knight-errant; and such as I have described is the order of chivalry, which, as I have already told you, I, though a sinner, have professed; and the very fame which those knights I mentioned professed,

I profess also. On which account I am found in these dearts and solitudes, in quest of adventures, fully deter-
mined to lift my arm, and expose my person, to the greatest danger that my destiny shall decree, in behalf of the needy and oppressed.'

By this declaration, the travellers were convinced that the knight had lost his wits, and easily perceived the species of folly which had taken possession of his brain, and which struck them with the same surprise that always seized those who became acquainted with our knight. Vivaldo, who was a person of discretion and a great deal of archefs, in order to travel agreeably the rest of the road which they had to go till they should come to the place of interment, wanted to give him an opportunity of proceed-
ing in his extravagance, and in that view said to him: 'Sir knight-errant, methinks your worship prefers one of the stiffest orders upon earth; nay, I will affirm, more stiff than that of the Carthusian friars.'

The order of the Carthusians, an-swered Don Quixote, 'they be as stiff, but, that it is as beneficial to man-
kind, I am within a hair's breadth of doubting; for, to be plain with you, the soldier who executes his captain's command, is no less valuable than the captain who gave the order. I mean, that the monks pray to God for their fellow-creatures in peace and safety; but we soldiers and knights put in ex-
ecution that for which they pray, by the valour of our arms, and the edge of our swords; living under no other cover than the cope of heaven; set up in a manner as marks for the intoler-
able heat of the sun in summer, and the chilly breath of frosty winter; we are therefore God's ministrers, and the arms by which he executes his justice upon earth; and as the circumstances of war, and what has the least affinity and concern with it, cannot be accom-
plished without sweat, anxiety, and fa-
tigue; it follows, that those who profess it, are doubtless more subject to toil, than those who in rest and security im-
prove the favour of God for perfons who can do nothing for themselves: not that I would be thought to say or imagine, the condition of a knight-
errant is equal to that of a recluse monk; I would only infer from what we suffer, that it is without doubt
more troublesome, more battered, more famished, more miserable, ragged, and loud; for the knights-errant of past times certainly underwent numberless misfortunes in the course of their lives. And if some of them came to be emperors by the valour of their arms, considering the blood and sweat it cost them, in faith it was a dear purchase; and if those who attained such a supreme station, had been without their fag e inchanters to assist them, they might have been defrauded by their deities, and grievously baulked of their expectations.

"I am very much of your opinion," answered the traveller; "but there is one thing among you knights-errant, that I cannot approve of, and that is, when any great and dangerous adventure occurs, in which you run a manifest risk of losing your lives, in the instant of an engagement, you never think of recommending your souls to God, as every Christian ought to do on such occasions; but, on the contrary, put up your petitions to yourmistresses, with as much fervour and devotion as if they were your deities; a circumstance which, in my opinion, smells strong of paganism."

"Sir," replied Don Quixote, "that practice must stick no degree be altered; and woe be to that knight-errant who should do otherwise; for, according to the practice and custom of chivalry, every knight, when he is upon the point of achieving some great fear, must call up the idea of his mistresses, and turning his eyes upon her with all the gentleness of love, implore, as it were, by his looks, her favour and protection in the doubtful dilemma in which he is about to involve himself: nay, even though nobody should hear him, he is obliged to mutter between his teeth an ejaculation, by which he heartily and confidently recommends himself to her good wishes: and of this practice we have innumerable examples in history; but I would not have you think, that we are to forbear recommending ourselves to God also; there will be time and opportunity enough for that duty in the course of action."

"But, nevertheless," said the traveller, "I have still one scruple remaining, which is, that I have often read of a dispute between two knights, which proceeding to rage from one word to another, they have turned about their deeds, to gain ground for a good career; and then, without any more ceremony, returned to the encounter at full gallop, recommending themselves to their mistresses by the way; and the common illuf of such an engagement is, that one of them is thrown down by his horse's crupper, stung through and through with his adversary's lance, while the other, with difficulty, avoids a fall by laying hold of his horse's mane: now, I cannot comprehend how the dead man could have time to recommend himself to God, in the course of so sudden an attack; surely it would have been better for his soul, if, instead of the words he uttered in his career, he had put up a petition to Heaven, according to the duty and obligation of every Christian; especially, as I take it for granted that every knight-errant has not a mistress; for all of them cannot be in love."—"That's impossible," answered Don Quixote. "I affirm, that there never could be a knight-errant without a mistress; for to be in love is as natural and peculiar to them, as the stars are to the heavens. I am very certain that you never read an history that gives an account of a knight-errant without an amour; for he that has never been in love, would not be held as a legitimate member, but some adulterate brood, who had got into the fortresses of chivalry, not through the gate, but over the walls, like a thief in the night."

"Yet, notwithstanding," said the traveller, "I have read that Don Galaor, brother of the valiant Amadis de Gaun, never had any known mistresses to whom he could recommend himself; and he was not disfigured, but looked upon as a very valiant and famous knight.—"Signior," answered our hero, Don Quixote, "one swallow makes not a summer; besides, to my certain knowledge, that knight was privately very much in love; indeed, he made love to every handsome woman who came in his way; for that was his natural disposition, which he by no means could resist: in short, it is very well attested, that he had one mistress, whom he enthroned as love—reign of his heart, and to whom he recommended himself with great caution."
tion and privacy, because he piqued himself upon being a secret knight."

Since, then, it is essential to every knight to be in love, we may conclude that your worship, being of that profession, is no stranger to that passion: and if you do not value yourself upon being as secret a knight as Don Gal sor, I earnestly entreat you, in behalf of myself, and the rest of the company, to tell us the name, country, station, and qualities of your milites; who must think herself extremely happy in reflecting, that all the world knows how much she is beloved and adored by so valiant a knight as your worship appears to be.

Here Don Quixote uttered a grievous sigh, saying, "I am not positively certain, whether or not that beauteous enemy of mine takes pleasure in the world's knowing I am her slave; this only I can say, in answer to the question you asked with so much civility, that her name is Dulcinea; her native country, a certain part of La Mancha called Toboso; her station must at least be that of a princess, since she is queen and lady of my soul; her beauty supernatural, in that it justifies all those impossible and chimerical attributes of excellence, which the poets bestow upon their nymphs; her hair is of gold, her forehead the Elytan Fields, her eye-brows heavenly arches, her eyes themselves suns, her cheeks roiles, her lips of coral, her teeth of pearl, her neck alabaster, her breast marble, her hands ivory, her skin whiter than snow; and those parts which decency conceals from human view are such, according to my belief and apprehension, as discretion ought to enhance above all comparison."

"I wish we knew her lineage, race, and family," replied Vivaldo. "To this hint the knight answered, 'She is not descended of the ancient Caii, Curii, and Scipios of Rome, nor of the modern Colonas and Ordinii, nor of the Moncades and Requefenes of Catalonia, much less of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valencia; or the Palsafes, Newcas, Rocbertiis, Cortellas, Lunas, Alagonas, Urreas, Poes and Gurreas of Aragon; or the Cerdas, Manriquez, Mendoza and Guifmans of Castile; or the Alencatros, Pallas and Meneis of Portugal: but she sprung from the family of Toboso of La Mancha: a lineage which, though modern, may give a noble title to the most illustrious families of future ages; and let no man contradict what I say, except upon the conditions expressed in that inscription placed by Cervino under the trophy of Orlando's arms!"

"That knight alone these arms shall move."

"Who dares Orlando's prowess prove?"

"Although I myself am descended from the Cachopines of Loredon," said the traveller, "I won't presume to compare with that of Toboso de La Mancha; though, to be plain with you, I never before heard of any such generation."

"How, not heard!" replied Don Quixote. "The rest of the company jogged on, listening with great attention to this discourse, and all of them, even the goatherds, by this time were convinced, that our knight's judg-

When a knight challenged the whole world, he wore an emprise, consisting of a gold chain, or some other badge of love and chivalry; and sometimes this emprise was fixed in a public place, to attract the attention of strangers. When any person accepted the challenge for a trial of chivalry, called the combat of courtesy, he touched this emprise; but, if he tore it away, it was considered as a resolution to fight the owner to extremity or convenience. The combat of courtesy is still practised by our prize-fighters and boxers, who shake hands before the engagement, in token of love.

But no defiance of this kind could be either published or accepted without the permission of the prince at whose court the combatants chanced to be. Accordingly, we are told by Oliver de La Marche, that the lord of Ternant having published a defiance at the court of Burgundy, in the year 1445, Galiot asked the duke's permission to touch the challenger's emprise; which being granted, he advanced and touched it, saying to the bearer, while he bowed very low, 'Noble knight, I touch your emprise; and, with God's permission, will do my utmost to fulfil your desire, either on horseback or on foot.' The lord of Ternant humbly thanked him for his condescension, said he was extremely welcome, and promised to send him that same day a cartel, mentioning the arms they should use.

† Cachopines is the name given to the Europeans by the Indians of Mexico,
ment was grievously impaired. Sancho alone believed that every thing his master said was true, because he knew his family, and had been acquainted with himself from his cradle. The only doubt that he entertained was of this fame beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso; for never had such a name or such a princess come within the sphere of his observation, although he lived in the neighbourhood of that place.

While they travelled along, conversing in this manner, they perceived about twenty shepherds descend through a cleft made by two high mountains. They were all clad in jackets of black sheep-kin, and each of them crowned with a garland, which was composed, as we afterwards learned, partly of yew, and partly of yew; six of the foremost carried a bier, upon which they had strewed a variety of branches and flowers. And this was no sooner perceived by one of the goatherds, than he said, 'These are the people who carry the corpse of Chrysofom, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he ordered himself to be interred.'

Upon this information they made haste, and came up just at the time that the bearers having laid down the body, began to dig the grave with pick-axes on one side of a flinty rock. They received our travellers with great courtely; and Don Quixote, with his company, went towards the bier to look at the dead body, which was covered with flowers, clad in shepherds weeds, and seemingly thirty years old. Notwithstanding he was dead, they could plainly perceive that he had been a man of an engaging aspect, and genteel stature; and could not help wondering at the sight of a great many papers, both sealed and loosed, that lay round him in the coffin.

While the new-comers were observing this phenomenon, and the shepherds buried in digging a grave, a wonderful and universal silence prevailed, till such time as one of the bearers said to another, 'Consider, Ambrosio, if this be the very spot which Chrysofom mentioned, that his last will may be punctually fulfilled.'—'This,' answered Ambrosio, 'is the very place in which my unhappy friend has often recounted to me the story of his misfortunes. Here it was he first beheld that mortal enemy of the human race; here also did he first declare his amorous and honourable intention; and here, at last, did Marcella signify her delight and disdain, which put an end to the tragedy of his wretched life; and in this place, as a monument of his mishap, did he desire to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion.' Then addressing himself to Don Quixote, and the travellers, he thus proceeded: 'This corpse, gentlemen, which you behold with compassionate eyes, was the habitation of a soul which possestcd an infinite share of the riches of Heaven: this is the body of Chrysofom, who was a man of unparalleled genius, the pink of courtesy and kindneis; in friendship a very phoenix, liberal without bounds, grave without arrogance, gay without meanness, and in short second to none in every thing that was good, and without second in all that was unfortunate. He loved, and was abhorred; he adored and was disdained; he implored a favour; he importuned a statue; he hunted the wind; cried aloud to the defart; he was a flame to the most ungrateful of women; and the fruit of his servitude was death, which overtook him in the middle of his career; in short, he perished by the cruelty of a shepherdess, whom he has eternized in the memory of all the people in this country; as these papers which you gaze at would shew, if he had not ordered me to commit them to the flames as soon as his body shall be deposited in the earth.'

'You will use them, then, with more cruelty and rigour,' said Vivaldo, than that of the author himself; seeing it is neither just nor convenient to fulfil the will of any man, provided it be unreasonable. Augustus Cæsar would have been in the wrong, had he consented to the execution of what the divine Mantuan ordered on his death-bed. Wherefore, Signior Ambrosio, while you commit the body of your friend to the earth, you ought not likewise to confign his writings to oblivion; nor perform indirectly what he in his affliction ordained; on the contrary, by publishing these papers, you ought to immortalize the cruelty of Marcella, that it may serve as an example in time to come, and warn young men to shun and avoid
\textbf{DON QUIXOTE.}

\begin{itemize}
  \item such dangerous precipices; for I, and
  \item the rest of this company, already
  \item know the history of that enamoured
  \item and unhappy friend, the nature of
  \item your friendship, the occasion of his
  \item death, together with the orders that he
  \item left upon his death-bed: from which
  \item lamentable story, it is easy to con-
  \item clude how excessive must have been
  \item the cruelty of Marcella, the love of
  \item Chrysofom, the faith of your friend-
  \item ship, and the check which those re-
  \item ceive, who precipitately run through
  \item the path exhibited to them by idle and
  \item mfichievous love. Last night, we un-
  \item derstood the death of Chrysofom,
  \item who, we are informed, was to be bu-
  \item ried in this place; and therefore, out
  \item of curiosity and concern, have turned
  \item out of our way, resolving to come and
  \item see with our eyes, what had affected
  \item us so much in the hearing; and in re-
  \item turn for that concern, and the desire
  \item we felt in remedying it, if it had been
  \item in our power, we entreat thee, O dis-
  \item crect Ambrofio! at least, for my own
  \item part, I beg of thee, not to burn these
  \item papers, but allow me to preserve some
  \item of them.'

Accordingly, without staying for an
answer, he reached out his hand, and
took from those that were nearest
him; which Ambrofio perceiving, said,
\begin{itemize}
  \item Out of civility, Signior, I will content
  \item to your keeping what you have taken
  \item up; but to think that I will fail to
  \item burn the reft, is a vain supposition.'
\end{itemize}
Vivaldo being desirous of seeing the con-
tents, immediately opened one, intitled,
\begin{itemize}
  \item A Song of Despair; which Ambrofio
  \item hearing, said. 'That is the last poem
  \item my unhappy friend composed; and
  \item that you may see, Signior, to what a
  \item pass his misfortunes had reduced him,
  \item read it aloud, and you'll have time
  \item enough to fill it before the grave be
  \item made;—' That I will do with all
  \item my heart,' said Vivaldo; and every
  \item body present being feized with the fame
  \item defire, they follow around him in a circle,
  \item and he read what follows, with an audi-
  \item ble voice.
\end{itemize}

\textbf{A SONG OF DESPAIR.}

\section{I.}
\begin{itemize}
  \item Since then, thy pleasure, cruel maid!
  \item Is, that thy vigorous and disdain
  \item Should be from clime to clime convey'd,
  \item All hell shall aid me to complain!
  \item The torments of my heart to tell,
  \item And thy achievements to record,
  \item My voice shall raise a dreadful yell,
  \item My bowels burst at every word:
  \item Then listen to the baleful sound
  \item That issues from my throbbing breast.
  \item Thy pride, perhaps, it may confound,
  \item And yield my madd'ning soul some rest.
\end{itemize}

\section{II.}
\begin{itemize}
  \item Let the snake's hiss and wolf's dire howl,
  \item The bull's harsh note, the lion's roar,
  \item The boding crow and greeching owl,
  \item The tempest rattling on the shore,
  \item The monster's scream, the turtle's moan,
  \item The shrieks of the infernal crew,
  \item Be mingled with my dying groan,
  \item A concert terrible and new!
  \item The hearer's senses to appal,
  \item And Reason from her throne depose.
  \item Such melody will suit the gall.
  \item That from my burning liver flows!
\end{itemize}

\section{III.}
\begin{itemize}
  \item Old Taurus with his yellow hair,
  \item And Betis with her olive wreath,
  \item Shall never echo such despair,
  \item Or listen to such notes of death.
  \item As here I'll utter aid repeat,
  \item From hill to dale, from rock to cave,
  \item In wilds untold by human feet,
  \item In dungeons dreary as the grave.
  \item The beats of prey that scour the plain,
  \item Shall thy more savage nature know,
  \item The spacious earth refund my brain;
  \item Such is the privilege of woe!
\end{itemize}

\section{IV.}
\begin{itemize}
  \item Dismay is death, and doubt o'ertums
  \item The patience of the firmest mind;
  \item But jealously still fiercer burns,
  \item Like all the flames of hell combin'd?
  \item The horrors of that cursed fiend,
  \item In absence to distraction rage,
  \item And all the succour hope can lend,
  \item The direful pangs will not affuage.
  \item Such agonies will surely kill;
  \item Yet spite of absence, doubts and scorn;
  \item I live a miracle, and still
  \item Those deadly flames within me burn!
\end{itemize}

\section{V.}
\begin{itemize}
  \item Hope's shadow ne'er refresh'd my view,
  \item Despair attends with wakeful stirrings;
  \item The first let happier twains purr;
  \item The last my comfort is for life.
  \item Can hope and fear at once prevail
  \item When fear on certainty is fed?
  \item To shut mine eyes will nought avail
  \item When thunder bursts around my head.
  \item When cold Dismay in native dye
  \item Appears, and Folly's cunning lore
  \item Perverts the tale of Truth, shall I
  \item Against Despair drive that the door?
\end{itemize}
VI.

O jealousy! love's tyrant lord,
And thou, foul-chilling, dire disdain!
I lend me the dagger and the cord,
To stab remembrance, entangle pain.
I die bereft of hope in death,
Yet still these are the freeft souls,
(I'll vouch with my latest breath)
Whom love's old tyrant controuls.
My fatal enemy is fair,
In body and in mind, I'll say,
And I have earn'd the woes I bear:
By rigour love maintains the sway.

VII.

With this opinion let me fall
A prey to unrelenting scorn;
No funral pomp shall grace my pall,
No laurel my pale corpse adorn.
Choir! whole cruelty and hate
The tortures of my breast proclaim;
Behold how willingly to fate
I offer this devoted frame.
If thou, when I am past all pain,
Should think my fall deserves a tear,
Let not one single drop diftain
Those eyes for killing and to clear.

VIII.

No! rather let thy mirth disp'lay
The joys that in thy bosom flow;
Ah! need I bid that heart be gay
Which always triumph'd in my toe?
Come then, for ever baird of blifs,
Ye, who with ceafeless joys adore,
And agonizing, howl and hiss.
In the profoundest shades of hell;
Come, Tantalus, with raging thrift,
Bring, Syphus, thy rolling stone,
Come, Titius, with thy vultur' curfs.
Nor leave Jxion rack'd alone.

IX.

The toiling lifters too shall join,
And my sad, solenn dirge repeat,
When to the grave my friends confign
These limbs deny'd a winding-sheet;
Fierce Cerberus shall clank his chain,
In chorus with chimæras dire;
What other pomp, what other strain,
Should he who dies of love require?
Be hush'd, my song, complain no more
Of her whose pleasure gave thee birth;
But let the sorrows I deplore
Sleep with me in the silent earth.

This ditty of Chryfoftom was approved by all the hearers; but he who read it observed, that it did not seem to agree with the report he had heard of Marcella's virtue and circumpeftion; insomuch as the author complained of jealousy, abfence, and suspicion, which tended to the prejudice of her morals and reputation. To this objection, Ambrofio, as one that was acquainted with the most secret sentiments of his friend, answered, Signior, for your satisfaction in this point, it is necessary you should know, that the forlorn shepherd composed this song in the abience of Marcella, from whose presence he had gone into voluntary exile, in order to try if he could reap the usual fruits of absence, and forget the caufe of his despair; and as one in that situation is apt to be fretted by every circumstance, and invaded by every apprehension, poor Chryfoftom was harafl'd by groundless jealousy and imaginary fears, which tormented him as much as if they had been real; for which reason, this circumstance ought not to invalidate the fame of Marcella's virtue, against which, exclusive of her cruelty, arrogance, and disdain, envy itself hath not been able to lay the least imputation.

'That may be very true,' replied Vivaldo; who, being about to read another of the papers he had saved from the flames, was diverted from his purpose by a wonderful vision, for such it seemed, that all of a fudden presented itself to their eyes. This was no other than the shepherdess Marcella, who appeared upon the top of the rock, juft above the grave they were digging, fo beautiful that the surpass'd all report. Those who had never seen her before, gazed with silent admiration; nor were the rest, who had been accustomed to fee her, less astonifh'd at her appearance. But no sooner did Ambrofio perceive her, than with indignation in his looks, he cried—

'Come, thou bither, fierce baflifk of these mountains! to fee if the wounds of this unhappy youth whom thy cruelty hath slain, will bleed at thy approach? or art thou come to rejoice in the exploits of thy barbarity, and from the top of that mountain, behold, like another Nero, the flames which thy impertinence kindled? or inhumanly to trample upon this unfortunate corps, as the unnatural daughter defpiled the dead body of her father Tarquin? Tell us at once the caufe of thy approach, and deign to dignify thy pleasure, that I who know how devoutly Chryfoftom

K.2. obeyed
obeyed thee, when alive, may, now that he is dead, dispose his friends to yield the same obedience.

I came not,' answered Marcella, for any of the purposes you have mentioned, Ambrosio; but rather personally to demonstrate how unreasonably people blame me for their own affliction, as well as for the death and sufferings of Chrysofom. I beg, therefore, that all present will give me the hearing, as it will be unnecessary to spend much time, or waste many words, to convince those that are unprejudiced of the truth. Heaven, you say, hath given me beauty, nay, such a share of it, as compels you to love me, in spite of your resolutions to the contrary; from whence you draw this inference, and insist upon it, that it is my duty to return your passion. By the help of that small capacity which nature has bestowed upon me, I know that which is beautiful is lovely; but I can by no means conceive, why the object which is beloved for being beautiful, is bound to be enamoured of it's admirer; more especially, as it may happen that this same admirer is an object of disgust and abhorrence; in which case would it be reasonable in him to say, "I love thee because thou art beautiful, and thou must favour my passion, although I am deformed?" But granting the beauty equal on both sides, it does not follow that the desires ought to be mutual; for all sorts of beauty do not equally affect the spectator; some, for example, delighting the eye only, without captivating the heart. And well it is for mankind, that things are thus disposed; otherwise there would be a strange perplexity and confusion of desires, without power of distinguishing and chusing particular objects; for beauty being infinitely diversified, the inclination would be infinitely divided: and I have heard, that true love must be undivided and unconstrained; if this be the case, as I believe it is, why should I constrain my inclination, when I am under no other obligation so to do, but your saying that you are in love with me? Otherwise tell me, if Heaven that made me handsome, had created me a monster of deformity, should I have had cause to complain of you for not loving me? Besides, you are to consider, that I did not chuse the beauty I possess; such as it is, God was pleased of his own free will and favour to bestow it upon me, without any solicitation on my part. Therefore, as the viper deserves no blame for it's sting, although it be mortal, because it is the gift of nature; neither ought I to be reviled for being beautiful; for beauty in a virtuous woman, is like a diant flame and a sharp sword afar off, which prove fatal to none but those who approach too near them. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the soul; without which the body, though never so handsome, ought to seem ugly. If chastity then be one of the virtues which chiefly adorns and beautifies both body and soul, why should she that is beloved, lose that jewel for which she is chiefly beloved, merely to satisfy the appetite of one who, for his own selfish enjoyment, employs his whole care and industry to destroy it? I was born free; and to enjoy that freedom, have I chosen the solitude of these fields. The trees on these mountains are my companions; and I have no other mirror than the limpid streams of these crystal brooks. With the trees and the streams I share my contemplation and my beauty; I am a diant flame, and a sword afar off; those whom my eyes have captivated, my tongue has undeceived; and if hope be the food of desire, as I gave none to Chrysofom, or to any other person, so neither can his death, nor that of any other of my admirers, be justly imputed to my cruelty, but rather, to their own obblinate despair. To those who observe that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I was bound to comply with them, I answer, when he declared the honesty of his designs in that very spot where now his grave is digging, I told him, my purpose was to live in perpetual solitude, and let the earth alone enjoy the fruits of my retirement, and the spoils of my beauty; wherefore, if he, notwithstanding this my explanation, persevered without hope, and failed against the wind; it is no wonder that he was overwhelmed in the gulph of his rashness. Had I cajoled him, I should have been perfidious; had I gratified his inclination, I should have acted contrary to my own reason and resolution. But because he
permitted after I had explained myself, and despairing before he had cause to think I abhorred him, I leave you to judge whether or not it be reasonable to lay his misfortune at my door. Let him whom I have deceived complain, and let him despair to whom I have broke my promise; if I call upon any man, he may depend upon me; if I admit of his address, he may rejoice in his success: but why should I be filled a barbarous homicide by him whom I never soothed, deceived, called, or admitted? Hitherto Heaven has not thought fit that I should love by destiny; and the world must excuse me from loving by election. Let this general declaration serve as an answer to all those who solicit me in particular, and henceforward give them to understand, that whoever dies for me, perishes not by jealousy or disdain, for he who never gave her love, can never give just cause of jealousy; neither ought her plain-dealing to be interpreted into disdain. Let him who terms me a fierce batallion, shun me as an evil being; if any man thinks me ungrateful, let him refute his services when I ask them. If I have disowned any one, let him renounce me in his turn; and let him who has found me cruel, abandon me in my disfrees; this fierce batallion, this ungrateful, cruel, supercilious wretch, will neither seek, serve, own, nor follow you, in any shape whatever. If Chrysolom been perished by the impatience of his own extravagant desire, why should my innocent reserve be inveighed against? If I have preferred my virginity in these defarts, why should he that loves me, wish to see me lose it among mankind? I have riches of my own, as you all know, and coveted no man's wealth. I am free, and will not be subjected; I neither love nor hate any man; I do not cajole this one, nor tease that, nor do I joke with one, or discourse with another: but amuse myself with the care of my goats, and the innocent conversation of the shepherdes belonging to the neighbourhood villages. My desires are bounded by the mountains; or if my meditation surpassed those bounds, it is only to contemplate the beauty of the heavens, those steps by which the soul ascends to it's original mansion. So saying, without waiting for any reply, she turned her back, and vanished into a thicker on a neighbouring mountain, leaving all that were present equally surprised with her beauty and discretion.

Some of the by-standers being wounded by the powerful shafts that were darted from her fair eyes, manifested an inclination to follow her, without availing themselves of the ingenious declaration they had heard; which being perceived by Don Quixote, who thought this a proper occasion for exercising his chivalry in defence of distressed damsels; he laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and in a lofty and audible voice, pronounced, 'Let no person, of whatsoever rank or degree, presume to follow the beautiful Marecella, on pain of incurring my most furious indignation. She has demonstrated, by clear and undeniable arguments, how little, if at all, she is to be blamed for the death of Chrysolom; and how averse she is to comply with the desires of any of her admirers; for which reason, instead of being pursued and perfecuted, she ought to be honour'd and exalted by all virtuous men, as the only person in the universe who lives in such a chaste and laudable intention.' Whether it was owing to these menaces of the knight, or to the advice of Ambroise, who desired them to perform the last office to their deceased friend, not one of the shepherds attempted to sit from the spot, until the grave being finished, and the papers burnt, the body of poor Chrysolom was interred, not without abundance of tears shed by his surviving companions. The grave was secured by a large fragment of the rock which they rolled upon it, till such time as a tombstone could be made, under the direction of Ambroise, who was resolved to have the following epitaph engraved upon it.

The body of a wretched swain, Kilt'd by a cruel maid's disdain, In this cold bed neglected lies. He liv'd, rend hapless youth! to prove Th' inhuman tyranny of love, Exerted in Marecella's eyes.

Having strewed the place with a profusion of flowers and branches, every body present condoled, and took leave of the afflicted executor; and Don Quixote bade farewell to his kind landlords,
The travellers seeing him thus laudably determined, importuned him no farther, but, taking leave of him anew, pursued their journey, during which they did not fail to discuss the story of Marcella and Chrysofom, as well as the madness of Don Quixote; who, on his part, resolved to go in quest of the shepherdesses, and offer her all the service in his power: but this scheme did not turn out according to his expectation, as will be related in the course of this faithful history, the second book of which is here concluded.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.
THE

ACHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

WHEREIN IS RECOUNTED THE UNLUCKY ADVENTURE WHICH HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE, IN MEETING WITH CERTAIN UNMERCIFUL YANGUESIANS.

THE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that Don Quixote, having bid adieu to his entertainers, and to all who were present at the funeral of the shepherd Chrysofom, entered, with his squire, the same wood to which Marcella had retreated; where, when they had wandered about upwards of two hours, without seeing her, they chanced to find themselves in a delightful spot, overrun with verdant grass, and watered by a cool and pleasant stream; which was so inviting as to induce them to stay in it during the heat of the day, that now began to be very sultry; the knight and squire, therefore, dismounting, and leaving the ass and Rozinante at pleasure to regale themselves with the rich pasture, emptied their knapsack; and, without any ceremony, attacked the contents, which they eat together like good friends, laying aside all vain distinction of master and man.

Sancho had been at no pains to tether Rozinante; secure, as he thought, in knowing him to be so meek and peaceful, that all the mares in the meadows of Cordova could not provoke his concupiscence. Chance, however, or the devil, who is not often found napping, ordered it so, as that a drove of Gallician fillies belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, happened, at that very instant, to be feeding in the same valley; for, it being the custom of these people to halt and refresh themselves and their beasts in places where there is plenty of water and grass, they could not have lighted on a more convenient spot than that where Don Quixote chanced to be. It was then that Rozinante, seized with an inclination to solace himself with some of those skittish females, no sooner had them in the wind, than deviating from his natural disposition and accustomed deliberation, without asking leave of his lord and master, he went off at a small trot, to communicate his occasions to the objects of his desire. But they, it seems, more fond of their pasture than of his addresses, received him so uncivilly with their hoofs and teeth, that, in a twinkling, his girth was broke, his saddle kicked off, and he himself remained in cuerpo. But what he chiefly suffered was from the carriers, who, seeing violence offered to their mares, ran to their assistance.
The knight and Sancho seeing their stock thus balked and made all the haste they could to his rescue; the former addressing the latter in this manner: 'I perceive, friend Sancho, that these are no knights, but fellows of low degree and infamous defect: this particular I mention, because thou mayest now afflict me in taking just vengeance upon them, for the injury they have done to Rozinante before my face.'—'What a devil of vengeance can we pretend to take,' answered the squire, 'when they are more than twenty, and we but two? Nay, I believe, if it was put to the trial, no better than one and a half.'—'I myself am worth an hundred of such vagabonds!' cried Don Quixote; and without uttering another syllable, he unheathed his sword, and assaulted the Yauguesians, being seconded by Sancho, who suffered himself to be roused and encouraged by the example of his master; and, indeed, the knight lent the first he met with such a hearty stroke, as laid open a leathern jacket he wore, together with a large portion of his shoulder.

The carriers seeing themselves thus maltreated by two men only, took the benefit of their numbers, and ran to fell one another with their staves; then surrounding the two assailants, began to drum upon their carcases with infinite cagerines and dexterity. True it is, at the second application, Sancho fell to the earth; a misfortune that also happened to his master; who, in spite of all his own address, together with the assistance of his good friend, soon found himself stretched at the feet of Rozinante, who had not as yet been able to rise: from whence we may learn what furious execution is often done by packstaves, when managed by the hands of such enraged clowns.

The carriers perceiving the havoc they had made, thought proper to load again with all dispatch, and pursue their journey, leaving our adventurers in miserable plight and doleful dilemma. The first that recovered the use of his senses was Sancho Panza; who, finding himself laid along by the side of his master, pronounced, with a weak and lamentable voice, 'Sir Don Quixote, otel ah, Sir Don Quixote!'—'What wouldst thou have, brother Sancho?' replied the knight, in the same feeble and complaining tone. 'I wish,' resumed Sancho, 'your worship would, if it be possible, comfort me with a couple of groans of that fame ballad made by fairy Blas, if you have got any of it about you: perhaps it may be serviceable in bruises and broken bones, as well as in wounds and running foams.'—'Would to God I had it here, unfortunate wight that I am!' cried Don Quixote; 'but I swear to thee, Sancho, on the faith of a knight-errant, that ere two days past, if some mischievous accident does not intervene, I will have it in my possession, if my hands do not very much misgive me.'—'In how many days does your worship think we shall be able to move our feet?' said the squire. 'With regard to myself,' answered the battered knight, 'I really cannot fix any number of days; but this I know, that I alone am to blame for what has happened, in condescending to use my sword against antagonists who were not dubbed and knighted like myself. I therefore firmly believe, that as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry, the God of battles hath permitted me to receive this disgraceful chastisement; for which reason, brother Sancho, it is proper that thou shouldst be apprized of what I am going to say, as it may be of great importance to the safety of us both: whenever thou shalt see us infurited or aggrieved for the future, by such rashly scurril, thou shalt not wait for my drawing upon them; for I will in no shape meddle with such unworthy foes; but lay thy hand upon thy sword, and with thy own arm chastise them to thy heart's content; but should any knights make up to their defence and assistance, then shall I know how to protect thee, and assault them with all my might; and thou art already convinced, by a thousand amazing proofs, how far extends the value of this my invincible arm. So arrogant was the poor knight become by his victory over the valiant Bifcayan.

This wholesome advice, however, was not so much relished by Sancho, but that he replied, 'Sir, I am a quiet, meek, peaceable man, and can digest any injury, be it never so hard; for I have
have a wife and small children to maintain and bring up: wherefore, let me also apprise, (since I cannot lay my commands upon) your worship, that I will in no shape whatever use my sword against either knight or knave; and that henceforward, in the sight of God, I forgive all injuries, past, present, or to come, which I have already received, at this present time suffer, or may hereafter undergo, from any perfon whatsoever, high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without exception to rank or circumstance.

His master hearing this declaration, answered, "I with the grievous pain I feel in this rib would abate a little, so as that I could speak for a few moments with ease, and convince thee of thy damnable error, Panza. Hark ye me, sir! suppose the gale of fortune, which hath been hitherto so adverse, should change in our favour; and, swelling the falls of our desire, conduct us safely, without the least impediment, into the haren of some one of those islands which I have promised thee; what would become of thy wretched affairs, if after I had won and given it into thy possession, thou shouldest frustrate my intention, by thy lack of knighthood, ambition, valour and courage, to revenge thy wrongs, or defend thy government? for I would have thee to know, that in all new-conquered kingdoms or provinces, the friends of their natural masters are never so quiet or reconciled to their new sovereign, as to despise all fear of some fierce insurrection, to alter the government again, and, as the saying is, try fortune once more: it is therefore requisite that the new possessor should have under- standing to govern, resolution to punish, and valour to defend himself, in case of any such accident.

"In this last accident which hath be-fallen us," said Sancho, "I with the Lord had pleased to give me that same understanding and valour your worship mentions: but I protest, upon the word of a poor sinner, that I am at present more fit for a scarcloth than such conversation. See if your worship can make shift to ride, and then we will give some assistance to Rozi-nante, though it be more than he deserves; for he was the principal caufe of all this plaguy-rib-roasting: never could I believe such a thing of Rozi-nante, who I always thought was as chaste and sober a person as myself; but this verifies the common remark, that you must keep company a long time with a man before you know him thoroughly; and that there is nothing certain in this life. Who could have thought that those huge back-strokes your worship dealt to heartily to the unlucky traveller, would be followed, as it were post-haste, by such a mighty tempest of blows, as just now discharged itself upon our shoulders!—'Thy carcass; Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'was formed for enduring such rough weather; but my limbs were tenderly nursed in soft wool and fine linen; and therefore must feel more sensibly the pain of this discomfort; and if I did not believe (believe, said I) if I were not certain, that all these inconveniences are insepara-bly annexed to the exercise of arms, I would lie still where I am, and die with pure vexation.'

To this protestation the squire replied. 'Seeing these misfortunes are the natural crops of chivalry, pray good your worship, do they happen at all times of the year, or only fall at an appointed season; because, in my simple conjecture, two such harvests will leave us altogether incapable of reaping a third, if God, of his infinite mercy, will not be pleased to send us extraordinary succour.'—'Thou must know, friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'that the life of a knight-errant is subject to a thousand dangers and mishaps; but then he enjoys the self-same chance of being a king or emperor, as experience demonstrates to have been the case of divers and sundry knights, the history of whose lives I am perfectly well acquainted with; and I could now relate, if this pain would give me leave, the fortunes of some, who, by their valour alone, have risen to that supreme degree: and those very persons, both before and after their success, have under-gone various calamities and afflictions; witness the valiant Amadis de Gaul, who saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy Arceclus the inchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed, that while the knight was his prisoner, he caused him to be bound to a pillar in
his court-yard, and gave him two
hundred stripes with the reins of his
horse's bridle. There is likewise a
certain secret author of no small cre-
dit, who relates that the knight of
the fun was caught in a trap in a cer-
tain caffle, and falling found himself
tied hand and foot in a deep dungeon
below ground, where was administered
unto him one of those things they call
clylters, composed of sand and water,
which had well nigh cost him his life;
and if he had not been succoured in
that perilous conjunction by a fage who
was his good friend, the poor knight
would have fared very ill. Where-
fore what hath happened to me, may
easily pass unheeded, among those
much greater affronts that such wor-
thy people have undergone: besides, I
would have thee know, Sancho, that
it is never reckoned an affront to he
wounded by those instruments which
are casually in the hands of our en-
nemies; for it is expressly mentioned in
the laws of duelling, that if a shoe-
maker beats a man with a laft he has
by accident in his hand, the man can-
not properly be faid to be cudgelled,
although the faid laft was made of
wood. This particular I mention, that
thou mayeff not suppose us affronted,
although we have been mauled in this
unlucky fray; for the weapons with
which thofe men fhred us fo feverely,
were no other than their own
pack-flaves; and fo far as I can re-
member, there was neither tuck, poig-
nard, nor fword, among them.

They did not give me time,' an-
swered Sancho, 'to make any fuch ob-
ervation: for fcarce had I laid my
fingers upon my Toledo, when there
rained a shower of cudgels upon my
poor fouldiers, that banifhed the light
from my eyes, and strength from my
feet, and laid me flat upon the spot
where I now lie, not fo much con-
cerned about thinking whether this
drubbing be an affront or not, as
about the intolerable pain of the
blows, which remain imprinted upon
my memory as well as upon my car-
cafe.'—'Notwithstanding all this
complaining,' faid the knight, 'I
aver, brother Sancho, that there is no
remembrance which time does not
eraffe, nor pain that death does not
remove.'—'And pray, what greater
misfortune can there be,' anwetered
Sancho, 'than that which nothing but
time can remove, or death put a stop
to? If this mishap of ours were fuch
a one as might be cured with a cou-
pie of flrips of fearcloth, it would not
be altogether fo vexatious; but fo far
as I can fee, all the plainer of an hos-
pital will not be fufficient to let us
cleverly on our legs again.'

'True with thy reflections,' replied
Don Quixote, 'and collecting strength
out of weakness, as I will endeavour
to do, let us rife and examine Rozi-
nante's cafe; for, in all appearance,
the poor beaft hath not fuffered the
leaff part of the misfortune.'—'That
is not to be wondered at,' faid the
fquire, 'he being a knight-errant also;
but what fortifies me moft is, that
my daffle fhould get off without pay-
ing his fcore, when we are fcored all
over.'—'Deftiny, when one door is
f hut, always leaves another open, is a
refource in all calamities,' faid Don
Quixote: 'this I obferve, becaufe thy
afis will now supply the place of Rozi-
nante, and carry me from hence to
fome caflle, where my wounds may be
cured: more efpecially as fuch carriage
will be no difhonour to chivalry; for
I remember to have read, that the
good old Silenus, tutor and compa-
nion to the jolly god of mirth and
wine, entered the city of the hundred
gates, lolling at his cafe upon a moft
comey afs.'—'It may be very true
that he rode upon an afs,' replied San-
cho; 'but there is fome difference, I
apprehend, between riding, and lying
cross the beaft like a bag of dirt.'

To this obfervation the knight anfwer-
ed, 'Tho fouldiers which are received
in battle, may well give, but can ne-
ever deprive one of honour: therefore,
friend Sancho, do as I bid thee, with-
out farther reply; get up as well as
thou canft, and lay me upon dapple
juft as thou fhalt find moft convenient,
that we may be gone before night
comes to surprize us in this unfre-
quented place.'

'And yet,' faid Sancho, 'I have

* Tisona, which is the word in the original, is a romantick name given to the fword that belonged to Roderick Dias de Bivar, the famous Spanifh general againfl the Moors.
heard your worship remark, that it is
usual for knights-errant to sleep upon
common and heaths the greatest part
of the year; aye, and to be thankful
for their good fortune in being able
to do so. — Yes,' said the knight,
when they can do no better, or are in
love; and this is so true, that there
was a knight who lay upon a bare
rock, exposed to the sultry noon and
midnight damps, with all the inde-
minencies of the weather, during two
whole years, before his mistress knew
any thing of the matter: this was no
other than Amadis, who, assuming the
name of Beltenbros, took up his
quarters upon the naked rock, for the
space of either eight years, or eight
months, I really do not remember
which; only that he remained doing
penance in that place, for some dis-
gust thrown to him by his dame Ori-
ana; but truce with this conversation,
Sancho, and make haste, before such
another accident can happen to thy
beast, as that which hath already be-
fallen Rozinante.'

'Odds my life! that would be the
devil indeed!' cried Sancho, who ut-
tering thirty ah's and fifty oh's! to-
together with a hundred and fifty ola's!
and curses upon him who had brought
him to that pass, raised himself up,
though he could not for his soul stand
upright, but in spite of all his efforts,
remained bent like a Turkish bow; and
in that attitude, with infinite labour,
made shift to equip his asl, which had
also gone a little astray, presuming upon
the excessive licence of the time; he then
lifted up Rozinante, who, could he have
found a tongue to complain with, would
certainly have surpaffed both his master
and Sancho in lamentation: in short,
the squire disposed of Don Quixote upon
the asl, to whose tail Rozinante was
tied; then taking his own dapple by the
halter, jogged on, sometimes faster,
sometimes slower, towards the place
where he conjectured the high road to
lie; and indeed, they had not exceeded
a short league, when by good luck,
which now seemed to take the manage-
ment of their affairs, they arrived at the
highway, and discovered an inn,
which, to Sancho's great grief, was
mistaken for a castle by the joyful
knight. This difference of opinion
begat an obstinate dispute that lasted
until they arrived at the place, into
which Sancho immediately conveyed his
cargo, without farther expostulation.

**CHAP. II.**

**The Adventure that Happened to this Sagacious Knight at the Inn, Which He Mistook for a Castle.**

The innkeeper seeing Don Quixote
laid athwart the asl, asked what
was the matter? to which interrogation
Sancho replied, 'Nothing but a few
bruises which my master has received
in a fall from a rock in this neigh-
bourhood.' The landlady, who differ-
ed in disposition from most of your inn-
keepers wives, being naturally charita-
ble and sympathizing with the calamities
of her fellow-creatures, came running to
the relief of the bartered knight, and
brought her daughter, who was a very
handsome girl, to assist in taking care of
her guest. There was in the same house a
servant-maid from the Asturies, remark-
able for her capacious countenance, bee-
tle brow'd, flat-nosed, blind of one eye,
and bleared in the other: true it is, the
gentility of her shape made amends for
her other defects; she was something
short of seven hands from head to foot,
and moreover incumbered so much by her
shoulders, that she was obliged to con-
template the dust beneath her feet of-
tener than she could have wished.

This comely creature, with the assist-
ance of the other damsels, made up a fort
of fury bed for our hero in a garret;
which gave evident tokens of having
been formerly an hay-loft, and in which
at that time a certain carrier had taken
up his quarters, in a bed of his own
making, a little on one side our knight's;
and though his couch was composed of
the pannels and furniture of his mules,
it had greatly the advantage over Don
Quixote's, which consisted only of four
rough boards, supported on two benches
of unequal height, covered by a mattras,
so thin it might have passed for a quilt,
and full of knots so hard as to be mista-
ken for pebble stones, had not the wool
appeared through divers openings; with
a couple of sheets made of built's hide,
and a blanket so bare, that you might
have counted every thread, without
loosing one of the reckoning.

In this wretched bed, Don Quixote
having
having laid himself down, was anointed from head to foot by the good woman and her daughter, while Maritornes (that was the Alturian's name) stood hard by holding a light. The landlady, in the course of her application, perceiving the knight's whole body black and blue, observed that those marks seemed rather the effects of drubbing than of a fall; but Sancho affirmed she was mistaken, and that the marks in question were occasioned by the knobs and corners of the rocks among which he fell. And now I think of it, said he, pray, Madam, manage matters so as to leave a little of your ointment, for it will be needed, I'll assure you; my own loins are none of the foundest at present.—' What, did you fall too?' said the squires, but I was so infected by seeing my master tumble, that my whole body aches as much as if I had been cudgelled without mercy.—' That may very easily happen,' cried the daughter: 'I myself have often dreamed that I was falling from a high tower, without ever coming to the ground; and, upon waking, have found myself bruised and battered, as if I had actually got a great fall.'—' Ah, mistrels! replied the squires, here is the point; I, without dreaming at all, but on the contrary, being as broad awake as I am this precious minute, found almost as many marks upon my own shoulders, as you have observed upon those of my master Don Quixote.—' What is the name of that knight?' said the Alturian. 'Don Quixote de La Mancha,' answered the squires: 'he is a knight-aventurer, and one of the greatest and most valiant that have been seen in this world for many ages.'—' And what is a knight-aventurer?' reframed the vench. 'Are you such a fellowing as not to know that?' cried Sancho; well, I'll tell you, mistress of mine, a knight-aventurer is a thing, that before you count a couple, may be kicked and be crowned: to-day he is the most despicable and beggarly wretch upon earth, and to-morrow he will have a brace of kingdoms to bet upon his squires.—' Methinks,' said the landlady, 'seeing you appertain to such a great man, you ought to be a count at least.'—' All in good time,' replied Sancho; 'we have not been out a month in search of adventures, and have found none worth naming; besides, people sometimes go in quest of one thing, and meet with another; indeed, if my master Don Quixote gets well of this drubbing—fall, I mean, and I myself escape without being crippled, I won't barter my hopes for the belt lordship in Spain.'

The knight having listened attentively to this whole conversation, sat up in his bed as well as he could, and taking his landlady by the hand, 'Believe me,' said he, 'you may account yourself extremely happy in having within your castle my person as your guest; such a guest, that if I praise him not, it is on account of the common saying, that self-commendation is in effect self-dispraise. My squires, however, will intimate who I am; while I content myself with affuring you, that I will, to all eternity, prefer to engraved upon the tables of my memory the benevolence you this day vouchsafed unto me, that I may be grateful for the favour, as long as life shall remain. And, oh! that it pleased you, Heaven supreme, that love had not so vanquished and enslaved my heart to the triumphant eyes of the beautiful ingrate whom I now mention between my teeth, but that the charms of this amiable young lady could be the authors of my freedom.'

The good woman, her daughter, and the gentle Maritornes, were astonished at this rhapsody, which they understood as much as if it had been delivered in Greek; though they could easily comprehend that the whole of it tended to compliment and profers of service: as they were therefore altogether unaccustomed to such language, they gazed at him with admiration, as a person of a different species from other men; and having thanked him for his courtesy, in their tapfer phrase, left him to his repose; while the Alturian Maritornes administered to Sancho, who had as much need of assistance as his master.

She and the carrier had made an affection to divert themselves that night; nay, she had given her word that as soon as the company should be quiet, and her master and mistrels asleep, she would visit him in the dark, and give him all the satisfaction he desired; and indeed
indeed it is recorded, for the honour of this good creature, that she never failed to perform her promises of that kind punctually, although they had been made in the midst of a heath, and out of the hearing of all evidence: for the valued herself much upon her gentility, and did not look upon it as any affront to be servant at an inn, because, the observed, disappointments and misfortunes had reduced her to that condition.

The bed of Don Quixote, which we have described so hard, so narrow, crazy, and uncomfortable, stood foremost, and exactly in the middle of this ruinous hay-loft; hard by had Sancho taken up his quarters upon a rush-mat, covered with a rug, which seemed to be manufactured of hemp, rather than wool; and lait of all was the carrier's couch, composed, as we have already said, of the pannels and furniture of his two bed mules; for he had no less than twelve plump, sleek, and notable beasts, being one of the richest carriers in Arevalo, according to the report of the author of this history, who makes particular mention of him, and says he knew him perfectly well; nay, some go so far as to affirm, that he was his distant relation: be this as it will, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a most curious historian, and punc-
tual to admiration, as appears from what hath been related, which, though in itself mean and trivial, he would by no means pass over in silence. This ought to serve as an example to those important and worthy historians, who recount events so succintly and superficially, that the reader can scarce get a smack of them; while the most substantial circumstances are left, as it were, in the ink-horn, through carelessness, ignorance, and malice. A thousand times blessed be the authors of Tablante and Ricamonte, and he that compiled that other book, in which are recounted the achievements of Count Tomillas! How punctually have they described the most minute particular!—

But, to return to our story.

The carrier having visited his cattle, and given them their night's allowance, stretched himself upon his pannels, in expectation of the most faithful Mariti
tones; while Sancho, pleased all over, and huddled up in his kennel, endeavoured with all his might to sleep; but the aching of his ribs would by no means allow him to enjoy that satisfac-
tion; and Don Quixote, for the same uncomfortable reason, lay like a hare, with his eyes wide open. A profound silence reigned throughout the whole house, in which there was no other light than a lamp fluck up in the passage; and this wonderful quiet, together with those reflections which always occurred to our knight, relating to the events continually recorded in the books of chivalry, that first disordered his understanding; I say, those reflections suggested to his fancy one of the strangest whims that ever entered a man's imagination. This was no other than a full persuasion that he was arrived at some famous castle; for, as we have before observed, all the inns he lodged at seemed castles to him; and that the landlord's daughter was the gover-

nors's only child, who, captivated by his genteel appearance, was become deeply enamoured of him, and had actually promised to come, without the knowledge of her parents, and pass the best part of the night in bed with him. Believing, therefore, this chimera (which was the work of his own brain) to be a firm and undoubted fact, he began to reflect with extreme anxiety upon the dangerous dilemma into which his virtue was like to be drawn; and resolved in his heart to commit no treason against his mistress Dulcinea del Toboto; even though Queen Ginebra herself, and the lady Quintaniona, should make him a tender of their favours.

While his mind was engrossed by these extravagant fancies, the hour of affig-
nation arrived, and an unlucky hour it was for him, when the kind Afturian, barefoot and in her smock, having her hair tucked up under a rustic nightcap, entered the apartment in which the three guests were lodged, and with si-
lence and caution directed her steps to-
wards the nest of her beloved carrier. But scarce had she got within the door, when her approach was perceived by our knight, who sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plainters and the aching of his ribs, stretched forth his arms to receive this beautiful young lady, who, on her part, holding in her breath, moved softly on her tip toes, groping her way with her hands before her.

While she thus crept along, in quest of her lover, she chanced to come with-
in arm's-length of Don Quixote, who laid fast hold of her by the wrist, and without her daring to speak a syllable, pulled
pulled her towards him, and made her sit down upon the bed; he then felt her smock, which, though made of the coarsest canvas, to him seemed a shift of the finest and softest lawn; the firing of glass beads he swore about her wrist, in his apprehension out-flone the bright-est oriental pearl: her hair, which bore some resemblance to a horse's mane, he mistook for threads of pure Arabian gold, that even eclipsed the splendor of the sun; and her breath, which doubt-lesst smelt strong of broken meat and garlick, his fancy converted into an aromatick favour, proceeding from her delicate mouth: in short, his imagina- tion represented her in the same form and situation with that of a certain prin-celf, recorded in one of his books, who came to visit a wounded knight of whom she was enamoured; with all the other embellishments there described. Nay, such was the infatuation of this poor gentleman, that he was not to be unde-ceived, either by the touch, the breath, or any other circumstance of this honest wench, though they were powerful enough to discompose the stomach of any body but a rampant carrier.

But our knight believed he folded in his arms the goddess of beauty, train-ing her in his embrace, began to pro-nounce, in a soft and amorous tone, 'Would to Heaven! I were fo circum- flanced, beautiful and high-born lady! as to be able to pay the transcendent favour bestowed upon me, in the con-templation of your amazing charms; but it hath pleased fortune, that never ceases to persecute the virtuous, to lay me upon this bed, so bruited and bat- tered, that even if it was my desire to gratify yours, I should find it utterly impossible; how much more so, when that impossibility is linked to another still greater? I mean the plighted faith I have vowed to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts: did not that consideration interpole, I should not be such a simple knight, as to let slip this happy occasion which your bene-volence hath tendered to my choice.'

Maritornes, sweating with vexation to find herself thus pinioned, as it were, by the knight, whose discourse the nei-ther heeded nor understood; endeavour-ed, without answering a syllable, to dis-engage herself from his embrace; while the honest carrier, whose leg desires kept him awake, and made him perceive his doxy from the moment she entered, listened attentively to every thing that Don Quixote said: and being jealous that the Alturian had broke her promise to him, in order to keep it with another, crept nearer the bed of his rival, to wait the issue of this rhapsody, the meaning of which he could not comprehend; observing, however, that the wench struggled to get loose, and that the knight endeavoured to detain her, he could not relish the joke, but lifting his arm on high, discharged such a ter-rible blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured Don, as bathed his whole countenance in blood; and not satisfied with this application, jumped upon his ribs, and travelled over his whole car-case, at a pace somewhat exceeding that of a brisk trot, until the bed, which was none of the strongest, either in mate-rials or foundation, unable to sustain the additional weight, sunk to the ground with both; and made such a hideous noise in it's fall, as waked the inn-keeper, who immediately concluded that Maritornes was concerned in the adventure, because she made no answer when he called.

On this supposition he arose, and lighting a candle, went directly to the place where he had heard the scuffle: meanwhile, the poor wench, confounded and affrighted at the approach of her matter, who was a fellow of a most sav-age disposition, retreated to the kennel of Sancho Panza, who slept in spite of all this din, and nestling in beside him, wound herself up like a ball, and lay snug. The landlord now entered the apartment, and crying with a loud voice, 'Where have you got, strumpet? to be sure these must be your jade's tricks, with a vengeance? Sancho started, and feeling a prodigious weight upon him, thought he was labouring under the night-mare, and beginning to lay about him on all sides, chanced, in course of his efforts, to bestow divers cuffs on Maritornes, who feeling her-self thus belaboured, forgot the care of her reputation, and returned the squire's compliments so heartily, that slyly for-sook him whether he would or not; without knowing the person who treated him so roughly, he raised himself up, as well as he could, and going to log-gerheads with Maritornes, a most fun-ous and diverting skirmish ensued.
By this time, the carrier perceiving by the light the situation of his mistress, ran to her affittance; and the landlord followed the same course, though with a very different intention, namely, to chastise the maid; being fully persuaded, that she was the sole cause of all this uproar; and so, as the saying is, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, the rope to the gallows. The carrier drummed upon Sancho, Sancho struck at the maid, the maid pummelled him, the inn-keeper disciplined her; all of them exerting themselves with such eagerness, that there was not one moment's pause. But, to crown the joke, the landlord's candle went out, and the combatants being left in the dark, such a circulation of blows ensued, that wherever the fiat fell, there the patient was disabled.

There chanced to lodge at the inn that night, a trooper belonging to the ancient holy brotherhood of Toledo, who also hearing the strange noise of this fray, arose, and seizing his tippet, together with the tin-box that contained his commission, entered the apartment in the dark, calling aloud—'Keep the peace, in the king's name; keep the peace, in the name of the holy brotherhood.' The first he encountered was the forlorn Don Quixote, who lay infensible on his demolished bed, with his face uppermost; so that groping about, he happened to lay hold of his beard, and cried—'Affit, I charge you, the officers of justice! but perceiving that the person he held neither stirred nor spoke, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within were the affaillins. In this persuasion he raised his voice, crying—'Shut the gates of the inn, that none may escape; for here is a man murdered.' This exclamation, which astonfihed them all, was no sooner heard, than every one quitted his share in the battle; the landlord retreated to his own chamber, the carrier sneaked to his panniers, and the damsel to her straw; while the unfortunate knight and squire were left on the spot, unable to move from the places where they lay. The trooper letting go the beard of Don Quixote, went out for a light to search for and apprehend the delinquents; but in this design he was disappointed; the landlord having purposely extinguished the lamp when he retired to his apartment; so that he was obliged to have recourse to the embers, at which, with great industry and time, he made shift to light another candle.

CHAP. III.

CONTAINING THE SEQUEL OF THOSE INCREDIBLE GRIEVANCES WHICH THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE, AND HIS TRUSTY SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA, UNDERWENT AT THE INN, WHICH FOR THEIR MISFORTUNE THE KNIGHT MISTOOK FOR A CASTLE.

ABOUT this time, Don Quixote recovering the use of his tongue, began to call in the same feeble tone with which he spoke the preceding day, when he lay stretched in the pack-staff valley—'Art thou asleep, friend Sancho? friend Sancho, art thou asleep?—'God's my life!' replied Sancho, full of peevishness and pain, 'how should I be asleep, seeing all the devils in hell have been upon me this whole night?—'That thou mayest affume thyself of,' answered the knight: 'for either I understand nothing at all, or this castle is enchanted. Thou must know, Sancho, (but what I am going to disclose to thee, thou shalt swear to keep secret till after my death.)—'I do swear,' said Sancho. 'This secrecy I inflict upon,' replied his master, 'because I would by no means take away the reputation of any person.'—'Well then,' cried the squire, 'I swear to keep it secret till the days of your worship be past and gone; and God grant that I may be at liberty to reveal it to-morrow.'—'Have I done you so much mischief, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that you wish to see me dead to-morrow?'—'It is not for that,' replied the squire, 'but because I am an enemy to all secrets, and would not have any thing rot in my keeping.'—'Be that as it may,' said the knight, 'I will truft greater things to thy love and fidelity. Know, therefore, that this very night I have been engaged in a most rare and wonderful adventure; which, that I may briefly relate, take notice, that a little while ago, I was visited by the constable's daughter, than whom a more beautiful and gracious young lady is scarce.
searce to be found on this terraqueous globe. How shall I paint to thee the comelinetls of her person? how delineate the acuteness of her understanding? or, how shall I describe those mysterious charms which, that I may prefer the fealty I have sworn to my own sovereign mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, I must pass over in sacred silence? I shall only tell thee, that Heaven itself was jealous of the happiness which fortune had put into my power; or, perhaps, which is more probable, this cable, as I have already observed, is enchanted: for, while I was engaged with her in a most delightful and amorous conversation, an unseen hand, belonging, doubtless, to the arm of some monstrous giant, descended, I know not whence, upon my jaws, leaving my whole face bathed in gore; and afterwards bruised me in such a manner, that I am infinitely worse than I was yesterday, when the carriers maltreated us, as thou knowest, for the excesses of Rozinante; from whence I conjecture, that the treasure of this fair damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and not defined for my possession. — Nor for mine neither,' cried Sancho; for I have been drubbed by five hundred Moors, so unmercifully, that the pack-flake thrilling was but cakes and gingerbread to what I now feel: so that I see no great caufe you have to brag of that rare adventure, which has left us in this comfortable pickle. Indeed, your worship was not so badly off, because you had that fame incomparable beauty in your arms; but what had I, except the hardest knocks, which, I hope, I shall ever feel in my born days? Curled am I, and the mother that bore me; for though I neither am knight errant, nor ever design to be one, the greatest part of the mischief that betides us for ever falls to my share.' — It seems, then, thou half suffered too,' said Don Quixote. 'Woe be unto me and my whole pedigree!' cried Sancho; 'have I not been telling you so all this time? — Give thyself no concern about that matter,' answered the knight; 'for now I am determined to prepare that precious balzalm, which will cure us both in the twinkling of an eye.'

About this time the officer of the holy brotherhood, having made shift to light his candle, came back to examine the person whom he suppos'd murdered; and Sancho, seeing him approach in his shirt and woolen night-cap, with a very unfavourable aspect, and a light in his hand, taid to his master, 'Pray, Sir, is this the enchanted Moor returned to spend the last drop of his vengeance upon us?' — 'That cannot be the Moor,' answered Don Quixote, 'for enchanters never suffer themselves to be seen.' — 'If they won't allow themselves to be seen,' cried the squire, 'they make no bones of letting themselves be felt; that my shoulders can testify.' — 'And mine too,' said the knight; 'but we have no sufficient reason to believe that he whom we now see is the enchanted Moor.'

Meanwhile, the trooper drawing near, and hearing them talk so deliberately, remained some time in suspense; then observing Don Quixote, who still lay on his back, unable to stir, on account of his bruises and plasters, he went up to him, saying, 'How do't, honest friend? — I would speak more submissively,' answered the knight, 'were I such a plebeian as you. Is that the language used in this country to knights-errant, you blockhead? The officer finding himself treated with so little ceremony, by such a miserable wight, could not bear the reproach, but lifting up his lamp, oil and all, discharged it upon Don Quixote's pate, which suffered greatly in the encounter; and the light being again extinguished, slipped away in the dark. Things being in this situation, 'Sir,' said Sancho Panza, 'without doubt, that was the enchanted Moor, who keeps the treasure for other people, and the fifty cuffs and lamp-leavings for us. — It must be so,' replied the knight; but we must not mind those affairs of enchantment so much, as to let them ruffle or inflame us; because, they being invisible and fantastical, do what we can, we shall never be able to take vengeance upon the authors of them: get up, therefore, Sancho, if thou canst, and defend the confable of this castle to supply me with some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary; that I may prepare the falutferous balzalm, which,
really, I believe, I stand in great need of a present, for the wound which the phantom hath given me bleeds so.

Accordingly the squire made shift to rise, notwithstanding the intolerable aching of his bones; and creeping in the dark towards the innkeeper's bed-chamber, happened to meet with the trooper, who stood listening, to know the intention of his adversary. Signior, cried he, whoever you are, do us the benefit and favour to assist us with some rosemary, salt, wine, and oil; in order to cure one of the most mighty knights errant upon earth, who lies in that bed, desperately wounded by the hands of an enchanted Moor that frequents this inn. The officer, hearing such an address, concluded that the man had lost his senses; and it being by this time dawn, opened the inn-gate, and calling to the landlord, told him what this honest man wanted. The innkeeper having provided Sancho with the ingredients, he immediately carried them to his master; who lay holding his head between his two hands, and complaining very much of the effect of the lamp; which, however, had done no farther damage than that of raising a couple of large tumours upon his pate; that which he took for blood being no other than sweat forced out by the anguish and pain he had undergone. In short, he made a composition, by mixing the materials together, and boiling them a good while, until he found he had brought the whole to a due consistence; then he asked for a phial to contain the balsam; but as there was none in the house, he resolved to cork it up in a tin-foil-flask, of which the landlord made him a present. Which being done, he repeated over it more than fourscore paten-noteers, with the like number of Ave Maria's, Salve's and credos, accomplishing every word with the sign of the cross, by way of benediction: and this whole ceremony was performed in presence of Sancho, the innkeeper, and officer; the carrier having very quietly gone to take care of his beasts.

This precious balsam being thus composed, the knight was determined to make instant trial of its efficacy with which he imagined it endured; and accordingly swallowed about a pint and a half of what remained in the pot, after the oil-flask was full; which had scarce got down his throat, when he began to vomit in such a manner, as left nothing in his stomach; and a most copious sweat breaking out upon him, in consequence of the violent operation, he desired they would wrap him up warm, and leave him to his repose. They complied with his request, and he fell into a profound sleep that lasted three hours; at the end of which awaking, he found himself exceedingly refreshed, and so well recovered of his bruises, that he seemed perfectly well; and implicitly believed that he had now made sure of the balsam of Pierabras; which, while he possessed, he might, with the utmost confidence and safety, engage in the most perilous quarrels, combats, and havock, that could possibly happen.

Sancho Panza seeing his master recovered to a miracle, begged he would bestow upon him the sediment of the pot, which was no small quantity; and his request being granted, he laid hold of it with both hands, and setting it to his head, drank off, with strong faith and eager inclination, almost as much as his master had swallowed before. But the poor squire's stomach chanced to be not quite so delicate as that of the knight; and therefore, before he could discharge a drop, he suffered such pangs and reckonings, such qualms and cold sweats, that he verily believed his last hour was come; and in the midst of his wanblings and affliction curst the balsam and the miscreant that made it. Don Quixote perceiving his situation, said, 'I believe that all this mischief happens to thee, Sancho, because thou art not a knight; for I am persuaded, that this liquor will be of service to none but such as are of the order of knighthood.'—'If your worship knew so much,' cried Sancho, 'woe be to me and my whole generation! why did you allow me to taste it?' At this instant the potion began to operate, and the poor squire to unload at both ends with such fury, that the mat upon which he had thrown himself, and the sheet that covered him, were soon in a woeful pickle: he sweated and shivered with such violent motions and fits, that not only he himself, but every body present, thought he would have given up the ghost.

Thistempest of evacuation lasted near two hours; at the expiration of which, he found himself far from being relieved.
like his matter, but, on the contrary, so much fatigued that he was not able to stand. The knight, as we have already observed, finding himself in good health and excellent spirits, longed fervently to depart in quest of adventures, thinking every minute he spent in that place was an injury to the world in general, and to those miserable objects who wanted his favour and protection; especially as he was now in possession of the certain means of safety and confidence, in that efficacious balsam he had made. Prompted by these suggestions, he himself saddled Rozinante, and with his own hands put the pannel upon the heft of the squire, whom he also assisted in getting on his cloaths, and mounting his as. He then be-strode his own fleed; and laying hold of a pitchfork that stood in the corner of the yard, appropriated it to the use of a lance; while all the people in the house, exceeding twenty persons, beheld him with admiration: the landlord's daughter being among the spectators, he fixed his eyes upon her, and from time to time uttered a profound sigh, which seemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his bowels; and which, in the opinion of all those who had seen him anointed over night, was occasioned by the aching of his bones.

He and his squire being by this time mounted, he halted at the gate, and calling to the innkeeper, pronounced, in a grave and solemn tone, 'Nemesis and mighty are the favours, Sir Constable, which I have received in this castle of yours; and I shall think myself under the highest obligation to retain a grateful remembrance of your courtly all the days of my life.' If I can make you any return, in taking vengeance on some insolent adversary, who hath, perhaps, aggrieved you; know, that it is my profession to avenge the helpless, and redress the injured, and chastise the false: recollect, therefore, and if you have any boon of that sort to ask, I shall be happy to oblige you.'—Sir knight,' replied the innkeeper, with the same deliberation, 'I have no occasion for your worship's assistance; nor do I deserve any grievance of mine; for I know how to revenge my own wrongs when I suffer any; all I desire is, that you will pay the score you have run up in this inn, for provender to your cattle, and food and lodging to yourself and servants.'—It seems, then, this is an inn,' answered the knight. 'Aye, and a well-respected one,' said the landlord. 'I have been in a mistake all this time,' refumed Don Quixote, 'for I really thought it was a castle; and that none of the meanest neither; but since it is no other than a house of public entertainment, you have nothing to do but excuse me from paying a farthing; for I can by no means transfere the custom of knights-errant, who, I am fore, as having nothing to the contrary, never paid lor lodging nor any thing else, in any inn or house whatsoever, because they had a right and title to the belt of entertainment, in remembrance for the intolerable sufferings they underwent, in seeking adventures by night and by day, in winter as well as summer, on foot and on horseback, exposed in hunger and thirst, to heat and cold, and to all the inclemencies of heaven, as well as the inconveniences of earth.'—All this is nothing to my purpose,' said the innkeeper; 'pay me what you owe, and save all your idle tales of knight-errantry for those who will be

* Don Quixote seems in this place to have forgot one adventure of his great pattern, Orlando, who, while he accompanied Angelica in her flight from Albracca, happened to intrude upon the king of the Leffrigons, as he sat at dinner in a valley; and being in great want of victuals, accosted his most favage majesty in these words, recorded by Boccaccio, or rather Berno, in his poem intitled Orlando Innamorato.

Poiché fortuna a quest'ora nemena
Da' voi, ci pregò, che non vi delpiaccia,
O pe' nostri danni o in cortesia,
Che noi ceniam con voi di compagnia.

Thus humbly requesting, that he would either for love or money give them a bone to pick.

* amusèd
Plate 1. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison and Co. Mar. 9, 1787.
amused with them; for my own part, I mind no tale but that of the money I take. — 'You are a saucy publican, and a blockhead to boot,' cried Don Quixote; who, putting his two fingers on Rozzinante, and bending his pitchfork, fell out of the inn without opposition; and was a good way off before he looked behind to see if he was followed by his squire.

The landlord, seeing the knight depart without paying, ran up to seize Sancho; who told him, that since his master had refused to discharge the bill, he must not expect any money from him, who being the squire of a knight-errant, was, as well as his master, bound by the same laws to pay for nothing in taverns and inns. The publican, irritated at this answer, threatened, if he would not pay him, to indemnify himself in a manner that should not be so much to the squire's liking: but Panza swore by the laws of chivalry his master professed, that he would not pay a doiit, though it should cost him his life; for he was resolved that the honourable and ancient customs of knighthood should not be loft through his misbehaviour; neither should those squires, who were to come into the world after him, have occasion to complain of his conduct, or reproach him with the breach of so just a privilege.

As the unfortunate Sancho's evil genius would have it, there were among the company that lodged that night in the house; four clothiers of Cordova, three pin-makers from the great square of Cordova, and a couple of shoemakers from the market-place of Seville; all of them buff-jolly fellows, and mischievous wags. These companions, as if they had been inspired and instigated by the same spirit, came up to the squire, and pulled him from his ass; then, one of them fetching a blanket from the landlord's bed, they put Sancho into it, and lifting up their eyes, perceived the roof was too low for their purpose; therefore determined to carry him out into the yard, which had no other ciling than the sky: there placing Panza in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him on high, and divert themselves with his capers, as the mob do with dogs at Shrove-tide. The cries uttered by this miserable vaulter, were so piercing as to reach the ears of his master, who halting to listen the more attentively, believed that some new adventure was approaching, until he clearly recognized the thrieks of his squire: he immediately turned his horse, and with infinite strain, did shift to gallop back to the inn; but finding the gate shut, rode round in search of some other entrance; and when he approached the yard-wall, which was not very high, perceived the disagreeable joke they were practising upon his squire, who rote in the air, and sunk again with such grace and celerity, that if his indignation would have allowed him, I verily believe the knight himself would have laughed at the occasion. He attempted to step from his horse upon the wall, but was so bruised and battered, that he could not move from his seat; and therefore, situated as he was, began to vent such a torrent of reproachful and opprobrious language against Sancho's executioners, that it is impossible to repeat the half of what he said. This, however, neither interrupted their mirth nor their diversion, nor gave the least truce to the lamentations of Sancho, who prayed and threatened by turns, as he flew. Indeed, nothing of this sort either could or did avail him, until leaving off, out of pure weariness, they thought fit to wrap him up in his great coat, and set him on his ass again. The compassionate Maritornes seeing him so much fatigued, thought he would be the better for a draught of water, which, that it might be the cooler, the fetched from the well; and Sancho had just put them to his lips, when his draught was retarded by the voice of his master, who cried aloud, 'Son Sancho, drink not water, drink not that which will be the occasion of thy death, my son; behold this most sacred balsam, holding up the cruse of potion in his hand, two drops of which will effectually cure thee.' At these words the squire eyed him, as it were, askance, and in a tone still more vociferous, replied, 'Perchance your worship has forgot that I am no knight; or may be, you want to see me vomit up all the entrails I have left, after last night's quandary. Keep your liquor for yourself, and may all the devils in hell give you joy of it; and leave me to my own di- creation!' He had no sooner pronounced these words than he began to swallow; and perceiving at the first draught, that the cordial was no other than wa-
ter, he did not chuse to repeat it; but
desired Maritornes to bring him some
wine. This request she complied with
very cheerfully, and paid for it with her
own money; for it was reported of her,
that although she was reduced to that
low degree in life, she actually retained
some faint sketches and shadows of the
Christian.

Sancho having finished his draught,
clapped heels to his afs, and the inn-gate
being thrown wide open, allied forth
very well satisfied with having got off
without paying any thing, although he
had succeeded at the expense of his
shoulders, which were indeed his usual
fureties. True it is, the landlord had
detained his bags for the reckoning;
but these Sancho did not mis in the
confusion of his retreat. As soon as
he was clear of the house, the innkeeper
would have barricadoed the gate, had
he not been prevented by the blanket
companions, who were of that sort of
people, who would not have valued Don
Quixote a farthing, even if he had been
actually one of the knights of the round-
table.

C H A P. VI.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE DIS-
COURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN
SANCHO PANZA AND HIS MASTER
DON QUIXOTE; WITH OTHER
ADVENTURES WORTHY OF RE-
CORD.

SANCHO made shift to overtake
his master, so haggard and dismay-
ed, that he was scarce able to manage
his beast: and when the knight per-
ceived his melancholy situation, "Ho-
nest Sancho," said he, "I am now
convinced beyond all doubt, that this
cattle or inn is enchanted; for those
who made such a barbarous passe
of thy sufferings, could be no other
than phantoms or beings belonging
to the other world. I am confirmed
in this opinion, from having found,
that while I was by the wall of the
yard, a spectator of the acts of thy
mournful tragedy, I could neither
climb over to thy assistance, nor in-
deed move from Rozinante, but was
fixed in the saddle by the power of
inchantment; for I swear to thee, by
the faith of my character! if I could
have alighted from my fleed, and fur-
mounted the wall, I would have re-
venged thy wrongs in such a manner,
that those idle mifcreants should have
remembered the jest to their dying
day: although I know, that in so do-
ing, I should have transgressed the
laws of chivalry, which, I have often
told thee, do not allow a knight to
lift his arm against any person of an
inferior degree, except in defence of
his own life and limbs, or in cases of
the most pressing necessity."—"So
would I have revenged myself," said
Sancho, "knighted or not knighted;
but it was not in my power; though
I am very well satisfied that those who
diverted themselves at my cost were no
phantoms, nor enchanted beings, as
your worship imagines, but men made
of flesh and bones, as we are, and all
of them have Christian names, which I
heard repeated, while they tossed me
in the blanket; one, for example, is
called Pedro Martinez, another Te-
norio Hernandez, and the innkeeper
goes by the name of Juan Palameque
the left-handed; and therefore, Sig-
nior, your being disabled from slight-
getting and getting over the wall, must
have been owing to something else
than enchantment. What I can clear-
ly discern from the whole is, that their
adventures we go in search of, will,
at the long run, bring us into such
mifventures, that we shall not know
our right hands from our left; and
therefore, in my small judgment, the
best and wholesomest thing we can do,
will be to jog back again to our own
habitation now, while the harvest is
going on, to take care of our crops,
and leave off fauntering from poft to
pillar*, and falling out of the frying-
pan into the fire, as the saying is."

How little art thou acquainted, San-
cho," replied Don Quixote, "with
the pretensions of chivalry! hold thy
tongue and have patience; for the day
will soon arrive on which thy own
eyes shall judge what an honourable
profession it is: pray, tell me, now,

* In the original, from Ceca to Mecca; a phrase derived from the customs of the
Moors, who used to go in pilgrimage to these two places. Ceca was in the city of Cor-
dova.

" would
what greater satisfaction can there be in this world, or what pleasure can equal that of a conqueror, who triumphs over his adversary in battle? None, sure!—That may be," answered the squire, "though I know nothing of the matter. This only I know, that since we have taken up the trade of knights-errant, your worship I mean, for as to my own part I have no manner of title to be reckoned in such an honourable lift, we have not gained one battle, except that with the Biscayan; and even there your worship came off with half an ear, and the loss of one side of your helmet: from that day to this good hour, our lot hath been nothing but cudgelling upon cudgelling, pummelling upon pummelling; except the advantage I have had over your worship, in being tossed in a blanket by enchanted Moors, whom I cannot be revenged of, in order to know how pleasant a pastime it is to overcome one's enemy, as your worship observes.—That is the very grievance, Sancho, under which both you and I labour," said Don Quixote: "but, for the future, I will endeavour to procure a sword tempered with such mastery skill, that he who wears it shall be subject to no kind of enchantment; and who knows but accident may furnish me with that which Amadis possessed, when he filed himself the knight of the flaming sword; and truly it was one of the most excellent blades that ever a warrior unheathed; for, besides that sovereign virtue it contained, it cut keen as a razor, and no armour, though ever so strong or enchanted; could stand before it's edge."

"I am so devilishly lucky," said Sancho, "that if the case was really so, and your worship should light on that same sword, it would, like the precious balsam, be of no service or security to any but your true knights; and we that are squires might fare forrow."

"Thou must not be afraid of that," replied the knight: "Heaven will surely deal more mercifully with thee,

In such conversation, Don Quixote and his squire jogged along, when the former decrying on the road in which they travelled, a large and thick cloud of dust rolling towards them, turned to Sancho, saying, "This, O Sancho, is the day that shall manifest the great things which fortune hath in store for me! This, I say, is the day on which the valour of this arm shall be displayed as much as upon any other occasion; and on which I am resolved to perform deeds that shall remain engraved on the leaves of fame to all posterity! See thou that cloud of dust before us? The whole of it is raised by a vast army, composed of various and innumerable nations that are marching this way."

"By that way of reckoning, there must be two," said Sancho, "for right over against it there is just such another." Don Quixote immediately turned his eyes, and perceiving Sancho's information to be true, was rejoiced beyond measure; firmly believing that what he saw were two armies in full march to attack each other, and engage in the middle of that spacious plain; for every hour and minute of the day his imagination was engrossed by those battles, enchantments, dreadful accidents, extravagant amours, and rhodomontades, which are recorded in books of chivalry; and indeed every thing he thought, said, or did, had a tendency that way.

As for the dust he now saw, it was raised by two flocks of sheep which chanced to be driven from different parts into the same road, and were so much involved in this cloud of their own making, that it was impossible to discern them until they were very near. The knight affirmed they were armies with such assurance, that Sancho actually believed it, and said to his master, "And pray now, good your worship, what must we do?"—What," answered Don Quixote, "but affix and support thatdye which is weak and disfigured? Thou must know, Sancho, that yonder holt which fronts us, is led and commanded by the mighty Emperor Alifanfaron, sovereign of the great island of Traropan; and that other behind us belongs to his mortal enemy the king of the Garamantians, known by the name Pentapolin with the naked arm, because he always goes to battle with the sleeve of his right-arm tucked up."—But why are these chieftains so mischievously inclined towards each other?" said Sancho. "The cause of their enmity," replied the knight, "is this: Alifanfaron, who is a most outrage-
outs Pagan, is enamoured of Pentapolin's daughter, a most beautiful and courteous lady, who being a Christian, her father will by no means broth her to the infidel prince, unless he shall first renounce the law of his false prophet Mahomet, and become a convert to the true faith. — Now, by my whiskers! cried Sancho, 'King Pentapolin is an honest man, and I am resolved to give him all the assistance in my power.' — In so doing thou wilt perform thy duty, Sancho, said his master; 'for to engage in such battles as these, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight.' — That I can easily comprehend,' replied the other; 'but when shall we secure the aye, that we may be sure of finding him after the fray is over; for I believe it is not the fashion now-a-days, to go to battle on such a scale.' — 'True,' said the knight, 'and I think the best way will be to leave him to his chance, whether he be loth or not; for we shall have such choice of feuds, when once we have gained the victory, that Rozinante himself will run some risk of being exchanged for another: but observe and listen attentively; I will now give thee a detail of the principal knights that serve in these two armies; and that thou mayst fee and mark them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence we can discern the line of battle in both.' They accordingly placed themselves upon a hillock, whence they could easily have discerned the two flocks of sheep which Don Quixote metamorphosed into armies, had not the duft they raised confounded and obscured the view; but nevertheless, beholding in his imagination that which could not otherwise be seen, because it did not exist, he began to pronounce with an audible voice—

That knight whom thou seest with yellow armour, bearing in his shield a lion crowned and crouching at the feet of a young lady, is the gallant La Calco, lord of the silver bridge; that other beside him, who wears armour powdered with flowers of gold, and bears for his device three crowns argent in a field azure, is the amorous Miguel Mendes, Grand Duke of Quarrac, and he upon his right-hand, with those gigantic limbs, is the noble

Zebra is a beautiful creature, native of Arabia; vulgarly called the wild ase.

fair;
fair; the thick-lipped race of Ethi-
opiæ; and an infinite variety of other
nations, whose looks I know, and can
discern, though I cannot recollect their
names. In that other squadron march
those men who live in the crystal cur-
rent of the olive-bearing Betis; those
whose vases are cleaned and polished
with the limpid wave of the ever rich
and golden Tagus; those who delight
in the salutiferous druzes of Genil
the divine; those who scour the Tar-
tesian fields that with fat pasture teem;
those who make merry in the Elysian
meads of Herezan; the rich Manche-
gans crowned with ruddy ears of corn;
those clothed in feel the bold remains
of ancient Gothick blood; those who
bathe in Pifugera, famous for its 'gentle current; those who feed their
flocks upon the spacious meads of the
meandering Guadiana, celebrated for
it's secret course; those who shiver
with the chill blasts of the woody Py-
renees; and those who feel the snowy
flakes of lofty Appenine: in fine,
whatever nation Europembofoms and
contains.'

Heaven preserve us! what provinces
did he mention! what nations did he
name! bawling, with wonderful fac-
cility, those attributes that belonged
to each; being all the while absurpt,
and, as it were, immersed in the con-
tents of his deceitful books. Sancho
Panza listened attentively to his master,
without uttering one syllable; and from
time to time turned his eyes from one
side to another to see if he could discern
those knights and giants who were thus
described: but not being able to disco-
very one of them, 'Sir,' said he, 'your
worship may say what you please, but
the devil a man, giant, or knight, that
you have mentioned, is there; at least
I can see none: perhaps, indeed, the
whole is enchantment, like the phan-
tomsof alifnight.'—'Howfay'sithou?'
replied Don Quixote, 'dost thou not
hear the neighing of foeds, the sound
of clarions, and noise of drums?'—
I hear nothing,' answered Sancho,
but abundance of bleating of ewes and
lambs.' And truly that was the case;
for by this time the two flocks were
pretty near them. 'Thy fear,' said
Don Quixote, 'hinders thee from seeing
and hearing aright: for one effect of
terror is to disturb the senses, and make
objects appear otherwise than they are:
if thou art therefore under such con-
ternation, retire on one side, and leave
me alone; for I myself am sufficient
to beftow victory on that cause which
I espouse.' So saying, he clapped
spurs to Rozinante, and putting his lance
in the reit, darted down from the hil-
lock like lightning. In vain did San-
cho bellow faith, 'Turn, Signior Don
Quixote: good your worship, turn! so
help me God, those are ewes and
lambs you are going to attack! Woe
be to the father that bega! me! Will
you not turn? What madness poiffes
you Consider, here are no giants,
nor knights, nor cats, nor arms, nor
shields quartered or whole, nor in-
verted azures, and the devils know
what: was there ever such distraction?
finer that I am!'

The knight, however, did not regard
this exclamation: on the contrary, he
rode on, bawling aloud, 'So ho, knights!
you that attend and serve under the
banners of the valiant Emperor Pan-
taplin, with the naked arm, follow
me in a body, and you shall behold
how easily I will avenge him, on his
adversary Alifanfaro, of Trapoban.'
Having uttered these words, he rushed
into the thickest of the squadron of shee-
phelds, and began to lay about him, with as
much eagerness and fury, as if he had
been actually engaged with his mortal
enemies. The herdmen and shepherds
who were driving the flock, called to
him to forbear; but finding their ad-
monition had no effect, they ungrided
their flings, and began to salute his ears
with floroes, the leat of which was as
large as an ordinary fist; but he, far
from minding their mishil, rode about
the field, crying, 'Where art thou, proud
Alifanfaron? face me if thou daresst.
I am but a single knight, who want
prove thy prowess hand to hand,
and sacrifice thy life for the injury
thou hast done to Pentapolin Gar-
niana.' Just as he pronounced these
words, he received a pebble on his side,
that seemed to have buried a couple of
his ribs in his belly; and gave him such
a rude shock, that he believed himself
either dead or desperately wounded; then
remembering his specifick, he pulled out
the curse, and letting it to his mouth,
began to swallow the balsam; but be-
fore he had drank what he thought a
sufficient dose, there came another such
almond, so plump upon his hand and
cruse,
cruce, that after having shivered the pot to pieces, it carried off in its way three or four of his grinders, and shattered two of his fingers in a grievous manner; in short, so irreparable were both the applications, that the poor knight could not help trembling from his horse. The shepherds immediately came up, and believing him actually dead, gathered together their flock with all imaginable dispatch; and taking their dead, which might be about seven in number, upon their shoulders, made off without any farther inquiry.

All this time Sancho remained upon the hill, beholding, with amazement, the madness of his master, tearing his beard, and cursing the hour and minute on which it was his fate to know him; and now seeing him fallen, and the shepherds gone, he defended to his assistance, when finding him still sensible, though in a miserable situation, "Did not I warn you, Signior Don Quixote," said he, "to turn; and assure you that those you went to attack were no armies, but flocks of innocent sheep?"

"How strangely can that mischievous inchanter, who is my enemy, transform things to thwart me? Now, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for necromancers to make us assume what shapes they please; and the malicious wretch who persecutes me, envying the glory I should have gained in this battle, hath doublets metamorphosed the squadrions of the foe into flocks of sheep; but thou shalt do one thing, I entreat thee, Sancho, in order to be undeceived and convinced of the truth; mount thy ass, and follow them fair and softly; and when they are at a convenient distance from hence, thou wilt see them return to their former shapes, and casting to be sheep, become men again, right and tight as I at first described them; but do not go at present, for I have occasion for thy service and assistance; come hither, and see how many teeth I have left; methinks there is not one left in my whole jaw."

Sancho accordingly approached so near as to thrust his eyes into his master's mouth, which, with the force of a culverin, discharged it's contents full in the beard of the compassionate figure. "Holy Virgin!" cried Sancho, "what is this that hath befallen me?" Without doubt, this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood." But considering the case more maturely, he found by the colour, taste, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam he had seen him drink; and such was the loathing he conceived at this recognition, that his stomach turned, and he emptied his bowels upon his master; so that both of them remained in a handsome pickle. Sancho ran to his ass, for a towel to clean them, and some application for his master's hurt; but when he missed his bags, he had well-nigh lost his fencies; he cursed his fate again, and determined with himself to leave the knight, and return to his habitation, even though he should lose his wages for the time he had already served, as well as his hopes of governing the Island of Promise.

At this juncture Don Quixote arose, and clapping his left hand to his cheek, in order to prevent his teeth from falling out, with the right laid hold of the bridle of Rosinante; who, like a faithful and affectionate servant, had never flirred from his master's side; and went up to the place where his squire stood, leaning upon his ass, with one hand applied to his jaw, in the posture of a person who is exceedingly penive; the knight perceiving him in this situation, with manifest signs of melancholy in his countenance, "Know Sancho," said he, "that one man is no more than another, unless he can do more than another. All those hurricanes that have happened to us prognosticate that we soon shall have fair weather, and that every thing will succeed to our wish; for it is impossible that either good or bad fortune should be eternal; and therefore it follows, that our adversity having lasted so long, our prosperity must he now at hand. Be not grieved then, at the misfortunes that happen to me, since part of them falls to thy share."—"Not to my share!" answered Sancho; "mayhap, then, he whom they tossed in the blanket yesterday was not the son of my father; and the bags that are lost to-day, with all the goods in them, belonged to some other person."—"What, hast thou lost the bags, Sancho?" cried Don Quixote. "Yes, sire," said the other. "At that rate, then, we have no visuals to eat," refuted the knight. "That would certainly be the case," answered the
the squire, 'if the meadows did not furnish those herbs you say you know with which unfortunate knights like your worship are wont to make up such loaves.'—'Yes, but for all that,' replied Don Quixote, 'I could at present relish a luncheon of brown bread, or a leaf, with a couple of red herrings, better than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, even with the annotations of Doctor Laguna; but, nevertheless, mount thy beast, honest Sancho, and follow me. God, who provides all things, will not be wanting to us; and especially as we are employed in his immediate service: he faileth not to provide for the grats of the air, the insects of the earth, the spawn of the sea; and is so beneficent, as to cause the sun to shine upon the good and bad, and kindle rain to the wicked as well as the righteous.'—'Your worship,' said Sancho, 'is more fit to be a preacher than a knight-errant.'

'Knights-errant,' replied his master, 'ever had, and ought to have, some knowledge of every thing; nay, some there have been in times past, who would stop to make a sermon or discourse upon the highway, with as much eloquence as if they had taken their degrees at the university of Paris: from whence it may be inferred, that the lance was never blunted by the pen, nor the quill impeded by the lance.—What your worship observes may be very true,' said Sancho; 'but, in the mean time, let us leave this place, and endeavor to get a night's lodging in some houfe or other, where, God grant there may be neither blankets nor blanketeez, nor phantoms, nor enchanted Moors; elle, may the devil confound both hook and crook!'

'Implore the protection of Go! my son,' answered the knight, 'and lead me where thou wilt: for this once, I leave our lodging to thy care; but teach thine thy hand, and feel with thy finger how many teeth I have left on this right side of my upper jaw, which is the place that gives me the greatest pain.' Sancho introduced his fingers, and having carefully examined his gums. 'How many teeth?' said he; 'was your worship wont to have in this place?'—'Four, besides the dog-tooth,' answered Don Quixote, 'all of them found and whole.'—'Consider what your worship says,' replied Sancho. 'I say, four, if not five,' rejoined the knight; 'for, in all my life, I never lost tooth or fang, either by worm, rheum, or fever.'—'At present,' said the squire, 'in that part of the lower jaw, your worship has but two grinders and a half; and above, neither half nor whole; all is smooth as the palm of my hand.'—'Cruel fortune!' cried Don Quixote, bearing this melancholy piece of news; would they had rather demolished a limb, so it had not been the sword-arm: for I would have thee to know, Sancho, that a mouth without grinders, is like a mill without a millstone; and a tooth is worth a treasure; but such mishances always attend us who profess the first order of chivalry. Get up, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow at thy own pace.' Sancho complied with his desire, and took the way that seemed most likely to lead to some accommodation, without quitting the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. While they jogged along softly, because the pain in Don Quixote's jaws would not suffer him to be quiet, or exert himself in pushing forward, Sancho being devious of entertaining and diverting him with his discourse, laid, among other things, what will be rehearsed in the following chapter.

CHAP. V.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SAGE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO AND HIS MASTER—THE SUCCEEDING ADVENTURE OF THE CORPSE—WITH OTHER REMARKABLE EVENTS.

In my opinion, my good master, all the misventures, which have this day happened to us, are designed as a punishment for the sins committed by your worship, in neglecting to fulfil the oath you took, not to eat off a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen; together with all the rest that follows, which your worship

* I have endeavored to preserve an alliteration in tooth and treasure, after the example of Cervantes, who seems to have intended it, in the words diante and diamante.

N swore
I swore to observe, until such time as you could carry off that helmet of Malandrino, or how dye call the Moor? for I don't remember his right name."—Thou art very much in the right," said Don Quixote: "to deal ingenuously with thee, Sancho, that affair had actually flipt out of my remembrance; and thou mayest depend upon it, that affair of the blanketing happened to thee, for the fault thou wert guilty of, in omitting to put me in mind of it in time: but I will make an atonement; for there are methods for compounding every thing, in the order of chivalry."—Did I swear any thing?" replied Sancho. "Your not having sworn is of no importance," said Don Quixote; it is enough that I know you to be concerned as an accurs; and whether that be the case or not, it will not be amiss to provide a remedy."—Well, then," replied the squire, "I hope your worship will not forget this, as you did the oath: perhaps the phantoms may take it in their heads again to divert themselves with me, and even with your worship, if they find you obfinate.

In this and other such discourse, night overtook them in the midst of their journey, before they could light on or discover any house where they could procure lodging; and what was worse, they were almost famished; for in their bags they had lost their whole buttry and provifion: nay, to crown their misfortune, an adventure happened to them, that, without any exaggeration, might have actually passed for something preternatural. Though the night flit in very dark, they continued travelling; Sancho believing, that, as they were in the king's highway, they should probably find an inn at the distance of a league or two.

Jogging on, therefore, under cloud of night, the squire exceeding hungry, and the master very well disposed to eat, they deferred upon the road before them a vast number of lights, that seemed like moving stars, approaching them. Sancho was confounded at the sight, the meaning of which even Don Quixote could not comprehend: the one check'd his ais, the other pulled in his horse's bridle, and both halted, in order to gaze attentively at the apparition of the lights, which seemed to increase the nearer they came. This being perceived by the squire, he began to quake like quicksilver; and the hair bristled up on Don Quixote's head; nevertheless, recollecting himself a little, "Without doubt," said Sancho, "this must be a vast and perilous adventure in which I shall be obliged to exert my whole strength and prowess."—"Woe is me!" cried Sancho, "if perchance this should be an adventure of phantoms, as I am afraid it is, where shall I find ribs for the occasion?—'Phantoms or not phantoms,' said the knight, I will not suffer them to touch a thread of thy cloaths: if they made merry at thy expense before, it was owing to my incapacity to climb over the yard wall; but at present we are in an open field, where I can manage my sword as I please."—But if they should benumb and bewitch you, as they did in the morning," said the squire, "what benefit shall I receive from being in the open field?—Be that as it will," replied Don Quixote, I beseech thee, Sancho, be of good courage, and thou shalt soon know by experience how much I am master of that virtue." Sancho accordingly promised to do his best, with God's assistance. Then they both stepped to one side of the road, and began to gaze again with great attention. While they were thus endeavouring to discern the meaning of the lights, they perceived a great number of persons in white; which dreadful vision entirely extinguishted the courage of Sancho Panza, whose teeth began to chatter, as if he had been in the cold fit of an ague; and this agitation and chattering increased, when they saw them more distinctly; for, first and foremost appeared about twenty persons on horseback, all of them clothed in white, with each a lighted flambeau in his hand, muttering in a low and plaintive tone. Behind them came a litter covered with black, followed by six mounted cavaliers in deep mourning, that trailed at the very heels of their mules, which were easily distinguished from horses by the floneness of their pace.

This strange vision, at such an hour, and in such a desart place, was surely sufficient to rattle the heart of Sancho with fear, and even make an imprefion upon his master; and this would have been the cafe, had he been any other
other than Don Quixote; as for the squire, his whole stock of resolution went to wreck. It was not so with his master, whose imagination clearly re-presented to him, that this was exactly an adventure of the same kind with those he had read in books of chivalry; that the close litter was a bier, in which was carried some dead or wounded knight, the revenge of whose wrongs was reserved for him alone: wherefore, without canvassing the matter any farther, he set his lance in the rest, fixed himself in his seat, and with the most gentle and gallant department, placing himself in the middle of the road, through which they were indifferently obliged to pass, he raised his voice, and called to them as they approached—

'Halt, knights, whatsoever ye are, and give an account of yourselves; whence come ye? whither go ye? and what are you carrying off in that bier? for, in all appearance, you have either done or received an injury; and it is necessary and convenient that I should know it, in order to chastise you for what you are now doing, or revenge the wrong you have already done.'—

'We are at present in a hurry,' replied one of the phantoms in white; 'the inn we intend to lodge at is far off, and we cannot stay to give such a tedious account as you desire.'—So saying, he spurred on his mule; while Don Quixote, mightily incensed at this reply, laid hold of his bridle, saying, 'Stand, and answer the questions I have asked, with more civility; otherwise I will give battle to you all.'

The mule being kitted, was frightened in such a manner, at being seized by the bridle, that rearing on her hind feet, she fell backward upon her rider; and a servant on foot, seeing his master fall, began to revile Don Quixote, whose choler being already provoked, he couched his lance, and without hesitation attacked one of the mourners, who soon fell to the ground, most miserably mauled; then wheeling about upon the rest, it was surprising to see with what dispatch he assailed and put them to the rout! while Rozinante acted with such agility and fury, that one would have sworn, at that instant, a pair of wings had sprung from his back. All the squadron arrayed in white, was composed of timorous and unarmed people, who were fain to get out of the fray as soon as possible, and began to fly across the plain, with their lighted torches like so many makers in carnival time. The mourners being involved and intangled in their long robes, could not stir out of the way; so that Don Quixote, without running any risk, drubbed them all round, and obliged them at length to quit the field, much against their inclination; for they actually believed he was no man, but a devil incarnate, who lay in wait to carry off the dead body that was in the litter.

All this while Sancho stood beholding with admiration the courage and intrepidity of the knight, saying within himself, 'This matter of mine is certainly as strong and valiant as he pretends to be.'

Meanwhile, Don Quixote, by the light of a torch that lay burning on the ground, perceiving the hill whom the mule overthrew, rode up to him, and clapping the point of his lance to the poor man's throat, commanded him to yield, otherwise he would put him to death. To this declaration the other answered, 'Methinks I am already sufficiently quiet; for one of my legs is broke, so that I cannot stir; I beseech your worship, therefore, if you be a Christian, not to kill me, as in so doing you will commit the horrid fin of sacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken holy orders.'—'If you are an ecclesiastic, what the devil brought you here?' cried Don Quixote. 'The devil, indeed, I think it was,' answered the overthrown priest. 'You will have to do with worse than the devil,' said the knight, 'if you refuse the satisfaction I at first demanded.'—'That is easily granted,' replied the other; 'and in the first place your worship must know, that though I just now called myself a licentiate, I am no more than a batchelor: my name is Alonzo Lopez; I was born at Alcovendas; and now come from the city of Baæa, in company with eleven other priests, who are those whoflshed with the torches; we are conveying to Segovia that litter which contains the corpse of a gentleman who died at Baæa, where it was deposited till now, (as I was saying) that we are carrying his bones to be interred at Segovia, which was the place of his nativity.'—'And who killed him?' said Don Quixote, 'God himself,' replied the batchelor, 'by
means of a pefilental calenture that feized him!— At that rate, refumed the knight, 'the Lord hath sav'd me the trouble of avenging his death, as I would have done, had he been slain by any mortal arm; but, con- sidering how he died, there is nothing to be done, except to fling up our shoulders in silence, for this is all that could happen, even if I myself should fall by the fame hand; and I desire your reverence would take notice, that I am a knight of La Mancha, called Don Quixote, whose office and exercise is to travel through the world, redressing grievances and righting wrongs.'— I do not know how you can call this behaviour righting wrongs,' faid the batchelor; 'I am sure you have changed my right into wrong, by breaking my leg, which will never be set to rights again so long as I live; and the grievances you have redressed for me, have been to aggrieve me in such a manner, as that I shall never cease to grieve at my misfortune, in meeting with you, while you was in search of adven- tures.'— All things do not equally succeed,' observed the knight; 'it was the misfortune of you and your companions, Mr. Batchelor Alonzo Lopez, to travel in the night, with thefe furtives and lighted flambeaus, singing all the way, before people clad in deep mourning, so that you seemed a company of ghosts broke from the other world, therefore I could not help performing my duty in attacking you; and I would have behaved in the fame manner, had I actually known you to be really and truly the inhabi- tants of hell; for such indeed I thought you were.— Since my hard fate would have it so,' faid the batchelor, I entreat your worship, Sir knight- errant, who have been the caufe of an unlucky errand to me, to help me from getting under the mule, which keeps one of my legs fast jammed between the firrup and the faddle.'— I might have talked on till morning,' faid the knight; 'why did not you inform me of your diftrezs sooner? He then called aloud to Sancho, who was in no hurry to hear him, but hufiy

in rummaging a fumpter-mule which those honest priests brought along with them, well furnifhed with provifions. Having made a bag of his great coat, into which he crammed as much of their victuals as it would hold, he loaded his afs with the bundle, and then running up to his master, helped to free Mr. Batchelor from the oppreffion of his mule, on which having mounted him, with a torch in his hand, Don Quixote advised him to follow the route of his companions; and desired him to beg their pardon in his name, for the injury he had done them, as it was not in his power to avoid it. Sancho, likewise interpofing, faid, 'If in cafe the gen- tleman should want to know who the valiant hero is who put them to flight, your worship may tell them, that he is the famous Don Quixote de La Man- cha, otlierwife furnamed the Knight of the Rufeful Countenance.'

Thus di'Smiss'd, the batchelor pur- fued his way; and the knight alked what had induced Sancho, now, rather than at any other time, to fitle him the Knight of the Rufeful Countenance. 'Truly,' anfwered Sancho, 'I have been looking at you fome time by the light of that torch the unfortunate traveller held in his hand; and in good faith, your worship cuts the moft dif- nal figure I have almoft ever feen; and it muft certainly be occafion'd either by the fatigue you have under- gone in this battle, or by the want of your teeth.'— That is not the cafe,' replied his master; 'but the fage who is defign'd to write the history of my exploits, hath thought proper that I should afume fome appellation, by the example of former knights, one of whom took the title of the Flaming Sword; another of the Unicorn; a third of the Ladies; a fourth of the Phoenix; a fifth of the Griffin; a fith called himself the Knight of Death; and by these epithets and symbols they were known all over the face of the earth; and therefore I fa'y, that the forementioned fage hath now put it into thy thoughts, and directed thy tongue to call me the Knight of the Rufeful Countenance; an apper- lation that henceforward I adopt; and

* Knights engaged themselves, by oath, to protect the widow and the orphan, to redrefs all injuries; and, in a special manner, to defend the characters of ladies by force of arms.
that it may suit me the better, I am
resolved to have a most woeful figure
painted upon my shield, with the first
opportunity."—There is no occa-
sion," said Sancho, "to throw away
time and money on such a device;
your worship has nothing more to do
but uncover your face; and I'll warrant
those who behold it will call it a rue-
ful one, without your having recourse
to pictures and shields to explain your
meaning; and you may believe I tell
you nothing but the truth, when I
maintain, though it be but in jest, that
hunger and want of teeth makes your
worship look so ill-favouredly, that
we may very well save the expense of
a rueful picture.'

Don Quixote could not help laughing
at the pleasantries of Sancho, though he
actually determined to assume that name,
and have his shield and target painted
according to his fancy, 'I know, San-
cho,' said he, 'that I have incurred
the sentence of excommunication, for
having laid violent hands on confe-
crated things, according to the canon;
"Si quis fiantente diabolo, &c." yet
you know I touched them not with
my hands, but with my lance; and
even then never dreamed of injuring
priests, or of giving the smallest of-
fence to the church, which I respect
and adore, like a faithful catholic
and Christian as I am; but, on the
contrary, took them for phantoms and
beings of another world: but the case
being as it is, I remember what hap-
pened to the Cid Ruy Diaz, who broke
to pieces the chair of a certain king's
ambassador, in presence of his holiness
the pope; for which outrage he was
excommunicated; and that very day
the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar behaved
like a valiant and honourable knight.'
The bachelor being gone, as we have
observed, without answering one word,
Don Quixote expressed a desire of ex-
amining the litter, to see if it really con-
tained a corpse; but Sancho would by no
means consent to this enquiry, saying,
'Your worship has already finished this
perilous adventure with less damage
to yourself than I have seen you re-
ceive in any other; but the people
whom you have conquered and over-
thrown, may chance to recollect that
they were vanquished by a single man,
and be so much ashamed and con-
founded at their own cowardice as to
rally, and if they find us, give us our
belly-full. Dapple is at present very
comfortably furnished; there is an un-
inhabited mountain hard by, hunger
is craving, we have nothing to do but
retreat thither at a gentle trot; and,
as the saying is, "The dead to the
"bier, and the living to good cheer." With
these words he took the lead with
his as's, and the knight thinking there
was a good deal of reason in what he
said, followed him very peaceably, with-
out making any reply.

When they had travelled a little way
between two hills, they found them-
elves in a spacious and retired valley,
where they alighted; Sancho unloaded
the as's, they sat down on the green turf,
and with hunger for their sauce, dis-
pitched their breakfast, dinner, after-
noon's luncheon, and supper, at one
meal; solacing their stomachs out of
more than one balecket, which the eccle-
siastical attendants of the defunct,
who seldom neglected these things, had brought
along with them on their rumper-nuile:
but another misfortune befell them,
which, in Sancho's opinion, was the
worse that could happen: they had not
one drop of wine to drink, nor indeed
of water to cool their throats, so that
they were parched with thirst; then the
spire, perceiving the meadow where
they fat was overgrown with green and
tender grass, made the proposal which
may be seen in the following chapter.

C H A P. VI.

OF THE UNSEEN AND UNHEARD OF
ADVENTURE AT CHIEVED BY THE
VALIANT DON QUIXOTE DE LA
MANCHA, WITH LESS HAZARD
THAN EVER ATTENDED ANY
EXPLOIT PERFORMED BY THE MOST
RENOUN KNIGHT ON EARTH.

This grafs, my good master,
proves beyond all contradic-
tion, that there must be some spring
or rivulet herethabout by which it is
watered; and therefore we had bet-
ter proceed a little farther, until we
find wherewith to allay this terrible
thirst, which is more painful and frig-
ting than hunger alone. This
advice appearing rational to Don Quix-
cone, he took hold of Rozinante's bridle,
and Sancho leading Dapple by the hal-
ter, after he had loaded him again with
the fragments of their supper, they be-
gan to move farther into the meadow,
at a venture; for the night was so dark,
they could not distinguish one object
from another: but they had not gone
two hundred paces, when their ears
were saluted with a prodigious noise of
water, that seemed to run down from
some huge and lofty rocks; they were
infinitely rejoiced at the sound, when
halting to listen, that they might know
whence it came, they were all of a sud-
den surprized with another kind of noise,
that soon damped the pleasure occasion-
ed by the water, especially in Sancho,
who was naturally fearful and faint-
hearted; I say they heard the sound of re-
gular strokes, accompanied with strange
clanking of iron chains, which, added
to the dreadful din of the cataract,
would have smote the heart of any other
but Don Quixote with fear and conter-
nation.

The night, as we have already ob-
served, was dark; our travellers hap-
pended at this time to be in a grove of
tall trees, whose leaves, moving gently
by the wind, yielded a sort of dreary
whisper; so that the solitude of the place,
the darkness of the night, the noise of
the water, and rustling of the leaves,
conjured to inspire them with horror
and dismay; the more so, as the strokes
were continued, the wind fighed on,
and the morning was far off; and all
these circumstances were aggravatcd by
their ignorance of the place in which they
were. But Don Quixote, encouraged by
his own intrepid heart, mounted Rozin-
ante, braced his shield, and brandish-
ing his lance, 'Friend Sancho,' cried
he, 'know that I was born by Heaven's
appointment in thee iron times to re-
vive the age of gold, or, as it is
usually called, the golden age. I am
he for whom strange perils, valiant
deeds, and vast adventures, are refer-
ev! I am he, I say, ordained to re-
establish the Knights of the Round Ta-
ble, the Twelve Peers of France, with
the Nine Worthies! He whose feats
shall bury, in oblivion the Platirs,
Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes,
the Feubes and Belianes, together
with the whole tribe of knights-errant
who lived in former times; per-
forming such mighty and amazing
deeds of arms, as will eclipse their
most renowned acts! Consider well,

thou true and loyal squire, the dark-
ness and the solemn stillness of this
night, the indubitable and hollow whif-
pering of these trees, the dreadful din
of that water we came to seek, which
seems to rush and rumble down from
the lofty mountains of the moon; to-
gather with these incessant strokes that
strike and wound our ears; all those
circumstances united, or each singly by
itself, is sufficient to influe fear, terror,
and dismay, into the breast of Mars
himself; much more in him who is
altogether unaccustomed to such ad-
ventures and events. Yet all I have
described are only incentives that a-
wake my courage, and already caufe
my heart to rebound within my breast,
with desire to achieve thia adventure.
howsoever difficult it may appear to
be! Therefore straiten Rozinante's
girth, recommend thyself to God, and
wait for me in this place, three days
at farthest; within which time, if I
come not back, thou mayest return to
our village; and, as the laft favour and
service done to me, go from hence to
'Toboso, and inform my incompara-
bly miftres, Dulcinea, that her cap-
tive knight died in attempting things
that might render him worthy to be
called her lover.'

When Sancho heard these laft words
of his master, he began to blubber with
incredible tenderness. 'I cannot con-
ceive,' said he, 'why your worship
should attempt such a terrible adven-
ture: it is now dark, and nobody fees
us; therefore we may turn out of this
road and avoid the danger, though we
should not taste liquor those three days;
and if nobody sees us, we run no risk
of being accused of cowardice; be-
fides, I have heard the curate of our
town, whom your worship knows very
well, remark in his preaching, "He
that seeketh danger perisheth therein;"
therefore it must be a sin to tempt
God by engaging in this rash exploit,
from whence there is no escaping with-
out a miracle; and Heaven hath
wrought sevem of them already, in
preferving you from being blanketed
as I was, and bringing you off con-
quero, and found wind and limb,
from the midst of so many adver-
seies as accompanied the dead man:
and if all this will not move you, nor
loften your rugged heart, sure you
will relent, when you consider and

are
are assured that your worship will be
 scare gone from hence, when I shall
 through pure fear yield my life to any
 thing that may chuse to take it. I
 left my habitation, wife and children,
to come and serve your worship, be-
 lieving it would be the better, not the
 worse for me so to do; but as greedi-
 ness burfits the bag, so is the bag of
 my hopes bursten; for when they are
 at the highest pitch, in expectation of
 that cursed unlucky island your worship
 has promised me so often, I find in
 lieu of that, you want to make me
 amends by leaving me in this defart,
 removed from all human footsteps: for
 the love of God, dear master, do me
 not such wrong; or if your worship is
 resolved to attempt this achievement
 at any rate, at least delay it till morn-
 ing, which, according to the signs I
 learned when I was a shepherd, will ap-
 pear in lefs than three hours; for the
 muzzle of the bear is at the top of his
 head, and thews midnight in the line
 of the left paw.

"How canst thou perceive," said Don
 Quixote, "that line, or head, or muzzle,
 thou talkest of, when the night is so
 dark that there is not a far tobe seen?"

"It is so," answered Sancho; "but
 fear hath many eyes; and I can at
 present behold things that are hid with-
 in the bowels of the earth; much more
 those that appear in the armament
 above: a man of sound judgment, like
 me, can easily foretell that it will soon
 be day."—Let it come when it will, an-
 swered Don Quixote; it shall not be
 said of me, either now or at any other
 time, that I was diverted by tears and
 intreaties from doing what I owed to
 the customs of chivalry; I therefore
 befeech thee, Sancho, to hold thy
 peace; for God, who hath put it
 in my heart to attempt this dreadful
 and unfeen adventure, will doubtles
 take care of my safety, and comfort
 thee in thy affliction: thy business at
 present is to gird falf Rozinante, and
 remain in this place, for dead or alive
 I will soon return.

Sancho finding this was the fina
 resolution of his master, and how little
 all, his tears, advice, and intreaties availd,
determined, to make use of stratagem to de-
tain the knight, if possible, till morning:

with this purpose, under pretence of ad-
justing the girth of Rozinante, he fair and
softly, without being perceived, tied two
of the horse's feet together with the hal-
ter of his afs, in such a manner, that
when Don Quixote attempted to depart,
he found it impossible, because his feet
could move no otherwise than by leaps.

The squire perceiving the success of his
invention, "Sir," said he, "you may see
that Heaven, melted by my tears and
prayers, hath ordained that Rozinante
shall not stir; and if you obliquely
perfiit in purring and driving him
on, you will only give offence to Pro-
vidence, and, as the saying is, "Kick
again the pricks."

The knight actually despaired of
making him go forward, because the
more he goaded his horse, the less was
he inclined to stir; and therefore, with-
out guessing a tittle of the ligature,
thought proper to submit and wait with
patience, either till morning, or such
time as Rozinante should recover the use
of his limbs; believing for certain, that
his disappointment was owing to another
cause than the craft of his squire, to
whom he said, "Since Rozinante is in-
capable of moving, I am content to
wait for the dawn, though I cannot
help lamenting it's delay."—You
shall have no cause for lamentation,
answered Sancho; "I will entertain your
worship with telling stories till day,
unless you chuse to alight, and take a
nap on the soft grass, according to the
custom of knights-errant, that you
may find yourself refreathed when day
breaks, and ready to undertake the
unconceivable adventure that awaits
you."—Talk not to me of alighting
or sleeping," said Don Quixote; "dost
thou imagine me to be one of those
knights who seek their repose in times
of danger? Sleep thou who wait born
to sleep, or follow thy own inclina-
tions; for my own part, I will be-
have as becomes a person of my pre-
tentions."—Let not your worship be
offended; for that was not my inten-
tion when I spake;" answered Sancho;
who coming close to him, laid hold of
the saddle before and behind, and stood
embracing his master's left thigh, with-
out daring to stir a finger's breadth from
the spot; such was his conftrnation, in-

"In Castillian, bovina signifies a cornet, or hunting-horn, to which the Spaniards
suppose the constellation of Ursa Minor bears some resemblance."
spired by the strokes, which all this time
founded alternately in his ears.

Then Don Quixote claiming his pro-
mise of entertaining him with fome story;
‘I would with all my heart,’ said San-
cho, ‘if the dread of what I hear would
allow me; but nevertheless I will try
to force out one story, which if I hit
it aright, without letting it slip through
my hands, is the best tale that ever
was told; therefore I would have your
worship be attentive, for thus I begin.
‘There was, so there was; the good
that shall fall, betide us all; and he
that seeks evil, may he meet with the
devil. Your worship may take notice,
that the beginning of ancient tales is
not just what came into the head of the
teller: no, they always began with
some saying of Cato the censor of
Rome, like this of, ‘He that seeks
evil, may he meet with the devil.’
And truly it comes as pat to the pur-
pofe as the ring to my finger, in order
to persuade your worship to remain
where you are, without going in search
of evil in any manner of way; or else
to turn into another road, since we
are not bound to follow this in which
we have been surprized with fear and
terror.’—‘Follow thy story, Sancho,’
said Don Quixote; ‘and as to the road we
have to follow, leave the care of that
to me.’—‘To proceed, then,’ said Sancho: ‘in a certain village of Eftre-
madura there lived a certain goat-shep-
herd; I mean, one that kept goats;
and this shepherd or goatherd, as the
story goes, was called Lope Ruiz;
and it came to pass, that this Lope
Ruiz fell in love with a shepherdesse
whole name was Torralva; which
shepherdesse, whole name was Tor-
ralva, was the daughter of a rich
herdman; and this rich herdman—
‘If thou tellst thy tale in this man-
ner,’ cried Don Quixote, ‘repeating
every circumstance twice over, it will
not be finished these two days: pro-
ced therefore connectedly, and re-
hearse it like a man of understanding;
otherwise thou hast better hold thy
tongue.’—‘In my country,’ answered
Sancho, ‘all the old stories are told in
this manner; neither can I tell it in any
other; nor is it civil in your worship
to define I should change the custom.
‘Take thy own way,’ said the knight;
and since it is the will of fate that I
should hear thee, pray go on.’

‘Well, then, good master of mine,’
proceeded Sancho, ‘that fame shepherdesse,
as I have already remarked, fell in
love with the shepherdesse Torralva,
who was a thick, brawny wench, a
little coy, and somewhat masculine;
for she wore a sort of mustachios: me-
thinks I see her now for all the world.’
—‘Then thou knewest her?’ said the
knight. ‘Not I,’ answered the squire;
but the person who told me the story,
said it was so true and certain, that if
I ever I should chance to tell it again,
I might affirm upon oath that I had
seen it with my own eyes.—And so,
in process of time, the devil, who nev-
er sleeps, but wants to have a finger
in every pype, managed matters in such
a manner, that the shepherd’s love for
the shepherdesse was turned into malice
and deadly hate; and the cause, ac-
cording to evil tongues, was a certain
quantity of small jealousies she gave
him, exceeding all bounds of measure.
And such was the abhorrence the shep-
herd conceived for her, from that good
day forward, that, in order to avoid
the sight of her, he resolved to absent
himself from his own country, and go
where he should never set eyes on her
again. Torralva, finding herself de-
spised by Lope, began to love him
more than ever.’—‘That is the natural
disposition of the sex,’ said Don Quix-
ote, ‘to disdain those who adore them,
and love those by whom they are
abhorred: but proceed, Sancho.’
‘It so fell out,’ said Sancho, ‘that
the shepherd put his resolution in
practice, and driving his goats before
him, travelled through the plains of
Eftremadura, towards the kingdom of
Portugal. Torralva, having got an
inking of his design, was soon at his
heels, following him on foot, aye, and
barefoot too, with a pilgrim’s staff in
her hand, and a wallet at her back,
in which, as the report goes, she car-
rried a bit of looking-glafs, a broken
comb, and a kind of phial of waft
for her complexion; but howsoever,
whether she carried these things or
not, I shall not at present take upon
me to aver; but only say what is re-
corded, that the shepherd came with
his flock to the river Guadiana, which
at that time was very high, having
almost forfaken it’s channel; and find-
ing at the place neither boat nor bark
to carry himself and his flock to the
other
other side, he was very much in the dumps, because he saw Torralva behind him, and knew what he must suffer from her tears and complaints:

but looking about, he at last perceived hard by him a fisherman in a boat, that was so small as to contain only one person and one goat: nevertheless, they struck up a bargain, by which the man was to ferry over the shepherd with his three hundred goats. Accordingly the fisherman took one goat into the boat, and carried it over; then he returned and carried over another; then he returned again to fetch another. Pray, good your worship, keep an exact account of the goats, as the fisherman ferried them over; for, if one only should be lost in the reckoning, the story will break off, and it will be impossible for me to relate one word more. To be short, then, I say, the landing-place on the other side being full of mud and slippery, was a great hindrance to the fisherman in his going and coming; but however he returned for the other goat, and then for somemore, and then for another.

Suppose them all passed over at once,' said Don Quixote, 'for if thou goest backwards and forwards in this manner, thou wilt not have them all ferried over in a year.' — How many have already passed?' said the squire. How the devil should I know?' answered the knight. 'Did not I tell you to keep a good account?' said Sancho; 'now, before God, the tale is ended, and it is impossible to proceed!' — How can that be?' replied Don Quixote; 'is it so essential to the story to know the number of goats as they passed, so precisely, that if I misreckon one, thou canst not proceed?' — Certainly, Sir,' said Sancho, 'I can proceed in no manner of way: for when I desired your worship to tell me what number of goats had passed, and you answered you did not know; at that instant the whole of the story that remained untold, vanished from my remembrance; and, upon my conscience! it was very curious and entertaining.'

'At that rate, then, the story is at an end?' said Don Quixote. 'As much at an end,' replied the squire, as the mother that bore me.'

In good faith,' resumed the knight, thou hast related the strangest fable, tale, or story, that ever was invented; and finished thy relation in such a manner as never was or will be heard again in this world; but nothing else was to be expected from thy fond judgment; and indeed it is a matter of no admiration with me, because I take it for granted, that these ineffectual strokes have disordered thy understanding.' — Not unlikely,' said Sancho; 'but this I know, that there is no more to be said of the tale, which ended in that place where the mistake began about the passage of the goats.' — In good time end it according to thy own pleasure,' replied the knight, and now let us see if Rozinante will move.' So saying, he began again to spur, and the horse to leap without moving from his motion, so effectually had Sancho fettered him.

About this time, whether it was owing to the coolness of the morning that approached, or to his having supped upon something that was laxative; or which is more probable, to the operation of nature; Sancho was seized with an inclination and desire of doing that which could not be performed by proxy; but such was the terror that had taken possession of his soul, that he durst not move the breadth of a nail-pairing from his master's side; at the same time it was as impossible for him to refit the motion of his bowels; and therefore, to compromise the matter, he flipped his right-hand from the hinder part of the saddle, and without any noise softly undid the flip-knot by which his breeches were kept up; upon which they of themselves fell down to his heels, where they remained like a pair of shackles; he then gathered up his shirt behind as well as he could, and exposed his posterioris, which were none of the smallest, to the open air: this being done, and he imagined it was the chief step he could take to deliver himself from the prevailing occasion and dilemma in which he was, another difficulty still greater occurred, namely, that he should not be able to discern himself without noise; he therefore began to fix his teeth close, thrung up his shoulders, and hold in his breath with all his might. But, notwithstanding these precautions, he was so unlucky in the issue, as to produce a rumbling found very different from that which had terrified him so much. It did not escape the ears of
Don Quixote, who immediately cried, 'What noise is that, Sancho?' I know not, Sir,' said the squire; 'it must be some new affair, for adventures and misadventures never begin with trifles.' He tried his fortune a second time; and, without any more noise or disorder, freed himself from the load which had given him so much uneasiness. But as Don Quixote's sense of smell was altogether as acute as that of his hearing, and Sancho stood so close to him that the vapours ascended towards him almost in a direct line, he could not exclude some of them from paying a visit to his nose. No sooner was he sensible of the first salutation, than, in his own defence, he prefixed his nose between his finger and thumb, and, in a snuffling tone, pronounced, 'Sancho, thou seest to be in great fear.' 'I am so,' answered the squire; 'but how comes your worship to perceive my fears now more than ever?' 'Because at present thou smellest more than ever, and that not of amber,' replied the knight. 'That may be,' said Sancho; 'but I am not so much to blame as your worship, who drags me at such unseemly hours into these uninhabited places.'—Retire three or four steps farther off, friend,' refumed Don Quixote, stopping his nose all the time, and henceforth take more heed of thy own person, and remember what thou owrest to mine; for I find the frequent conversation I maintain with thee, hath engendered this dizziness.' 'I'll lay a wager,' replied Sancho, 'that your worship thinks I have been doing something I ought not to have done.' 'The more you flirr it, friend Sancho,' said the knight, 'the more it will think.'

In this and other such discourse, the master and his squire passed the night; but Sancho perceiving the day begin to break apace, with great care and secrecy unbound Rozinante, and tied up his breeches. The beast, which was naturally none of the bristled, seemed to rejoice at his freedom, and began to paw the ground; for as to curvetting, with his leave be it spoken, he knew nothing of the matter. Don Quixote, finding him so mettleborne, conceived a good omen from his eagerness, believing it a certain presage of his success in the dreadful adventure he was about to achieve. Aurora now disclosed herself, and objects appearing distinctly, Don Quixote found himself in a grove of tall chestnut-trees, which formed a very thick shade. The strokes still continuing, though he could not conceive the meaning of them, he, without farther delay, made Rozinante feel the spur; then turning to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait three days at farthest, as he had directed before; and if he should not return before that time was expired, he might take it for granted that God had been pleased to put a period to his life in that perilous adventure; he again recommended to him the embaffy and meffage he should carry from him to his mistress Dulcinea, and bade him give himself no uneasiness about his wages; for he had made a will before he quitted his family, in which he should find his services repaid, by a salary proportioned to the time of his attendance: but if Heaven should be pleased to bring him off from that danger, safe, found, and free, he might, beyond all question, lay his account with the government of the island he had promised him. Sancho, hearing these dimal exprensions of his worthy master repeated, began to blubber a fresh, and resolved not to leave him until the last circumstance and issue of the affair.

From these tears, and this honourable determination of Sancho Panza, the author of this history concludes, that he must have been a gentleman born, or an old Christian at least. His master himself was melted a little at this testimony of his affection, but not so much as to discover the least weakness: on the contrary, disguising his sentiments, he rode forward towards the place from whence the noise of the strokes and water seemed to come; Sancho followed on foot, and according to custom, leading by the halter his afs, which was the constant companion of his good and evil fortune. Having travelled a good way among those shady chestnut-trees, they arrived in a small meadow lying at the foot of a huge rock, over which a stream of water rushed down with vast impetuousity. Below appeared a few wretched huts, that looked more like ruins than houses; and they observed that from them proceeded the horrible din of the strokes, which had not yet ceased.
Rozinante being startled at the dreadful noise of the strokes and water, Don Quixote endeavoured to soothe him, and advanced by little and little towards the huts; recommending himself in the most earnest manner to his mistsrels, whose favour he implored in the achievement of that fearful enterprise: neither did he omit praying to God for his protection. Sancho, who never stirred from his side, thrust his neck as far as he could between the legs of Rozinante, in order to discover the objects that kept him in such terror and suspense; and when they had proceeded about a hundred paces farther, at the doubling of a corner, stood fully disclosed to view the very individual and undoubted cause of this tremendous sound and terrible noise, which had filled them with such doubts and consternation all night long.

This was no other, (be not offended, gentle reader) than fix fulling-hammers, which, by their alternate strokes, produced that amazing din. Don Quixote was struck dumb with astonishment at the sight; Sancho looked at him, and found his head hanging down upon his breast, and other manifest signs of his being out of countenance. The knight, in his turn, looked at the squire, and saw his mouth flit, his cheeks puffed up, with other symptoms of his being ready to burst with laughing. This comical situation of the squire, in spite of all his own melancholy, obliged the knight to begin; and Sancho no sooner beheld the severity of the knight's features relaxed, than he opened the flood-gates of his mirth, which broke forth with such violence, that he was under the necessity of supporting his sides with both fists, that they might not be rent to pieces by the convulsion. Four times did he exhaust, and as often renew the laugh with the same impetuousity as at first; for which Don Quixote already wished him at the devil, more especially when he heard him pronounce, by way of sneer, 'Knew, friend Sancho, that I was born by Heaven's appointment, in these iron times, to revive the age of gold, or the Golden Age! I am he for whom strange perils, valiant deeds, and vast adventures, are reserved!' And in this manner he proceeded, repeating all, or the greater part of the knight's exclamation, when they first heard the terrible noise.

Don Quixote finding that Sancho made a jest of him, was so much ashamed and provoked, that, lifting up his lance, he beffowed upon him two or three thwacks, which, had they fallen upon his head, as they lighted on his shoulders, would have saved his master the trouble of paying his salary, unless it might be to his heirs. Sancho feeling his joke turned into such disagreeable earnest, which he was afraid might not be as yet over, addressed himself to his master with great humility, saying, 'Good your worship; forbear; before God, I was only in jest.'—'Though you were in jest,' answered Don Quixote, 'I was not quite so merily disposed; come hither, Mr. Joker; don't you think, that if, instead of fulling-hammers, these had been some very dangerous adventure, I have shewn courage enough to undertake and achieve it? Am I, who am a knight, obliged, forsooth, to dilligently sounds, and know which proceed from fulling-mills, and which do not? especially as it may be the case, and it really is so, that I never saw one before; though it is otherwise with thee, base plebeian as thou art, who was born and bred among them: but see if thou canst metamorphose these fix hammers into so many giants, and bring them within arm's length of me, one by one, or all together; and if I don't make them lie with their heels uppermost, make a jest of me as much as you please.'

'Enough, dear master,' replied Sancho, 'I confess I have exceeded a little in my pleasantry; but, pray tell me now, that we are at peace again, as God shall deliver your worship from all succeeding adventures as life and found as you have been extricated from this, is not the terror with which we were seized, a thing to be laughed at and repeated? I mean, my own terror; for, as to your worship, I know you are an utter stranger to terror and difmalay!'—'I do not deny,' answered Don Quixote, that what hath happened to us is ridiculous enough; but, nevertheless, it ought not to be repeated; because every body has not discretion to take things by the right handle.'—'I am sure,' replied Sancho, 'that your worship knows how to handle your lance, with which, while you wanted to handle my head, you happened to fracture my shoulders; thanks be to God, 2.
God, and my own activity, in avoiding the blow: but all that, when it is dry, will rub out; and I have often heard it said, "He that loves thee well, will often make thee cry."

Nay, it is a common thing for your gentry, when they have paid a harth thing to a servant, to make it up with him by giving him a pair of calf breeches; though I don't know what they used to give after having beaten him, unless it be the practice of knights-errant, after blows, to give islands, or kingdoms on the main land.'

'Who knows,' said Don Quixote, but the dice may run that way, and all that thou hast mentioned come to pass. I ask pardon for what is past, since you are resolved to be more discreet for the future; and as the first emotions are not in a man's own power, I must apprise thee heneforward to be more reerved, and abstain from speaking so freely to me; for in all the books of chivalry I have read, and they are almost infinite, I never found that any squire talked so much to his master as thou hast talked to thine: and really both you and I are very much to blame; thou, in regarding me so little; and I, in not making myself regarded more. Was not Gandalin, squire of Amadis de Gaul, count of the Firm Island? and yet we read of him, that he always spake to his master cap in hand, with an inclination of his head, and his body bent in the Turkish manner.

What need I mention Gafibal, squire to Don Galaor, who was so reerved, that, in order to express the excellence of his surpirizing silence, his name is mentioned but once in the whole course of that equally vaft and true history. From what I have said, Sancho, thou art to draw this inference, that there is a neceffity for maintaining some distinction between the master and his man, the gentleman and his servant, and the knight and his squire: wherefore, from this day forward, we are to be treated with more respect and less provocation; for if ever I am incenfed by you again, in any shape whatever, the pitcher will pay for all. The favours and benefits I have promised will come in due time; and if they should fail, your wages at least will be forthcoming, as I have already informed you.'

'All that your worship observes is very just,' said Sancho; 'but I should be glad to know, since if the benefits come not in time, I must be fain to put up with the wages, what was the hire of a knight-errant's squire in those days; and whether they agreed by the month or the day, like common labourers?'—'I don't believe,' answered Don Quixote, 'that they were reerved for hire, but depended altogether on favour; and though I have beenqueathed a fum to thee in my will, which I have left signed and sealed at home, it was done in cafe of the world; for one does not know how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times; and I would not have my soul punished in the other world for so small a matter; for, let me tell thee, Sancho, in this there is not a more dangerous course than that of adventures.'—'That I know to be true,' answered the squire, 'since the noise of a fulling-mill could daunt and disturb the heart of such a valiant knight-errant as your worship: but this I assure you of, that from this good hour, my lips shall never give umbrage to your worship in turning your affairs to jeft again; but, on the contrary, honour you as my natural lord and master.'—In fo doing,' replied Don Quixote, 'thou shalt live long upon the face of the earth; for, after your father and mother, you ought to respect your master as another parent.'

C H A P. VII.

OF THE SUBLIME ADVENTURE AND SHINING ACQUISITION OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET—WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED TO OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT.

A B O U T this time some rain beginning to fall, Sancho proposed that they should shelter themselves in the fulling-mill; but Don Quixote had conceived such abhorrence for it on account of what was past, that he would by no means set foot within it's walls; wherefore, turning to the right-hand, they chanced to fall in with a road different from that in which they had travelled.
velled the day before: they had not gone far, when the knight discovered a man riding with something on his head, that glittered like polished gold; and scarce had he descried this phenomenon, when turning to Sancho, 'I find,' said he, 'that every proverb is strictly true; indeed all of them are apothegms dictated by Experience herself, the mother of all science; more especially that which says, 'Shut one door, and another will soon open:' this I mention, because if last night Fortune flut against us the door we fought to enter, by deceiving us with the fulling-hammers; to-day another stands wide open, in proffering to us another greater and more certain adventure, by which if I fail to enter, it shall be my own fault, and not imputed to my ignorance of fulling-mills, or the darkness of the night. This I take upon me to say, because, if I am not egregiously mistaken, the person who comes towards us, wears upon his head the very helmet of Mambrino, about which I sware the oath which thou mayest remember.'

'Consider well what your worship says, and better still what you do!' said Sancho: 'I should not chuse to meet with more fulling-mills to mill us and maul us altogether out of our senses.'—'The devil take the fellow,' cried Don Quixote: 'what affinity is there between a fulling-mill and a helmet?'—'Truly, I know not,' answered the squire: 'but in good faith, if I were permitted to speak freely, as usual, I could perhaps give such reasons as would convince your worship, that you are mistaken in what you say.'—'How can I be mistaken, scrofulous traitor?' replied Don Quixote: 'feast thou not yonder knight who rides this way upon a dapple steed with a golden helmet on his head?'—'What I perceive and discern,' said Sancho, 'is no other than a man upon a grey ass, like my own, with something that glitters on his head.'—'And that is the very helmet of Mambrino,' replied the knight: 'stand aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; thou shalt see, that without speaking a syllable, in order to spare time, this adventure will be concluded by my ac-

* Oregano, in the original, signifies sweet marjoram; as if Sancho had wished his master might find a neilegay, rather than a bloody note.
lance, than to throw himself down over the buttocks of his as: then getting up, before he had scarce touched the ground, with the nimbleness of a stag, he began to fly across the plain so swift, that the wind itself could not overtake him: but he left his bason upon the spot, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, saying, 'The pagan hath acted with discretion, in imitating the beaver, which, seeing itself chased by the hunters, tears off with it's teeth, by natural infinité, these parts for which it is pursued.' Then, he ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, which the squire having examined all round, 'Ehada! said he, 'it is a special good balon, well worth a piece of eight, if it be worth a farthing! and gave it to his master, who putting it on his head, and turning it round and round, without being able to find the vizor, said, 'Without doubt, the pagan for whom this renowned helmet was first forged, must have had a most capacious head: but the worth of it is, that one half is wanting.'

When Sancho heard him call the bason a helmet, he could not refrain from laughing; but, remembering the indignation of his master, checked his mirth all of a sudden; and when Don Quixote asked what he laughed at, replied, 'I cannot help laughing when I think of the huge head of the pagan who owned that helmet, which looks for all the world like a barber's bason.'—'Why, truly Sancho,' said he, 'I imagine that this very individual in-chanted helmet, by some strange accident or other, must have fallen into the hands of somebody who did not know it's inestimable value, but seeing it was made of purest gold, melted down one half of it for sale, and left the other in this shape, resembling, as thou sayest, a barber's bason: but be that as it may, since I am satisfied of it's real worth and identity, the transmutation is of small consequence; for I will order it to be repaired in the first village where we can find a blacksmith, in such a manner as to be unexcelled, nay even unequalled by that which Vulcan forged and finished for the god of war; meanwhile, I will wear it in this manner, for it is still better than nothing at all, and will be sufficient to defend me from any shower of stones that may chance to fall.'

'Yes, if they come not out of slings, as was the case in the skirmish between the two armies, when they demolished your worship's grinders, and broke the cruse which contained that blemished balsam, which made me vomit up my liver and lights!'—That lost gives me not much uneasiness.' answered the knight, 'because thou knowest, Sancho, I retain the receipt of it in my memory.'—'So do I,' replied the squire. 'But, Lord, let me never fir from the place where I now stand, if ever I either make or meddle with it for the future; especially as I hope I never shall have occasion for it again, being resolved, with the assistance of my five fensés, to avoid being hurt myself, and also to refrain from hurting any person whatsoever. As to another bout of blanketting, I have little to say: such misfortunes are not easily prevented; but when they happen, there is nothing else to be done, but to shrug up our shoulders, hold in our breath, shut our eyes, and leave ourselves to the determination of chance and the blanket.'

' Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, when he heard these words; 'for once you receive an injury, you never forget it; but know it is peculiar to noble and generous minds to overlook such trifles; hath thou got a leg lamed, a rib fractured, or thy head broke in the protection of that jest, that thou canst not forget it for the affair, when duly considered, was no more than jest and pastime; had I not understood it so, I should have returned ere now, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel, than the Grecians did for the rape of Helen; who, if she had lived in this age, or if my Dulcinea had flourished in her time, would not have been so renowned for beauty.' Here he fetched a profound sigh, and sent it to the clouds. 'Let it pass, then, for a joke,' said Sancho, 'since there is no likelihood of it's being revenged in earnest: but I know what sort of jokes and earnest those are; and I believe they will scarce slip out of my memory, while they remain engraven on my shoulders. But, setting this aside, I will your worship would tell me what I shall.
I shall do with this dapple foed so
like a grey ass, which was abandoned
by that caitiff, whom your worship
overthrew; for by the swiftnes of his
heels, when he ran away, he seems to
have no thoughts of returning; and
by my whiskers 'tis an excellent beast.'

'It is never my custom,' said Don
Quixote, 'to plunder those I overcome;
neither is it according to the laws of
chivalry, to take them from their
horses and leave them on foot, unless
the conqueror hath left his own during
the engagement; in which case we
are allowed to take the horse of the
vanquished as the lawful spoils of
war: wherefore, Sancho, leave that
horse or ass, or what thou wilt, where
he now stands, and perhaps his master,
perceiving we are gone, will return
and find him.' —' God is my witness,'
answered Sancho, ' I should be glad to
carry him off, or at least exchange
him for my own, which seems to be
the worst of the two: truly the laws
of chivalry are too confined; and
since they do not extend to the ex-
change of one ass for another, I
would fain know if they allow me to
change the furniture of the one for
that of the other? — ' I am not quite
clear in that particular,' replied the
knight; ' and in such a dubious cafe,
till such time as we can get better infor-
mation, I think thou mayest exchange
the furniture, if the necessity for it
doing be extreme.' —' It is so ex-
treme,' said Sancho, ' that if it were
for my own particular wearing, I
could not want it more.' Thus pro-
vided with a licence, he made the ex-
change of caparisons, and equipped his
beast with such finery, that he looked
ten per cent. the better.

This exploit being performed, they
went to breakfast on the remains of what
they had plundered from the fumpt-
mule, and quenched their thirst with
the water from the fulling-mills, with-
out turning their heads that way, so
much did they abhor them on account
of the dread which they had inspired.
The rage of hunger and anxiety being
thus appeased, they mounted, and with-
out following any determined course,
(for it is the practice of true knights-
errant to keep no certain road) they
left the choice of their route to the will
and pleasure of Rosinante, which was
always a rule to his master, as well as
to the ass, that followed whithersoever
he led, like a trusty friend and companion.
In consequence, therefore, of his deter-
mination, they returned into the high-
road, in which they travelled at random
without any particular scheme.

While they thus jogged on, ' Sir,'
said Sancho to his master, ' I wish
your worship would allow me to con-
fer a little with you; for, since you
imposed that severe command of fi-
lence upon me, divers things have
perished in my stomach; and this mo-
nent I have somewhat at my tongue's
end, which I would not for the world
have misfavour.' —' Speak then,' said
Don Quixote, ' and be concise in thy
discourse; for nothing that is prolix
can reliih well.' —' I say, Sir,' an-
swered Sancho, ' that for some days
past I have been considering how little
is to be got and saved by going in
quest of those adventures your wor-
ship hunts after, through these cross-
paths and deserts, where, though you
conquer and achieve the most peri-
lous exploits, there is nobody present
to be witness of your proofs; so that
it may remain in everlasting silence,
contrary to the intention, and preju-
dicial to the merits of your worship;
wherefore, in my opinion, with sub-
mision to your better judgment, our
wrest course would be to go into the
service of some emperor or great
prince, who hath a war upon his
hands, in whose service your worship
may have occasion to shew your per-
sonal valour, your great strength, and
greater understanding; which being
perceived by the king we serve, he
cannot chuse but reward each of us
according to his deserts; neither will
there be wanting some person to write
the history of your worship's exploits,
for a perpetual memorial: I shall not
mention my own, because they cannot
exceed the bounds of a squire's pro-
vince; though this I willventure to say,
that if it was customary in chivalry to
recount the achievements of our fra-
ternity, I don't think but mine might
be inferred between the lines of the
book.'

' Thou art not much in the wrong,'
replied Don Quixote; ' but before it
comes to that issue, a knight must
travel up and down the world as a
probationer in quest of adventures,
until by his repeated achievements he
shall
shall have acquired a sufficient flock of fame; so that when he arrives at the court of some mighty monarch, he may be immediately known by his works. In that case, as soon as he shall be seen to enter the gates of the city, all the boys will surround and follow him, shouting and crying, "Behold the knight of the fun," or the serpent, or of any other badge under which he hath performed his great exploits. "Behold," they will say, the man who vanquished in single combat the mighty giant Brocarbruno, and delivered the great Mamaluke of Persia from the strange enchantment that prevailed over him for the space of nine hundred years." Thus shall they proceed, recounting his exploits from mouth to mouth; until, surprized at the noise of the children and populace, the king of that country shall appear at one of the palace-windows; and no sooner behold the knight, than knowing him immediately by his armour, or the device upon his shield, he will certainly claim, "So be, there let all the knights belonging to my court go forth and receive the flower of chivalry that comes yonder." At this command all of them will come out, and the king himself advance to meet him on the middle of the fair-cafe, where he will embrace him most affectionately, giving him the kiss of friendship and welcome; then taking him by the hand, will he conduct him to the queen's closet, where he will find her majesty with the princess her daughter, who is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies that ever was seen in the known world. In this interview she will immediately fix her eyes upon the knight, who at that instant shall be gazing at her, and each will appear to the other something supernatural; without knowing how or wherefore, they will find themselves presently caught and intangled in the inextricable net of love, and be infinitely concerned because they have no opportunity of conversing together, and of disclosing the reciprocal anxiety of their thoughts. After this audience, he will, doubtless, be carried to some apartment of the palace richly furnished, where, after they shall have taken off his armour, they will clothe him in a rich scarlet robe brought for the purpose; and if he made a fine appearance in armour, he will look infinitely more genteel in his doublet. At night he will sup at the same table with the king, queen, and infanta, upon whom he will fix his eyes as often as he can, without being perceived by the by-standers; while he will prattle the same expedient with equal sagacity: for, as I have already observed, the must be a young lady of vaft discretion. The table being uncovered, there will enter at midnight through the hall-door, a little deformed dwarf, followed by a beautiful lady, guarded by two giants; and he will propose a certain adventure, contrived by a most ancient fage, which whatever shall finish, will be deemed the most valiant knight in the whole world: then the king will order every warrior in waiting to attempt it; but all of them shall fail except the strange knight, who will perform and accomplish it very much to his own credit, as well as to the satisfaction of the princes, who will think herfelf extremely happy, and well requited, for having placed her affections so worthily. What is better still, this king or prince, or whatever he is, being at that time engaged in a most obstinate war with a potentate of equal strength, his guest, after having flaid a few days at court, begs leave to go and ferve him in the field; and the king granting his request with pleasure, the knight most politely kisses his hand for the great honour he hath done him; that fame night he goes to take his leave of his miftref the infanta, through the rails of a garden adjoining to the chamber in which she lies; where they have already at different times enjoyed each other's conversation, by the means of a damfel, who being the infanta's confidante, is privy to the whole amour: on this occasion he will sigh most piteously, she will actually faint away; the damfel will run for water, and the knight will be extremely concerned, because the day begins to break, and he would not for the world be discovered to the prejudice of the lady's reputation. In fine, the princes recovers, and reaches her fair hand through the rails to the knight, who kisses it a thousand times,
times, and bathes it with his tears; then is concerted between them some method by which he is to inform her of his good or bad success, and the infanta intreats him to return as soon as possible: he swears solemnly to comply with her request, kisses her hand again, and bids her farewell with such affection as well-nigh deprives him of life: from thence he retreats to his chamber, throws himself upon the bed, but cannot sleep, so grieved is he at parting; he rises early in the morning, goes to take leave of the king, queen, and infantas; their majesties accordingly bid him farewell, after having informed him that the princes is indispersed, and cannot see company; the knight imputing her disorder to her sorrow for his departure, is pierced to the soul, and well-nigh betrays his own anxiety. The confidante being present all the while, takes notice of every circumstance, which she imparts to her lady, who listens with tears in her eyes, and observes that nothing gives so much uneasiness as her ignorance of the knight's penitence, and her impatience to know whether or not he is of royal extraction: the damsel affirms her, that so much politeness, gentility, and valour as he professed, could never be united except in a dignified and royal disposition; the afflicted infantas consoles herself with this observation, and endeavours to regain her serenity, that she may not give cause of suspicion to her parents, in two days appears again in publick.

The knight having set out for the army, comes to battle, overcomes the king's adversary, takes many towns, makes divers conquests, returns to court, visits his mistress in the usual manner, and the affair being concerted between them, demands her in marriage, as the reward of his service; her father refuses to grant the boon, on pretence of not knowing who this hero is: but, nevertheless, either by stealth, or some other way, the infanta becomes his wife; and at last the king is overjoyed at his good fortune, when this knight proves to be the son of a valiant monarch of some unknown country, for I suppose it could not be found in the map. The father dies, the infanta succeeds, and in two words the knight becomes king; this then, is the time to reward his squire, and all those who helped him to ascend the throne. The squire accordingly is married to a damsel belonging to the infantas, who doubtless must be the that was privy to her amours, and daughter of some powerful duke.

This is what I want,' cried Sancho, and what with fair play I shall obtain; for all that you have mentioned will exactly happen to your worship, under the title of The Knight of the Rueful Countenance. '—'Never doubt it, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; for in the same manner, and by the same steps I have recounted, knights errant rise, and have risen to the rank of kings and emperors. Our only business now is to look out for some Christian or Pagan king who is at war, and hath a beautiful daughter; but there will be time to think of that, since, as I have already told thee, renown must be acquired elsewhere, before we repair to court; nay, another difficulty occurs, namely, that though we should find a king at war who has a beautiful daughter, after I shall have acquired incredible glory through the whole universe, I do not know how it can be proved that I am of royal extraction, or even second cousin to an emperor; and no king will grant his daughter to me in marriage, until he is first thoroughly satisfied in that particular, though my famous exploits should merit a much more valuable reward; wherefore, on account of this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which the prowess of my arm may well deserve. True it is, I am a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, not without property, possession, and a title to the revenge of the five hundred fuellos; and it is not improvable, that the sage ordained to write my history, may furnish up my parentage and pedigree in such a manner, as to prove me descended in the fifteenth or sixteenth
in the me own fortune once mayest, efied, the other owes it's bringing to people of mean degree, and increases gradually to nobility and power; so that the difference is, the one was once something, but is now nothing; and the other was once nothing, but is now something! perhaps, therefore, I may be one of the first mentioned division; and my origin, upon enquiry, be found high and mighty; a circumstance that ought to satisfy the king, who is to be my father-in-law; and if it should not have that effect, the infanta will be so enamoured of me, that in spite of her father, she will receive me as her lord and husband, even though she were certain of my being the son of a porter; but should she let be by, then is the time to carry her away by force, to any corner of the earth I shall chuse for my residence, until time or death shall put an end to the resentment of her parents.'

'And here,' cried Sancho, 'nothing can be more pat to the purpole, than what some of your unconfecional fellows often say, "Who would beg a bention, that for the taking may have venison?" though it would still be more proper, if they had faid, "Better thieve than griever."' This I observe, that in case the king, your worship's father-in-law, should not prevail upon himself to give you the infanta his daughter, you may, as your worship saies, steal and convey her off by main force; but the misfortune is, that while the peace is on the anvil, and before you come to the peaceable enjoyment of your kingdom, the poor squire may chew his cud in expectation of his recompence, unless that confidant danel, who is to be his spouse, should make her escape with the princes, and be con-

tent to join her evil fortune to his, until such time as Heaven shall ordain it otherwise; for I believe his master may very saftely give her away in lawful marriage.'—That thou mayest depend upon,' said Don Quixote. 'Since it is fo, then,' answered Sancho, 'we have nothing to do but recommend ourselves to God, and let fortune take it's own course.'—The Lord conduct it,' replied the knight, according to my defires and my necessity; and small be his grace, who counts himself safe.'—A God's name be it fo,' faid Sancho; 'for my own part I am an old Chriftian, and therefore fit to be a lord.'—Aye, to be greater than a lord,' answered Don Quixote; 'and even if thou wast not so well qualified, it would be of no signification, because I being king, can confer nobility upon thee, without putting thee to the expense of purchasing, or of subjefting thyfelf to any kind of servitude, for, in creating thee an earl, behold thou art a gentleman at once; and let people fay what they will, in good faith, they must call thee your lordship, if it should make their hearts ache.'—And do you reckon that I should not know how to give authority to the portent?' said the squire. 'Patent, thou wouldft say, and not portent,' replied the knight. 'It may be fo,' answered Sancho; but I infift upon it, that I should demean myself very decently; for once in my life-time I was beadle of a corporation, and the gown became me fo well, that every body faid I had the presence of a warden; then what shall I be when I am clothed in a ducal-robe, all glittering with pearls like a foreign count? Upon my confience, I believe people will come a hundred leagues on purpose to fee me.'—You will make a very good appearance,' said Don Quixote; but thou must take care to keep thy beard close shaved; for it is fo thick, mailed, and unfeemly, that unless thou halt recurfe to the razor, every second day at least, they will see what

* (*) Literally, 'Never beg when you can take.'
* In the original, 'A match from behind a bush is better than the prayer of good men.'
* This frame to have been intended as a freule of satire against those princes who fell nobility to the highest bidder, without any regard to the merit of the purchaser.
thou art a gun-shot off."—'What else have I to do,' said the squire, but to hire a barber, and keep him constantly in the house; and if I find occasion for it, even make him follow me as a master of the horse follows one of your grandees.'

'How do'st thou know,' said Don Quixote, 'that our grandees are attended by their masters of horse?'

'That you shall be satisfied in,' answered the squire: 'heretofore I was a whole month at court, where I saw a very little gentleman, who they told me was a very great lord, passing to and fro, and a man following him a horseback, turning ever and anon as he turned, as if he had been the nobleman's own tail: when I asked why the man did not overtake the other, but always kept behind him; they answered, that he was his master of horse, and that it was a fashion among the great, for each to be attended by an officer of that name. Ever since that time I have remembered their office to diligently, that I believe I shall never forget it.'—'I think thou art much in the right,' said Don Quixote, 'in resolving to carry thy barber along with thee; for customs come not all together, because they were not invented all at once; therefore thou mayest be the first earl that ever went attended by a shaver; and truly it is an office of greater confidence to trim the beard than to saddle the horse.'—'Leave that affair of the barber to my management,' said Sancho, 'and be it your care to make yourself a king, and me an earl, with all convenient speed.'—'That shall be done,' replied the knight; who lifting up his eyes, perceived that which shall be recounted in the succeeding chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

DON QUIXOTE SETS AT LIBERTY A NUMBER OF UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE, WHO, MUCH AGAINST THEIR WILLS, WERE GOING A JOURNEY THAT WAS NOT AT ALL TO THEIR LIKING.

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, recounts in this solemn, sublime, minute, pleasant, and fanciful history, that the con-

Don Quixote, and his squire Sancho Panza, as related in the foregoing chapter, was at sooner concluded, than the knight lifting up his eyes, beheld upon the road before him about twelve men on foot, strung together like beads, with a great iron chain fastened to their necks, and he perceived shackles upon the arms of each. They were conducted by two men on horseback, and the like number on foot: the horsemen armed with firelocks, and the foot with javelins and swords. Sancho, seeing them advance, 'That,' said he, 'is the chain of slaves compelled by the king to work in the galleys.'—'How, compelled! cried the knight; 'is it possible the king compels people into his service?'—'I don't say so,' answered Sancho; 'those people are condemned for their crimes to serve in the king's galley transaction.'—'In short, replied Don Quixote, 'be that as it will, they go voluntarily, but are driven by force.'—'Certainly,' said Sancho. 'Since that is the case,' resumed his master, 'here the execution of my office is concerned, to annul force, and bring sucr to the miserable.'—'Pray, good your worship, take notice that justice, which is the king himself, never uses violence nor severity to such people, except as punishment for their crimes.'

By this time the chain of galley-slaves being come up, Don Quixote, with much courtesy, desired the guards would be pleased to inform him of the cause or causes for which those people were treated in that manner: one of the horsemen replied, that they were slaves belonging to his majesty going to the galleys, and that was all he could say, or the enquirer had occasion to know of the matter. Nevertheless, resumed the knight, 'I am devious of knowing from each in particular the occasion of his misfortune.' To these he added other such courteous entreaties to induce them to satisfy his desire, that the other man on horseback said, 'Though we have got along with us the register and certificate of the sentence of each of those malefactors, we have no time at present to take it out and give you the reading of it; but if you have a mind to go and question themselves, they will answer every thing you ask, to the best of their knowledge; for they are a set of miscreants, who delight in
recounting as well as in acting their roguery.

With this permission, which he would have taken if they had not granted it, Don Quixote approached the chair and asked of the foremost, for what offence he travelled in that equipage. 'Only for being in love,' answered the criminal. 'For that only!' replied the knight. 'If they condemn people for being in love, I might have been tutoring in the galleys long ago.'—'But my love,' answered the slave, 'was quite different from what your worship imagines. I fell deeply in love with a basket crammed full of white linen, and locked it so fast in my embrace, that if justice had not tore it from my arms by force, I should not have quitted it willingly to this good hour: the thing being flagrant, there was no room for putting me to the torture, and therefore the caufe was soon dismissed; my shoulders were accommodated with a cool hundred, I was advised to divert myself three years in the guarpas, and to the business ended.'—'Pray what are the guarpas?' said Don Quixote. 'The guarpas are the galleys,' answered the thief; who was a young fellow, about twenty years of age, and said he was a native of Piedrahita.

The knight put the same question to the second, who seemed so overwhelm'd with grief and melancholy, that he could not answer one word; but the first saved him the trouble, by saying, 'This man, Sir, goes to the galleys for being a canary bird; I mean, for his skill in vocal musick.'—'What!' said the knight, 'are people sentence to the galleys for their skil in musick.'—'Yes, Sir,' answered the other, 'for nothing is worse than to sing in the heart-sack.'—'On the contrary,' said Don Quixote, 'I have always heard it observed, that musick and play will fright sorrow away.'—'But here,' replied the slave, 'the case is quite different; for he that sings but once will have caufc to weep for ever.' Don Quixote saying he could not comprehend his meaning, one of the guards explained it. 'Sir,' said he, 'to sing in the heart-sack, is a term used by thefe mi-creants to express a criminal who con-

effes under the torture; and it hath been applied to that delinquent, he owned his crime, which was horse-feeding; accordingly, having received two hundred lashes, he was condemn'd 'for six years to the galleys, and he appears always penive and sad, because his brother-rogues who keep him company, continually maltreat, up-braid, despife, and scoff at him, for having confessed out of pure publim- nity.'—'For,' sait they, 'no con-
tains as many letters as Ay: an offen-
der is very lucky, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue;' and not upon the evidence of witne-

's; and truly I think they are not far mistaken.'—'I am of the same opinion,' said Don Quixote; and paffing on, repeated his former question to the third, who, with great readiness and alacrity, answered, 'I am going to pay a visit of five years to Lady Gurapa, for having wanted ten ducats.—'I will give twenty with all my soul,' replied the knight, 'to safe you of your misfor-
tune.'—'That,' refurred the slave, 'is like giving money to a man pe-

rithing with hunger and fea, where there is no food to be bought.'—I fay this, because had I been master in time of those twenty ducats, your worship now offers, I would have anointed the se-
cretary's pen, and quicken'd my law-

yer's invention with them, to fo good a purpose, that I should be now flan-
ding at liberty in the square of Zoco-
dover in Toledo, and not dragging like a hound to the galleys; but Hea-

ven is above: Patience and—that is enough.'—

Don Quixote then advanced to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a long white beard hang-

ing down to his girdle; and he no lon-
er heard the knight ask the cause of his being in that situation, than he began to weep bitterly, without answering one word; but the fifth criminal lent him his tongue, saying, 'That honourable gentleman is going to the galleys for four years, after having made his publick appearance on horseback with great solemnity.'—'That is, I sup-
pofe,' said Sancho, 'after having been exposed to publick shame.'—'Even

* A crime that is punished by the pillory in England, is in Spain expiated by the convict's being mounted upon an ass, in a particular dress, and led through the streets by a crier, who proclaims the transgression.
"So, replied the slave, 'and that punishment was inflicted upon him for being an ear-broker, or rather a broker for the whole body: to be plain with you, the gentleman was convicted of pimping, and giving himself out for a conjurer.'—'Were it not for the addition of his conjuring scheme,' said Don Quixote, 'he is so far from deserving to row in the galleries for pure pimping, that it rather intitles him to the command of them, as general in chief; for if the office of a pander was well regulated, it would be a most honourable and necessary employment in a well-ordered commonwealth, reserved for people of birth and talents, and like the other places of trust, laid under the inspection of proper complimenters, and limited to a certain number, like the brokers of merchandize: such a regulation would prevent many mischiefs, which are now occasioned by that employment's being in the hands of idiots or simple wretches, such as fally women, pages, and buffoons, without either age or experience; who, upon the most urgent occasions, when there is need of the most important contrivance, let the morose freeze between the dish and the mouth, and can scarce distinguish between their right-hand and their left. I could proceed and advance many arguments to prove how advantageous it would be in a commonwealth to make proper distinctions in the choice of those who exercise such a necessary employment; but this is no place to settle that affair in; and one day I may chance to recommend it to the consideration of those who can both discern and provide a suitable remedy for this defect. I shall only at present observe, that the compassion I feel at fight of these grey hairs, and that venerable countenance in distress for having been a pander, is extinguished by the additional crime of sorcery; though I am well apprized there are no conjurers in the world, who can force or alter the will, as some weak minded people imagine: for the inclination is free, and not to be enflaved by any incantation whatsoever. The practice of some simple women, and knavish impostors, is to compose poisonous mixtures, to deprive people of their senses, under pretence of causing them to be beloved; it being a thing impossible, as I have said, to compel the will.'—'What your honour says is very true,' replied the good old man; 'and really, Sir, as to the affair of conjuring, I am not guilty; though I cannot deny that I have been a pimp; but I never thought I was to blame in that capacity, because my whole intention was, that all the world should enjoy themselves, and live in peace and quiet without quarrels and anxiety. Yet the uprightness of my intention was no service in preventing my being sent to a place from which I shall never return, oppressed as I am with years and a violent strangury, that will not allow me a moment's rest.' So saying, he began to weep again, as before; and his tears raised the pity of Sancho to such a degree, that he took a rial out of his bosome, and gave it in charity to the distressed senor.

Then Don Quixote addressed himself to the next, who answered his question, not with less, but infinitely more vivacity than that of the former; saying, 'I judge in this manner, for having jefted a little extravagantly with two of my female confins, and with two more, who, though not related to me, were in the same degree of blood to each other; in short, I jefted with them so long, that in the end there was such an intricate increase of kindness as no caufit could unravel. Every thing was proved against me; I had neither interest nor money, and ran some risk of having my windpipe stopped; but they only condemned me for six years to the gallies; I submitted to the sentence, as the punishment of my crime: youth is on my side, life may be long, and time brings every thing to bear; if your worship, Sir Knight, will part with any small matter for the comfort of poor wretches like us, God will requite you in heaven, and we upon earth will take care to petition him for long-life and health to your worship, that you may be as happy as by your goodly appearance you deserve to be.' The person who spoke in this manner appeared in

* This is a good hint for a reforming legislature.
the dress of a student, and one of the guards said he was a great orator and excellent Latin scholar.

After all these came a man of a good mien, about thirty years of age, who squinted so horribly, that his eyes seemed to look at each other: he was equipped in a very different manner from the rest; his foot being loaded with a huge chain that went round his whole body, and his neck adorned with two iron rings, to one of which the chain was fastened; and the other was called a keep-friend, or friend's-foot; from which descended to his middle a couple of iron bolts fitted with a pair of mascles for his arms, secured by a large padlock, in such a fashion, as to hinder him from lifting up his hands to his mouth, and to disable him from bending his head to his hands. Don Quixote enquiring why that man was more fettered than all the rest, one of the guards answered, 'Because he is a greater rogue than all the rest put together, and so daring a villain, that although he is shackled in that manner, we are under some apprehension that he will give us the slip.' 'What crime has he committed,' said the knight, 'that deserves no greater punishment than that of going to the gallies?' 'He goes for ten years,' replied the guard, 'which is a kind of civil death; but you need not enquire any farther, when you know that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Paflamonte, alias Genifello de Parapilla.' 'Softenly, Mr. Commisary,' said the slave, hearing these words, 'don't transfigure names and figures in that manner. Gines is my name, and not Genifello, and Paflamonte the title of my family; not Parapilla, as your worship fays; let every body turn about and look at home, and he will have business enough.' 'Speak with less insolence,' Mr. Thief above Merling, 'replied the commisary; 'or else I shall make you hold your peace with a vengeance.'

It appears by this opposition, answered the galley-slave, 'that God's will must be done; but one day somebody shall know whether or not my name is Ginesello de Parapilla.' 'An't you called so, you lying vagabond?' said the guard. 'Yes, yes, I am so called,' answered Gines; 'but I will make them change that name, or their skins shall pay for it, if ever I meet them in a place I don't chuse at present to name.—Sir knight, if you have any thing to bestow, pray let us have it, and the Lord be with you, for you only tire us with enquiring about other people's affairs; if you want to be informed of my history, know, I am that Gines de Paflamonte, whose life is written by these ten fingers.'

'He tells nothing but the truth,' said the commisary; 'for he has actually written his own history, as well as could be desired, and pawned the manuscript in gaol for two hundred rials.' 'Aye, and I shall redeem it,' said Gines, 'if it were for as many ducks.' 'What is it so entertaining?' said Don Quixote. 'Yes,' answered Gines, 'it is so entertaining, that you'll be unto Lazarillo de Torres, and all who have written or shall write in that manner. What I can affirm of mine is, that it contains truths, and such ingenious and favour truths, as no fiction can equal.'

And what is the title of your book?' said the knight. 'The Life of Gines de Paflamonte,' replied the other. 'Is it finished?' said Don Quixote. 'How can it be finished,' answered the author, 'when my natural life is not yet concluded? I have already written my whole history from my birth till the last time I was sent to the gallies.' 'You have visited them before now then?' said the knight. 'For the service of God, and the good of my country, I have already served in them, during the space of four years, and know the difference between the bifcuit and the bull's pizzle, answered the thief; and my journey to them now gives me no great pain, for there I shall have time to finish my book, and set down a great many things I have to fay; there being ample time enough in the gallies of Spain for that purpose, which does not require much leisure, as I have every circumstance by heart.' 'You seem to be an ingenious fellow,' said Don Quixote. 'And unfortunate,' answered Gines; 'for genius is always attended by evil fortune.' 'Evil fortune ought to attend villains like you,' said the guard. 'I have already defired you, Mr. Commisary, to proceed fair and softly,' answered Paflamonte; 'your superiors did not give you that
rod to maltreat us poor wretches, but
to conduct and carry us to the place
of our definition, according to his
majesty's command: and by the life
of—but 'tis no matter. The spots we
received in the inn, may one day be
rubbed out in washing. Mum's the
word. Let us live while we can,
speak while we may, and at present
pursue our journey; for this joke has
already lasted too long.

The commissary lifted up his rod, in
order to give a proper reply to the
threats of Paffamonte; but Don Quix-
ote interposing, begged he would not
chastise him; because it was not to be
wondered at, if one whole limbs were
so shackled, should take such liberties
with his tongue; then addressing himself
to the prisoners, ' From all that you
have told me, dear brethren,' said he,
I clearly perceive, that although you
ought to be chastised for your crimes,
the punishment you are going to suf-
er is not much to your liking; on
the contrary, you make this journey
very much against your inclination;
and perhaps, the puftulannity of one
of you under the torture, this man's
want of money, and that others
scarcity of friends, and last of all,
the partiality of the judge, may have
been the caufe of your perdition, in
depriving you of that justice your fe-
veral cafes entitled you to. Which
consideration now operates within me,
'fuggeting, persuading, and even com-
pelling me to shew in your behalf,
the end and aim for which Heaven
sent me into this world, and made me
profes the order of knight-errantry,
by which I am bound by oath, to
succeur the needy and oppressed; but
because I know, that one maxim of
prudence is, not to do that by foul
means which can be accomplished by
fair, I beseech Mr. Commissary and
the guards to unchain and let you de-
part in peace. The king will not want
people to serve him on better occa-
sions; and I think it is very hard to
enslave those whom God and nature
have made free. Besides, gentlemen
soldiers,' added the knight, 'the poor
people have committed no offence
against you; and every body hath
fins to answer for. There is a God
in heaven, who will take care to cha-
tise the wicked and reward the righ-
teous; and it is not leemly, that ho-

nest men should be the executioners
of their fellow-creatures, on account
of matters with which they have no
concern. This favour I entreat in a
mild and peaceable manner; and if
you grant my request, will thank you
heartily; whereas, if you refuse to
do quietly what I desire, this lance
and sword, with the voluer of my inv-
vincible arm, shall make you do it
on compulsion.'

' A fine joke, truly!' replied the
commissary; ' he has brought his ha-
rangue to a very merry conclusion;
defying us to fet at liberty the king's
prisoners, as if we had authority to
grant, or he to demand, their dif-
charge. I with your worship would
go about your busines, and set to
rights that bason on your skull, with-
out going in quest of a cat with three
feet.'—' You are a cat, and a rat, and
a Scoundrel to boot!' replied the
knight, attacking him with such won-
derful dispatch, that he had not time to
put himself in a posture of defence, so
was thrown from his horse, dangerously
wounded by a thrust of the knight's
lance. And it happened luckily that
this was one of the two who had fire-
locks. The rest of the guard were at
first astonished and confounded at this
unexpecled assault; but they soon reco-
lected themselves, and the horsemen
drawing their swords, while those on
foot handled their javelins, set upon
Don Quixote in their turn, who waited
for them with vaft composure; and
doubtless he would have fared ill, if
the galley-slaves, seeing a fair occasion
offered of gaining their liberty, had
not made shift to obtain it, by breaking
the chain with which they were fetter-
ed. Such was the confusion, that the
guards, between their endeavours to de-
tain the slaves that were unbound, and
their efforts against Don Quixote who
assaulted them, could do nothing at all
effectual. Sancho, for his part, affilt-
ed in disengaging Gines de Paffamonte,
who being the first that leaped free and
difencumbered on the plain, attacked
the wounded commissary, and robbed
him of his sword and musket, with
which pointing at one, and taking
aim at another, without firing, however,
in a trice there was not one of the guards
to be seen; for they made the best of
their way, not only from Paffamonte's
firelock, but also from the shower of
stones
...flones which was rained upon them by the rest of the slaves, who had by this time disengaged themselves.

Sancho was infinitely grieved at this event, representing to himself, that those who fled would instantly give notice of the affair to the holy brotherhood, which, upon the tolling of a bell, would immediately rally forth in search of the delinquents. This supposition he suggested to his master, whom he entreated to depart forthwith, and conceal himself somewhere in the neighbouring mountain. 'That may be a very good expedient,' said the knight; 'but I know what is proper for me to do at present.' He then called to the slaves, who were all in confusion, and after they had plundered and stripped the commissary to the skin, they assembled round him in a circle in order to receive his commands, and he accepted them in this manner: 'It is the duty of honest men to be thankful for benefits received: and one of the sins that gives the greatest offence to God, is ingratitude. This truth I observe, gentle men, because you must be sensible, by manifest experience, of that which you have received from me; as an acknowledgment for which, it is my will and pleasure, that you let out immediately, loaded with that chain from which I have delivered your neck, and repairing to the city of Toboso; there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her Knight of the Rueful Countenance hath sent you to her, with his hearty commendations. You shall also punctually recount to her every circumstance of this famous adventure, even to the granting you that liberty you so ardently wished for: and this duty being performed, you may go a God's name whitherfore ye lift.'

To this command Gines de Pazamonte, in the name of all the rest, answered, 'What your worship commands, most worthy deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to fulfil. For we must by no means travel in a body, but single and divided, and each by himself endeavour to abcond within the bowels of the earth, in order to avoid the holy bro-

'...herhood, which will doubtless come out in search of us. But your worship may, and it is but just you should, change that service and tribute intended for my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, into a certain number of Ave-maria's and Credo's, which we will pay for your prosperity; and this is a duty we can fulfil by night as well as by day, in motion and at rest, and in peace as well as in war: but to suppose that we will now return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, I mean, to the carriage of our chain, and take the road to Toboso, is to suppose that it is now midnight, though it wants little more than two hours of noon; and indeed, to expect this conception of us, is like expecting pears from an elm.'

'Then, by heavens!' said Don Quixote in a rage, 'Don San of a Whore, Don Ginefello de Parapilla, or whatever is thy name, you shall go alone, with your tail between your legs, and carry the whole chain upon your own shoulders.' Pazamonte, who was none of the most passive people in the world, having already smoked the knight's weak side, from the mad action he had committed in giving them their freedom, and finding himself treated by him in this hasty manner, ripped the wink to his companion's; who retiring with him at a little distance, began to shower forth such a number of flones upon their deliverer, that he could not contrive how to cover himself with his shield; and poor Rozinante minded the spurr no more than if he had been made of brass. Sancho retired behind his asf, which sheltered him from the form of hail that descended on them both; but his master could not screen himself so well, as to avoid an infinite number of pebble-shot which took place upon different parts of his body, some of them with such force, that he came tumbling to the ground; and no sooner was he fallen, than the student set upon him, and snatching the bafton from his head, made a most furious application of it to the knight's shoulders, and then dashed it upon the ground with such force, that it went into a thousand pieces. They likewise stripped him of a jacket* he wore...
wore above his armour; and would even have taken his hole, had not his greaves been in the way: they plundered Sancho of his great coat, leaving him in his doublet and hose; and dividing the spoils of the battle among them, each took his own separate route, more anxious to escape the holy brotherhood, which they dreaded, than to load themselves with the chain again, and go to present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea of Tobofo.

The asfs and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, were the only persons remaining on the field. Dapple, with his head hanging down in a pensive attitude, and every now and then flaking his ears, as if he imagined the hurricane of ftones that whizzed about them was not yet over; Rozinante lying stretched upon the ground, to which, like his master, he was humbled by a pebble: Sancho, in his doublet, terrestrial at the thoughts of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote excessively out of humour, at seeing himself so ill requited by those people whom he had served in such an essential manner.

C H A P. IX.

OF WHAT BETEL THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE IN THE BROWN MOUNTAIN; BEING ONE OF THE MOST SURPRIZING ADVENTURES WHICH IS RECOUNTED IN THIS TRUE HISTORY.

DON Quixote, finding himself so evil entreated, said to his squire, I have always heard it observed, Sancho, that benefits conferred on benevolent people are like drops of water thrown into the sea. Had I taken thy advice, I might have avoided this vexation: but, now the affair is over, we must have recourse to patience, and take warning for the future. — Yes, replied Sancho, 'your worship will take warning as sure as I am a Turk; but, since you allow, that if you had taken my advice, you would have avoided this misfortune, take my advice now, and you avoid a greater fill! for I give you notice, that all your errantry will stand you in little head against the holy brotherhood, who don't value all the knights errant in the universe: three

forthings: and, in faith, this minute methinks I hear their arrows buzzing about my ears. — Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho,' said the knight; 'but that thou mayest have no reason to say I am obstinate, and never follow thy counsel, for once thou shalt prevail; I will retreat from the danger thou darest to much; but it shall be on condition, that thou shalt never, either in life or death, hint to any person whatsoever, that I retired and avoided this peril through fear, but merely in compliance with thy earnest request; for to say otherwise would be to propagate falsehood; and from this hour to that, and from that hour to this, I give thee the dye, and affirm thou livest, and wilt live as often as thou shalt say or think any such thing: make no reply, therefore; the very thought of my being supposed to abandon, or retreat from danger, especially from this, as it implies some sort of shadow of fear, inspires me with such courage, that here am I alone, ready to remain, and expect not only the holy brotherhood, which thou hast mentioned with fear and trembling, but also the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, those of the seven Maccabees, with Caflor and Pollux, and all the brethren and brotherhoods in the universe.' — 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'to retreat is not to fly; nor is it prudent to tarry when the danger overbalances the hope, and it is always the practice of wise people, to reserve something for to-morrow, without venturing all upon one cast; and you must know, that though I be a ruffick and a clown, I have all my life-time had a small share of what is called good conduct; Wherefore you need not repent of having taken my advice, but mount Rozinante, if you can; if not, I will lend you my assistance, and follow me; for this noodle of mine tells me, that at present, we have more need of heels than of hands.'

Don Quixote accordingly mounted, without the least reply; and Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they took refuge in that part of the brown mountain which was nearest, the squire intending to go quite across to Vife or Almodavar del Campo, after they should have lurked for some days amongst the rocks, that they might not be found,
in case the holy brotherhood should come in search of them: he was encouraged to this resolution, by seeing, that in the scuffle with the galley-flaves, the provisions his asf carried had escaped untouched; a circumstance that, in his opinion, amounted to a miracle, considering what the thieves had taken, and how narrowly they had fenced.

That evening they arrived in the very heart of the Sierra Morena, where Sancho proposed to spend the night, and even to pass a few days, at least to stay as long as their store should last: accordingly they took up their lodging between two rocks in the midst of a great number of cork-trees; but fate, which, according to the opinion of those who do not enjoy the light of the true faith, guides, conducts, and disposes all things after its own way, ordained that Gines de Paffamonte, that famous robber and cheat, who had been delivered from the chain by the valour and madness of Don Quixote; I say, fate ordained that he, impelled by the fear of the holy brotherhood, which he did not dread without good reason happened likewise to take refuge in those mountains; and even to be carried by this fear to the same place whither the same principle had directed Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, just time enough to know who they were, without finding their being gone to sleep. As the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts them to their shifts, and the present convenience overcomes the prospect of future quiet; Gines, who was neither grateful nor good-natured, resolved to steal Sancho's asf, under-valuing Rozinante, as a subject that he could neither pawn nor sell: accordingly, while the squire was asleep, he stole Dapple; and, before morning, was gone far enough to elude all pursuit.

The appearance of Aurora that rejoiced the earth, had a quite contrary effect upon Sancho Panza: who, missing his Dapple, and searching for him in vain, began to utter the most woeful lamentation that ever was heard; and Don Quixote, waked by the noise, heard him exclaiming in this manner: 'Oh, son of my bowels! born in my house, the play fellow of my children, the delight of my spouse, the envy of my neighbours, and comforter of my cares! in short, the half of my substance: for with fix and twenty maravedis, which thou hast daily earned, did I defray one half of my family expense!' Don Quixote hearing this complaint, and being informed of the cause, confided Sancho with all the arguments in his power; and, begging him to have patience, promised to give him a bill of exchange, on sight of which he should receive three ducats out of five, which the knight had left at home: Sancho being comforted with this declaration, dried up his tears, moderated his sighs, and returned a thousand thanks to Don Quixote for his generosity. As they mused among the rocks, the knight's heart was rejoiced to see places so well adapted to those adventures he was in quest of; for they recalled to his remembrance those wonderful events which had happened to knights-errant among such rocks and solitudes: he went on muttering on these subjects, and indeed so wrapped up and engrossed by them, that he minded nothing else; while Sancho's only care, now that he thought he travelled in safety, was to satisfy his appetite with what remained of the spoils of the clergy; he therefore jogged on leisurely after his master, fitting side ways on his asf, and replenishing his own bags out of that which contained the provision; and while he was thus employed, would not have given a farthing for the belt adventure that could happen.

Chancing, however, to lift up his eyes, he perceived his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance to raise some bundle that lay upon the ground; he therefore hastened up to him, in order to lead his assistance; should it be found necessary; and arrived just as the knight had turned up with his lance, a pillion with a

* This is an oversight of the author, who seems to have forgotten that Sancho left his wallet at the inn, and was robbed by the galley-flaves of the great coat or cloak, in which he carried the remains of that provision he had taken from those who attended the dead body towards Segovia.
† A chain of dusky mountains that divide Castile from Andalusia.
‡ Here Cervantes hath been caught napping by the critics; who observe, that Sancho could not be mounted on the asf, which was but just now stolen by Gines de Paffamonte.
Published as the Act directs, by Harrison and C° May 18, 1782.
LOVE either cruel is or blind;
Or fill unequal to the cause,
Is this ditemper of the mind,
That with infernal torture gnaws.

II.
But Love's agod, and cruelty
In heavenly breasts can never dwell:
Then say by what authority,
I'm doom'd to feel the pains of hell?

III.
Of all my sufferings and my woe,
Is Chloe then the fatal source?
Sure ill: from good can never flow,
Nor so much beauty gild a curfe.

IV.
With hopeless misery weigh'd down,
I'll seek for quiet in the grave;
For when the malady's unknown,
A miracle alone can save.

'From such rhyme,' said Sancho,
there is no information to be got, unlesls by that Clue we could come to
the bottom of the affair*.— What clue doft thou mean?' said the knight.
The Clue your worship mentioned just
now in the sennet,' answered the squire. I mentioned no clue,' replied
Don Quixote, 'but Chloe, which is
without doubt the name of the lady
of whom the author of these verses
complains; and really he must have
been a very ingenious poet, or else I
know very little of the art.— Then
your worship understands crambo?' said the squire. 'Better than you ima-
gine,' answered the knight, 'as you
will see when you carry from me a
letter to my mistress Dulcinea del To-
bofo, written in verse from top to
bottom; for thou must know, San-
cho, that all, or the greatest part of
the knights errant who lived in for-
mer ages, were very much addicted
to poetry and music; these two quali-
ties, or rather gifts of nature, being
annexed to all errants in love; though
the truth is, their couplets were ra-
ther sprightly than elegant.— I with
your worship would read on,' said
Sancho; 'perhaps you may find some-
thing more to our satisfaction.' Ac-
cordingly the knight having turned over
the leaf, 'Here is profe,' said he; 'and
seems to be a letter,' Sancho asking:
if it was upon busines, his master re-
p1ied, 'In the beginning there was no—

* As it is impossible to preserve the original blunders of Sancho, who mistakes Filli or
Phillis, for Hilo, that signifies a thread, we are obliged to substitute another, by chang-
ing Phillis into Chloe, which Sancho, in English, might have as naturally mistaken for
a clue; and by this expedient the sense of the passage is not hurt, and but very little al-
tered.
thing but love."— Pray, Sir," cried Sancho, "read it aloud; for I am high-
yly delighted with matters of love."—
With all my heart," answered Don Quixote; who raising his voice, in com-
pliance with the squire's request, read what follows.

Thy false promises, together with
the certainty of my misfortune, have
exiled me to a corner of the world,
from whence thou wilt hear an ac-
count of my death, before this my
complaint shall reach thine ears.
Thou hast call me off, ungrateful as
thou art, in favour of one who,
though he is richer, is not a more de-
serving lover than me: for if virtue
were the wealth that is most esteemed,
I should have no cause to envy the hap-
iness of others, or to bewail my own
mishap. What thy beauty had raised,
ythy behaviour has overthrown: by
the first I mistook thee for an angel;
by the last I discovered thee to be a
woman. Mayest thou live in peace,
fair author of my misfortunes;
and Heaven, grant that the deceit of
thy husband may never be disclosed,
that thou mayest never repent of what
thou hast done, nor I enjoy the re-
venge I do not desire!

Don Quixote having read this letter,
obsewed that nothing else could be in-
ferred either from it, or the verses, but
that the author was some despairing
lover. Then perusing the rest of the
book, he found more verses and letters,
some legible, and others not intelligible;
but the substance of them all was com-
posed of complaints, lamentations, suf-
picions, desires, defuigts, favours, and
disdains, some of which were extolled,
and others deplored. While Don Quix-
ote examined the book, Sancho rum-
maged the portmanteau, without leaving
a corner, in that of the pillow which he
did not search, pry into, and overhaul;
no seam was left unrippled, no lock of
wool unpicked, that nothing might be
lost through negligence and want of
care; so much was his cupidity awaken-
ed, by finding the money, which a-
mounted to more than a hundred
crowns; and though he reaped no other
fruit from his industry, he thought him-
self abundantly requited for his capers
in the blanket, his vomit of the bal-
fam, the benediction of the pack-flaves,
the fifty cuffs of the carrier, the loss of
his bags, the robbery of his great coat,
with all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue
he had undergone in the service of his
worthy master, who had made him
more than amends by his generous pre-
fent of this windfall.

The knight of the rueful counte-
nance was impatient to know the owner
of the portmanteau conjecturing by
the sonnet, the letter, the gold, and the
fine linen, that he must be some lover of
quality, whom the disdain and barbarity
of his mistress had driven to some despe-
rate end; but, as in that uninhabited
and rocky place, there was nobody who
could give him the information he want-
ed, he resolved to penetrate still farther
into the mountain, without taking any
other road than what Rozinante should
choose for his own convenience, full con-
fident of meeting with some strange ad-
vventures among these barbarous and brambles.

As he went on, entertaining himself
with these reflections, he perceived upon
the top of a hill right before him, a man
skipping from bush to bush, and rock
to rock, with wonderful agility; his
body seemed naked, his beard black and
bushy, his hair long and matted, his feet
unshod, his legs bare, and his thighs
covered with breeches, which to all ap-
pearance were of crimson, but so rag-
ged, that his skin appeared through ma-
ny different holes, while his head was
without any sort of covering. Not-
withstanding the nimbleness with which
he passed, all these minute circumstances
were seen and remarked by the knight
of the rueful countenance, who in vain
attempted to follow him; those rough
roads being quite unpassable by the
feeble Rozinante, who was naturally
pilgrimatick and tender-footed. How-
ever, Don Quixote concluded that this
must be the owner of the pillion and
portmanteau, and determined within
himself to find him out, although he
should travel a whole year through the
mountains for that very purpose. With
this view he ordered Sancho to alight,
and take a short cut over one part of
the mountain, while he should go round
the other; and by this expedition they
might come up with the man, who had
so suddenly vanished from their sight.

"That proposal I can do no means
comply with," answered the squire;
"for if I sit but an inch from your
worship, fear instantly lays hold on
me,"
me, and assaults me in a thousand horrid shapes and visions; and let this serve to apprise you, that henceforward, I will not budge a finger's breadth from your presence.'—'Be it so,' said he of the rueful countenance; 'and I am very glad that thou canst avail thyself of my courage, which shall never fail thee, even if thy soul should fail thy body; follow me, therefore, step by step, or at thy own leisure; and use thine eyes like two fpy glases; we will take a compass round this little mountain, and perhaps we may meet again with that man, who is certainly no other than the owner of what we found.'

To this observation Sancho replied, 'Methinks we may fave ourselves that trouble; for if, upon finding him, he should prove to be the owner of the money, I must of course make restitution; therefore we had better spare all this fruitless search; and keep it bona fide, until the true owner appear of himself, without all this intricate enquiry: and before that happens, perhaps I shall have spent the whole, and then I shall be discharged by law.'—'In that notion thou art mistaken, Sancho,' resumed the knight; 'for as we have already good grounds to believe he is the owner, it is our duty to find him out, and restore what we have taken; and though we should not find him, the strong reason we have to believe that it belongs to him will make us equally guilty in detaining it, as we should be if it really did. Wherefore, friend Sancho, do not give thyself any uneasiness about the enquiry; because if we find him, I shall be freed from a great deal of anxiety.' So saying, he put spurs to Rosinante, and Sancho followed him in his usual manner. Having surrounded part of the mountain, they found in a brook that watered the foot of it, a dead mule saddled and bridled, and half consumed by the dogs and crows; another circumstance which confirmed them in the opinion, that he who fled from them was master both of the mule and portmanteau.

While they were looking at this ob-

jekt, they heard a shepherd's whistle, and presently on the left appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, they deferred the goatherd, who seemed to be a man in years. Don Quixote calling aloud, entreated him to come down; and he, in the same tone, asked what had brought them to that place, which was seldom trodden, except by the feet of goats, wolves, and other wild beasts that harboured thereabouts? Sancho bade him come down, and they would tell him what had brought them thither; upon which the goatherd descended, and coming up to Don Quixote, 'I will wager,' said he, 'that you are looking at this hireling mule, which lies dead in that bottom, where in good foot it hath lain full six months. Pray, have you met with it's master?'—'We have met with nothing,' answered the knight, 'but a pillion and portmanteau, which we found not far from hence.'—'I have often seen the fame things,' replied the goatherd, 'but would never touch nor go near them, being afraid of some misfortune, or of being questioned for theft; for the devil is very cunning, and raftes blocks under our feet, over which we stumble, and very often fall, without knowing how or wherefore.'—'That is the very thing I say,' answered Sancho, 'though I saw them also, I would not go within a stone's throw of them; there I left them, and there they remain as they were, for I don't chuse to steal a dog with a collar about his neck.'—'Pray thee, honest friend,' said Quixote, 'doth thou know who the owner of these things is?'—'All that I can say of the matter,' answered the goatherd, 'is, that it may be about six months, more or less, since there came to our hut, which is about three leagues from hence, a very genteel young man of a comely appearance, riding upon that very mule that now lies dead, with the same pillion and portmanteau which you say you found. He asked what part of the mountain was the most woody and concealed, and we told him, that it was this very spot where we now are; and it is so, for if you go half a league farther...'
into the mountain, you will perhaps
find it a very difficult matter to return;
and I marvel much how you have got
so far, for there is neither high-road
nor by-path that leads to this place.
But as I was saying, the young man
hearing our reply, turned his mule,
and rode towards the place to which
we had directed him, leaving us all
very much pleased with his appear-
ance, though not a little surprized at
his question, and the speed with which
we saw him ride back into the heart
of the mountain: from that time we
saw no more of him, till a few days
after; when he sprung upon one of our
shepherds on the road; and, without
saying why or wherefore, beat and
bruised him unmercifully; after which
he went to the fumpter-ais, and carry-
ing off all the bread and cheese that
was on his back, with surprizing nim-
bleness, ran back again to the thicket.
As soon as we understood this parti-
cular, several of us goatherds went in
search of him, through the most wild
and unfrequented part of the moun-
tain, for the space of two days, at the
end of which we found him lying in
the hollow of a large cork-tree. He
came out to us in a very civil man-
er, with his clothes all torn, and his
face so tanned and disfigured by the
sun, that we should scarce have known
him, had not his clothes, tattered as
they were, which we had before taken
particular notice of, assured us that he
was the person we went in search of.
He saluted us very courteously, and in
a few words, though very well cho-
sen, bade us not wonder at seeing him
in that condition; for he was obliged
in that manner to do penance, which
had been enjoined him, on account
of his manifold sins and transgres-
sions. We earnestly begged to know
who he was; but that he never could
be prevailed upon to tell: we desired
him also, whenever he should have oc-
casion for food, without which he
could not live, to tell us where we
should find him, and we would bring
it to him with great care and affec-
tion; or if that was not to his liking, we
desired him to ask it civilly, without
taking it by force. He thanked us
kindly for our tenders of service, beg-
ged pardon for the assaults he had
committed, and promised for the fu-
ture, to ask it for God's sake, without
giving offence to any person whatso-
ever. With regard to the place of
his habitation, he said, he had no
other than that which chance present-
ed every night when it grew dark;
and concluded his discourse with such
piteous lamentation, that our hearts
must have been made of flint, if we
could have heard it without shedding
ears, considering the woeful change he
had undergone since we saw him at first:
for as I have already observed, he was a
gentleman, comely youth, and by his cour-
teous and polite discourse, he had him-
self to be a person of good birth and
excellent breeding; and though we who
heard him were only home-bred cen-
tury people, the gentility of his car-
riage was easily perceived by our
clanish ignorance. In the midst of
this conversation that passed between
him and us, he grew silent all of a
sudden, and smiled, as it were, his
eyes to the ground, for a considerable
space of time, during which we re-
ained in silence and no small con-
cern, to see the effect of this fluctua-
tion; for by his staring at the ground
for a good while, without moving his
eye-lids, then flushing them close and
biting his lips, and then drawing up
the skin of his forehead, we could
easily perceive that he was seized with
some fit of madness; and he soon con-
firmed the truth of our opinion, for
he sprung up with surprizing force
from the ground on which he had
thrown himself, and attacked the
person who was next to him with
such rage and resolution, that if we
had not taken him off, he would have
beaten and bit him to death; crying
aloud all the time, "Ha, treacherous
Fernando! now shalt thou pay for
the injury thou haft done me. These
hands shall tear out thy heart, in
which all kinds of wickedness, par-
ticularly fraud and deceit, are har-
boured and dwell!" To these he
added other expressions, tending to re-
proach that Fernando with treachery
and baseness. When we had got our
friend out of his clutches, with no
small trouble, he went off without
speaking another word, and ran at
full speed among the thick Bourboule.
and brambles, so as that it was impossible
for us to follow him. From these
things we conjectured that his mad-
ness came upon him by fits, and that
some
some person of the name of Fernan-
do must have done him some deadly
wrong, which hath driven him to
distraotion. Indeed, this conjecture
has been since confirmed by his diffe-
rent behavior on divers occasions,
when he hath met with our shepherds,
from whom he hath sometimes beeg-
ged part of their provision, and at
other times hath taken it by force;
for when the fit of lunacy is upon
him, though they offer it of their own
free will, he will not accept of it
peaceably, without coming to blows;
but when he is in his right senses, he
begs it for God's sake, in a very
courteous and civil manner, and re-
turns many thanks for the favor, ac-
companied with abundance of tears.
And truly, gentlemen, added the goat-
herd, I and four more country lads,
two of them my own servants, and
the other two friends of mine, yester-
day resolved to go in search of him,
and after having found him, to carry
him, either by force or fair means, to
the city of Almodovar, which is about
eight leagues from hence, and there
have him cured, if he be curable; or
learn of him, when he is in his
senses, who he is, or whether or not
he has any relations to whom we may
give an account of his misfortune.
This, gentlemen, is all I can say, in
answer to the questions you asked;
and you may take it for granted, that
the owner of the goods you found, is
the very same person whom you saw
skip about half-naked, with such agi-
licity: for Don Quixote had said that
they had seen a man in that condition,
leaping from rock to rock.
The knight was very much surprized
at this interumbration of the goatherd,
which making him still more impatient
to know who this unfortunate lunatick
was, he determined with himself to put
his former design in execution, and go
in quest of him, through the whole
mountain, without leaving a cave or
corner unsearched until he should find
him. But accident was more his friend
on this occasion than he could either
imagine or expect; for at that instant,
the young man of himself appeared
in the cleft of a rock hard by the
place where they stood; and came to-
wards them, muttering something to
himself, which they could not have un-
derstood had he been near, much less
as he was at some distance from them.
His equipage was just as it has been
described; but, as he approached, Don
Quixote perceived that his buff doublet,
thought to turn to rage, still retained the
perume: from whence he concluded,
that the person who wore such draps,
could not be a man of the lowest rank.
When he came up, he saluted them very
politely, though with a hoarse, muffled
voice; and the salutation was returned
with no less courtesy by Don Quixote,
who alighting from Rozinante, with
genteel and graceful deportment, went
and embraced the stranger, whom he
strained within his arms a good while,
as if he had been a very old acquaint-
ance. The other, who might have been
called the interdemonial of the distrac-
ted, as Don Quixote was titled the
knight of the useful countenance, after
having submitted to this embrace, re-
peled back, and laying his hands on the
shoulders of the knight, found looking
attentively in his face, in order to re-
collect him; no less astoniished, perhaps,
at the figure, mien, and armour of Don
Quixote, than this last was surprized
at his forlorn appearance. At length,
the first who broke silence after the em-
brace, was the ragged youth, who spoke
what you may read in the following
chapter.

C H A P. X.

T H E C O N T I N U A T I O N O F T H E A D-
V E N T U R E I N T H E S I E R R A M O-
R E N A.

The history relates, that Don
Quixote listened with vast atten-
tion to the flabby knight of the moun-
tain, who began the conversation thus:
Affredly, Signior, though I have not
the honour to know who you are,
I thank you heartily for those ex-
preffions of kindness with which you
treat me; and wish I were in such a
situation as would enable me to repay
this courteous reception with something
more than mere good-will: but my
hapless fortune affords me nothing to
offer in return for the civilities that
are shown me, except a hearty incli-
nation to make a more adequate satis-
faction. — My will and desire, an-
swered Don Quixote, to serve you is
so strong, that I was determined not
to quit these mountains until I had
found you, and learned of yourself whether or not the grief you manifest
in this strange course of life, could be alleviated by any kind of remedy, for
which, had need required, I would have searched with all possible differ-
gence; and had your misfortune been
such as shut up all the avenues to ad-
vice and redress, I was resolved to
join your lamentations, and theman
your misery to the utmost of my pow-
er; for, in all misfortunes, the great-
effect collation is a sympathizing friend;
and if this my friendly intention de-
serves the least return of civility, I
treat you, Signior, by that courtesy
which I see you so eminently possess,
and moreover conjure you by that
object, which of all others in this life
you have most loved, or are most in
love with, to tell me who you are,
and inform me of the cause that
brings you to live and die in this soli-
tude, like the brute beasts among
which you dwell, so different from
that rank, and situation to which your
appearance and person declare you are
entitled. And I swear by the order
of chivalry which I have received, un-
worthy inner that I am! and by the
profession of a knight-errant, that if
you comply with this my request, I will
serve you with that candor which
my duty obliges me to express; either
in remedying your misfortune, if it ad-
mits of remedy, or in condoling with
you, as I have already promised.

The knight of the wood, hearing him
of the rudeful countenance talk in this
manner, could do nothing for some
time but gaze, and stare, and survey
him from head to foot; at length,
having examined him thoroughly, he
said, If you have got any food, for
God's sake spare me a little; and af-
ter I shall have eaten it, I will do as
you desire, in return for the civility
you now shew me.

Sancho immediately pulled from his
bag, and the goatherd from his scrip,
some victuals to appease the hunger of
the tatterdemalion, who swallowed what
they gave him like a frantick person,
with such hurry, that he left not the
interval of an instant between one mouth-
ful and another, but seemed to devour
rather than eat, without either speaking
or being spoke to by the spectators. His
repast being ended, he beckoned them
to follow, and conducted them to a
verdant spot of grass, at the turning of
a rock, a little way from the place where
they were; and sitting down on the
green turf, they followed his example;
not a word being spoke all the time, un-
til the ragged knight, after having ad-
justed himself in his seat, began in this
manner. If you desire, gentlemen,
that I should, in a few words, inform
you of the immensity of my misfor-
tunes, you must give me your pro-
mise that you will not by any ques-
tion, or otherwise, interrupt the theme
of my doleful story; for if you should,
that instinct I will break off the nar-
ration. This warning recalled to the
knight's memory the story recounted by
his sire, which still remained unfin-
ished, because he had not kept an ex-
act account of the goats, as they passed
the river. But, to return to the tattered
knight: I give you this precaution,"
added he, "because I would briefly pass
over the detail of my misfortunes,
the remembrance of which brings
fifh addition to my woes; and the
fewer questions you ask, the sooner
shall I have finished the relation; al-
though, in order to satisfy your cu-
riosity to the full, I will not fail to
mention every material circumstance.

Don Quixote promised, in behalf of
himself and the company, to avoid all
manner of interruption; and the stranger,
thus assured, began in these words:

My name is Cardenio, the place of
my nativity one of the best cities in
this province of Andalufia, my family
noble, my parents rich, and my mis-
fortunes so great, that no doubt they
have been lamented by them, and even
felt through my whole kindred, though
all their wealth would not alleviate
my woes; for the goods of fortune are
but of little service against those ills
inflicted by the hand of Heaven. In
the same country lived, shall I call her,
a paradise, which love had adorned
with all the charms I could desire to
possess; such was the beauty of Lu-
cinda, a young lady as well-born
and rich as I, though more fortunate
and endowed with less conflagry than
what was due to my honourable in-
tentions. This Lucinda did I admire,
love, and adore, even from my most
tender years; and she made me all the
returns of love and inclination that I
could expect from her infant age.

Our
Our parents were not ignorant of our mutual affection, which gave them no offence, because they foreknew that if it should increase with our years, it could have no other issue than marriage, an union which the equality of our age and fortune seemed to point out. Meanwhile, our passion growing up with our age, Lucinda's father thought himself obliged to forbid me his house, imitating, in that particular, the parents of Thése, whom the poets have celebrated so much. This prohibition added flame to flame, and with to with, for though our tongues were restrained, they could not silence our pens, which commonly express the sentiments of the heart with more liberty, because the presence of the beloved object often confounds the most determined intention, and puts to silence the most undaunted tongue.

"Good Heaven! what letters did I write! what flame endearing sentiments did I receive! what things did I compose, inspired by love, that displayed the soul unsunk, inflamed each soft desire, regaled the fancy, and indulged the wish! in fine, my patience being exhausted, and my heart almost consumed with the desire of seeing her, I resolved to execute the scheme which seemed most favourable for my love and pretensions; and this I put in practice, by demanding her in marriage of her father, who thanked me for the honour I intended him, by this proposal of marrying into his family; but said, as my own father was alive, it was properly his business to make the demand; for, unless his consent and inclination were obtained, Lucinda was not a person either to be given or taken in marriage by health. I thanked him in my turn, for his politeness; and thinking there was a great deal of reason in what he said, assured myself that my father would readily agree to the proposal whenever I should make it. I therefore flew instantly to disclose my sentiments to him on that subject; and entering the closet where he was, found him reading a letter, which, before I could speak a syllable, he put into my hands saying, "By this letter, Cardenio, you will see how much Duke Ricardo is inclined to do you service." This Duke Ricardo, as you must know, gentlemen, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of this province. I took and read this letter, which was so extremely kind, that I myself should have blamed my father, had he refused to comply with what he requested in it: this was to send me immediately to this house, he being desirous that I should live as the companion, not the servant, of the eldest son, and he would take care of my fortune in such a manner as should manifest the esteem he had for me. Having read the letter, I was struck dumb at knowing the contents; especially when I heard my father pronounce, "Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall set out, according to the pleasure of the duke, and you ought to thank God for having opened an avenue, through which you may, arrive at that fortune I know you desire." To this declaration he added other services, as became a prudent father; and, the night before I departed, finding means to speak with Lucinda, told her what had happened; nay, I even imparted it to her father, entreating him to wait a few days, without disposing of her to any other, until I should know in what manner Ricardo wanted to employ me. He gave me his promise accordingly, and the confirmed it by a thousand vows and anxious looks.

I at length arrived at the seat of Duke Ricardo, by whom I was so well received and kindly entertained, that Envy presently began to do her office, poising the old servants with the opinion, that every expression of favour I received from the duke was prejudicial to their interest. But he who was most rejoiced at my residing there, was the duke's second son, Fernando, a gay, genial, liberal, and amorous youth, who in a short time was pleased to honour me with such intimacy of friendship as became the subject of every body's discourse; and though the eldest brother loved and favoured me also, he did not carry his favour and affection to such a pitch. Now, as all secrets are communicated between friends, and the confidence in which I lived with Fernando was soon changed into friendship, he imparted to me his most secret thoughts, and among other things, a love affair that gave him a good deal of disquiet.

In short, he had an inclination for a country-maid, who was his father's R.
vassal; her parents were very rich, and the herself so beautiful, reserved, modest and discreet, that nobody who knew her could determine in which of these qualifications she most excelled. These accomplishments of this fair maiden inflamed the desires of Don Fernando to such a pitch, that he resolved, as the easiest conquest over her virtue, to promise he would marry her; for he found it impossible to gratify his wish in any other way. I, prompt- ed and bound by my friendship, endeavoured to diffuse and divert him from his purpose, by the strongest arguments and most lively examples I could produce; but finding them all ineffectual, I resolved to communi- cate the whole affair to his father Duke Ricardo.

Don Fernando, having abundance of cunning and dexterity, suspected my intention; and was afraid, that the obligation he saw I was under, as a faithful servant, would not al- low me to conceal an affair so prejudicial to the honour of the duke my master; he therefore, in order to divert and deceive me, observed that he could find no better remedy to re- move the beauty that enslaved him from his remembrance, than that of absence for a few months; and therefore desired that we should go to my father’s house, upon pretence, as he would tell the duke, of seeing and purchasing some fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. Scarce had he uttered this proposal, when prompted by my love, exclusive of his prudent intention, I approved of it, as one of the best con- ceived schemes that could be imagin- ed; and was rejoiced at meeting with such a fair conjunction and occasion of returning to my dear Lucinda. Induced by this motive and desire, I ap- plauded his prudence, and enforced his proposal, advising him to execute his plan with all speed; for absence would certainly do it’s office, in spite of the most established inclination. At that very time, as I afterwards understood, he had enjoyed the country-maid, under the title of her husband, and waited for an opportunity of owning it with safety to himself, being afraid of the duke’s resentment, in case he should discover his folly. It happened after- wards, that as love in young peo- ple is, for the most part, nothing but appetite, whole only aim is pleasure, and this being enjoyed, what seemed love vanishes, because it cannot ex- ceed the bounds of nature; whereas real love is bounded by no such li- mit: I say, as soon as Don Fernando enjoyed the country girl, his desires were appeased, and his raptures abated; and if at first he pretended to seek a cure for them in absence, he now earneîîely desired to be absent, that he might avoid any further gratification. The duke having given him leave, and ordered me to attend him, we ar- rived at our habitation, where he was received by my father in a manner suitable to his rank and family. I went instantly to visit Lucinda, whole presence in a moment rekindled all my desires, which indeed were neither dead nor decayed within me: and, to my infinite misfortune, I made Don Fernando acquainted with my love, because I thought, by the laws of that intimate friendship with which he ho- noured me, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I therefore praised the beauty, grace, and discretion of Lucinda, in such a manner, as excited his cur- iosity to see such an accomplished young lady. Prompted by my evil genius, I gratified his desire, throwing her to him one night by the light of a taper at the window from which I used to converse with her. At sight of her he absolutely forgot all the beauties he had formerly seen; he was struck dumb with wonder; he seemed to lose all sense, became ab- sent and pensife; and in short, ena- moured of her to that degree, which you will perceive in the course of my unhappy story: and the more to in- flame his desire, which he concealed, from me, and disclosed to Heaven alone, he happened one day to find a letter which she had written, desiring me to ask her in marriage of her fa- ther, so prudent, modest, and tender, that upon perusing it, he said, “In Lucinda alone are concentrated all the charms of beauty and understanding, which are divided among the rest of her sex.” True it is, and I will now confess it, and although I knew how unjustly Fernando applauded Lucinda, I was vexed at hearing these praises proceed from his mouth, and began to dread and suspect his inclination;
for he was eternally talking of her, and always turned the discourse upon her, even when he was obliged to bring her in by the head and shoulders; a circumstance that waked a fort of jealousy within me; not that I imagined ought could alter the faith and affection of Lucinda; yet, notwithstanding, my destiny made me dread the very thing that confidence inferred. Don Fernando always contrived means to read the letters I sent to Lucinda, together with her answers, on pretence of being highly pleased with the good sense they contained; and it once happened, that he having desired me to send her a book of knight-errantry, in which he took great delight, called Amadis de Gaul——

Don Quixote no sooner heard him mention this book, than he said, Had you told me in the beginning of your story, that your mistress Lucinda was an admirer of books of chivalry, you would have had no occasion to use any other argument to convince me of her sublime understanding; which I should not have deemed quite extraordinary as you have represented it, had the wanted relish for that sort of reading: wherefore you need not spend any more words with me, in extolling her beauty, virtue, and good sense; for, upon the knowledge of her taste only, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and dainty lady in the universe. I wish, however, that you had sent along with Amadis de Gaul, the worthy Don Rugel of Greece; for I know your mistress Lucinda would have been greatly pleased with Darayra and Garaya, together with the judicious sayings of the shepherd Daringel, and those admirable verses of his eclogues, sung and represented by him with such grace, spirit, and discretion; but the time will come when that omission may be rectified; indeed, the fault may be repaired as soon as you shall please to accomplish me to the place of my habitation, where I can supply you with more than three hundred books, which are the feast of my soul, and entertainment of my life; though now I recollect, not one of them remains in my possession; thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. But I hope you will be so good as to forgive me for having contradicted my promise of not interrupting your story; for when the subject turns upon chivalry or knights-errant, I can no more forbear interpolating, than the rays of the sun can cease to warm, or those of the moon to wet: but I ask pardon; pray proceed with your story; for that is most to the purpose at present."

While Don Quixote was talking in this manner, Cardenio hung his head, and fell into a profound reverie; and though the knight repeated his request, would neither lift up his head, nor answer one word. At length, after a long pause, looking up, 'You cannot,' said he, 'beat it out of my thoughts; nor is there any perfon upon earth, who can persuade me to the contrary; and he must be a blockhead, who imagines or believes otherwise, than that the villain Maitre Elifabat carried on a criminal correspondence with Queen Mafada. — By Heaven, 'tis false,' cried Don Quixote, with great indignation and imperiousness, as usual; that report is the effect of malice, or rather mere wantonness. Queen Mafada was a most royal dame, and it is not to be presumed, that a princess of her rank would confer favours upon a mere quack doctor. Whoseover thinks otherwise, lies like a very great scoundrel; and I will prove him such either on horseback or a foot, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, as will suit his inclination.' Cardenio stood all the while looking attentively at him, and being by this time leisured with the paroxysm of his madness, could not proceed with his story; neither, if he had proceeded, would Don Quixote have listened to it, for he was offended at what he had heard to the prejudice of Queen Mafada, whose reputation interested him as much as if she had been actually his own mistress: such wonderful impression had those profane books made on his imagination!

I say, then, Cardenio being by this time under the influence of his distraction, and hearing himself called liar and scoundrel, with other terms of reproach, could not relish the joke; but,
fratching up a large pebble that lay near him, aimed it so successfully at Don Quixote's breast, that he fell fairly on his back with the blow. Sancho Panza, seeing his master treated in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; but the lunatick received him with such a blow, as knocked him down to the ground at once, and then getting upon him, mauled his carcasse to his heart's content; while the goatherd, who attempted to defend him, met with the same fate. Having thus mastered and pummelled them all round, he left off, and with great compofure retreated to the thickets from whence he came. Sancho then arose; and, enraged to find himself handled in this manner for nothing, ran to take vengeance on the goatherd, saying that he was to blame for the whole, because he had not informed him, that the man had intervals of madness; which had they known, they might have guarded against them. The goatherd affirmed, that he had apprized them of what might happen; and if they had not heard him, it was no fault of his. The squire replied; the goatherd retorted; and, in conclusion, they went by the ears together, and pulled each other's beards with such fury, that there would not have been a single hair left on either chin, had not Don Quixote interposed. Sancho, grappling stoutly with his adversary, cried, 'Give me leave, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance; this is no armed knight, but a plebeian like myself, of whom I can securely take satisfaction for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour.'—'True,' said Don Quixote; 'but the cause of what hath happened, cannot be justly imputed to him.' Peace accordingly ensued, and the knight asked the goatherd again, if there was a possibility of finding Cardenio; for he was extremely dejected at the conclusion of his story. The goatherd repeated what he had said before, that he did not certainly know whereabouts he resided; but, if they should stay long in these parts, they could not fail of finding him either mad or sober.

C H A P. XI.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED TO THE VA-
on with his story, and you would
have saved yourself the pebble-shot,
with more than half a dozen kicks
and cuffs.'

'In faith, Sancho,' answered Don
Quixote, 'if thou knewest, as I do,
what an honourable and princely la-
dy that Queen Madalina was, thou
wouldst say, I had great patience in
forbearing to demolish the mouth
from whence such blasphemy pro-
ceeded; for sure, 'tis no less to say,
or even think, that a queen should
take a surgeon to her bed. The truth
of the story is, that Master Elifabat,
whom the lunatick mentioned, was
a man of prudence and discernment,
and serv'd the queen in quality of tu-
tor and physician; but to suppose
that there was any indecent famili-
arity between them, is a piece of folly
that deferves to be severely censur'd:
and to convince thee that Cardenio
knew not what he said, thou mayest
remember he was deprived of his
fences, when he took notice of that
circumstance.'—'This I'll venture to
say,' replied the squire, 'that the
words of a madman are not to be
min'ded; for, if fortune had not flood
your worship's friend, and diff'red
to your breast the pebble that was
aim'd at your head, we should have
been in a fine condition, for your
having quarrel'd about that lady,
whom Heaven confound! you may
depend upon it, Cardenio would have
been acquitted on account of his mad-
ness.'

'Every knight-errant,' said Don
Quixote, 'is obliged to quarrel with
those who are out of their senses, as
well as those who are in them, if they
asperse the honour of women, what-
soever they might be. How much
more, then, in behalf of princesses
of such high quality and accomplish-
ments as adorn'd Queen Madalina, for
whom I have a particular affection,
on account of her admirable qualifi-
cations; for, over and above her
beauty, she had a great share of pru-
dence and resignation in her calam-
ties, which were manifold; and the
advice and company of Master Eli-
fabat were of great service in encou-
raging her to bear her afflictions with
patience and equanimity. From hence,
the ignorant and malicious vulgar
took occasion to say and suppose, that
she admitted of his carelessness; but they
lye. I say again, all those who either
say or think so, lyce in their throats,
and I will tell them, to two hundred
times over,—'As for my own part,'
said Sancho, 'I neither say nor think
any such thing; tho'he that do may dine
upon it: if they were too familiar,
by this time they have answer'd for it
to God. I prune my own vine, and
know nothing about thine. I never
meddle with other people's concerns.
He that buys and denies, his own
purse belyes,' as the saying is. Bare
I was born, and bare I remain; and
if I lose nothing, as little I gain. If
he did lie with her, that is no matter
of mine. Many people hunt the hare
without ever finding the scents; for,
Till you hedge in the sky, the tar-
lings will fly. And evil tongues will
not refrain from God himself.'

'Good Heaven,' cried Don Quix-
ote, 'what fooleries are thou bring-
ting together, Sancho? Pray, what re-
lation have these old saws to the subject
of our conversation? I charge thee
to hold thy peace, and henceforth en-
tertain thyself with spurring up thy
aff's, and leave off talking of things
which do not concern thee; or let thy
whole five senses be convince'd, that
every thing I have done, am doing,
or will do, is highly reasonable, and
in exact conformity with the laws of
chivalry, which I understand better
than any knight that ever profess'd
the order.'—'Yes, Sir,' replied Sancho,
to be sure it is an excellent law of chi-
valry, to ill or about bewilder'd in these
mountains, where there is neither high
road nor bye path, in search of a mad-
man, who, after we have found him,
will perhaps take it in his head to fi-
nish what he left undone; not of his
story, but of your worship's pate and
my ribs, which he may chance to
break in a thousand slices.'

'I say again, Sancho,' resumed the
knight, 'hold thy peace; for I would
have thee know, that I am not de-
tained in this place, so much by the
defire of finding the lunatick, as of
performing in it an exploit by which
I shall acquire everlasting renown
throughout the whole known world;
and put the stamp of perfection upon
the wonderful efforts of knight-er-
rantry?'—'And will this exploit be
attended with much danger?' said San-
cho,
"No," answered he of the rieful countenance, "though the dice may run to as to produce bad instead of good fortune; but the whole will depend upon thy diligence." Upon my diligence! cried the squire. Without doubt," answered his master; "for, if thou wilt return speedily, from the place to which thou must be sent, my afflication will soon be at an end, and my glory will speedily begin: and, that I may no longer keep thee in suspense about the meaning of my words, know, Sancho, that the celebrated Amadis de Gaul was one of the most perfect knights-errant; one of them, said I? he alone was the only, single, chief, and superior of all his cotemporaries. Contempt and shame upon Bellanis, and all those who say he equalled him in any one particular; for, by this light, they are all egregiously deceived! I say, moreover, when a painter defies to become famous in his art, he endeavours to imitate the originals painted by the most noted artists; and the fame maxim holds in every other science and exercise that adorns a commonwealth; therefore, he who wants to attain the virtues of prudence and equanimity, must endeavour to imitate the character of Ulysses, in whose person and sufferings Homer has drawn an excellent picture of wildness and patience, as Virgil, in the person of Æneas, represents the piety of an affectionate son, and the largeness of a wife and valiant general; not that they are described and set forth exactly as they were, but as they ought to have been, as examples of virtue to posterity. In the same manner, Amadis shone like the northern star, the Lucifer and sun of all valiant and amorous knights; and therefore must be imitated as a pattern, by all those who serve under the banners of love and chivalry. Now, this being the case, friend Sancho, I find that the knight-errant who approaches the nearest to this great original, will bid fairest for attaining the perfection of chivalry: and one of the circumstances in which that knight gave the highest proofs of his worth, prudence, valour, patience, constancy, and love, was his retiring to the poor rock, when he was in disgrace with his mistress Oriana, there to do penance under the feigned name Bel- tenebros; an appellation certainly very significant and proper to the way of life he had voluntarily chosen. As it is therefore more easy for me to imitate him in this than in clearing giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, overthrowing armies, flattering navies, and dissolving insufficences; and as this solitude is so well adapted to such designs, I am resolved to seize occasion by the forelock, which she now so complaisantly presents.

"In reality," said Sancho, "what is your worship resolved to do in this remote place?"—"Have I not already told thee," replied the knight, "that I am determined to imitate Amadis, in asling the desperado, the Lunatick, the madman: to copy aloft after the valiant Don Roldan, when he discovered, in a fountain, certain marks by which he was convinced that Angelica the fair had committed uncleanness with Medoro. A piece of information attended with such grief and anxiety, that he ran mad, tore up the trees by the root, fullled the waters of the transparent springs, slew shepherds, destroyed flocks, set fire to cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares along the ground, and performed a thousand other insolent feats worthy to be inserted in Fame's eternal record: and because I do not propose to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rolando, for he went by all these names, literally in all the extravagancies he thought, said, and did, I will copy his outlines as well as I can, in the most essential parts of his character; nay, perhaps, I may content myself with the sole imitation of Amadis, who, by his tears and sighs, alone, acquired as much fame as the other with all the mischief he did."—"If I apprehend the matter aright," said Sancho, "the knights who played such mad pranks were provoked, and had some reason to act these follies, and penance: but what cause hath your worship to turn madman? With what lady are you in disgrace? or by what
 signs are you given to understand that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso has been playing the rogue either with Moor or Christian!—This is the point," answered Don Quixote; "and refinement of my design; a knight who turns madman, because he cannot help it, can claim no merit from his misfortune; but the great matter is to run diffraffed without cause, and give my lady reason to conceive what I could do were I molestee, when I can do so much being dry. More especially, as I have sufficient cause in the long absence to which I am doomed by my ever-darling mistress Dulcinea del Toboso; for, according to the words of the shepherd Matias Ambrosio, which thou mayest have heard,

"In absence of my charming fair,
I suffer all those ills I fear."

Wherefore, friend Sancho, you need not throw away your time profitably, in advising me to refrain from an imititation at once so admirable, rare, and happy: mad I am, and mad I shall be until thou returnest with the answer of a letter which I propose to send by thee to my Lady Dulcinea; and if it be such as I am entitled to by my love and fidelity, my distraction and penance will end; but, should it be otherwise, I shall run mad in earnest, and consequently be insensible of my misfortunes; wherefore, let her answer be as it may, it will extricate me from the doubts and affliction in which thou leavest me; because, if it be favourable, I shall enjoy it in my right senses; and if it be unfavourable, my frenzy will not feel it.

But tell me, Sancho, haft thou taken care of Mambrino’s helmet, which I saw thee take up, after that ungrateful vagabond endeavoured in vain to break it in pieces; a circumstance that proves the excellency of it’s temper? To this exclamation, Sancho replied, "Fore God! Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I cannot suffer, nor bear with patience, some things which your worship says; for they make me imagine, that all you have mentioned about chivalry, and acquiring kingdoms and empires, and giving away islands, with other favours and presents, according to the practice of knights-errant, is nothing but puffs of falsehood, and the mere effect of fiction or fiction, or what do you call it: for who that hears your worship call a barber’s bafon the helmet of Mambrino, and fees you continue in that error so many days, but will believe, that he who affirns such nonsense must be very much crazed in his understanding? The bafon, which is all bruised and battered, I have put up in my bag, in order to be mended at home, and used for the service of my own beard, if ever, by the grace of God, I come to feed my wife and family. —"Hark ye, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "by the same oath you swore, again, that thou haft the most slender understanding that any squire in this world does or ever did profess! Is it possible, that after all thy travelling in my company, thou art not convinced that every thing belonging to knights-errant, appears chimerical, folly, and distraction, being metamorphosed into the reverie of what it is, by the power of a tribe of enchanters who attend us, changing, converting, and restoring each particular, according to their pleasure, and the inclination they have to favour or annoy us; for which reason, what seems a barber’s bafon to thee, I can easily discern to be the helmet of Mambrino, and perhaps to a third, it will assume a quite different appearance; and I cannot but admire the providence of the fage who is my friend, in making that which is really and truly Mambrino’s helmet, appear a bafon to the rest of mankind, because it is of such inestimable value, that if it was known, the whole world would combine to ravid it from me; but as it appears to them no more than a barber’s bafon, they never attempt to obtain it. This was plainly the case with the villain, who, having endeavoured to break it in pieces, left it on the ground, when he went off; whereas, had he known what it was, in good faith he would not have quitted it so easily. Keep it therefore with care, my friend, for at present there is no occasion for it; on the contrary, I shall flipp off all my armour, and remain naked as I was born,
born, in case I be inclined to imitate the penance of Roldan, rather than that of Amadis.

Converting in this manner, they arrived at the foot of a high mountain that stood alone, as if it had been cut out from the rest that surrounded it. A gentle rill murmured by the skirts of it, winding along a meadow, so green and fertile, that it ravished the spectator's eye; while a number of forest trees that grew around, together with some delicious herbs and flowers, conspired to make the place enchanting. This was the scene in which the knight of the ruesful countenance chose to do penance; and therefore he no sooner perceived it, than he began to explain aloud, as if he had actually left his senses. 'This is the spot, ye heavens! which I choose and appoint my residence, while I bewail that misfortune to which you yourselves have reduced me. This is the place where the tears from these eyes will increase the waters of that little brook; and where my profound and interrupted sighs will incessantly move the leaves of these mountain-oaks, in witness and testimony of the pangs which my tormented heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoseov ye are, who take up your mansion in this uninhabited place, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom a tedious absence and imaginary doubts have brought to lament among these craggy hills, and bemoan the cruel disposition of that ungrateful fair, who is the end and perfection of all human beauty? O ye nymphs and dryads, who were wont to inhabit the hills and groves, (so may no nimble and insidious satyr, by whom you are beloved, though loved in vain, disturb your sweet repose) help me to bewail my misfortune; or at least dispair not to hear my moan!'—O Dulcinea del Tobofo I light of my darkens! glory of my affliction! north-star of my inclinations! and planet of my fortune! as Heaven shall pour upon you the blessings which you ask; consider the place and condition to which your absence hath exiled me, and put such a period to my woe, as my fidelity shall seem to deserve! O ye solitary trees, who henceforth are to bear me company in this retreat, convince me, by the gentle waving of your branches, that my preference gives you no difficulty.—And thou, my Ipire, the agreeable companion of my good and evil fortune, faithfully retain in thy remembrance what thou hast seen me do, that thou mayest recount and rehearse every circumstance to the lovely cause of all my distraction!' So saying, he alighted; and, taking off the bridle and saddle from Rozinante, gave him a flapp on the buttocks, pronouncing these words: 'He who is a slave himself, befores freedom upon thee, O steed, as excellent in thy qualities as unlucky in thy fate! go wheresoever thou wilt; thou bearest engraven on thy forehead, that thou wast never equalled in swiftness, either by Astolpho's Hypogriph, or the renowned Frontino that cost Bradamante so dear.'

Sancho, hearing this apostrophe, 'My blessing,' cried he, 'be upon him whose industry now saves us the trouble of taking the halter from the head of Dapple," who, in good faith, should not want flaps on the buttocks, nor abundance of fine things said in his praise; but if he were here, I would not consent to his being turned loose, there being no reason for doing; for he was never acquainted with love and despair, no more than I, who was his master, while it pleased God I should be so; and truly, Sir Knight of the Ruesful Countenance, if this departure of mine, and distraction of your worship, are really to take place, you had better saddle Rozinante again, to supply the want of Dapple; by which means a great deal of time will be saved in my going and coming; whereas, if I make the journey on foot, I know not when it will be performed; for, in short, I am a very slow walker.'—'I say, be it so, then, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote: 'I approve of thy proposal; and assure thee, that thou shalt set out in three days, during which I would have thee take notice of what I shall do for her sake, that thou mayest be able to give her a full account of my behaviour,'—'What more can I see,' said Sancho, 'than I have seen already?'—'You are pretty

* Lo! Sancho's ass hath disappeared again.
"perfect in your story," answered the knight; 'but, as yet, I have not torn my cloaths, scattered my armour, and dashed my head against the rocks, nor performed many other things of this sort, which thou wilt behold with admiration.'— For the love of God, Sir!' cried Sancho, 'take care how you dash your head against the rocks; for you may chance to meet with such a one as will, at the first push, put the finishing stroke to this whole scheme of penance; and I should think, that as knock of the head are absolutely necessary to compleat the work, your worship might content yourself, seeing the whole affair is a sham, a counterfeit, and a joke; I say, your worship might content yourself with ramming your skull against water, or some forit thing, like a cotton bag; and leave it to my care to tell my lady, that your worship went to loggerheads with the point of a rock a thousand times harder than adamant.'— Friend Sancho,' replied the knight, 'I am obliged to thee, for thy kind intention; but, thou must know, that what I do is not a sham, but a very serious matter; for, to behave otherwise, were to transgress the orders of chivalry, which forbid us to lye, under pain of being degraded; and you know, that to substitute one thing instead of another, is downright telling a lye; wherefore, my knock on the head must be real, hard, and effectual, and not sophisticated or imaginary; and it will be necessary to leave me some lint for my wounds, since it was the will of fate that we should lose the balsam.'

'It was a much greater misfortune,' said the squire, 'to lose the ale, and with him the lint and all; but I beseech your worship, not to talk of that accursed drench, the sole mention of which not only turns my stomack, but even my very soul; and I beseech you, moreover, to suppose we have passed those three days, which you have appointed for frowning me your mad pranks; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders of them to my lady. Write the letter, therefore, and dispatch me forthwith: because I am impatient till I return and deliver your worship from that purgatory in which I leave you,'—" Purgatory! call you it, Sancho?" replied Don Quixote: 'it rather delerves the name of hell, or something worse, if worse can be.'— I have heard,' said the squire, 'that from hell there is no retention.'— I know not,' replied the knight, 'what you mean by retention.'— Retention," answered Sancho, 'signifies, that whosoever goeth to hell, neither will nor can come back again. The contrary of which shall happen to your worship, or my feet will mitigate, provided I carry spurs to quicken Rozinante: and let me once face to face before your Lady Dulcinea, at Toboso, I will tell her such stories of the folly and madness, for they are both the same thing, which your worship has committed, and will then be committing; that though I should find her harder than a cork tree, I will make her as plant as a glove; and, with her sweet and honest answer, return through the air, like a witch, and deliver your worship from this purgatory, that appears like hell, though it be not really so, because there are some hopes of getting out of it; whereas those who are actually in hell can have no such expectations; and I dare say, your worship will not advance any thing to the contrary.'

'That is all very true,' said he of the rueful countenance; 'but how shall we make shift to write this letter?'— 'Aye, and the bill for the colts?' added Sancho. 'That shall be inferred in the letter,' answered his master; and I think, as there is no paper to be had in this place, the best thing we can do, will be to write in the manner of the ancients, on the leaf of a tree, or on waxen tables; though I believe, those will be as difficult to be found as the paper. But, now I remember what will do well, and excellently well, for our purpose: I will write it in the pocket-book which belonged to Cardenio, and thou shalt take care to have it fairly transcribed in the fit place where thou canst find a schoolmaster or a parish-clerk to copy it. But, by no means employ a scrivener, who may write it in such an unintelligible court-hand, that Satan himself could not understand it.'— But what is to be done about the signing of it?' said Sancho. 'Love-letters are never signed,' replied Don Quixote.
Quixote. 'True,' resumed the squire; but all bills must be subrubed: and if this of yours were to be copied, they would say the subscription was counterfeit, and I might go whistle for my colts.' - The bill shall be subrubed with my own hand in the pocket-book; which my niece shall no sooner see, than she will comply with the order, without any farther objection: and with regard to the letter, instead of my subscription, thou shalt cause to be inserted, 'Yours, till death; the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.' And though it be written by another hand, it is of small importance, because, now I remember, Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor ever set eyes on any writing or letter of mine: for our mutual love has been altogether platonic, without extending farther than a modest glance: and even that so seldom, that I can safely swear, in twelve years, during which I have loved her more than the light of these eyes, which will one day be closed in dust, I have not seen her more than four times, and even in these four times, perhaps, she hath not perceived me looking at her more than once. Such is the restraint and reserve in which her father Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother Aldonza Nogales, have brought her up!' "Ah, ha!" cried Sancho, 'is the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, whose other name is Aldonza Lorenzo, the same with the Lady Dulcinea?' - 'Yes,' answered the knights; 'and she deserves to be lady of the whole universe.' - 'I know her perfectly well,' said Sancho; 'and this will venture to say in her behalf, that she will pitch the bar as well as e'er a lusty young fellow in the village. Bless the squire! she is a strapper, tall, and haie wind and limb; and can lift out of the mire any squire or knight errant, who shall chafe her for his sweetheart. Ah! the whore's chick! what a pair of lungs and voice has she got! I heard her one day halloo from the belfry to some young fellows of her acquaintance, who were at work in a corn-field of her father's; and, though it was at the distance of half a league, they heard her as plain as if they had been right under the steeple; and what is better still, she is not at all coy, but behaves herself civilly; and jokes and romps, and plays the rogue with any body. Now, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I say that your worship not only has caufe to run mad for her, but even to despair and hang yourself: and I am sure nobody that heard it, but would say you had done extremely well; even though the devil should run away with you; and truly, I wish I were now upon my way, merely to see her; for I have not beheld her these many days; and, surelv, she must be greatly altered: for the sun and weather does very much damage to the face of a woman who is always at work in the field. To tell you the truth, Sir Don Quixote, I have hitherto lived in great ignorance with respect to my Lady Dulcinea, whom I verily believed to be some princess, that your worship was in love with; or a person of such rank as to deserve the rich presents you sent to her; namely, the Biscayan and galley-slaves, with many others whom you conquered in the course of your numberless victories, both before and since I have been your squire. But, when one confiders the affair, what benefits can my Lady Aldonza Lorenzo—I mean, my Lady Dulcinea del Tobofo, reap from your worship's sending, or having sent those whom you overcome in battle, to fall upon their knees before her? especially as they might chance to come at a time when she is bufy, carding flax and threshing corn; in which case, they would be ashamed to see her, and the laugh and be out of humour at their arrival.' - 'I have frequently oberved before now, Sancho," said Don Quixote, 'that thou art an everlafting babber and, though of a shallow understanding, thy bluntness—borders often on severity; but, to convince thee of thy own ignorance and my diftention, thou shalt give ear to a short story which I will relate. 'Know, then, that once upon a time a certain handsome widow, young, free, wealthy, and, above all, good-humoured, fell in love with a thick, squat, brawny, lay-brother, belonging to a neighbouring convent; the superiour of which being informed of the affair, said to the widow, one day, by way of brotherly reprofe, "I am amazed, Madam, and not with-"
out cause, that a lady of your rank, 
beauty, and fortune, should befall 
your affection upon such a low, sim- 
ple, clownish fellow; when there are 
so many matters, graduates, and dis- 
vines, in the convent, among whom 
your ladyship may chuse, as one 
picks pears, saying, "This I like, 
that I loath." The lady answered, 
with great freedom and vivacity, 
Signior, you are very much deceived, 
and very old-fashioned in your 
opinion, if you think I have made 
a bad choice in that fellow who seems 
so simple: for, in that particular 
which I admire, he is as much of a 
philosopher, nay, more than Ari- 
philote himself." In like manner, San- 
cho, Dulcinea del Tobofo is as pro- 
per for my occasions as the highest 
princes upon earth. All the poets, 
who have celebrated ladies, under 
names which they invented at plea- 
sure, had not really such mistresses as 
they describe. Doft thou imagine, 
that all the Amaryllis's, Silvia's, Phil- 
lis's, Diana's, Galatea's, Alida's, and 
other names so often met with in ro- 
mances, poems, barbers shops, and on 
the stage, actually belonging to ladies 
of flesh and blood, who were adored 
by those who fang, and have sung 
their praises? No, surely; but, on 
the contrary, are, for the most part, 
feigned and adopted as the subjects of 
verse, that the poets may be thought 
men of amorous and gallant disposi- 
tions. Wherefore, let it suffice, that 
I imagine and believe the worthy Al- 
douza Lorenzo to be beautiful and 
modest: and, as to her pedigree, it is 
a matter of small importance; there 
is no necessity for taking information 
on that head, as if she were to be in- 
volved with some order of knighthood; 
and I take it for granted, that he is 
the noblest princes in the universe; 
for, thou must know, Sancho, if it 
be a thing of which thou art ignorant, 
that the two qualities, which, above 
all others, influe love, are beauty 
and reputation: and these two are Dul- 
cinea in consummate possession of; 
for in beauty the excels all women, 
and is equalled by very few in point 
of reputation. And, to conclude, I 
imagine that all I have said is true, 
without exaggeration or diminution. 
I paint her in my fancy according to 
my will, as well in beauty as in rank; 
unexcelled by Helen, unrivalled by 
Lucretia, or any other heroine of ages 
past, whether Grecian, Roman, or 
Barbarian; and let people say what 
they will, if I am blamed by the igno- 
orant, I shall be acquitted by the 
moot rigid of those who are proper 
judges of the case."—"I say," an- 
swered Sancho, "that your worship is 
very much in the right, and I am no 
better than an ass; but I know not 
why I should mention the word ass; 
for one ought not to talk of halters in 
the house of a man who was hanged. 
But give me the letter, and farewell 
till I return." 

Don Quixote pulled out the memo-
randum-book, and, stepping aside, with 
great composure, began to write the 
letter; which, when he had finnished, 
he called to Sancho, saying he wanted 
to read it to him, that he might retain 
it in his memory, in case he should lose 
it by the way; for every thing was to 
be feared from his evil fortune. "Your 
worship," answered Sancho, "may 
write it down two or three times in 
the book, and I will take special care 
to convey it safely; but it is folly to 
suppose that I can retain it in my mem-
ory, which is so bad, that I have 
many a time forgot my own names; 
but, notwithstanding, pray, Sir, read 
it to me; I shall be hugely rejoiced 
to hear it; for it must certainly be 
curiously penned."—"Listen then, and 
I will read it," said Don Quixote; 
who began as follows. 

Don Quixote's Letter to Dulcinea del 
Tobôlo. 

**SOVEREIGN AND SUBLIME PRINCESS,** 

**HE who is wounded by the edge 
of abstinence, and whose heart 
is fluck full of the darts of affliction, 
must divine Dulcinea del Tobôlo!** 

wishes thee that health which he is 
not doomed to enjoy. If I am scorn-
ed by thy beauty, if thy virtue affords 
me no relief, if thy disdain compleats 
my misfortune; albeit, I am inured 
to suffering, I can ill support the 
misery I bear; which hath not only 
been excessive, but also of long du-
tion. My rough squire Sancho will give 
thee an ample relation, O ungrateful 
beauty and lovely, for of the situation 
in which I remain on thy account.
if it be thy will to succour me, I am
thy slave: if not, use thy pleasure;
for the end of my life will satisfy thy
cruelty and my desire. Thine till
death,

THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL
COUNTEANCE.

By my father's soul!' cried Sancho,
this is the highest thing I ever heard.
Odds-niggers I how your worship
writes whatsoever you please, and how
curiously you conclude, "The Knight
of the Rueful Countenance." I verily
believe your worship is the devil him-
self, and knows every thing. — "All
that knowledge," replied the knight,
is necessary for the employment I pro-
fer." — "Why, then," said the squire,
be so good as to write on the other
leaf the order for the three colts, and
he sure to subscribe distinctly, that
when it is presented, your hand-writ-
ing may be known." — "With all my
heart," I said Don Quixote, who having
written the order, read it aloud in these
terms.

DEAR NIECE,

PLEASE deliver to Sancho Panza,
my squire, or order, at sight of
this my first bill of colts, three of the
five which I left at home in your cus-
tody; which three colts I order you
to pay, in return for the like number
received of him: and this bill, toge-
ther with his receipt, shall be a suffi-
cient acquittance to you,
'Given in the heart of the brown
mountain, the twentieth and second of
August, this present year.'

Sancho liked the form, and desired
his master to sign it. 'There is no oc-
casion for my signing it," said Don
Quixote, 'with any thing but my cy-
pher, which is sufficient not only for
three, but three hundred affairs." — As
to that, I will take your worship's
word; and now give me leave to go
and saddle Rocinante, which when
I have done, and received your bless-
ing, I intend forthwith to depart,
without staying to see you play any
foolish tricks, though I will affirm, I
have beheld you perform so many, that
she will desire to hear no more of
the matter;" — 'At least,' Sancho,'
and in encountering other hardships."

"Your worship must know," said Sancho, "that I am afraid I shall not find my way back again to this concealed and unfrequented place, in which I leave your worship."—"Take good notice of the marks," answered the knight, "and I shall endeavour to remain always near this very spot: nay, I will take care to attend the highest rocks hereabouts, that I may have a chance of discovery thee afar off, in thy return. But, the best scheme for preventing thy being bewildered, will be, to cut down some of the furze that grows here in great plenty, and drop bunches of it, at small distances on the way, until thou shalt reach the flat country: and they will serve as landmarks to guide thee hither on thy return, like the clue of Theseus, in the labyrinth of Crete."—

"I will take your advice," said Sancho; who accordingly cutting a large bundle, begged his master's blessing, and took his leave, not without many tears on both sides. Then mounting Rozinante, whom Don Quixote strongly recommended to his care, commanding him to pay as much regard to the stead as he would shew for his own person; he set out for the plain, scattering, by the way, the furze he had cut, according to the direction of his master. In this manner then, did he begin his journey, notwithstanding the incessant importunities of Don Quixote, who solicited him to stay and see some of his extravagancies: but, he had not travelled above an hundred yards, when he returned, saying, "I confess your worship was in the right, when you observed, that, in order to my swearing with a safe conscience that I have seen you perform mad pranks, it would be necessary for you to play some in my presence; although, in my opinion, I have seen a pretty good sample already in your playing here by yourself."—"Did not I tell thee so, Sancho?" said Don Quixote; "wait a little, and I will finish them in a twinkling." So saying, he stripped off his breeches in a great hurry, leaving his posteriors covered by the tail of his shirt alone, and without further ceremony, cut a couple of capers, and a like number of tumbles, with his head down and his heels up, disclosing particulars, which shocked the modesty of Sancho so much, that in order to avoid the sight of them a second time, he turned Rozinante, fully satisified and pleased, that he might now honestly swear he had left his master distraught. We will therefore let him pursue his journey, till his return, which was more speedy than could be expected.
him in his madness, when the occasion is not similar; for, my Dulcinea del Tobolo, I dare swear, never in all the days of her life, beheld one Moor in his own likeness; and is this day as much a virgin as the mother that bore her; I should therefore do her a manifest injury, in imagining otherwife, and adopting that kind of madness which possessed Orlando Furioso. On the other hand, I am sensible that Amadis de Gaul, without losing his senses, or acting the madman, acquired as much, or more fame than he, in the character of a lover; for, according to the history, all that he did, when he found himself in disgrace with his mistress Oriana, who banished him from her presence during pleasure, was to retire, in company of a hermit, to the poor rock, where he contended himself with mourning his misfortune, until Heaven sent him succour, in the midst of his great necessity and affliction. If this circumstance, therefore, be true, as I know it is, why should I now take the trouble of whipping myself naked, or give umbrage to these trees; which have done me no harm! or what reason have I to defile the pure stream of these rivulets, which, when I want it, will yield me pleasant drink! Flourish, then, the memory of Amadis! and let him be imitated as much as possible, by Don Quixote of La Mancha, of whom may be said, that which is recorded of another,

"If he did not achieve great things, "at least he died in attempting." And, though I am not banished nor disdained by my Dulcinea, let it suffice, as I have already said, that I am absent from her. Come, then, let us begin: recur to my remembrance, ye fears of Amadis, and initiate me in the imitation of your fame. I know his chief exercit was prayer, and in that too will I follow his example." So saying, he composed a parody of the large gails of a cork tree, which he string together instead of beads; but, he found an unconquerable difficulty in the want of an hermit to confefs and consile him: wherefore, he entertained himself in strolling about the meadow, writing and engraving verses on the barks of trees, and the smooth sand; all of them on the subject of his own melancholy, or in praise of his mistress Dulcinea; but, after he was found in this place, none, except the following, remained intelligible and entire.

I.

YE trees and herbs, so green and tall,
That shade this meadow, and adorn,
If you rejoice not at my thrall,
Give ear unto a wretch forlorn;
Nor let my grief, though loud, invade
Your peace; but, by Don Quixote, be a
Self-suffer'd tax of sorrow, paid
In absence of his Dulcinea
del Tobolo.

II.

These are the rocks to which he's driven
By her who seems not much to care for
The truest lover under heaven:
And yet he knows not why nor wherefore.
By love to's like a tennis-oval,
A cask of tears will not defray a
Whole day's expence of grief and gall,
In absence of his Dulcinea
del Tobolo.

III.

Among these craggy rocks and brambles,
He hangs, alas! on sorrow's tents;
Or crouces, as stroke he rambles,
The cruel cause of his misventures.
Unspiteful love about his ears,
With fourcure fovere began to play a
Molt dreadful game, that made his tears
Flow for his absent Dulcinea
del Tobolo.

These verses, with the addition of del Tobolo, to the name of Dulcinea, afforded infinite diversion to those who found them: for, they concluded Don Quixote had imagined, that, if he named her without this title, the flanza could not possibly be understood; and this was really the case, as he afterwards owned. Many other ditties did he compose; but, as we have already observed, none but these three flanzas could be deciphered and read. In this amusemen, in fighting, invoking the fauns and fylvans of those woods, the nymphs of the brooks, with
the damp and doleful echo to hear, console, and refund his complaints; and, in calling plants to suflain nature, he employed himself till the return of Sancho, who, had he stayed three weeks, instead of three days, the knight of the rueful countenance would have been so emaciated and disfigured, that he could not have been known by the mother who bore him.

However, it will not be amiss to leave him, engrossed by his sighs and poetry; in order to recount what happened to Sancho Panza, in the execution of his embassy. Having reached the highway, this trusty messenger took the road to Tobofo, and next day arrived at the very inn where he had met with the disgraceful adventure of the blanketting. He no sooner perceived the unlucky house, than he fancied himself cutting capers in the air again; and was very loth to enter, although it was then dinner-time, and he was very much inflamed by the desire of tasting something hot, as he had lived for a great many days past on cold viands only. This inclination compelled him to ride close up to the inn, while, while he was sitting in fulness, and hesitating whether or not he should enter, two persons happened to come to the door, and knowing him immediately, the one said to the other, 'Pray, Mr. Licentiate, is not that man on horseback our neighbour Sancho Panza; who, as the housekeeper told us, went out with our adventurer in quality of squire?—The very same,' answered the licentiate, 'and that is the individual horse of our friend Don Quixote.' And no wonder they should know him so easily; for they were no other than the curate and barber of the knight's town, by whom the scrutiny and trial of his books were held. Having therefore recognized Sancho Panza and Rozinante, and being impatient to hear news of Don Quixote, they ran up to the squire, and the curate called him by name, saying, 'Friend Sancho, where is your master?' Sancho, who recollected them also, resolved to conceal the place and condition in which he had left his master; and therefore answered, that the knight was in a certain place, employed about a certain affair of the utmost importance, which he durst not divulge for the eyes that stood in his head. 'That pretence will not do, Sancho,' said the barber; 'if you refuse to tell where he is, we shall imagine, as indeed we do, that you have robbed and murdered him, and taken possession of his horse; so that in good sooth, you must either produce him, or in this very spot, we will——' 'You have no occasion,' cried Sancho, interrupting him, 'to threaten people in this manner; I am not the man to rob and murder any person; every man must fall by his own fortune, or by the will of God that created him: my master is found and safe, doing penance in the midst of that mountain, to his heart's content.' He then, without pausing, in a breath informed them of the condition in which he left him, recounted all the adventures which had happened to him, and told them of the letter he was carrying to my Lady Dulcinea del Tobofo, who was no other than Lorenzo Cerchueto's daughter, with whom his master was up to his ears in love.

They were astonished at what the squire related, and though well acquainted with the particular species of Don Quixote's madness, this instance afforded fresh admiration: they desired Sancho to show them the letter for the Lady Dulcinea del Tobofo; and he told them it was only a rough draught, written on the leaf of a pocket-book; and that his master had ordered him to get it transcribed on a sheet of paper, with the first convenient opportunity. 'The curate promised to transcribe it in a fair legible hand, and again offering a sight of it, Sancho put his hand in his bosom, in search of the book, which, however, he could not find; and indeed, had he fumbled till this time, it would have been to no purpose; for he had left it with Don Quixote, who had forgot to give it, as he to ask it of him, before he left out. Sancho missing his charge, grew pale as death, and searching again his whole body with great eagerness, could find nothing; upon which, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard, with both hands, and plucked one half of it from his chin; then, with vault dispatch and precipitation, belaboured his face and nose in such a manner, as left the whole covered with blood. The curate and barber, seeing him make so free with his own person, asked what had happened to him, that made him handle himself so roughly. 'What has happened to me?' cried the squire,
I have lost and let slip through my
fingers in an instant, three as five colts,
each of which was as tall as a tower."
— 'By what means?' resumed the bar-
ber. 'I have lost,' answered Sancho,
the pocket-book, in which was writ-
ten the letter for Dulcinea, together
with an order, signed by my master's
own hand, defiring his niece to de-
 liver to me three colts out of four or
five which he has at home.' At the
same time he told them how he had lost
Dapple. The curate comforted him,
by saying, that when he returned, his
mutter would renew the order, and give
him a bill upon paper, as the custom is,
for those written in pocket-books are
never accepted or paid.

With this assurance Sancho confided
himself, observing, since that was the
case, he should not give himself much
uneasiness about the loss of the letter,
which, as he retained it by heart, he
could cause to be transcribed where and
when he pleased. The barber defired
him to repeat it, telling him they would
transcribe it; upon which Sancho be-
gan to scratch his head, in order to re-
collect it, standing sometimes on one
foot, sometimes on the other. One
while he fixed his eyes upon the ground,
then lifted them up to Heaven; at last,
after a most tedious paufe, during which
he gnawed off the half of one of his
nails, and kept his hearers in the moft
impatient fufpence; 'Fore God, Mr.
Licentiate,' said he, 'I believe the de-
vil has run away with every word that
I remembered of this letter; though I
am positive it began with Subterrene
and sublime princes!'—'It could
not be Subterrene,' said the barber,
but superterrene or sovereign.'—'You
are in the right,' resumed Sancho;
then, if my memory does not fail me,
it went on with the miften, the fleep-
lets, and the fore, kifles your hands,
mofl ungrateful and unregarded beau-
ty; and something or other of health
and deftimer which he wished her;
running on at this rate, till he con-
cluded with, 'yours, till death, the
'Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'

The hearers were not a little diverted
with this fpecimen of Sancho's me-
mary, which they applauded very much;
defiring him to repeat the letter again,
twice over, that they might retain it, until
they could have an opportunity of tran-
scribing it. He accordingly renewed his
efforts, repeated it three times; and as
often recited three thousand other ab-
surdities. He likewise gave them an
account of every thing which had befall-
en his matter; but mentioned not a syll-
able of the blanketting that had hap-
pened to himself, in that very inn which
he refufed to enter; nay, he gave them
to understand that his matter, as soon as,
he could bring him a favourable dis-
patch from my Lady Dulcinea del To-
bolo, would put himself in the way of
becoming an emperor or monarch at
least, according to the plan settled be-
tween them. This he represented as a
very easy matter, considering the va-
our of his person, and strength of his
arm; and told them, that this design
would be no sooner accomplished, than
the knight would befall upon him in
marriage, (for by that time, he mulf
necfly be a widower) one of themaids
of honour to the empress; a fine young
lady, and heiress of a waft and wealthy
estate upon the main land, without any
oilands or iflands, which he did not
much care for.

Sancho uttered this piece of wrong-
headed information with such compe-
sure, wiping his nofe from time to time,
that his townsmen could not help ad-
miring anew the madness of Don Qui-
Xote; which, like a whirlpool, had sucked
in and swept along with it the under-
standing of this poor simpleton. They
did not chufe to fatigue themselves with
endeavours to convince him of his er-
ror; but, as they believed it was not
prejudicial to his conscience, refolved,
for their amufement, to encourage him
in his folly; with this view they ad-
vifed him to pray to God for long
life and health to his matter; and ob-
erved, that it was a thing both likely
and feasible that he should, in proc-
ess of time, become an emperor, at leaft
an archbishop, or attain some flation of
equal dignity. To this encouragement
Sancho replied, 'Gentlemen, if for-
tune should bring matters about, so
as that my matter should incline to
be an archbishop rather than an em-
peror, I should be glad to know what
archbishops-errant befall upon their
quires?' The curate told him, that
they commonly gave him some simple
benefice, curacy, or the office of facri-
flan, with a good yearly income, be-
sides the fees of the altar, which are
üually reckoned at as much more.

In
In order to fill an employment of that kind, answered Sancho, 'the squire must be unmarried, and at least capable of afflicting at mass; and if that be the case, what will become of me, who have not only the misfortune to be married, but am also ignorant of the first letter of the A, B, C; should my master take it in his head to be an archbishop, rather than an emperor, according to the custom of knights-errant?'—'Don't make yourself uneasy about that matter, friend Sancho,' said the barber; 'for we will intreat and advise your master, nay, even make it an affair of confidence, for him to become an emperor rather than archbishop, as a station more suited to his disposition, which is more warlike than studious.'—I was of the same opinion, refamed Sancho; but now, I'll venture to say, he has a capacity for everything: and what I intend to do, is to beseech our Lord to direct his choice to that station which will be most for his own honour and my advantage.'—You 'speak like a sensible man,' said the curate; and in so doing will act the part of a good Christian; but, our present business is to think on some means of putting an end to this useless penance your master has imposed upon himself; and in the mean time, go in to dinner.' Sancho directed them to enter, saying he would wait for them at the door, and afterwards tell them why he did not go in, and wherefore it was not proper for him so to do; but begged they would be so good as to bring out something hot for himself, and some barley for Rozinante. They accordingly went in, and in a little time the barber brought him out a mess of hot viennals. After they had both maturely deliberated about the means of accomplishing their design, the curate fell upon a scheme, extremely well-adapted to the taste of the knight, as well as to their purpose. He proposed to clothe himself in the dreefs of a lady-errant, and that the barber should disguise himself as well as he could, in the likenes of a squire; which being done, they should go to the place where Don Quixote was, and the priest, on pretence of being a damsel in distress, should beg a boon, which, he, as a valiant knight-errant, could not help granting. This boon should be a request, that he would accompany her to a certain place whether she would conduct him, there to redress an injury she had received from a discourteous knight; and the boon should be attended with an humble supplication, that he would not defire her to take off her maske, nor ask any question about her affairs, until he should have done her justice upon her adversary. And as he firmly believed that Don Quixote would comply with any request made in that style, he hoped, by these means, to withdraw him from the mountain, and conduct him to his own habitation, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his strange disorder.

CHAP. XIII.

HOW THE CURATE AND BARBER SET OUT ON THE EXECUTION OF THEIR PLAN; WITH OTHER EVENTS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED IN THIS SUBLIME HISTORY.

This scheme of the curate was so well relished by the barber, that they began to put it in execution immediately; by borrowing of the landlady a petticoat and tucker, for which the priest left a new caslock in pawn; while the barber made an artificial beard of the tail of a pied ox, in which the innkeeper used to flick his comb. When the hostess asked what occasion they had for these things, the curate gave her a brief account of Don Quixote's madness, and explained the use to which they intended to put the disguise, in order to disengage him from the mountain where he then was. The innkeeper and his wife immediately discovered that this lunatick was no other than their quondam guest, who was author of the balfam, and master of the blanketted squire; and recounted to the curate every thing that had happened, not even forgetting the circumstance which Sancho was at such pains to conceal. In short, the landlady dressed up the curate in a most curious manner; she put upon him a cloth petticoat snaucned and furbelowed, with a broad border of black velvet, and a close jerkin of green velvet, garnished with robes of white fattin, which, together with the petticoat, seemed to have been made in
the reign of King Bamba*; he would not suffer himself to be coiffed, but covered his head with a quilted linen night-cap, which he always carried about with him; and bound his forehead with a garter of black taffety, making a fort of mask with the other, which effectually concealed his countenance and beard. Overall, he flapped his beaver, which was so broad that it might have served for an umbrella; and, wrapping himself up in his cloak, mounted his mule, fitting sideways like a woman; while the barber beftrud his own bealt, with his beard flowing down to his girdle, of a white and red colour, being made, as we have before obseved, of a pied ox’s tail.

Thus equipped, they took leave of every body present, even the kind Maritornes, who promised, though a finer, to mumble a whole rosary over in prayers to God, for the good succese of that arduous and Christian design they had undertaken; but fince had they fallen from the inn, when the curate began to think he was to blame for disguising himself; it being, in his opinion, indecent for a prieft to appear in such a manner, how much sooner depended upon their success. He therefore proposed that he should exchange characters with the barber, who might act the part of the damsel in distress, while he took that of the squire, which he thought did not so much profane the dignity of the cloth; and unless his neighbour would agree to this proposal, he assured him that he was resolved to go no farther, even if the devil himself should carry off Don Quixote. At that instant Sancho chanced to come up, and seeing them in such a garb, could not refrain from laughing; in short, the barber attented to every thing the other proposed; and the plan being thus altered, the curate began to instruct him touching his behaviour and speech to Don Quixote, in order to move and induce him to accompany them, and quit that place he had chosen for the scene of his vain and extravagant penance. The barber told him, that without his lessons, he knew very well how to demean himself in the character; and as he did not chuse to put on the drefs till they should be near Don Quixote, he folded it up with great care; the prieft adjusted his beard; and both together proceed on their journey, under the direction of Sancho Panza, who by the way related to them what happened between his master and the madman whom they met with in the Brown Mountain; concealing, nevertheless, the circumstance of the portmanteau, and it’s contents; for, notwithstanding his simplicity, our youth was as covetous as wifer people.

Next day they came to the broom boughs, which Sancho had fired, in order to afercain the place where he had left his master; he no sooner, therefore, perceived his marks, than he told them that was the entrance into the mountain; and desired them to put on their dresse, if they were necessary towards the deliverance of his master: for they had already assured him, that their travelling in such disguise was of the utmost importance, in difengaging the knight from that disagreeable course of life he had chosen: and they charged him not to tell his master that he knew who they were; and if he should ask, as doubtefs he would, whether or not he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, they advised him to answer in the affirmative, and tell him, that as she could not read it, she had sent her answer by word of mouth, commanding him, on pain of her displeasure, to appear in her presence with all convenient speed, on an affair of the utmost confequence to him: for, with this anfer, and other speeches they intended to make, they did not at all doubt of reconciling him to a better way of life, and prevail upon him immediately to begin his career towards being an emperor or king: and as to the office of archbishop, Sancho had nothing to fear. The squire listened to these directions, which he carefully depofited in his memory, thanking them heartily for their intention to advise his master to accept of an emperor’s crown, rather than an archbishop’s mitre; as he was very sensible that emperors could do more for their squires than archbishops-errant. He also proposed to go before, in search of his master, and impart to him this anfer of his lady, which, he assured them,
would be sufficient to bring him out of the mountain, without their being put to any farther trouble. They approved of his opinion, and resolved to stay where they were until he should return with the news of his having found Don Quixote: accordingly, Sancho proceeded towards the heart of the mountain, leaving them in a spot watered by a small purling brook, and shaded in a most cool and agreeable manner by some rocks and trees that grew round it.

It being then the month of August, when the heat in those parts is excessive, and three in the afternoon, which is the hottest time of the day, they were the more charmed with the situation, which was so inviting, that they chose it for the place of their residence, until Sancho should return. While they lay at their ease, under the covert of this shade, their ears were saluted with the sound of a voice, which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, sung so sweet and melodiously, that they were struck with astonishment; little expecting to meet with such a delicious warbler in that unfrequented place; for though it is usually said, that the woods and mountains abound with shepherds, who sing most enchantingly, that report is rather the fiction of poets than the voice of truth: besides, the veres which they heard were not composed in the ruffling phrase of clowns, but in a polite and courtly strain; as may be perceived by the song itself, which follows:

I.
Ah! what inspires my woeful strain?
   Unkind disdain!
Ah! what augments my misery?
   Fell jealousy!
Or say, what hath my patience worn?
   An absent lover's scorn.
The torments, then, that I endure,
   No mortal remedy can cure:
For every languid hope is slain,
   By absence, jealousy, disdain!

II.
From Love, my unrelenting foe,
   These sorrows flow!
My infant glory's overthrown,
   By Fortune's frown;
Confirm'd in this my wretched state,
   By the decrees of Fate.
In Death alone I hope release
From this compounded, dire disease;
Whose cruel pangs to aggravate,
   Fortune and Love conspire with Fate!

III.
Ah, what will mitigate my doom?
   The silent tomb!
Ah! what retrieve departed joy?
   Inconstancy!
Or say, can aught but frenzy, bear
   This tempest of despair?
All other efforts, then, are vain,
   To cure this soul-tormenting pain,
That owns no other remedy
   Than madness, death, inconstancy.

The hour, the season, and the solitude, consoled with the agreeable voice of the finger, to increase the wonder and satisfaction of the hearers, who listened for some time in expectation of something else; but the silence having continued a good while, they resolved to go in quest of the person who sung so enchantingly, and were just going to set out on this design, when they were arrested by the same voice, which again saluted their ears with this other song:

I.
O sacred Friendship! mild and gay,
   Who to the regions of the blest'sd
Hath soar'd, and left mankind a prey
   To fraud, in thy ressemblance dress'd:

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

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

This sonnet was concluded with a most profound sigh, and the curate and barber began again to listen for more; but, finding the mulock converted into mournful fobs and interjections, they were determined to know who this melancholy person was, who sung so well, and groaned so pitously. They had not gone many paces with this intent, when turning the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same make and appearance that Sancho described, when he related the story of Cervenio: he did not seem surprized at sight of them, but stood with his head reclining upon his breast, in a very penive posture, without lifting his eyes to look at them, after their first sudden appearance. The
curate, who was a well-spoken man, concluding, from the description, that this must be he whose misfortune he had been apprized of, went up, and in a short, but pathetick address, exhorted and entreated him to quit that miserable course of life, which was the greatest of all misfortunes, and altogether perverted the end of his being. Cardenio being at that time in one of his lucid intervals, entirely free of that frantick paroxism which used to utterly deprive him of his senses, and seeing two people so differently dressed from those he commonly met with in that solitude, could not help being somewhat surpriz'd; especially, when he heard him talk of his misfortune as a circumstance with which they were well acquainted; for the curate had mentioned it in the course of his expostulation: and therefore he answered in this manner: I plainly perceive, gentlemen, that Heaven, which is careful in succouring the good, and sometimes even the bad, hath lent, though I little desire such favour and condensation, divers people into this unfrequented solitude, so remote from all commerce and society, in order to convince me by just and various arguments, how unreasonably I act in leading this kind of life, which they have endeavoured to make me exchange for a better; and, as they know not the reasons I have to think that, in quitting this situation, I shall be plunged into a worse; they have perhaps looked upon me as a person of very shallow understanding, or, which is still a conjecture more unfavourable, a downright madman: and truly, it is not to be wondered at, if that was really the case; for I can easily conceive, that my misfortunes operate so intensely upon my imagination, and impair my faculties so much, that sometimes, in spite of all my endeavours to the contrary, I become, like that rock, void of all sentiment and knowledge; and am convinced of my infirmity too late, when people shew me the marks of what I have done, while I was under the influence of that terrible transport: then, all that I can do, is to bewail my dissemer; curse my lot in vain; and, in excuse of my madness, relate my sufferings to all who expresse the least desire of hearing them; that those of founder judgment, knowing the cause, may not wonder at the effects; and if they cannot prevent, at least pardon my frenzy; converting their indignation at my extravagance into compassion for my woes; and if you, gentlemen, are come with that intention, which hath brought others to this place, before you proceed with your prudent admonitions, I intreat you to hear the detail of my misfortunes, which you do not yet know, and then, perhaps, you will save your selves the trouble which you might otherwise take, in confoling an affliction that admits of no consolation.

The two friends, who desired nothing else than to hear from his own mouth the cause of his misfortune, earnestly begged he would recount it, and promised to attempt nothing contrary to his own inclination in the way of remedy or comfort. Thus allured, the melancholy gentleman began his delightful story, nearly in the same words and circumstances which he had used a few days before, to Don Quixote and the goatherd, when he was interrupted in the affair of Mr. Elíjbat, by the knight's punctuality in affecting the decorum of chivalry, as the particulars of that quarrel have been already related: but now he remained fortunately free from his paroxism, and of consequence, had time to finish the narration, which was imperfect before. When he therefore came to the circumstances of the letter which Don Fernando had found between the leaves of Amadis de Gaul*, he said he remembered the contents, and accordingly repeated them in their terms.

"LUCINDA TO CARDENIO."

I Every day discover new qualities in C Cardenio, which oblige and compel me to esteem him the more. If you are inclined to extricate me out of all suspense, you may effectuate your purpose, without the least prejudice to my honour; for my father, who is well acquainted with your virtues, loves me dearly, and far from tyrannizing over my affections, will cheer-

* There is no such letter mentioned in his conversation with Don Quixote.
fully grant that which is so justly your due, if your passion is such as I wish and believe it to be."

I resolved, as I have already told you, to demand Lucinda in marriage, upon the receipt of this letter, which not only confirmed Don Fernando's high opinion of her prudence and virtue, but also inflamed him with the desire of ruining my hopes, before I should be able to bring them to maturity. I told this faithless friend, Lucinda's father expected that mine should propose the match; and that I durst not communicate my desire to him, lest he should refuse to comply with it: not that he was ignorant of Lucinda's rank, virtue, beauty, and qualifications, which were sufficient to enable any other family in Spain; but, because I understood he was averse to my being married, until he should see what Duke Ricardo would do in my behalf; in short, I told him that I would not venture to propose it, being afraid not only of this ill consequence, but also of many others which I could not foresee; although I had a strong impression upon my mind, that my wishes would never be completed. In answer to this declaration, Don Fernando undertook to manage the affair, and prevail upon my father to propose the match to Lucinda's parents.—O villain! more ambitious than Marius, more cruel than Catiline, more false than Catiline, more fraudulent than Galalon, more treacherous than Vellido, more vengeful than Julian, and more covetous than Judas! cruel, false, vindictive traitor! what injuries had thou suffered from this poor credulous wretch, who with such confidence defied to thee the most secret recesses of his soul! What offence had he given? what words had he uttered, or what advice had he offered, that did not directly tend to thy honour and advantage?—But, unhappy that I am! wherefore should I complain? seeing it is a thing certain, that when once the tide of misfortune, heaped up by one's malignant flars, begins to descend with violence and fury, no earthly mound can oppose, nor human in-

dutiful divert its course. Who could imagine, that such an illustrious, accomplished young gentleman, as Don Fernando, who lay under obligations for the services I had done him, and was powerful enough to obtain the gratification of his wish, whithersoever his amorous inclination pointed, should plague himself, as I may say, in attempts to rob me of my single lamb, even before I had posses-

But, let us lay aside these vain and unprofitable reflections, and join the broken thread of my unfortunate story. Well, then, Don Fernando, perceiving that my presence would be an obstruction to the execution of his base and perfidious design, refused to lend me back to his elder brother, on pretence of getting money to pay for six horses, which he purposely bought that very day he undertook to speak to my father, in order to have an excuse for sending me away, that he might, in my absence, the more easily succeed in his villainous intention. Was it possible for me to prevent this treachery, or indeed conceive his design! No, surely. On the contrary, I offered, with the utmost alacrity, to set out forthwith; so pleased was I with the purchase he had made. That very night I had a private conversation with Lucinda, in which I told her the scheme I had concerted with Don Fernando, and bade her rest assured in the hope that our just and honourable design would soon be gratified. She, as little suspicious of Don Fernando's perfidy as I was, entreated me to return with speed, believing that our wishes would be completed, as soon as my father should mention the affair to her's. I don't know upon what account, her eyes were filled with tears when she pronounced these words; and something that seemed to swell in her throat, prevented her from uttering another syllable, though she looked as if she had something more to say. I was confounded at this new circumstance, which had never happened before: in all our former conversations, which my good fortune offered, or my diligence effected, there had been nothing.

Who murdered Sancho I. king of Castile, while he was engaged in the siege of Zama-
but joy and satisfaction, without any mixture of tears, sighs, jealousy, dread, or suspicion; all my discourse used to consist of acknowledgments to Heaven, for having bestowed upon me such a mistress, whose beauty I extolled, and whose virtue and good sense I admired; while she returned the compliment, by praising those qualities in me, which she, in the partiality of her fondness, deemed worthy of applause; besides, we used to entertain each other with an account of a thousand trifling accidents that happened among our neighbours and acquaintance; and the height of my vivacity never amounted to more than the feeling of one of her delicate white hands, and pressing it to my lips, through the narrow dimness betwixt the rails that divided us. But, on that night, which preceded the fatal day of my departure, she wept, sighed, and sobbed, and left me filled with confusion and surprise, and terrified at such unusual and melancholy marks of grief and affliction in my Lucinda.

But I was flattered by my hopes, which ascribed the whole to the strength of her passion, and that sorrow which is commonly produced by the absence of a beloved object. In fine, I set out, pensive and sad, my imagination tortured with suspicions and doubts, which my reflection could neither digest nor explain: a sure preface of the melancholy fate that awaited me.

I arrived at the place of my destination, and delivered my letters to Don Fernando's brother, who received me kindly; but, far from dispatching me immediately, defined me, to my infinite regret, to wait eight whole days in a place where his father should not see me, because his brother had writ to him to send the money without the knowledge of the duke. But this was altogether an invention of the false Fernando, whose brother had money enough, and could have sent me back the very same day on which I arrived. This was such an order as I was scarce able to obey, for I thought it impossible to support life for so many days in the absence of Lucinda, considering the sorrow in which I had left her. Yet, notwithstanding, I resolved to do my duty like a faithful servant, though I very well foretold that my obedience must be at the expense of my peace. Four days of the eight were not yet elapsed, when a man came in search of me, and gave me a letter, the superscription of which I no sooner beheld, than I knew it to be written by Lucinda's own hand. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing that there must be something very extraordinary in the cafe, which induced her to write to me in my absence; considering that while I was present, she had been so sparing of her pen.

But, before I read a syllable, I asked the messenger, who had put it into his hands, and how long he had been upon his journey? He answered, that passing through a certain street, about noon, he was stopped by a very beautiful young lady, who called him to her from a window, saying, with great earnestness, while the tears trickled from her eyes, 'Brother, if you are a Christian, as you seem to be, I entreat you, for God's sake, to carry this letter to the place and person for whom it is directed; they are both well known; and in so doing, you will render a piece of service acceptable to the Lord. That you may not want conveniences upon the road, here is something to defray the expense of your journey.' So saying, she threw down a handkerchief, in which were tied a hundred rials, this gold ring, and the letter I have delivered. Then, without waiting for a reply, she went from the window, after having seen me take up the handkerchief and the letter, and made signs that I would do as she desired. Accordingly, finding myself so well paid for the trouble I should be at, and seeing, by the di-

* The original pues presente pocas vezes a hostia signifies, 'Since while I was present she did it very seldom.' This at first sight appears a solecism, and the pertinent critic will exclaim, 'What occasion had she to write to her lover who was present, unless the had lost the faculty of speech!' But the seeming absurdity will vanish, when we reflect that by presente, he means, in the same city with his mistress; to whom, however, according to the custom of Spain, he had little or no access but by a literary correspondence.
recitation, that you were the person to whom it was lent, (and I know you perfectly well;) induced, moreover, by the tears of that beautiful young lady, I resolved to trust no other messenger, but come and deliver it with my own hand; and in sixteen hours, which are past since I received it, I have travelled to this place, which, as you know, is about eighteen leagues from our town." While I listened attentively to the information of this grateful and extraordinary courier, my legs shook under me in such a manner, that I could scarce stand upright. At length, however, I ventured to read the letter, which contained these words.

"The promise which Don Fernando do made, to prevail upon your father to propose a match to mine hath been performed more to his inclination than your advantage. Know, Cardenio, that your pretended friend asked me in marriage for himself; and my father, swayed by the advantage which he thinks Don Fernando has over you in point of fortune, hath given his consent so much in earnest, that two days hence the nuptials are to be celebrated privately, that none but Heaven, and some people in the family, are to be present at the marriage. My situation you may guess. If it be in your power, return with all speed, and the event of this affair will shew whether I love you tenderly or not. Heaven grant that this may come to your hand, before mine shall be presented to him who so ill performs the duty of a friend!"

This, which was the sum of what the letter contained, made me set out immediately, without waiting for any answer, or the money for which I had come. For, by that time, I plainly perceived that it was not the purchase of the horse, but his own treacherous intention, which had induced Don Fernando to send me out of the way. The indignation I conceived against him, together with the fear of losing the jewel which I had acquired, and treasured up with such unwearied services and care, added wings to my speed, and conveyed me to the place of my habitation, just at the hour and minute proper for my going to visit Lucinda. I entered the town privately, and leaving my mule at the house of the honest man who brought the letter, I went to the rail, which was the constant witness of our love, and there was so far favoured by fortune as to find Lucinda.—We knew each other presently; though not as we ought to have known each other. But, who is he who can arrogate praise to himself, for having fainthomed and discerned the capricious sentiments and fickly disposition of woman? Surely no man on earth.—But this apart. Lucinda perceiving me, "Cardenio," said she, "I am now in my bridal dress, and this moment expected in the hall by the traitor Don Fernando, my covetous father, and some other people, who shall bear witness to my death sooner than to my marriage. Be not confounded, my friend, but endeavour to be present at the sacrifice, which, if I cannot prevent by my declaration, I wear a dagger concealed, which can obstruct a more vigorous determination; and, by putting an end to my life, begin to convince thee of the sincere passion I have always entertained, and still retain for my Cardenio." Afraid I should want time to answer her, I replied with great hurry and confusion, "Let your words be verified by your deeds, Madam. If you have a dagger to afford your love, I wear a sword to defend its or, should fortune prove our foe, torid myself of life." I believe she did not hear all that I said, because she was called away in a hurry, to the bridegroom, who waited for her.

Thus deepened the night of my distresses; thus fet the fun of my happiness! I remained without light to my eyes, or reflection to my mind, for some time; I could neither resolve to enter her father's house, nor remove to any other place; at length, however, considering of what consequence my presence might be, in case any thing extraordinary should happen, I recollected myself, as well as I could, and went in, without being perceived, as I was well acquainted with all the passages and corners of the house, and was favoured by the confusion which then prevailed in it on account of the nuptials. Thus entering,
entering, unseen, I found means to conceal myself in the hollow of a window in the hall, that was covered by the meeting of two pieces of tapestry, from behind which I could, without being perceived, observe every thing that happened.

How shall I describe the throbblings and palpitations of my heart, the images that occurred to my fancy, the reflections that I made while I remained in that situation? They were such as I neither can nor ought to describe. Let it suffice to say, the bridegroom came into the hall, without any other ornaments than his usual dress, attended by a first cousin of Lucinda, in quality of bridesman, no other person being present, except some servants of the family. A little while after Lucinda came in from her closet, accompanied by her mother and two waiting-women; and as richly dressed and adorned as her rank and beauty deserved, or as the perfection of gaiety and gallantry could invent. The confusion and transport of my soul would not allow me to observe and mark the particulars of her dress; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white; and the blaze of jewels that adorned her, which was even excelled by the singular beauty of her golden locks, that struck the eye with more splendor than all the precious stones, together with the light of four torches that burned in the hall.—O memory! thou mortal enemy of my repose! to what purpose dost thou now represent to my fancy the unparalleled beauty of that adorable fee? Cruel remembrance! rather recall to my view the particulars of what then happened, that, incensed by such a manifest injury, I may take vengeance, if not upon her, at least upon my own life. But you, gentlemen, must be tired with these digressions; though my misfortune is such as neither can, nor ought to be superficially or succintly related; because every circumstance, in my opinion, requires a full discussion. The curate answered, that far from being tired, they were very much entertained by those minute particulars, which he thought deserved as much attention as the principal events of the story.

"I say, then," resumed Cardenio, that the parties being assembled in the hall, the curate of the parish entered, and taking them both by the hands, in order to perform his function, he said, "Madam Lucinda, are you willing to take Don Fernando here present for your lawful spouse, as holy mother church ordains?" At this question, I thrust out my whole head and neck from behind the tapestry, and, with the utmost attention and disorder of soul, listened to Lucinda's answer, which I expected, as either the evidence of my death or confirmation of my life.—O that I had boldly advanced, and called aloud, "Ah Lucinda! Lucinda! take care what you do; reflect upon your duty to me, remember you are mine, and can never belong to any other husband. Consider, that my life must end the moment you answer yes.—Hatredous Don Fernando! robber of my glory! death of my life! what are thy intentions! What wouldst thou have! remember that, as a Christian, thou canst not fulfil thy desires; for I am Lucinda's husband, and she is my lawful wife!"—Fool that I am! now, when I am absent, and far removed from the danger, I can reflect upon what I ought to have done. Now that I am robbed of all that was dear to my soul! accuses be the robber, on whom I might have taken vengeance, had—my heart supplied me with courage, as it now affords inclination to complain. In fine, as I then acted like a booby and a coward, it is but reasonable that I should now die of madness, sorrow, and shame. The priest waited for the reply of Lucinda, who declined it a good while; and when I expected she would either unbenefit her dagger to vindicate her love, employ her tongue in the cause of truth, or utter some ingenious fraud that should tend to my advantage, I heard her pronounce with a weak and faltering voice, "Yes, I will." Don Fernando repeated the same words, and the ring being put upon her finger, they were united in the indissoluble bond of marriage; then he embraced his new-married spouse, who, laying her hand on her heart, fainted away in the arms of her mother. It now remains to describe my own situation, when I heard and saw my hopes
hopes thus baffled by Lucinda's breach
of promise; and found myself ren-
dered incapable of ever retrieving the
happiness I had that instant lost. I
remained without sense or reflection,
abandoned, as I thought, by Heaven,
and a declared enemy to that earth on
which I lived. The air refused breath
for my sighs, the water denied mois-
ture for my tears, fire alone increased
within me, to such a degree, that I
was scorched with jealousy and rage!
Lucinda's swooning threw the whole
company into confusion; and her mo-
ther opening her breast to give her
air, found in it a folded paper, which
Don Fernando taking, read by the
light of one of the torches, and then
fat down in a chair, and leaned one
side of his head upon his hand, in a
pensive attitude, without minding the
remedies they were applying for the
recovery of his spouse.

I, seeing the whole family in con-
fusion, ventured to come out, cov-
what it would; resolving, should I
be seen, to do some desperate action
that would convince the whole world
of my just indignation, in chastising
the false Don Fernando, and the fickle
fainting traitres. But fate, that re-
served me, if possible, for greater mis-
fortunes, ordained that I should then
abound in reflection, which hath since
failed me; and resolve, rather than take
vengeance upon my greatest enemies,
who, as they had no suspicion of me,
were then at my mercy, to turn upon
myself that resentment which they so
justly deferred to feel; and, perhaps,
with more rigour than I should have
exercised upon them, had I at that
time sacrificed them to my rage, be-
cauie sudden death is infinitely more
easy than that which is lengthened
out by lingering torments. In short,
I quitted the house, and went to the
place where I had left my mule,
which being saddled, I mounted her,
and without taking leave of my host,
fell out of town, dreading, like an-
other Lot, to look behind me. When
I found myself alone in the open field,
thronged by the darknes of the night,
and invited by the silence to complain,
without caution or fear of being over-
heard or known, I raised my voice,
and gave a loose to my indignation,
in venting curses upon Lucinda and
Don Fernando, as if those vain ex-
clamations could have stoned for the
injury they had done me. I bellowed
upon her the epithets of cruel, false,
perfidious, and ungrateful; but, above
all, avaricious; since the wealth of
my rival had shewn herself more kind
and liberal. Yet, in the midst of these
reproaches and invectives, I could not
help excusing her, observing, it was
no wonder, that a damscl educated
under restraint, in the house of her
parents, bred up, and always accus-
tioned to obey them, should comply
with their will and pleasure, in mar-
rying a young gentleman of such
wealth, rank, and qualifications, that
her refusal might have been thought
to proceed either from want of sense,
or a passion for some other man, which
would have been a suspicion equally
prejudicial to her virtue and reputa-
tion: then I argued on the other side
of the question; laying, had she own-
ed that I was her husband, her pa-
rents would have seen she had not
committed an unpardonable crime in
making such a choice; since, before
the offer of Don Fernando, they them-
selves could not have desired, had
their defares been bounded by reason,
a better match than me for their daugh-
ter; and consequently, before she com-
plied with that compulsive injunction
of giving her hand to another, she
might have told them, that she had al-
ready given it to me; in which case, I
would have appeared and confirmed
the truth of every thing she should
have feigned for the occasion; in fine,
I concluded, that superficial love, flen-
der understanding, vast ambition, and
thrift after grandeur, had obliterated
in her memory those professions by
which I had been deceived, cherish-
ed, and supported, in the unshaken
hope of my honourable defires.

In this exclamation and anxiety I
travelled all night; and in the morn-
ing found myself in one of the pas-
tages to this mountain, in which I
proceeded three days more, without
high-road, or bye-path, till I stopped
at a small meadow, that lies either on
the right or left of those rocks; there
I enquired of some goatherds where-
abouts the moit craggy part of the
mountain was; and, according to

their
their directions, thither I rode, res-

olving to put an end to my life.

When I arrived among those ragged

rocks, my mule fell down dead of

weakness and hunger; or, as I ra-

ther believe, to disencumber herself

of such a useless load as then bur-

ded her; and I remained on foot,

quite spent and famished, without

having or deferring any support. In

this situation, I know not how long I

continued stretched upon the ground:

but, at length, I got up without feel-
ing any cravings of hunger, and found

myself in the midst of some shep-

herds, who, doubtless, had relieved

my condition. Indeed, they told me in

what condition I had been found, ut-

tering such incoherent and extrava-
gant expressions, as clearly demon-

strated that I had left my senses.

Since that time, I have frequently

perceived my intellects so crazy and

unfound, that I perform a thousand

mad actions, tearing my clothes, bel-

lowing through these unfrequented

places, cursing my fate, and repeating

in vain the beloved name of my fair

enemy, without any connected sen-
tences, or indeed any other intent

than that of putting an end to my

life by violent cutteries; and when I

recover the use of my senses, I find

myself so weak and exhausted, that I

scarcely can move. My usual habita-
tion is the hollow of a cork tree, large

enough to contain this miserable car-
cafe; the cow and goatherds who

frequent these mountains, maintain me

out of charity, by leaving food upon

the road, or rocks, on which they

think I may chance to find it; and,
even while I am deprived of my un-
derstanding, natural instinct teaches

me to distinguish this necessary nou-
rishment, awakening my appetite and
desire of feasting it for my life. They
tell me, too, when they meet with me

in one of my lucid intervals, that at

other times I fall out by the high-

way, and take it by force from the she-

pherds, as they are bringing it

from their cots, although they offer it

of their own accord. In this man-

ner I lead my woeful and wretched

life, until Heaven shall be pleased to

put a period to it, or give me grace to

forget the beauty and fallhood of Lu-
cinda, together with the wrong I

have suffered from Don Fernando.

If this shall happen before I die, my

intellechts will return into their right

channel; otherwise there is nothing
to be done, but to supplicate Heaven
to have mercy on my soul; for I find

I have neither virtue nor strength to

extricate myself out of this extremity

into which I was voluntarily plunged.

This, gentlemen, is the bitter story

of my misfortune; tell me, if you

think it could have been rehearsed

with less concern than I have thrown

and pray give yourselves no trouble

in offering to me such persuasions and

advice, as your reason prompts you to

think will do me service; for they can

have no other effect upon me, than the

prescription of a celebrated physician

upon a patient who will not receive

it. I will have no health without

Lucinda; and since she who is, or

cought to be mine, hath attached her-

self to another, I, who might have

been the child of happiness, am now

the willing votary of woe. She, by

her inconstancy, wants to fix my per-
dition; and I welcome it, in order to

gratify her desire, and be an example
to polecritiy, of one who wanted that

consolation, which almost all the

wretched use! namely, the impossi-
bility of receiving comfort; a consi-

deration that increases my misery,

which, I fear, will not end even with
death.

Thus did Cardenio wind up the long
thread of his amorous and unfortunate
story; and just as the curate was about to
give him his last advice and consolation,
he was prevented by a voice that faltered
his ears, and in mournful accents pro-
nounced what will be rehearsed in the
fourth book of this narration; for, in
this place, the third is concluded by the
fage and attentive historian Cid Hamet
Benengeli.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.
THE

ACHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUICHOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK IV.

VOLUME II.

CHAP. I.

OF THE NEW AND AGREEABLE ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO THE CURATE AND BARBER, IN THE BROWN MOUNTAIN.

THERE was a happy and fortunate age which produced the most audacious knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, in consequence of whose honourable resolution to restore and revive the loft, and, as it were, buried order of knight-errantry, we of these times, barren and unfruitful of sprightly amusements, enjoy the agreeable entertainment, not only of his own true and delightful adventures, but also of the intervening episodes, which are no less real, artful, and delicious, than the main history itself, the twined, reeled, and ravelled thread of which is continued thus!

Just as the curate was ready to offer some consolation to Cardenio, he was prevented by a voice that saluted his ears in these mournful accents, 'Would to God I could find a place to serve as a private tomb for this wearisome burden of life, which I bear so much against my inclination! this very spot will yield me what I ask, if I can trust the solitary appearance of these mountains. Alas! how much more agreeable is the company of these rocks and thickets, which give me opportunities of complaining to Heaven, than that of faithful man! since nature hath not created one of whom I could reasonably expect advice in difficulty, comfort in affliction, or remedy in distress!' This exclamation was distinctly overheard by the priest and his company, who, concluding that the person who spoke must be hard by, arose to make farther enquiry, and had not gone twenty paces, when behind the fragment of a rock they perceived a boy sitting under an ash-tree, in the habit of a peasant, whose face, as he stooped, in order to wash his feet in a brook that murmured by him, they could not then survey. Their approach they managed with softness and silence, while his whole attention was employed in bathing his legs, that seemed two crystal pillars, which had been produced among the pebbles in the rill. They were surprized at the whiteness and beauty of his feet, which they could not believe had been formed to tread the clods, and follow the cattle or plough, as his dress would have seemed to intimate; and the curate, who went foremost, finding himself still unperceived by the youth, made signs to the rest to...
erouch down; or hide themselves behind a neighbouring rock. This being done, all three stood gazing attentively at the apparition, which was clad in a double-skirted grey jacket, girt about the middle with a white napkin, and wore breeches and hose of the same cloth, with a grey hunting-cap upon his head; the hole being pulled up to the middle of his leg, which actually seemed of white alabaster. Having washed his delicate feet, he wiped them with a handkerchief which he took out of his cap, and in so doing, lifted up his head, shewing to the by-standers a face of such exquisite beauty, that Cardenio said in a whisper to the curate, "Since that is not Lucinda, it can be no earthly, but some celestial being!" The youth taking off his cap, and shaking his head, a large quantity of hair, that Apollo himself might envy, flowed down upon his shoulders, and discovered to the spectators, that the supposed peasant was no other than a woman, the most delicate and handsome that the curate and barber had ever beheld; or even Cardenio, had he not seen and been acquainted with Lucinda, who alone, as he afterwards owned, could contend with her in beauty. Her golden locks fell down in such length and quantity, as not only covered her shoulders, but also concealed every other part of her body except her feet: and, instead of a comb, she made use of her hands, which, if her feet looked like crystal in the brook, appeared among her hair like moulds of drifted snow. All these circumstances increasing the desire of the by-standers to know who she was, they resolved to shew themselves, and at the stir they made in advancing, the beauteous phantom raised her head, and parting her locks with both hands, to see what occasioned the noise she heard, no sooner perceived them than she started up, and, without staying to put on her shoes, or tie up her hair, feized a bundle that lay by her, and betook herself to flight, full of conternation and surprize: but she had not run fix yards, when her delicate feet, unable to bear the roughness of the stones, failed under her, and she fell to the ground. This accident being perceived by the other three, they ran to her assistance, and the curate approaching her first, "Stay, Madam," said he, "whoe'er you are; those whom you see have no other design that of doing you service: therefore there is no necessity for your attempting such a precipitate flight, which neither your own feet nor our inclination will allow." To this address she made no reply, being quite astonifhed and confounded; but the priest taking her by the hand, proceeded in this manner: "Madam, though your dress concealed, your hair hath discovered many signs, that it must be no flight cause which hath shrouded your beauty in such unworthy disguise, and brought you to this solitude, where it is our fortune to find you; and to offer, if not a certain remedy for your misfortune, at least our best advice; for no grievance can harass or drive the afflicted to such extremity, while life remains, as to make them shut their ears against that counsel which is given with the most humane and benevolent intention. Wherefore, Madam, or Sir, or what you please to be, recollect yourself from the confusion in which the fight of us hath thrown you, and tell us the particulars of your good or evil fortune, in full assurance of finding us all together, or each by himself, disposed to sympathize with your affliction."

While the curate pronounced these words, the disguised damsel found warrant of attention, gazing at them all round, without moving her lips, or uttering one syllable, like a country villager gaping at rarities which he had never seen before: but the priest enforcing what he had said, with other arguments to the same effect, she heaved a profound sigh, and broke silence, saying, "Since these solitary mountains have not been able to conceal me, and my loose dishevelled hair allows me not to disguise the truth, it would be in vain for me to feign such things as your reason could not believe, though your courtesy might excuse them. On that supposition, I thank you, gentlemen, for your humane offer, which lays me under the obligation of giving you all the satisfaction you desire; though I am afraid, that the relation I shall make of my misfortunes will, instead of compassion, excite your disgust, for you will find it impossible either to cure my woes, or teach me to bear them with fortitude; but, nevertheless, that my reputation may not suf-"
In this province of Andalusia, there is a place, from whence a certain duke, one of those who are called grandees of Spain, derives his title: he hath two sons, the elder of whom is heir to his estate, and, in all appearance, to his good qualities; but the younger inherits nothing that I know, but the treachery of Vellido, and falsehood of Galafon. To this nobleman my parents are vassals; and though low in pedigree, so considerable in wealth, that if their defect was equal to their fortune, they would have nothing more to desire, nor the mortification of seeing myself in this distress; for, I believe, my misfortunes proceed from their defect in point of birth, which though not so mean as to make them ashamed of their origin, is not splendid enough to overthrow my conjecture about the source of my affliction: in short, they are farmers, of a plain honest family, without the least intermixture of Moorish blood; but, as the saying is, old, ruddy Christians; aye, and so rustily, that by their riches and opulent way of living, they are gradually acquiring the title of gentile folks, nay, of quality too; though what they prized above all riches and title, was their happiness in having me for their daughter; and therefore, as they had no other child to inherit their estate, and were naturally the most affectionate of parents, I was beloved and indulged by them with the utmost degree of parental fondness. I was the mirror in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their age, and shared with Heaven their whole attention and desires, with which, as they were pure and unblemished, my own perfectly corresponded; and therefore, I was mistresfs of their affection as well as their wealth. By my advice, they received and dismissed their servants; the tale and account of what was both bowed and reaped, passed through my hands; I managed the oil-mills, the vineyards, the herds and flocks, the bee-hives, and every thing that such a rich farmer as my father may be supposed to possess: in short, I was steward and mistress; and acted with such care and economy, that I should not find it easy to exaggerate the pleasure and satisfaction which my parents enjoyed. Those parts of the day that remained, after I had given all due attention to the herdsmen, overseers, and other day-labourers, I employed in exercises equally decent and necessary for young women, such as lace-making, needle-work, and spinning; and if, at any time, I interrupted these employments, in order to recreate the mind, I entertained myself with some religious book, or diversified my amusement with the harp; being convinced by experience, that music lulls the disordered thoughts, and elevates the dejected spirits. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and if I have described it too minutely, it is not through ostentation, in order to display our riches, but with a view of manifesting how innocently I forfeited that happy situation, and incurred the misery of my present state. While I passed my time in these occupations, my retirement was such as almost equalled that of a nun; nery, being seen by nobody, as I thought, but the servants of the family; for I went to mass early in the morning, accompanied by my mother and the maids, and veiled with such reserve, that my eyes scarce beheld the ground on which I trod; yet, notwithstanding, I was perceived by those of love, or rather libertinism, which
of the duke whom I have already mentioned.'

She no sooner mentioned the name of Don Fernando, than Cardenio changed colour, and began to weep with such agitation, that the curate and barber, perceiving it, were afraid he would be seized with one of those fits of distraction which, as they had heard, assaulted him from time to time; but, after some drops of sweat had burst out upon his skin, he remained quiet; and looking earnestly at the farmer's fair daughter, immediately guessed who she was; while he, without observing the emotions of Cardenio, went on with her story, in these words: 'And he no sooner beheld me, than, as he afterwards protested, he deeply felt the power of love, which indeed his behaviour clearly evinced; but, to shorten the account of my misfortune, which is lengthened beyond all comfort, I will pass over in silence the indisturbing schemes that Don Fernando planned, for opportunities of declaring his passion. He bribed every servant in the family, and even made prefects and provosts of service to my relations: there was nothing but gaiety and rejoicing. all day long in our street; and all night, it was impossible to sleep for serenades. The letters which, through an unknown channel, came to my hand, were without number, filled with the most amorous flights and professions, and vows and promises in every line; but all these efforts, far from soothing, hardened me against him, as much as if he had been my mortal foe; and all the stratagems he practised, in order to subdue my conveis, had a quite contrary effect: not that I was disguised at the gallantry of Don Fernando, or enraged at his importunities, for I felt a certain kind of pleasure in being courted and beloved by such a noble cavalier; neither did I take umbrage at seeing myself praised in his letters; for it is my opinion, that all women, let them be never so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for beauty; but, to all these artifices, I opposed my own virtue, together with the repeated advices of my parents, who plainly perceived the passion of Don Fernan-

...
fiantly seized me in his arms, my confusion being such, that I had not strength to defend myself, and began to pour forth such protestations, that I cannot conceive how falsehood is able to ape truth so exactly. The traitor's tears gave credit to his words, and his sighs confirmed the honesty of his intention. I, being a poor young creature by myself, altogether inexperienced in those affairs, began, I know not how, to believe his false professions; but, not so as to be moved to weak compassion, either by his vows or artful fowre; on the contrary, my first surprize being over, I recollected my dispirited spirits, and with more courage than I thought myself possessed of, said to him, "Signior, if, instead of being within your arms, as I now am, I was in the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance entirely depended upon my doing or saying any thing prejudicial to my virtue, it would be as impossible for me to comply with these terms, as it is impossible for that which is, to lose its existence; wherefore, though you keep my body confined within your arms, I am in full possession of my soul, with all her chaste desires, which are entirely opposite to yours, as you will plainly perceive, if you resolve to proceed in gratifying your wishes by force. I am your vassal, but not your slave; the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have, the power of dishonouring or defacing the lowliness of mine; and my character is as precious to me, though I am but a plebeian farmer's daughter, as yours can be to you, who are a nobleman and cavalier. All your strength shall not effect your purpose, neither am I to be influenced by your riches, deceived by your words, or melted by your sighs and tears. Any of these expressions in a man, to whom my parents should give me in marriage, would gain my consent and reciprocal inclination; nay, if my honour were safe, I could sacrifice my satisfaction, and voluntarily yield what you, Signior, now attempt to obtain by force; this I observe, that you may rest assured, I will never grant any favour to him who is not my lawful spouse."

"If that be your sole objection, charming Dorothea," (for that is the name of this wretched creature) said the perfidious cavalier, "behold I here present my hand, in pledge, of being yours for ever; and may Heaven, from which nothing is concealed, together with that image of the blessed Virgin, bear witness to the sincerity and truth of this declaration!" Cardenio, when she called herself Dorothea, was surprized anew, and confirmed in his first conjecture; but, unwilling to interrupt the story in which he expected to hear the issue of what he already knew, he only said, 'Is your name Dorothea, Madam? I have heard of one of that name, to whose misfortunes yours bear a great resemblance; but pray proceed; the time will come when I shall tell you such things as will equally excite your terror and affliction.' Dorothea, surprized at the discourse of Cardenio, as well as at his strange and ragged attire, intreated him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to communicate it immediately; saying, that if fortune had left her any thing of value, it was the courage to endure any disaster that might befall her; though she was almost certain, that what she had already suffered could admit of no addition. 'Madam,' replied Cardenio, 'if would not be the means of impairing that fortitude, by telling you what I know, if my conjecture be right; neither is there any opportunity lost, nor is it of any consequence to you, whether you hear it or not.'—"Be that as it will," answered Dorothea, 'I will go on with the sequel of my story. Don Fernando, addressing himself to the image he found in my apartment, invoked the blessed Virgin to bear witness to our nuptials, and avowed himself my husband with the most binding and solemn oaths; though, before he proceeded so far, I desired him to reflect upon what he was going to do, and consider how much his father might be incensed at his conduct, when he should find him married to the daughter of his own farmer and vassal. I cautioned him against being blinded by my beauty, such as it was, telling him it would be far from being a sufficient excuse for his error; and begged, if he had any love and regard for me, he would manifest it, in
in leaving me to a fate more adequate
of my rank and circumstances; ob-
serving, that such unequal matches
were seldom blessed with a long du-
ration of those raptures with which
they begin.

All these reflections I repeated to
him, with many more which I do not
remember; but they had no effect in
diverting him from the prosecution of
his purpose; for he was like a man,
who, in making a bargain, never
boggles at the price of the commodity,
because he never intends to pay it.

At the same time, I held a short con-
ference with my own breast, saying
within myself, "Neither shall I be
the first, who, by marriage, has riten
from a low station to rank and gran-
deur; nor will Don Fernando be the
first nobleman whom beauty, or ra-
ther blind affection, hath induced to
share his greatness with a partner of
unequal birth. Since, therefore, I
neither make a new world nor a new
custom, it is but reasonable in me to
embrace this honour that fortune
throws in my way; and although
the affection he professes should not
survive the accomplishment of his
wish, I shall nevertheless, in the sight
of God, remain his true and lawful
wife. Besides, should I treat him
with disdain, I see he is determined
to transgress the bounds of duty, and
avail himself of force; in which case,
I shall be dishonoured and inexcul-
able in the opinion of those who do
not know how innocently I have in-
curred their censure; for where shall
I find arguments to persuade my pa-
rents, that this cavalier entered my
apartment without my knowledge and
content?"

All these reflections, which my ima-
gination revolved in an instant, be-
gan to sway me towards that which
(though I little thought so) proved
my ruin; especially when added and
enforced by the oaths of Don Fer-
nando, the powers he called to wit-
ness, the tears he shed, and, in short,
by his gentle carriage and agreeable
disposition accompanied by such marks
of real passion, as might have melted
any other heart as soft and unexpe-
rienced as mine. I called my maid
to be a joint evidence with the pow-
ers of Heaven: Don Fernando re-
peated and confirmed his oaths; took
other saints to witness his integrity;
inprecated a thousand curfes on his
head, in case he should fail to fulfil
his promise; had recourse to sighs and
tears again, straining me still closer in
his arms, from which he had never re-
leaved me. By these means, and the
departure of my maid, I forfeited that
name, and he became a base and fi-
ished traitor.

The morning that succeeded this
night of my misfortune, did not ar-
rive so soon, I believe, as Don Fern-
nando could have wished; for, when
once a man hath satisfied his rage of
appetite, his chief inclination is to
quit the scene of his success. This I
observe, because Don Fernando seem-
ed impatient to be gone; and, by the
industry of my maid, who had con-
ducted him to my chamber, found
himself in the street before day: when
he took his leave, he told me, though
not with such violence of rapture as
he expressed on his first coming, that
I might depend upon his honour, and
the sincerity of the oaths he had sworn;
as a farther confirmation of which,
he took a ring of value from his fin-
ger, and put it upon mine. In short,
he vanished, leaving me in a situation
which I can neither call joyful nor sad.

This I know, that I remained in a
state of confusion and perplexity, and,
as it were, beside myself, on account
of what had happened; but I either
wanted courage or memory to quarrel
with my maid for the perfidy she had
been guilty of, in conducting Don
Fernando to my apartment; indeed,
I could not as yet determine, whether
the adventure would redound to my
advantage or misfortune. I told him,
at parting, that now I was his wife,
he might see me any night, by the
same means he had used to procure
the first interview, until he should
think proper to make our marriage
publick: but, except the following
night, I could never set eyes on him,
either in the street or at church, dur-
ing a whole month, which I spent in
the utmost anxiety of expectation; al-
though I knew he was in town, and
almost every day employed in the
chase, an exercise to which he was
greatly addicted. Those were dele-
tful and distracting hours and days

to me; for then I began to doubt, and afterwards to disbelieve the faith of Don Fernando; then was my maid exposed to those rebukes for her presumption, which she had never heard before; then was I obliged to husband my tears, and wear compo-
sure on my countenance, that I might not give occasion to my parents to
alk the cause of my disconsolate, and
be put to the trouble of inventing fall-
hoods to deceive them. But all this
constraint was banished by an event, the
knowledge of which I told to all
my prudent measures, and by destroy-
ing my patience, published my mis-
fortune to the world. This was no
other than a report that soon after pre-
vailed in our town, by which I learned that Don Fernando was married
in a neighbouring city, to a young
lady of exceeding beauty, and dis-
tinguished birth, though her parents
could not give her a portion fitable to such a noble alliance. I understood her name was Lucinda, and that sev-
eral surprising accidents had happen-
ed at their nuptials.

Cardenio hearing Lucinda's name, though he said nothing, shivered up his shoulders, bit his lips, contracted the skin of his forehead, and discharged from his eyes two fountains of tears; but, notwithstanding, Dorothea continued her story, saying, 'This melancholy piece of news no sooner reached my ears, than, instead of freezing, it inflamed my heart with such rage and fury, that I had well-nigh run out into the streets, and published along the falsehood and treachery he had practiced upon me; but my rage was restrained for that time, by a plan which I conceived, and actually put in execution that very night. I dressed myself in this garb, which I received from one of the twins belonging to the house, to whom I disclosed my whole misfortune, inviting him to attend me to the city, where I understood my adventure was. Af-
ter having disapproved of the attempt, and blamed my resolution, seeing me determined, he offered to keep me company, as he said, to the world's end; that moment I picked up my woman's drabs in a pillow-chair, to-
gether with some jewels and money, as a resource in time of need; and in

the dead of that very night, without

giving the least hint to my perfidious maid, left my father's house, and accompanied by my servant, and a
thousand strange imaginations, set out for that city on foot, winged with the
desire of finding Don Fernando; and
resolved, though I could not prevent
what was already done, to demand
what with what confidence he had done it.

In two days and an half I arrived
at the city, and enquiring for the house
of Lucinda's parents, the first person to whom I put the question, told me
more than I desired to hear. He di-
rected me to the house, and related
every incident which had happened at
his daughter's wedding; a story so
public, that it was the common town
talk. He said, that on the night of
their nuptials, after she had pronounced the "Yes," by which he became her husband, Lucinda was seized with a violent fit that Don Fernando opening
her breath to give her fresh air, found in it a paper written with her
own hand, importing that she could
not lawfully elope Fernando, being already the wife of Cardenio, who,

as the man told me, was one of the
principal cavaliers of that town; and
that she had now pronounced the fatal
"Yes," merely because she would not
swear from the obedience she owed to
her parents; in short, he said, the con-
tents of the paper plainly gave them
to understand, that she intended to
make away with herself, immediately
after the ceremony, induced by the
reasons which were there contained;
and this resolution was confirmed by
a poignard which they found conceal-
ed in some part of her drabs. Don
Fernando perceiving, by what hap-
pended, that Lucinda had baled, scorn-
ed, and undervalued his address,
ran to her. Before she had recovered the
use of her senses, and with the poign-
ard they had found, would have
stabbed her to the heart, had he not
been prevented by her parents and
the rest of the company. It was,
moreover, reported that Don Fernan-
do immediately retired; and that Lu-
cinda continued in a fit till next day.

When she recovered from her swoon,
she declared to her father and mother,
that she was the true and lawful wife
of that fame Cardenio, who, it seems,
was present at the ceremony; and
who, when he saw her actually married, contrary to his former belief and firm expectation, quitted the city in despair, having first left a writing that declared the wrong she had done him, and signified his intention to banish himself for ever from the society of mankind. All this transaction was so notorious and publick in the city, as to furnish discourse for every body; and the subject was not diminished, when it was known that Lucinda was not to be found either in her father's house, or in any other part of the town, which were searched all over by her parents, who had almost run distracted, not knowing what other method they should take to retrieve her. This information revived my hopes a little; for I was better pleased to have missed Don Fernando, than to have found him married to another; thinking, that every gate of comfort was not yet shut against me; and that Heaven, perhaps, had thrown that impediment in the way of his second marriage, with a view of making him reflect upon what he owed to the first; and reminding him of his being a Christian, confquently more interested in the care of his soul than in any other human concern. All these things I revolved in my imagination; and, as I had no real comfort, consoled myself with the most feeble and distant hope, in order to support a life which I now abhor. While I remained in this city, undetermined what course to take, as I could not find Don Fernando, I heard a publick crier describe my person and dress, and offer a considerable reward to any one that should discover where I was. Nay, it was said, that I had seduced from my father's house, the young man who attended me; a circumstance that touched me to the very soul: finding my credit fallen so low, that they were not satisfied with publishing my escape, but must needs also mention my attendant, a creature so mean and unworthy of my attention and regard, as soon as I heard myself proclaimed, I quitted the town, accompanied by my servant, who already began to give marks of flagging in his promised faith and fidelity, and that night reached the most woody part of this mountain, urged by the fear of being discovered; but, as it is commonly observed, one misfortune invites another, and the end of one misfortune is often the beginning of a worse, this was literally my case: my truly fervant, who had hitherto behaved with such zeal and fidelity, seeing me in this solitary place, and instigated by his own villainy rather than any beauty of mine, attempted to avail himself of the opportunity which he thought this defart offered; and with great impudence, contempt of Heaven, and disregard to me, began to talk of love; when, finding that I rejected his immodest proposals with just indignation and disdain, he laid aside intimacies for the use of those who might please to use them, and began to employ force for the accomplishment of his will; but, just Heaven, who seldom or never abandons the righteous intention, favoured and assisted mine so effectually, that with the little strength I have, and no great trouble, I pushed him over a precipice, unknowing whether or not he survived the fall; then, as nimbly as my weariness and terror would allow, I penetrated farther in to the mountain, without any other thought or intention, than that of keeping myself concealed from my father, and those whom he had employed to find me out.

I know not how many months I have lived in this place, where I met with a grazer, who took me into his service, and carried me to his house, which stands in the very heart of the mountain. Him I served all this time, in quality of a cowherd, endeavouring to be always in the field, that I might the more easily conceal that hair which now so unexpectedly discovered my sex; yet, all my care and industry were vain; for, my master having found me out to be a woman, was seized with the fame desire that took possession of my own servant. But fortune, with the evil, does not always send the remedy; for, I could neither find rock nor bog, by which I might have disfabled my master, as I had before punished my man; and therefore, as the least inconvenience, I have left his house, and chosen to hide myself again among these thickets, rather than try my strength against him, in defence of my innocence. I say, I returned to these woods in hopes of
of finding a place in which I might, without impediment, implore Heaven with sighs and tears, to have compassion upon my misery, and give me industry and grace to overcome it, or quit my being in this solitude, without leaving behind me the least trace or remembrance of this forlorn wretch, who, without any fault of her own, hath afforded so much matter for consolation and censure both at home and abroad.

C H A P. II.
OF THE BEAUTIFUL DOROTHEA'S DISCRETION — WITH OTHER PLEASANT AND ENTERTAINING PARTICULARS.

THIS, gentlemen, is the genuine detail of my tragic story; consider, therefore, and judge whether or not I have sufficient cause to have more frights than I have vented, utter more complaints than you have heard, and shed more tears than have flowed from mine eyes; and when you shall have deliberated upon the quality of my misfortune, you will perceive how vain all consolation must be, as the diffuse admits of no remedy. I only ask what you easily can, and ought to grant, namely, that you would inform me where I can pass my life, without being harrassed by the surprize and fear of being found by those who are in search of me. For, though I am well assured, that my parents, out of their great love and affection, would receive me again into their favour, such is the shame and confusion I feel at the bare thought of their having altered their opinion to my prejudice, that I would rather conceal myself from their sight for ever, than appear in their presence under the suspicion of having acted contrary to the expectations they entertained from my virtue." So saying, she left off speaking, and her face was overspread with a blush that plainly denoted the sentiments and confusion of her soul. Those who had heard her story, were equally surprised and afflicted at her misfortune; to which the curate was going to offer some consolation and advice, when Cárdenio took her by the hand, saying, "It seems, then, Madam, you are the beauteous Dorothea, only daughter of Cleonardo the rich!" She was astonished to hear her father's name pronounced by one of such a miserable appearance, (for we have already observed, how wretchedly Cárdenio was clothed) and said to him, "And who are you, brother, who know so well my father's name; which, if I remember aright, I have not once mentioned in the whole course of my unfortunate story?"

"I am," replied Cárdenio, "that unfortunate man, to whom, as you have observed, Lucinda said she was married. I am that miserable Cárdenio, whom the villainy of him who reduced you to your present situation, hath brought to this deplorable condition in which you now see me, ragged, half-naked, destitute of all human comfort, and, which is still worse, deprived of my understanding, except at certain short intervals, that I enjoy by the permission of Heaven. I, Dorothea, am the person who was present at the perfidy of Don Fernando, and heard Lucinda pronounce the fatal "Yes," by which she accepted him for a husband. I am he who wanted resolution to wait the issue of her swoon, or stay and see the result of that paper which was found in her bosom; for, my soul could not sustain the shock of such accumulated misfortune; and therefore, I quitted the house, already abandoned by my patience, and leaving a letter with my holo, whom I charged to deliver it into Lucinda's own hand, betook myself to these deserts, with an intention here to finish the life which from that instant I have abhorred as my most invertebrate foe. But fate hath not been pleased to grant my wish, contenting itself with having deprived me of my judgment, with a view, perhaps, of referring me for better fortune; which I begin to hope may proceed from this lucky meeting with you, since, if that which you have recounted be true, as I believe it is, there is a possibility that Heaven may have in store for us both, a more favourable termination of our difficulties than we imagine; for, supposing that Lucinda, who is already my wife, as she hath openly declared, cannot be married to Don Fernando, nor he lawfully wed her, being already espoused..."
"elposed to you, I think we have reason to hope, that Heaven will one day restore what mutually belongs to us; as it is neither alienated, ruined, nor irretrievable. And since this con- futation still remains, sprung from hopes that are not very remote, and founded on expectations which are not the effects of a disordered imagina- tion, I entreat you, Madam, in the purity of your sentiments, to change your present resolution, as I intend to alter mine, and accommodate yourself to the hopes of better fortune; for, I swear upon the faith of a gentleman and a Christian, that I will never aban- don you, until I see you in the arms of Don Fernando, whom, if I cannot by reasonable arguments, bring to a true sense of his duty towards you, I will then use that privilege to which every gentleman is intitled, and in single combat demand satis- faction for the injury he has done you, without minding my own wrong; which I will leave to the vengeance of Heaven, that I may the sooner re- venge yours upon earth."

This speech of Cardenio put an end to the surprize of Dorothea, who being at a loss how to thank him for his kind and generous offer, flopped in order to kids his feet, but this piece of conde- scension he would by no means allow. The priest answering for both, approved of Cardenio's declaration; and, in a particular manner, intreated, advised, and persuaded them, to accompany him to the village where he lived, in order to provide themselves with what they wanted; and there contrived some scheme either for finding Don Fernando, or for carrying Dorothea back to her parents, or, in short, for doing that which should seem most necessary and convenient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him for his courteous offer, which they imme- diately embraced; and the barber, who had been silent and attentive all this time, having joined the curate in his compliments and hearty proffers of ser- vice, briefly recounted the cause which had brought them thither; namely, the strange madness of Don Quixote; ob- serving, that they were then waiting for the return of his figure, whom they had not in quest of his matter. Cardenio immediately, as if it had been the fiant impreflfer of a dream, recollected and related the quartet which had happened between the knight and him, though he could not remember the cause of the dispute.

At that instant they heard and recog- nized the voice of Sancho; who, not finding them in the place where he had left them, hallooed aloud; upon which they went to meet him, and enquiring about Don Quixote, were told by the squire, that he found him naked to the shirt, wan, meagre, half famished, and fighting for his midrefs Dulcinea; that when he (Sancho) told him she had commanded him to quit that place, and go immediately to Tobofo, where she waited with impatience to see him, he had answered, that he was determined never to appear before her, until he should have performed such achieve- ments as would render him worthy of her favour; and Sancho observed, that if this resolution should hold, it was possible he might never attain to the rank of an emperor, as he was in duty bound, not even to that of an arch- bishop, which was the least he could expect. He desired them, therefore, to consider some means of detaching the knight from his solitude. The priest bade him be under no concern, for they would fall upon a method to remove his matter, whether he would or no.

Then he explained to Cardenio and Dorothea, the plan they had laid to cure Don Quixote of his madness, or at least bring him back to his own house. This Dorothea no sooner un- derstood, than she told him, that she was more proper than the barber for acting the part of the distressed damsels; especially, as she had cleats along with her, that would answer the purpose; and bade them trust to her, for repre- senting every part of the character which should be necessary towards the succors of their design, for she had read a great many books of chivalry, and was perfectly well acquainted with the file in which afflicted damsels were wont to beg boons of knights-errant. "If that be the case," said the curate, "let us not delay the execution of our scheme; for, without doubt, Heaven seems to favour my endeavours; not only in opening a door so unex- pectedly, towards the cure of your misfortunes, but also in making you subservient in facilitating our success."

Dorothea then pulled out of her pil- low-cafe, a gown and petticoat of very rich
rich fluff, with a beautiful green mantle, and opening a little casket, took out a rich necklace and other jewels, with which she instantly dressed herself to such advantage, that she appeared like a lady of the first rank and fortune. All these, and other ornaments, she laid, she had carried off from her father's house, in case of what might happen; though hitherto she had met with no opportunity of using them. Every one present was charmed with her graceful mien, calm deportment, and exceeding beauty; and paused sentence on Don Fernando, as a person of little taste and discernment, for having abandoned such excellence. But the admiration of Sancho was superior to that of all the rest; for he actually thought, and indeed it was true, that in all the days of his life, he had never seen such a beautiful creature; and, accordingly, asked the curate, with great eagerness, who that handsome lady was, and what she looked for in these bye places. 'Friend Sancho,' answered the curate, 'that handsome lady, to buy no more of her, is heiress, in the direct male line, of the kingdom of Micomicon, come hither to beg a boon of your master, that he would redress a wrong and grievance done to her by a discourteous giant; for such is the fame and reputation of that excellent knight, Don Quixote, through the whole extent of Guinea, as to induce this prince to come thence in quest of him.—Blithe! quick!' cried Sancho, 'and happy finding, say I! especially if my master should be so fortunate as to right the wrong, and redress the grievance, by killing that son of a whore of a giant that your worship mentions; and kill him certainly will, if they should once meet, provided he be not a phantom; for you must know, my master has no power over phantoms. But one thing, among many others, I must beg of you, Mr. Licentiate, and that is, to put my master out of conceit of an archbishoprick, for I am afraid his inclination leans that way, and advise him to marry this prince's out of hand, a match which will make it impossible for him to receive holy orders; and therefore he will the more easily arrive at the feat of empire, and I at the end of my wife. For I have carefully considered the affair, and by my reckoning, I shall not find my account in his being an archbishop, as I am altogether unfit for the church, by reason of my being married; and for me, who have a wife and children, to be petitioning for dispensations to hold livings, would be an endless talk. Wherefore, Signior, the point is this: let my master immediately take to wife the lady's, whose name I do not know; for, indeed, I never saw her grace before this blessed morning.'

'She is called the prince's Micomicon,' replied the curate, 'because her kingdom being Micomicon, it is plain her name must be Micomicona.'

'Yes, to be sure,' said Sancho, 'I have known several people take a surname and addition from the place of their nativity, calling themselves, for example, Pedro d'Alcala, Juan de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and I suppose they have the same custom in Guinea, where the queens take their names from the kingdoms they rule.'

The priest confirmed Sancho's opinion, and promised to use his utmost influence to promote the marriage of the knight. With this assurance Sancho rested, as much satisfied as the other was surprised at his simplicity, when he perceived how carefully he cherished, in his imagination, the fame extravagant wishes that possest his master, who he firmly believed would one day become an emperor.

By this time, Dorothea being mounted on the curate's mule, and the barber's face accommodated with the ox's tail by way of beard, they desired Sancho to guide them to the place where Don Quixote was, and cautioned him against pretending to know the licentiate and his companion, affuring him that his master's becoming an emperor entirely depended upon his professing ignorance of their persons. Yet neither the curate nor Cardenio would accompany them; because the presence of this last might recall to the knight's memory the quarrel which had happened between them; and it was not yet proper that the priest should appear; for which reasons, they let the rest proceed by themselves, and they followed
at a small distance, after the curate had given her cue to Dorothea; who desired him to make himself perfectly easy on her account, for she would act the part assigned to her, without the least occasion for a prompter, in the true style and spirit of knight-errantry.

Having travelled about three quarters of a league, they discovered Don Quixote already cloathed, though still unarm'd, sitting in the midst of a labyrinth of rocks: and Dorothea no sooner understood it was he, in consequence of Sancho's information, than he whipped up her palef'y, clese attended by the well-bearded barber, who, when he approached the knight, threw himself from his mule, and ran to help his lady to alight. But she, dismounting with great agility, went and fell upon her knees before Don Quixote, whom, in spite of his repeated endeavours to raise her, she accosted in these words.

'Never will I rise from this posture, most valiant and invincible knight, until your benevolence and courteously grant me a boon, which will not only redound to the honour and applause of your own person, but also to the advantage of the most injured and disconsolate damsel that ever the fun beheld; and if the value of your mighty arm corresponds with the voice of your immovable fame, you are obliged to favour the unfortunate, who, attracted by the odour of your celebrated name, come from far distant regions, in quest of your assistance.'—'Beauteous lady,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will not answer one word, nor hear one circumstance of your affairs, until you rise from the ground.'—'I will not rise, Signior,' answered the afflicted damsel, 'until I shall have obtained from your condescension, the boon I beg.'—'I condemn and grant it,' resumed the knight. 'provided, in so doing, I act neither to the detriment nor derogation of my king, my country, and her who holds my heart and liberty.'—'Your compliance, worthy Signior,' replied the mourning lady, 'shall in no ways affect the exceptions you have made.'

At that instant Sancho came up, and whispered softly in his master's ear: 'Your worship may safely grant the boon the damsel, which is a mere trifle; no more than staying a giantish fort of a fellow; and she who begs it, is the high and mighty princess Micomicona, queen of the great empire of Micomicon in Ethiopia.'—'Whoever the is,' answered Don Quixote, 'I will do what I am in duty bound to perform, and act according to the dictates of my own conscience, and conformable to the order I profess.' Then turning to Dorothea, 'Rise, most beautiful lady,' said he, 'the boon you ask is granted.'—'Then, what I ask is this,' resumed the damsel, 'that your magnanimity would immediately accompany me to the place from whence I came, and promise to attempt no other adventure, nor grant any other request, until you shall have taken vengeance on a traitor who hath usurped my crown, contrary to all right, human and divine.'—'I grant your request, Madam,' answered Don Quixote; 'henceforth you may dispel that melancholy with which you are depressed, and let your fainting hope resume new strength and vigour; for, with the assent of God, and this my arm, you shall, in a short time, see yourself restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your royal ancestors, in defiance and despite of all those evil-designing persons who mean to oppose you: let us set hands to the work then; for, according to the common observation, Delay breeds danger.'

The distressed damsel struggled with great perseverence, to kiss his hand;
but Don Quixote, who was in all respects a well-bred knight, would by no means allow such humiliation; on the contrary, rasing her up, he embraced her with great politeness and cordiality, ordering Sancho to secure Rozinante's girths, and help him to arm with all expedition. The squire taking down the armour, which hung on a tree, in the manner of a trophy, and adjusting the horse's girths, in a twinkling, equipped his master, who finding himself armed, 'Now,' said he, 'let us go, in the name of God, to the affittance of this high-born lady.' The barber, who was all this time on his knees, at infinite pains to preserve his gravity and his beard, the fall of which, perhaps, would have utterly ruined their laudable design, when he found the boon was granted, and saw with what eagerness the knight undertook to fulfil it, rose up, and with the affittance of Don Quixote, helped his lady upon her mule again; then her protector belitore Rozinante, and he himself mounted his own beast, while Sancho Panza being left on foot, felt the loss of Dapple anew: but this he contentedly bore, believing that his master was now in the right road, and almoat at the very point of being an emperor; for he assured himself, that the knight would wed that princes, and so become King of Micmicon at least; the only uneasiness he felt, was, on account of that kingdom's being in the land of negroes, so that all his servants and vassals must be black; but, his imagination supplied him with a remedy for this inconvenience, and he said within himself, 'Suppose my vassals are negroes, what else have I to do, but transport them to Spain, where I can sell them for ready-money, with which I may purchase some title or estate that will maintain me at my ease all the days of my life! No, to be sure! sleep on, void of all invention or ability to dispose of your ware, and sell thirty, or ten thousand slaves in the turning of a straw! Before God! I'll make them fly, little and big, or jut as I may; and, blacks as they are, turn them all into whites and yellows! Let me alone to suck my own fingers.' With these conceits he was so much engrossed, and so well satisfied, that he actually forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

Cardenio and the curate saw every thing that passed, from behind some bushes where they were hid, and could fall upon no method of joining them conveniently, until the priest, who was an excellent schemer, thought of an expedient for the purpose; having a pair of necessaries about him, he cut off the heard of Cardenio with infinite dispatch, and giving him a grey jacker, with his own black cloak, he himself remaining in his doublet and hose, the tattered cavalier was so much altered in point of appearance, that he would scarce have known himself had he looked in a glass. Although the others were jogging on, while they disguised themselves in this manner, they easily reached the highway, before the knight and his company, whose beasts were retarded by the bushes and rockiness of the ground; and taking their station just at the mouth of the entrance to the mountain, no sooner perceived the knight and his attendants come forth, than the curate looked earnestly at him a good while, as if he had been recollecting a person whom he knew, then ran to him with open arms, crying aloud, 'Blessed be this meeting with the mirror of chivalry, my worthy compatriot Don Quixote de la Mancha, the flower and cream of gentility, the protector and physician of the distressed, and quintessence of knighthood.' So saying, he embraced the left-knee of Don Quixote; who being aconscified at the words and action of the man, began to consider his features with great attention, and at length, recollecting him, was struck dumb with admiration, at seeing him in that place, and made many efforts to alight; which when the priest opposed, 'Give me leave, Mr. Licentiate,' said he, 'it is not seemly that I should remain on horseback, when such a reverend person as you travels on foot.'—'I will by no means,' answered the curate, 'content to your alighting; since, on horseback, your mighty arm hath achieved the greatest exploits and adventures that this age hath seen; it shall suffice for me, who am but an unworthy priest, to get up, with permission, behind this gentleman who travels in your worship's company; and then I shall imagine myself mounted upon Pegasus, a zebra, or that
DON QUIXOTE.

that fiery courser that carried the famous Moor Muzarque, who still lies enchanted in the vast mountain Zulema, at a little distance from the great Compluto."—'I did not think of that expedient, Mr. Licentiate,' resumed the knight; 'but I know that my lady the princes will, out of regard to me, be pleased to order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule, and he himself may ride upon the crupper, if the beast will carry double.'—'I believe the will,' said the princes; 'and I am sure, there will be no occasion to lay my commands upon my squire who is too courteous and polite, to suffer an ecclesiastic to travel on foot, when it is in his power to provide him with a beast.'—Your majesty is in the right,' answered the barber; who instantly slighting, complimented the curate with the saddle, which was accepted without much intreaty.

But the misfortune was, when the squire attempted to get up behind, the mule, which was an hindling, consequently infected, lifted up her hind legs, and kicked with such fury, that had they lighted on the head or breast of Mr. Nicholas, he would have had reason to curse the hour on which he set out in quest of Don Quixote: such, however, was his confusion, that he came to the ground, and his hand being neglected, fell off; so that he could find no other method to prevent a discovery, than to clasp both hands to his face, with great expedition, and roar out that his teeth were demolished. Don Quixote, seeing that huge mass of heard torn from the jaw, without blood, and lying at a good distance from the squire's face, 'Good heavens!' cried he, 'what a wonderful phenomenon! this I the beard is taken off and shaved as clean by the heel of the mule, as if it had been done by the hand of a barber.' The curate, seeing the risk he ran of being detected in his scheme, snatched up the tail, and running with it to Mr. Nicholas, who still lay bellowing for help, pulled his head to his breast with one jerk, and clapping it on again, muttered some words, which he said were an infallible charm for fixing on heads, as they should presently see; according ly, when the affair was adjusted, he quitted the squire, who now seemed as well brained and as found as ever; a circumstance that, above measure, surprised the knight, who begged that the curate, at a proper opportunity, would impart to him the charm, which he imagined must contain more virtues than that of cementing beards, because it was plain, that where the hair was torn off, the skin and flesh must be lacerated and hurt, and if the application could heal those wounded parts, it was good for something more than mere mutinies. The curate confirmed this confidence, and promised to disclose the secret to him, with the first proper opportunity; then it was agreed, that the priest should mount the mule by himself, and, with the other two, ride her by turns, until they should arrive at the inn, which was about two leagues off.

Don Quixote, the princes, and the curate, being thus mounted, and Cardeño, the barber, and Sancho Panza following on foot, the knight told the damsel, that her brightness might conduct him whithersoever she pleased; but, before she could make any reply, the priest interpolated, saying, 'Towards what kingdom is your majesty journeying? I am much mistaken in my notions of kingdoms, if you are not bound for Middlomer? She, who had been well instructed in her cue, concluding that she must answer in the alternative, said, 'Yes, Signior, that is the place of my destination.'—Then you must pass through our village,' answered the curate, 'and take your route to Carthagena, where your highnesses may happily embark; and if you meet with no hurricane, but be favoured with a fair wind and smooth sea, in something less than nine years, you may get sight of that vast Lake Moana, I mean, Moetis, which is a little more than one hundred days journey from your majesty's kingdom.'—Your worship must be mistaken,' said the princes, 'for two years are not yet elapsed since I set out from thence; and though the weather has always been bad, I have already obtained what I to much longed after, namely, the sight of Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose fame reached my ears as soon as I landed in Spain, and induced me to come in quest of him, that I might solicit his courtesy, and trust my righteous cause to the valour of his invincible
invinciblearm.'—"Enough, Madam," said Don Quixote; "spare your eonco-
miums; for I am an utter enemy to all sorts of adulation; and, although
you are not to be suspected of flattery,
my chaste ears are always refreshed at
that kind of discourse. What I can
safely affirm, is this: whether I have
valour or not, here is he, valiant or
puiflaminous, who will exert himself
to the last drop of his blood in the
service of your highness. But, this
apart—Pray, Mr. Licentiate, what
cause hath brought you hither alone,
where I am really astonished to find
you so ill attended, and so slightly
clothed?"

In that particular you shall soon be
satisfied, answered the curate: 'your
worship must know that I and our
friend Mr. Nicholas the barber, set
out for Sville, to recover a sum of
money, which was lent to me by a re-
lation of mine that went to the Indies,
a good many years ago; no less than
sixty thousand pieces of eight in good
honor, which make no inconceivable
sum: and yesterday, pressing through
this place, we were set upon by four
highwaymen, who stripped us even
to our very whiskers, and that in such
a manner as obliged the barber to
wear artificial ones; and you may see,
pointing to Cardenio, 'how they have
depoilo the face of this young man
who accompanied us; and the cream
of the story is, that, according to the
publick report, which prevails in this
neighbourhood, those who robbed us
were galley-slaves, that, almost in this
very place, were set at liberty by
a man so valiant, as to set them all
loose, in spite of the commissary and
his guards. Without all doubt he
must have been deprived of his tents,
or as great a villain as any of those he
freed, or some person void of all con-
science and feeling, who could thus
turn loose the wolf among the lambs,
the fox among the poultry, and the
flies among the honey-pots; defraud-
ing justice, and rebelling against his
king and rightful sovereign, by acting
contrary to his just commands, in de-
priving the galleys of their hands, and
putting in confusion the holy brother-
hood, which have continued so many
years in undisturbed repose: in short,
hath done a deed that may tend to
the perdition of his own soul as well
as body.'

Sancho had before recounted to them
the adventure of the galley-slaves, which
he had achieved with so much glory;
and therefore the curate urged it home,
in order to observe the behaviour of Don
Quixote, who changed colour at every
word, without daring to own himself
the deliverer of that worthy crew.

'Thou,' added the priest, 'were the
persons who rifed us; and God of
his infinite mercy forgive the man
who prevented the punishment they
so richly deserved!'

C H A P. III.

T H E P L E A S A N T A R T I F I C E P R A C-
T I S E D T O E X T R I C A T E O U R E N A-
M O U R E D K N I G H T F R O M T H E
M O S T R I G O R O U S P E N A N C E H E
HAD I M P O S E D U P O N H I M S E L F .

S C A R C E had the curate pronounced
this apologue, when Sancho blundered out—"Then, in good faith,
Mr. Licentiate, he who performed
this exploit, was no other than my
mister, not that I neglected to tell
and advise him beforehand, to con-
sider what he was about, and think
what a sin it would be to let loose
those who were going to the galleys
for the most grievous enormities—
You blackhead," cried Don Quixote,
incensed, "it neither concerns, nor be-
longs to knights-errant, to examine
whether the afflicted, the enslaved, and
oppressed, whom they meet on the high-
way, are reduced, to these wretched
circumstances by their crimes, or
their misfortunes; our business is only
to assist them in their distresses, having
an eye to their sufferings, and not to
their demerits. I chanced to light
upon a string of miserable and dis-
contented objects, in behalf of whom
I acted according to the dictates of
my religion, without minding the
consequence; and he who takes um-
brage at what I have done, having the
sacred character and honourable per-
son of Mr. Licentiate, is, I insist
upon it, utterly ignorant of chivalry,
and lies like the base-born son of a
whore; and this affiction I will make
good with my sword, in the most
ample
ed her pipes with a hem or two, and
made other preliminary gestures, she
with great sprightliness thus began:

"In the full place, gentlemen, you
must know that my name is..."

Here she made a full stop, having for-
gotten how the curate had chidnised her:
but this defect was soon remedied; for,
immediately conceiving the cause of her
hebation, he said, "It is no wonder,
Madam, that your highness is disturb-
ed and disordered at the recollection of
your misfortunes, which are often so
great, as to impair the memory of such
degree, that the afflicted cannot even
remember their own names: this effect
they have had upon you, Madam,
who have forgot that you are the Prin-
cess Micomicona, legitimate heir of
the great kingdom of Micomicon.
With the assistance of this hint, your
highness will easily recall the whole
thread of your story to your sorrow-
ful remembrance."—"You are in the
right," replied the damsel; and I be-
lieve I shall be able to bring my true
narrative to a happy conclusion with-
out farther prompting.

The king, my father, whole name
was Tinacrio the faire, forebaw, by
his profound skill in magic, that my
mother, who was called Queen Zara-
milla, would die before him; and
that, as he himself must quit this life
soon after, I should be left an help-
less orphan; but this consideration,
he said, did not give him so much
pain and confusion, as the certain
foreknowledge that a monstrous giant,
lord of a great island that bordered on
our kingdom, called Pandalifando of
the Gloomy Aipel: (for, it is affir-
med, that although his eyes are, like
any other person's, placed in the mid-
dle of his face, he always looks
afarne, as if he squinted; and this
obliquity the malicious tyrant prac-
tises, in order to sur prise and intimi-
date those who behold him;) I say,
my father forebaw by his art, that this
giant, informed of my being an or-
phan, would invade me with a great
army, and deprive me of my whole
kingdom, without leaving so much as
a village for my retreat; and that
nothing could prevent this my ruin
and misfortune, unless I would con-
sent to marry him; though, so far as
he could learn, it would never come
into my thoughts to make such an
unequal
unequal match; and truly his con-
jecture was well founded; for, it ne-
ever entered into my head, to wed this
giant, or any other person, however
tall and unmeasurable he might be.
My father, therefore, advised me,
that when, after his death, I should
get notice that Pandaliano was be-
ginning to invade my kingdom, I
should not stay to put myself in a po-
ture of defence, which would prove
my destruction, but freely leave him
the possession of my realms, if I was
resolved to avoid my own death, and
to prevent the total destruction of my
good and faithful subjects; for it
would be impossible to defend myself
against the infernal force of the giant;
but, that I should immediately set
out for Spain, where I would find a
remedy for all my misfortunes, in the
person of a certain knight-errant,
whose name would be at that time
spread over the whole kingdom, and
whose name, if I right remember,
would be Don Hackfor, or Kickfort.

Don Quixote your ladyship would
say,' cried Sancho, interposing, 'aftes
the Knight of the Rueful Counte-
pance.'—' The very fame,' replied
Dorothea; ' he told me, moreover, that
this knight would be a tall man,
with a long meagre visage, and have
on his right side, below his left shoul-
der, or thereabouts, a grey mole gar-
nished with hairs, which bear some
resemblance to a hog's bristles.'

Don Quixote hearing this circum-
stance, said to his squire, ' Come hither,
for Sancho, and help me to strip;
for I want to see if I am actually
the knight of whom that sage king
foretold.'—' Why should your wor-
ship strip?' said Dorothea. ' In order
to satisfy myself about that mole
which your royal father mentioned.'

' You need not give yourself the
trouble,' said Sancho; ' I know your
worship hath just such a mole on the
middle of your back-bone, which is
a sign of strength.'—' That assurance
is sufficient,' resumed Dorothea, 'for,
among friends, we ought not to stand
upon trifles; and it is of very little
consequence whether the mole be upon
the shoulder or the back bone; pro-
vided there is really such a mark on
any part of your body, which is all
comprised of the fame fiest. Without
doubt my worthy father was right
in every thing he prognosticated; and
I have exactly followed his directions,
in recommending my cause to the pro-
tection of Signior Don Quixote, who
is certainly the individual knight my
father described; since his features
correspond with his name, which fills
not only Spain, but likewise the whole
province of La Mancha; for scarce
had I landed at Offina, than hearing
of his vast exploits, my mind suggested
that he must be the very person I came
in quest of.'—' How could your high-
ness,' said Don Quixote, ' land at
Offina, which is not a sea-port?'

Before he had time to make a reply,
the curate took the talk upon himself,
saying, ' The prince's must mean, that
after he landed at Malaga, Offina
was the first place in which he heard
of your worship.'—' That was my
meaning,' said Dorothea. ' There is
nothing more plain,' answered the
priest; ' and now your majesty may
proceed.'—' I have nothing more to
say,' resumed the prince, ' but that,
at length, destiny has been so favour-
able to me, in my finding Don Quix-
ole, I reckon and look upon myself
as queen again, and mistress of my
whole realms, since out of his great
courtesy and magnificence, he hath
promised, in consequence of the boon
I asked, to go with me whithersoever
I shall conduct him; and my inten-
tion is no other than to bring him
face to face with Pandaliano of the
Gloomy Aspekt, that he may, by put-
ting him to death, restore me to the
possession of that which he so unjustly
usurps; and all this will literally hap-
pen, as it was prophesied by my wor-
thy father Tinacrio the Sage, who hath
also left it written in Chaldean or
Greek characters, for I cannot read
them, that if the knight mentioned in
the prophecy should, after having cut
off the giant's head, demand me in
marriage, I must instantly accept of
him as my lawful husband, without the

* This is a diverting example of the Bathe, not unlike that anticlimax repeated in the
act of sinking.

Nor Alps, nor Appenines could keep us out,
Nor fortified redoubt!
leat hesitation, and give him immediate possession of my person and throne.'

Don Quixote hearing this circumstance, cried, 'What do you think now, friend Sancho? do you hear what pass'd? and did not I tell thee as much? Observe now, whether or not we have not a queen to marry, and a kingdom to govern.'—Adventurers, it is even so!' cried the squire; 'and plague upon the son of a who refuses to marry her, as soon as Mr. Pandariladoe's wexzand is cut; then, what a delicate model the queen is! odd, I wish all the flowers in my bed were such as she! So saying, he cut a brace of capers, with marks of infinite satisfaction; then running up, and taking hold of the bridle of Dorothea's mule, made her halt, while he, falling down on his knees before her, besought the princess to let him kiss her hand, in token of his receiving her as his queen and mistress. Which of the company could behold the madness of the master, and the simplicity of the man, without laughing? Dorothea actually gave him her hand, and promised to make him a grandee, as soon as, by the favour of Heaven, she should be restored to the possession of her kingdom; and he thanked her in terms which redoubled the mirth of all present.

'This, gentlemen,' added the damsel, 'is my story, and nothing now remains but to tell you, that of all the people who attended me when I left my own country, not one survives, except this well-bearded squire; all the rest having perished in a dreadful storm that overtook us after we were within sight of land: he and I miraculously floated to the shore on two planks; and indeed the whole course of my life, as you may have observed in my narration, hath been full of mystery and wonder. If I have in any thing exceeded the bounds of credibility, or been less accurate than I ought, I hope you will impute it to that caûse affliged by the licentiate, in the beginning of my story; namely, the continual and extraordinary affliction, that often impairs the memory of the unfortunate.'—But, mine shall not be impaired, most high and virtuous lady!' said Don Quixote, 'by all the misfortunes I shall undergo in your service, let them be never so great and unprecedented: therefore I again confirm the boon I have promised, and swear to attend you even to the world's end, until I get fight of that meritorious adversary of yours, whose proud head I hope to fleece off, with the assistance of God, my own arm, and the edge of this (I will not say good) sword; thanks to Gines de Pasamonte who run away with my own.' This last apocryphal he muttered between his teeth, and then proceeded aloud, saying,—and after I shall have deprived him of his head, and put you in peaceable possession of your throne, you shall be at free liberty to dispose of your person, according to your own will and pleasure; for, while my memory is engraven, my will enflamed, and my understandingsubjected to her who—I say no more; but, that it is impossible I should incline, or have the least thought towards marrying any other person, though she were a perfect phoenix.'

Sancho was so much distressed at this last declaration of his master, refusing the marriage, that raising his voice, he cried with great indignation, 'Signior Don Quixote, I vow and swear your worship is crazy, else you would never boggle at marrying such a high-born princess as this! Do you imagine that fortune will offer such good luck at every turn, as she now pretends? or pray, do you think my Lady Dulcinea more hand-me-than the princes? I am sure she is not half so beautiful, and will even venture to say, that she is not worthy to tie her majesty's shoe-strings. How the plague shall I ever obtain the earldom I expect, if your worship goes thus a-fishing for mushrooms at sea? Marry her, marry her, in the devil's name, without much ado; lay hold on this kingdom that drops, as it were, into your hand; and, after your coronation, make me a marquis or lord-lieutenant, and then the devil, if he will, may run away with the rest.'

Don Quixote was enraged, when he heard...
heard such blasphemies uttered against his mistress Dulcinea, and lifting up his lance, without speaking a syllable, or giving the least notice of his intention, discharged two such hearty blows upon the squire, as brought him instantly to the ground; and had not Dorothea called aloud, and begg'd of him to forbear, would certainly have murdered poor Sancho on the spot. 'Do you think,' said he, after some pause, 'you plebian foundrel, that I will always stand with my hands in my pockets; and that there is nothing to be done, but for you to misbehave, and for me to forgive you? I'll teach you better manners, you excommunicated rascal; for such to be sure you are, else you would not wag your tongue against the peerless Dulcinea. Don't you know, you grumbling beggarly villain, that were it not for the honour with which the inspir'd this arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, you viperish scoundrel, what you think hath won this kingdom, cut off the giant's head, and made you a marquis, for all this I look upon as already done and determined? Is it not the value of Dulcinea that makes use of my arm as the instrument of her exploits? In me the fights and overcomes in her I live, breathe, and have my being. O thou whoredom, ungrateful ruffian, who feel thyself rais'd from the dust of the earth to the rank of nobility, and repay'd the obligation by flattering thy benefactors.'

Sancho was not so roughly handled but he heard every syllable that his master spoke; and, starting up as nimbly as he could, ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, from whence he sild to the knight, 'Pray, Sir, if your worship is determined against marrying this great princess, is it not plain, that the kingdom cannot be yours; and if he the cause, what favours can you bestow upon me? This is what I complain of. Would your worship would, once for all, marry this queen, who is, at it were, rained down from Heaven upon us; and then you may converse with my Lady Dulcinea, according to the custom of some kings who keep concubines. As to the affair of beauty, I will not interfere; but, if the truth may be told, I like them both very well, though I never saw my Lady Dulcinea in my life.'—'How! not seen her, blasphemous traitor!' cried Don Quixote; 'hast thou not just brought a message from her?'—'I say,' answered Sancho, 'that when I saw her, I had not an opportunity of examining the particulars of her beauty and good qualities one by one; but all together she pleas'd me very much.'—'Now, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'I exculpate thee, and thou must forgive what I did in my wrath; for no man can command the first emotions of his passion.'—'That I can plainly perceive,' answered the squire, 'and therefore, the desire of speaking is always the first motion in me; and truly, when once my tongue begins to itch, I cannot for my blood keep it within my teeth.'—'For all that, friend Sancho,' said the knight, 'I would have you consider before you speak; for, though the picker goes often to the well—I need not mention what follows.'—'In good time,' replied the squire, 'there is a God above, who sees the snare, and will judge which of us is the most to blame; I in speaking, or your worship in doing evil.'—'Let there be no more of this, Sancho,' said Dorothea, 'but run and kiss your master's hand, and beg his pardon; and henceforth set a better guard upon your prattle and disparagement; above all things, beware of lying any thing to the prejudice of that lady Toboso, whom I know by nothing else than my inclination to serve her; and if you put your trust in God, you will not fail of acquiring some estate, by which you will live like a prince.'

Sancho took her advice, and, hanging his head, went to beg a kiss of his master's hand, which was granted with great solemnity of deportment; nay, the knight gave him his blessing also, deeming he would attend him while he rode on a little before the rest of the company, that he might have a better opportunity of asking a few questions, and conversing with him about affairs of the utmost importance. Sancho obey'd the order; and the two having advanced a good way before the rest, 'Since thy return,' said Don Quixote, 'I have had neither time nor convenience, to enquire about many particular circumstances of thy embassy, with
with the answer thou hast brought: and now that fortune favours us with a fit opportunity, thou must not deny me the pleasure I shall receive from thy agreeable information."—Your worship, answered the squire, 'may ask as many questions as you please: I shall make every thing come out as clear as it went in; but I intreat your worship, dear Sir, not to be so revengeful for the future."

Why doth thou call me revengeful?" said the knight. "Because," returned the squire, "thofe blows I was just now honoured with, were more owing to the quarrel the devil picked between us, t'other night, than to any thing I said against my Lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence as a relic, though she be not one, merely, because she appertains to your worship."—No more of these reflections, on thy life," said Don Quixote; 'else thou wilt give me fresh umbrage: I freely forgave thee at that time, and thou knowest, that, according to the common observation, Every new fault deferves a new penance.'

While this conversation passed between them, they perceived a man riding towards them on an ass; and, when he came a little nearer, discerned him to be a gypsy; but Sancho Panza, who felt his soul abroad with his eyes, to examine every ass that appeared, no sooner beheld the rider, than he recognized Gines de Pasamonte, and by the thread of the gypsy discovered the clue of his own ass; for it was actually Dapple that carried Pasamonte, who, for the better convenience of finding the beast, had dignified himself in the dress of a gypsy, whose language with many others, he could speak as fluently as his mother-tongue. Sancho saw and recoiled him, and no sooner had he seen and recoiled him, than he bellowed forth, 'Ah, villain, Ginesillo! restore my goods! give me back the comfort of my life! rob me not of my heart's content! give me my ass! give me my darling! Fly, thief! fly, robber; and seek not to preserve that which is none of thy own.'

There was no need of all this exclamation and reproach; for Gines leaped off at the first word, and at a pretty round trot, which might have paffed for a gallop, made the beat of his way, and vanished in a twinkling. Sancho run-
and how you found Dulcinea? What was she doing? What did the say? What answer did she make? How did she look when she read my letter? Who transcribed it for her perusal? These particulars, and every other circumstance of the affair, which you think worthy to be known, asked, and answered, I expect you will explain, without seeking to increase my pleasure with futile additions, much less to diminish it by malicious omission."—Signior," said Sancho, if the truth must be told, nobody transcribed the letter; because I had no letter to be transcribed. 'That is very true," replied the knight; "for, two days after thy departure, I found the pocket-book in which it was written; a circumstance that gave me infinite pain, as I could not conceive what thou wouldst do when the mistake should appear; indeed I always imagined thou wouldst have returned hither immediately upon the discovery."—"That would certainly have been the case," said the Squire, "if, when your worship, read it to me, I had not retained it in my memory, so perfect as to be able to dictate it to a pithy clerk, who, as I repeated, transcribed it so exactly, that he failed, in all the days of his life, though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen such a clever letter as yours."—And dost thou still retain it?" said Don Quixote. "No, Sir," replied Sancho. "For, after I had put it into her hand, I thought there was no farther occasion to retain it, and therefore let it slip out of my remembrance; or, if any part remains, it is that of the hubberty, I mean sovereign lady, and the conclusion Yours til death, the Knight of the Ruffel Countenance; with about three hundred souls, and lives, and pigeons, which I let down in the middle.

CHAPEL IV.

THE SAVOURY CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN DON Quixote AND HIS SQUIRE Sancho Panza, WITH MANY OTHER INCIDENTS.

All this is pretty well; proceed," said Don Quixote; "how was that queen of beauty employed, when you arrived? I dare say, you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device for this her captiv knight, with threads of gold."—"No, truly," answered the squire; "I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in the yard."—Then you may depend upon it, returned the knight, the grains of that wheat were converted into pearls by the touch of her hand; and didst thou observe, my friend, whether it was of the finer or common sort?"—"Why, neither!" said Sancho; "it seemed to be, as it were, red wheat."—But, since it was winnowed by her fair hands, answered Don Quixote, I dare affirm, it will make the whitest bread in Spain. Go on with thy information. When the letter was delivered, did she not kiss it, and place it on the crown of her head, in token of respect? Did she not perform some ceremony worthy of such a letter? Pray, how did she receive it?"—"When I presented him the letter," answered Sancho, "she was in a main hurry, winnowing a large heap of wheat that was in her sieve, and said to me, 'Friend, lay down the letter on that sack; for I cannot pretend to read it, until I have made an end of my work.'"—Dif freted lady! cried the knight; her intention certainly was to read it at her leisure, that she might recreate herself with the contents. Proceed, Sancho; and while she was thus employed, what conversation passed between you? what questions did she ask concerning me? and what answers didst thou make? Recount the whole, without leaving one syllable untold.'

'She asked me no questions,' replied the squire; "but I told her, how I had left your worship doing penance for love of her, skipping among those rocks, naked from the waist upwards, like a mere savage, sleeping on the bare ground; neglecting to eat your food like a Christian, or to comb your beard like a decent man; but whining, and weeping, and cursing your fortune."—"If you said I cursed my fortune, you misrepresented me," said Don Quixote; "for I blest my fate, and will bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to aspire to the love of such an high lady as Dulcinea del Toboso.'—'High indeed!' answered Sancho,
cho, 'for, in faith, she is a good hand
taller than I am.'— How hast thou
been measur'd with her, Sancho?' said the knight. 'I'll tell you how,'
answered the squire; 'while I was help-
ing to lay a load of corn upon an aIs,
we came so close together, that I
could easily perceive the over-topped
mâ by a full hand.'— 'That may be
true,' said Don Quixote; 'though
her tallness is accompanied and adorning
by a myriad of mental graces.
But this you will not deny, San-
cho, that while you was so near her,
your noholds were regaled by a Sâban
odour, an aromatick fragrance, a cer-
tain delicious sensation, for which
there is no name. I mean, a scent, a
perfonque, such as fills the shop of
some curious Glover.'— 'All that I
can say,' answered Sancho, 'is, that I
was sensible of a sort of rammish smell,
which I believed was owing to her being
in a much sweat with hard work;—
That is impossible,' cried the knight;
thy sense must have been deprav'd, or
that smell must have proceeded from
thy own body; for I am perfectly
well acquainted with the odour of
that rofe among briars, that lily of
the valley, that liquid amber.'— 'It
may be so,' said Sancho: 'I have of-
ten known such scents come from
myself; as then seemed to come from
my Lady Dulcinea: but that is not to
be wonder'd at; because, as the say-
ing is, every fiend may flink of brim-
stone.'— 'Well, then,' added Don
Quixote, 'she hath now winnow'd the
wheat and sent it to the mill; how
did she behave after she had read my
letter?'— 'The letter,' answered San-
cho, 'was not read at all; for, as the
could neither read nor write, she
chose to rend and tear it to pieces, ra-
ther than give it to any body who
might publish her secrets in the vil-
age, saying, she was very well satis-
fied with the information I gave her
by word of mouth, concerning your
worship's love for her, and the extra-
ordinary penance I left you doing on
her account. Finally, the bâde me
tell you, that she kill'd your wor-
ship's hands, being much more depli-
ous of seeing that writing to you;
and therefore she entreated and com-
mended your worship, by these pre-
fents, to quit thisdefart, and leave off
playing the fool, and forthwith set
out on your journey to Toboso, pro-
vided that something else of greater
importance should not happen, for
the longed very much for a fight of
your worship, and laughed heartily
when I told her, that you had taken
the name of the Knight with the
Rueful Countenance. When I asked
if the Biscayan had been lately with
her, she answered, 'Yes;' and that
he was very much of a gentleman;
but, when I enquired about the gal-
ley-slaves, she said she had as yet seen
none of them.'— Huberto all goes well,' said the
knight, 'but pray tell me what jewel
she gave you at parting, for the news
you had brought of me her lover; for,
it is an ancient practice and custom
among knights-errant and their mis-
treys, to bellow upon their sirenes,
damselfs, or dwarfs, who bring them
news of each other, some rich jewel,
as a reward and acknowledgment
for the message.'— 'It may be so,'
said Sancho; 'and I think it an excel-
ent custom, but that must have been
in time past; for in this age it is
customary to give nothing but a piece
of bread and cheese, which was all
the present I received from my Lady
Dulcines, who reached it over the
yard wall, when I took my leave;
by this token, that the cheese was
made of ewe's milk.'— 'She is libe-
ral to excess,' said the knight; 'and if
she omitted giving thea jewel, it must
certainly have been owing to her not
having any by her; but all in good
time*; I shall see her soon, and then
every thing will be set to rights. Yet
there is one thing, Sancho, which
overwhelms me with astonishment.
You seem to have travelled through
the air; for you have spent little
more than three days in your journey;
though Toboso is more than thirty
leagues distant from hence. From
this extraordinary expedition, I con-
jecture, that the sage, who is my
friend, and interests himself in my
affairs, and such there certainly is,

* Lit. rally. Sleeves are good even after Easter; i.e. Though a good thing comes late, it is never unfeasible.
and must be, else I should be no true knight-errant; I say, this in-
chanter must have affiled thee in thy journe, though thou dost not per-
ceive it; for some there are of that clas, who will take up a knight-err-
rant while he is asleep in his bed, and without his knowing any thing of the mat-
ter, he shall awake next morning in some place more than a thousand leagues from the house where he took up his lodging the night before; and without such sudden transportations, it would be impossible for knights to succour each other in diftresses, as they frequently do. A knight-errant, for example, happens to be fighting in the desarts of Armenia, with some fierce dragon, dreadful goblin, or ri-
val knight; and being worsted, and just at the point of being slain, be-
hold, when he least expects it, there suddenly appears in a cloud or fiery chariot, another knight, a friend of his, who but a minute before refided in England, and who affils and deli-
vers him from death; and that fam' night, he finds himself lying at his safe at his own house, which is often two or three thousand leagues from the field of battle; and all this is ef-
feeted by the industry and art of fage enchanters, who take those valiant knights under their protecHon.

Wherefore, friend Sancho, I can eafily believe that thou haft in fo little time travelled from hence to Toboso and back again; because, as I have already observed, none friendly en fate must have carried thee through the air, though thou didst not per-
ceive it."—Not unlikely," replied the fquire, "for, in good faith, Ruminanc went like a gypsy's as, with quick-
silver in his ears."—With quicksil-
ver," cried the knight; "ay, and a legion of dæmons to boot, who are beings that travel themselves, and make other people travel as fast as they pleafe, without tiring.

But, wavin this subje& how doest thou think I ought to regulate my conduife, now that my mistrefs com-
mands me to appear in her presence! for, although I find myself obliged to comply with her orders, I am utterly incapacitated by the boon I have grant-
ed to this prin&M: and I am bound by the laws of chivalry to fulfil my promise, before I indulge my inclina-
tion. On one hand, I am perfecuted and harassed by the desire of seeing Dulcinea; on the other, I am incited and invited by my honour and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprise. I am therefore determined to travel with all expedition, until I arrive at the place where the giant refides; and, when I shall have restored the prin-
cifes to the peaceful poffeflion of her kingdom, after having shortened the ufurper by the head, I will return to the rays of that beauty which en-
lights my thoughts, and excuse myself in such a manner as to obtain her forgiveness, as she will plainly perceive that my delay tended to the increare of her glory and fame; see-
ing all my reputation in arms, paft, prefent, or to come, proceeds from her favour and inspiration."—Lord! cried Sancho, "how your worship is concerned about a parcel of pot-
therds. Pray tell me, Sir, do you intend to make this journey for no-
thing, and to let such a rich and noble marriage as this flip through your fingers; while the dowry is no less than a kingdom, which I have actually heard is more than twenty thousand leagues round, plentifully flored with every thing that is needful for the fuffenance of mortal man, and larger than Portugal and Cafile put together? Hold your tongue, a God's name, and take shame to yourfelf, for what you have faid; pardon my free-
dom, take my advice, and marry in the firft place where we can find a curate, or make ufe of our friend the licentiate, who will buckle you handsomely. Take notice, therefore, that I am of an age to give good counsel, and this that I offer will fit you to a hair, for a bird in hand is worth two in the bulk; and, as the faying is, "He that hath good in his view, and yet will not evil efchew, his folly de-
Sanchon," answered Don Quixote, "if thou advisef to marry, with a
view of seeing me king, after I shall have killed the giant, that I may have an opportunity of rewarding thee with what I have promised, thou must know that I can eafily gratify thy wishes, without wdching the prince's; for, before I engage in the combat, I will covenant, that, provided I come off conqueror, and decline the mar-
riage,
Since earth individual's What iseroed Signior, fare, young distance and firearms. Now, wood have Don w'hy would final place Ah him and we as and heard part, wrongs.

...
and a peafant, who I afterwards understood was his matter, fowed
fcourging him with the reins of a bridle. When I enquired into the
caufe of this barbarous treatment, the
ruffick anfwered, that he only whipped
his own fervant for being guilty of
some neglect that favoured more of
knovvledgenefs than simplicity. The
boy profefled he had done nothing but
asked his wages: to this affirmation
the matter replied, by some affera-
tions which I have forgot; but though
I heard his excuses, I would not ad-
mit of them. In fhort, I ordered the
peafant to unite the youth, and made
him swear that he would carry him
home and pay him his wages in ready
cash, nay, and pay him in rials that
ought to be performed. Is not this lit-
early true, fion Andrew? Didft thou not
observe with what authority I com-
manded, and with what humility he
promised to comply with every thing
that I imposed, fuggested, and defired?
Answer without perturbation or doubt,
and tell this honourable company what
pafted, that they may fee and be con-
vinced of what ufe it is, as I faid, to
have knights-errant continually upon
duty.

All that your worship hath told is
very true,' anfwered the young man;
but the end of the business was quite
the revere of what you imagined.—
How! the revere!' cried the knight;
has not the peafant paid thee thy wa-
ges?'—Far from paying me my wa-
ges,'fai'd Andrew, 'your worship was
no sooner out of the wood, and we by
ourselves again, than he bound me a
second time to the fame oak, and
lashed me fo severely, that I remained
like St. Bartholomew, fayed alive,
and at every strike he jeered and cof-
fed, and made game of your worship
in fuch a manner, that if it had not
been for the exceffive pain I felt, I
could not have refrained from laugh-
ing at what he faid. In fhort, he
treated me fo cruelly, that till this very
day, I have been in the hospital, for
the curfe of the wounds I received from
that mischievous farmer; and truly
your worship was the caufe of all that
I suffered; for if you had followed
your own road, without going where
nobody called you, or meddling with
other people's affairs, my matter
would have been fatisfied with giving

me a cool dozen or two, and then
loofed and paid me my due. But
when your worship abused him so un-
reasonably, and called him fo many
bad names, his choler was inflamed;
and, as he could not be revenged upon
you, as soon as you was gone, he
difcharged the form of his wrath up-
on me, in fuch a manner that I fhall
never be my own man again.'

The misfortune,' faid the knight,
was in my leaving him before I had
feen thee paid; for I ought to have
known by long experience, that no
peafant will keep his word, if he
thinks it his interest to break it.

But thou mayeff remember, Andrew,
that I swore if he did not perform his
promise, I would return and fearch
for him, until he fhould be found,
even if he fhould hide himfelf in the
whale's belly.—' Very true,' replied
Andrew; ' but that threat signifies
nothing.'—Thou fhalt prefently fee
what it signifies!' refumed Don Quix-
ote; who, getting up hafilly, ordered
Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was
following their example in refhewing
himfelf with grafts.

When Dorothea asked what he in-
tended to do, he replied, he was going
in quest of the peafant, to chaffe him
for his villainous behaviour, and make
him pay Andrew to the laft farthing, in
depite and defiance of all the rufficks
upon earth. To this declaration, the
anfwered, by defiring him to confider,
that according to the promifed boon,
he could not engage in any enterprize,
until her affair fhould be finished; and
since this stipulation was known to him-
felf better than to any other perfon, he
intreated him to repreff his refentment
till his return from her kingdom.

That is very true,' refumed the knight,
and Andrew must wait with patience
for my return, as your majesty ob-
erves; but I repeat my oath and my
promise, never to defert until I fhall
have feen his wages paid, and his in-
juries revenged.—'I don't truft to
these oaths,' faid Andrew, ' and
would rather, at prefent, have where-
withal to bear my expences to Seville,
than all the revenge in the world; be
fo good, if you have any victuals, to
give me something to eat upon my
journey, and the Lord be with your
worship and all knights-errant, who,
I with, may always err as much in

Z 2
of joy; and the knight returned their compliments with grave deportment and solemn approbation, desiring them to prepare a better bed for him than that which he had occupied before. To this demand, the landlady answered, that provided he would pay better than he did before, he should lie like a prince; he promised to see her satisfied, and they immediately made up a tolerable bed, in the same garret where he had formerly lodged, in which he laid himself down, very much disordered, both in body and mind. He was no sooner locked up in his chamber, than the landlady attacked the barber, and seizing him by the beard, cried, 'By my faith! you shall no longer use my tail for a beard. Give me my tail, I say; for it is a shame to see how my husband's thing is bandied about for want of it; I mean the comb that he used to flick in my tail.' But the barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, until the priest desired him to restore it; because there was no farther occasion for the disguise, as he might now appear in his own shape, and tell the knight, that after he had been robbed by the galley-slaves, he had fled to that inn; and if he should enquire for the prince's gentleman usher, they would tell him, she had dispatched him away before her, to advertise her friends and subjects, that she was upon the road, accompanied by the delverer of them all. Thus satisfied, the barber willingly restored the landlady's tail, and every thing else they had borrowed with a view of disen-gaging Don Quixote from the mountain; and all the people of the inn were astonished at the beauty of Dorothea, as also at the genteel mien of the swain Cardenio. The curate ordered them to get ready something to eat; and the innkeeper, in hope of being well paid, dressed, with all dispatch, a pretty reasonable dinner; but they did not think proper to waken Don Quixote, whom they believed, flocd at that time more in need of sleep than of food. The discourse at table, in presence of the innkeeper, his wife, daughter, Maritornes, and all the other lodgers, happening to turn upon the uncommon madness of the knight, and the condition in which they found him; the hoitels recounted to them, what had

their own affairs, as they have done in mine.' Sancho, taking a luncheon of bread and cheese from the store, gave it to the young man, saying, 'Here, brother Andrew, take this; and now we have all shared in your misfortune.' When Andrew asked what share of it had fallen to him, he replied, 'That share of bread and cheese, which I have given you; and God knows whether I shall not feel the loss of it; for you must know, friend, that withquires of knights-errant are subject to many a hungry belly, with other misfortunes which are more easily felt than described.'

Andrew accepted of the bread and cheese, and seeing that nobody offered him anything else, made his bow, and as the saying is, took his foot in his hand *. True it is, before he departed, he addressed himself to Don Quixote, saying, 'For the love of God! Sir knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, spare yourself the trouble of coming to my assistance, even though you should see me cut into mincet meat, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great but that it may be increased by the succour of your worship, whom God confound, together with all the knights errant that ever were on.' Don Quixote started up, in order to chastise him; but he ran away with such nimbleness, that nobody attempted to pursue him; and the knight was so ashamed of his expost, that the company were at great pains to contain their laughter, to prevent his being quite out of countenance.

CHAP. V.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AND HIS COMPANY AT THE INN.

Their sumptuous meal being ended, they saddled their beasts, and without meeting any thing worthy of mention, arrived next day at the very inn which was so much the dread and terror of Sancho; but, unwilling as he was to enter, he could not avoid going into it. The innkeeper, his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho at the gate, went out to receive them, with great demonstrations

* Literally, "Took the road in his hands."
happened in her house between him and the carrier; then looking round the room, and seeing Sancho was not present, she told the whole story of the blanketing, to the no small entertainment of the company. The curate observing that Don Quixote's understanding was disordered by the books of chivalry he had read, the innkeeper replied, 'I cannot conceive how that is possible; for, really, in my opinion, they are the best reading in the world: I have now in my custody two or three of them, together with some other papers, which, I verily believe, have preferred not only my life, but also that of many others; for, in harvest-time, a great number of reapers come hither, to pass the heat of the day; and there being always one among them who can read, he takes up a book, and we, to the number of thirty or more, forming a ring about him, listen with such pleasure, as were enough to make an old man grow young again; at least, I can say for myself: when I hear him read of those furious and terrible strokes that have been given by certain knights, I am seized with the desire of being at it myself, and could listen to such stories whole nights and days without ceasing.'—'I wish you would, with all my heart,' replied the wife; 'for, I am sure, I never enjoy a quiet minute in the house, except when they are reading, and then you are so bannockled with what you hear, you forget to scold for that time.'—'That is the very truth of the matter,' said Martitones; 'in good faith, I myself am hugely diverted, when I hear those things; they are so clever, especially when they tell us how you other lady lay among orange trees, in the embraces of her knight, while a dunenna, half dead with envy and surprize, kept entry over them; odd! all these things make my chops water.'—

And what is your opinion of the matter, my young mistress?' said the priest to the innkeeper's daughter.

'Truly, Signior, I don't well know,' she replied; 'but listen among the rest; and really, though I do not understand it, I am pleased with what I hear; yet I take no delight in those strokes that my father loves; but, in the lamentations made by the knights, when they are absent from their mil-

treffes, which in good sooth, often make me weep with compassion.'—

Then you would soon give them relief, if they mourned for you, my pretty maid?' said Dorothea. 'I don't know what I should do,' answered the girl; 'but, this I know, that some of those ladies are so cruel, their knights call them lions, tygers, and a thousand other reproachful names. Jefus! I can't conceive what sort of folks those must be, who are so hard-hearted and unconscionable as to let a man of honour die, or lose his senses, rather than take the least notice of him; why should they be so coy? If their suitors court them in an honest way, let them marry, and that is all the men desire.'—'Hold your peace, child,' said the landlord; 'methinks, you are too well acquainted with these things; young maidens, like you, should neither know nor speak so much.' The daughter said, as the gentleman asked her the question, she could do no less than answer him: and the curate demanding a sight of the books, 'With all my heart,' replied the innkeeper, who, going to his own chamber, brought out an old portmanteau secured with a chain, which being opened, the priest found in it three large volumes and some manuscripts written in a very fair character. The first book they opened appeared to be Don Cirongilio of Thrace; the second, Felixmarte of Hyrcania; and the third, was the history of that great Captain Gonçalo Hernandez de Cordova, with the life of Diego Garcia de Paredes. The curate having read the titles of the two first, turned to the barber, saying, 'We now want our friend's housekeeper and cousin.'—'Not at all,' answered Mr. Nicholas; 'I myself can convey them to the yard, or rather to the chimney, where there is actually a special good fire.'—'What! you intend to burn these books, then?' said the innkeeper. 'Only these two,' answered the curate, pointing to Don Cirongilio and Felixmarte. 'I suppose, then,' refumed the landlord, 'my books are heretick and flagmatick?'—'You mean schismatick, honest friend, and not flagmatick,' said the barber. 'Even so,' replied the landlord; 'but, if any of them be burnt, let it be the history of that great captain, together with Diego Garcia;
DON QUIXOTE.

Garcia; for, I would rather suffer you to commit my son to the flames, than to burn e'er a one of the rest."—Heark ye, brother," said the curate, these two books are stuffed with lies, vanity and extravagance; but that of the great captain is a true history, containing the exploits of Gonzalo Hernandez de Cordova, who, by his numerous and valiant achievements, acquired, all the world over, the epithet of the Great Captain, a renowned and splendid appellation, merited by him alone; and that Diego Garcia de Paredes was a noble cavalier, born in the city of Truxillo in Extremadura, a most valiant soldier, and endowed with such bodily strength, that with a single finger he could stop a mill-wheel in the heat of it's motion; and being once posted at the end of a bridge, with a two-handed sword, he alone prevented a vast army from passing over it; he performed a great many actions of the same kind, which he himself hath recounted with all the modesty of an gentleman who writes his own memoirs; whereas, had they been committed to writing by any other free and dispassionate author, they would have eclipsed all the Hector's, Achilles's, and Orlando's, that ever lived. —'You may tell such stuff to your grammar," said the innkeeper. 'Lord! how you are surprized at the stopping of a mill-wheel! before God, I advise your worship to read, as I have done, the history of Felíxmatte of Hyrcania, who, with a single back-flohe, cut five giants through the middle, as easily as if they had been made of beans, like the figures with which the boys divert themselves. Another time, he engaged a host infinite and powerful army, consisting of a million and six hundred thousand foldiers, all armed cap-a-pee, whom he totally routed, as if they had been dogs of sheep. Then what shall we say of the most excellent Don Curiglionio of Thrace, who was so valiant and courageous, as may be seen in the book of his history, that while he was falling on the river, a fiery serpent rose above the water, which he no sooner saw, than leaping on it's back, he fastened himself astride upon it's scaly shoulders, and seized it by the throat, with both hands, so forcibly, that the serpent feeling itself well-nigh strangled, could find no other remedy but dive into the profound, with the knight, who would not quit his hold; and when he descended to the bottom, he found himself in a palace situated in the midst of a garden that was wonderfully pleasant; and then the serpent turned itself into an ancient man, who told him such things as you would rejoice to hear. Say no more, Signior; if you was to hear it, you would run stark mad for joy; so that, a fig for your great captain, and that fame Diego Garcia you talk of!' Dorothea hearing this harangue, whirled to Cardenio, 'Our hopes wants not much to make the second edition of Don Quixote. —'I think so too,' answered Cardenio; for, by his discourse, he seems to take it for granted, that every thing which is recounted in these books, is neither more nor less than the truth; and all the capuchins in Spain will not be able to alter his belief.' — 'Confider, brother,' refumed the curate, 'that there never was upon earth such a person as Felixmatte of Hyrcania, nor Don Curiglionio of Thrace, nor any other of such knights as are celebrated in books of chivalry. The whole is a fiction composed by idle persons of genius, for the very purposes you mentioned, namely pastime, which was the aim of your respears; for, I swear to you, no such knights ever existed, nor were any such exploits and extravagancies ever performed in this world.' — 'You must throw that bone to some other dog!' replied the landlord; 'as if I did not know that two and three make five; or where my own shoe pinches. Your worship must not think to feed me, with pap, for egad I am no fuch fuckling! A good joke, faith! You would make me believe that all the contents of these books are madmen's and lyes, although they are printed by licence from the king's council, as if they were perfons who would wink at the printing of such lyes, battles, and incantments, as turn people's brains.' — 'Friend,' replied the curate, 'I have already..."
already told you, that they are designed for the amuserment of our idle hours; and, as in every well-governed commonwealth, the games of chess, billiards, and tennis, are licensed for the entertainment of those who neither can nor ought to work; in like manner, those books are allowed to be printed, on the supposition, that no body is so ignorant as to believe a fabricable of what they contain; and if I was now permitted, or the company required it, I could give some hints towards the improvements of books of chivalry, which perhaps might be both serviceable and entertaining; but, I hope, the time will come, when I may have an opportunity of imparting my suggestions to those who can convert them to general use: meanwhile, Mr. Publican, you may depend upon the truth of what I have said; take your books away, and settle the affair of their truth or fallacy, just as your own comprehension will permit; much good may they do you, and God grant that you may never halt on the same foot on which your lodger Don Quixote is lame!—'I hope,' answered the innkeeper, 'I shall never be mad enough to turn knight-errant, as I can easily perceive that the customs now-a-days are quite different from those in times past, when, as it is reported, those famous heroes travelled about the world.' Sancho, who had come into the room, about the middle of this conversation, was very much confounded and perplexed, when he heard them observe, that there was no such thing as knight-errantry in the present age, and that all the books of chivalry were filled with extravagance and fiction; he therefore determined within himself, to wait the issue of his master's last undertaking; and if it should not succeed as happily as he expected, to leave him, and return, with his wife and children, to his former labour.

When the innkeeper took up the portmanteau with the 'books, in order to carry them away, 'Stay,' said the curate, 'until I examine these papers which are written in such a fair character.' The landlord accordingly pulled out a manuscript, consisting of eight sheets of paper, intitled, in large letters, 'The Novel of the Improvisada Curiosity.' The priest having read three or four lines to himself, said, 'Really the title of this novel pleases me so much, that I have a strong inclination to peruse the whole. To this observation, the innkeeper replied, 'Then your reverence may read it aloud; for, you must know, the reading of it hath given great satisfaction to several lodgers at this inn, who have earnestly begged the copy; but that request I would not comply with, because I think of restoring it to the right owner, as I expect that the person who left the portmanteau with the books and papers, in a mistake, will return, on purpose to fetch them; or, you know, he may chance to travel this way on other business; and though I should mislaid them heavily, in faith they shall be restored; for, though an innkeeper, I am still a Christian.'—'Friend,' said the curate, 'you are very much in the right; but, for all that, if I like the novel, you shall give me leave to transcribe it.'—'With all my heart,' replied the landlord. While this discourse passed between them, Cardenio having taken up the manuscript, and began to read, was of the curate's opinion, and intimated him to read it aloud, that the whole company might hear it. 'I will,' answered the priest, 'if you think we had not better spend the time in sleeping than in reading.'—'For my own part,' said Dorothea, 'it will be a sufficient refreshment for me to listen to some entertaining story; for my mind is not compos'd enough to let me sleep, even if I stood in need of repose.'—'If that be the case,' resumed the curate, 'I will read it out of curiosity, at a venture, and perhaps it will yield us some entertainment into the bargain.' Master Nicholas earnestly joined in the request, and Sancho himself expressed a desire of hearing it; upon which the licentiate finding he should please the whole company as well as himself, 'Well then,' said he, 'listen with attention, for the novel begins in this manner.

* The original, which is curioso improvisado, signifies one who is imperceptibly curious, not a curious improvisado.

CHAP.
C H A P. VI.

THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT CURiosITY.

In Florence, a rich and celebrated city of Italy, situated in the province called Tuscany, lived Anfelmo and Lothario, two wealthy and noble cavaliers, so strictly united in the bands of amity, that every body who knew them, called them by way of excellence and epithet, the Two Friends; and, indeed, being both bachelors, and their age and education so much alike, it was not to be wondered at if a reciprocal affection sprung up between them; true it is, Anfelmo was rather more addicted to amorous pastime than Lothario, whose chief delight was in hunting; yet, upon occasion, Anfelmo could quit his own amusements to pursue those of his friend; and Lothario could postpone his favourite diversion, in order to practice that of Anfelmo; in this manner their inclinations proceeded so mutually, that no clock ever went with more regularity. Anfelmo happened to fall desperately in love with a young lady of rank and beauty in the same city, defended from such a noble family, and so amiable in herself, that he determined, with the approbation of his friend, without which he did nothing, to demand her of her parents in marriage; and accordingly put his resolution in practice. Lothario was intrusted with the message, and concluded the affair so much to the satisfaction of his friends, that in a very little time Anfelmo saw himself in possession of his heart's desire; and Camilla thought herself so happy in having obtained such a husband, that she was incessant in her acknowledgments to Heaven and Lothario, by whose mediation her happiness was effected.

During the first two days after marriage, which are commonly spent in feasting and mirth, Lothario, as usual, frequented the house of his friend, with a view of honouring his nuptials, and endeavouring, as much as in him lay, to promote the joy and festivity attending all such occasions; but the wedding being over, and the frequency of visits and congratulations abated, he began carefully and gradually to abstain himself from Anselmo's house, thinking, as every prudent person would naturally conclude, that a man ought not to visit and frequent the house of a friend after he is married, in the same manner as he had practiced while he was single; for, though suffocation should never find harbour with true and virtuous friendship, yet the honour of a married man is so delicate, as to be thought subject to injury, not only from a friend, but even from a brother. Anfelmo perceived Lothario's remissness, and complained of it loudly; saying, that if he had thought his marriage would have impaired their former correspondence, he never would have altered his condition; and begged, that as by the mutual friendship which inspired them while he was single, they had acquired such an agreeable title as that of the Two Friends, he would not now suffer that endearing and celebrated name to be lost, by a scrupulous adherence to mere form and punctilio. He therefore entreated him, if he might be allowed to use the expression, to be matter of his house, and to come in and go out as formerly, assuring him that the inclinations of Camilla, in that respect, were exactly conformable to his own; and that knowing the perfect friendship which subsisted between them, she was extremely mortified at his late shyness.

To these and many other arguments used by Anfelmo, to persuade his friend to frequent his house as usual, Lothario answered with such prudence, force, and discernment, that the other was convinced of his discreet conduct; and it was agreed betwixt them, that Lothario should dine with him twice a week, besides holidays; but, notwithstanding this agreement, he resolved to comply with it, no farther than he should see convenient for the honour of Anfelmo, which was dearer to him than his own. He said, and his observation was just, that a man on whom Heaven hath bestowed a beautiful wife, should be as cautious of the men he brings home to his house, as careful in observing the female friends with whom his spouse converses abroad; for that which can-
"friend like you, and a wife like Camilla, two pledges which I esteem, if not as highly as I ought, at least as much as I can. Yet, though I profess all those benefits which usually constitute the happiness of mankind, I find myself one of the most dignified and discontented men alive.

I have been for these many days so harassed and fatigued with such an odd unaccountable desire, that I cannot help being amazed at my infatuation, for which I often blame and rebuke myself, endeavouring to suppress and conceal it from my own reflection; but I find it as impossible to keep the secret, as if I had industriously published it to the whole world, and since it must actually be divulged to somebody, I would have it deposited in the most secret archives of your heart, in full confidence, that by the diligence which you as a truthful friend will exert in my behalf, when you know it, I shall soon see myself delivered from that anxiety to which it hath reduced me; and by your industry be raised to a pitch of joy equal to the degree of vexation which my own folly hath instilled upon me."

Lothario was astonished at this discourse of Anfelmio, as he could not comprehend the meaning of such a long preface and preamble, and endeavored, by revolting every thing in his imagination, to find out what this defence could be, that proved so much upon the spirits of his friend; but, finding himself always wide of the mark, he was willing to make himself immediately of the excessive pain his suspense occasioned; and with this view told Anfelmio, that he did a manifest injury to the warmth of his friendship, in going about the buss, seeking indirect methods to impart his most secret thoughts, since he was well assured that he might entirely depend upon him, either for advice to suppress, or assistance to support them.

"I am well convinced of the truth of what you say," answered Anfelmio, "and in that confidence will tell you, my friend, that the desire with which I am possessed, is to be certain, whether or not my wife Camilla is as virtuous and perfect as I believe her to be; and this truth I shall never be fully persuaded of, until the perfection of her nature appear upon trial."
cium:ance of rigour, but only sup-
pose that done, which, for good rea-
on, ought to remain undone; so that
I shall be injured by her inclination
alone, and my wrongs lie buried in
the virtue of your silence, which I
know, in whatever concerns my wel-
fare, will be eternal as that of death.
Wherefore, if you would have me
enjoy what deferves to be called life,
you will forthwith undertake this
amicable contest, not with luke-
warmness and languor, but with that
eagerness and diligence which cor-
responds with my wish, and the con-
fidence in which I am secured by
your friendship.

Such was the discourse of Anfel-
mo; to which Lothario listened so at-
tentively, that except what he is al-
ready said to have uttered, he did not
open his lips, until his friend had fin-
inshed his proposals; but finding he
had nothing more to allege, after
having for some time gazed upon him
as an object hitherto unseen, that in-
spired him with astonishment and sur-
prise, "I cannot be prevailed, An-
felmo," said he, "but what you have
said was spoke in jest; for, had I
thought you in earnest, I should
not have suffered you to proceed
so far; but, by refusing to listen,
have prevented such a long harangue.
Without doubt, you must either mis-
take my disposition, or I be utterly
unacquainted with yours; and yet I
know you to be Anelmo, and you
must be sensible that I am Lothario;
the misfortune is, I no longer find
you the same Anelmo you were wont
to be, nor do I appear to you the same
Lothario as before; your discourse
favours not of that Anelmo who was
my friend, nor is what you ask a
thing to be demanded of that Lotha-
rrio who shared your confidence.
Good men, as a certain poet obser-
vates, may try and avail themselves of their
friends, utique ad aras; I mean, not
prefume upon their friendship, in
things contrary to the decrees of
Heaven. Now, if a heathen enter-
tained such ideas of friendship, how
much more should they be cherished
by a Christian, who knows, that no
human affection ought to interfere
with our love to God; and, when a
person stretches his connections so far
as to lay aside all respect for Heaven,
in order to manifest his regard for a friend, he ought not to be swayed by trifles or matters of small consequence, but by those things only on which the life and honour of a friend depend. According to the request of Anselmo, which of these is in danger, before I venture to gratify your wish, by complying with the detestable proposal you have made? Surely, neither; on the contrary, if I conceive you aright, you are desirous that I should indefatigably endeavour to deprive you, and myself also, of that very life and honour which it is my duty to preserve; for if I rob you of honour, I rob you of life; since a man without honour, is worse than dead, and I being the instrument, as you desire I should be, that entails such a curse upon you, shall not I be dishonoured, and of consequence dead to all enjoyment and fame. Listen with patience, my friend Anselmo, and make no answer until I shall have done with imparting the suggestions of my mind, concerning the strange proposal you have made; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and me to listen in my turn."-"With all my heart," cried Anselmo; "you may speak as long as you please.

Accordingly, Lothario proceeded, saying, "In my opinion, Anselmo, your disposition is at present like that of the Moors, who will not suffer themselves to be convicted of the errors of their sect, by quotations from the Holy Scripture, nor with arguments founded on speculation, or the articles of faith; but must be confuted or convinced by examples that are palpable, easy, familiar, and sub-ject to the certainty of mathematical demonstration; for instance, if from equal parts, we take equal parts, those that remain are equal. And if they do not understand this proposition verbally, as is frequently the case, it must be explained and set before their eyes by manual operation, which is also insufficient to persuade them of the truth of our holy religion. The self-same method must I practise with you, whole desire deviates so far from every thing that bears the least shadow of reason, that I should look upon it as timorous, to endeavour to convince you of your folly, which is the only name your intention seems to deserve. Nay, I am even tempted to leave you in your extravagancy, as a punishment for your preposterous desire; but I am prevented from using such rigour by my friendship, which will not permit me to defeat you in such manifest danger of perdition. But, to make this affair still more plain, tell me, Anselmo, did not you desire me to solicit one that was referred, refute one that was chaste, make presents to one that was disinterested, and affiduously court one that was wise? Yes, such was your demand. If you are apprized, then, of the reverence, virtue, disinterestedness, and prudence of your wife, pray what is your aim? If you believe that the will triumph over all my assaults, as undoubtedly the will, what fairer titles can you bestow upon her, than those she possess already? or how will the be more perfect after that trial, than she is at present? You either do not believe she is so virtuous as you have represented her, or know not the nature of your demand. If you think she is not so chaste as you have described her, you should not hazard the trial; but rather, according to the dictates of your own prudence, treat her as a vicious woman; if you are satisfied of her virtue, it would be altogether impertinent to make trial of that truth, which, from the left, can acquire no additional esteem. From whence we may reasonably conclude, that for men to execute designs which are clearly productive of more hurt than benefit, is the province of madness and temerity; especially, when they are not incited or compelled to these designs by any sort of consideration; but, on the contrary, may at a greater distance perceive the manifest madness of their intention. Difficulties are undertaken, either for the sake of God, of this world, or of both. The first are incurred by holy men, who live the life of angels here on earth; the second, by those who traverse the boundless ocean, visiting such a diversity of climates and nations, with a view of acquiring what are called the goods of fortune; and such undertakings are equally regarded God and man, fall to the share of those valiant soldiers, who, no sooner behold, in
the wall of an adverse city, a breach, " though no bigger than that which is " made by a single cannon ball, than " laying aside all fear, and overlooking, " with unconcern the manifest danger " that menaces them, winged with de- " fire of signalizing their valour in be- " half of their king, country, and re- " ligion, throw themselves, with the " utmost intrepidity, into the midst of a " thousand deaths that oppose and await " them. These are the enterprizes which " are generally undertaken, and though " full of peril and inconvenience, at- " tended with glory, honour, and ad- " vantage; but that which you have " planned, and purpose to put in ex- " ecution, neither tends to your ac- " quiring the approbation of God, " the goods of fortune, nor the ap- " plause of mankind; for, granting " that the experiment should succeed " to your wish, it will make you nei- " ther more happy, rich, or respect- " ed than you are; and should it turn " out contrary to your expectation, " you will find yourself the most mi- " terable of all mortals. It will then " give you little ease to reflect, that " your misfortune is unknown; for, " the bare knowing it yourself, will be " sufficient to plunge you in affliction " and despair. As a confirmation of " this truth, you must give me leave to " repeat the following stanza, written " by the celebrated poet Lewis Tan- " filo, at the end of the first part of the " tears of St. Peter.

"When Peter saw the approach of rosy " " morn, " " His soul with sorrow and remorse was " " torn, " " For, though from ev'ry mortal eye con- " " ceal'd, " " The guilt to his own bosom flood reveal'd's " " The candid breast felt self-acusing, own " " Each conscious fault, though to the " " world unknown, " " Not will th' offender scape internal " " flame, " " Tho' unimpeach'd by justice or by fame."

"Wherefore, secretly will never as- " " surge your grief; but, on the con- " " trary, you will incessantly weep, not " " tears from your eyes, but drops of " " blood from your heart, like that " " simple doctor, whom our poet men- " " tions, who made trial of the vessel, " " which the prudent Rinaldo, with " " more discretion, refused to touch; " " and although this be a poetical fiction, " " it nevertheless contains a well con- " " cealed moral, worthy of notice, study " " and imitation; especially, as what I " " am going to say, will, I hope, bring " " you to a due sense of the great error " " you want to commit."

"Tell me, Anfelmio, if Heaven or " " good fortune had made you master " " and lawful possessor of an exquisite " " diamond, the brilliancy of which was " " admired by all the lapidaries who " " had seen it, and unanimously allow- " " ed to be the most perfect of its kind; " " an opinion, which, as you knew no- " " thing to the contrary, was exactly " " conformable to your own; would it " " be wife or pardonable in you, to put " " that jewel betwixt an anvil and a " " hammer, and by mere dint of blows " " and strength of arm, try if it was as " " hard and perfect as it had been pro- " " nounced? for, supposing that the dia- " " mond should reflect the force of this " " foolish experiment, it would there- " " by acquire no addition of value or " " fame; and, if it should be broke to " " pieces, a thing that might easily hap- " " pen, would not all be lost? Yes, " " for certain; and the owner be uni- " " versally deemed a fool. Consider, " " then, my friend, that Camilla is an " " exquisite diamond, not only in your " " estimation, but in that of every one " " who knows her; and it would be " " highly unreasonable to expose her to " " the least possibility of being broke; " " for, even should she remain intire, " " her reputation will receive no in- " " crease; but, should she fail in the " " trial, reflect upon what you must feel, " " and the reason you will then have to

*Ludovico Ariosto, author of Orlando Furioso, to which poem Cervantes frequently alludes. Here, however, he seems to have forgot the passage he meant to cite; for the per- son who proffered the cup to Rinaldo, was no doctor. In Canto 43, of the Orlando Furio- so, mention is made, indeed, of one Anfelmio, who was a Doctor of Law, but not at all concerned in the enchanted cup: yet it must be owned, that Dr. Anfelmio had recourse to an astrologer, in order to know whether his wife preferred her chastity in his ab-
complain of yourself, for having been
the fatal cause of her perdition and
your own deliria. Consider, that no
jewel upon earth is comparable to a
woman of virtue and honour; and,
that the honour of the sex consists in
t he fair characters they maintain.
Since, therefore, the reputation of
your wife is already as high as it
possibly can be, why would you bring
this truth into question? Remember,
my friend, that woman is an imper-
fect creature; and that, far from lay-
ing blocks in her way, over which
she might stumble and fall, we ought
to remove them with care, and clear
her paths from all obstructions, that
she may, without trouble, proceed
smoothly, in attaining to that per-
fection which she may still want,
namely, immaculate virtue. We are
informed by naturalists, that the er-
min is a little animal, covered with
a fur of excessive whiteness, and that
the hunters use this artifice to catch
it; being well acquainted with the
places through which it chances to
pass in its flight, they dash them
all over with mud, and as soon as
they get flight of the creature, drive
it directly thither. The ermin find-
ing himself thus barricaded, stands
still, and is taken; churling captivity,
rather than, by passing through the
filth, to stain and fully the whiteness
of it's fur, which it prizes above li-
thery, and even life itself. A chaste
and virtuous wife is like the ermin,
her character being more pure and
white than drizzled snow; but he,
who would guard and preferve, must
use a method quite different from
that which is practiced upon the lit-
tle animal, and beware of clogging
her way with the mud of entertain-
ments, and the addresss of impor-
tunate lovers; lest, perhaps, (nay,
without a perhaps) she should not
pollute such virtue and resolution as
are sufficient of themselves to sur-
mount those obstructions. It is there-
fore necessary to remove them, and
place before her the purity of virtue,
and the beauty of an unblemished re-
putation. A virtuous woman also
resembles a bright transparent mir-
ror, which is liable to be stained and
obscured by the breath of those who
approach too near it. A virtuous
woman, like relics, ought to be
adored at a distance. She ought to be
preferred and esteemed as a beautiful
garden, full of flowers and roses, the
owner of which will suffer nobody
to handle, them or pass through it,
permitting them only to enjoy it's
fragrance and beauty afar off, through
the iron rails that surround it. In
fine, I will repeat a few verses that I
just now recollected, from a modern
comedy, because they seem to have
been composed upon the very subject
of our present discourse. If age old
man advising his friend, who is bless-
ed with a handline daughter, to
lock her up, and watch over her with
the utmost vigilance and care, among
other reasons, cautions him with the-—

I.

W O M A N is form'd of brittle
ware;
Then, therefore rashly seek to know
What force, unbroken, she will bear,
And strike, perhaps, some fatal blow.

II.

Though easily to fragments tore,
'Twere equally absurd and vain,
To dash in pieces on the floor,
What never can be join'd again.

III.

This maxim, then, by facts affur'd,
Should henceforth be espous'd by all
Where'er a Danaë lies immur'd,
The tempting show'r or gold will fall.

All that I have hitherto suggested,
Anselmo, regards yourself; and now
it is but reasonable you should hear
something that concerns me; and if
I should be proxim in my observa-
tions, you must excuse me, because
it is absolutely necessary to expan-
tiate on the subject, in order to ex-
tricate you from the labyrinth in
which you are involved, and from
which you desire to be disengaged by
my assistance. You consider me as
a friend, and yet seek to deprive me
of my honour; a desire opposite to
all friendship or regard; nay, even
endeavour to make me rob you of
your own. That you want to de-
stroy mine, is plain; for Camilla,
finding herself exposed to my solici-
tations, as you desire, will certainly
look upon me as a man void of all
principle and honour; because I at-

tempt to succeed in a design so contrary to the dignity of my own character, and the friendship subsisting between us. That you desire I should rob you of yours, is not to be doubted; because, Camilla, seeing herself importuned by my addresses, will think I must have observed some levity in her conduct, which hath encouraged me to disclose my vicious inclinations, and think herself dishonoured accordingly; so that you will be as much concerned in her dishonour, as if it was your own. Hence springs the common observation, that the husband of a lewd woman, though he neither knows, nor hath given the least occasion for the misconduct of his wife, and though his misfortune was neither owing to his want of prudence or care, is, notwithstanding, pointed at, and distinguished by a name of scandal and reproach; being looked upon, by those who know the frailty of his wife, with an eye of disdain, instead of compasion, which he certainly deserves, as his disgrace proceeds not from any fault of his, but from the loose inclinations of his worthless spouse. I will now explain the reason, why the husband of a bad woman is unjustly dishonoured, though he neither knows, nor hath been in any shape accessory to her backslidings; and you must hear me with patience, because my remarks will, I hope, redound to your own advantage.

When God created our first parent in the terrestrial paradise, we are told, by the holy Scripture, that he was thrown into a deep sleep, during which, the Almighty took a rib from his left side, and of this Eve being formed, Adam no sooner awoke and beheld her, than he cried, "This creature is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone." Nay, God himself pronounced, "For this shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh." Then was instituted the divine sacrament of marriage, confounding of such ties as death alone can unbind; and endowed with such miraculous virtue and power, as to unite two different persons in one flesh; nay, what is still more wonderful, to combine two souls, so as to produce but one will; provided the union be happily effected. From hence it follows, that the flesh of the wife being the fame with that of the husband, whatever stains or blemishes are imbibed by the first, must equally affect the other, although, as I have already observed, he is in no manner accessory to the misfortune. Wherefore, as the whole person is affected by the pain of the foot or any other member of the human body; and the head, though no way concerned in the cause, be a fellow sufferer with the ankle when it is hurt; by the same rule, an husband, being a part of the same whole, must bear a share of his wife's dishonour; for, as all the honours and disgraces of this life proceed from flesh and blood; the infamy of a vicious woman, being of the same origin, must be shared by her husband, who ought to be locked upon as a dishonoured person, though he be utterly ignorant of the guilt. Reflect, therefore, Anselmo, on the danger into which you bring yourself, by seeking to disturb the peace and tranquillity of your virtuous wife. Reflect upon the vanity and imperfection of that curiosity, which prompts you to awaken and stir up those honourable, that now lie tamed and quiet in the bosom of your chaste spouse. Consider, that in this rash adventure, your gain must be very small, but your loses may be so great, that I leave it unmentioned, because I want words to express it's effemination. On the whole, if what I have said be insufficient to divert you from your mischiefous design, I desire you will chuse some other instrument of your misfortune and disgrace; for I will not undertake the office, though, by my refusal, I should even lose your friendship, which is dearer to me than any thing upon earth.

Here the virtuous and prudent Lothario left off speaking, and Anselmo remained in such confusion and perplexity, that, for some time, he could not answer one word; at length, however, he broke silence, saying, "I have listened, my friend Lothario, as you may have perceived, with great attention to all you had to say, and by your arguments, examples, and comparisons, am fully convinced, not only of your great discretion, but also of that perfection of friend-
wife. With this view, he told Anfelmo that he should have no occasion to communicate his intention to any other man; for he, Lothario, would undertake the affair, and begin when he pleased. Anfelmo, embracing his friend with great tenderness and affection, thanked him as much for his compliance, as if he had granted him some vast favour; and it was concerted between them, that Lothario should begin the enterprize the very next day, when Anfelmo would give him time and opportunity of being alone with Camilla, that he might speak to her with freedom; and also supply him with money and jewels, that with such presents he might procure his fair; he, moreover, advised him to attempt her by music, and write verses in her praise; or, if that would be too much trouble for the gallant, he himself would compose them for the purpose. Lothario undertook every thing, but with a very different intention from what Anfelmo supposed; and the agreement being made, they returned to the house of this last, where they found Camilla waiting with great anxiety, for her husband, who had that day tarried longer than usual abroad. Lothario soon after went home to his own lodgings, leaving his friend as happy as himself was perplexed how to contrive a scheme for bringing this affair to a fortunate issue; but that night he fell upon an expedient to deceive Anfelmo, without giving offence to his wife.

Next day he went to dine with his friend, and was very kindly received by Camilla, who entertained him with great cordiality, as her husband's intimate companion. Dinner being ended, and the table withdrawn, Anfelmo rising up, desired Lothario to stay with Camilla till his return from an indispensable piece of business, that would detain him an hour and a half. Camilla intreated him to defer it until another time, and Lothario offered to go along with him; but he was deaf to both, pressing Lothario to let him go, while he should wait at his house till he came back, for he wanted to talk with him upon a subject of the last importance; at the same time, deeming Camilla to keep Lothario company till his return;
turn; in short, he so well feigned
the necessity, or rather folly of his
absence, that nobody could have sus-
fpected the deceit. He accordingly
went out, and left Camilla and his
friend by themselves, for the rest of
the family had gone to dinner; so
that Lothario seeing himself within the
lifts, according to Anselmo's desire,
with his fair enemy, whole beauty
alone was powerful enough to over-
come a whole squadron of armed
knights, it may be easily conceived
what reason he had to fear, yet all he
did was to lean his head on his hand,
while his elbow rested upon the arm
of the chair in which he sat, and after
having begged pardon for his ill-
manners, to tell Camilla he would
take a nap till Anselmo's return. She
said he would be more at his ease in a
couch than in the chair, and advised
him to walk into a chamber where he
would find one. This offer, how-
ever, he declined, and slept where he
was till the return of his friend, who
finding Camilla in her own apartment,
and Lothario asleep, concluded that
by his long stay he had given them
time not only to speak, but also to
take their repose, and was impatient
for Lothario's waking, that he might
carry him out to walk, and enquire
about his own fortune.

Every thing succeeded to his wish:
when his friend awoke, they went
forth together, and he put every ques-
tion to him that his curiosity fidget-
ed. Lothario answered, that thinking
it improper to explain himself on the
first occasion, he had done nothing
but praised Camilla's beauty, which,
together with her discretion, he told
her engaged the conversation of the
whole city; this he imagined was the
most prudent beginning, as it might
prepossess her in his favour, and dis-
pose her to listen to him another time
with pleasure; being the same artifice
which is practised by the devil, who,
when he would seduce those who are
on their guard, transforms himself
from an imp of darkness into an angel
of light, and flattering them with
specious appearances, at length dis-
covers his clever foot, and succeeds
in his design, provided his deceit be
not detected in the beginning. This
declaration was altogether satisfactory
to Anselmo, who said he would give
him the same opportunity every day,
without quitting the house, in which
he would employ himself so artfully,
that Camilla should never suspect his
design. Many days passed, in which,
though Lothario never opened his
mouth on the subject to Camilla, he
told Anselmo that he had made many
efforts, but could never perceive in
her the least tendency to weakness, or
obtain the least shadow of hope; on
the contrary, that she had threatened,
if he did not lay aside the wicked de-
sign, to disclose the whole affair to
her husband. "Very well," said
Anselmo, "thither is proof against
words, we must now try whether or
not she can relish works also. To-
morrow you shall have two thousand
crowns in gold, for a present to her;
and as much more to purchase jew-
els, for a bait; these are things with
which all beautiful women are capti-
vated; for, be they ever so chaste, they
love finery and gay apparel, if the with-
stands that temptation, I will set satisf-
fied and give you no further trouble."

Lothario promised to go through
with the enterprise, now that he had
begun, though he was persuaded he
should be fatigued and baffled in the
execution. Next day he received four
thousand crowns, and as many per-
plexities along with them; for he did
not know what lye he should next in-
vent; however, he determined to tell
his friend, that Camilla was as invin-
cible to pretences as to words, and that
he should give himself no farther vex-
ation, since all his endeavours were
thrown away to no purpose: but for-
tune, which conducted matters in anot-
her manner, ordained that Anselmo,
one day, after having, according to
custom, left Lothario and his wife by
themselves, and gone to his own
chamber, should peep through the
key-hole, and listen to their conversa-
tion, it was then he perceived, that
in half an hour and more, Lotha-
rio did not speak one word, neither
would he have opened his mouth,
had he remained a whole age in the
fame situation. From hence he con-
cluded, that every thing his friend
had told him of Camilla's replies,
was mere fiction; but, to be still
more assured, he came out of his
chamber, and calling Lothario aside,
asked what news he had, and how
Camilla
Camilla most affected to him? He replied, that he was resolved to drop the business entirely, for she had checked him with such bitterness and indignation, that he had no mind to return to the charge. "Ah, Lothario! Lothario!" said Anfelm, "how much you have failed in the duty of friendship, and abused the confidence I have reposed in your affection! I have been all this time looking through the key-hole of that door, and perceived that you have not spoken one word to Camilla, from whence I suspect that your first declaration is yet to come; and if that be the case, as without doubt it is, wherefore have you thus deceived me; and in so doing, prevented me from other means to satisfy my desire?" He said no more, but this was sufficient to cover Lothario with shame and confusion; who, thinking his honour concerned in being considered of a lye, swore to Anfelm, he would from that moment take the charge of giving him the satisfaction he required, without the least equivocation, as he might perceive by watching him narrowly; though there would be no occasion for using such diligence, because his future behaviour in that affair would acquit him of all suspicion.

Anfelm gave credit to his protestation; and, that his opportunities might be more secure, and less subject to interruption, resolved to absent himself from his own house for eight days, during which he proposed to visit a friend who lived in a village not far from the city; and whom he desired to invite him to his house with the most earnest intreaties, that he might excuse himself to Camilla for his absence. Unfortunate and imprudent Anfelm! what art thou doing? what art thou contriving and concerting? Consider that thou art acting against thyself, planning thy own dishonour and perdition. Thy wife Camilla is virtuous and sober, and you profess her at present in quiet, enjoying uninterrupted pleasure; her inclinations never ramble beyond the walls of your own house; you are her paradise upon earth, the goal of her desires, the accomplishment of her wishes, and the standard by which she measures her will, adjusting it in all respects according to your pleasure and the directions of Heaven. Since the mine of her honour, beauty, modesty, and virtue, yields thee, without trouble, all the riches which it contains, or thou canst desire; why wouldst thou, by digging in search of a new and unheard-of treasure, risk the fall or destruction of the whole, which is sustained by the feeble props of female constancy? Remember it is but just, th.it he who builds on impossibilities should be denied the privilege of any other foundation; as the poet hath better expressed it in the following couplets—

"In death I sought new life to find,
And health, where pale distemper pin'd;
I look'd for freedom in the goal,
And faith, where perjuries prevail;
But Fate supreme, whose stern decree
To sorrow match'd my destiny,
All possible relief withdrew,
Because the impossible I kept in view."

Next day Anfelm went to the country, after having told Camilla, that in his absence Lothario would take charge of the family, and dine with her every day; he therefore desired her to treat him with all the respect due to his own person. Camilla, being a woman of honour and discretion, was disgusted at this order, and bade him consider how unseemly it was for another man to sit at the head of his table in his absence; at the same time begging, that if his directions proceeded from his diffidence in her capacity, he would for once put her management to the trial, and be convinced by experience, that she was equal to a more important charge. Anfelm replied, that such was his pleasure, and her province was to bow the head and obey; upon which, the, though unwillingly, submitted. Next day he sat out accordingly, and Lothario went to his house, where he met with a very kind and honourable reception from Camilla, who never gave him an opportunity of being alone with her, but was always surrounded by her servants, generally attended by her own maid, whose name was Leonela, for whom her mistress had a particular affection, because they had been brought up together from their infancy, in the house of Camilla's parents; and when she married An-
Lothario, she accompanied her to his house in quality of waiting-woman.

During the first three days Lothario did not declare himself, although he had opportunities immediately after the table was uncovered, while the servants were at dinner, which Camilla always ordered them to finish with all expedition. Nay, she gave directions to Leonela, to dine every day before the cloth was laid for herself; that she might always be in waiting; but her maid’s thoughts were too much engrossed by her own amusements, the enjoyment of which required such time and opportunity, as often hindered her from obeying the commands of her mistress, so that she frequently behaved as if she had received orders to leave them alone; but the dignified presence of Camilla, the gravity of her countenance, and awfulness of person, were such as effectually bridled Lothario’s tongue: yet the energy of virtue, in having this very effect, rebounded the more to the disadvantage of them both; for, though his tongue was restricted, his thoughts had a full and free opportunity of contemplating at leisure the charms both of her mind and person, which were sufficient to captivate not only an heart of flesh, but even a statue of stone.

Lothario, by gazing at her during those opportunities, beheld how worthy she was to be beloved; and this conviction began gradually to fap his regard for his friend, so that he made a thousand resolutions to quit the city, and go where he should never more be seen by Aníelmo, or be exposed to danger from the beauty of his wife; but all these were baffled by the pleasure he had already felt, in seeing and admiring her charms; he constrained himself, and combated his own inclinations, in order to expel and efface that satisfaction: when he was alone he condemned his own madness, and reproached himself as a false friend and worthless Christian; he made a thousand reflections and comparisons between himself and Aníelmo; and they all terminated in this conclusion, that the madness and rash confidence of his friend greatly exceeded his own infidelity, and that if he could excuse himself to Heaven, for what he intended to do, as easily as to mankind, he had no reason to dread any punishment for the crime.

In short, the beauty and other accomplishments of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the ignorant husband put into his hands, entirely overthrew the integrity of Lothario; who, giving way at once to the dictates of his passion, began at the end of three days, during which he had been at continual war with his desires, to address himself to Camilla with such disorder and amorous discourse, that she was utterly astonished, and rising up went to her own chamber without answering one word. But this coyness did not abate Lothario’s hope, which always increases with a man’s love; on the contrary, he redoubled his efforts: while she, perceiving him behave so wide of expectation, did not well know what conduct to adopt; but, thinking it would be both unseasonably and unsafe in her, to grant him another opportunity, she determined that very night to send a message to her husband, and actually dispatched a servant to him with the following letter.

CHAP. VII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE NOVEL CALLED THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

It is a common observation, that 

a garrison without a general, and 

an army without a chief, make but 

a very indiffernt appearance; but I 

say, that a young married woman 

without a husband makes a wofe, 

especially when his absence is not 

the effect of absolute necessity; for 

my own part, I find myself so un-

easily, and unable to support our se-

paration, that if you do not return 

immediately, I must go and pass my 

time at my father’s house, though I 

should leave yours without a guard; 

for I believe he that you left, if he 

was designed for that purpose, hath 

more regard to his own pleasure than 

to your advantage; and since you are 

wife, I have nothing more to say, 
nor is it proper I should,”

When Aníelmo received this letter, 

he was convinced that Lothario had be-
gan the enterprize, and that his wife had behaved according to his wish; rejoiced beyond measure at this information, he answered by a verbal menace, that she should by no means leave the house, for he would return in a very little time. Camilla was astounded at this reply; which perplexed her more than ever, as she durst neither stay in her own house, nor go to her father's; for, in staying at home, she endangered her honour, and in going to her parents she transferred the commands of her husband.

In fine, she resolved upon that which was worst of all, namely to remain where she was, determined not to avoid Lothario, that the servants might not obtrude her situation; and she was already forry for what she had written to Anselmo, being afraid he would imagine Lothario had perceived some levity in her conduct, which encouraged him to lay aside the decorum he ought to have preserved. Confident of her own virtue, she trusted to God and her conscious prudence, by the help of which she thought she could in silence refit all the solicitations of Lothario, without giving her husband any farther information, left it should involve him in some trouble or dangerous dispute; nay, she was even industrious in inventing some excuse for Lothario, in case Anselmo should ask the reason that induced her to write such a letter.

With these sentiments, which were more honourable than prudent and advantageous, the next day flat listen-ing to Lothario, who exerted himself in such a manner, as to shake her fortitude, which, with all her virtue, was barely sufficient to hinder her eyes from giving manifest indications of the amorous compunction that his tears and addresses had awakened in her breast. All this tendernefs, which Lothario observed, inflamed his passion the more; and thinking there was a necessity for shortening the siege, while this opportunity of Anselmo's absence lasted, he assaulted her pride with the praiies of her beauty; for nothing looser succeeds in overthrowing the embattled towers of female vanity, than vanity itself, employed by the tongue of adulteration; in short, he so affidiously undermined the fortrefs of her virtue, and plied it with such irresistible engines, that though she had been made of brass, she must have rendered at mercy.

He wept, intreated, promised, flattering, feigned, and importuned, with such earnest expressions of love, as conquered all her reserve; at last he obtained a compleat triumph, which, though what he least expected, was what of all things he most ardently desired; she yielded—the chaife Camilla yielded! But what wonder? since even Lothario's friendship gave way: a clear and incontestible proof, that love is to be conquered by flight alone; and that no perfon whatever ought to engage such a powerful adversary, hand to hand, because nothing but force divine can subdue that human power.

Leonela alone was privy to the weaknesses of her mistrefs, which the two new lovers and false friends could not possibly conceal from her knowledge; and Lothario did not chufe to tell Camilla the contrivance of Anselmo, who had given him the opportunity of accomplishing his design; that she might not undervalue his love, by supposing that he courted her by accident, without being at first really enamoured of her charms. Anselmo returning in a few days, did not perceive the loss of that, which, though he preferred with the least care, he prized above all other possessions; but going in quest of Lothario, whom he found in his own lodging, after a mutual embrace, he desired he would tell him the news that must determine his life or death. "The news which I have to give you, my friend," said Lothario, "are these; you have a wife who truly deferves to be the pattern and queen of all good women. The expressions I used to her were spent in the air, my promises were delipated, my presents rejected, and some tears that I feigned, most heartily ridiculed; in short, Camilla is the sum of all beauty, and the casket in which are deposited honour, affability, modesty, and all the qualifications that dignify and adorn a woman of virtue. Here, take back your money, which I have had no occasion to use: the chastity of your spouse is not to be shaken by such mean considerations as those of pro-

miles
fince
Lothario; to treaclierüab
dulge you
continue ihe
concern.
of
Lothario was in love with a lady of
faith in the city, whom he celebrated
under the name of Chloris; and even,
if he was free of any such engage-
ments, there was nothing to be feared
from the honour of Lothario, and the
friendship subsisting between them.
If Camilla had not been previously
advertised by her secret gallant, of
this supposed love of Chloris, with
which he intended to hoodwink her
husband, that he might sometimes in-
dulge himself in her own praise, under
the cover of that name, she would,
without doubt, have been distracted
with jealousy; but thus instructed,
the heard him without surprize or
concern.

Next day, while they were at din-
nner, Anselmo intrested his friend to
repeat some of the verses he had com-
piled in praise of Chloris, who being
utterly unknown to Camilla, he might
securely say what he pleased. "Tho'
the were of her acquaintance," an-
swered Lothario, "I should not think
myself bound to conceal my passion;
for, when a lover praises the beauty,
and at the same time bewails the
cruelty of his mistress, her reputation
can suffer no prejudice; but, be that
as it will, I own, I yesterdav wrote a
song on the ingratitude of Chloris,
which you shall hear.

I.

WHEN night extends her silent
reign,
And steep vouchsafes the world to blest,
To heav'n and Chloris I complain
Of dire and affluent distresses.

II.

When Phæbus, led by rosy morn,
At first, his radiant visage shone,
With tears, and sighs, and groans forlorn,
My soul the bitter plaint renewal.

III.

When from his bright meridian throne,
The dazzling rays descend again,
With aggravated grief I moan,
And night brings back the woeful strain.
Thus, to my vows and prayers, I find,
My Chloris deaf; and heav'n unkind."
The song was approved by Camilla, and much more so by her husband, who applauded it to the skies, and observed that the lady must be excessively cruel, who could reflect such a true and pathetick complaint. "What!" said Camilla, "is every thing true that we are told by the poets when they are in love?"—

What they rehearse as poets," answered Lothario, "is not always truth; but what they affirm as lovers, is always from the heart."—"You are certainly in the right," replied Anjelmo, with a view of supporting and giving sanction to Lothario's sentiments, in the opinion of Camilla, whose in difference about her husband's artifice was now equal to her love for his pretended friend. Pleased therefore with his performances, because the very well knew that his inclinations and compositions were inspired by, and addressed to her, who was the true Chloris, the defied him, if he had any more songs or verses, to repeat them. "I have another," said Lothario, "but I believe it is not fo good; or, rather, it is less tolerable than the last. However, you shall judge for yourself; here it is.

I.

"YES, cruel maid! I welcome death, "And th'o' I perish undeplor'd, "Thy beauty with my latest breath, "Shall be applauded and ador'd."

II.

"Th'o' loft in dark oblivion's shade, "Bereft of favour, life, and fame, "My faithful heart, when open laid, "Will shew thine image and thy name.

III.

"These reliques I preferve with care, "My comfort in disfaster fate; "For, steel'd and whett'd by despair, "My love new force acquires from hate. "Unhappy those! who, darkling fail "Where stars, and ports, and pilots fail."

This song was commended as much as the firt, by Anjelmo, who in this manner added link to link of the chain with which he enflaved himself, and secured his own diuiron: for then Lothario disgraced him most, when he thought himself most honour'd, and every step that Camilla descended towards the very center of con-
 whole soul undisguised, and adorned with such virtues as rendered him worthy of your love. Let not, therefore, these scrupulous and whining reflections harass your imagination; but assure yourself, that Lothario's love and yours are mutual: so that you may think yourself extremely happy, in being caught in the amorous snare by a man of worth and honour, who not only possesses the four qualities beginning with S*, which ought to be the case of all true lovers, but also a whole alphabet of accomplishments. Listen, and you shall hear how cleverly I will recount them. He is, in my simple opinion, amiable, benevolent, courageous, diverting, enamoured, firm, gay, honourable, illustrious, loyal, mettleome, noble, obedient, princely, qualified, rich, and the S. S. as I have already observed. Then, he is truly, vigilant; the X does not suit him, because it is a harsh letter; Y stands for youth, and Z for zeal, in his attachment to you.

Camilla laughed at the alphabet of her maid, whom she found more knowing in the affairs of love than she pretended to be; and this knowledge indeed she confessed, disclosing to her mistress an intrigue that she carried on with a young man of a good family in town. Camilla was disturbed at this information, fearing that her honour ran some risk from their correspondence; and when she pressed her to confess, whether or not it had been brought to the last extremity, she, without the least symptom of shame, unfeathered in the affirmative; for, it is very certain, that the failings of witlesses divert their servans of all modelly; because, seeing their ladies trip, they think themselves intitled to halt, without being at the trouble to conceal their defect. Camilla, thus circumstanced, could fall upon no other expedient than that of cautioning her maid against betraying her to the person who was her gallant, and beseeching her to keep her own intrigue secret, that it might not fall under the observation of Anselmo and Lothario.

* Senfible, secret, surpassing, and sincere.
all his caution seemed to vanish: 

since, regardless of every thing that 

was right or reasonable, without far-

ther examination, he lied him to An-
felmo before he was up, where, im-
patient and blind with the jealous fury 

that preyed upon his entrails, and in-

flamed with the desire of being re-

venged upon Camilla, who had given 
him no offence, he expressed himself 

thus.

"You must know, Anselmo, that 

for some days past, I have had a con-
tinual struggle with myself, endea-
vouring to suppress that which I 

no longer either can or ought to con-

ceal from your knowledge. The 

fortresses of Camilla is at last surren-
dered, and submitted entirely to the 
dominion of my will. This I have 
delayed imparting to you, until I 

should be certain whether her com-

pliance was owing to some transient 

flash of affection, or to the desire of 

trying the sincerity of those addresses 

which, by your own direction, were 
carried on; and I likewise conclu-
ded, that if she was a woman of ho-
nour and virtue as we both imagin-
ed, she would ere now have given 
you an account of my solicitations. 
But finding that still undone, I take 
it for granted the means to keep her 
promise of giving me an interview in 
the wardrobe, the very next time you 
go to the country; (and here it was 
where Camilla actually used to en-
tertain him) but I should not with 
that you would run precipitately into 
any scheme of vengeance. How-
ever, as the crime is committed in 
thought only, before an opportunity 
ofers of performing that promise, 
Camilla may change her mind, and 
repent of her weakness. Wherefore, 
as you have hitherto, in whole or in 
part, followed my advice, I hope 
you will treasure up and observe one 
which I shall now offer, that you 
may, without the least possibility of 
being deceived, carefully and cau-
tiously satisfy yourself, so as to take 
such measures as your prudence shall 
suggest. You may pretend that you 
are going, as usual, for two or three 
days to the country, and in the mean 
time conceal youself in the ward-
robe, where you will find tapestry 
and plenty of other things for the 
purpose; from thence you, with your 

own eyes, as I with mine, will ob-

serve the conduct of Camilla, and 

if unhappily you should find more 
cause to fear than to hope, you may 
in person revenge your own wrongs, 
with silence, safety, and discretion."

Anselmo was thunderstruck at this 
declaration of Lothario, which came 
upon him when he least expected it; 
for he already looked upon Camilla 
as a conqueror in the fictitious affaits 
of his friend, and had actually be-
gan to enjoy the glory of her tri-
umph. After having stood silent for 
a long time, with his eyes fixed upon 
the ground, "Lothario," said he, 
"you have acted up to the expectation 
of my friendship: I will adhere to 
your advice in every thing; do what 
you please; I hope you will keep 
this unexpected affair as secret as the 
nature of it requires."

His false friend promised to observe 
the caution; but soon as he quitted 
the apartment, repented of every 
thing he had said, reflecting how 
foolishly he had proceeded, and that 
he might have punished Camilla by 
means less cruel and dishonourable. 
He cursed his own folly, condemned 
his precipitation, and endeavoured to 
find out some expedient to undo what 
he had done, or at least bring it to 
some favourable issue. At length, 
he resolved to disclose the whole to 
Camilla, as there wanted not oppor-
tunities of being with her alone; and 
that very day being together, she 
made use of the first that happened, 
addressing her self to him in this man-
ner. "Know, my dear Lothario, 
that my heart is ready to burst with 
one affliction, which is so grievous 
that it will be a wonder if I survive 
it: Leonela is arrived to such a 
pitch of impudence, that every 
night she introduces a gallant into 
the house, and remains with him 
till morning, very much at the ex-
pense of my reputation, as the field 
is left open for any malicious con-
truction, upon seeing a man come 
out of my house at such unfeasable 
hours; and the misfortune is, I dare 
 neither chide nor chaff her for her 
adultery; for her being privy to our 
correspondence puts a bridle in my 
mouth, obliging me to be silent on 
the subject of her folly, from which 
I fear some mishance will befal us."

When
When Camilla began this discourse, Lothario imagined it was an artifice to deceive and persuade him that the man he had seen coming out of the house had been there on Leonela's account only; but, seeing his mithrel's weep, and in the utmost affection entreat him to find out some remedy for this inconvenience, he was convinced of the truth, and covered with shame; and remorse for what he had done; notwithstanding, he desired Camilla to make herself easy, and promised to fall upon some method to curb Leonela's infidelity. He then told her what, instigated by the rage of jealousy, he had disclosed to Anselmo, who by his appointment was to conceal himself in the wardrobe, that he might have an incontestible proof of her infidelity: he begged pardon for his madness, with advice how to remedy it, and to extricate himself from the labyrinth in which he was involved by his own imprudence. Camilla was abounded at the discourse of Lothario, whom she chid and reprehended with great reason and resentment, for the groundless suspicion which had driven him to such a mad and mischievous resolution; but women having naturally more invention than men can boast of, either for a good or bad occasion, though sometimes they fail in premeditated schemes, Camilla instantly thought of a cure for this seemingly incurable dilemma, and bade Lothario prevail upon her husband to conceal himself in the appointed place, the very next day; for she hoped to reap such advantage from his concealment, as that for the future they should enjoy each other without the least fear or interruption. She therefore, without disclosing to her lover the whole of her plan, desired him to take care, when Anselmo was hid, to come at Leonela's call, and answer every question she should ask, in the same manner as he would reply if he did not know that her husband was within hearing. Lothario inquired upon knowing the particulars of her scheme, that he might with more security and success perform his cure; but Camilla assured him he had nothing to do but answer her questions with truth and sincerity; being unwilling to make him previously acquainted with her design, lest he should disapprove of that which to her seemed so necessary, and recommend another which perhaps she might not think so effectual. Accordingly, Lothario took his leave, and next day Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's country-house, let out, but soon returned to his hiding-place; Camilla and her maid having purposely given him an opportunity of getting in unseen. There he remained in a state of perturbation, which may be easily conceived to harass the breast of a man who expected to see with his own eyes the bowels of his honour disfigured, and found himself on the brink of losing that supreme bliss which he thought he possessed in his beloved Camilla.

She and her maid, by this time, certified of his being there, went to the wardrobe, which Camilla no sooner entered, than hearing a profound sigh, "Dear Leonela," said she, "rather than execute the design which I conceal from your knowledge, that you may not endeavour to prevent it, would it not be better for you to take this poignard of Anselmo, and plunge it in my unfortunate bosom? Yet do not, Leonela; for it were unreasonable that I should be punished for another's crime; I want first to know what the daring and licentious eyes of Lothario have discerned in my conduct, that should encourage him to declare a passion so guilty as that which he hath owned, so much to my dishonour and the prejudice of his friend. Go to that window, Leonela, and beckon to him; for doubting he is now in the street, expecting to succeed in his wicked intention; but I shall first execute mine, which is equally honourable and severe."—Alas, Madam!" answered the cunning and well-instructed Leonela, how do you intend to use that fatal poignard? are you determined to take away your own life, or that of Lothario? by sacrificing either the one or the other, you will entirely ruin your own reputation. You should rather disse your wrongs, give that wicked wretch an opportunity of finding us here alone; consider, Madam, that we are but weak women, and he a determined man, who, blinded by his guilty passion, may by force deprive you of that which you value more than life, be-
"fend you can execute your purpose
 upon him. A plague upon my ma-
 ster Anselmo, for allowing that im-
pudent fellow to be so free in his
 house! besides, Madam, should you
 kill him, as I believe you intend to
do, what shall we do with him after
he is dead?"—"Nothing, my friend,"
replied Camilla, "but let Anselmo
bury him; for he ought to take
pleasure in the talk of interfering his
own infamy. Go and beckon to him,
I say, for every moment I delay my
just revenge seems to injure a friendship
that fidelity which I owe to my
husband."

All this conversation was overheard
by Anselmo, whose sentiments were
entirely changed by what Camilla said;
and when he understood that she in-
tended to kill Lothario, he was in-
clined to come out and discover him-
self, in order to prevent the deed; but
he was diverted from that resolution
by the desire of seeing the issue of his
wife’s gallant and virtuous determina-
tion; purposing, however, to appear reasonably enough for the safety
of his friend.

About this time Camilla throwing
herself upon a couch, was seized with
a violent fit, during which Leonela
wept bitterly, exclaiming, "Ah,
woe is me! must I then see, expiring
in these unfortunate arms, the flower
of human virtue, the queen of ex-
cellent wives, the pattern of chasti-
ty!" with other epithets of the same
kind, which nobody could have heard,
without esteemng her the most faith-
ful and afflicted damsel upon earth,
and her mistresses another perfected
Penelope. Camilla, having soon re-
covered from her fit, said to her wo-
man, "Why don’t you go and call
this the most faithful friend that ever
was seen by the day, or throud by
the night? Make haste; go, run, fly;
let not the fire of my rage be con-
sumed by your delay, and the just
vengeance I mean to take evaporate
in curfes and unsubstantial threats."

"I go," answered Leonela, "but
you must first give me that poignard,
left, in my absence, you do a deed
to make all those who love you weep
to the end of their lives."—"Go,
dear Leonela," replied her mistres,
and fear nothing; for although, in
your opinion, I may be rash and even
unreasonable, in thus referring the
affront upon my honour; I shall not
behave like that Lucretia, who, "tis
said, killed herself, though innocent
without having first punished the vil-
lainous cause of her misfortune. If
I must die, I will at least fall fully
revenged of him who is the occasion
of my being here, to bewail his au-
dacious behaviour, which, I am sure,
proceeded from no misconduit of
mine."

Many intreaties did she use, before
Leonela would go and call Lothario,
but at length she prevailed; the maid
went out to seek him, and, in her ab-
sence, Camilla uttered the following
foliloquy. "Good Heaven! would
it not have been more prudent to dif-
mis Lothario as usual, than to give
him this occasion of thinking me vis-
cious and inmodest, even though that
opinion can only last until I have an
opportunity of deceiving him?

Yes, certainly; but I shall not think
myself revenged, nor the honour of my
husband sufficiently vindicated, if he
escapes so smooth and clean from this
snare into which his wicked inclina-
tions have decoyed him. Let the trai-
tor pay with his life for the enterprise
of his lascivious desire; the world
shall know, if even the affair be made
public, that Camilla not only pre-
served her affection for her husband
inviolate, but also took vengeance on
the man who thought to impair it.

Yet, methinks, I ought to disclare
the whole to Anselmo; but I have
already touched upon the subject, in
the letter I sent to him when he was
in the country; and his omitting to
apply a remedy to the evil I then
hinted at, must certainly be owing to
his own integrity and unsuspecting
heart, which would not suffer him to
believe, that the breach of such a con-
stant friend could harbour one
thought to the prejudice of his ho-
nour; indeed, this was my own opi-
nion, until his behaviour became into-
tolerably licentious, and his presents,
promises, and tears, fully manifested
his guilty purpose. But, wherefore
these reflections? does a gallant re-
solution stand in need of hesitating
advice? Not traitor, avault! hither
vengeance! enter, thou false, perf-
dious wretch, come, quick, be speedy,
die, and let the consequence be what
C For
it will! Pure and unspotted I came into the possession of him whom Heaven appointed to be my husband and my lord, and equally pure shall I leave his embrace, though bathed in my own chaste blood, and embued in the tainted gore of the false friend that ever friendship saw! So saying, the brandished the drawn dagger in her hand, and stalked across the room with such disorderly steps and violent gestures, that she seemed to have loit her senses, and looked more like a desperate ruffian than a delicate wife.

All this transport and agitation was perceived, with astonishment, by Anfelm, where he stood concealed behind the tapestry; he thought he had now seen and heard enough to dispel suspicions of a stronger kind than those he entertained; and even wished that the proof might proceed no farther, by Lothario’s failing to keep the appointment; for he was afraid that some sudden unlucky accident might happen. Being therefore on the point of hewing himself, and running to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by seeing Leonela return with his friend, whom Camilla no sooner beheld, than drawing a line before her, with the dagger, she said, “Take notice, Lothario, if you attempt to pass this line, or even approach it, the moment I perceive your intentions, I will plunge the poignard in my breast. Without offering the least reply, therefore, to this declaration, I dehre you will listen to some questions I mean to ask, which you may answer as you shall think proper; in the first place, tell me, Lothario, if you know my husband Anfelm, and what station he maintains in your opinion? and then be as explicit in your sentiments of me; answer without perturbation or difficulty, for the questions I ask are easily solved.”

Lothario was not so ignorant, but that he had conceived her design, from the moment of her defining him to advise Anfelm to conceal him; and therefore his replies were so reasonable, and corresponded so exactly with her aim, that this fiction had all the air of the most genuine truth. “Beautiful Camilla,” said he, “I did not imagine you had sent for me with a view of asking questions so foreign to the purpose for which I come; if you meant to delay the promised bliss, you might have protracted the affiliation to a more distant term; for the nearer the prospect of enjoyment is, the more grievous will the disappointment be: but that you may have no cause to complain of my refusing to answer your demands, I will own that I know your husband Anfelm, with whom I have been intimate from our most tender years. Of the friendship (as you know) subsisting between us, I will say nothing, that I may not bear witness to the wrong which love, the powerful excuse of greater crimes, compels me to commit: you too I know, and rate as high as you can possibly be in his esteem; for a prize of less value I should not have acted so unbecoming my own character, or transferred those laws of perfect friendship, which I have broken and violated, at the instigation of that mischiefous and irresistible power.”

“Since thou art self-convicted so far,” replied Camilla, “thou mortal enemy to all that merits love! with what face darest thou appear before her who is the mirror that reflects him, and in which thou oughtest to have seen how little reason and encouragement thou hadst to wrong his honour; but, unfortunate that I am! I have found out the cause that induced thee to forget thyself so far; it must have been some lightness of carriage in me; immodesty I will not call it, because it could not be the effect of deliberate determination, but must have proceeded from a neglect of some of those forms which women often inadvertently omit before those whom they think they can entertain without ceremony. Other wife, tell me, traitor, when did I ever answer thy addresses with any word or sign that could awaken in thy breast the least glimpse of hope to accomplish thy infamous aim? Did I not always reject and reprove thy amorous protestations with rigour and severity? and when were thy promises and presents believed and accepted? But, as I think no person could long persevere in such a flagitious intention, without being supported by some sort of hope, I am willing to say ——”
Jay the blame of your impertinence
at my own door; since, without doubt,
some failure of care in me, hath
enabled you to exert yours so long;
and therefore, I will inflict upon
myself the punishment that your
crime deserves; but that you may
see, in being thus inhuma to my-
self, it was impossible for me to deal
mildly by you, I have invited you
hither, to be witness of the sacrifice
I mean to offer to the injured honour
of my noble husband, whom you
have aggravated to the utmost of your
power, I myself being acceary to
the wrong; because I have not in-
duiously enough avoided all occa-
sion, if I gave you any, of favour-
ing and countenancing your wicked
inclinations. I say, the suspicion I
have, that some levity of mine en-
gendered such frantic sentiments in
your bosom, gives me the utmost
pain, and prompts me to chastise my
indifference with my own hands, ra-
ther than make my fault more pub-
lick, by submitting to another exe-
cutioner; but, if I must peril, my
fall shall he accompanied with the
death of him whose blood will satisfy
the vengeance which I already in
some measure enjoy, when I confi-
der that wherefore I go, I shall
have before mine eyes, the victim I
offered to the most disinterested justice,
in punishing the wretch who hath re-
duced me to this despair.

So saying, the affianced Lohario
with incredible force and agility, ma-
manifesting such eagerness to plunge the
poigniard in his breast, that he him-
self doubted whether her endeavours
were feigned or real; and was actu-
ally obliged to exert his whole strength
in defending himself from Camilla,
who acted this strange impudence so
much to the life, that, in order to
give it the greater appearance of truth,
she resolved to colour it with her own
blood; for seeing, or feigning, that she
could not touch Lothario, she cried,
Though fate denes me the full sa-
tisfaction of my just desire, it cannot
robb me of one part of my revenge,

With these words, struggling to dis-
engage her dagger-hand, which was
held by Lothario, the arilraft succed-
ed, and directing her poignard to a
part of her body, which she thought
she might slightly wound without dan-
gcr, she stabbed it between her shoul-
der and left-bread, and fell upon the
floor as in a swoon.

Leonela and Lothario were alto-
nihed and confounded at this
event, and still dubious whether or
not Camilla was in earnest, when they
saw her stretched upon the ground,
and bathed in her own blood. Lo-
thario ran, in the utmost fright and
conformation, to draw forth the dag-
ger; but perceiving what a superfi-
cial wound she had made, he recovered
of the terror which had begun to seize
him, and could not help admiring
anew, the uncommon fagacity, pu-
dence, and defire, of the beautiful
Camilla; that he might therefore pro-
ceed in the part he had to act, he be-
gan to make long and sorrowful la-
mention over the body, as if he
had been really dead, impressing a
thousand curies, not only upon him-
self, but also upon him who was the
original cause of this diastater; and as
he knew that Anelmo was listing,
said such melancholy things, that
whoever had heard him, would have
pitted his cafe, as much as that of Ca-
milla, though they had believed her
actually dead.

Leonela lifted her up, and laying
her on the bed, earnestly entreated
Lothario to find some person who
would cure her privately; and begged
he would advise her, with regard to
what she should tell Anelmo, about
her lady's wound, in case he should
return before she was cured: he said
he might tell him what the pleased,
for he was then in no condition to
give any profitable advice about the
matter; he only desired her to fall
upon some method of staunching the
blood, and declared that for his own
part he would go where man should
never see him. He accordingly de-
parted with the appearance of infinite
grief and anxiety, and when he found
himself alone, in a private place,
croset himself with amazement at the
invention of Camilla, and the arilful
behaviour of her maid. He could easily
conceive that Anelmo was by this
time thoroughly convinced of his hav-
ing a second Portia for his wife; and
was impatient to see him, that they
might together extol her behaviour;
which, though impotent, had more
appearance of truth than any thing.
of the same kind that had ever been practised.

Leonela, as she was desired, stopped her lady's blood, of which there was just enough to give credit to her artifices; and washing the wound with a little wine, bound it up as well as she could, uttering such sorrowful expressions all the time, as would have been sufficient, without any previous lamentation, to persuade Anselmo that his wife was the mirror of chastity.

Leonela's complaints were joined by those of her mistrels, who taxed herself with cowardice and pusillanimity, in having lost the best opportunity she should ever have of parting with that life which she abhorred. She consulted her maid about disclosing the whole affair to her beloved spouse; but this scheme Leonela opposed, observing that it would lay her under an obligation of taking vengeance on Lothario; a satisfaction he could not enjoy without exposing himself to great danger; and that a virtuous woman, far from seeking to involve her husband in quarrels, was in duty bound to keep him free of all such disputes, by every method in her power. Camilla seemed to approve of her maid's prudence, and promised to follow her advice; but said it would be necessary at all events to invent some excuse to Anselmo about the wound, which he could not fail of observing. Leonela affuring her, that she could never tell a lie even in jest, the mistress replied, "What shall I do then, child? for I would not attempt to frame and maintain a falsehood, even though my life depended upon its since, therefore, we know not how to extricate ourselves otherwise, we must e'en discover the naked truth, rather than run the risk of being detected in a lying."—"Don't give yourself any farther uneasiness, Madam," said Leonela; "by to-morrow morning I shall have found some expedient; perhaps the wound being where it is, may be concealed from his view, and Heaven vouchsafe to favour our upright and honourable intention. Compose yourself, dear Madam, endeavour to calm the perturbation of your spirits, that my matter may not perceive your disorder, and leave the consequence to my care and that of Heaven, which never fails to favour the righteous design." Anselmo listened with the utmost attention to this tragedy of the death of his honour, which was represented with such exquisite and surprising adroits, that the actors seemed really transformed into the very characters they feigned; he longed impatiently for night, and an opportunity of escaping unseen, that he might fly to his worthy friend Lothario, and receive his congratulation upon the precious jewel he had found in this vindication of his wife's virtue; they took care to furnish him with the occasion he wanted; and he, without letting it slip, ran immediately in quest of Lothario. It would be difficult to describe the eagerness of his embraces at meeting, or to recount the expressions he used in the overflowing of his satisfaction, and the extrava-gant praises he bestowed on Camilla.

All these Lothario heard, without being able to manifest the least signs of joy; his reflections taxed him with the deceit he had practised, and the injustice he had done his unsuspecting friend. Anselmo took notice that he did not seem to participate in his pleasure, but believed his concern proceeded from the thoughts of having been the occasion of Camilla's wound; he therefore, among other things, told him to make himself easy on that score, for the hurt must certainly have been very slight, as they had agreed to conceal it from his knowledge; and since there was no bad consequence to be apprehended, he hoped for the future to enjoy, in mirth and good-humour, the friendship of his dear Lothario, by whose industry and mediation he now saw himself raised to the most sublime pitch of human felicity; at the same time he signified, that his defence and design was to pursue no other amusement than that of composing verses in praise of Camilla, that should transmit to latest posterity the remembrance of her worth.

Lothario commended his laudable determination, and promised to contribute all that lay in his power towards the rearing of such an illustrious edifice; so that Anselmo being the most agreeably deceived of any man that ever lived, led by the hand
to his own house, the very man who, though in his opinion the instrument of his glory, was the total perdition of his fame. Camillas received him with a countenance expressing resentment, but a soul brimful of joy; and their secret correspondence continued uninterrupted for a few months, at the end of which the wheel of fortune having performed a full circle, the intrigue, which had been hitherto artfully concealed, was discovered, and Anfelm's Impertinent Curiosity cost him his life.

C H A P. VIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

A little more of this novel remained to be read, when Sancho came running in great confusion, from the garret where his master Don Quixote lay, bawling aloud, 'Come hither, gentlemen! make haste to the assistance of my master, who is this precious minute engaged and grappled in the toughest battle that ever my eyes beheld! Egdad, he has given that fame giant, the enemy to my Lord the princes of Micomicona, such a backstroke, as hath thicke of his head as smooth and clean as the skin of a turnip.'—'What do you mean, brother?' said the curate, closing the book; 'are you in your right wits? Sancho? How the devil can your master be fighting with a giant who is two thousand leagues from hence?'

That instant they heard a great noise in the apartment, and Don Quixote proclaiming aloud, 'Stay, villain! robber! caitiff! here I have thee, and thy icy mitter shall not avail.' Then he began to strike furiously at the walls; and Sancho exclaimed, 'Don't stand here listening, but go in and part the fray, or lend your assistance to my master, though I believe that will be needless by this time, for the giant is certainly dead, and giving an account to God of his wicked and mitipent life: nay, I saw, with my own eyes, his blood running about the floor, and his head cut off, laying on one side, as a large wine bag.'—May I be hanged,' cried the innkeeper, at these words, 'if this Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not cut open one of the skins filled with red wine, that stood at his bed's head, and the wine that ran out is mistaken by this simple fellow for blood!'

So saying, he rushed into the apartment with the whole company at his heels, and found the knight in a very ludicrous situation; he appeared in his shirt, which was too scanty before to cover his thighs, and still shorter behind, by fix inches at least, and displayed a pair of long lank legs, imbrowned with hair, and not extremely clean; his head was covered with a little, red, greasy night-cap, belonging to the landlord; round his left-arm he had wrapped the blanket of his bed, to which Sancho, for good reasons known to himself, bore an inveterate grudge; and in his right, he wielded his drawn sword, with which he laid about him at a furious rate, talking as if he was actually at blows with the giant; but, what was very surprising, his eyes were shut all the time, and he was fast asleep, dreaming of this encounter; for his imagination was so much engrossed by the adventure he had undertaken to achieve, as to make him dream that he was already arrived in the kingdom of Micomicon, and engaged in single combat with his gigantic adversary; instead of whom, he hacked the wine-bags so furiously, that the whole room was afloat with their contents.

The innkeeper no sooner perceived this havock, than incensed to the last degree, he assaulted Don Quixote with his clenched fists, and began to pummel him to severity, that if the curate and Cardenio had not interposed, he would soon have put an end to the adventure of the giant; yet, for all that, the poor knight did not awake until the barber fetching a kettle of cold water from the well, foused him all over; even then, though sleep forsook him, he did not recollect the situation he was in; and Dorothea, seeing him so flighty and airily equipped, did not chuse to be a spectator of the combat between her adversary and protector. Meanwhile, Sancho went about the room, prying into every corner, and searching for the giant's head; which when he could not find, 'I know,' said he, 'that every thing goes by interest in this house: the last time I was in this very spot, I received
ceived a great many thwacks and thumps without seeing a soul, or being able to guess from whence they came; and now this head is vanished, though I saw it cut off with mine own eyes, and the blood spout out of the body, like water from a fountain.—

What! dost thou talk of blood and fountains, thou enemy of God and his saints! cried the inn-keeper; don't you see, rash, that there is no blood or fountain, but the skins that are pierced, and the red wine that swims about the room? I hope the soul of him who pierced them, will swim in hell!—' I know nothing of the matter,' replied Sancho; 'but that,
on account of my not finding the head, I shall fee my cardiom dissolve like salt in water.'

Thus the squire, though awake, was more extravagent than Don Quixote in his dream; such an impression had his master's promises made upon his imagination. The phlegmatic temper of the squire, together with the mishievous disposition of the knight, well-nigh distracted the landlord, who swore, that they should not now, as formerly, go away without paying; and that all the privilege of their errantry should not exempt them from paying both reckonings to the last farthing, for the damage they had done, even to the bits of leather for patching the wine-skins that were cut. The curate, by this time, had got hold of the hands of Don Quixote, who, believing he had now finished the adventure, and was in presence of the Princess Micomicona, fell upon his knees before the priest, saying, 'Re-nowned princes, your highnesses may henceforth live secure of what that misbegotten wretch can do; and I, from this day forward, am acquitted of my promise, which is now, by the alliiance of Heaven above, and the favour of her for whom I live and breathe, happily and fully perform-ed.'—' Did not I tell you so?' cried Sancho, hearing these words. 'You see I am not drunk, and may take notice that my master hath put the giant in pickle: the holidays will certainly come round, and the earldom fit me to a hair.'

Who could refrain from laughing at the follies of the master and man? they occasioned abundance of mirth to every one present, except the landlord, who cursed himself to the devil. At length the barber, curate, and Cardenio, with no small difficulty, put the knight to bed again, where he fell fast asleep in an instant, like one who had been excessively fatigued; they left him to his repose, and went out to console Sancho for his disappointment in losing the giant's head; but they found it a harder task to pacify the inn-keeper, who was driven almost to despair, by the sudden death of his wine-bags; besides, the landlady began to cry, in a whimpering tone, 'In an unlucky minute and evil hour did this knight-errant enter my doors! for I am sure, I never beheld him without paying dearly for the sight! The last time he was here, he refused to defray a whole night's expense of supper, lodging, feather, and barley, for himself and his squire, his horse and his nefs; saying that he was a knight-errant, forsooth: (God send him and all other knights-errant upon errands that will tend to their forrow!) and therefore, was not obliged to pay for any thing, because it was not ordained in the register of chivalry; then, this gentleman coming after him to other day, borrowed my tail, and though I have got it again, it is a good penny the worse for the wearing, the hair being plucked off in such a manner as makes it unfit for my husband's purpose; and to finish and conclude the whole, my bags are broke, and my wine spilt; (would I could see this heart's blood in the same condition!) but he must not think to get off so easily, for by the bones of my father, and my mother's soul! they shall pay for every thing upon the nail; or, may I never be called by my own name again, or believed to be my father's own child!'

These, and other expressions of the same kind, were uttered, with great bitterness, by the landlady; and her faithful servant Maritornes joined in the exclamation; while the daughter held her peace, and, from time to time, smiled at their indignation, which at last was appeased by the curate, who promised to give them satisfaction, to the best of his power, for the loss they had sustained in bags and wine, and, in particular, for the damage done to the tailor, which they valued to highly; and Dorothea comforted Sancho, by telling him, that as soon as ever it should appear
appear that his master had actually cut off the giant's head, and she should find herself in quiet possession of her kingdom; she would bestow upon him the belt erald in her gift. The squire was confounded by this promise, and asfurred the princes, that he was certain he had seen the giant's head, by the same token that he had a huge heard that flowed down to his middle; and that the whole was now vanished, because every thing in that house was performed by enchantment, as he had found by useful experience, the last time he had lodged in that apartment. Dorothea said she was of the same opinion, desiring he would give himself no uneasiness, for every thing would be for the best, and succeed to his heart's content. The quiet of the house being thus re-established, the curate wanted to read the remaining part of the novel, which he perceived already drew near a close; and Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest, intreating him to finish the story, he, with a view of pleasing them as well as himself, proceeded in these words:—

Anfelmo being now satisfied of his wife's virtue, enjoyed himself without the least disturbance or care; while Camilla, in order to disguise her real sentiments, affected always to shun upon Lothario, who, as a farther function to this stratagem, desired Anfelmo to excuse him from coming to his house, since it was plain that Camilla was disgraced at his presence: but the infatuated Anfelmo would by no means comply with this request; so that this unhappy husband was, in a thousand shapes, the author of his own dishonour, while, in his own opinion, he was laying up a store of happiness and reputation.

About this time Leonela's desire of gratifying her own loathsome wishes, carried her to such a pitch of imprudence, that she gave her wantonness the rein without the least caution; conscious that her mistress would conceal her conduct, and even advise her how to carry on the intrigue without the least danger of being detected. At length, however, Anfelmo, one night heard somebody walking in her apartment, and endeavouring to get in and see who it was, found the door shut against him. This circumstance increased his desire, he made a violent effort, and the door flew open, upon which he entered, and seeing a man leap out of the window into the street, ran hastily to lay hold or get sight of him; but he was disappointed in both by Leonela, who hanging upon her master, cried, "Hold, dear Sir! be not surprised, nor seek to pursue the person who is fled; he was here on my account, and is as good as my wedded husband."—

Anfelmo would give no credit to her words, but, blinded with passion, drew his poignard to stab Leonela, whom he commanded to reveal the truth on pain of immediate death. She, terrified by his threats, answered, without knowing what she said, "Spare my life, good Sir, and I will disclose things of greater importance than you imagine."—"Speak, then," cried Anfelmo, "or thou shalt instantly die."—"At present," replied Leonela, "I am in such perturbation, that I cannot possibly make a distinct confession; delay your vengeance till to-morrow morning, and then you shall hear something that will strike you with astonishment; meanwhile, be assured, that he who leaped out of the window, is a young man of this city, who has given me a promise of marriage."—

Anfelmo being somewhat pacified by this declaration, resolved to grant the respite demanded; though he never dreamed of hearing anything to the prejudice of Camilla, of whose virtue he was satisfied and secure; he therefore quitted the room, in which however he locked up Leonela, telling her she must continue in that place, until she should have made this promised discovery; then going to Camilla, informed her of every thing that had passed, together with the promise her maid had made of disclosing things of great importance. It is almost needless to say that Camilla was disturbed at this information: the terror that took possession of her was such, that believing, with good reason too, Leonela would actually disclose to Anfelmo every circumstance of her infidelity, she had not resolution enough to wait the influence of her suspicion; but that very night, while her husband was asleep, collected the best of her jewels, with some money, and getting out of the house,
without being perceived, fled to Lo-
thario, and recounted what had hap-
pened, at the same time beseeching
him to put her in a place of safety, or
accompany her to some retreat, where
they should be secure from the search
of Anfelmio.

Such was the confusion of Lotha-
rino, at the news of this unexpected
event, that he could not answer one
 syllable, nor for some time resolve
upon what was to be done. At length
he proposed to carry Camilla to a mo-
nastery, the abbots of which was his
first cousin; and his mistress content-
ing to the proposal, he conducted her
thither with all the dispatch which the
nature of the case required, and leav-
ing her to the care of his relation,
quitted the city that very night, with-
out impairing the cause of his absence
to any living soul.

Next morning, soon as it was day,
Anfelmio, without perceiving that Ca-
milla was gone, so eagerly did he
long to hear this confession of her
maid, strove and went directly to the
room in which he had confined her;
but he no sooner opened the door,
and entered the apartment, than he
perceived the sheets of the bed tied to-
gether, hanging out of the window;
a manifest proof that Leonela had
lowered herself down into the street,
by means of that contrivance: he then
returned, with a good deal of chagrin,
to communicate his disappointment to
Camilla, whom when he could not
find, he was seized with the utmost
consternation, especially as none of
the savants could give the least ac-
count of her departure; but chanc-
ing, in the course of his enquiry, to
find the coffers open, and the belt
part of her jewels carried off, he be-
gan to comprehend his disgrace; and
concluded that Leonela was not the
cause of his misfortune.

Dispirited with this reflection, he
did not stay to dress, but went in a
moist discomfate situation, to give an
account of his mishap to his friend
Lothario; and when he understood
from his savants, that their matter
had gone out in the night, and car-
rried all his ready money along with
him, he had well-nigh loft his lenses.
To crown his misfortunes, he returned
to his own house, which was deserted
by all his savants, and found him elf
the moit solitary being in nature; he
knew not what to think, say, or do,
and his judgment began to be im-
paired; for, upon recollection, he per-
ceived that he was in an infant de-
prived of wife, friend, and savants,
renounced by Heaven, and, what
he felt more deeply than any other
part of his distress, delitute of ho-
nour, by the misconduct of Camilla,
from which he dated his utter de-
struction. At length, after a long
internal struggle, he resolved to go to
the country-houfe of his friend, where
he had been, when he furnished the
opportunity of planning his own ruin.
Accordingly, having locked his door,
he mounted his horse, and almost
fainting under the burden of his woes,
set out for that place; but fearc had
he travelled one half of the way, when
harrassed by his shocking reflections,
he was obliged to alight and tie his
horse to a tree, at the root of which
he threw himself down, giving vent
to the moat lamentable sighs that ever
were heaved: there he remained till
the twilight; about which time, perceiving a man coming on horse-
back from the city, after salutation,
he asked what news were stirring at
Florence. "The strangest," re-
plied the citizen, "that have been
heard these many days; it is pub-
lickly reported, that Lothario, the
intimate friend of Anfelmio the rich,
who lived at St. John's, hath this
laft night carried off the wife of
his friend, who is also missing.
This discovery was made to the go-
vernor by Camilla's maid, who was
detected in letting herself down by
a sheet, from one of the windows of
Anfelmio's house. In short, I do not
know the particulars exactly; but
the whole city is astonished at this
event, which they could never have
expected from the intimacy of the
two gentlemen, who were so strictly
united in the bands of amity, as to
acquire the title of the Two Friends."
"Do you know what road Lothario
and Camilla have taken?" said An-
felmio. "That is not yet discovered,"
replied the traveller; "though the go-
vornor hath used great diligence in
the enquiry." Anfelmio wished him
a good evening; and the citizen hav-
ing returned the compliment, proce-
eded on his journey.

* These
These unhappy news reduced this ill-fated husband to the verge of death as well as distraction. He mounted, however, as well as he could, and arrived at the house of his friend, who had not as yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him so exhausted, glaftly, and pale, imagined he had met with some grievous disaster. Anfelmò begged to be putto bed immediately, and furnished with pen, ink, and paper; thus provided, he was left alone, and the chamber lock-ed at his own desire; then the remembrance of his misfortune began to be so heavy upon his soul, that he plain-ly perceived his end approaching, and being desirous of declaring the cause of his strange and sudden death, he took up the pen; but, before he could execute his design, his breath failed him, and he expired, a victim to that sorrow which was occasioned by his own impertinent curiosity. His friend finding it grow late, and that Anfelmò had not called, went into his chamber, to enquire about his health; there he found him lying upon his face, one half of his body in bed, and the other on the table, with a pen in his hand, and a written paper lying open before him.

The gentleman having spoke to him without receiving any answer, took him by the hand, and feeling him cold and stiff, concluded he was dead. Surprized and concerned to the last degree, he called up his family to be witnesses of this melancholy event, and knowing the paper to be Anfelmò's own hand-writing, read the contents, in these words:

"I am deprived of life by my own impertinent curiosity. If the news of my death reach Camilla's ears, let her know that I forgive her indiscreetly; for she was not bound to perform miracles, nor I under any necessity of expecting them at her hands; once, therefore, I have been the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason that . . ." So far he had written, but life had forsaken him, before he could finish the sentence. Next day his friend sent an account of his death to his parents; who were already informed of his mischance, as also of the convent to which Camilla had retreated; and where she now lay at the point of ac-

companying her spouse in his last indispensible journey; not so much on account of Anfelmò's death, as in consequence of the information she received concerning her absent lover; it was said, that though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent nor take the veil; but, in a little time the news arrived of Lo-thario's being killed in a battle which was fought between the renowned Captain Gonçalo Fernandes de Cor-dova, and Monsieur De Lautrec, in the kingdom of Naples, whither this too-late repenting friend had made his retreat. This event was no sooner known, than Camilla professed herself a nun, and in a few days yielded up her life a prey to grief and melancholy. Such was the untimely end to which they were all brought from a beginning of whim and indiscretion.

This novel, said the curate, is not amiss; but I cannot think the story is true; and if it be so, the author has erred in point of invention; for it cannot be supposèd that any husband would be so mad as to try this dangerous experiment of Anfelmò; had it been related of a gal-lant and his mistress, it might have passed; but with regard to a husband and his wife, it is altogether improbable; however, the manner of narrating it is not disagreeable.

C H A P. IX.

AN ACCOUNT OF OTHER STRANGE ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED AT THE INN.

At that instant the landlord, standing at the inn-door, exclaimed, 'There is a noble company; odd! if they halt here, we shall sing for joy.'

"What company?" said Cardenio.

'Four men,' replied the inn-keeper, 'who ride with short stirrups, each of them equipped with lance, target, and mask, with a lady on a side-saddle, dressed in white and veiled, and two attendants on foot.' When the priest asked if they were near, he answered, 'So near, that they are already at the gate.'

Dorothea hearing this information, put on her veil, and Cardenio withdrew.
into Don Quixote's apartment. Immediately the whole company announced by the landlord, entered the yard, and the four horsemen, who were persons of genteel mien and carriage, instantly alighting, went to help the lady from her horse, when one of them taking her in his arms, placed her in a chair that stood by the door of the room in which Cardenio had concealed himself. All this time neither he nor they took off their masks, nor uttered one syllable; but when she was seated, she heaved a profound sigh, and let her arms fall down on each side, like a person fainting with weakness. While the footman led the horses into the stable, the curate being curious to know who these persons were, so remarkable in their silence and dress, went up and put the question to one of the lacquies, who answered, 'Truly, Signior, we are as ignorant in that particular as you are; though they seem to be people of condition, especially he who took the lady in his arms, because all the rest behave to him with great respect, following his directions in every thing with the utmost punctuality.'—And, pray, who may the lady be?' said the priest. 'We know as little of her as of the man,' replied the lacquey; 'for during the journey I have never once beheld her face; I have often heard her sigh bitterly, and utter piercing groans, in every one of which she seemed to yield her very soul; but it is not to be wondered at that we should know so little of their affairs, my companion and I having attended them two days only; for, meeting us on the road, they intreated and persuaded us to accompany them as far as Andalucia, promising to pay us handsomely for our trouble.'—'Have you never heard one or them named?' resumed the curate. 'Never once,' answered the young man; 'they travel with surprizing silence; nothing is heard but the songs and shrifts of the poor lady, which move us to compassion; we firmly believe that she is forced upon this journey, and gather from her dress that she is a nun; or, which is more probable, going to take the veil; and finding herself very little inclined to that way of life, is melancholy at the prospect.'

The curate said, nothing was more probable; and leaving the lacquey, returned to Dorothea, who by this time, out of natural sympathy with the affliction of the marked lady, had approached and accosted her in these words: 'What is the matter with you, dear Madam? If you labour under any indisposition which the practice and experience of women can relieve, my affiance is heartily at your service.'

To this kind offer no reply was made by the sorrowful lady, who, notwithstanding the other's repeated intimacies, would not open her mouth; until the person who by the lacquey's information was chief of the company, addressing himself to Dorothea, said, 'Do not fatigue yourself, Madam, in making offers of service to that woman, who cannot be grateful for any favour she receives; nor importune her for any reply, unless you desire to hear some falsehood proceed from her lips.'—'My lips,' said the hitherto silent lady, 'were never profaned with falsehood; on the contrary, my present misfortune is owing to my inconstancy and my abhorrence of lies. Of this assertion you yourself are too sensible; since your own perfidy and falsehood are the effects of my constancy and truth.'

These words were distinctly overheard by Cardenio, who was only separated from them by the door of Don Quixote's chamber; and they no sooner reached his ear, than he cried aloud, 'Good Heaven, what do I hear! What voice is that which struck my senses!' The lady being exceedingly surprized at that exclamation, turned about her head, and not seeing the person that pronounced it, started up, and ran towards the apartment from whence it seemed to come; but was prevented by her conductor, who would not suffer her to move one step farther. In the disorder occasioned by her struggle, her mask dropped off, and discovered a countenance of incomparable and amazing beauty, even though disguised with paleness and horror; for her eyes rolled about to every corner which her sight could reach, with such eagerness and wildness, that she looked like a woman possessed.

Dorothea, and all present, were infinitely concerned at these symptoms, the meaning of which they could not understand; Meanwhile, the cavalier was
was so busied in holding her fast by the
shoulders, that he could not attend to
his task, which also fell to the ground;
and Dorothea lifting up her eyes to-
wards him, as he held the lady in his
arms, perceived that this cavalier was
no other than her own husband, Don
Fernando. No sooner did she recognize
his features, than fetching a long and
melancholy sigh from the very bottom
of her soul, she fell backward in a
f swoon; and if the barber had not been
at hand to support her, would have cer-
tainly come to the ground. The curate
ran instantly to take off her veil, that
he might sprinkle water on her face,
which was immediately known by Don
Fernando, who held the other lady in
his arms, and was thunderstruck at the
fight: he would not, however, quit
Lucinda, who struggled to get loose;
and Cardenio having by this time
recognized each other by their mutual
exclamations. He had also overheard
the groan uttered by Dorothea when
she fainted; and believing that it pro-
ceeded from Lucinda, rushed out of his
apartment in a fright, when the first ob-
ject he beheld was Don Fernando claspi-
ing her in his arms. This nobleman
knew him immediately; and all three
(namely, Lucinda, Cardenio, and Doro-
thea) were struck dumb with astonish-
ment, and seemed insensible of what
had happened, gazing in silence at one
another.

Dorothea directed her eager view to
Don Fernando, who tarred at Cardenio,
whose eyes were fixed upon Lucinda,
who looked withal fully at him; but the
first that broke silence, was this last,
who addressed herself in these words to
Don Fernando: 'Suffer me, Signior,
in regard to your own character, since
you are deaf to every other considera-
tion, to cleave to that wall of which
I am the ivy, to avail myself of that
prop from which you could not dis-
engage me, with all your importuni-
ties, promises, and threats. Behold
how Heaven, by unusual and myste-
rious means, hath brought me to my
true and lawful husband; and since
you know, by dear-bought, experi-
ence, that nothing but death can ex-
pel his image from my breast, let this
plain demonstration, since all other
attempts are vain, convert your love
into rage, your friendship into hate,
and instantly deprive me of life, which
I shall yield with pleasure in the pre-
ference of my legal lord, who will then
perhaps be convinced of the fidelity
I preferred to the last moment of my
existence.'

In the meantime, Dorothea being re-
covered from her swoon, had listened to
Lucinda's declaration, by which she
discovered her situation and name; but
perceiving that Don Fernando neither
quieted his hold, nor answered one word
to her solicitation, she exerted her whole
strength in falling down on her knees
before him, and having shed a large
quantity of tears from her beautiful
eyes, accosted him in these words: 'My
dear lord! if your eyes were not
dazzled and obscured by the rays of
that fun which you held eclipsed with-
in your arms, you would perceive that
she who thus kneels before you, is the
unhappy (if longas you are pleased she
should be) and forlorn Dorothea—
I am that humble country maiden
whom your generosity or passion
vouchsafed to raise to the honour of
calling you her own. I am the who,
confined within the bounds of mo-
delty, lived a contented life, until
moved by your importunities, and
feemingly upright addresses; she open-
ed the gates of her reserve, and sur-
rendered to you the keys of her free-
dom. An offering but ill requited,
as plainly appears by that hard fate,
in consequence of which I am found
in this place, and also find you in
your present situation. Nevertheless,
I would not have you imagine that I
came hither, induced by any dishon-
ourable motives; but that the sorrow
conceived at seeing myself forsaken
and forgotten by you, was the sole
cause of my retreat. You desired I
should be your own; and that desire
you accomplished so effectually, that
although your inclinations may be
changed, it is impossible you should
care to be mine. Consider, my lord,
that my unparalleled affections may
counterbalance the beauty and birth
of her for whom I am abandoned; you
cannot be the fair Lucinda's hus-
band, because you are already mine;
nor the become your wife, while the
appurtenances to Cardenio; and it will
be a much easier task, if you reflect
upon it impartially, to recall your love
for her who adores you, than to gain
the affection of one by whom you are
D. d

abhor-
abhorred. You solicited my unfaithful heart, you imported my integrity, you were not ignorant of my lowly station, and knew in what manner I yielded to your will; so that you have no subterfuge, nor the least room to say you was deceived.

If this be the case, as doublets it is, and you be a Christian as well as a gentleman, why do you, by such evasions, delay to make the end as happy as the beginning of my fortune? If you will not receive me as what I really am, your lawful wife, at least admit me into the number of your slaves; for, in whatever shape I belong to you, I shall account myself fortunate and blessed; do not, therefore, by renouncing me entirely, give scandal an opportunity of impeaching my honour. Make not my parents miserable in their old age; their faithful ser vices to your father merit a more kind return! if you think your blood will be debauched in mixing with mine, consider, that almost all the great families on earth have undergone the same intercourse, and that the woman's quality in no manner affects illustrious descents: besides, true nobility consists in virtue; and in that shall I have the advantage over you, if you deny and oppose the justice of my claim. In fine, the last argument I shall use is this, whether you are pleased or displeased with your destiny, I am your lawful wife: witness your own words, which neither are nor ought to be false; if you value yourself on that for which you undervalue me: witness your handwriting, and Heaven above, to the testimony of which you appealed for the performance of your promise; and if all these should fail, your conscience will never cease whispering to you, amidst your pleasures, in vindication of this truth, which will disturb your most exalted enjoyments.

This supplication, enforced with other arguments, was pronounced so feelingly by the afflicted and weeping Dorothea, that tears of sympathy were shed by all present, the companions of Don Fernando not excepted; he himself listened without an uttering one word, until she had made an end of her address, and began to utter such woeful sighs and groans, as were almost sufficient to melt an heart of brahs. Lucinda flood crying upon her with equal compassion for her sorrow, and admiration of her beauty and good sense; nay, she would have gone and offered her all the consolation in her power, had she not still been kept fast locked in the arms of Don Fernando; who, full of confusion and surprize, after having for a good while fixed his eyes upon Dorothea, with great attention, opened his arms, and leaving Lucinda at liberty, said, 'You have conquered, beautiful Dorothea: the victory is yours; for so many truths conjoint are surely irresistible.'

Lucinda was so faint and weak, that when Don Fernando quitted her, she would have fallen to the ground, had it not been for Cardenio, who had placed himself behind her rafter, that he might not be known; but now, laying aside all fear, and resolving to adventure every thing, he sprang to the assistance of Lucinda, and catching her in his arms, 'If,' said he, 'it be the will and pleasure of pitying Heaven, that you should find repose, my faithful, constant, and charming Lucinda! I think you can enjoy it no where so securely, as in these arms, which now receive, and formerly encircled you, when fortune was pleased that I should call you mine.'

At these words, she gazed upon him with great eagerness; she had before begun to recognize his voice, and now, recollecting his features, like a person deprived of judgment, who disregards all decency and form, she threw her arms about his neck, and joining her lips to his, 'Yes, my dear Cardenio,' said she, 'you are the real lord of this your slave, in spite of adverse fate, and all those threats, though greater than they are, that persecute my life, which now depends on yours alone.'

An unexpected sight was this to Don Fernando, and all the bye-flanders, who were not a little surprized at what they saw. While Dorothea observing her husband change colour, and signify an inclination of being revenged upon Cardenio, by laying his hand upon his sword, ran, with incredible agility, and clasp
clapping his knees, which she killed, held him so firmly embraced, that he could not move, saying, while the tears trickled from her eyes, "What means my only refuge to do on this unex- pected occasion? Your own wife is now kneeling before you, and she whom you desire to wed is in the arms of her lawful husband; consider whe- ther it be just or possible for you to undo that which Heaven hath done; why should you seek to unite yourself with one, who disdaining all oppo- sition and inconvenience, and con- firmed in her own constancy and truth, even before your eyes, sets fall from her’s a shower of tenderness into the bosom of her lawful spouse? For the sake of God and of yourself, I entreat and beseech you, that this remark- able recognition may not only fail to increase your indignation, but even diminish it in such a manner, that these two lovers may, without any impediment from you, enjoy each other as long as Heaven will permit them to live. In this self-denial you will manifest the generosity of your noble and illustrious soul, and con- vince the world, that you are govern- ed more by reason than by appetite.'

While Dorothea pronounced these words, Cardenio, though he held Lu- cinda in his arms, kept his eyes still fixed upon Don Fernando, with full re- solution, if he attempted any thing to his prejudice, to defend himself as well as he could, against his adversary and all his adherents, although it should cost him his life; but this young no- bleman’s friends, together with the curate and barber, not forgetting honest Sancho Panza, who were present at the whole affair, interposed, and making a circle about him, begged earnestly that he would be pleased to consider the tears of Dorothea; and if what she alleged was true, as they firmly believed it was, no longer suffer her to be defrauded of her just and reasonable hope. They desired him to observe, that in all ap- pearance it was not by accident, but the immediate direction of Providence, that they had all met together so unex- pectedly in this place; and the curate intreated him to reflect, that death alone could divide Lucinda from Cardenio; that though they might be parted by the edge of the sword, they would look upon death as the greatest blessing that could befall them, and that, in a case of this kind, which admitted of no other remedy, it would be his wife’s con- fere to constrain and conquer his own passion, and demonstrate the generos- ity of his heart, by permitting, of his own free-will, these two lovers to enjoy that state of happiness which Heaven had or- dained for their lot; that he should con- template Dorothea’s beauty, which, far from being excelled, was equalled in few or none; and to her beauty, add the consideration of her humility and excessive love; above all, take notice, that if he valued himself upon being a gentleman and a Christian, he could do no less than perform the promise he had given, and in so doing, act in conform- ity to the will of God, and satisfy the different part of mankind, who are very sensible that it is the prerogative of beauty, even in a low estate, when accompanied with virtue, to be lifted up to the highest rank, without any dis- paragement to the person who thus raises it to an equality with himself; and since the irresistible force of inclination must prevail, provided there be nothing cri- minal in the means, he is not to be blamed who acts according to its dic- tates. To these arguments were added so many of the same sort, that the valiant heart of Don Fernando, nourished by illustrious blood, relented, and he was overcome by the force of that truth, which, however inclined, he could not deny. The signal of his surrender, and yielding to this reasonable and just pro- posal, was his stooping down and em- bracing Dorothea; to whom he said, "Rife, Madam; it is not just that the who reigns in my soul, should lie profstrate at my feet. If hitherto I have given small proof of what I now profess, perhaps my omission hath been owing to the appointment of Heaven, that by giving you an oppor- tunity of manifesting the sincerity of your love, I might know how to ei- teem you according to your deserts. I beg, therefore, you will not upbraid me with my miscon duct and unkind neglect; since the same force and oc- casion that attached me to you, was the cause of my endeavour to disen- gage myself. That you may be con- vinced of the truth, behold and con- template the eyes of the now con- tented Lucinda, in which you will find
an excuse for all my errors; and, since
the hath found and attained her
heart's desire; and my utmost with is
fulfilled in thus retrieving you, may
the live in peace and quiet, for many
happy years, with her Cardenio, and
may Heaven grant the same felicity
to me with Dorothea!'

So saying, he embraced her again,
pressing his lips to her's with such ten-
dernefs, that it required his greatest ef-
forts to forbear giving, with his tears, in-
dubitale figns of his affection and remorse. But though endeavours did not suc-
ceed with Lucinda, Cardenio, and
every other perfon prefent, who began
to weep fo plentifully, either at their
own happiness, or the satisfaction of
their friends, that one would have
thought some grievous misfortune had
happened to the whole company. Even Sancho blubbered, though he afterwards
owned, that his sorrow proceeded from
feeling that Dorothea was not, as he
imagined, the Queen of Micomicon,
from whom he expected fuch favours.

This universal admiration and thaw
having lafted fome time, Cardenio and
Lucinda fell upon their knees before
Don Fernando, whom they thanked for
his generosity in fuch polite terms, that
he scarce knew what anwer to make,
but railed and embraced them both with
demonftrations of uncommon courtey
and affection. Then aff Ring Dorothea
how she had come to that place, fo dif-
tant from her own home, the with great
elegance and brevity repeated what she
had before recounted to Cardenio; and
her husband and his company were jo
pleased with her narration, that they
wished it could have been put out to
a much greater length; fo gracefully did
the relate her own misfortunes.

Her task being finifhed, Don Fern-
ando informed them of what had hap-
pened to him in the city, after he
found, in Lucinda's bafom, the paper in
which she declared herfeif Cardenio's
wife. Seeing that she could not poifibly
be his, he faid, he was determined to
put her to death, and would actuallly
have executed his purpose, had not her
parents interpoled. He then quitted the
house, full of shame and repentment,
refolving to revenge himfelf with the
first opportunity; and next day under-
flod that she was gone off, without any
body's knowing whither she had directed
her flight. At length, however, in a
few months, he got notice that she was
in a certain monaftery, where he in-
tended to fpend her whole life, if the
could not enjoy it in the company of
Cardenio. He no sooner received this intimation, than chufing these three
gentlemen for his companions, he went
ftraight to the place of her residence;
but without speaking to her, or making
himself known, left the monaftery
should be more ftrictly guarded on his
account. He waited, therefore, until
one day he found the porter's lodge
open; when leaving two of his friends
to secure the door, he entered the mo-
naftery with the other, in queft of Lu-
cinda, whom he found in the cloifters,
talking with a nun; and snatching her
off, without giving her a moment's
time for recollection, carried her in-
stantly to a place where they provided
themselves with necefiaries for their jour-
ney. This exploit they were enabled to
perform with safety, because the mo-
naftery flood in the middle of a field,
at a good distance from any village or
town. He faid, Lucinda no sooner
perceived herfelf in his power, than she
fainted away; and when she recovered
the use of her fenfes, did nothing but
weep and wight, without speaking one
word; fo that, accompanied with fi-
ence and tears, they had arrived at that
inn, which he looked upon as the heav-
enny goal where all earthly misfortunes
are happily terminated.

C H A P. X.

A CONTINUATION OF THE HISTO-
RY OF THE RENOWNED PR IN-
CESS MICOMICONA, WITH OTHER
PLEASANT ADVENTURES.

SANCHO heard every thing that
pafted with no small anxiety of
mind, feeing the hopes of his prefer-
ment vanifh into fmoke, the beautiful
Princesf Micomicona transformed into
Dorothea, the giant into Don Fernando,
and his matter in a sound fleep, little
dreaming of what had happened. Do-
rothea could not perulfue herfelf, that
all her good fortune was not a dream;
Cardenio entertained the fame opinion,
which was also embraced by Lucinda;
while Don Fernando gave thanks to
Heaven for it's favour, in extirpating
him from that labyrinth of perplexity,
in which he was at the point of losing his reputation and soul. In fine, every person present was well satisfied, and rejoiced at the happiness of such intricate and desperate affairs. The curate represented every thing in the right point of view, with great dexterity, and congratulated the parties concerned on the felicity they had acquired; but the whole joy was most vociferous was the landlady, who loudly exulted in the promise of Cardenio and the curate, who had undertaken to pay her with interest, for the damage she had sustained on Don Quixote's account. Sancho alone, as we have already observed, was afflicted, unfortunate, and sad, and going to his matter who was just awake, said, with a lamentable tone, 'Sir, 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance, 'your worship may now sleep as long as you please, without giving yourself 'the trouble of slaying the giant, or 'restoring the princess to her throne; 'that whole affair is already brought to 'a conclusion.'

'I really believe what you say,' answered the knight, 'for I have been 'engaged with the giant, in the most 'obscene and outrageous combat that 'I believe I shall ever fight in all the 'days of my life; with one back-stroke, flam went his head to the 'ground, and discharged such a quan- 'tity of blood, that it ran like rills of 'water along the field.'—' Or rather 'like red wine, your worship should 'say,' replied the squire; 'for I must 'inform you, if you do not already 'know it, that the dead giant is no 'other than a wine bag, and the blood, 'eighteen gallons of good red wine, 'which was contained in it's belly: 'the head you cut off is the whore my 'mother, and the whole affair is gone 'to the devil.'—' What does the lu- 'natick mean?' said Don Quixote; 'are 'you in your right senses, Sancho?'—' Rife, Sir,' resumed the squire, 'and 'see what a fine piece of work you have 'made, and what a score you have 'run. You shall behold the queen 'converted into a private lady, called 'Dorothea, with many other strange 'events, at which, if you take them 'right, you will be hugely astonished.'—' I shall not wonder at any thing of 'that kind,' replied his master; 'for 'you may all remember, the last time 'we were in this house, I told thee that 'every incident which happened was 'conducted and brought about by in- 'chantment, so that we need not be sur- 'prised if the same power should pre- 'vail at present.'—' I should be of 'your worship's opinion,' answered Sancho, 'if my blanket had been 'of the same flamp; but that was not 'the case, for it was really and truly a 'fubstantial toffing. This very in- 'keeper whom we saw to-day; held a 'corner of the blanket, and canted me 'into the air with great strength and 'nimbleness, paffing a thousand wag- 'gish jokes, and laughing at me all the 'while; from whence I concluded, 'simple and finer as I am, that as I 'knew their persons, there was no in- 'chantment in the case, but abundance 'of bruising and had fortune.'— 'Well, heaven will make the amends,' said the knight; 'meanwhile reach me 'my clothes; for I want to go forth and 'examine those events and transfor- 'mations which thou hast mentioned.'

While Sancho was helping him to dress, the curate gave Don Fernando and his company an account of Don Quixote's madness, and the artifices they had used to disengage him from the poor rock to which he imagined himself exiled by the disdain of his mistress. He also recounted all those adventures that Sancho had imparted to him, at which they were not a little surprized, and laughed immoderately; agreeing in opinion with every body who knew the knight, that it was the strangest extrava- 'gance that ever entered a disturbed imagination. The priest moreover ob- 'served, that since the good fortune of Dorothea obstructed the progress of their design, there was a necessity for invent- 'ing another plan that should bring him home to his own house. Cardenio pro- 'posed that they should prosecute the scheme they had already begun; and Lucinda would act and represent the part of Dorothea. 'No,' said Don Fernando, 'that must not be; Doro- 'thea shall still proceed with her own 'invention; for, as it cannot be far 'from hence to the habitation of that 'honest gentleman, I shall be glad to 'contribute towards his cure.' And 'when he understood that they would ar- 'rive in two days at his house; 'Were 'it farther off,' said he, 'I should go 'with
with pleasure to affist in such a laudable design.'

At that instant Don Quixote came forth, armed at all points, with Mambrito's helmet, battered as it was, upon his head, his shield braced upon his arm, and his pole or lance in his hand. Don Fernando and his companions were amazed at this strange apparition, when they beheld such a rufelable length of face, so withered and tawney, together with his ill-fortun'd armour, and the solemnity of his gait. They gazed upon him in silent expectation of what he would say; while he, with infinite gravity of aspect, fixing his eyes upon Dorothea, accosted her in these words: 'Fair lady, I am informed by this my squire, that your greatness is annihilated, and your quality undone, by being chang'd from your former rank of queen and sovereign princess, into the condition of a private damsel. If this hath been done by the necromancy of the king your father, who is perhaps afraid that I should not be able to give you the assistance required, I say he neither knows, nor ever did know, the half of that art which he professeth, and that he is but little conversant in the history of chivalry; for had he read and perused it with such leisure and attention as I have bestowed upon that subject, he would have found, that on every occasion, knights of much less reputation than I possess, have achieved much more difficult enterprizes than this, the being a matter of small moment to kill a pitiful giant, let him be as arrogant as he will; for not many hours ago, I saw myself engaged with one—but I chuse to be silent rather than have my veracity called in question, though time, that unmarks all things, will show when we least expect it—'

'You were engaged with winebag, and not with a giant!' cried the innkeeper; who was silenced by Don Fernando, and forbid to interrupt the knight's discourse in any shape whatever. So that Don Quixote proceeded, saying, 'In fine, if the father of your disinterested highnesses hath performed this metamorphosis on your person, for the causes I have mentioned, I hope you will give no credit to such considerations; for there is no danger upon earth through which my sword will not open a way, and by laying the head of your adversary in the dust in a few days, invest yours with that crown to which you have an undoubted right.'

Here Don Quixote left off speaking, in expectation of a reply from the princes, who knowing it was Don Fernando's pleasure that she should continue the deceit, until the knight could be brought back to his own house, answered with equal gravity and grace, 'Whoever hath told you, most valiant Knight of the Ruseful Countenance, that I am changed and transformed from what I was, has not adhered to the truth in his information: indeed I am somewhat changed by certain fortunate events which have happened even beyond my own expectation; but, nevertheless, I have not ceased to be what I was, nor altered that resolution which I have always maintained, of taking the advantage of your valiant and invincible arm. Wherefore, dear Sir, be so good as to do justice to the honour of the father who begat me, and look upon him as a man of sagacity and foresight; since, by the science he possessed, he found such an easy and effectual path to the cure of my misfortune; for I firmly believe, that were not for you, I should not now be so happy as I am, as the greatest part of these gentlemen can truly witness. Nothing then remains, but that we set out to-morrow, because we could not propose to travel far to-day; and as for the success on which my hopes are built, I leave it entirely to God, and the worth of your heroic breast.'

Don Quixote, hearing these words, turned to Sancho in the most violent indignation, saying, 'I protest, sirrah! you are the most malicious little flanderer in Spain. Say, you rascal—you vagabond!—did not you tell me just now, that the princes would transform'd into a private gentlewoman called Dorothea; and that the head, which I know I cut from the giant's shoulders, was the whore your mother; with many more foolish particulars, which threw me into the greatest confusion that I ever felt since I was born? By Heaven!' (here he turned up his eyes and bit his lips) 'I have a strong inclination.
incline to commit such slaughter upon thee, as will be an instructive warning* to all the lying sinners who shall henceforth attend knights' servitude, in the course of their adventures.'

* Pray be pacified, good your worship,' cried Sancho: I may possibly be deceived in what concerns the change of my Lady Princess Micacona; but as to the giant's head being a wine-bag, and the blood no other than good red wine, I am not mistaken, as I shall answer to God; for the skins that were flashed are still to be seen by your worship's bedside, and the whole room is flooded with the wine. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it; you will be convinced when Mr. What'd ye call him our landlord here makes out a bill of the damage he has suffered. As to the rest, I am rejoiced from my soul, to find that the queen's majesty is the same as usual, because it concerns me, as well as any other neighbour's child.'—I tell thee, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that thou art disaffected; forgive me, that is enough.'—Enough in all conscience,' said Don Fernando; there is nothing more to be said on this subject. I think the princes judges very prudently in deferring her journey till tomorrow, because the day is already far advanced; let us therefore spend this night in a agreeable conversation, and at the approach of day, we will in a body attend the gallant Don Quixote, that we may witnesse of the unheard-of exploits which he will doubtless perform in the course of this vast enterprise he hath undertaken.'—It is my duty and resolution to serve and attend you,' answered the knight; and I have the most grateful sense of your favour and good opinion, which I shall endeavour to justify, though it should cost me my life, or even more— if more I can pay.'

Many compliments and proffers of service passed between Don Fernando and Don Quixote; but they were interrupted by the arrival of a traveller, who, by his garb, seemed to be a Christian slave lately escaped from Barbary; for he was clad in a coat of blue cloth, wanting a collar, with short skirts and half-sleeves; his breeches and cap were of the same stuff; and he wore date-coloured buikins, with a Moorish semy-miter flung in a shoulder-belt across his breast. He was followed by a woman dressed in the Moorish habit, mounted upon an ass, with a veil over her face, a brocaded bonnet on her head, and a mantle that flowed from her shoulders to her heels. The man was robust, and well-proportioned, seemingly turned of forty, with a brownish complexion, large whiskers, and a well-furnished beard; in short, his mean was so genteel, that if he had been properly dressed, they would have taken him for a man of birth and quality.

Soon as he entered the gate, he called for a private apartment, and seemed very much concerned, when he understood that all the rooms of the inn were engaged; however, he went to the lady in Moorish dress, and lifted her off in his arms. Upon which Lucinda, Dorotha, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, flocked around her; their curiosity being excited by the novelty of the garb, which none of them had ever seen before; and Dorotha, who was always good-humoured, mannerly, and discreet, concluding that both she and her conductor were chagrined at their want of a chamber, spake to her thus: Be not uneasy, Madam, at your want of accommodation here; it is the inconvenience of almost all inns; but if you will be pleased to partake with us, (pointing to Lucinda) perhaps you will find that in the course of your journey you have been faint to put up with harder fare. The ve led lady made no answer; but only rising from her seat, signified her thanks by crossing her hands upon her bosom, bending her body, and bowing her head; so that from her silence they conjectured that she must be a native Moor, and that she could not speak any Christian language.

Her attendant, who had hitherto been

* In the original, As will put salt in the skull.'
† Literally, You shall see when the eggs are fried.' A phrase alluding to the story of a thief, who having rote a frying-pan, and being asked by the owner what he carried under his cloak, replied, You will see when the eggs are fried.' Metaphorically, Time will discover.'
employed in something else, perceiving that the company had made a circle about his companion, who could make no replies to their interrogations, said to them, 'Ladies, this young woman understands little or no Spanish, and speaks no language but that of her own country; so that she is incapable of answering any questions you may have asked.'—'We have asked no questions,' said Lucinda, 'but only made her an offer of our company for this night, with a share of our lodging, and what accommodation is to be had: and this we tender with that hearty good-will which obliges us to serve all strangers, especially those of our own sex who stand in need of our assistance.'—'Dear Madame,' replied the conductor, 'in her name, and in my own, I return you a thousand thanks, and highly esteem your proffered favour, which on this occasion, and from such persons as your appearance proclaims you to be, must certainly be very kind and conciliating.'—'Signior,' said Dorothea, 'is this lady Christian or Moor? By her silence and her dress, we are induced to believe she is not what we could wish her to be.'—'In her body and dress,' replied the stranger, 'she is a Moor, but altogether a Christian in her soul; for she longs ardently to be a professed convert to our faith.'—'Then she is not baptized,' refused Lucinda. 'She has had no opportunity,' said the captive, 'since the quitting Algiers, which is her native country; and hitherto hath never been in such imminent danger of her life, as to make it necessary before she is instructed in all the ceremonies enjoined by our holy mother church; but, if it please Heaven, she shall be baptized very soon, with decency suitable to the quality of her person, which is greater than either her dress or mine seems to declare.'

This intimation raised the curiosity of all the spectators, to know who this Moor and captive were; but nobody chose to ask the question at that time, which seemed more proper for replying themselves than relating the history of their lives. Dorothea taking her by the hand, seated the stranger close by her side, and entreated her to take off the veil; she looked at her conductor, as if she wanted to know what the lady desired, and he told her in Arabic, that they entreated her to be uncovered; at the same time, advising her to comply with their request. She accordingly unveiled herself, and discovered a face so amiable, that Dorothea thought her handsomer than Lucinda, who, in her turn, gave her the preference to Dorothea; and all present concluded, that if any creature upon earth could vie with them in beauty, it was this Moorish lady, who, in the opinion of some of the company, excelled them both in certain particulars. As beauty, therefore, has the privilege and energy to conciliate minds and attract affections, every body present was seized with an inclination to serve and cherish the charming Moor. Don Fernando asked her name of the captive, who answered, 'Lela Zorayda.' This the no sooner heard, than understanding the question which had been put to the Christian, she pronounced with great eagerness and sweetness of concern, 'No, no Zorayda; Maria, Maria!' signifying that her name was Maria, and not Zorayda: these words, with the affecting manner in which they were expressed, brought tears from the eyes of some of the hearers, especially the women, who are naturally tender and compassionate. Lucinda embraced her affectionately, saying, 'Yes, yes, Maria, Maria.' And to this the Moor replied, 'Yes, yes, Maria; Zorayda, macange,' which, in the Arabic, signifies 'No.'

Meanwhile it grew late, and the inn-keeper, by order of Don Fernando's attendants, prepared with great dilgence and care, as good a repast as he could possibly provide; so that when supper-time arrived, they sat down all together at a long hall-table, for there was neither a round nor square one in the house. They forced the head and principal seat, in spite of all his excuses, on Don Quixote, who defied that the Princes of Micomicona might sit by the side of her protector; next to her, Lucinda and Zorayda placed themselves, being fronted by Fernando and Cardenio, at whose left-hand sat the captive and the other gentlemen, while the curate and the barber took their station close to the ladies. In this manner they dined with vast satisfaction, which was still
Verily, gentlemen, if it he duly considered, great and unexpected events are seen by those who profess the order of knight-errantry. What inhabitant of this earth, if he should now enter the gates of this caftle, and behold us seated in this manner, could conceive or credit that we are what we are? Who could imagine, that this lady on my right-hand is the great queen whom we all know her to be; and that I am the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, fo celebrated by the voice of fame? Now there is no manner of doubt, that this exercise and art exceeds all others hitherto invented by man, and that it ought to be more esteemed, because it is more exposed to danger. Away with those who give letters the preference over arms! I affirm, that such people, whoever they are, know not what they say; for the sole reason to which they adhere, in this decision, is, that the labour of the body is exceeded by that of the mind; and that the profession of arms is altogether as corporeal as the exercise and office of a common day-labourer, that requires nothing more than bodily strength; as if that which is called fellowship by us who profess it, did not include acts of valour which none but perfons of uncommon genius could execute; or, as if the toil of a warrior who has the charge of an army, or commands in a town that is besieged, doth not affect the mind as well as the body. Is it to be supposed, that by mere corporeal strength he can penetrate and discover the intention of the enemy? To anticipate designs, baffle stratagems, surmount difficulties, and prevent the mischief that is to be dreaded, are all efforts of the understanding, in which the body hath no share; if the profession of arms, therefore, requires genius, as well as that of letters, let us fee which of the two requires most mental toil: and this question may be determined by considering the end and aim of each; for that occupation deservers the highest esteem, which hath the noblest purpose in view, the end and scope of letters. I speak not here of that divine learning, whose aim is to raise and conduct the soul to Heaven; to an end so infinite, no intention whatever can be compared. I speak of human learning, the ultimate end of which is to regulate distributive justice, render to every one his due, and to understand and to protect the equitable laws: an aim certainly generous and highly commendable! yet not so deserving of the most sublime praise as the profession of arms, the object and the end of which is peace, the greatest good that mortals can enjoy; for the first blessed news which this world and mankind heard, were those pronounced by the angels, on that night which was our day, when they sang in the air, 'Glory be to God on high; and on earth, peace and good will towards men!' and the salutation, which the best Master, either in heaven or upon earth, taught his adherents and favourites; which was to say when they entered any house, 'Peace be to this house!' Nay, he himself at different times, said, 'My peace I give unto you!' 'My peace I leave with you! Peace be among you!' A jewel and legacy well worthy of him who left it! a jewel, without which there can be no felicity, either on earth or in heaven! This peace is the genuine aim of war; for arms and war are the fame; and this being taken for granted, the end of war is nobler than that of learning; wherefore let us next consider the bodily toil sustained by each, that we may see on which side the balance lies in that particular.

In this sensible manner did Don Quixote continue his discourse, from which nobody that heard him could distinguish that he was mad; on the contrary, his audience considering chiefly of gentlemen, to which title the profession of arms is annexed, they listened with great pleasure, while he proceeded thus. The hardships of a student, I say, are these: first of all, poverty, (not that all students are poor, but that we may suppose the worst that can happen) and when I have named his indigence, the whole of his misfortune is mentioned; for he that is poor can enjoy nothing that is good, but must endure necessity in all its forms; some-
times hunger, sometimes cold, sometimes nakedness, and often all three together. Nevertheless, his necessity is not so great, but that he eats, though perhaps later than usual, or though he may feed upon the leavings of the rich, or which is the greatest misery to which a scholar can be reduced, go a-fopping*, as they term it; then they are always admitted to some charitable person's fire-side or chimney-corner, where, if they cannot warm themselves effectually, they may at least defy the cold; and at night they sleep under cover. I need not defend to minute particulars; such as want of linen, scarcity of shoes, filmy and thread-bare cloaths, nor the surfeits which they so eagerly incur, when their good fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. By this path, rough and difficult as I have already described it, after many tumblistings, slidings, rollings, and falling, they at last attain to the wished degree, which being gained, we have seen many who have passed with a favourable gale of fortune, through these quicksands and straits of Scylla and Charybdis; I say, we have seen many such command and distasteto the world, from a chair of state; their hunger being charged into satiety, their cold into refreshment, their rags into gay apparel, and the mats on which they lay, to the richest damask and finest holland: a recompense which their merit most justly enjoys! but their labours, when fairly flated and compared, are infinitely short of the warrior's, as I shall now clearly demon-

\* CHAP. XI.

THE SEQUEL OF DON QUIXOTE'S CURIOUS DISCOURSE, ON THE SUBJECTS OF LEARNING AND WAR.

The knight proceeded thus: 'Since we began with the student, representing his poverty in all it's cir-
cumstances, let us see if the soldier be more wealthy; and we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer; for he is relieved to his miserable pay, which comes always late, if ever, or to what he can plunder by force, with the imminent danger of his life and con-
science; and frequently his naked-
ness is such, that his flannel buff doublet serves him instead of coat, shirt, and all other parts of ap-
parel. In a winter campaign, while he remains in the open field, he has nothing to mitigate the severity of the cold, but his own breath, which, as it proceeds from an empty place, must, I believe, be cold, contrary to all the rules of nature: but stay till the approach of night, when it is to be hoped his bed will make amends for all these inconveniences; and this, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness, for he may measure as many feet of ground as he thinks sufficient, and there tumble about at pleasure, without any danger of decomposing the sheet. Then, instead of the day and hour of receiving the degrees of his art, comes the day of battle, in which his head is adorned with the doctoral tofsle, made in form of a pledgit, to stuff the wound made by some ball, which perhaps hath gone through his temples, or left him maimed of a leg or arm; and even if this should not happen, but merciful Heaven guard and prefer him safe and sound, he continues as poor as ever; he must rise himself in several more encounters and battles, and be vic-
torious in each, before his circum-
stances he bettered; but these mira-
cles rarely happen. Tell me, gen-
tlemen, have you confidered what a small proportion those who make their fortunes by war bear to those who pe-
rish in the field? Doubtles, you must answer that there is no sort of com-
pafion; that the plain are scarce to be numbered, while the living who are recompenfed for their services, may be comprehended within three fi-
gures of arithmetick *. The case of

* Alluding to the charity given at the gates of monasteries.
+ i.e. Do not amount to 1000, which is a number expressed by four figures.
the learned is quite the reverse;° for,
one way or another, they are all pro-
vided: so that, though the toil of a
soldier is greater, his reward is much
less. To this observation, it may
be replied, that it is far more easy to
reward two thousand scholars than
thirty thousand soldiers; for the first
are compensated with offices, which
must of course be bestowed on people
of their profession; whereas, the
others can enjoy no reward, except a
share of the property belonging to
their master whom they serve; even
this impossibility strengthens my affe-
veration.

But waving that consideration,
which would lead us into a most in-
tricate labyrinth, let us return to the
pre-eminence which arms have over
learning; a point hitherto undecided,
of such force are the reasons alluded
on both sides of the question; one of
which, in favour of the first, is, that
without letters, the profession of arms
could not be supported, because there
are laws to which war itself is sub-
ject; and all laws fall within the
province of letters and learned men.

To this observation, the partizans
of the other opinion reply, that no
laws could be maintained without
arms, which preserve the constitution,
defend kingdoms, guard cities, scour
the highways, and clear the seas of
piratical coffins. In short, that with-
out arms, all republicks, kingdoms,
monarchies, cities, journeys by land,
and voyages by sea, would be exposed
to the horror and confusion that at-
tend unbridled war, while it con-
tinues in all it's licentious privilege
and force. It is a general and esta-
blished maxim, that every thing ought
to be esteemed in proportion to what
it costs. Now, to become eminent in
letters, costs the student much time,
watching, hunger, nakedness, ver-
tigoes, indigestion, and their con-
sequences, which are in part men-
tioned above: but, to acquire in a
regular manner the character of a good
soldier, a man must undergo all these
inconveniences in an incomparably
greater degree; because he is every
moment in danger of losing his life.
What fear of indigence and poverty
can seize and harass the student's ap-
prehension, equal to that which must
poise the soldier besieged in a for-
tress, who being placed centinel or
guard in some ravine or cavalier;+
perceives the enemy at work under-
mining the very spot whereon he
stands, without daring to stir from
his post, or avoid the danger by which
he is so imminently threatened? All
he can do, is to give notice of what
passils to his captain, who must en-
deavour to baffle the foe by some coun-
termine, while he remains upon the
place in terror and expectation of
being suddenly whirled aloft into
the clouds without wings, and of
falling thence headlong into the pro-
found abyss: if this danger seems
inconsiderable, let us fee whether it
be equalled or exceeded in the grap-
pling of two gallies, by their props,
in the midst of the extended ocean;
when they are locked and fastened
into each other, and the soldiers hath
not an inch more than two feet of
the deck to stand upon, while he
sees himself threatened and oppoed
by as many ministers of death as
there are cannon in the enemy's ves-
fel, and these within a spear's length
of his body; and is sensible, that if
his feet should chance to slip, he
would instantly visit the profound
bosom of the sea; yet, nevertheless,
with an intrepid heart, incited and
transported by honour, he bears the
brunt of their whole artillery, and
endavours by that narrow passage
to board the adverse vessel: and,
what is very much to be admired, is,
that as soon as one falls, never to
rise again till the general refurrextion,
another occupies his place; and
should he also drop into the sea,

* The literal translation is, 'For, from the skirts—for I would not mention
the sleeves.' The Spaniards, instead of the English phrase, 'By Hook or by Crook,' use this of 'From the sleeves, or the skirts.' derived from the practice of tailors, who are sup-
posed to cabbage from those parts of the habit in which there is the greatest quantity of
cloth; but the knight's exception of sleeves, on this occasion, seems to have pro-
cceeded from a supposition that poor scholars are generally provided for in the church, and
consequently wear cassocks, which defend to the heels.

† Cavalier is an artificial mount raised in a fortress for the convenience of scouring a
field, or opposing a commanding work of the enemy.
which, like an enemy, gapes to de
your him, another and another still
succeeds, without the smallest inter-
misssion: an instance of gallantry and
boldness the greatest to be found in
all the extremities of war. Happy
were the ages past, while strangers
to those infernal instruments of ar-
tillery, the author of which is, I
firmly believe, now in hell, enjoying
the reward of his diabolical inven-
tion, that puts it in the power of an
infamous coward to deprive the most
valiant cavalier of life; for, often in
the heat of that courage and resolu-
tion that fires and animates the gal-
lant breast, there comes a random
ball, how or from whence no man
can tell, shot off, perhaps, by one
that fled, and was afraid at the
flaft of his own accursed machine,
and, in an instant, puts an end to
the schemes and existence of a man
who desired to live for ages. This
very consideration makes me almost
own, that I am sorry for having
chosen this profession of a knight-
errant in this detestable age; for,
though no danger can daunt my re-
solution, it gives me some uneasiness
to think that powder and shot may
deprive me of the opportunity of
making myself famous and renown-
ed through the whole globe, for the
valour of my arm, and the keenness
of my sword: but, let the will of
Heaven be fulfilled! if I accomplish
my aim, I shall be more esteemed,
because I have faced more danger
than ever was incurred by the knights-
errant in ages past.

While the rest of the company were
employed in eating, this long harangue
was uttered by Don Quixote, who nev-
er thought of swallowing a morsel;
though Sancho frequently put him in
mind of eating his supper, observing,
that he would afterwards have time
enough to say what he pleased. The
hearsers were moved with fresh con-
cern, at seeing a man, who in every
other subject seemed to have a large
share of lenity and discernment, lose it
to irrecoverably, whenever the dis-
course turned upon the cursed mit-
chievous theme of chivalry. The cur-
rate observed, that there was a great
deal of reason in what he had advan-
ced in favour of arms; and that he
himself, though a graduate, consequently
a man of letters, was entirely of the
knights opinion.

Supper being ended, and the table
uncovered, while the landlady, her
daughter, and Maritornes, were busi-
ed in fitting up the garret of Don
Quixote de La Mancha, in which it
was determined the three ladies should
pass the night by themselves; Don Fer-
ando intreated the captive to recount
the story of his life, which he imagina-
mult be both uncommon and enter-
taining, from the specimen they had al-
ready seen, in his arriving thus equip-
ped, in company with the fair Zorayda.

To this request the stranger answered,
that he would willingly obey his com-
mand, though he was afraid the compa-
ny would not find the relation to their
liking; but, nevertheless, rather than
fail in point of obedience, he was ready
to make it. The curate and whole
company thanked him for his complai-
sance, and joined in the request; and
he seeing himself befought by so many,
said there was no occasion for entrea-
ties, where they might so effectually
command: 'Lend me your attention,
therefore, and you shall hear a true
story, perhaps unequalled by those
fictions which are usually adorned
with all the curious and profound
artifice of composition.'

At this preamble, all present adjut-
ed and composed themselves; and he
perceiving the general silence in which
they waited for the performance of his
promise, began in this manner, with
a grave and agreeable voice.

CHAP. XII.

IN WHICH THE CAPTIVE RECOUNTS
HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

In a certain place among the moun-
tains of Leon, my family had
it's origin; more beholden to the li-
berality of nature than to the smiles
of fortune: though, amidst the nar-
rowness of circumstances, which pre-
vails in that country, my father had
the reputation of being rich, and
really was so, had he polished the
art of preferring, as he practised the
means of spending his estate. This
liberal and profuse disposition was
owing to his having been a soldier
in his youth; the army being a school
in
The miser becomes generous, and the benevolent man grows prodigal; for a covetous soldier is a monster which is rarely seen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered upon those of prodigality; a disposition of very little service to a married man who has children to succeed him in rank as well as name: and he had no less than three; all of them sons, already at an age to chuse for themselves. The old gentleman finding it impossible, as he said, to refit the bent of his inclination, was resolved to deprive himself of the means that induced and enabled him to spend lavishly, by giving up his estate; as without money Alexander himself must have seemed frugal.

One day, therefore, calling us all three together into his chamber, he delivered himself in these or the like words: "Sons, to say I love you, is no more than to say and know you are my own children; though it would seem that I do not love you, by my squandering away the fortune which is your due. But that you may be henceforth convinced that I love you like a true parent, rather than seek your destruction like a rep-father, I am resolved to execute a plan which I have formed a good while ago, and digested with the most mature deliberation. You are now of an age to chuse settlements for yourselves, or at least to pitch upon employments which, in your riper years, may conduct to your honour and advantage. My intention is to divide my estate into four equal parts, three of which you shall receive among you, in equal shares, without the least difference or division; and the fourth I will reserve for my own sustenance and support, while Heaven will be pleased to protract the days of my life. But after you have received your portions, I should be glad to find you inclined to follow the paths which I shall propose. We have a saying in Spain, which I believe is very true, as indeed all proverbs are, because they are short sentences dictated by long and sage experience; that which I mean, contains no more than these words: 'The church, the court, or the sea.'"

As if it more fully expressed the following advice: "I had that would make his fortune, ought either to dedicate his time to the church, go to sea as a merchant, or attach himself to the court," for it is commonly observed that, "The king's crumb is worth the baron's batch." This I mention, because I wish and desire that one of you would follow letters, another merchandise, and a third serve his sovereign in the field, since it is difficult to obtain an office at court: and although much wealth cannot be expected, there is a great deal of valour and reputation to be acquired in war. In eight days I will give each of you his share, in ready-money, without defrauding you of one farthing, as you will see by my distribution. Tell me, therefore, if you are willing to follow my advice in what I have proposed?"

Said my father, addressing himself to me as the eldest. After having diffused him from putting with his estate, and desired him to spend as much of it as he pleased, observing, that we were young men, and capable of making our own fortunes, I concluded with saying, I would obey his will, and for my own part, chuse to serve God and my king, in adhering to the exercise of arms. My second brother made the same offer, proposing to set sail for the Indies, and employ his stock of ready-money in traffic. The youngest, and I believe the wildest, said he would qualify himself for the church, by going and finishing his studies at Salamanca. We having thus agreed in the choice of our different employments, our father embraced us all affectionately, and within the time he had proposed, performed his promise of giving us our portions, which to the belt of my remembrance amounted to three thousand ducats each; for an uncle of ours paid ready-money for the whole estate, that it might not be alienated from the family. In one day, all three took leave of our worthy father; when I thinking it a piece of humanity to leave him for a while in his old age, prevailed upon him to accept two thousand of the three I had received, as the remainder was sufficient to accommodate me with all the necessaries of a soldier. Each of my brothers,
brothers, induced by my example, gave him back one-third of their shares; so that he remained possessed of four thousandducats in cash, and the value of three thousand more in land, which he did not choose to sell. At length, I say, we took leave of him, and that uncle whom I have mentioned, not without great concern and many tears on all sides; they charging us to seize every opportunity of making them acquainted with our adventures, either in prosperity or adversity. Having given this promise, and received their embraces and blessing, one took the road to Salamanca, another went to Seville, and I set out for Alicante, where I understood, there was a chip taking in a lading of wool for Genoa. Two and twenty years are now elapsed since I left my father's house; and during all that time, though I have written several letters, I never received the least information concerning him or my brothers. What hath happened to myself within that period, I will now briefly relate. 

Embodying at Alicante, I had a favourable passage to Genoa, from whence I went to Milan, where I provided myself with arms and some gay military furniture. Then I departed for Piedmont, with a resolution of inclining in the service; and being upon the road to Alexandria de la Paglia, was informed that the great duke of Alva was on his march into Flanders. Upon receiving this intelligence, I changed my design, attended him to the Low Countries, served in all his campaigns, and was present at the death of the counts Egmont and Horn. There I obtained an ensign's commission in the company of a famous captain of Guadalajara, whose name was Diego de Urbina; but after I had been some time in Flanders, the news arrived of the league between his Holiness Pope Pius the Fifth of happy memory, and the Spanish monarchy, against their common enemy the Turk, who about that time had, by means of his fleet, made a conquest of the famous island of Cyprus, which was under the dominion of the Venetians; a most lamentable and unfortunate loss. It was certainly known that the most serene Don John of Austria, natural brother to our good King Philip, was to be general of this league; and the vast preparations for this war were publicly reported. All their rumours raised and excited within me the desire and resolution of being present in a campaign of such expectation; and though I had strong hopes, and indeed certain promises, of being promoted to the rank of a captain as soon as a vacancy should happen, I chose to quit that prospect, and go, as I actually did, to Italy; and luckily for me, Don John of Austria was then at Genoa, just going to embark for Naples, in order to join the Venetian fleet, which he afterwards found at Messina. In short, I served in that most happy campaign, and was advanced to the rank of captain of foot, which honourable post I obtained more by good fortune than merit, and that day which was so fortunate for Christendom, on which the world was convinced of the error they had espoused in believing the Turks invincible by sea; on that day, I say, when the Ottoman pride and insolence were humbled and broke, among so many happy Christians there present, (and were those who fell were happier than the living victors!) I alone was unfortunate; for, instead of receiving a naval crown, which would have been my reward, had I lived in the Roman ages, on the night that succeeded that glorious day, I found myself a captive loaded with chains! And this was the cause of my misfortune: Uchail, King of Algiers, a bold and fortunate corsair, having attacked and masted the captain's galley of Malta, in which there remained only three knights alive, and these desperately wounded; the vessel commanded by John Andrea Doria, in which my company was stationed, having been damaged by her resistance, I took my duty on that occasion, leaped into the enemy's ship, which difengaging herself immediately from our galley, that was grappled with her, my soldiers were prevented from following their officer, and I found myself alone among my foes, whom, by reason of their numbers, I could not resist; therefore was obliged to submit after having been almost covered
covered over with wounds; and

Uchali, as you have heard, gentlemen,

having faved himself with his whole

squadron, I remained his prisoner,

the only fad perfon amíddit the general

joy, and captive among fo many that

were fet free; for full fifteen thou-

sand Christians who came into the

action chained to the Turkish oars,

that day recovered their long wilfed

for liberty.

I was carried to Constantinoole,

where Selim, the grand Turk, created

my master general of the sea, for hav-

ing done his duty in the battle, and

as a proof of his valour brought off

the high standard of Malta. Next

year, which was that of seventy-two,

I rowed in the capitan galley of the

Three Lanthorns, at Navarino, where

I saw and observed the Christians lofe

the opportunity of taking the whole

Turkish fleet in the harbour; for,

all the Levantines and Janiffaries be-

longing to it laid their account with

being attacked in port, and had ac-

tually got in readinesf their knapacks

and pollamques, (which are a kind of

shoes) in order to go on shore, and

fek their safety in flight, without

waiting for the affault; fuch was the

conternation that prevailed among

them! But Heaven ordained things to

happen in another manner; not through

any error or negleft of the general

who commanded the expedition, but

on account of the sins of Chriftendom;

it being the will and permission of

God, that we fhou'd never want execu-

tioners to chaff us. In short, Uchali'

retreated to Modon, which is an

illland almost contiguous to Navarino,

where he difembarked his men, ferti-

fied the mouth of the harbour, and

remained until Don John fet fain on his

return. In this expedition, the gal-

ley called the Prize, commanded by a

fon of the famous corsair Barbarofla,

was taken by the capitan galley of Na-

ples called the She-wolf, the comman-

der of which was that thunderbolt of

war, that father of his foldiers, that

fortunate and invincible chief, Don

Alvaro de Bafan, marquis of Santa

Cruz; and I cannot help mentioning

what happened at the taking of this

prize. The fon of Barbarofla was fo

cruel, and treated his captives fo in-

humanly, that when the rowers per-

ceived the She-wolf ready to board,

and in a fair way of taking her, they

quitted their oars all at once, and

feizing the captain, who froad upon

the frenrrel", calling to them to

row luftily, they roffed him forwards

from bench to bench, and bit him to

feverely as he went along, that before

he paffed the main-matt, his fool paf-

fed into hell. Such was his barba-

rity, as I have already obferved, and

fuch the revenge which their hatred to

him inspired!

We returned to Constantinoole;

and during the following year, which

was feventy-three, underflood that

Don John had taken Tunis, fretfed

that whole kingdom from the Turks,

and put Muley Hamet in pofterion

of the whole; thus cutting off all

the hopes of a reforation from Muley

Hamida, the moft valiant and moft

cruel Moor of his time. The grand

Signor was deeply affected with his

lofs, and praftifing thatiagacity which

is peculiar to all thole of his family,

clapped up a peace with the Vene-

tians, who were much more defirous

of it than he. Next year, being fe-

venty-four, he attacked the goleta

and fort, which Don John had left

half-finished, near Tunis; and on

all these occasions I was prefent,

being tied to the oar, without the

leaf hope of freedom, esefially by

rannom; for, I was resolved not to

write to my father an account of my

misfortune. At length, the goleta

and fort were both loft, having been

befieged by feventy-five thousand

Turkish foldiers, regularly paid, and

upwards of four hundred thousand

Moors and Arabs from the other

parts of Africa; this multitude be-

ing provided with a vaft quantity of

warlike stores and ammunition, and

attended with fuch a number of pio-

neers, that, by throwing handfuls of

ewd, they might have covered both

the places they came to befeige. The

goleta, which had been counted im-

pregnable, was firft taken; not through

any fault of the befieged, who perform-

ed all that men could do in it's de-

fence, but because experience fhewed

that trenches could be made with ease

in that loofe land, under which

* The freamrel, or edanerol, is a post that supports the awning of the poop.

though
though water was commonly found at the depth of two spans, the Turks, at that time, dug as many fathoms, without finding one drop; and so filling a vast number of sacks, raised their works so high as to overlook the fort; then mounting this cavalier with cannon, kept such a firing as rendered it impossible for the garrison to make any longer defence. It was a common opinion, that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the goleta, but opposed the disembarkation in the plain; however, those who talk in that manner, speak at random, and must be persons of small experience in such affairs; for, if the whole garrison in both places scarce amounted to seven thousand soldiers, how could such a small number, though ever so valiant, take the field, and at the same time defend the forts, against such a multitude of foes? And how could the forts be possibly maintained without supplies, in an enemy's country, when they were hemmed in by such a numerous and obstinate army? But others thought, and I am of the same opinion, that Heaven manifested a particular grace and favour to Spain, in permitting them to destroy that rendezvous and pretence of mischief, that link, sponge, and devourer of infinite sums of money, which were there unprofitably spent, without serving any other purpose than that of preferring the memory of it being the most happy conquest of the invincible Charles the Fifth; as if it was necessary for those tones to support his fame, which is already immortal. The fort was also yielded, though the Turks won it by inches, for the garrison behaved with such gallantry and resolution, that in two and twenty general assaults, the enemy loft upwards of twenty-five thousand men; and of the three hundred Spanish soldiers that remained alive, they did not make one prisoner who had not been wounded during the siege: a clear and certain proof of the obstinate valour with which the places were defended. A small fort, or tower, that stood in the middle of the lake, under the command of Don Juan Zanoguera, a Valenitian knight and celebrated soldier, surrendered upon terms: but, Don Pedro Puertocarrero, general of the goleta, was made prisoner; and though he did all that man could do in defence of the place, he was so deeply affected by the loss of it, that he died of grief on the road to Constantinople, whether they were carrying him captive. The general of the fort, whose name was Gabrio Cerbelfon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer, and excellent soldier, was likewise taken prisoner; and in these two forts perished many persons of note, among whom was one Pagan d'Oria, a knight of St. John, a gentleman of a most generous disposition, as appeared from his excessive liberality to his brother the famous Juan d'Aria; and what made his death still more lamentable, was, that he perished by the hands of some Arabs, to whom, seeing the fort already loft, he trusted himself, relying upon their promise to carry him disguised in a Moorish drefs, to Tabarca, which is a small port or settlement belonging to the Genoese, who fish for coral on that part of the coast; but those perfidious Arabs cut off his head, which they carried to the general of the Turkish navy, who fulfilled upon them our Caftilian prover, which imports, that though we love the treason, we abhor the traitor; for, it was reported, that he ordered them all to be hanged, because they had not brought him alive.

Among the Christians who were taken in the fort, was one Don Pedro de Aguilar, a native of some town in Andaloufia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a soldier of great worth and rare endowments, particularly blessed with a happy talent for poetry. This circumstance I mention, because it was his fate to belong to our galley, where he was my companion at the ear, and fellow-flave; and before we departed from that haven, he composed two songs, by way of epitaph upon the goleta and the fort. As I have them both by heart, I believe it will not be disagreeable to the company if I repeat them. When the captive mentioned Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, who smiled; and when the stranger was going to repeat the songs, one of the three paid to him, 'Before you proceed, I beg the favour to know what became of that Don
Don Pedro de Aguilar?—"All that I know of the matter," replied the captive, "is, that after having flaid two years at Constantinople, he made off in the habit of an ar- naut*, with a Greek spy: but I do not know whether or not he obtained his liberty, though I believe he suc- ceeded; for about a year after, I saw the fame Greek at Constantin- nople; but I had not an opportu- nity to enquire about the success of their scheme."—"Then I can satis- fy you in that particular," resumed the cavalier; "Don Pedro is my bro- ther, and now lives at home, in good health and easy circumstances, blessed with a wife and three hope- ful sons."—"Thanks be to God for the great mercies heaped upon him!" answered the captive; and, in my opinion, there is no happines- s on earth equal to that of liberty regained."—Besides, said the gentle- man, "I retain in my memory the songs which my brother composed."—"Beside good, then," replied the stranger, "as to entertain the company with them; for, doubtless, you can repeat them more perfectly than I can."—"With all my heart," said the cavalier; "that upon the goleta runs thus:"

CHAP. XIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE CAPTI-VE'S HISTORY.

I.

"Ye happy shades, whose deeds re- now'd
Have freed you from encumbering clay;
From this low scene, where woes abound,
Ascending to eternal day.

II.

With glorious zeal your bosoms glow'd,
Your blood braved excursive toil:
Your blood with that of Pagans flow'd,
To drench the hostile, barren soil.

III.

Your lives, but not your courage, fail'd;
Death fail'd your just, victorious claim;
Enjoy, still honour'd and bewail'd,
Immortal happiness and fame.

"These are the very words which I remember," said the captive. "And if my memory does not fail me," re- plied the gentleman, "the other upon the fort is this.

I.

"Lo! from yon ruins on the desert plain,
Oppress'd with numbers, in th' un- "
equal fight,
Three thousand foes of Christian war- "
rors slain,
"To happier regions, wing'd their joy-
"ous flight.

II.

"Yet not before in vain they had effay'd
"The force and vigour of their daunt-
"less arms;
"Till wearied and reduc'd, though undif-
"may'd,
"They welcom'd death, encompass'd
"with alarms.

III.

"On Africa's coast, as records tell,
"The scene of past and present woes,
"More valiant bodies never fell,
"More spotless spirits never rote:"

The songs were not disliked; and the captive rejoicing at the good for- tone of his comrade, proceeded thus in his narration:

"The goleta and forts being taken, the Turks ordered the first to be dis- mantled, the other being quite de- molished before it was surrendered; and that this might be done with the less trouble, and greater dispatch, it was undermined in three parts, but they could by no means blow up the old walls, which seemed to be the weakest part, while that which was executed by Fratin, was de-stroyed with great facility. In short, the victorious fleet returned in triumph to Constantinople, where, in a few months, happened the death of my master Uchali, who went by the name of Uchali Fartax, which, in the language of that country, signifies the Scabby Renegade; for such he actually was, and it is a custom among the Turks, to bestow epithets upon people, derived either from some defect or virtue inherent in them: this method they practic- becaus they have but four families distinguished by particular names, and these are descended from the house of Ottoman; so that the rest, as I have observed, adopt some ap- pellation, either from the blemishes

A Dalmatian trooper.
Thus I made shift to live within a house or priory, called a bath, in which the Turks confine the Christian captives, whether belonging to the king, or private persons, or of that class which they call magazine-slaves; these are the captives of the council, who serve the state in public works, and other kinds of day-labour; and find great difficulty in obtaining their freedom, because they belong to the community, and have no particular master with whom they can treat concerning their ransom, even though they can command money for the purpose.

In these baths, as I have already said, some private persons lodge their slaves, especially when their ransom is agreed upon; and there they remain secure, and at their ease, until it arrives. Neither do the king's captives, who are to be ransomed, go out to work with the rest of the crew, except when the money is delayed; and then, that they may be induced to write with more importance, they are sent out with the rest to cut wood, an office of no small mortification and toil. As they knew I had been a captain, I vainly assured them, that I had neither interest nor money; they put me into the number of those who were to be ransomed, loading me with a chain, rather to denote my condition than to secure my person; so that I spent my time in that bath, among a great many cavaliers and people of fashion, who were thus marked and designed for ransom; and though we were sometimes, nay, almost always exposed to hunger and nakedness, nothing gave us so much pain, as to hear and see, upon every occasion, the new and unheard of cruelties which my master exercised upon the Christians.

He was every day hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon such slight occasions, frequently without any cause assigned, that the Turks themselves owned he acted thus out of mere wantonness or barbarity, as being naturally of a savage disposition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The person who used the greatest freedom with him was a Spanish soldier, called Such-a-one de Saavedra; who, though
though he did many things which
those people will not soon forget, in
attempting to regain his liberty, he
never gave him one blow, nor or-
dered him once to be chastis’d, nor
even chid him with one hasty word;
and yet the least of all his pranks
was sufficient, as we thought, to
bring him to the stake: nay, he
himself was more than once afraid
of being impaled alive. If time
would permit, I could here recount
some of that soldier’s actions, which
perhaps, might entertain and sur-
prise you more than the relation of
my own story.

But to return to the thread of my
narration: just over the yard of our
prison were the windows of a rich
and principal Moor; but, according
to the custom of the country, they
were rather like peep-holes than win-
dows, and even these covered with
very thick and close lattices. One
day I chanced to be on the terrace of
our gaol, with three of my companions,
passing the time in trying which of
us could leap farthest in our shack-
les, the rest of the Christians being
gone out to work: I casually lifted
up my eyes, and perceived a cane
with a handkerchief tied to it, held
out at these little openings I have
mentioned, and waving to and fro,
as if by way of signal for some of us
to go and catch it. This object was
no sooner observed, than one of my
companions ran hastily to the place
that was directly under it, to see if
the cane would be dropped, or what
would be the consequence; but when
he arrived it was pulled up, and
moved from one side to another, as if
a man should signify his dissent from
any proposal, by shaking his head:
when the Christian returned, the cane
was lowered again, with the same
motion as at first, upon which an-
other of our company tried the expe-
riment, but succeeded no better than
the first; a third went, and miscar-
ried like the other two. Observing
their disappointment, I was resolved
to try my fortune also; accordingly,
I had no sooner placed myself under
the cane than it was dropped, and
fell down within the bath, just at my
feet. I snatched it up immediately,
and untied the handkerchief, in
which I found a knot containing ten
zianiys, which are pieces of bad gold,
current among the Moors, each of
them valued at ten rials of our money.
It would be superfluous to say that I
rejoiced at this windfall: indeed, my
joy was equal to my surprize; for I
could not conceive from whence that
present could come, especially to me,
the circumstance of the cane’s being
refused to every other person plainly
shewing that the favour was intended
for me. I pocketed this lucky sum,
broke the cane, returned to the terrace,
and looked at the window, through
which appeared a very white hand,
that opened the lattice, and hastily
shut it again: from this circumstance
we understood, or at least imagined,
that we owed the present to some lady
who lived in that house; and, in
token of thanks, made our obeisance
in the Moorish manner, by bowing
the head, bending the body, and
crossing the hands upon the breast.
Soon after this ceremony, a small
crois made of cane, was held out at
the window, and immediately with-
drawn: a signal which confirmed us
in the opinion that we were be-
friended by some Christian woman,
who lived as a slave in that house;
but this supposition was changed,
when we reflected upon the whiteness
of the hand, and the bracelets which
we had perceived; and then we
concluded that she must be one of
those Christian renegades whom their
masters frequently take to wife; and
even think themselves fortunate in
having such an opportunity; for they
ease them much more than the
women of their own nation. But all
our conjectures were wide of the truth.

From this day forward, our whole
entertainment was to gaze at the win-
dow, as the north in which the star
of the cane had appeared; but full
fifteen days elapsed, before we had
another glimpse of that or the
hand, or indeed of any other signal;
and during this interval, though we
endeavoured by all the means in our
power to learn who lived in that
house, and whether or not there was a
Christian renegade in it, we never
could get any other information, but
that it belonged to a rich Moor of
great note, called Agimorato, who
had been alcaide of Pata, an office
of great honour among that people;
but, when we least expected another
shower of zaniyas, the cane re-
appeared all of a sudden, with
another handkerchief, and a larger
knot than before, and this occurrence
happened as formerly, when none but
ourselves were in the bath: we made
the usual experiment, each of my three
companions, going towards it as at
first without success, until I approach-
ed, and then it was immediately
dropped. I untied the knot, within
which I found forty crowns in Spa-
nish gold, and a paper written in
Arabian characters, with a large cross
at the head of the page. I killed the
sacred sign, put up the money, re-
turned to the terrace, where we made
our obeisance; the hand appearing
again, I made signs that I should read
the letter, and then the window was
shut. We were equally pleased and
perplexed at this event, for none of
us understood Arabick; and although
our impatience to know the contents
of the paper was very great, the diffi-
culty of finding an interpreter was
still greater. At length I determined
to trust a renegade a native of Mur-
cia, who had professed himself my
friend, and given me such pledges of
his fidelity, as obliged him to keep
any secret I should think proper to
impair: for those renegades who in-
tend to return to Christendom, usually
carry about with them certificates
signed by the principal captives, at-
testing in the most ample form they
can devise, that such a renegade is an
honourable man, who hath always been
obliging to the Christians, and is de-
sirous of making his escape with the
first opportunity. Some there are who
procure these testimonials with a good
intention, others use them occasion-
ally, as the instruments of their
craft: for, going to rob and plunder
on the Christian crafts, if they should
chance to be shipwrecked or taken,
they produce their certificates, and ob-
serve that these papers will shew the
real design of their coming on a
cruise with Turks, which was no
other than to take the first occasion of
returning to their native country; by
these means they escape the first fury
of resentment, and are reconciled to
the church, without suffering the least
damage; but when they see their op-
portunity, they return to Barbary,
and re-assume their former way of
life; whereas those who procure re-
commendations with a good design,
make use of them accordingly, and
remain in peace among the Christians.
Such a renegade was this friend,
who had obtained certificates from all
my companions, conceived in the
strongest terms of confidence and ap-
plause; for which, had he been de-
tected, the Moors would have burned
him alive. I knew that he could
both speak and write the Arabian
tongue; but, before I would disclose
the whole affair, I desired him to read
that paper which I had found by
chance in a corner of my cabin. He
opened it accordingly, and having
pored and perused it a good while;
muttering between his teeth, I asked
if he understood the contents. He
answered in the affirmative, bidding
me, if I chose to have the literal mean-
ing, furnish him with pen and ink,
that he might translate it the more ex-
actly. I accordingly accommodated
him with what he desired; and when
he had made an end of the transla-
tion at his own leisure, he said,"This
that I have written in Spanish is the
literal meaning of that Moorish pa-
er; and you are to take notice, that
wherefore you meet with the words
"Lela Marien, they signify our Lady
the Blessed Virgin."'

The paper contained these words—
"When I was a child, my father had a
woman slave, who in my own lan-
guage taught me the Christian wor-
sip, and told me divers things of
Lela Marien. This Christian died,
and I am sure her soul did not go to
the fire, but to Alá; for I saw her
twice after her death, and she advised
me to go to the land of the Christi-
ans, where I should see Lela Marien,
by whom I was beloved. I know
not which way to go; many Chris-
tians I have seen from this window,
but not one who seems so much a
gentleman as yourself. I am very
beautiful and young, and have a great
deal of money in my possesion. If
thou canst find out any method of
carrying me to thy country, thou
shalt there be my husband, if thou
art so inclined; but, if that be con-
trary to thy inclination, I shall not
be uneasy, for Lela Marien will pro-
vide me with a spouse. I write this
with
with my own hand; let nobody read it, but such as you can trust. Believe of the Moors, for they are altogether deceitful; therefore I am very much concerned, for I would not have it disclosed to any person whatever; because, if it should come to my father's ears, he would instantly cause me to be sunk in a well, and covered with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane, to which thou mayest tie thine answer; and if thou hast not a proper person to write for thee in Arabick, let me know by signs; for Lela Marien will help me to understand them. May she and Ala preferve thee, by means of this crofs, which I often kiss, according to the direction of my deceas'd slave!"

"You may easily conceive, gentlemen, whether or not we were surpris'd and rejoiced at the contents of this paper. Indeed, the symptoms of joy and admiration appeared so plain in our behaviour, that the renegade suspected it was not found by accident, but actually written and addressed to one of our company. He accordingly intreated us to tell him if his conjecture was true, protesting that we might safely trust to his fidelity, and affuring us, if we would favour him with our confidence, he would venture his life in procuring our freedom. So saying, he pulled from his bosom a crucifix of metal, and with many tears, swore by the God represented under the form of that image, in whom he, though a wretched sinner, fully and faithfully believed, that he would be truely and secret in every thing we should please to communicate; for he firmly believed, and as it were prognosticated, that by means of her who had written the paper, we should all obtain liberty, and he accomplished that which he had so much at heart, namely, his re-admission into the bosom of his holy mother church, from which he, through his ignorance and guilt, had been like a rotten member, divided and cut off. This declaration he made with so many tears and signs of repentance, that we unanimously agreed to intrust him with the affair, and accordingly gave him an account of every thing that had happened, without suppressing one circumstance; and shewed him the window at which the cane appeared; so that from thence he had took his mark of the house, resolving to inform himself, with great care and caution, of the name and quality of those who lived in it. Meanwhile, we were all of opinion, that there was a necessity for answering the biller; and there being a person present, who could perform that office, the renegade that instant wrote in Arabick what I dictated, which was literally as I shall now repeat, for of all the material circumstances of that affair, not one hath escaped my memory, which will retain them all to my last breath. In short, this was the answer which I sent to the beautiful Moor.

"MY DEAR LADY!

"MARY'S thou be protected by the true Ala, and that blessed Mary the real mother of God, who, because the loves thee, hath put it into thy heart to go to the land of Christians; beseech her therefore, that she will be pleased to teach thee how thou mayest obey her commands; for she is so benevolent that she will grant thy request. For my own part, and in behalf of those who are my fellow prisoners, I promise to serve thee with our whole power, even unto death. Fail not to write and give me notice of what thou shalt resolve to do; and I will always answer thy letters; for the great Ala hath favoured us with the friendship of a Christian captive, who can speak and write thy language, as thou wilt perceive by this paper; wherefore thou mayest communicate thy will and pleasure to us without fear. As to thy offer of becoming my wife, when thou shalt be safely settled in the land of the Christians, I pledge myself thine, on the faith of a good Christian; and know, that those of our religion perform their promises more punctually than the Moors. God, and his mother Mary, take my dear lady into their holy protection!"

This letter being written and sealed, I waited two days until the bath was empty, and then went to the usual place on the terrace, so look for
for the cane, which in a little time appeared. I no sooner perceived the sign, though I could not see who made it, than I held up the letter to make her understand that she should fasten a thread to the cane; but that was already done, and I tied the paper to it accordingly. In a little time our star appeared again, loaded with the white flag of peace; which being dropped, I took it up, and found, in different coins of gold and silver, to the amount of fifty crowns, which increased our satisfaction fifty-fold, and confirmed us in the hope of obtaining our freedom. That same night our renegade returned, and told us, he was informed the house was inhabited by that same Moor I have mentioned under the name of Agimorato, who was excessively rich, and had only one daughter to inherit his whole fortune; that by the current report in the city, she was the most beautiful woman in Barbary; and that many of the viceroys who went thither, had demanded her in marriage, but she would never yield her consent; he likewise understood that she had once a Christian slave, who had died some time ago; so that all these circumstances agreed with the contents of her letter. We then consulted with the renegade about the means of transporting ourselves with the Moorish lady, into Christendom; and at length, we came to the resolution of waiting for another intimation from Zorayda, which is the name of her who now desires to be called Maria; for we plainly perceived, that by means of her, and no other, we should be enabled to surmount all the difficulties that occurred.

Having come to this determination, the renegade bid us give ourselves no uneasiness, for he would either procure our liberty or forfeit his own life. The bath being full of people during four days, no cane appeared all that time; at the end of which the usual solitude prevailing, we perceived it with a handkerchief so pregnant as to promise a most happy birth. I stood under it; the whole was dropped as usual, and I found in the handkerchief another paper with one hundred crowns in gold, without any mixture of other coin. The renegade being then present, we carried him to our cabin, where we desired him to read the letter, which he interpreted in these words.

I know not, dear Sir, how to give directions about our passage into Spain; nor hath Lela Marien told me, though I have earnestly implored her assistance. But what may be easily effected is this: I will from this window furnish you with a great quantity of money; so that you may ransom yourself and your companions; and going to the land of the Christians, purchase a bark with which you may return for the rest; and you will find me in my father's garden, which is by the gate of Barbazon, close to the sea-side. There I shall be during the whole summer, with my father and servants; and from thence you may, in the night, carry me to the bark without fear. But remember thou shalt be my husband; otherwise I will pray to Maria to chafe thee. If thou canst depend upon no other person for purchasing the bark, ransom thyself for that purpose. I know thou wilt be more apt than any other body to return, because thou art a gentleman and a Christian. Be sure to inform thyself well about the garden. When I see thee walking where thou art at present, I shall know the bath is empty, and provide thee with more money. Ala preferve thee, my dear gentleman!

These were the contents and purport of the second paper, which being read in presence of us all, each proposed himself as the person to be ransomed, promising to go and return with the utmost punctuality; I likewise offered myself for that purpose. But the renegade opposed the proposal; saying, that he could by no means consent that one should be set free, before we had all obtained our liberty; because experience had taught him, how ill those who are free perform the promises they have made in their captivity; for prisoners of note had often practiced the expedient of ransoming one of their number, to go to Valencia or Majorca, with money to purchase an armed bark, and return for his companions, but they never saw his face again; for hav-
ing once obtained his own liberty, the dread of losing it again, by returning, 
blots all manner of obligations out of his remembrance. As a confirmation 
of the truth of what he alleged, he briefly recounted a cafe which had 
lately happened to some Christian gentlemen, attended with the strangest 
circumstances ever known even in these parts, where the most uncom-
mon and surprizing events occur almost every day. In short, he told 
us, the most practicable and prudent scheme was, to give him the money 
we should receive for our ransom, with which he would purchase a bark 
at Algiers, under pretence of becoming merchant, and trading to Te-
tuan, and the other places on that coast; and that being master of the 
veffel, he would soon contrive the means of difengaging us from the 
bath, and getting us all on board; especially if the Moorish lady should 
perform her promise in supplying us with money sufficient to pay the ran-
som of our whole company; in which cafe, being no longer slaves, we might 
embark with the greatest cafe and safety, even at noon-day. The greatest 
difficulty that occurred, was the backwardness of the Moors, to allow a 
renegade to purchase or command a veffel, unless it be a large cruizer for 
pirating; because they suspeét, especially if he be a Spaniard, that his 
sole motive in buying a small bark, is to make his escape into Christendom; 
but he undertook to remedy that inconvenience, by giving a share of the 
bark and profits of the merchandise to a Tangarín Moor; by which means 
he should be master of the bark, and of consequence have it in his power 
to accomplish the whole affair.

Although, in the opinion of me and my companions, there was no better 
plan than that of sending to Majorca for a bark, as the Moorish lady had 
proposed, we durst not contradict the sentiments of the renegade, left he, 
being disoblged by our acting contrary to his intention, should make a 
discovery of our correspondence with the fair Moor, and endanger not 
only our lives, but also that of Zorayda, for which we would have will-
ingly sacrificed our own. We therefore determined to rely upon God and 
the renegade; and immediately wrote an answer to Zorayda, importing, that 
we would adhere in every thing to her advice, which was as prudent as if 
it had been dictated by Lela Marien; and that it depended solely upon her, 
either to hasten or retard the negotiation; pledging my faith anew to be-
come her spouse. In consequence of this intimation, the very next day, 
when the bath happened to be empty, she, at different times, by means of 
the cane and handkerchief, transmitted two thousand crowns in gold, 
with a paper signifying, that on the first Friday, which is Friday, the should 
set out for her father's garden, but before her departure, supply us with 
more money; and desired us to in-
form her, if we should find that in-
sufficient; for she would give us as 
much as we could desire, her father 
having such vast sums, that he would 
never be senible of what she took, 
especially as all his keys were in her 
possession. We immediately accommo-
dated the renegade with five hundred 
crowns, for the purchase of the bark; 
with eight hundred more I ransomed 
myself, depositing the money with a 
Valentian merchant then residing at 
Algiers, who bargained for my ran-
som with the king, and obtained my freedom, upon giving his word to pay 
the money on the arrival of the first 
ship from Valencia; for, if he had paid 
it immediately, the king would have 
suspected that the ransom had been 
some time at Algiers, and that the 
merchant had hitherto detained it for 
his own convenience. In short, my 
master was so contentious, that I durst 
by no means disburse the money at 
onece. On the Thursday before the 
fair Zorayda removed to her father's 
country house, she gave us another 
thousand crowns, and apprized us of 
her departure; intreating me, as soon 
as I should be ransomed, to make my- 
self acquainted with her father's gar- 
den, and find some opportunity of 
going thither to see her. I answered, 
in few words, that I would obey her 
inevery thing, desiring she would fer-
ently recommend us to Lela Marien 
in all those prayers which she had 
learned of the slave.

This affair being transmitted, means 
were concerted for ransoming my three 
companions; left, seeing me at liber-
ty and themselves confined, since I had 
money
money enough to procure their freedom, they should be chastised and tempted by the devil to do something to the prejudice of Zarayda; for, although their honour and integrity might have secured me against any such apprehension, I would not run the smallest risk, and therefore took care they should be ransomed by the fame canal through which my liberty was obtained; depositing the whole sum required in the merchant's hands, that he might with more certainty and confidence act the part of their bondsman; though we never disclosed to him our secret commerce with Zarayda, for fear of what might happen.

**C H A P. XIV.**

THE CONTINUATION OF THE CAPTIVE'S ADVENTURES.

BEFORE fifteen days had elapsed, our renegade had purchased a stout vessel capable of containing thirty persons at least; and to secure what he had done with a favourable pretext, he made a voyage to a place called Sargel, about thirty leagues from Algiers, towards the coast of Oran, where there is a great traffic of dried figs; and he made two or three trips of this kind in company with the Tagarin Moor already mentioned. The Moors of Arragon are in Barbary called Tagarins, and those of Grenada go by the name of Mudañares; though these last are in the kingdom of Fez called Elches, being the people whom the king chiefly uses in his wars. I say, then, in every passage, the renegade brought his bark to an anchor in a small creek, within two bow shots of Agimorato's garden, and there purposely employed himself and his Moorish rowers in practicing the Zala*, or attempted that in jest which he intended to execute in earnest. He went frequently to Zarayda's garden, on pretence of asking fruit, which he always received from her father, though he did not know him; but although, as he afterwards owned, he wanted to speak with Zarayda, and tell her that he was the person appointed by me to carry her off to the land of the Christians, that she might be satisfied and secure of his fidelity; he never had an opportunity of executing his design, for the Moorish women avoid the sight of their own countrymen and the Turks, unless when they are commanded to appear by their parents and husbands; though they talk and converse with Christian captives even more freely than decency allows. I should have been very much concerned had he spoke with her, because it would perhaps have given her great uneasinesses to see renegades intrusted with the affair; but God, who ordained all for the best, gave him no opportunity of fulfilling his well-meaning intention.

Perceiving how securely he traded to and from Sargel, and anchored when, where, and how he pleased, his partner submitting to his direction in all things; and that I being ransomed, there was nothing wanted but some Christians to row, he defined me to pick out those who should accompany me exclusive of my friends who were ransomed, and bespeak them for the Friday following, which he had appointed for the day of our departure.

Seeing him thus determined, I spoke to a dozen Spaniards, all of them able-bodied rowers, and people who could easily get out of the city; and indeed it was no small difficulty to find so many at that conjunction, for no fewer than twenty galleys being then out upon the cruise, almost all the rowers were employed; so that I should not have found those I have mentioned had not their master fmad at home that summer to finish a vessel which he had on the flocks. All I said to them was, that next Friday in the evening they should slip out of the city one by one, and betake themselves to Agimorato's garden, where they should wait my coming; and if I directed every one by himself, if he should meet with other Christians at the rendezvous, to say nothing but that I had ordered him to wait for me in that place.

This point being settled, another precaution still more necessary remained untaken; this was to advertise Zarayda of the situation of our affairs, that the might be prepared and guarded against surprize at our sudden assault, before she could think it possible that the Christian bark was arrived. Re-
solved therefore to see and speak with her if possible one day before our departure, I went to the garden on pretence of gathering some herbs, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language used through all Barbary, and even at Constantinople, between the captives and the Moors; it is neither Arabic nor Caftilian, nor indeed peculiar to any nation, but a mixture of different tongues by which we may make shift to understand each other. I saw he asked in this fort of jargon who I was, and what I wanted in his garden? I answered that I was a slave belonging to Arnaute Mami, who I knew to be an intimate friend of his, and that I wanted a few herbs for a falad. In consequence of this answer, he inquired whether or not I was to be ransomed, and what my matter demanded for my freedom? And while we were thus conversing together, the fair Zorayda came out into the garden. She had already perceived me from a window of the house; and as the Moorish women make no scruple of showing themselves to Christians, with whom, as I have already observed, they are not at all shy, the without any hesitation walked towards the place where I was standing with her father, who no sooner saw her, than he called at a distance desiring her to come up. It would be a difficult task for me at present to describe the exceeding beauty, the genteel mien, the gay and rich ornaments with which my beloved Zorayda then presented herself before mine eyes: I shall only observe, that the pearls about her beautiful neck and ears, out-numbered the hairs of her head. On her ankles, which were bare, according to the custom of the country, she wore carcases, (by which name the bracelets for the feet are called in the Morisco language) of the purest gold, set with such a quantity of diamonds, that the afterwards told me her father valued them at twenty thousand ducats; and those the she wore upon her wrists were of equal richness. The pearls, though in such a vast number, were extremely fine; for the greatest pride and magnificence of the Moorish women lie in pearls and embroidery; consequently there is a greater quantity of pearls and seed-pearl in Barbary than in all the other nations of the world, and Zorayda's father had the reputation of poaching the greatest number and the belt in Algiers, together with a fortune of two hundred thousand Spanish crowns, of all which the he who is now mine was once mistress. Whether with the affiance of all these ornaments the appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after the great fatigues she hath undergone; for it is well known that the beauty of some women hath it's days and seasons, and is diminished or increased according to the circumstances that happen; being improved or impaired, now, often totally destroyed, by the passions of the mind. In short, she approached in all the pomp of drefs, and all the excess of beauty; at least to me she seemed the most beautiful creature I had ever seen; which circumstance, joined to the obligation I lay under, made me look upon her as an angel sent from heaven for my delight and deliverance. When she came up, her father told her in their own language that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaute Mami, and had come for a falad; upon which she took up the discourse, and in that jumble of languages before-mentioned, asked if I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself? I answered that I was already ransomed, and that she might see in what esteem I was with my master by the sum he received for my freedom, which was no less than fifteen hundred sultanins. To this observation she replied, "Truly, if thou hadst belonged to my father, he should not have parted with thee for twice the sum; for you Christians always difsemble, and call yourselves poorer than you really are, with a view of imposing upon the Moors." —"That may be sometimes the case, Madam," said I, "but I adhered to the truth in bargaining with my master, and will deal honestly with all mankind." She then asked how soon I intended to depart; and I answered, "To-morrow, I believe; there is a French ship in the harbour to sail in the morning, and I have some thoughts of taking my passage on board of her." —"Had not you better stay till the arrival of a vessel from Spain?"
"Spain," said Zorayda, "than trust yourself with the French, who are no good friends of yours?"—"No, Madam," answered I; "though, as there is a Spanish ship expected, if she arrives immediately, I believe I shall wait for her; but it is more likely that I shall fail to-morrow, for the desire I have to see myself in my native country with those I love, is too strong to let me wait for any other convenience, let it be ever so good."—"Without doubt," said Zorayda, "thou art married in thy own country, and therefore desirous of being with thy wife?"—"I am not yet wedded." I replied; "but under promise of being married at my return."—"And is the woman beautiful to whom thou hast pledged thy faith?" said she. "So-beautiful," answered I, that, to compliment her, and tell thee the truth, she is the exact remembrance of thyself." Her father laughed heartily at this declaration, saying, "Truly, Christian, she must be very handsome indeed, if she resembles my daughter, who is the most beautiful woman in this kingdom: look at her, and thou wilt see whether or not I speak truth." In the greatest part of this conversation, Agimorato served as interpreter for his daughter, he being better acquainted with this scurrilous language, which though she understood a little in consequence of it's being much spoken among the Moors, she explained her meaning by signs, oftener than by words. While we were engaged in this and other such conversation, a Moor ran towards us, crying aloud, that four Turks having got through the pales, or leaped over the garden wall, were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. At this information the old man and Zorayda started; for the Moors are commonly, and as it were, naturally, afraid of the Turks, especially the soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious to their Moorish subjects, that they treat them worse than if they were slaves. Accordingly, the father said to Zorayda, "Daughter, retire to the house, and lock thyself up, while I go and talk to those dogs; and thou, Christian," (turning to me) "gather thy herbs, and depart in peace; and Ala fend thee safe into thy own country!" I made my obeisance, and he went in search of the Turks, leaving me alone with Zorayda, who pretended to go homeward according to her father's desire; but no sooner was he out of sight, among the trees of the garden, than she came back, with her eyes drowned in tears, saying, "Amexi, Christiano, amexi!" the signification of which addresses is, "Thou art going away, Christian, thou art going away!"—"Yes, Madam," answered I, "but by no means without you; on the next Ja- ma expect me; and be not afraid when you see us; for we shall certainly go to the land of the Christians." I made shift to express myself in such a manner, that she understood this, and every thing else that I said; and throwing her arm about my neck, began to walk towards the house, with a flow and falttering pace; but it pleased fortunate, which might have proved very unlucky, had not Heaven otherwise ordained, that while we walked in this attitude, with her arm about my neck, we were observed by her father, on his return from having fent away the Turks; and we immediately perceived ourselves discovered. Nevertheless, Zorayda, prompted by her deference and preference of mind, would not take her arm from my neck; but, on the contrary, coming closer to me, let her head drop upon my bosom, and her knees sink under her, as if she was fainting; while I seemed to support her with a sort of strained civility. The father seeing his daughter in this situation, ran towards us with great concern, and asked what was the matter: but she making no reply, "Doubtless," said he, "she hath fainted with the fright occasioned by the insoleance of those dogs." Then, taking her out of my arms, he supported her in his own; while she, fetching a deep sigh, the tears fell continuing in her eyes, repeated, "Amexi, Christiano, amexi!—Begone, Christian, begone."—"There is no necessity for the Christian's departure," said the father, "he hath done thee no harm; and as the Turks are gone already, be not disturbed: thou hast no cause to be uneasy; for as I have already said, the Turks, at my entreaty, went out as
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dayui had Having view; at convenience while her rayda, vailed, when intervening time companions, which already in Friday were moft mature answering Agimorato: "what my daughter says is not out of refentment against thee or any other Christian; but instead of bidding theTurks begone, he applied the words to thee, or else thought it was time for thee to go and gather thy herbs."

I then took leave of them both; and the, as if her soul had been rent from her body, went away with her father; while I, on pretence of culling my fallad, went round the whole garden at my pleasure, observing all the entries and outlets, together with the strength of the house, and every convenience that might tend to facilitate our purpose.

Having thus reconnoitered, I went and communicated my observations to the renegade and the rest of my companions, longing eagerly for the hour of seeing myself in peaceable possession of the blessing which fortune presented in the beauteous and charming Zorayda. At length the intervening time elapsed, and the long-wished-for day and period arrived, when all of us, following the order and plan which had been often canvassed, and at last settled, after the most mature deliberation, our designs were happily accomplished. On the Friday after I had spoke with Zorayda, Morrenago, which was the renegade's name, anchored his bark, at night-fall, opposite to the place where my charming mistress resided; and the Christians who were to row, in consequence of my directions, lay already concealed in different corners, all around the place, waiting for me with impatience, joy, and desire of attacking the vessel which was in view; for they were ignorant of our confederacy with the renegade, and believed that they must win and maintain their liberty by force of arms, in killing all the Moors who belonged to the bark; wherefore, as soon as I

and my companions appeared, those who were hid came and joined us immediately, about the time when the city gates were shut, so that not a soul was to be seen in the fields. Being all met together, we were in some doubt whether we should go immediately for Zorayda; or first of all secure the Moorish rowers belonging to the bark. While we hesitated on this point, the renegade arriving, asked what we waited for; observing, that now was the time, the Moors being altogether unguarded, and the greatest part of them actually asleep. We told him the subject of our doubt; upon which he assured us, that it was of the greatest consequence to make ourselves first masters of the bark, a precaution which might be easily taken, without running the least hazard, and then we could go in quest of Zorayda, with greater security. His advice was unanimously approved; and therefore without farther delay, we followed him as guide to the vessel, into which he leaped, and drawing a cymitar, called in the Moorish language, "Let none of you stir on pain of death." The Christians were at his back in an instant; while the Moors being naturally pusillanimous, hearing their master talk in this manner, were seized with consternation: and as there were few or no arms on board, suffered themselves, without the least resistance, to be fettered by the Christians, who performed this office with infinite dexterity and dispatch, threatening to put them all to the sword, if any one of them should raise his voice, or attempt to make the least noise.

This scheme being executed, we left one half of our number to guard them, and with the rest, using the renegade still as our guide, went to Agimorato's garden door, which fortunately opened with as much ease as if it had not been locked; so that, without being perceived, we proceeded without the houle with great silence and composure. The adorable Zorayda, who stood waiting for us at a window, no sooner perceived people at the door, than she asked with a low voice, if we were Nazarini? which in their language signifies Christians. I replied in the affirmative, desiring her to come down; when she knew my voice, the
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made no delay, but without answering one syllable, came down in a moment, opened the door, and appeared so beautiful and richly dressed, as to surpass all description. Transported at the sight, I took her hand and kissed it most devoutly; the renegado and my two companions did the same; and the rest, though ignorant of the occasion, followed our example, thinking we expressed our thanks and acknowledgments to her as the instrument of our deliverance.

The renegado asked, in the Morisco tongue, if her father was in the house: and the assuring him, that he was asleep in his own apartment;

"Then it will be necessary," said Morrenago, "to wake and carry him off, together with every thing of value, in this agreeable habitation."—

"Touch not my father," said she, and take my word for it there is nothing valuable in this house but what I have secured, which is enough to make you all rich and happy; stay a little, and thou shalt see."—

So saying, she went back into the house, protecting the would immediately return, and defying us to make no noise. I then asked the renegado what had passed between them, and when he told me, charged him to do nothing that should be disagreeable to Zorayda, who soon returned with a coffer full of golden crowns, that she could scarce support the weight. But evil fortune ordained that her father should wake in the interim, and hear a noise in the garden; upon which he started up, and running to the window, momentarily perceived that we were all Christians, than he began to hawl in Arabick with vast vehemence, "Christians! Christians! thieves! thieves!" and his cries threw us all into the utmost terror and confusion; however, the renegado seeing the danger we were in, and how much it imported him to achieve the enterprise without being detected, ran up to Agimaro, with infinite agility, being accompanied with some others of our company, as I could not leave Zorayda, whoby this time had fainted in my arms; in short, those who entered the house managed him so well, that in a moment they brought him down with his hands tied, and an handkerchief in his mouth, to hinder him from crying, threatening all the while, that if he presumed to speak, it would cost him his life. His daughter covered her eyes, that she might not see her father in that condition; while he was astonished at sight of her, little thinking how willingly she had put herself in our power, and our feet being then more necessary than our hands, we, with great industry and dispatch, returned to the vessel, where we were expected with impatience by those we had left, who had began to fear we had met with some mishance.

"Before two hours of the night had elapsed, we were all safe on board, where we untied the hands of Zorayda's father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth; though the renegado commanded him again to be silent, on pain of death. Seeing his daughter also in our power, he began to sigh more bitterly, more especially as he perceived her lie quietly in my arms, without resisting, complaining, or the least appearance of constraint; but he was fast to hold his tongue, left the renegado should put his repeated threats in execution. Zorayda now seeing us embarked, and on the point of manning the oars, while her father and the other Moors remained fettered, as prisoners among us, bade the renegado defire, in her name, that I would be so good as to dismiss the Moors, and set her father at liberty; for she would rather throw herself into the sea, than behold a parent, who loved her so much, dragged into captivity on her account. Morrenago having made me acquainted with her request, I consented to the proposal; but he said it was by no means expedient, because, should we leave them there, they would instantly alarm both town and country; so that some light frigates would be sent out in pursuit of us, and then we should be so belated, both by sea and land, that it would be impossible for us to escape; he proposed therefore, to set them at liberty on the first Christian land they should make. We were all of the same opinion, which was also embraced by Zorayda, to whom he imparted the reasons which hindered us from complying immediately with her desire; then each of our valiant towers laid hold of his oar with joy, silence, and alacrity,
alacrity, and recommending ourselves to the protection of God, we took our departure, directing our course towards the island of Majorca, which was the nearest Christian land; but, the north wind beginning to blow, and the sea becoming rough, it was impossible to steer our course, and we were obliged to row along shore towards Oran, not without great apprehension of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies upon that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers; we were also afraid of meeting, in those parts, with some of the galleys which frequently come thither from Tetuan to trade; though each of us singly, and all of us together, presumed, that if we could fall in with a merchant-veel not fitted out, or manned for a corsair, far from losing our liberty again, we should make ourselves masters of a ship in which we might perform our voyage with more security. While we thus coasted along, Zorayda lay with her head in my bosom, that she might not see her father in distress; and I could hear her imploring Lela Marien to assist us in our design.

When we had rowed about thirty miles, day-breaking discovered that we were about three gun shots distant from the shore of a desert country, where not a soul appeared to detect us; but, for all that, we plied hard to get a little farther off to sea, which was now somewhat calmer; and having made about two leagues, directed the men to row by turns, that we might refresh ourselves with the provisions, of which we had plenty in the bark; but the rowers said, it was then no time to be idle, and desired the rest to bring them victuals, which they would eat while at work, protesting that they would by no means quit their oars; this hint was accordingly taken, and a fresh gale springing up, we were obliged to lay aside our oars, and make sail directly for Oran; for it was impossible to follow any other course. All this was done with great expedition; we failed at the rate of eight miles in an hour, without any other dread than that of falling in with some corsair. We ordered some victuals to be given to the Moors, who were confounded by the renegado's telling them, that they were not slaves, and should have their freedom with the first opportunity; the same declaration he made to Zorayda's father, who answered, "I might expect any other favours from your generosity and courteous behaviour, O Christians! but, you must not think me so simple as to believe you will give me my freedom; for you would never have run such risk in depriving me of it, with a view of restoring it so liberally; especially when you know who I am, and the advantage you may reap from my ransom, which, if you will now propose, I here promise to pay your utmost demand, for myself and this unhappy daughter, or for her alone, who is the better part of my soul!"

So saying, he wept with such bitterness, as moved us all to compassion, and obliged Zorayda to lift up her eyes; when seeing the tears trickle down from his aged cheeks, she was melted, and rising from the place where I supported her, went to embrace her father; then joining her face to his, the two uttered such a tender lamentation, as drew tears of sympathy from the eyes of almost all those who heard it: but, when Agimorato perceived her so gayly dressed, with all her jewels about her, he said with some surprise, in their language, "What is the meaning of this finery, my child? Last night, before this terrible misfortune happened, I saw thee in thy ordinary and common dress; but now, though thou hast neither time, nor any happy tidings to solace me with such ornaments and finery, I see thee decked in all the richest apparel I could contrive or borrow upon thee, while fortune was much more favourable than at present! And I, swer me in this particular, at which I am more concerned and surprised, than at the mishap which hath befallen us?" The renegado interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, who made no answer to his question; but when he saw on one side of the bark the coffers in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew he had left at Algiers, when he moved to his country home; he was still more confounded, and asked how that casket had fallen into our hands, and what it contained. To this question the renegado replied, without
without waiting for Zorayda’s answer; "You need not weary yourself, Signor, in putting so many questions to your daughter; for I can satisfy you in one word: know, then, that Zorayda is a Christian; that she hath filed off our chains, and converted our captivity into freedom; that the came hither of her own accord, and is now, I believe, as well satisfied with her present condition as one delivered from darknesse to light, from death to life, and from affliction to triumph."—"Daughter!" cried the Moor, "is that which he affirms true?"—"Yes," replied Zorayda.

That thou art actually a Christian, and the very person who hath put thy father into the hands of his enemies?" remonstrated the old man. "I am a Christian," his true, said Zorayda, "but not the person who reduced you to this situation; for my desire never extended so far as either to leave or render you unhappy, my sole intention being to provide for my own welfare."—"And how hast thou provided for it, my child?" replied the father. "Put that question to Lela Marien," said she, "who will inform you better than I can."

Scarce had these words reached the ears of Agimorato, than, with incredible agility, he darted himself headlong into the sea; where, without all doubt, he must have perish'd, had not his large entangling robes helped to keep him afloat. Zorayda shrieking, begged we would save her father; upon which we all exerted ourselves, and laying hold of his upper garment, pulled him on board, already half drowned, and deprived of all sensation; when he was so much affected with this condition, that he uttered a most tender and doleful lamentation over him, as if he had been actually dead.

Having turned him upon his face, a great quantity of water ran out of his mouth, and he recovered the use of his senses, in the space of two hours, during which, the wind shifting, we were driven towards the shore, and by main dint of rowing kept from running aground; but by good fortune, we arrived in a creek formed by a small creek or promontory, known among the Moors by the name of Cava Rumia, which signifies, the wicked Christian woman; there being a tradition among them, that Cava*, on whose account they loft their possessions in Spain, is interred in that place; for Cava, in their language, implies a wicked woman, and Rumia, signifies Christian; so that they look upon it as a bad omen, when they are obliged, by necessity, to drop anchor here; and, except in cases of emergency, they never attempt it: though to us, it was by no means the shelter of a wicked woman, but a secure harbour in stormy weather. Having placed sentinels on shore, without quitting our oars, we made another meal of what the renegado had provided; and prayed heartily to God and the blessed Virgin, to favour and assist us, in bringing such a fortunate beginning to a happy conclusion. We then determined, at the intreaty of Zorayda, to set her father and the Moors, whom we had fettered, on shore, because she had not resolution enough, nor could her tender disposition endure to see her parent and countrymen in the condition of captives; we accordingly promised to gratify her desire, at our departure, since we ran no risk in setting them at liberty in that uninhabited place.

Our prayers were not so vain as to be rejected by Heaven, that sent a favourable wind and a smooth sea, inviting us to proceed with alacrity in the voyage we had undertaken. This we no sooner perceived, than unbinding the Moors, we put them all on shore, one by one, to their no small adornment: but, when we came to difmiss Zorayda’s father, who by this time had recovered the entire use of his senses, "Christians," said he, "do you think that bad man rejoices at my freedom through filial piety? No surely! but merely to be rid of the check which he would receive from my presence, in seeking to gratify her vicious de-

* Cava, or Caba, daughter of Count Julian, Count of Ceuta, was violated by Roderick king of Spain; and, in order to revenge this injury, the father called the Saracens into that kingdom, in the year 712.
Then to had tions and him that 239 and could operate other be hard, have beed the hour in which thou wait engendered! and curfed be the gaiety and indulgence in which I brought thee up!"

Perceiving that there was no like-lihood of his ending his exclama-
tions for some time, I presently set him on shore; where he proceeded
with his reproaches, impreca-
tions, and complaints, implo-
ing the mediation of Mahomet with Ala,
and confound, overwhelm, and de-
stroy us: and when we had failed out of hearing, we could perceive
him act his despair, pulling his
beard, and rolling himself upon the
ground; nay, once he raised his
voice in such a manner, that we
could distinctly hear him pronounce,
Return, my beloved daughter! re-
turn to the shore; I forgive all that
is past: leave with these men the
money which they already have in
their possession, and return to com-
fort thy disconsolate father, who, if
thou forsakest him, will lie down
and breathe his latest upon this bar-
ren sand." This pathetic ad-
dress was heard by Zorayda, who lament-
ed his affliction with the utmost sen-
sibility, though she could make no
other reply than this: "Ala grant, my
dear father, that Lelia Marian, who
was the cause of my conversion,
may console you in your disfrees!
Ala knows, I could not do other-
wise than I have acted, and that
these Christians owe nothing to any
particular good-will I bore them;
for if I had not affiicted and accom-
panied them in their escape, but re-
mained at home with you, it would
have been impossible for me, in
consequence of the earnest solici-
tations of my own soul, to execute
that which, in my opinion, is as
righteous as it is infamous and
wicked in yours." But these
words never reached the ears of her
father, whom by this time we could
not perceive: I therefore endeavoured
to console my amiable mistress;
while the rest were intent upon our
voyage, which was so much favoured
by a fair wind, that we laid our ac-
count with being next day on the
coast of Spain.

But, as good fortune seldom comes
pure and single, unattended or un-
purfued by some troublesome and un-
expected circumstance, it was or-
dained by Heaven, (perhaps, in con-
sequence of the curfes imprected by
the Moor upon his daughter; for
such curfes are to be dreaded, let the
parent be what he will:) I say, Heaven
ordained, that when we were a good
way off at sea, with a flowing sheet,
three hours of the night being al-
ready spent, the oars lathed up,
becaufe the fair wind made it unne-
cessary to use them, and the moon
shining with remarkable brightness;
we perceived a large round vessel
with all her sails out, fleeing a little
upon the wind, right athwart our
haufe, and so near that we were
obliged to shorten sail, that she
might not run foul of us, while she
clapped her helm a-weather that we
might have time to pafs: those upon
deck hailed us, alking who we were,
whence we came, and whither bound;
but, as they spoke in French, the
renegade said, "Let no man an-
swer; there are French privateers,
who make prize of every thing that
fails in their way."

Thus cautioned, we made no re-
ply, but sailed on, leaving the ship
a little to windward; when all of a
sudden, they discharged two pieces
of cannon, loaded, in all appear-
ance, with chain-shot: for one of
them cut away our maff in the middle,
which, with the fail, fell overboard
into the sea; and the other coming a
moment after, took us amidsthips,
and laid the side of the bark entire-
ly open, without doing any other mis-
chief. Seeing ourselves going to the
bottom, we began to cry aloud for
assistance, beseeching the people in
the ship to fave us from perihesis,
them they brought to, and hoisting
out
out their boat or pinnacle, it was
instantly manned by a dozen of
Frenchmen, well armed with their
muskets, and lighted matoh, who
rowing up to us, and seeing how few
we were, as also that our bark was
on the point of foundering, took us
in, observing that this misfortune
had happened, because we had been
so uncivil as to refuse an answer to
their hail: while the renegado, with-
out being perceived, took up the
coffer in which Zorayda's treasure
was contained, and threw it into
the sea. In short, we went on board
with the French; who, when they
had informed themselves of every
thing we could impart, for their
purpose; as if they had been our
enemies, plundered us of all that we
had, taking from Zorayda the very
bracelets she wore upon her ankles.
But their behaviour to her gave me
the more anxiety, as I was afraid
that, after having pilled all her
rich and precious jewels, they would
proceed to rob her of that which was
of greater value, and which she her-
sel£ esteemed infinitely more than all
the rest: but the desires of those
people extend no farther than to
money, and with that they can
never satiate their avarice, which
then engrossed them so much, that
they would even have robbed us of
the wretched garments we wore in
our captivity, if they could have
applied them to any fort of use; nay,
some among them propose to wrap
us all together in a sail, and throw us
into the sea; because they intended
to trade in the ports of Spain, under
pretence of being Bretons, and if
they carried us thither alive, their
depredation would be discovered,
and themselves chastised accord-
ingly. But the captain, who had
with his own hands riled my be-
loved Zorayda, said, he was satis-
fied with the prize he had got, and
resolved to touch at no port in Spain,
but pass the Straits of Gibraltar in
the night, or take the best oppor-
tunity of so doing that should occur,
and return to Rochelle, from whence
he had sailed on the cruise; they,
therefore, agreed to give us their
boat, with what necessities we should
want, to finish the little that re-
mained of our voyage; this promife
they actually performed the next day,
at a small distance from the Spanish
cost, at sight of which, all our po-
verty and vexation vanished from
our remembrance, as if we had never
endured them; such is the transport
occasioned by liberty regained! It
might be about noon when we were
put into the boat, with two casks of
water and some biscuit; and the
captain, moved to compassion at the
diftress of the lovely Zorayda, gave
her to the amount of forty crowns
in gold, and would not suffer his
soldiers to strip her of the cloaths
which the now wares; so that, at part-
ing, instead of complaining of the
hard usage we met with, we thanked
them kindly for the benefit we had
received at their hands. They steer-
der right before the wind for the Straits,
while we, without minding any other
complains that of the land that
appeared a head, plied our oars so vi-
gerously, that at sun-set we were near
enough to conclude, that we could
easily reach the shore before the night
should be far advanced; but that
night being dark, without any moon-
shine, and every body on board igno-
rant of the coast, some of our com-
pany judged it unsafe to row afloat,
while others insisted upon our running
that hazard, even if we should land
among rocks, or in some uninhabited
part of the country, that we might be
secured from the just apprehension of
meeting with some rovers from Tetu-
an, who are frequently in the begin-
ing of the night in Barbary, and in
the morning on the Spanish coast,
where having taken a prize, they re-
turn the same day, and sleep at home
in their own houses. Of these con-
trary opinions, we chose that of rowing
gently towards the shore, with intent,
if the smoothness of the sea would
permit, to land at the first convenient
place. In consequence of this reso-
lution, a little before midnight we
arrived at the foot of a huge and lofty
mountain, though not so rocky to-
wards the sea but that there was a
little space left for commodious land-
ing. The boat being run afloat, and
all of us disembarked, we killed the
ground, and with tears of unutterable
joy, returned sincere thanks to our
gracious Lord, for his unparalleled
protection vouchsafed to us in the
c. voyage.
voyage: then we took out the provi-
sion, and dragging her on shore, af-
cended a vast way up the mountain;
not being as yet able to quiet our ap-
prehenions, or persuade ourselves,
though it actually was so, that the soil
we trod was Christian ground. The
day broke much later than we could
have wished, and about this time we
gained the summit of the mountain;
purposing to look from thence for
some village or shepherd-huts; but,
although we viewed the whole coun-
try around, we could neither discern
village, house, highway, path, nor
the least trace of human footsteps.
Nevertheless, we determined to pen-
trate farther into the country, since
it could not be long before we should
discover some person who would give
information; but what gave me
the greatest concern was, to see Zo-
raya travelling on foot among the
flinty rocks: for though I sometimes
took her on my shoulders, she was
much more fatigued with seeing me
weary, than refreshed by finding her-
sel exempted from walking, and
therefore would not allow me to take
any more trouble of that kind, but
proceeded with infinite cheerfulness
and patience, while I led her by the
hand all the way.

In this manner we had gone about
a quarter of a league, when our ears
were faluted by the sound of a small
sheep-bell, which was a sure sign of
a flock's being somewhere not far off:
looking therefore attentively to dis-
cover it, we perceived a young shep-
herd, sitting with great composure at
the root of a cork-tree, smoothing a
flick with his knife. When we call-
ed to him he raised his head, and
started nimbly up; and, as we after-
wards understood, the renegade and
Zoraya, who were in Moorish dress,
being the first objects that presented
themselves to his eyes, he thought all
the corsairs of Barbary were upon
him, and running with incredible
swiftnefs into a wood that grew near
the place where he was, he began to
cry as loud as he could bawl, "The
Moors! The Moors are landed! The
Moors! The Moors! to arms, to
arms!" These exclamations threw
us all into a perplexity; but reflect-
ing that his cries would alarm the country,
and that the cavalry of the coast would
immediately come and see what was
the matter; it was agreed, that the
renegade should pull off his Turkish
robes, and put on a slave's jacket,
with which one of our company ac-
commodated him, though he himself
remained in his shirt. This being
done, we recommended ourselves to
God, and followed the same road
which we saw the shepherd take, ex-
pecting every moment to see our-
selves surrounded by the cavalry of
the coast. Neither were we deceived
in our expectation; for in less than
two hours, having crossed those thick-
ets, and entered a plain on the other
side, we descried about fifty horsemens
riding briskly towards us, at a hand-
gallop; upon which we halted until
they should come up: but when they
arrived, and instead of the Moors
they came in quest of beheld so many
poor Christian captives, they were
utterly confounded; and one of them
asked, if we were the people who had
been the occasion of a shepherd's call-
ing to arms. I answered in the affir-
mative, and being desirous of telling
him who we were, whence we came,
and what had happened to us, one
of our company knew the horieman
who accoed us, and without giving
metime to speak another word, said,
"Thanks be to God, gentlemen, for
having conducted us to such an agree-
able part of the country; for, if I am
not mistaken, the ground we now
tread belongs to Velez Malaga—and,
if the years of my captivity have not
impaired my remembrance, you, Sig-
nior, who ask that question, are Pedro
Buftamante, my uncle."

Scarce had the captive pronounced
these words, when the cavalier threw
himself from his horse, and ran to
embrase the young man; saying,
"Dear nephew of my life and soul! I
now recollect thee; thy supped
death has been mourned by myself,
my sister, thy mother, and all thy
relations, who are still alive; for
Heaven hath been pleased to spare
their lives, that they might enjoy the
pleasure of seeing thee again. I knew
thou walt at Algiers, and from the
information of thy habit, and that
of all your company, I guessed you
have made a miraculous escape."—
"Your conjecture is true," replied the
young man, "and we shall have time

DON QUIXOTE. 241
to recount the particulars." As soon as the horsemen understood we were Christian captives, they alighted, and each of them made a tender of his horse to carry us to the city of Velez Malaga, which was about a league and a half from the place where they found us. Some of them went to bring the boat round to the city, after we had told them where the bay; others took us up behind them, and Zorayda rode with the Christian's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, being apprized of our arrival, by one of the troopers who had pushed on before; not that they were surprised at the sight of the captives freed, or Moors in captivity, for the inhabitants on that coast are accustomed to see great numbers of both; but they were amazed at the beauty of Zorayda which was at that instant in full perfection, the fatigue of her journey, co-operating with the joy she felt in seeing herself in a Christian country, without the fear of being lost, having produced such a bloom upon her countenance, that, unless I was then prejudiced by my affection, I will venture to say, the world never produced, at least I had never seen, a more beautiful creature.

We went directly to church, to make our acknowledgments to God for his mercies; and as soon as Zorayda entered, she said she perceived some faces that resembled Lela Marien; we told her these were the images of the blessed Virgin; and the renegado, as well as he could, informed her of their signification, that she might adore them, as each was actually the person of Lela Marien, who had spoke to her; so that, having naturally a good understanding, with a docile and discerning disposition, she easily comprehended what he said upon the subject. From hence they conducted us to our lodgings in different families of the town; the renegado, Zorayda, and I, being invited by the Christian who escaped with us, to the house of his father, who was moderately provided with the good things of this life, and treated us with the same affection he expressed for his own son. Six days later, at Velez, during which the renegado having informed himself of what was necessary for him to do, went to the city of Grenada, there, by means of the holy inquisition, to be re-admitted into the bosom of our most sacred church: the rest of our company departed, each for his own home; leaving Zorayda and me by ourselves, deftitute of every thing but the few crowns which she received from the county of the French corsair. With part of these I bought the animal on which she arrived at this inn. and hitherto have cherished her with the affiction of a parent, and the service of a squire, without using the prerogative of a husband; we are now upon the road to the place of my nativity, to see if my father be still alive, and if either of my brothers has been more fortunate than myself; though, as heaven hath made Zorayda my companion for life, fortune could not have possibly bestowed upon me any other favour which I should have valued at so high a rate.

The patience with which the bears in the inconviences attending poverty, and the zeal she manifests to become a Christian, is so great and extraordinary, as to raise my admiration, and engage me to serve her all the days of my life; but the pleasure I take in this office, and in the prospect of seeing her mine, is disturbed and perverted, by reflecting that possibly in my own country I shall not find a corner in which I can shelter the dear object of my love; and that time or death may have made such alterations in the fortune and lives of my father and his other children, that I shall fear meet with a soul that knows me.

This, gentlemen, is the substance of my story; whether or not it be agreeable and uncommon, I leave to the decision of your better judgment; assuring you, that I wish I could have related it more succinctly, though the fear of tiring you hath made me suppress a good number of circumstances.

CHAPTER XV.

OF WHAT FARTHER HAPPENED AT THE INN, WITH MANY OTHER PARTICULARS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN.

Here the captive left off speaking; and Don Fernando said to him, "Really, Signior Captain, the novelty of
of your strange adventures is equalled by your agreeable manner of relating them. Your whole story is uncommon, surprizing, and full of incidents that keep the hearers in admiration and suspense; and such is the pleasure we have received from it, that though the narration should have continued till to-morrow morning, we should rejoice at your beginning anew.'

When this compliment was passed, Cardenio, and all the rest of the company, offered to serve him to the utmost of their power, with such affectionate and sincere expressions of friendship, that the captain was extremely well satisfied of their good-will. Don Fernando, in particular, promised, that if he would go home with him, his brother the marquis should lend godfather to Zorayda; and that he, for his part, would accommodate him in such a manner, that he should return to the place of his nativity with that authority and ease to which he was intitled by his birth and merit. The captive thanked him in the most courtiously manner, but declined accepting any of his generous offers.

It was now night, when a coach arrived at the inn, attended by some men on horseback, who demanded lodging; and the landlady made answer, that there was not in the whole house an handful of room unengaged. 'Be that as it will,' said one of the horsemen, who had entered the gate, 'there must be some found for my lord judge.' At mention of that name the hostess was disturbed, saying, 'Signior, the greatest difficulty is my want of beds; but if his lordship hath brought one along with him, as I suppose he hath, he is very welcome to come in: I and my husband will quit our own apartment to accommodate his worship.'——Be it so,' said the attendant. By this time a person had alighted from the coach, who, by his garb, immediately shewed the nature of his rank and office; for his long robe, with high sleeves tucked up, plainly distinguished him to be a judge, as the servant had affirmed. He led by the hand a young lady seemingly sixteen years of age, drest in a riding suit, and so sprightly, beautiful, and gentle, as to raise the admiration of all who beheld her: so that those who had not seen Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zorayda then present, would have thought it a very difficult task to find another woman of equal beauty. Don Quixote seeing the judge and young lady as they entered, pronounced with great solemnity, 'Your worship may securely enter and recreate yourself in this castle, which, though narrow and inconvenient, there is no narrowness and inconvenience in this world, but what will make room for arms and letters, especially if they have for their guide and conductor such beauty as that which accompanies the letters of your worship, in the person of that amiable young lady, to whom not only castles ought to open and unfold their gates, but also rocks divide, and mountains bow their heads at her approach. Enter, I say, this paradise, where you will find stars and suns to accompany that heaven which you have brought hither. Here you will find arms in perfection, and beauty in excess!'

The judge marvilled greatly at this address of the knight, whom he earnestly considered, no less surprized at his figure than his words, without knowing what reply to make, so much was he confounded at both; when he was relieved by the appearance of Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zorayda; who, upon hearing the news of their arrival, and the landlady's description of the young beauty, had come out to welcome and receive her; the beautiful ladies of the inn welcomed this beautiful damsel; while Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, paid their compliments to the judge, in the most civil and polite terms. He was more and more astonisht at what he saw and heard, though he could easily perceive that his fellow-lodgers were persons of rank and consequence; but the men, village, and figure of Don Quixote, baffled all his conjectures. Compliments having thus passed on all sides, and the conveniencies of the inn being duly considered, it was agreed, as before, that all the ladies should sleep together in the fore-mentioned apartment, and the men sit in another room to guard them. The judge was very well satisfied, that his daughter (for such the young maiden was) should lodge with the other ladies, the herself willingly consenting to the proposal.
tion.'—I have already told you,' answered the curate, 'that I will manage the affair to your mutual satisfaction. By this time, the cloth being laid, and every body sat down to table, except the captive and the ladies, who sipped in their own apartment, the curate addressed himself to the judge, saying—'I had once a comrade of your lordship's name at Constantinople, where I was a slave for many years. He was one of the bravest soldiers and best officers in the Spanish infantry, but his misfortunes were equal to his valour and ability.'—'Dear Sir,' cried the judge, 'what was that officer's name?'—'He was called Ruy Perez de Viedma,' replied the priest, 'and a native of some town in the mountains of Leon. He told me a circumstance that happened between his father, two brothers, and himself, which, had it not been affirmed by a person of his veracity, I should have looked upon as one of those tales which old women tell by the fire-side in winter; for he said his father divided his estates equally among his three sons, whom he at the same time enriched with advice more salutary than any that ever Cato gave. This I know, the choice he made of going into the army succeeded so well, that in a few years, by his gallant behaviour, and without any other assistance than that of his extraordinary virtue, he rose to be captain of foot, and saw himself in the straight road of becoming a field officer very soon; but there, where he had reason to expect the mildest of fortune, he proved most unkind; he having lost her, with his liberty, on that glorious day of the battle at Lepanto, in which it was found by so many Christians. I was taken in the gout; and, after various vicissitudes, we happened to be fellow-slaves at Constantinople, from whence he was transported to Algiers, where he met with one of the strangest adventures that ever was known.'

Then the curate briefly recapitulated the story of Zorayda, to which the judge listened with more attention than ever he had yielded on the
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THE AGREEABLE STORY OF THE YOUNG MULETEER, WITH MANY OTHER STRANGE INCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

I.

At distance view'd, a cheering light
Conducts me thro' the swelling tide;
A brighter luminarty, far,
Than Pulcinello e'ter defcry'd.

II.

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

IV. 'But
Here the musician pausing, Dorothea thought it was pity Clara should not hear such an excellent voice; therefore, by gently jogging, she waked her, saying, 'I ask pardon, my dear Clara, for disturbing you; but my intention in so doing, was to regale you with one of the bell voices that ever you heard.' Clara, being still half asleep, did not at first understand what she said, which, at her desire, Dorothea repeated; and the young lady listened accordingly; but scarce had she heard two lines of the song, which was now resumed, when she began to tremble as violently as if she had been feiz'd with a severe fit of the ague, saying, while she hugged Dorothea, 'Ah! dear lady of my life and soul, why did you wake me? The greatest favour that fortune could at present bestow, would be to keep both my eyes and ears fast shut, that I might neither see nor hear that unfortunate musician.' — 'What do you mean, my dear child?' answered Dorothea; 'confider what you say; he that sings is a young muleteer!' — 'Ah, no!' replied Clara, 'he is a young gentleman of great fortune, and so much matter of my heart, that unless he quits it of his own accord, it shall remain eternally in hispossession.' Dorothea was surprized at this passionate declaration of such a young creature, who seemed to have so much more sensibility than could be expected from her tender years; and said to her, 'Truly, Donna Clara, you talk in such a manner that I do not understand you. Pray explain yourself, and tell me the meaning of those expressions, about fortune and heart, and that musician whose voice hath thrown you into such disorder: but stay no more at present; for I would not, by attending to your transports, lose the pleasure of hearing the singer, who now seems to be tuning his voice, and preparing to give us another song.' — 'With all my heart,' said Clara, flpping her ears with her fingers, to the farther admiration of Dorothea, who listening attentively, heard the musician proceed in these words:

**IV.**

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

*O lovely star, so pure and bright!*  
*Whose splendour feeds my vital fire;*  
*The moment thou deny'st thy light,*  
*Thy loft adorer will expire!*  

_V._

Here the voice ended, and Clara's sighs beginning afresh, kindled Dorothea's curiosity to know the cause of such agreeable musick and grievous lamentation; the therefore now desir'd to hear what her bed-fellow had before proffered to impart. Then Clara, fearful of being overheard by Lucinda, crept close to Dorothea, and applying her mouth to her ear, so that she could securely speak without being perceived, 'Dear Madam,' said she, 'that finger is the ion of an Arragonian gentleman, who is lord of two towns, and when at court lives opposite to my father's house; and although our windows are covered with canvas in winter, and lattices in summer, I know not how this young gentleman, while he prosecuted his studies, got light of me, either at church or some where else; and, in short, being mit ten, disclosed his passion from the windows of his own apartment. by so many tears and significant expressions, that I believed him sincere, and even loved him in my turn, without knowing the nature of my own desires. Among other signs, he made that of joining

_I._

**ASP irING Hope, thou, unconfin'd,**  
*Purfu' th' imaginary path,*  
*Thro' woods, and rocks, and waves come bind,'*  
*Defying danger, toil, and death.*

**II.**  

*No laurel shall adorn his brow,*  
*No happiness the slugged crown;*  
*Who tamely can to fortune bow,*  
*And flumber on th' inglorious down.*

**III.**  

*The joys unmatch'd below'd by love,*  
*Can never be too dearly priz'd;*  
*For undeny'd examples prove,*  
*What's cheaply bought, is soon despis'd.*

**IV.**  

*Success, by the confessing fair,*  
*Is oft to perseverance given;*  
*Then wherefore should my soul depair*  
*Of mounting from this earth to Heaven?*
joining his hands, giving me to understand that he would take me to wife; and though I should have been extremely glad to comply with that proposal, as I was alone and motherless, I had nobody to consult, and therefore let it rest, without granting him any other favour, except (when his father and mine were abroad) that of lifting up the canvas or lattice, that he might have a more perfect view of my person; and this concession always transported him so much, that I was afraid he would have run stark mad with joy. In the midst of this commerce, the time of my father’s departure drew near, of which being informed, though not by me, for I never had an opportunity of telling him, he fell sick, as I understood, of grief, so that when we set out I could not see him, as wished, to indulge one parting look; but, having travelled two days, just as I entered the place at which we lodged last night, I perceived him standing at the gate, disguised so naturally in the habit of a muleteer, that it would have been impossible for me to know him, had not his image been so deeply imprinted on my soul. The sight of him filled me with joy and surprise; and he gazed upon me by stealth, unperceived by my father, from whom he always conceals his face when he crosses the road before me, or is obliged to appear at the inns where we lodge. Knowing, therefore, who he is, and that he travels on foot, undergoing so much hardship and fatigue for love of me, I am half dead with grief and anxiety, and whatsoever he sets his feet, there I fix my pities. I know not what he intends by thus following me, nor how he could manage to escape from his father, who loves him tenderly, because he has no heir but him; and the young gentleman deserves all his affection, as you will perceive when you see him. I can moreover assure you, what he sing is the product of his own head; for I have been told that he is a great scholar, and an excellent poet; every time I behold him or hear him sing, I start and tremble from head to foot, being afraid that he will be known by my father, and thus our mutual love be discovered; for, though I never spoke to him in my life, my passion is so violent, that without him I shall not be able to live. This, dear Madam, is all I can say concerning that musician, whose voice hath given you such pleasure, and is alone sufficient to convince you that he is not a muleteer, but the lord of towns and hearts, as I have described him.

Enough, Donna Clara,” said Dorothea, kissing her with great affection; say no more, but wait with patience till the approach of a new day, when I hope in God to manage matters so well as to bring such a virtuous beginning to an happy end. “Ah, Madam!” replied the young lady, what happy end can be expected, seeing his father is a man of such rank and fortune, that he would think me unworthy to be the servant, much less the wife of his son! and as to marrying him without my own father’s consent, I would not do it for the whole universe. All I desire is, that the young gentleman would return; perhaps his absence, and the length of the journey we have undertaken, will alleviate the uneasiness I at present feel, though I must own I believe that remedy will have small effect. I cannot conceive what the deuce is the matter with me; nor how this same love got entrance into my heart, considering how young we both are; for I really believe we are of the same age, and my father says, that till Michaelmas next, I shall not be sixteen. Dorothea could not help laughing at these innocent observations of Donna Clara; to whom she said, Let us sleep, my dear, during the little that I believe remains of the night; God will grant us a new day; and if my skill fails me not, every thing will succeed to our wish.

They accordingly went to rest, and a general silence prevailed over the whole house, in which there was not a soul awake, except the innkeeper’s daughter and her maid Mariternes, who by this time being acquainted with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, and knowing that he was then without the gate, keeping guard in arms and on horseback, determined to play some trick upon him, or at least divert themselves in listening to his folly.
The inn chancing to have no window nor opening towards the field, but a hole through which they took in their straw; this pair of demi-ladies there took their station, and observed Don Quixote, who sat on horseback, leaning upon his lance, and breathing from time to time such profound and doleful sighs, as seemed to tear his very soul; they likewise heard him pronounce, in a soft, complacent, and amorous tone, 'O my dear mistress, Dulcinea del Toboso! thou perfection of beauty, scope and sum total of discretion, cabinet of good humour, depository of virtue, and lastly, the idea of all that is useful, chaste, and delectable in this life! in what art thou at present employed? Art thou reflecting upon thy captive knight, who voluntarily subjets himself to such dangers, with the sole view of serving thee? Give me some information of my love, thou three-faced luminary! who now, perhaps, with envious eyes, beholdest her walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, revolving in her mind, how, without impairing the delicacy of her honour, she may allay the torments that this heart endures on her account; how she may crown my sufferings with glory; my care with comfort; in fine, my death with new life, and my service with reward; and thou, fun, who by this time must be busy in harnessing thy steeds to light the world, and enjoy the sight of her who is the sovereign of my soul, I entreat thee to flulate her in my behalf; but, in thy salutation, beware of touching her amiable countenance, else I shall be more jealous of thee than ever thou wast of that nimble ingrate, who made thee sweat so much along the plains of Thesily, or banks of Peneus, for I do not remember through which thou ran'st, so jealous and enamoured.'

So far had the knight proceeded in this piteous exclamation, when the innkeeper's daughter whispered softly, 'Sir knight, will your worship be pleased to come this way?' Hearing this invitation, he lifted up his eyes, and by the light of the moon, which was then in full splendour, perceived them beckon to him from the straw-hole, which he mistook for a window adorned with gilded bars, suitable to the grandeur of such a magnificent castle as the inn appeared; then his crazy imagination instantly suggested, as before, that the beauteous damsels, daughter of the constable, being captivated by his person, intended again to solicit his love. On this supposition, that he might not seem discourteous or ungrateful, he turned Rozinante, and riding up to the hole, no sooner perceived the two lasses, than he said, 'I am extremely concerned, most beautiful lady, that you have fixed your amorous inclinations where it is impossible they should meet with that return which is due to your rank and qualifications; but you ought not to impute your disappointment to any fault in me, whose love hath rendered incapable of yielding my heart to any other but to her, who at first sight took absolute possession of my soul. Pardon my refusal, honoured Madam, and retire to your apartment, without seeking to explain your sentiments more fully, that I may not appear insensible or ungrateful; and if your love can find in me the power of giving you any other fruit of satisfaction, you may freely command my service; for I swear by that absent and amiable enemy of mine, to gratify your with immediately; even if you should desire to have a lock of Medula's hair, which was altogether compositive of snakes, or the rays of the sun confined in a phial.'

'Sir knight,' answered Maritornes, 'my lady has no occasion for either of these things.'—'What then is your lady's pleasure, discreet duenna?' resumed the knight. 'Only the favour of one of your beautiful hands,' replied Maritornes, 'with which thou mayest, in some measure, indulge the longing desire that brought her to the straw-hole, so much to the danger of her reputation, that if she should be detected by her father, the first stroke of his indignation would cut her an ear at least.'—'I would fain see him take that liberty,' said Don Quixote; but he will take care to refrain from any such acts of barbarity, unless he has a mind I should bring him to the most calamitous exit that ever happened to a father, for having laid vio-

* In the original demi-donnellas, equivalent to the modern term demi-reps.
lent hands upon the delicate members
of his enamoured daughter.'
Maritornes concluding that he would
certainly grant the request, and having
already determined on what he was to
do, ran down to the stable, and laid
hold of the halter belonging to Sancho's
afs, with which he instantly returned,
just when Don Quixote had made shift
to set his feet on the saddle that might
reach the gilded window, at which he
imagined the wounded damsel was
standing: presenting therefore his hand,
Receive, Madam, said he, 'that hand,
or rather that chaftiser of all evil-
doers; receive, I say, that hand,
which was never touched by any
other woman, not even by her who is
in possession of my whole body. I
do not present it to be kissed; but
that you may contemplate the con-
texture of it's nerves, the knittings
of the muscles, the large and swelling
veins, from whence you may conjecture
what strength must reside in the
arm to which it belongs.— That
we shall see presently,' said Mar-
itornes; who having made a running
knot on the halter, fixed it upon his
writ, and descend from the hole,
made fast the other end to the bolt of the
hay-loft door. The knight feeling the
roughness of this bracelet, said, 'Your
lady's hand seems to rasp rather than to
clap my hand; do not treat it so
cruelly; for it is not to blame for
what you suffer, from my inclina-
tion; nor is it just that such a small
part should bear the whole brunt of
your indignation; consider, that one
who is such a friend to love, ought not
to be so attached to revenge.'
All these expostulations of Don Quix-
otte were uttered in vain; for as soon as
Maritornes had tied him up, the and her
companion, ready to expire with laugh-
ing, left him fastened in such a manner,
that it was impossible for him to get
loose: thus, while he stood on Rozinante's
back, with his whole arm thrust
up into the straw-hole, and fast tied to
the bolt of the door, he was in the utmost
apprehension and dread, that if his horse
should make the least motion to either
side, he must lose his support, and the
weight of his whole body hang by one
arm, so that he durst not venture to stir;
though he might have expected, from
the patience and peaceful disposition
of Rozinante, that he would stand mo-
tionless for a whole century. In short,
finding himself thus tucked up, and
the ladies vanished, he imagined that
the whole had been effected by the power
of enchantment, which he had expe-
rrienced once before, in that same castle,
when he was belaboured by the en-
chanted Moor of a carrier; and curfed,
within himself, his want of conduct
and discretion, in entering a second
time that fortresses in which he had fared
so ill at first; it being a maxim among
knights-errant, that when they prove an
adventure, without success, they con-
clude it is reserved for another, and
therefore think it unnecessary to make a
second trial. Nevertheless, he pulled
with intention to disengage his arm, but
he was so well secured, that all his
efforts were ineffectual; true it is, he
pulled with caution, that Rozinante
might not be disturbed; and though he
had a longing desire of sitting down up-
on the saddle again, he found that he
must either continue in his present up-
right posture, or part with his hand;
then he began to wish for the sword of
Amadis, against which no enchantment
could prevail; then cursed his fortune;
then exaggerated the loss which the
world would sustaine, while he remained
enchanted, as he firmly believed himself
to be; then he reflected anew upon his belov-
ed Dulcinea del Toboso; then he called
to his trusty squire Sancho Panza, who,
stretched upon the pannel of his afs,
and buried in sleep, at that instant, re-
tained no remembrance of the mother
that bore him; then he implored the
affistance of the two fages, Lirgando
and Alquife; then he invoked his good
friend Urganda, for succour in his
distresses; and, in fine, the morning
found him in that situation, so disheart-
ed and perplexed, that he roared aloud like
a bull, without expecting that the day
would put an end to this disater, which
he thought would be eternal, believing
himself actually enchanted: and this
opinion was confirmed, by his seeing
that Rozinante scarce offered to stir;
for he was persuaded, that in this man-
ner, without eating, drinking, or sleep-
ing, he and his horse would continue
until the evil influence of the stars should
pass over, or some other fage of supe-
rior skil disengage them from their en-
chantments.
But for once he was mistaken in his
calculation; for day had scarce begun to
to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, well mounted, and accoutred with carbines hanging at their saddle-bows; the knight perceiving from the place, where in spite of his misfortune, he still kept guard, that they thundered for entrance at the gate, which was still shut, called in an arrogant and haughty tone, 'Knights or squires, or whosoever you are, you have no business to make such a noise at the gate of this castle; for it is very plain, that either the people within are asleep, or unaccustomed, at these hours, to open the fortrefs, which you cannot enter before the fun rise. Retire, therefore, and wait until the day be farther advanced, and then we shall see whether or not you have any title to be admitted.'

'What the devil of a fortrefs or castle is this, that we must observe such ceremony!' said one of the company: 'if you are the innkeeper, order some body to open the door; we are all travellers, and only want to bait, that we may forthwith proceed on our journey, for we are in haste.'—'Gentlemen,' replied Don Quixote, 'do you think I resemble an innkeeper?—'I don't know what you resemble,' answered the other, 'but this I know, that you talk nonsense in calling this inn a castle.'—'A castle it is,' cried the knight, 'and one of the best in this province; nay, at this very instant, it contains those who have worn crowns on their heads, and wielded sceptres in their hands.'—'Or rather the reverse,' said the traveller; 'that is, the sceptre on the head, and crown in the hand.'—'but perhaps there may be within some company of ftrrollers, who frequently wear these crowns and sceptres you mention; for otherwise, in such a sorry inn, without any sort of noise or stir, I cannot believe that any persons of such note would lodge.'—'You know little of the world,' replied Don Quixote, 'since you are so ignorant of the events that happen in knighthood.'

The other horsemen being tired with this dialogue that passed between the knight and their companion, began again to knock and bawl with such vociferation, that the landlord and all the persons in the inn waking, rose to see who called so furiously; about this time one of the horses belonging to the travellers drew near and smelted at Rosinante, who, sad and melancholy, with his ears hanging down, stood supporting his outstretched maff without flirring; but at length, being made of flitch, though he seemed to have been carved out of a block, he was sensible of the civility, and turned about to repay the compliment to the courteous stranger; and fearing he had moved one step, when both his master's feet slipping from the saddle, he would have tumbled to the ground had he not hung by his arm, which endured such torture in the shock, that he verily believed it was cut off by the writ, or torn away by the shoulder. He was suspended so low, that the tops of his toes almost touched the ground; a circumstance which increased his calamity: for feeling how little he wanted of being firmly sustained, he stretched and fatigued himself with endeavouring to set his feet upon the ground; like those wretches, who, in undergoing the strappado, being hoisted up a very little space, increase their own torment by their eager efforts to lengthen their bodies, misled by the vain hope of reaching the ground.

C H A P. XVII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE SURPRIZING EVENTS THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

Don Quixote actually made such a hideous outcry, that the innkeeper opened the door, and ran out to see what was the matter; while the strangers that remained without were no less astonished at his bellowing. Maritornes being also waked by the same noise, conjectured what might be the case; and going straight to the hay-loft without being perceived, unied the halter that sustained him, so that the knight came to the ground in sight of the landlord and strangers, who running up, asked what was the matter with him, and wherefore he cried so violently? Without answering one word, he loosed
and undertaken. The travellers took the leaf and retired to the inn, where their host, the landlord, removed the sign, and the sign was altered to "The Traveller's Homesick," which was the name of the inn. It was a well-known establishment, and the travellers were much pleased with the change. The landlord was a kind man, and the travellers found him very obliging. They had a fine meal, and then retired to rest, little dreaming of the adventures that were in store for them the next day.
All this conversation was overheard by the muleteer with whom Don Lewis lay, who got up immediately, and going to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the ladies, who were already dressed, told them how the man called his fellow-servant, Don, and communicated every thing that passed between them concerning the domefticks' proposal of conducting him home again, and the youth's reluctant to comply with his desire. This information, together with the knowledge of that sweet voice with which Heaven had endowed him, excited in all the company a desire of knowing more particularly who he was, and even of affixing him, should they offer any violence to his inclination: for this purpose, therefore, they repaired to the place where he still continued talking and disputing with his father's servant. At the same time Dorothea coming out of her apartment, followed by Donna Clara, in the utmost confusion called Cardenio aside, and briefly related to him the story of the musician and the judge's daughter; and he in his turn informed her of what passed on the arrival of his father's servants. This he spoke not so softly but that he was overheard by Clara, who was so much affected at the news, that if Dorothea had not supported her, she would have fallen to the ground; but Cardenio desired them to retire into their apartment, saying, he would endeavour to set every thing to rights, and they accordingly followed his advice. Meanwhile, the four who had come in quest of Don Lewis stood round him in the inn, persuading him to return without loss of time, and confide his melancholy father; but he affirmed them he could by no means comply with their request until he had finished an affair upon which his honour, life, and soul, depended. Then the domefticks began to be more urgent, protesting they would in no shape return without him; and declaring that if he would not willingly, they would be obliged to carry him off by force.

"That you shall never do," replied Don Lewis, "unless you carry me off dead; and indeed you may as well kill me, as force me away in any shape."

Molt of the people in the house were now gathered together to hear the dispute, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the judge, curate, barber, and Don Quixote, who thought it was no longer necessary to guard the castle. Cardenio being already acquainted with the young man's story, asked what reason the domefticks had to carry off the youth contrary to his own inclination. 'Our motive,' replied one of the four, 'is to retrieve his father's life, which is in danger of being lost on account of this young gentleman's absence.' To this declaration Don Lewis answered, 'There is no reason why I should here give an account of my affairs; I am free, and will return if I please, otherwise none of you shall compel me into your measures.' — 'Your honour will, I hope, hear reason,' said the servant; or if you should not, it will be enough for us to execute our errand, as we are in duty bound.

Here the judge desiring to know the whole affair from the bottom, the man having lived in the same neighbourhood, knew him, and replied, 'My Lord Judge, don't you know that young gentleman is your neighbour's son, who hath abmitted himself from his father's house, in a dress altogether unbecoming his quality, as your lordship may perceive? Then the judge looking at him more attentively, recollected his features, and embracing him said, 'What a frolick is this, Don Lewis? or what powerful cause hath induced you to come hither in a garb so ill-fitted to your rank and fortune? The tears gushing into the young man's eyes, he could not answer one word to the judge, who desired the four domefticks to make themselves easy, for all would be well; then taking Don Lewis by the hand, he led him aside, and asked again the cause of his coming in that manner.

While he was employed in this and other questions, they heard a great noise at the inn door, occasioned by two men who had lodged all night in the house, and who seeing every body intent upon knowing the business of the four last comers, resolved to march off without paying their reckonings; but the innkeeper, who minded his own affairs more than those of any other person, flung them on the threshold, demanded his money, and upbraided them for their evil intention, with such abusive language, as provoked them to answer by dint of fists, which they began to employ so dextrously, that the poor landlord
landlord found himself under the necessity of calling aloud for assistance. His wife and daughter seeing nobody to idle, consequently fo proper for the purpose as Don Quixote, the damsel addressed him in these words: 'Sir knight, I beseech your worship, by the valour which God hath given you, to go to the assiduity of my poor father, whom two wicked men are now beating to a jelly.' To this request the knight replied, with great leiture, and infinite phlegm, 'Beautiful young lady, I cannot at present grant your petition, being restricted from intermeddling in any other adventure, until I shall have accomplished one in which my honour is already engaged; all that I can do for your service is this, run and direct your father to maintain the combat as well as he can, and by no means allow himself to be overcome, until I go and ask permission of the Princes's Micomicona, to succour him in his distress; and if I obtain it, be assured that I will rescue him from all danger.'—Sinner that I am! cried Maritornes, who was then present, before your worship can obtain that permission, my master will be in the other world.'—'Allow me, Madam,' answered Don Quixote, 'to go and solicit the licence I mention, which if I obtain, I shall not make much account of his being in the other world, from whence I will retrieve him, though all it's inhabitants should combine to oppose me; at least I shall take such vengeance on those who have sent him thither, as will give you full and ample satisfaction.'

So saying, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, begging in the title and manner of knight-errantry, that her highness would be pleased to give him permission to run and assist the contable of the castle, who was at that time involved in a very grievous disaster. The princes's having very graciously granted his request, he braced on his target, undaunted his sword, and ran to the gate, where the two guests still continued pummelling the landlord; but as soon as he beheld them, he dropped short, as if suddenly surprized, and when Maritornes and her mitres asked what hindered him from giving assistance to their master and husband, 'I am hindered,' answered the knight, 'by a law, which will not permit me to use my sword against plebeians; but call hither my squire Sancho, for to him it belongs, and is peculiar, to engage in such vengeance and defence.'

This transaction happened on the very field of battle, while kicks and cuffs were dealt with infinite dexterity, to the no small prejudice of the innkeeper's carcase, and the rage of his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, who were half-distracted at seeing the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the distress of their lord and master. But let us here leave him awhile, for he shall not want one to assist him; or else, let him suffer with patience, and hold his tongue as becomes those who rashly undertake adventures which they have not strength to achieve; and let us retreat backwards, about fifty yards, to see what answer Don Lewis made to the judge, whom we left enquiring the cause of his travelling on foot in such a mean habit. The youth, squeezing both his hands with great eagerness, in token of the excessive grief that wrung his heart, and shedding a flood of tears, replied to this question, 'Dear Sir, I can give you no other reason, but that from the first moment that fortune made us neighbours, and Heaven ordained that I should see Donna Clara, your daughter and my delight, I, that infatiant, made her mitresse of my heart; and if your inclination, my real lord and father, does not oppose my happiness, this very day shall be my lawful wife; for her I forsook my father's house, and disguised myself in this manner, with a resolution to follow whithersoever she should go, directing my views towards her, like the arrow to it's mark, and the needle to the pole; though she knows no more of my passion than what she may have understood from the tears which, at a distance, she hath often seen me shed. You yourself, my lord, know the rank and fortune of my father, whose sole heir I am. If you think that a motive sufficient for venturing to make me perfectly happy, receive me immediately as your son; and though my father, prompted perhaps by other views, should be disobligated at the blessing which I have chosen for myself, it is in the power of time to work greater changes and alterations than human prudence can foresee.'

Here the enamoured youth left off speaking,
speaking, and the judge remained in the utmost stupenfe; not only admiring the discretion with which Don Lewis had disclofed his passion, but also finding himself perplexed about the resolution he was to take, in such a sudden and unexpected affair. He therefore made no other reply for the present, but to desire he would make himself early, and detain his servants a day longer, that he might have time to consider what steps it would be most proper to take, for the satisfaction of all concerned. Don Lewis kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with his tears; a circumstance sufficient to melt a heart of marble, much more that of the judge, who, being a man of prudence, had already conceived all the advantages of such a match for his daughter; though he wished it could be effected, if possible, with the consent of the young man's father, who, he knew, had some pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time peace was re-established between the innkeeper and his two lodgers, who being persuaded by the arguments and exhortations of Don Quixote, more than by his threats, had paid their reckoning to the last farthing; and the servants of Don Lewis waited the result of the judge's advice, together with their master's resolution; when the devil, who is ever watchful, so ordered matters, that the barber should just then enter the inn; that very barber from whom Don Quixote had retrieved Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza taken the furniture of his afs, which he had exchanged for his own. This individual shaver, as he led his beast to the stable, perceived Sancho employed in mending something that belonged to the pannell, and knowing him at first sight, assaulted the squire in a trice, crying, 'Ha! Don chief, I have caught you at laft. Refole my baflon and pannel, with all the furniture you stole from me.'

Sancho seeing himself so suddenly attacked, and hearing the reproachful language of his antagonist, with one hand laid fast hold on the pannel, and with the other bestowed upon the barber such a flap in the face, as bathed his whole jaws in blood. But for all that, he would not quit the pannel which he had also seized; on the contrary, he raised his voice so high as to alarm the whole company, and bring them to the scene of contention, crying, 'Justice! help in the king's name! this robber wants to murder me, because I endeavour to recover my own property.'—You lye,' answered the squire, 'I am no robber; my Lord Don Quixote won thefe spoils fairly in battle.' The knight coming up among the rest, beheld with infinite satisfaction, his squire so alert in offending and defending, and looking upon him from thenceforward as a man of valour, resolved in his heart, to have him dubbed with the first opportunity, confident that on him the order of knighthood would be very well bestowed. Among other things alleged by the barber in the course of the fray, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'that panel belongs as much to me as my soul belongs to God; for I know it as well as if it had been produced by my own body, and though I had all the mind in the world, my afs, which is now in the stable, would not suffer me to tell a fallhood; since you will not take my word, pray go and try it upon his back, and if it does not fit him to a hair, I shall give you leave to call me the greatest liar upon earth.

Besides, the very same day on which they took my pannel, they also robbed me of a new brafs baflon, never hanfelled, that cost me a good crown.'

Don Quixote hearing this, could contain himself no longer, but intercepted between the combatants, whom he parted, and depositing the pannel on the ground, to be publickly viewed until the truth should appear, addressed himself thus to the spectators: 'Gentlemen, you may now clearly and manifeftly perceive how this honest squire errors in his judgment, by calling that a baflon, which was, is, and shall be, Mambrino's helmet; a piece of armour I won in fair and open battle, and now poffeffs by the just laws of conquest. With regard to the pannel, I will not intermeddle; all that I can say of the matter is, that my squire Sancho having asked permission to take the trappings of that coward's horse, and adorn his own with them, I gave him leave, and he took them accordingly; though I can give no

* Literally, 'Lady of a crown.'
other reason for their being now converted into a pannel, but that such transformations frequently happen in the events of chivalry; yet, as a confirmation of what I say, run, friend Sancho, and bring hither the helmet, which this honest man calls a bason.' 'Tlore God!' answered Sancho, 'if your worship has no better proof of our honourable doings than what you mention, Mambrino's helmet will turn out a bason, as certainly as this honest man's trappings are transfiguried into a pannel.' 'Do what I order,' replied the knight; 'sure I am every thing in this castle cannot be conducted by enchantment.' Sancho went accordingly, and fetched this bason or helmet of Mambrino, as his master called it, which Don Quixote taking in his hand, said, 'Behold, gentlemen, with what face this plebeian can affirm that this is a bason, and not the helmet I have mentioned: now, I swear by the order of knighthood I profess, that this is the individual helmet which I took from him, without the least addition or diminution.' 'Without all manner of doubt,' said Sancho; for since my master won it, to this good hour, he hath used it but in one battle, when he delivered those mischievous galley-slaves; and if it had not been for that fame bason-helmet, he could not have come off so well: for there was a deadly shower of stones rained upon his pate in that storm.'

C H A P. XVIII.

THE DECISION OF THE DOUBTS CONCERNING MAMBRINO'S HELMET AND THE PANNEL—WITH A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF MANY OTHER ADVENTURES.

GENTLEMEN,' said the barber, 'pray favour me with your opinion concerning what is affirmed by these gentlefolks, who so obstinately maintain that this is not a bason, but a helmet!' 'And if any one affirms to the contrary,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will make him sensible that he lies, if he be a knight; and if a plebeian, that he lies a thousand times.' His own townsmen, who was present all the while, being well acquainted with the knight's humour, resolved to encourage him in his extravagance, and carry on the joke for the diversion of the company; with this view he addressed himself to the other shaver, saying, 'Mr. Barber, or whosoever you are, you must know that I am of the same profession; I have had a certificat of my examination these twenty years; and know very well all the instruments of the art, without excepting one. I was, moreover, a soldier in my youth, consequently can distinguish an helmet, a morion, and a caique with its beaver, together with every thing relating to military affairs; I mean the different kinds of armour wore by soldiers in the field: I say, under correction, and still with submission to better judgment, that the object now in dispute, which that worthy gentleman holds in his hand, is not only no barber's bason, but also, as far from being one as black is from white, or falsehood from truth, I likewise aver, that though it is an helmet, it is not entire.' 'You are certainly in the right,' said Don Quixote, 'for it wants one half, which is the beaver.'

The curate, who by this time understood the intention of his friend, seconded his dissimulation, which was also confirmed by Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions; and the judge himself would have borne a part in the jest, had he not been engrossed by the affair of Don Lewis; but that earnest busines kept him in such perplexity of thought, that he could give little or no attention to the joke that was going forward.

'Good God!' cried the barber, with amazement, 'is it possible that so many honourable persons should pronounce this bason to be a helmet! an assertion sufficient to astonish a whole university, let it be never so learned. Well, if that bason be an helmet, I suppose the pannel must be a horse's trappings too, as this gentleman says.' 'To me it seems a pannel,' replied the knight; 'but, as I have already observed, I will not pretend to decide whether it be the pannel of an afs, or the furniture of a steed.' 'Don Quixote has no more to do but speak his opinion,' said the curate; 'for in affairs of chivalry, all these gentlemen, myself, and even the ladies, yield to his superior understanding.'
This page is a continuation of the previous one. The text seems to be from the novel "Don Quixote," written by Miguel de Cervantes. The passage continues the story of the adventures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, highlighting their interactions with various characters and their misadventures in a fantasy world.

The text mentions the transformation of Don Quixote into a knight, his interactions with a Moor, and their experiences with various objects and people. The narrative style is rich with descriptions and humor, characteristic of the novel's genre. The text also contains footnotes and interjections that add to the complexity and depth of the story.

The context suggests that the characters are dealing with fantastical elements, such as enchanted objects and mythical creatures, which are central to the novel's themes of chivalry, adventure, and the clash between reality and illusion.
the people on earth shall never make
me believe that this is not a barber's
bafon, or that not the pannel of an
he-afs.—' Why not of a the-aafs?' said the curate. ' That diftinction
makes no difference,' said the fervvant;
nor has it any concern with the dif-
pute, which is occasioned by your
saying that it is not a pannel at all.'

At the fame time, one of the troopers
who had entered and been witnessed to
the quarrel and question, could no
longer contain his choler and displea-
sure at what he heard; and therefore
said, in a furious tone, ' If that is not a
pannel, my father never begat me;
and he that lays, or shall lay the con-
trary, must be drunk.'—' You faye,
like an infamous foundrel!' replied
Don Quixote; who lifting up his lance,
which he still kept in his hand, aimed
fuch a blow at the trooper's faull, that
if he had not been very expeditious in
fifting it, he would have been ftruck
at full length upon the ground, on
which the weapon was fhivered to
pieces: the reft of the troop, feeing
their companion foon rigidly handled,
rallied their voices, crying for help to
the holy brotherhood; the innkeeper
being of that fraternit)' ran in for his
tipstaff and fword, and foped the caufe of his brethren; the domelicks
furronded Don Lewis, that he might
not escape in the fervice; the barber fea-
ing the house turned topy-turvy, laid
hold again of the pannel, which was at
the fame time feized by Sancho; Don
Quixote attacked the troopers fword-in-
hand; Don Lewis called to his fervants
to leave him, and go to the affifiance of
Cardenio and Don Fernando, who had
ranged themfelves on the fide of Don
Quixote; the curate exhorted, the land-
lady freamed, the daughter wept, Ma-
rizornes blobered, Dorothea was con-
founded, Lucinda perplexed, and Donna
Clara flanct away. The barber pum-
melled Sancho, who returned the com-
pliment; one of the fervants prefuming
to feize Don Lewis by the arm, that he
might not run away, the young gentle-
man gave him fuch a flap in the face as
battered all his teeth in blood; the judge
exerted himfelf in his defence. Don
Fernando having brought one of the
troopers to the ground, kicked his
whole caraffe to his heart's content;
the landlord raifed his voice again,
roaring for help to the holy broth-
hood; so that the whole inn was a scene
of laments, cries, shrieks, confu-
dition, dread, difmay, diftater, back-
strokes, cudgelling, kicks, cuffs, and
effuion of blood. In the midft of this
labyrinth, chaos, and compofition of
mifchief, Don Quixote's imagination
fuggested that he was all of a fudden
involved in the confufion of Agra-
monte's camp, and therefore pronounced
with a voice that made the whole inn
refound, ' Let every man forbear, put
up his fword, be quiet and listen, un-
les he be weary of his life.'

On hearing this exclamation, all the
combatants paufed, while he proceeded
thus: ' Did not I tell you, gentlemen,
that this cafe was enchanted, and
foubifeihs inhabited by a whole legion
of devils? as a proof of which, you
may now perceive with your owneyes
how the difcord and mutiny in Agra-
monte's camp is translated hither:
behold, in one place, we fight for a
fword; in another, for a horfe; in a
third, for an eagle; and in a fourth,
for a helmet; in fhort, we are all by
the ears together, for we know not
what.—Advance, therefore, my lord
judge, and Mr. Curate, and in the
perfon of Agramonte and King So-
brino, re-establish peace among us;
for, by Almighty God! we were wicked
and abfurdf that perfon's of our im-
portance should be flain in fuch a fri-
velous caufe.'

The troopers, who did not under-
stand the knight's f ile, and found
themfelves very feverely treated by Don
Fernando, Cardenio, and their compa-
nions, would not be pacified; but it
was otherwise with the barber, who,
in the fervice, had loft both his pannel
and heard: Sancho, who, like a faith-
ful fervant, minded the leaft hint of his
mifer, willingly obeyed, and the ferv-
ants of Don Lewis were fain to be
quiet, feeing how little they had got by
concerning themfelves in the fray; the
innkeeper alone infifted upon their
fballing the inrolence of that mad-
man, who was every moment throwing
the whole house into confufion; at
length the disturbance was appeafed,
the pannel remained as an horfe's fur-
neriture till the day of judgment, the
bafon as an helmet, and the inn as a
cafe, in Don Quixote's imagination.

Every thing being thus amiably
compofed by the perfuafion of the judge
and priest, the servants of Don Lewis began again to press him with great obliquity to set out with them for his father's house immediately; and while he expostulated with them, the judge consulted with Don Fernando, Cárdenio, and the curate, about what he should do on this occasion; imparting to them the declaration Don Lewis had made; at last it was agreed that Don Fernando should tell the servants who he was, and express a desire that Don Lewis should accompany him to Andalouia, where his brother the marquis should entertain him according to his rank and merit; for he well knew the young gentleman was fixed in the determination of being cut to pieces rather than return to his father at that time. The domesticks being informed of Don Fernando's quality, and understanding the resolution of Don Lewis, determined among themselves that three of them should return and give the father an account of what had happened, while the fourth should attend the young gentleman, until they should either come back for him, or know his father's pleasure.

In this manner was that accumulation of quarrels appeased by the authority of Agramonte and prudence of King Sobrino; but the enemy of concord and rival of peace being thus foiled and disappointed, and seeing how little fruit he had reaped from the labyrinth of confusion in which he had involved them, determined to try his hand once more, and revive discord and disturbance anew; and these were the means he practised for this purpose: the troopers, apprized of the quality of those with whom they had been engaged, were fain to be quiet and retreat from the fray, concluding that whatever might happen they would have the worst of the battle; but one of them who had been pummelled and kicked by Don Fernando, recollected that among other warrants for apprehending delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, issued by the holy brotherhood, on account of his having let the galley-slaves at liberty, as Sancho had very justly feared: this coming into his head, he was resolved to assure himself whether or not the knight's person agreed with the description, and pulling out of his bosom a bundle of parchment, he soon found what he sought, and beginning to spell with great deliberation (for he was by no means an expert reader) between every word he fixed his eyes upon the knight, whose physiognomy he compared with the marks specified in the warrant, and discovered beyond all doubt that he was the very person described; no sooner was he thus convinced, than putting up the patchment, and holding the warrant in his left-hand, he with his right seized Don Quixote so fast by the collar that he could scarce fetch his breath, roaring aloud, "Help, in the name of the holy brotherhood; and that you may see my demand is just: read that warrant for apprehending this highwayman." The curate, upon perusing the warrant, found what the trooper said was true, and that the description exactly agreed with the person of Don Quixote, who seeing himself so unworthily treated by such a rascal, was incensed to the highest degree, so that every bone in his body trembled with rage; and he made shift to fasten on the trooper's throat with both hands so violently, that if his companions had not come to his assistance, he would have quitted his life before the knight had quitted his hold. The innkeeper being obliged to succour his brethren, ran immediately to their assistance; his wife seeing her husband re-engaged in the quarrel, exalted her voice anew; Maritornes and the daughter equalled in concert, implored heaven and the bye-standers for help; Sancho perceiving what passed, "By the Lord!" cried he, "what my master says about the enchantments of this castle is certainly true; for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet within its walls,"

Don Fernando parted the knight and trooper, to their mutual satisfaction; unlocking their hands, which were fast clinched in the double-collar of the one, and the wind-pipe of the other, but for all that they did not cease demanding their prisoner, and the assistance of the company, in binding and delivering him to their charge, agreeable to the service of the king, and the order of the holy brotherhood, in whose behalf they repeated their demand of favour and assistance, to secure that felon, robber, and thief. Don Quixote smiled at hearing these epithets, and with much composure replied, "Come hither, ye vile and
and base-born race! do you call it the province of an highwayman to loot the chains of the captive, and set the prisoner free to succour the miserable, raise the fallen, and relieve the diffused? Ah! infamous crew! whose low and gruvelling understanding renders you unworthy that Heaven should reveal to you the worth that is contained in knight-errantry, or make you capable of your sin and ignorance, in neglecting to revere the very shadow, much more the substance of any knight, Comelion, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers; ye robbers licensed by the holy brotherhood; and tell me what ignorant wretch was, who signed a warrant of caption against such a knight as me? Who did not know that we are exempted from all judicial authority, and that a knight's own sword is his law, he being privileged by his valour, and restricted only by his will and pleasure? Who was the blackhead, I say, who does not know, that no gentleman's charter contains so many rights and indulgences as adttire to a knight-errant, the very day on which he is dubbed, and devotes himself to the painful exercise of arms? What knight-errant ever paid tax, toll, custom, duty, or excise? What taylor ever brought in a bill for making his cloaths? What governor ever made him pay for lodging in his stable? What king did ever neglect to seat him at his own table? What damsel ever refitted his charims, or refused to submit herself entirely to his pleasure and will? And, in fine, what knight-errant ever was, is, or will be, whose single valour is not sufficient to annihilate four hundred troopers, should they presume to oppose him?

CHAP. XIX.

IN WHICH IS CONCLUDED THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE TROOPERS—WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE SURPRIZING FEROCITY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE.

While Don Quixote harangued in this manner, the curate was employed in peruffling the troopers, that he was a man disordered in his judgment, as they might perceive both by his words and actions, and therefore they ought not to proceed any farther in the affair; for even if they should apprehend him, he would soon be dismissed as a person non compos. To this observation the man who had the warrant replied, that it was not his business to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to obey the orders of his superiors; and that if he was apprehended once, they might discharge him three hundred times over, if they would. 'For all that,' said the priest, 'you must not carry him off at present, nor do I believe he will suffer himself to be fet up.'

In short, the curate talked so effectually, and the knight himself acted such extravagancies, that the troopers must have been more mad than he, if they had not plainly perceived his defect; therefore they thought proper to be satisfied, and even performed the office of mediators betwixt the barber and Sancho Panza, who still maintained the fray with great animosity; for the troopers, as limbs of justice, brought the caufe to an arbitration, and decided it in such a manner as left both parties if not fully satisfied, at least in some sort content with the determination, which was, that the pannels should be exchanged, but the girths and halters remain as they were. With regard to Mambrino's helmet, the curate, unperceived by Don Quixote, took the barber aside, and paid him eight rials for the basin, taking a receipt in full, that cleared the knight from any suspicion of fraud from thence forward, for ever, Amen.

These two quarrels, which were of the greatest importance of any that happened, being luckily composed, it remained that three of the servants belonging to Don Lewis should return, and the fourth accompany his master to the place whither Don Fernando intended to conduct him; and as good luck and favourable fortune had already begun to quell the spirit of discord, and smooth all difficulties, in behalf of the lovers and heroes of the inn, they were resolved to proceed in such a laudable work, and bring every thing to a happy conclusion; for the domesticks were satisfied with what Don Lewis proposed; a circumstance that gave such pleasure to Donna Clara, that every body who beheld
and excellent princes; because, in my opinion, our stay in this cattle is unprofitable and prejudicial, as we may one day perceive; when it is too late; for who knows but by means of secret and artful spies, your enemy, the giant, may get notice that I am coming to destroy him; and taking the opportunity of our delay, fortify himself in some impregnable castle, against which all my diligence, and the strength of my indefatigable arm, will not avail. Wherefore, most noble princes, let us, as I have already observed, prevent his designs by our activity, and set out immediately, in the name of good fortune, which your highness shall not long sigh for, after I shall have come within sight of your adversary.'

Here the knight left off speaking, and with great composure expected the answer of the beautiful infant; who, with a most princely air, and in a file perfectly well-suited to his address, replied in this manner: 'I thank you,

'Sir Knight, for the desire you express to assist me in my necessity, like a true knight, whose duty and province it is, to succour the fatherless and distressed; and Heaven grant that your desire and my expectation may be fulfilled, that you may see there are grateful women upon earth. With regard to my departure, let it be as speedy as you please: my will is altogether included in yours; dispose of me, therefore, according to your own pleasure; for she who hath once invited you with the charge and defence of her person, and solely depends upon your valour, for being re-established on her throne, would act preposterously, in seeking to contradict what your prudence shall ordain.'

'In the name of God, then,' cried Don Quixote, 'since a prince humbles herself thus before me, I will not let slip the opportunity of raising her up, and placing her upon the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart immediately; for the desire of seeing you restored, the length of the journey, and the common reflection, that "delays are dangerous," act as spurs upon my resolution; and since

* It were to be wished, for the honour of Spanish innkeepers, that Cervantes had caused mine host to restore Sancho's wallet, which he had detained on the day of the blanketing; as such restitution would have indicated the general satisfaction.

* Heaven
Here Sancho, who was present all the time, shook his head, saying, 'Ah, master, master! there are more tricks in town than you dream of; with submission to the honourable lappers be it spoken. — What tricks can there be either in town or city, that can redound to my discredit, rascal? cried the knight. ' Nay, if your worship be in a passion,' replied the squire, 'I will keep my tongue within my teeth, and not mention a syllable of what, as a trufty squire and faithful servant, I am bound to reveal to my master. — Say what thou wouldst,' answered Don Quixote, 'to thy words have no tendency to make me afraid; for in being susceptible of fear, thou livesthe baseness of thy own character, as I, in being proof against all sorts of terror, preserve the dignity of mine.' — As I am a sinner to God,' cried Sancho, 'that is not the case; but this I know for truth and positive certainty, that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micinicon, is no more a queen than my mother; for if she were what she pretends to be, she would not be nuzzling into a corner with one of this company, at every snatch of an opportunity."

Dorothea's face was overcast with a blush, at these words of Sancho: for, sooth to say, her husband Don Fernando had several times, as he thought unperceived, made free with her lips, as earnest of that reward his affection deserved; and in so doing, he was observed by Sancho, who thought that such condescension in her looked more like the behaviour of a courtisan than that of such a mighty prince; so that she neither could nor would answer one word to this charge, but suffered him to proceed in these words: 'This, dear master, I make bold to mention; because, if after we have travelled the Lord knows how far, and passed many weary days and bitter nights, he that is taking his recreation in this inn should gather the fruit of all our labour; we need not be in such a pitious hurry to saddle Rozinante, prepare the palfrey, and get ready the as; but had better remain in peace where we are; and, as the saying is, "While we enjoy our meal, let every harlot mind her spinning-wheel."'

Gracious Heavens! what a torrent of indignation entered the breast of Don Quixote, when he heard these indecent expressions of his squire: such, I say, was the rage that took possession of his faculties, that with a faltering voice and stammering tongue, while his eyes flashed lightning, he exclaimed, 'O villainous, incon siderate, indecent and ignorant peasant! thou foul-mouthed, unmann erly, insolent, and malicious slanderer! darest thou utter such language against these honourable ladies in my presence? darest thou entertain such disgraceful and audacious ideas in thy confused imagination? Get out of my sight, monster of nature, deposition of eyes, cupboard of deceit, grannary of knavery, inventor of mischief, publisher of folly, and foe to that inf ec which is due to royalty; go, nor presume to see my face again, on pain of my highest displeasure!' so saying, he pulled up his eye-brows, distended his cheeks, looked round him, and with his right foot flamped violently upon the floor, in consequence of the wrath that preyed upon his entrails.

Sancho was so shrunken and terrified at these words and furious gestures, that he would have been glad, if the earth had opened that instant under his feet and swallowed him up; and not knowing what else to do, he sneaked off from the presence of his incensed master: but the discreet Dorothea, who was so well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, in order to appease his indignation, accosted him thus; 'Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, let not your wrath bekindled by the nomenclature which your good squire hath uttered, for, perhaps, he might have had some sort of reason for what he said; and as from his good understanding and Christian conscience, he cannot be suspected of a design to bear false witness against any person whatever, it is to be supposed, and indeed I firmly believe, that every thing in this cackle, as you, Sir Knight, have observed, being conducted by means of enchantment,
That hit his part of the true cause! and the eyes of that poor sinner, Sancho, have been fascinated by some delusive vision, of what could not possibly be real; for, unless he had been misled by enchantment, such is the innocence and simplicity of that miserable wretch, that I know he neither could nor would venture blander against any living soul.

—That certainly is, and shall be the cafe," said Don Fernando; "for which reason, Signior Don Quixote ought to pardon and restore him to the benefic of his favour, Sicut erat in principio, before those illusions impaired his understanding.

The knight promised to forgive him accordingly; upon which the curate went in quest of Sancho, who came in with great humility, and falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his master's hand; this favour was granted by Don Quixote, who also gave him his benediction, saying, "Thou wilt now, Sancho, be convinced of the truth of what I have so often told thee, that all things in this castle are performed by the power of enchantment."—The believe so too, replied the squire, "except in the affair of the blanket, which really happened in the ordinary course of things."—"Thou must not imagine any such thing," answered the knight; "for had that been the case, I should have revenged thy cause at the time, and even now would do thee justice; but neither at that time nor now, could I, or can I find any persons to chaffle as the cause of thy disfater.

The company being desirous of knowing the affair of the blanket, the landlord gave a very minute detail of Sancho's capering, to the no small diversion of all present, except the squire himself, who would have been very much out of countenance, had not the knight assured him anew, that the whole was effected by enchantment; though the folly of Sancho never rose to such a pitch, but that he firmly believed, without the least mixture of doubt or delusion, that his blanketting had been performed by persons of flesh and blood, and not by phantoms or imaginary beings, according to the opinion and affirmation of his master.

Two days had this illustrious company already passed at the inn, from whence thinking it now high time to depart, they concerted matters in such a manner, as that, without putting Don Ruthe and Don Fernando to the trouble of returning with Don Quixote to the place of his habitation, in order to carry on the scheme concerning the reformation of Queen Micnicoma, the curate and barber were enabled to execute their design of carrying him to his own house, where endeavours might be used for the cure of his disorder. In consequence of this plan, they agreed with the matter of an ox waggon, which chanced to pass that way, for transporting the knight in the following manner; having made a fort of wooden cage, capacious enough to hold Don Quixote at his ease, Don Fernando, with his companions, the servants of Don Lewis, together with the troopers and innkeeper, by order and direction of the curate, covered their faces and disguised themselves, some in one shape, some in another, so as to appear, in Don Quixote's eyes, quite different from the people he had seen in the castle. Thus equipped, they entered, with all imaginable silence, into the chamber where he lay asleep and fatigued with the toil he had undergone in the skirmishes already described; and laying fast hold on him, while he securely enjoyed his ease, without dreaming of such an accident, tied both his hands and feet so effectually, that when he waked, in surprize, he could neither move, nor do any other thing but testify his wonder and perplexity at the sight of such strange faces. He then had recourse to what his disordered imagination continually suggested, and concluded that all these figures were phantoms of that enchanted castle; and that he himself was, without all question, under the power of incantation, seeing he could not even stir in his own defence; and this conceit was exactly foreseen by the curate, who was author of the whole contrivance. The only person of the whole company who remained unaltered, both in figure and intellect, was Sancho; who, though his lack of understanding fell very little short of his master's insolvency, was not so mad but that he knew every one of...
the apparitions, though he durst not open his mouth, until he should see the meaning of this assault and capture of the knight, who likewise expected, in silence, the issue of his own misfortune.

Having brought the cage into his apartment, they inclosed him in it, and fixed the bars so fast, that it was impossible to pull them asunder; then taking it on their shoulders, in carrying it out, they were faluted by as dreadful a voice as could be assumed by the barber (I do not mean the owner of the pannel) who pronounced these words; O Knight of the Ruseful Countenance! afflict not thyself on account of thy present confinement, which is necessary towards the more speedy accomplishment of that great adventure in which thy valour hath engaged thee; and which will be achieved when the curious Manchegan lion is coupled with the white Tobo- san dove, their lofty necks being humbled to the soft matrimonial yoke; from which unheard-of conjunction, the world shall be blessed with courageous whelps, who will imitate the tearing talons of their valiant sire; and this will happen, ere the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have twice performed his visit through the splendid constellations, in his natural and rapid course.—And O! thou, the most noble and obedient squire that ever wore sword in belt, beard on chin, or snuff in nostril, be not dismayed nor discontented at seeing the flower of knight-errantry thus carried off before thine eyes; for, if it please the Creator of this world, soon shalt thou be so exalted and sublimed, as that thou wilt not even know thyself; neither shalt thou be defrauded of the fruit of those promises which thy worthy lord has made in thy behalf; and I assure thee, in the name of the sage Fibberian*, that thy far- lary shall be faithfully paid, as in effect thou wilt see; follow, therefore, the footsteps of the valiant and enchanted knight; for it is necessary that you should proceed together to the end of your career; and as I am not permitted to declare myself more explicitly, I bid you heartily farewell, and will return I well know whither.

Towards the end of this prophecy, he raised his voice to the highest pitch, and then sunk it gradually to such a faint and distant tone, that even those who were privy to the joke, were tempted to believe what they had heard.

Don Quixote remained very much comforted by this prophecy, the meaning of which he no sooner heard than comprehended; interpreting the whole into a promise, that he should one day see himself joined in the just and holy bands of maternity with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose fortunate womb would proceed the ewehelps (meaning his sons) which would perpetuate the glory of La Mancha. In this persuasion, therefore, and firm belief, he raised his voice, and having a profound sigh, replied, O thou who forever thou art, what prophetication sounds so favourably in mine ears, I beg thou wilt, in my name beseech the sage inchanter who takes charge of my affairs, that he will not leave me to perish in the confinement which I now suffer, until I shall have seen the accomplishment of those joyful and incomparable promises which thou hast uttered in my behalf. So shall I glory in the hardships of this prison, and bear with pleasure these chains with which my limbs are fettered; and instead of comparing the boards on which I lie, to the rough, uncomfortable field of battle, consider them as the soothing down of the most happy and luxurious marriage-bed. With respect to the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I confide in his virtue and affection, which will not allow him to forsake me either in prosperity or adversity; for should his evil fortune, or my unhappy fate, hinder me from beh owing upon him the island, or some equivalent, according to my promise; at least, he shall not lose his wages, specified and bequeathed to him in my will, that is already made; a recompence which, though proportioned to my own slender ability, comes far short of his great and faithful services.

Here the squire bowed in the most respectful manner, and kissed both his hands, as he could not make his compliments to one of them apart, they being fast bound together. Then the
apparitions taking the cage upon their shoulders, carried it to the waggon, in which it was immediately fixed.

CHAP. XX.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE STRANGE MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE WAS INCANTHED—WITH OTHER REMARKABLE EVENTS.

DON Quixote seeing himself thus encaged, and placed upon a cart, could not help saying, 'Many very grave histories have I read, concerning knights-errant; but never did I read, see, or hear, that enchanted knights were transported in this manner, at such a pace as these lazy, flow-footed animals, seem to promise; for they used always to be carried through the air with surprising swiftness, wrapped up in some dark and dusky cloud, or in a fiery chariot, or mounted on a hypogriff, or some such creature; so that, before God! I am utterly confused at my own fate, in being thus transported on a waggon drawn by oxen. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of this age follow a different path from that which was purged of old; and as I am a new knight on the face of the earth, and the first who revived the long-forgotten order of errantry, perhaps they might have also newly invented other kinds of incantation, and other methods of conveying those whom they enchant.—What is thy opinion of the matter, Sancho?—'I know not what my opinion is,' replied the squire, 'because I am not so well read in the scriptures of errantry as your worship; but, for all that, I will venture to affirm, aye and swear to it, that these apparitions who roll about us, are not altogether catholick.'

'Catholick! my stars!' answered the knight, 'how can they be catholick, when they are all devils, who have assumed fantastical shapes, and come hither on purpose to perform this deed, and leave me in my present situation? But that thou mayest be convinced of the truth of what I aloudly and secretly endeavour to touch and feel them, and thou wilt perceive that they have no other bodies but forms of condensed air consisting of nothing but mere semblance.'—'For God, Sir!' cried Sancho, 'I have made that trial already, and that fame devil who goes about so busily, is well provided with good substantial flesh, and has another property widely different from what is reported of evil spirits, all of whom, they say, flink of brimstone and other bad smells; whereas, he is so well scented with amber, that you may perceive it at the distance of half a league.' Sancho made this remark on Don Fernando, who being a man of fashion, probably wore scented linen. 'Marvel not at that circumstance, friend Sancho,' replied the knight; 'for thou must know that devils are a set of very sagacious beings; and although they bring finnels along with them, they themselves being spirits, can produce no smell; or if any odour proceeds from them, it cannot be agreeable, but rather flinking and unwholesome, because they carry their hellabout them wheresoever they are, and their torments admit of no kind of alleviation; now, sweet finnels being agreeable and delicious, cannot possibly proceed from beings which are productive of nought but evil; therefore, if in thy opinion that devil finnels of amber, either thy senses are perverted, or he wants to impose upon thy understanding, by making thee believe that he is not an inhabitant of hell.'

Don Fernando and Cardenio overhearing this dialogue between the master and the squire, were afraid of Sancho's stumbling upon the discovery of their whole plot, in which he seemed already to have made great progress, therefore determined to hasten their departure, and calling the landlord aside, ordered him to saddle Roxinante, and put the pannels on Sancho's als. This task he performed with great dispatch, while the

* In the original, mi padr$ my father! which I have changed for an exclamation more frequently used in our language.
† In the text, the knight is guilty of a palpable solecism, in desiring Sancho to touch and feel that which he himself expressly observes was subject neither to touch or feeling.
curate agreed to give the troopers so much a day for attending Don Quixote to the town where he lived. Cardenio having fastened the target to one side of the pummel of Rozinante’s saddle, and the bafton to the other, made signs for Sancho to mount his ass, and lead his master’s steed by the bridle, and then stationed two of the troopers with their carbines on each side of the wagggon. But before it began to move, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take leave of Don Quixote, feigning themselves extremely affected with his misfortune; upon which he said to them, ‘Weep not, worthy ladies; all these difficulties are incident to those who chuse my profession; and if I were not subject to such calamities, I should not deem myself a renowned knight-errant; for these things never happen to knights of little fame and reputation, who are never regarded, scarce even remembered on the face of the earth. It is quite otherwise with the valiant whose virtue and valour are envied by many princes and rivals, who endeavour by the most pernicious means to destroy them; but, nevertheless, virtue is so powerful, that of herself she will, in spite of all the necromancy possessed by the first inventor, Zoroaster, come off conqueror in every severe trial, and shine refulgent in the world, as the sun shines in the heavens. Pardon me, beauteous ladies, if I have given you any disgust, through neglect or omission; for willingly and knowingly I never offended a living soul; and pray to God to deliver me from this prison, in which I am confined by some malicious inchanter; for, if I regain my liberty, the favours I have received from your courtey in this castle, shall never escape my remembrance, but always be acknowledged with gratitude, service, and respect.’

While the knight made these professions to the ladies of the castle, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, the captain and his brother, and all the happy ladies, especially Dorothea and Lucinda; they embraced each other, and agreed to maintain a correspondence by letters; Don Fernando giving the curate a direction by which he might write to him an account of the knight’s future behaviour and fate, than which, he protested, nothing could yield him more pleasure; and promising, for his own part, to inform the priest of every thing which he thought would conduce to his satisfaction, relating to his own marriage, the baptism of Zorayda, the success of Don Lewis, and the return of Lucinda to her father’s house; the priest having assured him that he would obey his commands with the utmost punctuality, they embraced again, and repeated their mutual proffers of service. The innkeeper coming to the curate, put into his hand a bundle of papers which he said he had found in the lining of the portmanteau, along with the novel of the Impertinent Curiosity; and since the owner had not returned that way, he desired the priest to accept of them, for as he himself could not read, he had no occasion for such useless furniture; the curate thanked him for his present, which he immediately opened, and found written in the title-page, Rinconete and Cortadilla, a novel;’ from hence he concluded, that since the Impertinent Curiosity was an entertaining story, this might also have some merit, as being probably a work of the same author; and on this supposition put it carefully up, intending to peruse it with the first convenient opportunity; then he and his friend the barber mounting their beasts, with their faces still disguised, that they might not be known by Don Quixote, jogged on behind the wagggon. And the order of their march was this: first of all proceeded the cart, conducted by the driver, and guarded on each side by the troopers with their carbines, as we have already observed; then followed Sancho Panza upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle; and in the rear of all came the curate and the barber, marked, and mounted on their trusty mules, with a grave and solemn air, marching no faster than the slow pace of the oxen would allow; while the knight sat within his cage, his hands fettered, and his legs outstretched, leaning against the bars, with such silence and resignation, that he looked more like a statue of stone than a man of

* Written by Cervantes himself.
flesh and blood. In this slow and silent manner had they travelled about a couple of leagues, when they arrived in a valley, which the waggoner thinking a convenient spot for his purpose, proposed to the curate that they should halt to refresh themselves, and let the oxen feed; but the barber was of opinion that they should proceed a little farther, to the other side of a rising ground, which appeared at a small distance, where he knew there was another valley better stored with grass, and much more agreeable than this in which the waggoner proposed to halt. The advice of Mr. Nicholas was approved, and they jogged on accordingly.

About this time the curate chancing to look back, perceived behind them fix or seven men well mounted, who soon overtook them, as they did not travel at the phlegmatick pace of the oxen, but like people who rode on ecclesiastick mules, and were defirous of spending the heat of the day at an inn that appeared within less than a league of the waggon. These expeditious strangers coming up with our slow travellers, saluted them courteously; and one among them, who was actually a canon of Toledo, and master of those who accompanied him, observing the regular procession of the waggon, troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the curate, and barber, and in particular Don Quixote engaged and secured as he was, could not help asking why and whither they were conveying that man in such a manner? though he had already conjectured, from the badges of the troopers, that he must be some atrocious robber or delinquent, the punishment of whom belonged to the holy brotherhood. One of the troopers to whom the question was put, answered, 'Signior, the gentleman himself will tell you the meaning of his travelling in this manner; for our parts we know nothing at all of the matter.' The knight, overhearing what passed, said to the strangers, 'Gentlemen, if you are skilled and conversant in matters of knight-errantry, I will communicate my misfortune; otherwise there is no reason why I should fatigue myself with the relation.'

By this time the curate and barber, having perceived the travellers in conversation with the knight, came up in order to prevent their plot from being discovered, just as the canon had begun to answer Don Quixote in these words: 'Truly, brother, I am better acquainted with books of chivalry than with the Summaries of Villalpando; so that if there be nothing else requisite, you may freely impart to me as much as you please.'—A God's name, then,' said Don Quixote, 'if that be the case, you must know, Signior cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage, through the envy and fraud of mifchievous necromancers; for virtue is always more perjured by the wicked than beloved by the righteous. A knight-errant I am, though none of those whose names Fame never enrolled in her eternal records; but of that number, whom maugre, and in despite of Envy herself, and all the magi whom Persia ever produced, with the brachmans of India, and gymnosophists of Ethiopia, will leave their names engraved on the temple of immortality, as examples and patterns to succeeding ages, by which all knights errant may see what steps they must follow, if they wish to attain the height and honourable summit of arms.'

Here the curate interposing, said, 'Signior Don Quixote speaks no more than the truth: he is enchanted in that waggon, not on account of his own crimes or misdemeanors, but through the malice of those who are disdained at virtue, and offended at valour. This, Signior, is the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, whose name perhaps you have heard, and whose valiant exploits and mighty achievements will be engraved on durable brass, and carved in eternal marble, in spite of the unwearied efforts of malice to cancel, and of envy to obscure them.'

The cannon hearing such a stroke proceeded not only from the prisoner's mouth, but also from the lips of him who was free, had well-nigh crossed himself with astonishment, and could not conceive what had befallen him, while his whole company were seized with the same degree of amazement: but Sancho Panza, who was near enough to hear what passed, being willing to undeceive the strangers, said to them, 'Gentlemen, whether what I am going to say be ill or well taken, I must tell you the cafe is this: my matter
mator Don Quixote is no more in-
chanted than the mother that bore
me: he enjoys his right wits, eats,
drinks, and does his occasions, like
other men, and as he himself was
wont to do before he was engaged;
now, if this be the truth of the mat-
ter, how can any man persuade me
that he is inchaned? since I have
heard divers perfons observe, that
thofe who were inchaned neither eat,
sleep, nor speak; whereas my mator,
it he is not hindered, will talk like
thirty barristers. Then turning to
the curate, he proceeded thus: 'Ah,
Mr. Curate, Mr. Curate! you think
I don't know you, and imagine that
I cannot dive into the meaning of
these new inchanments, but you are
miffaken; I know you very well for
all your masking, and can smell out
your plots, difguife them as you will;
in short, as the faying is, Jutf are
virtue's fears, when envy domines,
and Bufty will not stay, where nig-
gards bear the fway. Damn the de-
vil! if it had not been for your rever-
ence, my mator by this time would
have been married to the Princess
Micomicona, and I should have been
an earl at leaft; for lefs I could not
expect, either from the generofity of
my Lord of the Rufeful Countenance,
or from the greatness of my own ser-
ices: but now I fee the truth of
what is commonly faid, That fortune
turns fatter than a mill-wheel; and
thofe who were yesterday at top,
may find theirselves at bottom to-
day. It grieves me on account of my
poor wife and children, who, instead
e of feeing their father come home in the
polf of governor or viceroy of some
ifland or kingdom, as they had great
reason to expect, will behold him re-
turning in the ifation of a common
groom: all this I have obferved, Mr.
Curate, for no other reafon but to
prevail upon your fatherhip to make
a confiance of the ill-treatment my
mator receives at your hands, and
consider that God may call you to
account in the next world for this
captivity of my Lord Don Quixote,
and for all the fuccours and benefits
that are prevented by his being thus
confined.'
'Snuff me thefe candles!' cried the
barber, hearing the Squire's declaration;
why, Sure, Sancho, you belong to
your mator's fraternity; by the Lord!
I find you ought to keep him com-
pany in his cage, and undergo the
fame fort of inchanment, fo much
are you infected with the humour of
his chivalry: in an unhappy moment
were you got with child by his pro-
mifes, and in an evil hour did that
illand you harp fo much upon take
poftition of your skull.'—'I am not
with child by any perfon whatever,'
answered Sancho, nor will Iuffer any
king in Chriftendom to beget a child
upon my body; for though I be a poor
man, I'm an old Chriftian, and owe
no man a farthing; if I long for an
illand, others long for things that are
worse, every one being the fon of his
own works; the lowest mortal may
come to be pope, much more governor
of an illand, especially as my mator
may gain more than he knows well
what to do with. Mr. Barber, you
had better think before you speak:
there is something else to do than
shaving of beards, and one Pedro
may differ from another; this I lay
becaufe we know one another, and
you must not think to palm falfé dice
upon me: with regard to the inchan-
ment of my mator, God knows the
truth, and there let it lie; for, as the
faying is, The more you fir it, the
more it will—you know what.' The
barber durft not make any reply, left
Sancho's simplicitie fhould difcover
what he and the curate were fo defirous
of concealing; and the prieft being un-
der the fame apprehenfion, defired
the canon to ride on with him a little be-
fore the waggon, promising to difclofe
the mystery of the engaged knight, with
other particulars that would yield him
fome divifion: the canfon put on ac-
cordingly with his fervants, listening
attenfively to every thing the curate
was pleafed to communicate concern-
ing the rank, employment, madnefs, and
manners, of Don Quixote; for he briefly
recounted the caufe and beginning of his diforder, with the whole progres of
his adventures, until he was fecured in
the cage by their contrivance, that they
might carry him home to his own house,
and endeavour to find fome cure for his
diftemper.

* Equivalent to our faying, 'Every Jack is not a good fellow.'
The canon and his servants were almonished anew at hearing the strange
story of Don Quixote; which being fi-
nished, the Toledan replied, 'Truly,
Mr. Curate, I am firmly persuaded
that those books of chivalry are very
prejudicial in the commonwealth;
for though I have been induced by a
false taste and idle curiosity to read
the beginning of almost every one
that hath been printed, I never could
prevail upon myself to read any one
of them from the first to the last page;
because, in my opinion, they are all
of the same stamp, without any essen-
tial difference. And, indeed, that kind
of composition seems to fall under
that species of writing called the Mi-
lefian Fables, which are no other than
extravagant tales calculated for mere
amusement, without any tendency to
instruction; on the contrary, the scope
of your apologies is to convey in-
formation and delight together. Now,
though the principal intention of those
books is to delight and entertain the
reader, I do not see how they can an-
swer that end, being, as they are,
stuffed with such improbable non-
sense; for the pleasure that the soul
conceives, is from the beauty and
harmony of those things which are
contemplated by the view, or sug-
gested by the imagination; so that
we can receive no pleasure from ob-
jects that are unnatural and de-
formed. And what beauty, sym-
metry, or proportion, can be observed
in a book containing the history of a
youth of seventeen, who with one
back-stroke cuts through the middle
a giant like a tower, with as much
ease as if he had been made of paste;
and in the description of a battle,
after having observed that there are
no less than a million of combatants
on the side opposite to that which the
hero of the piece espouses, we must,
in despite of common-sense, believe,
that such a knight obtained the vic-
tory by the single valour of his in-
vincible arm. Then, how shall we
account for the confidence with which
some queen, empress, or orphan
heirefs, throws herself into the pro-
tection of an unknown knight errant?
What mind, if not wholly barbarous
and uncultivated, can be pleased with
an account of a huge tower full of
knights falling upon the sea like a
ship before the wind; being overnight
upon the coast of Lombardy, and
next morning arrived in the domi-
nions of Prester John in the Indies,
or in some other country which Pro-
lemly never discovered, nor Marcus
Polus ever saw? If to this observa-
tion it be answered, that the authors
of those books do not pretend that
the stories they contain are true, and
therefore they are under no necessity
of adhering to such niceties of com-
position; I reply, that fiction is al-
ways the better the nearer it resembles
truth, and agreeable in proportion to
the probability it bears, and the
doubtful credit which it inspires.
Wherefore, all such fables ought to
be futed to the understanding of
those who read them, and written so
as that by softening impossibilities,
smoothing what is rough, and keep-
ning the mind in suspense, they may
fulfill, agreably perplex, and en-
tertain, creating equal admiration
and delight; and these never can be
excited by authors who forake prob-
ability and imitation, in which the
perfection of writing confines. I have
never as yet seen in any book of chi-
valry an entire body of a fable, with
all it's members so proportioned, as
that the middle corresponds with the
beginning, and the end is suitable to
both; on the contrary, one would
think the author's intention is com-
monly to form a chimera or monster,
instead of a figure well proportioned
in all its parts. Besides, their flite
is usually harsh, their achievements
incredible, their amours lascivious,
their courtesies impertinent, their
battles tedious, their dialogue in-
tricate, their voyages extravagant,
and, in short, the whole void of all inge-
nuity of invention; so that they de-
serve to be banished as useless mem-
bers from every Christian common-
wealth.'

The curate, who had listened with
great attention, hearing the canon talk
so sensibly, looked upon him as a
man of excellent understanding, and
affected to everything he said; ob-
serving, that, in consequence of his
being of the fame opinion, and of the
grudge he bore to such books of chi-
valry, he had burned a great number
of those that belonged to Don Quixote.
He then gave him a detail of the scrub-


tiny which had been made, distinguishing such as he spared from those that he condemned to the flames.

The traveller laughed heartily at this account of such an extraordinary trial, saying, that notwithstanding what he had advanced to the disadvantage of such books, there was one thing in them which he could not but approve; namely, the subject they presented for a good genius to display itself, opening a large and ample field in which the pen might at leisure expatiate in the description of shipwrecks, tempests, battles, and encounters; painting a valiant general with all his necessary accomplishments, fage, and penetrating into the enemy’s designs, eloquent and effectual either in persuading or dissuading his soldiers, ripe in council, prompt in execution, and equally brave in flaming or in giving an assault. One while recounting a piteous tragical story, at another time describing a joyful and unexpected event; here, a most beautiful lady, endowed with virtue, discretion, and reserve; there, a Christian knight, possessed of courtesy and valour; in the third place, an outrageous boasting barbarian; and in a fourth, a polite, considerate, gallant prince; not forgetting to describe the faith and loyalty of valets, together with the grandeur and generosity of great men. The author may also shew himself an astrologer, geographer, musician, and well skilled in state-affairs; nay, if he be so minded, he will sometimes have an opportunity of manifesting his skill in necromancy and magick; he may represent the cunning of Ulysses, the piety of Aeneas, the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the perfidy of Simon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the ability of Caesar, the clemency and candour of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and finally, all those qualifications which constitute the perfection of an illustrious hero; sometimes uniting them in one, sometimes dividing them into several characters: and the whole being expressed in an agreeable style and ingenious invention, that borders as near as possible upon the truth, will doubtless produce a web of such various and beautiful texture, as when finished, to display that perfection which will attain the chief end and scope of such writings; which, as I have already observed, is to convey instruction mingled with delight. Besides, the unlimited composition of such books gives the author opportunities of showing his talents in epicks, lyricks, tragedy, and comedy, and all the different branches of the delicious and agreeable arts of poetry and rhetoric; for epicks may be written in prose as well as verse.

M R. Canon, said the curate, what you have observed, is extremely just, and therefore those authors deserve the greater reprehension, who have composed such books, without the least regard to good sense or the rules of art, by which they might have conducted their plans, and rendered themselves as famous in prose as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry are now in verse. — I myself, replied the canon, have been tempted to write a book of chivalry, observing all the maxims and precautions I have now laid down; nay, to tell you the truth, no less than a hundred sheets of it are already written; and, in order to try if my own opinion of it was well founded, I have communicated my performance to a great many people who are passionately fond of that kind of reading; not only men of learning and taste, but also ignorant persons, who chiefly delight in extravagant adventures; and I have been favoured with the agreeable approbation of them all: nevertheless, I have not proceeded on the work; because, I not only thought it foreign to my profession, but likewise concluded, that the world abounds much more with fools than people of sense; and though an author had better be applauded by the few that are wise, than laughed at by the many that are foolish, I was unwilling to expose myself to the uninformed judgment of the arrogant vulgar, whose province it principally is to read books of this kind. But what contributed most to my
"my laying aside the pen, and indeed all thoughts of bringing the work to a conclusion, was a reflection I made upon the comedies of the present age." "If," said I to myself, "our modern plays, not only those which are formed upon fiction, but likewise such as are founded on the truth of history, are all, or for the greatest part, universally known to be monstrous productions, without either head or tail, and yet received with pleasure by the multitude, who approve and esteem them as excellent performances, though they are far from deserving that title; and if the authors who compose, and the actors who represent them, affirm, that this and no other method is to be practiced, because the multitude must be pleased; that those which bear the marks of contrivance, and produce a fable digested according to the rules of art, serve only for entertainment to four or five people of taste, who discern the beauties of the plan, which utterly escape all the rest of the audience; and that it is better for them to gain a comfortable livelihood by the many, than starve upon reputation with the few." —"At this rate," said I, "if I should finish my book, after having scorched every hair in my whiskers, in poring over it, to preserve those rules and precepts already mentioned, I might fare at last, like the fagacious butcher, who fewed for nothing, and found his customers in thread." I have sometimes endeavoured to persuade the players, that they were mistaken in their maxims; and that they would bring more company to their house, and acquire much more reputation, by representing regular comedies, than such absurd performances; but I always found them so obstinately bigotted to their own fancies, that no evidence or demonstration could alter their opinion in the least. I remember, I once said to one of these pragmatick fellows, "Dont you recollect, that a few years ago, three tragedies were acted, composed by a celebrated poet of this kingdom; and that they raised admiration, pleasure, and surprise, in all who saw them exhibited, gentle as well as simple, igno-

"rant as well as learned, and brought more money to the actors than thirty of the best that have since appeared?" —"Doublets," answered the player, "you mean Iphabella, Phillis, and Alexandria." —"The very same," said I; and pray take notice, whether or not they are composed according to rule, or failed to please every body, because they were regular? Wherefore, the fault does not lie in the multitude's demanding absurdities, but in those who can represent nothing else; for there is nothing absurd in the play of Ingratitude Revenged, nor in Numantine, the Merchant Lover, the Favourable Female Foe, nor in some others which are composed by poets of genius, to their own reputation, and the advantage of those who represented them. I made use of many more arguments, by which he seemed to be confuted, though not so much satisfied or convinced, as to retract his erroneous opinions.

"Mr. Canon," said the curate, interrupting him in this place, "the subject you have touched upon awakes in me an old grudge I have bore to our modern-plays, even equal to that I entertain against books of chivalry. Comedy, according to Tully, ought to be the mirror of life, the exemplar of manners, and picture of truth; whereas, those that are represented in this age, are mirrors of absurdity, exemplars of folly, and pictures of lewdness; for sure nothing can be more absurd in a dramatick performance, than to see the person, who in the first scene of the first act, was produced a child in swaddling-cloaths, appear a full grown man with a beard, in the second; or to represent an old man active and valiant, a young soldier cowardly, a footman eloquent, a page a counsellor, a king a porter, and a prince a feclusion. Then what shall we say concerning their management of the time and place, in which the actions have or may be supposed to have happened? I have seen a comedy, the first act of which was laid in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third was finished in Africa; nay, had there been a fourth, the scene would have shifted to America; so that the fable would have travelled

* A Spanish proverb, applicable to a great many modern politicians and reformers.
through all the four divisions of the globe. If imitation be the chief aim of comedy, how can any ordinary understanding be satisfied with seeing an action that passed in the time of King Pepin and Charlemagne, ascribed to the Emperor Herachus, who being the principal personage, is represented, like Godfrey of Bulloign, carrying the cross into Jerusalem, and making himself master of the holy sepulchre; an infinite number of years having passed between the one and the other. Or, when a comedy is founded upon fiction, to see scraps of real history introduced, and facts misrepresented both with regard to persons and times; not with any ingenuity of contrivance, but with the most manifest and inexculpable errors and stupidity; and what is worst of all, there is a set of ignorant pretenders, who call this the perfection of writing; and that every attempt to succeed by a contrary method is no other than a wild-goose chase. Again, if we consider those plays that are written on divine subjects, how many false miracles do they contain? how many apocryphal events misunderstood by the author, who frequently confounds the operations of one saint with those of another? Nay, in prophane subjects, they have the assurance to work miracles, for no other respect or consideration, but because they think such a miracle will make a very decent appearance in such a place; and, as they term it, attract the admiration of the vulgar, and bring them in crowds to the play: but all this redounds to the prejudice of truth, the contempt of history, and scandal of our Spanish wits; so that the authors of other nations, who punctually observe the unities of the drama, conclude that we are barbarous and ignorant, from our absurd and preposterous productions. Neither is it a sufficient excuse to say, that the intent of all well-governed commonwealths, in permitting public plays to be acted, is to entertain the common people with some honest recreation, in order to divert those bad humours which idleness usually engenders; and that, since this end is answered by any play whatever, either good or bad, there is no occasion to cramp, and limit the authors or actors to the just laws of composition; the purpose of the legislature being, as I have said, accomplished without any such restriction. To this suggestion I answer, that the same end, without any fort of comparison, will be much better answered by good than bad comedies; for, after having seen an artful and well-digested play represented, the hearer will go away, delighted with the comic parts, intrusted by the serious, and agreeably surprized with the incidents; collecting information from the dialogue, precaution from the deceits of the fable, experience from the examples exhibited, affection for virtue, and indignation for vice. All these sensations, I say, will a good comedy excite in the spectator's mind, let it be never so stupid and uncultivated; for of all impossibilities, it is the most impossible, that a comedy, thus perfect in all its parts, should not yield more entertainment, satisfaction, and delight, than one that is defective in each particular, as the greatest part of our modern pieces are. Neither is this want of correctness always to be laid to the author's charge; for there are some poets among us who are perfectly well acquainted with the rules of writing, and could easily avoid any such errors of composition; but as their pieces are made for sale, they say, and it is very true, that the players would not purchase them, if they were of any other stamp; so that the author is fain to accommodate himself to the demand of the actor who pays him for his work. The truth of this observation evidently appears in a great number of comedies which have been composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms, with so much wit, pleasantry, elegance of verification, genteel dialogue, lentinous gravity, and finally, with such elevation and sublimity of style, that the whole world reflows with his fame; yet in flattering himself to the false taste of the actors, he hath not been able to bring them all to the requisite point of per-

* Entcar gallírias, signifies to seek dainties.† Lopez de Vega Carpio.
section. Others again are so incon-
siderate in their productions, that af-
ter representation, the players have
been frequently obliged to fly and
abandon for fear of chastisement, on
account of having exhibited some-
thing to the prejudice of royal
heads, or dishonour of noble families;
now all these inconveniences, with
many more that I do not choose
to mention, might be prevented, if
there was at court some person of taste
and learning, appointed to examine
every dramatick performance before
it's appearance on the stage; and this
precaution should affect not only the
plays composed in Madrid, but all
pieces whatever to be represented
within the monarchy of Spain; for,
without the approbation of this li-
cencer, signed and sealed, no magi-
strate should allow any production to
be acted within the bounds of his ju-
isdiction. In consequence of this
expedient the actors would take care
to submit every play to the censure of
the examiner, that they might after-
wards represent them with safety;
and the authors would employ more
care and study in their composi-
tions, knowing that they must pass
the rigorous examination of an intel-
ligent judge; in this manner, good
comedies would be produced, and the
aim of such writings happily accom-
plished, to the entertainment of the
people, and the credit of Spanish
wits, while the actors would repre-
sent them with security and advan-
tage, and the state be exempted from
the trouble of chastising such delin-
quents. And if the fame licencier,
or any other person, were invested
with the charge of examining books
of chivalry, before they see the light,
some performances of that sort would
certainly appear in all the perfection
you have described, enriching our
language with the delightful and pre-
cious treasure of eloquence; while
the old romances would be entirely
eclipsed by the light of the new, that
would furnish rational amusement,
not only for the idle, but also for
those who are much indolent: see-
ing it is impossible for the bow to con-
tinue always bent, or that feeble na-
ture can subsist without some inno-
cent recreation.

Thus far had the canon and curate
proceeded in their conversation, when
the barber coming up to them, said to
his townsman, 'Mr Licenciate, this
is the place in which I proposed to
halt, that the oxen might have fresh
pasture in abundance.' The curate
approved of the hint, and communi-
cated their intention to the canon, who
resolved to stay with them, being in-
vited by the situation of a delicious val-
ley that presented itself to his view; that
he might therefore enjoy the agreeable
spot, together with the conversation of
the curate, for whom he had already
conceived an affection, and be more
particularly informed of Don Quix-
ote's exploits, he ordered his domest-
ticks to proceed to an inn, which was
not far off, and bring from thence
virtuals sufficient for the whole com-
pany; for he was resolved to spend the
afternoon where he was. One of the
servants told him that theumper-
mule, which by that time had
reached the inn, carried provision
enough, and that they should want no-	hing but barley for the beasts. 'If
that be the case,' said the canon,
carry the rest to the inn, and bring
theumper-mule hither.'

Meanwhile Sancho perceiving that
he might now speak to his matter,
without being overheard by the curate
and barber, of whom he was fulsipici-
ous, approached the cage, and thus ad-
dressed himself to the knight: 'Truly,
Sir, in order to disburthen my con-
science, I must tell you something
concerning this fame enchantment.
These people, with masks on their
faces, are no other than the curate
and barber of our town, who, I ve-
ry believe, have contrived to carry
you off in this manner, out of pure
envy and spite, because your worship
has got the heels of them in your fa-
mous achievements: now, this being
supposed, it follows as plain as the
note upon my face, that you are not
enchanted, but rather fooled and
bamboozled. As a proof of which, I
desire to ask you one question, which
if you answer, as I do believe you
will, your worship may clap your ten
fingers on the trick, and perceive that
you are not enchanted, but that your
whole brain is turned topsy-turvy.'

'—Ask what you will, son Sancho,'
replied Don Quixote, 'I will freely an-
swer, and satisfy your doubts to the

M m 2 — best
I want to know is, that your worship will tell me, without eking or curtailing God's precious truth, but in honest simplicity of heart as it ought to be, and always is told those who, like your worship, profess the occupation of arms, under the title of knight-errants—' I tell thee,' cried the knight, interrupting him, ' I will not in the least prevaricate. Dispatch then, Sancho, for truly I am quite tired with so many fals, foli- citations, and preamble.'— 'I make so bold,' replied the squire, ' because I am well aware of my master's good- nes and sincerity, which being as it were to the purpose, I ask (with re- verence be it spoken) whether or not, since you have been confined, and as you suppose enchanted in this cage, your worship hath felt any motion or desire to undam either way, as the saying is?—' I do not know what you mean by undamning,' answered Don Quixote; 'you must be more ex- plicit, Sancho, if you expect an answer to the purpose.'—' Is it possible,' said the squire, ' that your worship should be ignorant of the meaning of the word undamning, which is the first thing the boys learnt at school? Well, then, you must know, I want- ed to ask if you never had any incli- nation to do that which nobody else can do for you?—' Now I understand thee, Sancho,' said the knight; ' verily I have had divers calls of that nature, one of which is at present very important: pray fall upon some method to disembarrafs me, for I believe all is not so sweet and clean as it ought to be.'

C H A P. XXII.

THE SAGE CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE.

' Ha!' cried Sancho, ' have I caught you at last? This is what I wanted to know with all my heart and soul: come on, Sir, there is no denying of what is commonly said, when any person is in the dumps, I know not what is the matter with such an one; he neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the pur- 105, 106
poor, when he is spoke to; sure the man must be enchanted; from whence we are to conclude, that those who are enchanted neither eat, drink, sleep, nor do their natural occasions, as I have observed. But this is not the case with such as are disturbed with the inclination that your worship at present feels, drinking when they can get liquor, eating when they can lay hold on food, and giving plain an-
swers to every question that is asked.

— Thou art in the right," replied Don Quixote; but I have already told thee, that there are different kinds of in-
chantment; and time may have so en-
tirely altered the fashion, that those who are under the power of inchant-
ment in this age, may, like me, re-
tain the use of their faculties, though it was quite otherwise of old, so that there is no arguing or drawing con-
sequences against the different prac-
tice of different times. I am sensible and certain of my being enchanted, and this is sufficient for the quiet of my conscience, which would give me great uneasiness if I had the least doubt about my fate, and allowed my-
self to be in this cage like an idle coward, deceitfully withholding my succour from a great number of the needy and oppressed, who at this very hour must be in the most absolute and extreme necessity, from the want of my aid and protection.— "Neverthe-
theless," answered the squire, "for your more abundant satisfaction, your wor-
ship, methinks, might try to escape from this prison; for my own part, I'll be bound not only to give my af-
fidence, but even to work your de-

erance, and then you may endea-

vour to remount your truely Rozin-
ante, who trudges along as melan-
choly and sad as if he was enchanted also. This being performed, let us try our fate once more in quest of ad-
ventures; and if they do not turn out to our expectation, it will be time enough to return to the cage, in which I promise, on the faith of a true and loyal squire, to most myself up with your worship, if perchance, through your ill fortune or my folly, this that I mention should not succeed.— "I am content to follow thy counsel, brother Sancho," replied the knight; and whenever thou shalt perceive a proper conjunction for effecting my deliverance, I will implicitly obey thee in every thing, but thou wilt soon find thyself deceived in thy opi-
nion of my millhap."

This conversation between the knight-
errant and the erring squire, lasted until they arrived at the place in which the curate, canon, and barber, who had already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner immediately unyoking his oxen, turned them loose in that verdant and delicious spot, the coolness of which was extremely inviting, not only to enchanted people like Don Quixote, but also to persons of intelligence and discretion like his squire, who besought the curate to let his master come out of the cage for a few minutes; because, without such permission, the priest would not be quite so clean as the de-
cency of such a knight required. The curate, understanding what he meant, told him that he would willingly grant his request, were he not under some apprehension that his master, finding him-
self at liberty, would play one of his old pranks, and be gone where men should never see his face again. "I will be bound for his good beha-

vour," answered Sancho; and I also," said the canon, "especially if he will promise, on the word of a knight, not to flir from our presence, until he shall have obtained our con-
fent."

"I will," cried the knight (who over-
heard all that was said); "the more so, as one, who, like me, is enchanted, can-
not be at liberty to make use of his own person; for the enchanters can so utterly deprive him of all motion, that he shall not be able to stir from the place for three whole ages; and if he should make his escape, would whisk him back through the air in a twink-
ling." This being the case, he said they might very safely uncage him, especially as such indulgence would re-
dound to the benefit of the whole com-
pany; for he protested that if they did not comply with his present necessities, he should be obliged to incommodate their sense of smelling, unless they removed to a greater distance from the place of his confinement.

The canon, confiding in his word and honour, took him by the hands, tied as they were, and helped him to descend from his cage: then the knight, being infinitely rejoiced at his momen-
tary deliverance, stretched every joint in his body, and going up to Rozinante, gave him a flap on the buttocks, saying, 'I'll hope in God and his blessed mother, thou flower and mirror of deeds! that in a short time we shall both obtain our heart's desire; thou prancing under the agreeable preffure of thy lord, and I mounted upon thy trussy back, exercising the employ- ment for which Heaven sent me into the world.' Having pronounced this apostrophe, he retired with Sancho to a remote place, from whence he returned much eaid and comforted, and more defirsious than ever of executing the project of his equire. The canon could not help gazing upon him, being struck with admiration at the strange unaccountable symptoms of his disorder; for in all his conversation and replies, he gave evident proofs of an excellent understanding, and never left himself except on the subject of chivalry, as we have formerly observed: he was therefore touched with compassion for his infirmity, and when the whole company were seated on the grails, waiting for the return of the sumpier-mule, addressed himself to the knight in this manner:

'Is it possible, good Sir, that the idle and unprofitable reading of books of chivalry can have so far impaired your judgment, as that you should now believe yourself enchanted, and give credit to other illusions of the fame kind, which are as far from being true as truth is distant from falsehood? Is it possible that the human understanding can suppose that ever this world produced that infinite number of Amadis's, with the whole crowd of famous knights, so many emperors of Trebisond, Fleximarte's of Hyrcania, palfreys, damfels, serpents, dragons, and giants; so many incredible adventures, enchantments of different kinds, battles, dreadful encounters, magnificence of apparel, enamoured princes, furies created elves, witty dwarfs, billets, amorous expressions, valiant ladies, and finally, such extravagant events as are contained in books of knight errantry? For my own part, when I read a performance of that sort, without reflecting that it is a legend of vanity and lies, my imagination is a little amused; but as soon as I begin to consider it in the right point of view, I daft the volume against the wall, and would even commit it to the flames, (if I should chance to be near a fire) as a criminal richly deserving such punishment on account of it's falsity and impudence, so contrary to nature, and bewildered from the track of common-sense, and as an inventor of new facts and preposterous ways of life, misleading and inducing the ignorant vulgar to believe the absurdities which it contains; nay, so presumptuous are such productions, as to disturb the minds of gentlemen of birth and education, as may be too plainly perceived by their effects upon you, Signior, whom they have reduced to such a pass as to make it necessary that you should be cooped up in a cage, and transported from place to place on a waggon, like a lion or tyger exhibited as a fiew for money. Go to, Signior Don Quixote! have pity upon yourself, return into the bosom of discretion, and put those happy talents which Heaven hath been pleased to bestow upon you to a better use, employing your genius in other studies, which may redound to the increase of your honour, as well as to the good of your soul; or, if swayed by your natural inclination, you are still desirous of reading the histories of exploits and achievements, you may have recourse to the book of Judges in the Holy Scripture, and there you will find real miracles of might, and actions equally valiant and true, Portugal produced a Variaus, Rome a Cesar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Caffile an count Fernan Goncales, Valerica a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Xerez a Garcia Perez de Varagas, Toledo a Garciiflaso, Sevilla a Don Manuel de Leon; the history of their valiant exploits will afford entertainment, instruction, surprise, and delight, to readers of the most sublime conception. Such study as this would be worthy of the good senfe of Signior Don Quixote, who would thus become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, improved

* Literally, * 'Never left the stirrup.'
in worth, bettered in morals, brave
without rashness, cautious without
cowardice; while the whole would
redound to the honour of God, his
own particular emolument, and the
renown of La Mancha, from whence
I understand his family and origin is
derived.'

Don Quixote listened with infinite
attention to his harangue; and even
after he perceived it was finished, looked
steadily at the canzon for some time,
before he answered in these words:
Signior Hidalgo, if I am not mis-
taken, the scope of your discourse
was to convince me that the never
were knights errant in this world;
at all the books of chivalry are
false, deceitful, unprofitable, nay
mischievous, in a commonwealth;
that I have been much to blame in
reading, more so in believing, and
most of all in imitating, the characters
they describe, by following the most
painful profession of knight-errantry;
and, lastly, you deny that ever there
was an Amadis, either of Gaul or
Greece, or that any one of that vast
number of knights recorded in those
writings had any real existence. —
You have exactly summed up my
allegations," said the canon. "You
were likewise pleased to add," re-
sumed the knight, "that such books
had done me infinite prejudice, im-
paired my judgment, and reduced me
to the necessity of being confined in
a cage; and that I would do well to
amend and alter my course of stu-
dies, and to use performances which
contain more truth, instruction, and
delight." — "That," said the canon,
was my precise meaning." — "Why,
then," cried Don Quixote, "in my
opinion the person impaired in his
judgment, and enchanted, is no other
than your worship, who have pre-
sumed to utter such blasphemies
against an order so well received in
the world, and established as truth,
that he who like you denies it de-
serves the same punishment you in-
flicted upon those books that gave
you disgust; for, to say that there
never was such a person as Amadis,
or any other of those adventurous
knights with whom history abounds,
is like an endeavour to persuade
people that frost is not cold, that the
sun yields no light, and the earth no
fruitfulness. Will any earthly elo-
quence make a man believe, that the
story of the infant Floripes, and
Guy of Burgundy, is false; or that
of Fierabras, with the bridge of Man-
tible, which happened in the time of
Charlemagne, and I vow to God is
as true as that the sun shines at noon-
day? If this be a lie, you may also
affirm that there never was such an
event as the Trojan war, nor such
persons as Hector and Achilles, or the
Twelve Peers of France, or Arthur
King of England, who to this day
survives in the likenes of a raven,
and is every moment expected to re-
ascend his throne. People may as
well venture to say, that the history
of Guarino Mesquino, and the suit of
St. Grial, are pure fiction; and look
upon the amours of Don Tristian
and Queen Ifo, with thofe of Ginebra
and Lancelot, as altogether apocry-
phal; though there are people who
almost remember to have seen the
Duenna Quintanana, who was the
beast wine-linker in Great Britain:
this is so true, that I myself have
heard my grandmother by the father's
side often say, when he happened to
see a Duenna with a reverend biggen, 
Grandson, there is a person very like
the Duenna Quintanana." From
whence I conclude, that the same ei-
ther have known her personally, or
at least seen some picture of that ve-
nerable matron. Then, who can
deny the history of Peter of Provence
and the fair Magalona, since, to this
day, may be seen in the royal armoury
the very peg that turned the wooden
horse upon which the valiant Peter
tavelled through the air; by the
fame token, that it is something
larger than the pole of a coach,
and stands near the saddle of Babieca.
Nay, at Roncevalles you may see
Orlando's horn, as big as a wea-
ver's beam. From all which circum-
cstances we may justly infer, that the
Twelve Peers, the Peters, the Gids,
with all thofe who were called
knights-errant, actually existed, ac-
cording to the records of their fame;
otherwife they may as well deny
that the valiant Portuguese, Juan de

*Tea, which is the original word, signifies a woman's coif, veil, or handkerchief.

* Merlo,
Merlo, was a knight-errant; though
it was well known, that he went to
Burgundy and fought in the city of
Ras, with the famous lord of Charne,
called Monseigneur Pierre, and af-
terwards in the city of Baflh, with
Monseigneur Henriquc de Remeflan;
gaining the victory in each of thefe
combats, with abundance of honour-
able fame. Neither, I suppose, will
they credit the defance and adventures
that were also achieved in Burgundy,
bythofe valiant Spaniards, Pedro Barba
and Guttiere Quixada, (from whom
I am lineally defcended on the fa-
ther's fide) who conquered the fons
of the Count de St. Paul: nay, let
them likewise refuse to own that Don
Fernando de Guevara went in queft
of adventures into Germany, where
he fought with Meflire George, a
knight of the houfhold to the Duke
of Austria; and fay that the jults and
tournaments at Suero de Quinones,
and the pafs, were mere illufion, as
well as the enterprizes of Monfeig-
neur Lewis de Falles, againft Don
Goncalo de Guzman, a Cafilian
knight, together with many other ex-
ploits performed by Christian war-
rriors belonging to thefe and other fo-
 reign realms, fo authentic and true,
that (I repeat my afteveration) he who
denies them is void of all reafon and
common fene.'

The canon was furpruck with admiration,
when he heard Don Quixote utter
fuch a medley of fiction and truth; and perceiving
that he was intimately ac-
quainted with every circumstance re-
garding and concerning the achieve-
ments of knight-errantry, answered him in
thefe words: 'Signior Don Quixote,
I cannot deny but what you have faid
is partly true, particularly that which
regards the Spanifh knights; I grant
also that there was an order called the
Twelve Peers of France, but can-
not believe that they performed all
those exploits recounted by archifhob
Turpin; for the truth is, they were a
feit of knights chosen by the kings of
France, under the title of the Twelve
Peers, becaufe they were all equal in
point of virtue, rank, and valour; at
leat, if they were not, they ought to
have been pooffefled of this purity of
qualifications; for it was an associa-
tion refebling the modern orders of
St. Jago and Calatrava, which fup-
pofe, that every member is valiant, vir-
tuous, and noble; and as we now
fay a knight of St. Juan or Alcan-
tara, in thofe days they faid a knight
of the Twelve Peers; becaufe thofe
who prefefled that military order were
equal in all refpects, and twelve in
number; that there were fuch perffons
as the Cid and Bernardo del Carpio,
I make no queftion; but whether or
not they performed all thofe exploits
which are afcribed to them, is, I be-
lieve, extremely doubted; with re-
pect to the peg of Count Peter, which
you fay stands by the faddle of Ba-
bieca in the royal armoury, to my
fame be it spoken, I am either fo
ignorant or short-fighted, that al-
though I have feen the faddle, I could
never obferve the peg, large as you
have been pleafed to decribe it.'—

But there it certainly is,' replied the
knight; 'and what makes it the more
remarkable, it is faid to be kept in a
cafe of calves leather, that it may not
ruff.'—' It may be fo,' faid the
canon; 'but, by my holy orders! I do
not remember to have feen any fuch
thing; yet, granting it to be in that
place, I am not therefore bound to
believe the stories that are reconto
of fo many Amadis's, and fuch a
rabble of knights; nor is it reason-
able, that a perfon of honour, like
you, endowed with fo many happy
talents, fhould give credit to fuch ex-
travagant rhodomontades as are re-
lated in the lying legends of knight-
errantry.'

C H A P. XXIII.

OF THE SAGE CONTEST BETWEEN
DON QUIXOTE AND THE CANON
—WITH OTHER EVENTS.

' A

Good jeft, truly,' replied Don
Quixote, 'that books printed
with the licence of kings, and ap-
probation of thofe who are appointed
to examine them, read with universal
delight, celebrated by great and small,
rich and poor, knights and plebeians,
the learned and illiterate; finally, by
perffons of all ranks and degrees what-
ever; should contain nothing but
lyes; notwithstanding the appearance
of truth which they maintain, in
mentioning the father, mother, coun-
tr}
try, relations, condition, birth-place; and in giving an exact journal of the exploits peculiar to every individual knight; ceafe, therefore, good Sir, to vent such blasphemy, and believe that in this particular, I advise you to act according to the dictates of good sense: read them again, and you will see what pleasure you will reap for your pains; for what can be more entertaining than to fee, as it were, before our eyes, a vall lake of boiling pitch, through which an infinite number of serpents, snakes, and alligators, with many other kinds of fierce and terrible creatures, are continually winding and whirling along; then to hear a most dismal voice that seems to issue from the middle of this pitchy pool, pronounce, "O knight, whosoever thou art, that now standest gazing at the dreadful lake, if thou wouldest enjoy the bliss that is concealed beneath these fable waves, display the valour of thy dauntless breast, and dart thyself amidst these black and burning billows; otherwise, thou art not worthy to behold the mighty wonders deposited and contained within the seven caftles of the seven nymphs, that dwell below this fullen flood." Scarcely hath the sound of this dismal voice ceased to vibrate on his ear, when the knight, without the least hesitation, or reflecting upon the danger he incurs, nay, without putting off his heavy armour, but recommending himself to God and his mistress, plunges at once into the burning lake; and when he neither cares nor knows what will be his fate, finds himself in the midst of a delightful plain, by which the Elyrian fields are infinitely excelled: there the heaven seems more transparent, and the sun shines with newlire; the eye is entertained with an agreeable forest of tall and leafy trees, whose verdure delights the view; while the ear is regaled with the sweet and artifical notes of an infinite number of little painted warblers that hop from bough to bough; here he perceives a brook, whose refreshing waters, clear as liquid chrysalis, run murmuring on the yellow sand, and glistering pebbles, that emulate the purest pearls, and heape of fitted gold.

In one place springs an artificial fountain adorned with variegated jasper and polished marble; in another rises a rustic grotto, in which the small shells of the mussel, and the white and yellow twisted domes of the snail, placed in beauteous disorder, and mixed with bits of shining chrysalis and counterfeited emeralds, compose such an agreeable variety, that nature seems to be excelled by imitative art. In a third place, all of a sudden, appears a strong castle or magnificent palace, the walls of maffy gold, the battlements of diamond, the gates of hyacinth, and, finally, the workmanship so admirable, as infinitely to excel the materials, which are no less than adamast, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, emeralds, and gold. Nay, after having thus festated his eyes, there still remain for him to see a fair bevy of damsels coming out at the castle gate, drested in such gay and splendid attire, that were I to describe it minutely, as it is represented in the history, I should never have done. Then she who appears the principal, takes by the hand the undaunted knight, who threw himself into the boiling-lake, and silently leading him into the rich castle or palace, strips him as naked as he was when his mother bore him, and bathes him in water of an agreeable temperature, then anoints his whole body with aromatic effences, and puts upon him a flirft of the finest lawn, all fcented and perfumed; then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle, which, at leaff, is usually valued at the price of a whole city, or more. After all this ceremony, what a sight it is, when, as they relate, he is conducted into another hall, in which a table is furnished with such elegance as to excite his admiration and surpence; when they sprinkle upon his hands water distilled from amber and odoriferous flowers! when he is seated upon a chair of ivory, and attended by all those damsel, who serve him in amazing silence! when he is allured by such a variety of dishes, and so favourably cooked, that the appetite is confounded in it's choice! Then to hear musick during his repast, without seeing the minister, or knowing from whence the sounds proceed; and, after he has refreshed himself, and the table is uncovered,
uncovered, while he rolls at ease upon his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, according to custom, he is surprized with the light of another young lady, much more beautiful than any of the former, who enters the hall, and sitting down by the knight, begins to tell him whole castle that is, and how she is enchanted within it, relating other circumstances which create wonder in him, and raise the admiration of those who read the story. I need not farther expatiate on this subject, since, from what hath been said, it plainly appears, that any part whatever of the history of any knight-errant whatever, must yield pleasure and surprise to any reader whatsoever. Believe me, therefore, good Sir, and as I have already hinted, the trouble of reading these books, and you will see what effectual antidotes they are against melancholy, and how they improve the disposition, when it is bad. For my own part I can safety aver, that since I professed the order of knight errantry, I have been valiant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, generous, civil, daring, good-humoured, and a patient endurer of toils, captivities, and enchantment; and though I so lately found myself shut up in a cage like a madman, I hope, by the value of this arm, provided Heaven shall favour, and fortune seal to oppose me, in a few days to see myself sovereign of some kingdom, when I shall be enabled to demonstrate the gratitude and generosity which refute within my breast; for, truly, Signior, a poor man is incapable of exerting the virtue of liberality, let him possess it in never so eminent a degree; and that gratitude which is restrained to good-will alone, is like faith without works, no more than the ghost of virtue. Wherefore I with fortune would speedily furnish me with an opportunity of making myself an emperor, that I may exercise the virtues of my heart, in bestowing benefits on my friends, especially on my poor squire Sancho Panza, one of the best men in the world, whom I intend to create an earl, in consequence of a promise which he obtained from me long ago, though I fear he wants capacity to manage his estate.

These last words being overheard by Sancho, he said to his master, "Signior Don Quixote, I wish you would take the trouble to give me that same earldom, which is as firmly promised by your worship as expected by me, and I will undertake to find ability to manage it; or, if I should find myself at a loss, I have heard it often said, that there are certain persons who farm the estates of great noblemen at so much a year, and take charge of the whole, while the owner lolls at his ease, enjoying his income, without troubling his noddle about any other affairs. Now, I would live in the very same manner, minding the cares of this world as little as possible; but leaving off all sorts of business, enjoying my rents, like any duke, and let the world wag."—"Brother Sancho," said the canon, "that is to be undertaken only of the spending your income; but the lord of a great estate must have regard to the administration of justice, which requires ability, sound judgment, and principally an upright intention; for if this be wanting in the beginning, the middle and end will always be involved in error; and therefore Heaven usually afflicts the righteous intent of the simple, while it confounds the wicked aims of the cunning."—"I know nothing of these philosophies," answered the squire; "but this I know, that I wish to God I had this earldom, as soon as I should find understanding to manage it; for I have as big a foul as my neighbours, and as much body as he that has more; and would be as much a king in my own estate, as any he that wears a head; and so being, I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should please myself; and pleasing myself, I should be satisfied; and in being satisfied, I should have nothing more to desire; and having nothing more to desire, there would be an end; so let the earldom come a God's name! I wish we could see it, as one blind man said to another."—These are no bad philosophies, as you call them, Sancho," said the canon; "but, for all that, there is much to be said on the subject of earldoms."—"I know not what more can be said," replied Don Quixote; "for my own part, I do no more than follow the example transmitted to me by the great Amadis de Gaul, who created
I will fland; and therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, below the fame honour on Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires that ever served knight-errant.

The canon was amazed at the methodical madness of Don Quixote, manifested in his description of the Knight of the Lake; and in the impression which the false adventures of chivalry had made upon his imagination; neither was his wonder diminished, when he considered the folly of Sancho, who in ardently defined the profession of that island which his master had promised to give him, as the reward of his services.

By this time the canon's servants had returned from the inn, with the fump-ter-mule; and, instead of a table, spread a carpet on the green grass, under the shade of some trees, where the company feating themselves all round, went to dinner, that the waggoner might not lose the opportunity of such a convenient situation as we have already observed. While they thus enjoyed themselves, their ears were struck with a sudden noise, and the found of a bell, issuing from the midift of some briars and thicketS that surrounded the place where they fat; and immediately appeared a beautiful flie-goat, her skin speckled with spots of white, black, and grey, followed by the goatherd; who, in his rustic dialect, called to her to stop and return to the fold. The fugitive goat trembling with affright, came towards the company, and there flopped, as if to implore their protection; while her keeper, feizing her by the horns, accused her in these words, as if she had been poffeffed of feneé and understanding: Ah! you spofted wanton, what a rambler you have become of late; the wolves will feast upon you one day; what is the matter with you, my pretty child? Yet what else can it be but that you are a female, and consequently inoffenfual! a plague upon your disposition, and all those you re semble: return, return, my darling; and if you are not fo happy, at least you will be more secure, in the fold among your companions! for if you, who ought to watch over and guide the reft, stray about in this imprudent manner, what must become of them?

These words of the goatherd diverted those who heard them, especially the canon, who said to him, 'I beseech you, brother, to pacify yourself, and be not in such a hurry to drive back your goat, which being a female, as you obferve, will follow her natural disposition, in spite of all you can do to oppose it. Take this morrel, and afflige your choler with a cup of wine, and in the mean time the goat will repose herself.'

So saying, he presented to him, on the point of a fork, the hind-quarter of a cold rabbit, which was thankfully accepted by the goatherd; who having taken a long draught, and composed himself, said to the company, 'Gentle men, you must not take me for a simpleton, because I talk to this animal as if it were a rational creature; for really there is a mystery concealed beneath the words I have uttered. I am a peafant, 'tis true, yet not fo ruflick but that I know how to converse with men as well as beasts.'— I firmly believe what you say,' replied the curate; 'for I myself have experienced that the mountains produce learned men, and that philosophers are to be found within the shepherd's cot.— At leaf, returned the goatherd, the cottage may contain those who are warned by woeful experience; and to convince you feelingly that what I allledge is true, I, though undesired, and self-invited, saving the good pleasure of this good company, entreat a moment's hearing, while I recount a true story, which will confirm what that gentleman, pointing to the curate, and myself have observed.'

To this proposal Don Quixote replied, 'As this affair seems to bear something of the shadow of an adventure, I for my part will gladly give you the hearing, brother, and I will all those gentlemen who are persons of taste, and lovers of curious novels, that surprize, delight, and entertain the sensible hearer, for I hope your story will certainly produce these agreeable effects: begin then, friend, we are all attention.— By your leave,' cried Sancho, 'I will even betake myself with this piece of pastry toyonder brook, and lay in store for three days; for I have heard my master Don Quixote obferve, that the squire of a knight-errant ought to eat as often and as much as he can; because they are frequently to bewil-
Don Quixote

dered in woods and forests, that it
will take them six whole days to dis-
engage themselves; and if a man's
belly or his bags be not well lined
with provision, there he may stay, as
he often does, till he withers into
perfect mummy.'— 'You are in the
right, Sancho,' said the knight, 'go
where you will, and eat as much as
you please; for my own part, my
groffer appetite is satisfied, and now I
want refreshment for the mind, which
I shall enjoy in listening to this honest
countryman's story.'— 'We shall all
share in the repast,' replied the canon,
who intreated the peasant to perform his
promise.

Then the goat-herd gave the goat,
which he held by the horns, two flaps
on the buttocks, saying, 'Lie down by
my side, you speckled Nanny; we shall
have time enough to return to the
fold.' The creature seemed to un-
derstand his meaning, for he was no sooner
set than he lay down very quietly, and,
looking in his face, gave him to un-
derstand that he was attentive to what he
was going to say; upon which he began
his story in these words.

The Story Which the Goat-
herd Recounted to the Con-
ductors of Don Quixote.

Three leagues from this val-
ley stands a village, which
though small, is one of the richest
in all this country; and therein dwelt
a farmer in great repute: and albeit
respect follows worldly wealth, he
was more beloved for his virtue than
respected for his riches; but what he
regarded as the best part of his good
fortune, (as he himselfe was wont
to say) was a daughter he had, of
such exceeding beauty, rare discri-
tion, modesty, and grace, that every
one who saw and knew her, mar-
velled at the happy talents with
which Heaven and nature had en-
riched her body and her soul. In
the cradle she was handsome, and
continually increased in beauty, till
at the age of sixteen she was a most
enchanted creature: the fame of her
charms began to spread over all the
neighbouring villages; but what
need I say the neighbouring villages!

it extended to distant cities, and
even made it's way into the king's
court, filling the ears of all sorts of
people, who came from all parts to
fee her, as if she had been some
great curiosity, or miracle-working
image. Her father watched over
her with great care, and she took
great care of herself; for, truly, a
maiden's own prudent reserve is a
better guard upon her conduct than
all the bolts and spikes, and padlocks
upon earth. The father's wealth,
and the daughter's beauty, moved a
great many people, both of town and
country, to demand her in marriage;
but he, like one who has the dispo-
sal of a rich jewel, was perplexed
in his mind, and could not deter-
mine in favour of any one of the
infinite number that solicited his
content. Among the crowd of her
suitors, I was one who conceived
great and flattering hopes of success,
because her father knew me to be
his townsmen, of an honest family,
in the flower of my age, rich in
wealth, and in point of understanding
not very poor. She was also
courted by another young man of
our-town, who was in every respect
my equal; so that her father was
perplexed, and wavered in his choice,
because he thought his daughter
would be well bestowed upon either
of us; wherefore, in order to deliv-
er himself from this fulpine,
he resolved to communicate our de-
mands to Leandra, (for that is the
name of this wealthy maiden, who
had made me miserable) and since
we were equal in all qualifications, to
refer the whole affair to the choice and
decision of his beloved daughter.

An example worthy to be followed
by every father in the settlement of
his children: not that I would have
parents leave them to their own
choice, in things that are manifestly
wicked and base; but first propose
a number of prudent schemes, out
of which they may be allowed to
fix upon that which is most to their
liking. I know not to which of
us Leandra gave the preference;
this only I know, that her father
put us off, on pretence of his daugh-
ter's tender years, in general terms,
which neither laid him under any
obligation.
obligation nor gave us any cause of complaint. I think proper to tell you, that I am called Eugenio, and my rival Anfelm, that you may be acquainted with the names of the persons principally concerned in this tragedy, which is still depending; though one may easily foresee, that it must have a melancholy end.

But, to return to my story: just about that time, there came to our town one Vincent de La Rofa, the son of a poor labouring man that lived in the village: this Vincent, who was just returned from being a soldier in Italy, and other foreign parts, had been carried away, when he was a boy, about twelve years of age, by a captain that charged to march through the town with his company; and now, after an absence of another dozen of years, he returned, in the garb of a soldier, picked up in a thousand colours, and bejewelled with a power of glass toys and slender-chains of steel. To-day he dressed himself out in one gay suit, to-morrow in another; but all his finery and gewgaws were of little weight or value. The labouring people, who are naturally malicious, nay, when idleness gives them opportunity, downright malicious itself, observed and took an exact account of all his ornaments and fine apparel, and found that he had no more than three suits of different colours, with garters and hose; but he found means to disguise them by such inventions, that one who had not been at the pains to detect him, would have sworn that he had appeared in more than ten different dresses, and in upwards of twenty plumes of feathers; and you must not think it impertinent or foolish in me to give you this account of his clothes, because they bear a considerable share in the story. He used to seat himself upon a throne, under a tall poplar that grew in our market-place, and there keep us all gaping around him at his exploits, which he recounted; if you would take his word for it, there was not a country on the face of the earth, which he had not seen, nor a battle in which he had not served: he had killed a greater number of Moors than ever Tunis or Morocco produced; and, by his own account, fought more single combats than were ever maintained by Gante, Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredez, and a thousand more whom he named, gaining the victory in each, without losing one single drop of his blood; then he would show the marks of wounds, which thought not to be distinguished, he gave us to understand were the effects of musket-shot he had received in different actions and encounters; finally, with incredible arrogance, he used to say his own equals, even those who knew his extraction, and say that his own arm was his father, his family the work of his own hands, and being a soldier, he owed nothing even to the king himself: with all his boasting, he knew something of music; and could thrum upon the guitar so as that some people said he made it speak. But his talents did not end here; for he was also a piece of a poet, and wrote ballads—a league and a half long, upon every silly trifle that happened in the village. Well, then, this soldier whom I have described, this Vincent de La Rofa, this bragadocio, this gallant; this musician, and poet, was often seen and observed by Leandra from the window of her apartment, that looked towards the market-place. She was captivated by the tinel of his gay cloaths, and enchanted by his ballads; for he gave away twenty copies of each that he composed; the feats he related of himself, reached her ears; in short, (as the devil himself must certainly have ordained) she fell in love with him, even before he had the pretension to make any attempt upon her heart; and, as in the affairs of love every thing is easily accomplished by the man who is already in possession of the woman's affection, Leandra and Vincent soon came to a right understanding; and before any one of her numerous admirers had the least inkling of her inclination, she had already gratified it, by leaving the house of her loving and indulgent father, (mother she had none) and running away with the soldier, who triumphed in that enterprise, and more effectually than in any one he had ever undertaken.
This event filled not only the whole village, but likewise all who heard of it, with admiration: I, for my part, was amazed, Anfelm's astonishment, the father overwhelmed with sorrow, and the relations with shame. Justice, however, being solicited, the troopers immediately took the road, examined every cope and thicket thereabouts, and after a search of three days, found the defdy Leandra in the cave of a mountain, naked to the flomock, and stripped of a great quantity of money and precious jewels, which she had carried off when she made her escape. When she was brought back to the presence of her afflicted father, and questioned about her misfortune, the frankly owned that Vincent de La Roche had imposed upon her; that under promise of marriage, he had persuaded her to forsake her father's house, promising to conduct her to Naples, which he said, was the most beautiful and flourishing city in the whole world; that she inadvertently and fondly believed his false professions, and robbing her father, put herself under his protection that same night she was misled, when he carried her to a rocky mountain, and confined her in the cave where she was found; she likewise affirmed that the soldier, without making any attempt upon her virtue, had stripped her of all she had, and left her in that forlorn condition; a circumstance that surprized all who heard it, the soldier's continence being so incredible; but the insulted upon it with such earnest affections, that the deconfolate father was in some sort comforted, making little account of the money he had lost, since his daughter was allowed to keep the jewel which when once lost there is no hope of retrieving.

The same day that Leandra appeared, her father removed her from our eyes, and shut her up in a monastery of a neighbouring town, hoping that time would efface some part of the bad opinion his daughter had incurred. The tender years of Leandra served as an excuse for her misconduct, especially with those who are not concerned in the affair; but those who know her discretion and good sense, do not ascribe her fault to ignorance, but to mere levity, and the natural disposition of women, which is always injudicious and imperfect. Leandra being thus secured, Anfelm's eyes were blind to every thing that could yield him pleasure; and mine remained in darkness, without the least glimpse of light to direct them to any agreeable object: the absence of Leandra increased our affliction, and exhaustcd our patience; we cursed the soldier's finery, and exclaimed against her father's want of care. At length we agreed to quit the village, and repair to this valley, where he feeding a vast flock of sheep, which are his own property, and I tending a numerous fold of goats, which are also mine, we spend our lives under the cool shade of lofty trees; and give vent to our passion, either by singing, in concert, the praise or dispraise of the beautiful Leandra, or each by himself singing in the lonely grove, and ejaculating his complaint to Heaven. In imitation of us, many more of Leandra's lovers have been taken themselves to these rugged mountains, and the exercise of the same employment; so that this sport seems to be transformed into a pastoral Arcadia, every field being crowded with shepherds and folds, and every corner refounding with the name of the fair Leandra. One curSES and calls her fickhe, inconstant, and immodest; a second condemns her credulity and lightness of behaviour; a third acquires and forgives her, while she is arraigned and reproached by a fourth; some celebrate her beauty; others find fault with her disposition: in short, she is cenuserd and adored by them all; nay, to such a pitch hath their extravagance risen, that some of them complain of her disdain, though they never spoke to her; and others, in their lamentations, pretend to feel the rage of jealousy, which is a passion she never inspired; for, as I have already mentioned, her fault was known before her inclination was supposed: there is not the hollow of a rock, the margin of a rill, nor the shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, recounting his misfortune to the winds; wherever an echo can be formed, it repeats the name.
most liberal in compliment was Don Quixote, who said to him, 'Truly, brother goatherd, were it possible for me to undertake any new adventure, I would forthwith set forward in your behalf, and deliver Leandra from that monastery, in which she is, doublets, detained against her will, in spite of the abbots and all that should oppose my design; and would put her into your hands to be treated according to your good will and pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, by which all damsels are protected from wrongs: though I hope in God, that a malicious inchanter shall not so far prevail, but that he may be excelled in power, by another of a more righteous disposition; and then you may depend upon my favour and assistance, according to the duty of my profession, which is no other than to succour the wretched and the weak.'

The goatherd stared at Don Quixote, and being struck with admiration at his rueful aspect and dishevelled locks, said to the barber, who sat near him, 'Signior, pray, who is that man who looks and talks so wildly?'—Who should it be,' answered the barber, but the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha! the redresser of grievances, the righter of wrongs, the protector of damsels, the terror of giants, and thunder-bolt of war?'—'That discourse,' replied the peasant, 'puts me in mind of those books which treat of knights errant, who were commonly distinguished by such titles as you bestow on that man: but, I suppose, you are pleased to be merry, or else the apartments of this poor gentleman's skull are but indifferent-furnished.'

'You are a most impudent rascal!' (cried the knight, over-hearing what he said) 'it is your skull that is unfurnished and unbound; but mine is more pregnant than the abominable whore that brought you forth.' So saying, he snatched up a loaf, and flung it at the goatherd with such fury, that he levelled his nose with his face.

Eugenio, who did not understand raillery, finding himself maltreated in earnest, without any respect for the carpet, table-cloth, or company, leaped upon the knight, and laying hold of his...
his collar, with both hands, would certainly have strangled him, if Sancho Panza had not at that instant sprung to his master's assistance, and pulling his antagonist backwards, tumbled him over upon the table, where plates, cups, viaticals, wine, and all went to wreck. Don Quixote finding himself drenched, arose, and in his turn, got up on the goatherd, who being bated by the master, and kicked by the man, was creeping about on all fours in quest of a table-knife, with which he intended to take some bloody revenge, but was prevented by the canon and curate; the goatherd, however, managed matters so as that he got the knight under him, when he raised such a shower of kicks and coffs upon his carcase, that our hero's countenance was as much overflowed with blood as his own; the curate and canon were ready to burst with laughing, the troopers capered about with joy, and the whole company halloowed, according to the practice of the spectators when two dogs are engaged: Sancho Panza alone was distraught, because he could not get out of the clutches of one of the canon's servants, who hindered him from assisting his master. In fine, when every body was thus regaled and rejoiced, except the combatants, who worried each other, they heard a trumpet utter such a melancholy note, that they could not help turning their heads, and looking towards the place from whence the sound seemed to come: but he on whom it made the greatest impression was Don Quixote, who, though lying under his antagonist, very much against his inclination, and more than sufficiently pummelled, said to the goatherd, 'Brother devil, (for sure thou canst be nothing else, who halit strength and valour sufficient to overcome my efforts) I beg a truce for one hour only; because the doleful sound of that trumpet which salutes our ears, seems to summon me to some new adventure.'

The goatherd being by this time heartily tired of drubbing, as well as of being drubbed, immediately complied with his request; and Don Quixote starting up, directed his view towards the place whence the sound seemed to issue, where he defied a great number of people drizzled in white like disciplinants, coming down the side of a neighbouring hill. That year the heavens had withheld refreshing showers from the earth; and through all the villages of that district the people instituted processions, disciplines, and prayers, beseeching God to open the fountains of his mercy, and favour them with rain: for this purpose, the inhabitants of a neighbouring village were then going in procession to a holy hermitage built on an eminence that skirted the valley; and Don Quixote seeing the strange drefs of the disciplinants*, without recollecting that he had frequently seen such habits before, concluded the whole to be an adventure, which it was the province of him as a knight-errant to achieve: what served to confirm him in this notion, was an image cloathed in black, which was carried before them, and which he supposed to be some princes whom those discourteous robbers were carrying off by force.

This whim no sooner entered his brain, than he ran with great agility to Rozinante, who was feeding very quietly, and taking the bridle and shield, which hung upon the pummel of the saddle, clapped the bit in his mouth in a twinkling, and demanding his sword from Sancho, mounted his steed, and braced his target, calling aloud to the company, 'Now, honourable gentle men, ye shall perceive the importance of those who profess the order of knight-errantry! now, I say, ye shall, in the deliverance of that excellent lady, who is at present a captive, behold how much knights-errant ought to be esteemed.'

So saying, he clapped heels to Rozinante, (jupurs he had none) and at a hand-gallop (for we do not find in this true history that ever Rozinante went full-speed) rode up to attack the disciplinants. Though the canon, curate and barber, made efforts to detain him, they found it impracticable; he was even deaf to the cries of Sancho, who bawled with great vociferation: 'Where are you going, Signior Don Quixote? what devil possessest and provokes you to act against our Catholic faith! take notice—a plague upon me—take notice that this is no other than a procession of disciplinants, and that lady carried on the bier the blessed

* Persons hired to whip themselves on such occasions.
DON QUIXOTE.

\* image of the immaculate Virgin!
\* Consider, Signior, what you are about, for sure I am you do not know!

In vain did Sancho strain his lungs: his master was so intent upon overtaking the apparitions, and setting the lady in black at liberty, that he heard not one syllable; nor if he had, would he have returned, even if the king had commanded him so to do. When he approached the procession, he stopped Rosinante, who was already out of breath, and with a hoarse disordered voice, pronounced, 'You there, who perhaps disguise yourselves for no good, stop, and give ear to what I am going to say.'

Those who carried the image were the first that halted, and one of the four priests who fung the litany, observing the strange aspect of Don Quixote, the Jeannes of Rosinante, with other ridiculous circumstances belonging to both, answered in these words: 'Friend, if you have any thing to say, speak quickly; for these our brethren are all this while scourging their own fields; and we cannot, nor is it reasonable we should tarry to hear any thing that cannot be comprehended in two words.'—'I will comprehend what I have to say in one,' replied the knight; 'and it is this: I command you instantly to set free that beautiful lady, whose tears and melancholy deportment clearly demonstrate that you are carrying her off, contrary to her inclination, after having done her some notorious wrong; and I, who was born to redress such grievances, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther, until the shall have obtained that liberty she deferves.'

From these words, concluding that he must be some madman, all of them began to laugh very heartily; and their mirth acting as a train of gunpowder to the knight's choler, he drew his sword, and without uttering another word, attacked the bearers; one of whom, leaving his share of the load to his companions, opposed himself to this aggressor, brandishing a fork or pole, on which (when they were weary) they supported the bier. Don Quixote, with a furious back-stroke, cut this implement in two; but with the piece which remained in the hand of the de-
with evil-doers, who will prosper
without fear of chastisement for their
wicked deeds! Oh, thou wast more
liberal than all the Alexanders that
ever lived! for thou gavest me, for
eight months service only, the best
island that ever the sea surrounded.
Oh! thou wast humble with the
haughty, and haughty with the hum-
ble, tempting dangers, enduring di-
grases, in love without cause, imi-
tating the good, scourging the wicked,
a professed enemy to every thing
that was base; in short, a knight-
errant, and that is every thing in one
word!'

The cries and groans of Sancho re-
vived his master, and the first words he
pronounced were these: 'He who is
condemned to live abstain from thee,
most amiable Dulcinea! is subjected
to much greater hardships than these.
Friend Sancho, help to lay me on the
inchoated car; for I am incapable
of pressing Rozinante's saddle, this
whole shoulder being crushed to
pieces.'—'That I'll do very willingly,
dear master,' replied the squire;
and let us return to our own habita-
tion, in company of these gentlemen,
who wish you well; and there we will
lay a scheme for another sally, which
I hope will be more fortunate and
credible.'—'You are in the right,
Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'and
it will be very prudent in us to let the
malign influence of the stars pass
over.'
The canon, curate, and barber, ap-
proved of his intention, and being ex-
remely diverted with the squire's sim-
plicity, conveyed the knight to his for-
mer situation in the waggon. 'The pro-
ceSSION was formed anew, and set for-
wards accordingly; the goatherd took
his leave of the company; the troopers,
being unwilling to go farther, were
paid by the curate for their trouble; the
 canon having intreated the priest to in-
form him by letter of Don Quixote's fate,
with regard to the continuation or
cure of his extravagance, bade him fare-
well, and proceeded on his journey; in
short, there was a general separation,
till at length the curate, barber, Don
Quixote, and Panza, were left by them-
selves, with the truculent Rozinante, who,
with the patience of his master, bore
and beheld every thing that passed.

The waggoner yoking his oxen, ac-
accommodated the knight with a truss of
hay, and with his usual phlegm jogged
on according to the priest's directions,
till, at the end of six days, they ar-
ived at their own village, which they
entered about noon; and it chanceing to
be Sunday, the market-place through
which they were obliged to pass was
crowded with people, who, running to
see what was in the cage, recognized
their townsmen, and were struck with
amazement. A boy ran immediately
to his housekeeper and niece, whom
when he informed of their master's ar-
rial, in a moft meagre, withered con-
dition, stretched upon a truss of hay,
in a waggon; it was a piteous thing to
hear the cries that were uttered by these
worthy ladies, who buffeted them-
selves through vexation, and vented
bitter curses against the wicked books
of chivalry; which lamentations, buf-
ettings, and curses, were repeated with
greater violence than ever, when they
faw the knight enter his own gate.

Sancho Panza's wife, who had got
intimation that he was gone with Don
Quixote in quality of his squire, hear-
ing of his return, ran straight to her
husband, and the first question she ask-
ed was, whether or not the afs was in
good health? when the squire anwer-
ed, that the afs was in better health
than his master, 'Thanks be to God,'
cried she, 'for that and all his other
mercies. But, now tell me, friend,
what good you have got by your
squirehip? Have you brought home
a new petticoat for me, or shoes for
your children?— I have brought no
such matters, my dear,' replied San-
cho, 'but things of greater considera-
tion and importance.'—'I am glad
of that, with all my heart!' said the
wife; 'pray shew me these things of
greater consideration and importance,
that the sight of them may rejoice my
heart, which hath been so sad and
discontented all the weary time of
your being away.'—'You shall see
them at home,' answered Sancho;
and hearke, wife, make yourself easy
for the present; for, an it please God
that we set out again in quest of ad-
ventures, you shall speedily behold
your husband an earl, or governor of
an island; I don't mean your com-
mon islands, but one of the best that
ever
ever was seen.'—' The Lord in heaven grant it, husband; for I am sure we have need enough of such winds: but tell me, what is an island? for truly, I know not the meaning of the word?—' Honey was not made for the mouth of an ass,' said the squire; 'you shall see what it is, in good time, my dear; yea, and admire to hear all your vassals call you my lady.'—What is that you say, Sancho, of ladies, islands, and vassals?' cried Joan Panza; for that was the name of the squire's wife, though she was not related to Sancho before marriage; but it is the custom in La Mancha for the women to take the names of their husbands. 'Don't be in such a hurry to know every thing, Joan,' replied the squire; 'it is sufficient that I tell thee nothing but truth; let this, therefore, stop that mouth of thine. Mean time, however, I care not if I tell thee, that it is one of the most pleasant occupations in the world for an honourable person, like me, to be squire to a knight-errant, when he is in quest of adventures. True it is, the greatest part of them do not fall out quite so much to one's liking as one could wish; for, out of a hundred in which we are engaged, ninety-nine are generally crost and unfortunate. That I know by experience, having been sometimes threshed, and sometimes blanketted; but howsoever, it is a curious pastime to be always in expectation of adventures, crossing huge mountains, searching woods, climbing rocks, visiting castles, lodging at inns, where we live at rack and manger, and the devil a farthing to pay.'

While this conversation passed between Sancho and his wife, the housekeeper and niece received Don Quixote, whom they undressed and put to bed in his old chamber, while he eyed them askance, without being able to comprehend where he was. The curate laid his injunctions on the niece to cherish her uncle with great tenderness, and charged them both to take especial care that he might not escape again, giving them an account of the trouble he had been at in bringing him back to his own house. Here they raised their voices again in concert, renewing their curses upon the books of chivalry, and beseeching Heaven to confound the authors of such madness and lies to the lowest pit of hell; in short they were half distracted with the apprehension of losing him again, as soon as his health should be re-established; and this was actually the case.

But the author of this history, although he inquired with the utmost curiosity and diligence, concerning the actions of Don Quixote in his third sally, could never find any satisfactory and authentic account of them; only, fame hath preferred some memoirs in La Mancha, by which it appears that Don Quixote, when he set out the third time, went to Saragossa, where he was present at a most celebrated tournament, in which many things happened to him worthy of his genius and valour: but with regard to his death and burial, he could obtain no information; and must have remained entirely ignorant of that event, had he not luckily met with an old physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, which he said he found under the foundation of an ancient hermitage that was repairing. This box contained some skins of parchment, on which were written in Gothick characters and Castilian verse, many of our knight's exploits, with a description of Dulcinea's beauty, Rozinante's figure, Sancho's fidelity, and Don Quixote's own funeral, celebrated by divers epitaphs, and panegyrics on his life and morals. All that could be read, and fairly copied, are those which are here inserted by the faithful author of this new and surprising history, who, in recompense for the immense trouble he has undergone in his enquiries, and in examining the archives of La Mancha, that he might publish it with more certainty, defires the reader to favour him with the same credit which intelligent persons give to those books of chivalry that pass currently in the world; and herewith he will rest fully satisfied; and perhaps be animated to search after, and find out other histories, if not as authentic, at least as full of invention and entertainment.

The verses which were written in the first skin of parchment found in the leaden box were these—
THE ACADEMICS OF ARGAMASILLA, A TOWN OF LA MANCHA, ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, HOC SCRIPSERUNT.

MONICONGO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTERE OF DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

The bully that La Mancha deck'd With spoils that shame the Cretan Jalon, Whose judgment ripe, and wit uncheck'd, The trumpet of renown shall blazon; That arm, whose valour did extend To Creta, from remote Cathay; That mule which did the weelkin rend With verse which brazen plates display; Who Amadis left far behind, And deem'd Galar a mere baby, Whose valour with such lustre shin'd, As he'd ev'n Belianis shabby; He that on Rosinante rode, Now mingles with this clay-cold clod!

PANIGUADO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

SONG.

The maid, you see, with cheeks so blouzy, High-cheek'd, vigorous, and frouzy, Dulcina, fan'd Toboso's princes, Don Quixote's generous flame evinces: For her, on foot, he did explore The fable mountain o'er and o'er, Through many a weary field did halt, And all through Rosinante's fault. Hard fate! that such a dame should die In spite of him and chivalry; That he whose deeds c'en flowers proclaim, Should mourn a disappointed flame!

CAPRICHOSO, A MOST INGENIOUS ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF ROZINANTE, THE RENOWNED STEED OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

On a proud trunk of Adamant, Whose bloody branches fmi'dl'd of war, La Mancha's frantick wight did plant His standard glistening from afar.

There hung his arms; there gleam'd his sword, That went to level, hack, and hew; Yet shall the word'd ring mufe afford For new exploits, a file that's new. Let Gaul of Amadis be proud, Greece boast the champions the hath bore: For neither Gaul nor Greece can vie With fam'd La Mancha's chivalry. Ev'n Rosinante wears the bay; Let Brilladore and Bayard bray.*

BURLADOR, AN ARGAMASILIAN ACADEMICIAN, ON SANCHO PANZA.

SONG.

HERE Sancho view of body small, But great in worth, in action clear, The best and simplest of all The world e'er saw, I vow and swear. And earl he surely might have been, Had not this knavish age of braves, With insolence and envious spleen, Confir'd against him and his as. That ass, on which he gently trotted At gente Rosinante's tail; Vain man, with flatt'r'ring hope befotted, How, in a dream, thy prospects fail!

CACHIDIAELO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTERE OF DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

On Rosinante's back The knight that whilome travell'd Thro' highway, path, and track, Is here benird and gravell'd; And eke as stiff as he, The block of Sancho Panza, A truly squire, perdie! As ever mortal man saw.

TIQUITOCK, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTERE OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

HERE lies Dulcinea, once so plump, But now her fat all melts away; For death, whi an inhuman thump, Has turn'd her into dust and clay.

* The horse of Orlando Furioso was called Brigliadoro; as Bayardo was the name of the steed belonging to Ruggiero, the second, if not the first hero in Ariosto's incomparable poem.
Of a true breed she surely sprung,
And wanted not external grace;
Quixote's heart with love she swung,
And shone the glory of her race.

These were all the verses which could be read; the rest being worm-eaten, were delivered to an academician, that he might attempt to unravel their meaning by conjecture. This task we understand, he has performed with infinite pains and study, intending to publish them to the world, in expectation of the third sally of Don Quixote.

*Forse altri canterà con miglior plettra.*

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.
HEAVENS! with what eagerness must thou be waiting for this prologue, courteous reader, whosoever thou art, gentle or simple, in hopes of finding it replete with resentment, reproaches, and revenge, against the author of the Second Don Quixote; him, I mean, who, it is reported, was engendered at Tordesillas, and brought forth in Tarragona. But, truly, I have no intention to give thee that satisfaction: for, although injuries may awaken indignation in vulgar breasts; mine, I hope, will always be an exception to that rule. Thou wouldst be glad, perhaps, to find me bestowing upon him the epithets of ass, blockhead, and insolent coxcomb; but such low revenge never once entered my imagination: his own confidence will sufficiently chastise him; let him therefore chew the cud of remorse, and digest it if he can. I own, I cannot help feeling the unjust reproach when he taxes me with lameness and old age, as if it had been in my power to retard the lapse of time; or that I had been maimed in some tavern-brawl, and not on the most glorious occasion that ever the past or present age beheld, or potteriness can ever hope to see. If my wounds do not brighten in the eyes of every spectator, they are at least esteemed by those who know where they were acquired*; and who thinks that a soldier who falls in battle makes a much more noble appearance than he who saves himself by flight. This opinion is so rooted within my own breast, that, were such an impossibility proposed and effected, I would rather be lame as I am, with the share I had in that stupendous action, than found of body, without the honour of having been there. The wounds that appear in a soldier's countenance and bosom, are so many stars to guide the rest of mankind to the haven of honour, and the desire of honest praise; and it ought to be observed, that an author does not write with his grey hairs, but according to the dictates of his understanding, which is usually improved by years and experience. I perceive also, that he calls me envious; and, as if I were utterly ignorant, is at the pains to describe the nature of envy; though I protest of the two kinds, I only harbour that which is pure, virtuous, and noble. This being the case, as it undoubtedly is, I have not the least inclination to inveigh against any priest, especially one who bears the office of familiar to the holy inquisition; and if what he says be advanced in behalf of him whole cause he seems to espouse, he is altogether mistaken, in my opinion, of that person, whose genius I adore: I admire his works, together with his continual occupation in the practice of virtues; but I am actually obliged to this honourable author, for saying that my novels† are more satirical than exemplary, though he owns they are good of

* The battle of Lepanto.
† Novales Exemplares.
their kind; for, without being exemplary, they cannot possibly be good.

I suppose, gentle reader, thou art by this time of opinion, that I walk with great circumspection, and scrupulously confine myself within the bounds of modesty, conscious that it is inhuman to heap affliction on the afflicted; and that this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in the open field, and in the face of Heaven, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had been guilty of high treason: tell him, therefore, in my name, if ever thou shouldst chance to find him out, that I do not at all think myself injured by what he has done, for well do I know, what temptations the devil spreads before us; and that one of his most effectual snares, is to make a man believe that he has capacity to write a book, by which he shall obtain an equal share of money and reputation. In confirmation of what I say, I will beg the favour of you to tell him a short story.

There was in Seville, a certain madman seized with the most diverting whim that ever entered the brain of a lunatick. He used to walk with a hollow cane, pointed at one end; and whenever he met with a dog in the street, or in any other place, he clapped his foot on one of the creature's hind-legs, pulled up the other with his hand, and applying, as well as he could, the pipe to his posteriors, instantly blew him up as round as a ball. This operation being performed, he clapped him twice on the belly, and dismissed the patient, saying, very gravely, to the mob that never failed to gather round him, 'Gentlemen, I suppose, now, you think it is an easy matter to blow up a dog!' In like manner, I say, 'I suppose your worship thinks it an easy matter to write a book.' If this story should not be to his liking, be so good, friendly reader, as to tell this other, which also relates to a dog and a madman.

There was another idiot in Cordova, who had a trick of carrying upon his head a piece of marble, or heavy stone; and, as often as he perceived any dog off his guard, he would approach him flily, and let it fall plump upon his head. This was no joke to the poor dog, who used to run barking and howling the length of three whole streets, before he ventured to look behind. But, among others, he one day happened to discharge his burden on a cap-maker's favourite dog; down went the stone upon his head, and the injured beast let up the howl: the master seeing what passed, was filled with indignation, snatched up his measure, and falling out upon the lunatick, did not leave a whole bone in his skin; saying, at every blow he bestowed, 'Dog! rascal! use my spaniel in this manner! Did not you see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel?' Thus repeating the word spaniel a great many times, he beat the aggressor into jelly.

The madman being documented, sneaked off, and kept his chamber a whole month; at the end of which, he returned to his former pastime, with a greater stone than ever, and coming up to a dog that lay asleep, considered him with great attention, but was afraid of discharging the stone, saying, 'Ware spaniel! In short, all the dogs he afterwards met with, whether curs or maltefs, were in his opinion spaniels; so that he never ventured to repeat his experiment.——Now this may be the fate of our historian, who will not chuse to open the flood-gates of his wit again, in composing books, which, if bad, are harder than stone.

Tell
Tell him, likewise, that I value not his threats a farthing, when he
says that his performance will deprive me of bread; but answer him
with a quotation from the famous interlude of the Perendenga: ‘To
four and twenty, live, my lord, and Christ be with us all.’ Long
live the great Count de Lemos, whose well-known Christian generosity
supports me against all the strokes of adverse fortune; and long life to
the transcendent charity of the most illustrious archbishop of Toledo,
Don Bernardo de Sandóval y Rojas; if there was not one printing-
press in the whole world, or if more books were published against me
than there are letters in the couplets of Mingo Rebulgo; these two
princes, unsolicited by any adulation or other kind of praise on my
part, but purely out of their own benevolence, have been pleased to
honour me with their countenance and favour, in which I think myself
ininitely more happy and rich, than if I had been conducted to the
highest pinnacle of fortune, in the ordinary way. Honour may be
enjoyed by a poor, but never by a vicious man; nobility may be cloud-
ed by indigence, but never altogether obscured; for virtue, shining by
it’s own internal light, even through the inconveniencies and crannies
of poverty, will recommend itself to the esteem of high and princely
minds, and of consequence obtain their favour and protection. Thou
needest say no more to him; nor will I give thee any farther trouble,
except to observe, that thou art to consider this second part of Don
Quixote as a work of the same artificer, and composed of the same
materials with the first, in which I present the knight at full length;
and, in short, exhibit him dead and buried; that no man, for the fu-
ture, may presume to raise fresh evidence against him; those already
examined being sufficient for the purpose. The more so, as a man of
honour has already given an account of his ingenious follies, without
any intention to resume the subject; for there may be too much even
of a good thing; and the scarcity of those things which are in them-
selves indifferent, often brings them into some degree of estimation.
I had almost forgot to tell thee, that thou mayest expect the Persiles,
which I am now finishing, together with the second part of Galatea.
APPROBATION.

By order of Signior Doctor Gutierrez de Cetina, vicar-general of the city of Madrid, where his majesty keeps his court, I have perused the second part of the sage knight, Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; in which I can find nothing unworthy of a zealous Christian, or deviating from that respect which is justly due to good example and moral virtue. On the contrary, the performance contains much erudition and profitable amusement; not only in the well-supported sequel of his design, to extirpate those vain and lying books of chivalry, which had already too far spread their infection; but also in the purity of his Castilian language, unadulterated with insipid affectation, which every man of sense abhors; and in his manner of correcting the vicious, who generally feel the point of his satire. Yet he so wisely observes the laws of Christian rebuke, that the patient labouring under the infirmity which he intends to cure, may, in such sweet and palatable medicine, even without his own knowledge, or the least hindrance and loathing; swallow down an effectual detestation for vice; so that he will find himself at once delighted and reformed, in consequence of an art which is known to few. There are many authors, who not knowing how to blend and mix instruction with delight, have feen all their tedious labours miscarry; because, not being able to imitate Diogenes, as a learned philosopher, they have presumed licentiously, not to say obfcurly, to mimic him as a cynic, giving ear to flander, and inventing things that never happened, by which means they enlarge the vicious capacity of those whom their harsh reproofs stigmatize; and, perhaps, strike out new paths of lewdness hitherto unknown; so that instead of reformers, they become teachers and abettors of vice. In this manner they grow hateful to men of sense, and lose all their credit, if they had any, with the people, who refuse to encourage their writings; while the vicious are rather hardened than amended by their rash and imprudent corruption; for the knife and caufick are not proper for all kinds of tumours, some of which are more successfully treated by soft and gentle remedies, by the application of which, the experienced and learned physician often attains his end of discussing them; a period much more eligible than that which is obtained by the barbarity of steel.

The writings of Miguel de Cervantes have met with a very different reception, not only from our nation, but likewise from strangers; who, as if he was something miraculous, are inflamed with the desire of seeing the author of those books which have met with such general applause, on account of the decency and decorum, as well as the agreeable sweetnefs of his fyle, in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders. This I can with great truth affirm, that on the twentieth and fifth day of February, in this year of God, one thousand fix hundred
dred and fifteen, I attended my matter, his grace Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, cardinal archbishop of Toledo, when he returned the vift of the French ambaflador, who came to treat about a double match betwixt the princes and princesses of France and Spain; and several gentlemen of that country, belonging to the embaffy, who were equally fenfible and well-bred, as well as lovers of the Belles Lettres, in their converfation with me and the other chaplains of the cardinal, defired to know what books of genius were in highest efteeam among us; I chanced to mention this performance, which was then under my examination: but no sooner did they hear the name of Miguel de Cervantes, than they began to expatiate upon the high efteeam in which France and the neighbouring kingdoms held his productions; namely, the Galatea, which one of them could almoft repeat, with the novels, and the first part of Don Quixote. Such were the commendations they bestowed upon them, that I offered to introduce them to the author, whom they honoured with a thouand demonstrations of regard. They were curious to know his age, profession, quality, and fortune; and when I found myfelf obliged to tell them he was a foldier and a gentleman, opprefled with poverty and old age; one of them replied in these very words: 'What! does not Spain load fuch a man with riches, and maintain him out of the publick treasury?'—Another of thofe gentlemen, hearing this observation, interpoled, faying, with great vivacity, 'If neceffity compels him to write, God grant that he may never enjoy affluence; but, in being poor, enrich the world with his works.'

I believe this will be thought rather too much for a certificate; and fome will fay, that I have even encroached upon the bounds of flattery; but the truth of my allegation difproves that fufpicion, and acquits me of the charge; besides, in this age, adulation is bestowed upon none but thofe who are in a capacity of greaing the fift of the fatterer; who, though he praiies in fulfome fiction, expects to be rewarded in fubftantial truth.

Madrid, Feb. 27. 1615.

THE LICENTIATE MARQUES TORRES.

THE ORDINARY LICENCE.

By order and command of the lords of council, I have caused to be examined, the book specified in this petition: which book contains nothing to the prejudice of religion or morals; but, on the contrary, is fraught with much lawful amusement, blended with moral philosophy; wherefore it may be allowed to be printed.

Madrid, Nov. 5. 1615.

Doctor Gutierrez de Cetina.

APPROBATION.

By order and command of the lords of council, I have perufed the second part of Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes; a book that contains nothing to the prejudice of
our holy catholick faith, or found morals; on the contrary, much honest recreation, and agreeable amufeement, such as the ancients judged not only allowable, but convenient for the commonwealth: even the severe Lacedemonians erected a statute to the goddess of laughter; and the Thesflalians instituted feftivals to the fame power, according to Paufa- nias, quoted by Vossius, lib. ii, De feguis ecclef. cap. 10. for exhilarat- ing the melancholy, and raising the dejected spirits; as observed by Tuily in his first book, De Logibus; and by the poet, who fays, ‘ In- terpone tus interdum gaudia curis.’ Which maxim hath been the guide of this author, who has mingled fiction with truth, delight with inftuction, and morals with pleafantry; disguifing the hook of reproof with the bait of sprightly entertainment, and fulfilling the sequel of his well-executed fcheme, to depreciate and expel the books of chivalry, from the mischievous contagion of which he hath purged these king- doms, with admirable diligence and dexterity. In fhort, it is a work worthy of that great genius, which is the honour and ornament of our nation, and the envy and admiration of foreigners. This is my opi- nion, with fubmiffion, &c.

Madrid, March 17, 1615.

JOSEPH DE VALDIVIELSO.
ID Hamet Benengeli, in the second part of this history, containing the third fally of Don Quixote, relates that the curate and barber forbore to visit him for a whole month, that they might not revive and recall to his imagination the remembrance of things past; but, during all that time, they frequently went to see the housekeeper and niece, on whom they laid strong injunctions to cherish the knight with great care and tenderness, and treat him with such comfortable food as should be most agreeable to his stomach and brain, in which they reasonably supposed that his whole disorder lay. The ladies assured them it was their chief study, which they would prosecute with all imaginable care and satisfaction; for they began to perceive that their master, at certain intervals, gave tokens of being in his right wits. This information afforded great pleasure to the two friends, who now concluded they had acted wisely in bringing him home on the enchanted waggon, as hath been recounted in the last chapter of the first part of this sublime and punctual history; and determined to pay him a visit, that they might be convinced of his amendment, which they deemed almost impossible; though they agreed to avoid, with great care, the subject of chivalry, that they might run no risk of ripping up the wound so lately closed.

In short, they entered his chamber, and found him lying upon his bed, in a wailcoat of green baize, and a red Toledan night-cap, so meagre, shrunk, and withered, that he looked like an Egyptian mummy; he received them very courteously, and when they enquired into the state of his health, spoke of his indisposition and himself with great judgment and eloquence. The conversation happening to turn on what is called reasons of state, and modes of administration, they amended certain abusas, and condemned others, reforming one custom, and banishing another; as if each of the three had been a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or regenerated Solon; and in such a manner did they furnish up the common-wealth, that one would have imagined they had committed it to a forge, and brought out another quite different from that which they put in. Don Quixote spoke on every subject that was handled, with such
such discretion, as actually convinced the two examiners, that he was quite found, and had recovered the right exercise of his judgment; while the niece and housekeeper, who were present all the time, thought they could never be thankful enough to God, when they heard their master talk so sensibly. But the curate altering his first resolution, which was to avoid the subject of chivalry, now determined to make an experiment, by which he should be thoroughly satisfied, whether the knight's cure was real or imaginary; with this view, he from one thing to another came to mention some news from court; and among other pieces of intelligence, said he was certainly informed that the Turk had taken the sea, with a powerful armament, though his design was not known, nor could it be guessed where the expected storm would burst; but that their preparations, which keep us almost continually in arms, had alarmed all Christendom; and that his majesty had ordered the coasts of Naples and Sicily, with the island of Malta, to be provided against all attempts. To this intimation Don Quixote replied, 'His majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior, in providing for the safety of his dominions, that the enemy may not find them unprepared; but, if he would take my advice, I would furnish him with an expedit, which I believe our sovereign at present little thinks of.'

The curate no sooner heard these words, than he said within himself, Lord have mercy upon thee, poor Don Quixote! if I am not mistaken, thou art just going to call thyself headlong from the highest pinnacle of madness, into the profound abyss of thy folly. But the barber, who immediately adopted the same conclusion, asked the knight what that expedit was, which he thought should be put in practice by way of prevention; obliterating, that it was, perhaps, such a scheme as deferred to be inquired in the list of those impertinent advices usually offered to crowned heads. 'Mine, Mr. Shaver, said Don Quixote, 'will be pertinent, not impertinent. I don't say otherwise,' replied the barber; 'I only made that observation, because experience hath shown that all, or the greatest part of those projects which have been offered to his majesty, are either impossible, extravagant, or prejudicial to the state.'

'My scheme,' answered the knight, 'is neither impossible nor extravagant; but, on the contrary, the most easy, just, brief, and expeditious, that ever projector conceived.' 'Methinks your worship is very flow in delivering it, Signior Don Quixote,' said the priest. 'I should not chuse,' answered the knight, 'to have what I say here carried by to-morrow morning, to the ears of the lords of the council; by which means, another may reap the credit and reward of my labour.'

'For my own part,' cried the barber, 'I here give my word, before God! never to disclose what your worship shall impart, either to king or knave, or any mortal man; an oath I learned in the romance of the Curate, who, in the presence, gives the king notice of the robber that stole his hundred ducats, and ambling mule. I am not acquainted with the story,' said Don Quixote, 'but the oath is a good oath, because I am convinced that Mr. Nicholas is an honest man.' 'Be that as it will,' replied the curate, 'I will be bound for him, and undertake, that with regard to this affair, he shall speak no more than if he was actually dumb, on pain of whatever penalty you shall think proper to inflict.' And who will be security for you, Mr. Curate? said the knight. 'My profession,' answered the priest, 'by which I am bound to keep secrets.' 'Body of me!' cried Don Quixote, 'his majesty has nothing to do, but to issue a proclamation, commanding all the knights-errant in Spain to assemble at his court, by such a day; and although not more than half a dozen should come, among these one may be found, who is alone sufficient to overthrow the whole Turkish power. Pray, gentlemen, give attention, and take me along with you; is it such a new thing, for a single knight to cut in pieces a whole army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had but one common throat, or were made of gingerbread? How many histories are there, think you, filled with such marvelous exploits? Unfortunate it is for me, (I will not say, for any other,) that the renowned Don Belianis is not now alive, or some knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul; for if any one of them was now liv－
ing, to confront the Turks, in good
sooth, I should not chuse to form
their conquests; but God will pro-
vide for his own people, and produce
some champion, who, if not equal
in valour to former knights-errant,
at least will be inferior to none of
them in point of courage; Heaven
knows my meaning; I'll say no
more."—Lack-a-day!" cried the
niece, when he heard this intimation,
'I'll be hanged, if my uncle is not
resolved to turn knight errant again.'

'A knight-errant,' replied Don Quix-
ote, 'I will live and die; and the Turks
may make their descents or assents,
when they will, with all the power they
are masters of. I say again, Heaven
knows my meaning. Here the bar-
ber interpolating, 'Gentlemen,' said he,
'I beg you will give me leave to tell
a short story of what happened at Se-
ville; it comes so pat to the purpose,
that I have a strong inclination to re-
late it.' Don Quixote and the curate
granted his request, and the refent yielded
him attention, when he began in these
words.

'There was in the mad-house at Se-
ville, a certain lunatick, whom his
relations had sent thither on account
of the defect in his judgment; he
had taken his degrees in the canon
law, at Osuna; and many were of
opinion, that if he had acquired them
at Salamanca, he would not have been
a bit the wiser; this graduate, having
been confined some years, took it in his
head, that he was quite well, and re-
stored to his right wits; and in this
imagination, wrote to the archbishop,
earnestly entreating him, with many
sentible arguments, to give order that
he should be extricated from the mi-
tery in which he lived; since, through
the mercy of God, he had recovered
his lost judgment, though his rela-
tions kept him still in confinement,
that they might enjoy his estate, and,
in despite of truth, were resolved that
he should be mad to the day of his
death. The archbishop, persuaded
by the many sensible and pathetick
letters he received, ordered one of his
chaplains to go to the rector of the
mad-house, and enquire into the truth
of what the licentiate alleged; and
even to talk with himself, that, if he
should find him quite recovered, he
might bring him away, and set him
at liberty. The chaplain obeyed the
command of his grace, and the rector
assured him that the man was still
mad; for although he would very of-
ten talk like a person of excellent un-
derstanding, at the long run he com-
monly broke out into folly and non-
sence, as absurd as the first part of his
discourse was rational and dilette;
however, he himself might make the
experiment, by conversing with the
licentiate. The chaplain accord-
ingly went to his apartment, and talked
with him a whole hour and more,
during which time the lunatick did
not utter one vague or incoherent
sentence; but, on the contrary, spoke
so judiciously, that the chaplain could
not help believing him quite found of
intelligi; among other things, he told
him the rector was his enemy, and
pronounced him still disraeted, though
with lucid intervals, that he might not
lose the preents which he received from
his relations; so that the greatest cause
of his misfortunes was no other than
his own affulent estate, which, to enyjoy,
his adversaries craftily pretended to
doabt of the mercy which the Lord had
vouchsafed him, in re-converting him
from a beast into a man; in short, he
talked so effectually as to render the
rector suspect, to prove his relations
covetous and unnatural, and himself
so dilette, that the chaplain deter-
mmed to carry him forthwith to the
archbishop, that his grace might be
personally satisfied of the truth. With

* Ridiculous as this scheme may seem to be, such an expedient has actually succeeded
in practice. During the captivity of John King of France, bis dominions were ravaged
by above one hundred thousand peasants, who, under the name of Jacqueries, assem-
bled in arms to exterminate the nobility; and among other horrid outrages, murdered
every gentleman that fell in their way. The Duchesf of Normandy and Orleans, togeth-
er with three hundred ladies of rank, retired for protection to Meaux, where they
were surrounded, and would have actually perished by the favors of their banditti, had
they not been rescued by the Count de Foix, and the capital of Buch; who, hearing of
their destitute, hastened to their relief with no more than sixty knights; and, without
hesitation, attacked that furious multitude with such bravery and vigour, that they were
soon routed and dispersed.
This laudable intention, he desired the rector to order the licentiate to be dressed with the clothes in which he entered the house: the rector again advised him to consider what he was about; for the licentiate was, without all question, still distraught. But these cautions and counsels had no effect in diffusing the chaplain from carrying him off, and the rector seeing the archbishop's order, was obliged to obey; so that the licentiate received his own cloths, which were decent and new. Seeing himself thus divested of the badge of his disorder, and habituated again like a person of found intellecls, he besought the chaplain, that he would be so charitable as to allow him to go and take leave of his companions in affliction; the other granted his request, and said he would accompany him, in order to see the patients; upon which they went up stairs, followed by several persons who chanced to be then present. The licentiate, going to the gate of a cell, in which there was a furious madman, though at that time he was calm and quiet, said to him, "Brother, have you any commands for me? I am going to my own house, for God of his infinite goodness and mercy, without any defect of mine, hath been pleased to restore unto me the use of my reason, and I am now perfectly recovered; so that there is nothing impossible to the power of the Almighty; put, therefore, your hope and trust in him, who, as he hath restored me to my former state, will grant the fame indulgence to you, if you confide in his protection. I will take care to fend you some cordial food, and be sure, at all events, to eat it; for, you must know, I conclude from experience, that all our disorder proceeds from an empty stomach, and the brain's being filled with wind. Take heart, brother, take heart; for desperation under this misfortune consumes the constitution, and hastens the stroke of death." This discourse being overheard by another lunatick, who was confined in a cell opposite to that of the furious patient, he started up stark naked from an old mat on which he lay, and roared aloud, "Who is that going away so sober and so found?" The licentiate replied, "'Tis I, brother, who am going home, being under no necessity of tarrying longer in this place; thanks be to Heaven for the signal favour I have received!" "Take care what you say, Mr. Licentiate, and let not the devil deceive you," answered the madman; "halt a little, thy where you are, and spare yourself the trouble of being brought back."—"I know that I am perfectly recovered," said the licentiate, and shall have no farther occasion to visit the Stations."—"You recovered!" cried the other, "good! we shall see—adieu—but, I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that, for the transgression this day committed in Seville, by discharging you from the house, as a person of sound judgment, I will take such vengeance as shall be a monument of wrath for ever and ever, amen. Do't thou not know, pitiful licentiate, that all this is in my power, being, as I have already observed, Jove the thunderer, who wield the flaming bolts, with which I use to threaten, and can destroy the universe? But with one evil only will I chastise this ignorant people; I will not suffer one drop of rain to fall upon the city, nor it's confines, nor indeed in any part of this district, for the space of three whole years, reckoning from the day and minute in which this dreadful menace is made. Thou freet thou found! thou recovered! and I mad! I diftracted and confined! I will sooner hang myself than rain one spoonful." The by-fanders were very attentive to the vociferous exclamations of this madman, when our licentiate turning to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand, said, "Dear Sir, give yourself no uneaßines or concern about what he says; for if he who is Jupiter, withhold refreshings flowers from the earth, I who am Neptune, the father and god of waters, will rain as often as I please, should there be occasion for it, in consequence of the privilege I possess." To this promise the chaplain a certain number of churches through which they made circuits, uttering an appointed prayer at each. replied,
replied, "Nevertheless, Signior Neptune, it will not be politic to in- cent Signior Jupiter; therefore, your worship will be so good as to stay where you are, till some other day, when we may have more leisure and convenience to remove you." The rector and the rest of the company could not help laughing, the chaplain was out of countenance, the licen- tiate was stripped, and sent back to his cell; and so ends my story.

And this is the story, Mr. Barber," said Don Quixote, "which came so fat to the purpose, that you could not help relating it? Ah, Mr. Shaver! Mr. Shaver! he must be blind indeed, that cannot see through the bottom of a sieve. Is it possible your worship does not know that com- parisons in point of genius, virtue, beauty, and defeat, are always obvi- ous and ill received? I, Mr. Barber, am not Neptune, god of waters; neither do I set up for being thought a wise man, knowing that I am not so: the sole end of my labours is to convince the world of it's error, in not seeking to renew those most happy times when the order of knight-errantry exerted itself in full perfection; but this depraved age of ours is unworthy of tainting that felicity which was enjoyed by those ages, when knights-errant undertook the charge, and burdened their shoulders with the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the relief of wars and orphans, the chastisement of the proud, and the promotion of the hum- ble. The greatest part of your modern knights ruffle in dames's, bro- cades, and other rich and splendid attire, instead of rattling in coats of mail; no knight now fleeps in the open field, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, armed at all points cap-a-pe; no warrior, in this dege- nerate age, sits on horfeback, and without difengaging his feet from the stirrupps, but leaning upon his lance, endeavours to take as it were a snatch of sleep, after the example of former knights-errant; no cham- pion, now-a-days, coming out of some dreary wood, immediately enters another rocky wildernefs, through which he reaches the barren and def- fered coast of the rough and stormy sea, where, finding in some creek, a crazy boat without oars, falls, mast, or tackle, he intrepidly throws him- self into it, and launches out upon the implacable billows that whirl him aloft to heaven, and then sink him to the profound abyss, while his un- flaken soul defies the storm; then, when he dreams of no such matter, he finds himself three thousand leagues and more from the place where he em- barked, and leaping ahaore on some remote and unknown country, at- chieves adventures worthy to be writ- ten, not on parchment, but on brafs. But now floth triumphs over activity, idleness over toil, vice over virtue, arrogance over valour, and the theory over the practice of arms, which ob- tained and shone reflendent in those golden ages that produced knights- errant. Pray, tell me, who could be more honourable and valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more difTerent than Palmerin of England? who more minifying and pliant than Tirante the White? who more gal- lant than Lixiarte of Greece? who more backed and backing than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? or, who more dar- ing than Felixmarte of Hircania? who more sincere than Efpandian? who more desparate than Ciriogilio of Thrace? who more brave than Ro- damon? who more prudent than King Sobrino? who more bold than Reynal- do? who more inpincible than Roldan? and who more gdaughter and courteous than Rugero? from whom (according to Torpin, in his Cofinographia) the present Dukes of Ferrara are descended. All these, with many more which I could name, Mr. Curate, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry; these, or such as these, are the champions proposed by my scheme, which, should it take place, would effectually serve his majesty's purpose, spare an infinite expence, and the Turk would even tear his own beard in despair; in that case I would tarry where I am, since the chaplain would not think fit to enlarge me; and if Jupiter, as the barber said, would not rain, here am I ready to frustrate his intent; this I mention, that Mr. Balon, there, may know I understand his meaning."—Verily, Signior Don Quixote," said Mr. Nicholas, "I meant no harm, to help me God! my
intention was good, and therefore your worship ought not to be displeased.

— whether I am displeased or not,' replied the knight, ' I myself know best.'

Here the curate interposing, said,

' though I have hitherto scarce opened my mouth, I cannot be easy under a scruple which tears and gnaws my conscience, and which arose from what Signior Don Quixote hath just now asserted.' — ' in greater matters, Mr. Curate may command me,' answered the knight; ' out with your scruple, then; for scruples of conscience are very uncomfortable companions.' — ' with your good permission,' replied the priest, ' this it is: I can by no means persuade myself that the whole tribe of knights-errant, whom your worship have named, were really and truly earthly persons of flesh and blood; on the contrary, I imagine all these things are fictions, fables, and lying dreams, recounted by men who are awake, or rather by those who are half asleep.' — ' that,' said Don Quixote, ' is another error incident to many people, who do not believe that any such knights ever existed; and I have, on divers and sundry occasions, endeavoured to dissipate that almost general mistake by the light of truth. Sometimes, indeed, I have not succeeded in my attempts; however, I have frequently gained my point, by supporting it on the shoulders of demonstration; and truly the case is so clear, that I could almost affirm I have with my own eyes beheld Amadis de Gaul, who was a tall man, of a fair complexion, well furnished with a black beard, his aspect something between mild and severe, concise of speech, flow to anger, and soon appeased. In the same manner, methinks, I could delineate and paint all the knights-errant that ever were recorded in history; for, according to the ideas formed by reading these histories, and by comparing their exploits and dispositions, found philosophy may discover their lineaments, features, and complextions.' — ' Signior Don Quixote,' said the barber, ' how large do you think the giant Morgante must have been?' — ' as to the affair of giants,' answered the knight, ' there are different opinions; some affirming, and others denying, the existence of any such beings; but the Holy Scriptures, which surely cannot fail one atom in point of truth, put that affair beyond all dispute, in relating the story of that Philistine Goliath, who was seven cubits and an half in height; a most amazing feature! Besides, in the island of Sicily, several thigh and shoulder-bones have been dug up, so large as to manifest, that the persons to whom they belonged must have been huge giants, as tall as high towers; and this can be proved by mathematical demonstration; but, nevertheless, I will not pretend to ascertain the size of Morgante; though I believe he was not very tall, because I find in the history which gives a particular account of his exploits, that he often slept under a roof: now, if there was any house capacious enough to receive him, his magnitude could not be very extraordinary.' — ' no, truly,' said the curate: who, being diverted with his extravagant assertions, asked his opinion concerning the looks and persons of Reynaldo de Montalban, Don Orlando, and the rest of the Twelve Peers of France, who were all knights-errant. ' with regard to Reynaldo,' answered Don Quixote, ' I will venture to say, he was broad vifaged, and of a rude complexion, with large rolling eyes, full of puntilio, excessively choleric, and a friend to robbers and vagabonds. As for Roldan, or Roiolando, or Orlando, (for he is mentioned in history by all these names) it is my opinion, and I affirm, that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, somewhat handy-legged, of a dark complexion and carotty beard, hairy all over, with a frowning aspect, sparing of speech, though very affable and well bred.' — ' If Roldan was not more comely than you have represented him,' replied the curate, ' I do not wonder that Angelica the Fair disdained and deserted him, for the galantry, mirth, and pleasantry of the little smock-faced Moor, to whose embraces she yielded; and, surely, she was in the right, to prefer the smoothness of Medoro to the rough
THE NOTABLE FRAY THAT HAPPENED BETWEEN SANCHO AND DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER—WITH OTHER DIVERTING INCIDENTS.

The history relates, that the noise which Don Quixote, the curate, and barber heard, was occasioned by the niece and housekeeper folding at Sancho, who struggled to get in and see his matter, while they defended the door. 'What does the swag-bellied lurcher want in this house?' said the housekeeper: 'get you home, brother; it was you, and none but you, that turned my poor master's brain, enticing him from his own home, to stroll about the highways.' To this apotrophe Sancho replied, 'Housekeeper of Satan! 'tis my brain that's turned; 'twas I that was enticed to stroll about the highways, and not thy master, for he carried me a rambling; so that you have reckoned without your holt. 'Twas he that wheeled me from my own hovel, with the promise of an island, which I expect to this good hour.'—Devil catch thee with islands, thou cursed mortal!' cried the niece: 'and pray what is an island; is it any thing to eat, thou gorbilled glutton, ha?'—No, not to eat, but to govern,' answered Sancho, 'and a fat government it is. Better than four cities, or the places of any four of the king'salcades.'—Be that as it will,' said the housekeeper, 'thou slan't set foot in this house, thou bag of mischief, and bundle of malice! go and look after thy own family, fatien thy hogs, and let us hear no more of these islands or oil-lands.'

The curate and barber were highly entertained with this dialogue; but Don Quixote fearing that Sancho would open his budget, and disburden himself of some mischievous load of folly, by blabbing things not much to his credit, called him in, biding the women hold their tongues, and give him entrance. Sancho being accordingly admitted, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Quixote, whose recovery they deplored of, seeing him so unalterably fixed.

* * *
fixed in his folly, and so wholly possessed with the frantic spirit of knighthood.

You shall see, neighbour, said the curate to the barber, that when we least think of it, this poor gentleman will make another folly.

That I make no doubt of, answered the barber, but I don't wonder so much at the madness of the knight, as at the simplicity of the squire, who believes so devoutly in this island, that I think all the invention of man could not extract it from his skull.

God mend them! replied the curate; meanwhile, let us keep a strict eye over their behaviour, and observe the operation of their joint extravagances; for the madness of the master seems to have been caught in the same mould with the foolishness of the man, and in my opinion, the one without the other would not be worth a farthing.

True, said the barber; and I should be glad to know what they are now talking of.

I dare say, replied the curate, the niece and house-keeper will give us a good account of their conversation; for they are none of those who can resist the opportunity of talking.

In the mean time, Don Quixote having shut himself up in his apartment with Sancho, said, It gives me much concern, Sancho, to hear thee say, as thou dost, that I enticed thee from thy cottage, when thou knowest that I, at the same time, quitted my own house; together we set out, lived and travelled together; sharing the same fortunes and the same fate. If thou hast been once tossed in a blanket, I have been bruised an hundred times; and this is the only pre-eminence I enjoyed.

And that's but reasonable, replied Sancho, according to your worship's own remark, that misfortune belongs more to knights-errant than to their squires.

There you are mistaken, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for the Latin adage says, Quando caput doler, &c.

Nay, quoth Sancho. I understand no lingbo but my mother-tongue.

The meaning, said the master, is, When the head aches, all the members are affected. I, therefore, as thy lord and master, am thy head, and thou, as my servant, are a part of me; so that whatever mischief has happened, or may happen to me, ought to extend to thee likewise, in the same manner as I bear a share in all thy sufferings.

So it ought to be, said Sancho, but when I, as a member, was tossed in a blanket, my head sat peaceably on the other side of the wall, and beheld me vaulting in the air, without feeling the least uneasiness; and since the members are obliged to ache with the head, I think it is but just that the head should ache with the members.

How canst thou affirm, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, that I felt no pain while thou wast tossed in the blanket? Say, or think so no more; for I was, at that time, more afflicted in mind than thou in body.

But let us wave this subject for the present, and time will, no doubt, offer an opportunity of considering it more maturely, and of setting every thing to rights; and tell me, friend Sancho, how I am spoke of in this place? What say the vulgar? What character do I bear among the gentry; and how am I treated by the knights? What is their opinion of my valour, exploits, and courteous behaviour; and how do they relish the design I have undertaken of raising and restoring to the world the long-forgotten order of knighthood? In short, Sancho, I desire that thou wilt inform me of every thing thou hast heard on this subject, without adding to the good, or subtracting from the evil; it being the duty of faithful servants to represent the truth to their masters in its own native form, neither exaggerated by adulation, nor diminished by any other vain respect; and let me tell thee, Sancho, if the naked truth was always conveyed to the ears of princes, undisguised by flattery, we should see better days, and other wars would deserve the name of the iron age more than the present, which would be justly looked upon as the age of gold. Remember this advice, Sancho, and inform me with honesty and discretion, of all that thou knowest in regard to what I have asked.

That I will with all my heart, Sir, answered Sancho, on condition that your worship won't be offended with the truth, since you desire to see it in its nakedness, just as it came to my knowledge.

I shall not be offended in the least, replied Don Quixote; speak.
that any thing more!" said his master. "More!" cried the squire, "the tail is yet unbleed. What you have heard is but cakes and gingerbread; but, if your worship would know all the backbitings we suffer, I will this moment bring the one who can inform you of every circumstance, without loosing a crumb; for, last night, the son of Bartholomew Carrasco arrived from Salamanca, where he has been at his studies, and got a batchelor's degree; and when I went to welcome him home, he told me there was a printed book of your worship's history, in which you go by the name of The Ingenious Squire Don Quixote de La Mancha; and that I am mentioned in it by my own name of Sancho Panza, as well as my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with other things that passed between you and me only; at hearing of which I crossed myself through fear, wondering how they should come to the knowledge of the historian."—"You may depend upon it, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "the author of our history must be some fage inchanter; for nothing is hid from writers of that class."—"How can he be a fage inchanter," said Sancho, "when batchelor Sampfon Carrasco (for that's the name of him who told me) says the author of our history is called old Hamet Bean-and-jelly?"—"That name is Moorish," replied Don Quixote: "Very like," said the squire; "for I have often heard, that the Moors are very fond of beans and jellies."—"Thou must certainly be mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "in the furname of that Cid, which, in Arabick, signifies Signor.—Very possible," answered the squire; "but if your worship desires to see the batchelor, I will bring him hither in a twinkling;"—"Thou wilt oblige me very much, my friend," said Don Quixote; "for what thou hast told me has bred such doubts and suspicion within me, that I cannot eat a morsel with any satisfaction, until I am informed of the whole affair."—Then I'll go seek him," replied Sancho: who, leaving his master, went in quest of the batchelor, with whom he returned in a little time, and a most pleasant dialogue ensued.
DON QUIXOTE.

C H A P. III.

THE LUDICROUS CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO PANZA, AND THE BACHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO.

DON Quixote remained extremely pensive, in expostulation of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himself, in print, according to Sancho's information; though he could hardly persuade himself that there could be such a history extant; the blood of his enemies whom he had slain, being scarce, as yet, dry upon the blade of his sword, and yet they would have his high achievements already recorded in printed books. He therefore imagined that some fage, either friend or foe, had cast them off, by the power of enchantment: if a friend, in order to aggrandize and extoll them above the most distinguished exploits of knight-errantry; if an enemy, to annihilate and deprefs them beneath the meanest actions that ever were recorded of any squire. 'Although,' said he, within himself, 'the deeds of squires are never committed to writing; and if my history actually exists, seeing it treats of a knight-errant, it must, of necessity, be pompous, sublime, fur-prizing, magnificent, and true.' This reflection confounded him a little; but he became uneasy again, when he recollected that his author was a Moor; and that no truth was to be expected from that people, who are all false, deceitful, and chimerical. He was afraid that his amours were treated with some indecency, that might impair and prejudice the honour of his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, wishing for nothing more than a true representation of his fidelity, and the decorum he always preferred, in refusing queens, empresses, and damsels of all ranks, thus keeping the impulse of his passions under the rein. Toed, therefore, and fluctuating on these and many other fancies, he was found by Sancho and Carrasco, whom the knight received with great courtesy.

The bachelor, though his name was Sampson, was not very big, but a great wag, of a pale complexion and excellent understanding; he was about the age of four and twenty; had a round visage, flat nose, and capacious mouth, all symptoms of a mischievous disposition, addicted to jokes and raillery; as appeared when he approached Don Quixote, before whom he fell upon his knees, saying, 'Permit me to kiss your most pious hand, Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha; for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have received no other orders than the first four, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that ever were, or ever will be, within the circumference of the globe! Blessed be Cid Hamet Benengeli, who wrote the history of your greatnefs! and thrice blessed that curious person who took care to have it translated from the Arabick into our mother-tongue, for the entertainment of mankind!' Don Quixote, raising him up, said, 'Tis true, then, that there is a history of me, and that the sages who composed it is a Moor.'—'So true, Signior,' said Sampson, 'that, to my certain knowledge, there are twelve thousand volumes of it this day in print; let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they were printed, contradict me if they can. It is even reported to be now in the press at Antwerp; and I can easily perceive, that there is scarce a nation or language into which it will not be translated.'—'One of the things,' said Don Quixote on this occasion, 'which ought to afford the greatest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to live and see himself celebrated in different languages, and his actions recorded in print, with universal approbation; I lay, with approbation; because, to be represented otherwise, is worse than the worst of deaths.'—In point of reputation and renown,' said the bachelor, 'your worship alone bears away the palm from all other knights-errant; for the Moor in Arabick, and the Christian in his language, have been careful in painting the gallantry of your worship to the life; your vast courage in encountering dangers, your patience in adversity, your fortitude in the midst of wounds and mischance, together with the honour and chaffy of your platonic love for my Lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso.'

Here Sancho interposing, said, 'I never
Don Quixote observed, that they might as well have omitted them; for those incidents, which neither change nor affect the truth of the story, ought to be left out, if they tend to depreciate the chief character. 'Take my word for it,' said he, 'Aeneas was not so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so prudent as he is exhibited by Homer.'—'True,' said Sampson; but it is one thing to compose as a poet, and another to record as an historian: the poet may relate or rehearse things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; whereas an historian must transmit them, not as they ought to have been, but exactly as they were; without adding to, or subtracting the least tittle from the truth.'—'Since this Moorish gentleman has told all the truth,' said Sancho, 'I don't doubt that, among the drubbings of my master, he has mentioned mine also; for they never took the measure of his shoulders, without crossing my whole body: but at this I ought not to wonder, since, as he observed, when the head aches, the members ought to have their share of the pain.'—'You are a fly rogue, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; and I find you don't want memory, when you think proper to use it.'—'If I had all the mind in the world,' said Sancho, 'to forget the blows I have received, the marks, which are still fresh upon my carcase, would by no means allow me.

'Hold your peace, Sancho,' said the knight, 'and don't interrupt Mr. Batchelor, whom I intend to proceed; and let me know what more is said of me in this same history.'—'Aye, and of me too,' cried Sancho; 'who, they say, am one of the principal personages of it.'—'You mean personages, and not personages, friend Sancho,' said Sampson. 'What! have we got another reprimander of words?' said the squire; 'since it is come to this, we shall never have done.'—'Plague light on me! Sancho!' replied the batchelor, 'if you are not the second person of the his-
To,

I—that who, cannot government of that island, which was promised to you by Signior Don Quixote, here present. "There is no time lost," said Don Quixote; "while thou art advancing in years, Sancho, age will bring experience; and then thou wilt be more qualified and fit to govern than thou art at present."

"Fore God! Sir," said Sancho, "the island which I cannot govern with these years, I shall never govern, were I as old as Methusalem; the milch-chief is, that this same island is delayed I don't know how; not that I want noodle to govern it." "Recommend it, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to the direction of Heaven, which does all for the belt, and may, perhaps, exceed your expectation; for not a leaf can move upon a tree, without the permission of God." "True, said Sampfon, "if it be the will of God, Sancho shall not want a thousand islands, much less one, to govern." "I have seen governors in my time," quoth Sancho, "who, to my thinking, did not come up to the sole of my shoe, and yet they were called your lordship, and served in plate." "Those were not governors of islands," replied Sampfon, "but of other governments more easily managed; for such as govern islands ought at least to have some grammatical knowledge." "I know very well how to cram," said Sancho; "but as to the matted caw, I will neither meddle nor make, because I don't understand it; but leaving this government in the hands of God, who will dispose of me the better for his own service, I am, Mr. Batchelor, Sampfon Carrasco, infinitely pleased and rejoiced that the author of our history has spoken of me in such a manner as not to give offence; for, by the faith of a good squire! if he had said any thing of me, that did not become an old Christian, as I am, the deaf should have heard of it."

"That were a miracle, indeed!" answered Sampfon. "Miracle or no miracle," said Sancho, "let every man take care how he speaks or writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes into his jolter-head."

"One of the faults that are found with the history," added the batchelor, "is, that the author has inferted in it a novel, intitled, The Impertinent Curiosity. Not that the thing itself is bad, or poorly executed, but because it is unfeasible, and has nothing to do with the story of his worship Signior Don Quixote." "I'll lay a wager," cried Sancho, "that this son of a cor has made a strange hodge-podge of the whole." "Now I find," said the knight, "that the author of my history is no sage, but some ignorant prater, who, without either judgment or premeditation, has undertaken to write it at random, like Orbanja the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he painted, answered, 'Just as it happens'; and when he would sometimes ferawl out a midflapen cock, was fain to write under it in Gothick letters, 'This is a cock;' and my history being of the same kind, will need a commentary to make it intelligible." "Not at all," answered Sampfon, "it is already so plain, that there is not the least ambiguity in it; the very children handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud it: in short, it is fo thumbed, fo read, fo well known by every body, that no nooner a meagre horfe appears, than they say, 'There goes Rozinante!"' but those who peruse it more, are your pages; you cannot go into a nobleman's an- tichamber where you won't find a Don Quixote, which is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, some reading it, and some intreating for a light of it; in fine, this history is the most delightul and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen; for in the whole book there is

* Alas ay set en las hardas. There is still sun-shine on the wall, i. e. It is not yet too late.

† Finding it impossible to translate the original pun or blunder, I have substituted another in it's room, on the word Grammatical, which I think has at least an equally good affect.
not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good Catholic.'— To write 'otherwise,' said Don Quixote, 'were not to publish truth, but to propagate lies; and those historians who deal in such, ought to be burnt like coiners of false money; but I cannot imagine what induced the author to avail himself of novels and stories that did not belong to the subject, when he had such a fund of my adventures to relate: he, doubtless, stuck to the proverb, So the gizzard is crammed, it matters not how; for truly, had he confined himself to the manifestation of my reveries, my sighs, my tears, my benevolence, and undertakings, he might have compiled a volume larger, or as large, as all the works of Toitatus bound together.† Really, Mr. Batchelor, according to my comprehension, it requires great judgment, and a ripe understanding, to compose histories, or indeed any books whatever; for to write with elegance and wit, is the province of great geniuses only. The wittiest person in the comedy is he that plays the fool; for he must be no simpleton who can exhibit a diverting representation of folly. History is a sacred subject, because the soul of it is truth; and where truth is, there the divinity will reside: yet there are some who compose and cast off books, as if they were toasting up a dish of pancakes.  

'There is no book so bad,' said the batchelor, 'but you may find something good in it.'—'Doubtless,' replied the knight; 'but it frequently happens, that those who have defervingly purchased and acquired great reputation by their writings, lose it all, or at least forfeit a part of it, in printing them.'—'The reason,' said Sampson, 'is, that printed works are parsed with leuperde, consequently their faults easily observed; and the greater the reputation of the author is, the more severely are they scrutinized; men celebrated for their genius, great poets, and illustrious historians, are, for the most part, if not always, envied by those whose pleasure and particular entertainment consists in criticizing the works of others, without having obliged the world with any thing of their own.'— That is not to be wondered at;' said Don Quixote; 'for there are many theologians who make but a poor figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in discerning the faults and superfluities of those who preach well.'— That is all true, Signior Don Quixote,' said Carrafo; 'and I could with that those confurers were either a little more compassionate, or something less scrupulous, than to insult upon such blemishes of the work they decry, as may be compared to little spots in the sun, and as aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus, consider how long the author watched, in order to display the light of his performance, with as little shade as possible. Perhaps, too, those things which difgust them are no other than moles, that sometimes add to the beauty of the face on which they grow; and therefore I affirm, that he who publishes a book runs an immense risk; because it is absolutely impossible to compose such an one as will please and entertain every reader.'—'I believe few will relish that which treats of me,' said the knight. 'Quite the contrary,' answered Sampson; and, as flutorum infinitus est numerus, the number of those who are delighted with your history is infinite; though some accuse the author's memory as false or faulty, because he has forgot to tell who the thief was that stole Sancho's Dapple, of whom there was not a word mentioned: we can only infer from the history, that he was stolen; and by-and-by we find the squire mounted on the same beast, without knowing how he was retrieved. They say, likewise, that he has omitted telling what Sancho did with

* The original is, 'De popula, y di bero, el heronellen;*' i.e., 'The bed is filled, though it be with hay and straw.'† Alphonus Toitatus, bishop of Avila, was said to have known every thing that could be known. He made a figure at the council of Basil; wrote twenty-seven volumes; and dying in the fortieth year of his age, was interred in the church of Avila, with this epitaph:—His super est mundi, qui febile discuss ins.
of the hundred crowns which he found
in the portmanteau, in Sierra Morena; and which are never mentioned
though many people desire to know
what use be made of them; and this
is one of the chief defects in the
work.'

‘Mr. Sampson,’ answered the squire,
‘I am not in an humour at present to
give accounts and reckonings of that
affair; for I feel a certain qualmi-
ness in my stomach, and if I don’t
recruit it with a couple of draughts
of old things, I shall be in most grev-
ous taking; I have the cordial at
home, and my dame waits for me;
but when I have filled my belly, I
will return and satisfy your jour-
ney, and all the world, in whatever
they shall defire to ask, both with re-
gard to the loss of my beast, and the
spending of the hundred crowns.’ So,
without expecting a reply, or speaking
another word, he hied him home, while
Don Quixote desir’d and intreated the
batchelor to stay and do penance with
him. The batchelor accepted the invi-
tation, and stayed; a pair of pigeons
was added to the knight’s ordinary; he
talked of nothing but chivalry at table,
and Carraaco encouraged the discourse.
The repast ended, they took their after-
noon’s nap, Sancho returned, and the
former conversation was renewed.

C H A P. IV.

IN WHICH SANCHO PANZA SATIS-
FIES THE DOUBTS, AND AN-
SWERS THE QUESTIONS OF BAT-
CHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO;
WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WOR-
THY TO BE RECITED AND KNOWN.

Sancho returning to his master’s
house, resumed the former conver-
sation, to gratify Mr. Sampson, who
said he wanted to know when, in what
manner, and by whom his afs had been
stolen; ‘You must know, then,’ said
he, ‘that very night we fled from the
holy brotherhood, and got into the
Brown Mountain, after the misad-
venture some adventure of the gallery-

flaves, and the corpse that was carry-
ing to Segovia, we took up our quar-
ters in a thicket, where my master and
I, being both fatigued, and sorely
bruited in the fraws we had just fi-
nished, went to rest, he leaning upon
his lance, and I lolling upon Dapple,
as if we had been stretched upon four
feather-beds; I, in particular, slept
so sound, that the thief, whatsoever
he was, had an opportunity of com-
ing and propping me up with four
flakes, fixed under the corner of my
pannel, on which I was left asleep;
so that he flipped Dapple from under
me, without my perceiving it in the
least.’—‘And this is no difficult
matter, nor new device,’ said Don
Quixote; ‘for the same thing happen-
ed to Sacrapiante at the siege of Al-
braca, where, by this contrivance,
his horse was stolen from between his
legs by the famous robber Brunelo.’

‘When morning came,’ proceeded
Sancho, ‘I no sooner began to stretch
myself, than the flakes gave way,
and down I came to the ground with
a vengeance; I looked for my beast,
and finding he was gone, the tears
gushed from my eyes, and I set up a
lamentation, which, if the author of
our history has not set down, you may
depend upon it, he hath neglected a
very excellent circumstance; a good
many days after this mishap, as I
chanced to be travelling with my lady
the Princefs Micomicona, decriyng
a perfon riding towards me in the ha-
bit of a gypsey, I immediately knew
my own afs, and discovered the rider
to be Gines de Pasfamonte, that im-
potor and notorious malefactor, whom
my master and I delivered from the
galley-chain.’

‘The error lies not in that part of
the history,’ replied the batchelor,
but conflits in the author’s saying that
Sancho rode on the same afs, before
it appears that he had retrieved him.’

‘As to that affair,’ said the squire,
‘I can give you no satisfactory answér;
perhaps it was an oversight in the his-
torian, or owing to the carelessnefts of
the printer.’—‘Doublets it was so,’
replied Sampson; ‘but what became

* In Spanish, Me pondré en la esquina de Santa Lucia; i. e. ‘Will put me on St. Lucia’s thorn’ applicable to any unceafy situation.
† As related in the famous poem of Orlando Inamorato, composed by Boyardo, of which the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto is the continuation.
of those hundred crowns? were they laid up or laid out? — 'I laid them ont," answered Sancho, 'in necessa-
ries for my own peril, my wife, and children; and those crowns were the
cauce of my gossip's bearing patiently
my ramblings and rovings in the ser-
vice of my lord and master Don Quix-
ote; for if, after such a long absence,
I had come home without my afs,
and never a cro$ in my pocket, I
might have expected a welcome the
wrong way. Now, if you have any
thing eile to ask, here I am ready to
answer the king in perfon; and it
matters not to any perfon, whether I
did or did not bring them home, or
whether I spent them or lent them;
for if the blows I have received in our
peregrinations were to be repaid with
money, rated at no more than four
maravedis a piece, another hundred
crowns would not quit one half of
the score; therefore, let every man
lay his hand upon his heart, and not
pretend to mistake an hawk for a
hand-faw*; for we are all as God
made us, and a great many of us much
worse.'
'I will take care,' said Carrafa, 'to
apprize the author of the history, that
if it should come to another edition,
he may not forget to infert what ho-
nes! Sancho obferves, as it will not a
little contribute to raise the value of
the work.'—' Mr. Batchelor,' faid
the knight, 'did you, in reading it,
perceive any thing eile that ought to
be amended?'—' There might be
some things altered for the better,'
replied Carrafa; 'but none of such
consequence as those already men-
tioned.'—' And pray,' refumed Don
Quixote, 'does the author promife a
fecond part?'—' Yes,' faid Sampfon,
but he fays he has not yet found it,
nor does he know in what poftition
it is; fo that we are still in doubt,
whether or not it will fee the light:
on that account, therefore, and like-
wife because some people fay, that fe-
cond parts are never good, while
others obferve, that too much already
hath been written concerning Don
Quixote, it is believed that there will
be no fecond part; though there is a
third fort more jovial than wife, who
cry, 'Quixote for ever! let the knight
engage, and Sancho Panza harangue;
'come what will, we shall be fatisfied.'
—' And how does the author feem in-
clined?' faid the knight. 'How?'
answered Carrafa, 'to let the prefs
a-going, as foon as he can find the
history, for which he is now fearch-
with all imaginable diligence;
thereto fwayed by intereft, more than
by any motive of praise.'— Since
the author keeps intereft and money
in his eye,' faid Sancho, 'it will be
a wonder if he succeeds; for he'll do
nothing but hurry, hurry, like a tay-
lor on Easter-eve; and your works
that are trumped up in a haste, are
never finifhed with that perfection
they require; I would have Mr. Moor
take care, and consider what he is
about; for my matter and I will fur-
nish him with materials, in point of
adventures and different events, suf-
cient to compofe not only one, but a
hundred fecond parts. What! I sup-
pofe the honest man thinks we are
now sleeping among fraw; but let
him lift up our feet, and then he will
fee which of them wants to be fhod;
all that I fhall lay is, if my matter
had taken my advice, we might have
been already in the fields, redreffing
grievances, and righting wrongs, ac-
cording to the use and cuftom of true
knights-errant.'
Scarce had Sancho pronounced thes
laft words, when their ears were faluted
by the neighing of Rozinante, which
Don Quixote considered as a molt happy
omen, and determined in three or four
days to set out on his third expedition;
accordingly, he declared his intention
to the batchelor, whose advice he asked
with regard to the route he should take.
Sampfon faid, that in his opinion, he
ought to direct his course towards the
kingdom of Arragon, and go to Sar-
gefia, where, in a few days, was to be
held a molt folemn tournament on the
festival of St. George; there he would
have an opportunity of winning the
palm from the Arragonian knights,
which would raife his reputation above
that of all the champions upon earth:
he applauded his defign as a molt va-
lant and honourable determination, and
begged he would be more cautious in
encountering dangers, because his life
was not his own, but the property of

* In the original, 'Black for white.'
That is the very thing I repose: Mr. Sampson, said the squire; for my master thinks no more of attacking a hundred men in arms, than a hungry boy would think of swallowing half a dozen pippins.* Body of the universe! Mr. Batchelor, if there are times for attacking, there are also reasons for retreating; the cry must not always be "St. Jago! charge, Spain!" especially as I have heard, and, if I remember aright, my master himself has often observed, that valour lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and rashness; this being the cafe, I would not have him fly without good reason, nor give the assault when he is likely to be overpowered by numbers; but, above all things, I give my master notice, that if he carries me along with him, it shall be on condition that he fight all the battles himself, and I be obliged to do nothing, but tend his person, that is, take care of his belly, and keep him sweet and clean; in which case, I will jig it away with pleasure; but to think that I will put hand to word, even against base-born plebeians with cap and hatchet, is a wild imagination; for my own part, Mr. Sampson, I do not pretend to the reputation of being valiant, but of being the best and loyallest squire that ever served a knight errant; and if my master Don Quixote, in consideration of my great and faithful services, shall be pleased to bestow upon me one of those many islands which his worship says will fall in his way, I shall very thankfully receive the favour; and even if he should not keep his word, here fland I, simple as I am, and one man must not depend upon another, but trust in God alone; besides, the bread I eat, without a government, mayhap will relieve better than the dainties of a governor; and how do I know but the devil may, in these governments, raise some rumbling-block, over which I shall fall and beat out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho will I die; but, nevertheless, if by the favour of Providence, I could fairly and lofly, without much risk or anxiety, obtain an island, or some such matter, I am not such a ninny as to throw it away; for, as the saying is, When the heifer is offered, he ready with the rope; and, when good fortune comes to thy door, be sure to bid it welcome.

Brother Sancho, said the batchelor, you have spoke like a preceptor; but for all that, put your trust in God, and Signior Don Quixote, who instead of an island, will give you a whole kingdom.— The one as likely as the other, answered Sancho; though I dare venture to assure Signior Carraco, that the kingdom, which my master shall bestow upon me, will not be put into a rotten fack; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health sufficient to rule kingdoms and govern islands, as I have, upon many other occasions, hinted to my master. — Confider, Sancho, said the batchelor, that honours often change the disposition; and, perhaps, when you come to be governor, you will not know the mother that bore you. — That may be the cafe, answered the squire, with those who were born among mallows; but not with me, who have got four inches of old christiant fuet on my ribs; then if you come to confider my disposition, you will find I am incapable of behaving ungratefully to any person whatever.

— God grant it to be so, said the knight; but this will appear when you arrive at the government, which me thinks I have already in mine eye.

He then intreated the batchelor, if he was a poet, to favour him with a copy of verses on his intended parting from his mistress Dulcinea del Tobofo, and desired that every line might begin with a letter of her name, so that the initials being joined together, might make Dulcinea del Tobofo. Carraco, though he owned he was not one of the

* Literally, babeas, a kind of water melon.
† This is the cry uttered by the Spaniards when they charge in battle.
‡ Baylor el agua delante, is a phrase applicable to those who do their duty with alacrity, taken from the practice of watering the courts in Spain, an office which the maids perform with a motion that resembles dancing.

famous
famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three and a half*, promised to compose such an acrostick as he desired, which, by the bye, he foresaw would be no easy task, because the name consisted of seventeen letters, and if he should make four stanzas of four lines each, one must be left out; or should they be composed of five, called decimas or roundelay, three letters would be wanting to complete the number; however, he would endeavour to sink one letter as much as he could, so that in four stanzas the name Dulcinea del Toboso should be included. That must be done, at all events," said Don Quixote; for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe that she was the subject of the poem.' This affair being thus settled, as also the time of their departure, which was fixed at the distance of eight days, Don Quixote charmed the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the curate, Mr. Nicholas, his niece, and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valiant determination. Carrasco, having promised to observe this caution, took his leave of the knight, whom he begged to favour him on every occasion, with an account of his good or evil fortune; and Sancho went home, to provide everything necessary for their expedition.

**CHAP. V.**

**OF THE SAGE AND PLEASANT DIALOGUE BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE MOST HAPPILY RECORDED.**

The translator says he looks upon this chapter as apocryphal, because it represents Sancho Panza speaking in a style quite different from that which might be expected from his shallow understanding, and making such ingenious observations, as he thinks it impossible he should know; but he would not leave it out, that he might punctually perform the duty of a faithful translator, and therefore proceeds in these words.

Sancho returned to his own house in such high spirits, that his wife perceived his gaiety at the distance of a bow-shot, and could not help saying, 'What is the matter, friend Sancho, that you seem so joyful?' To this question the squire answered, 'An it pleased God, wife, I should be very glad if I were not so joyful as I seem to be.'—'Truly, husband,' replied Teresa +, 'I don't understand you; and cannot conceive what you mean, by saying you should be very glad, an it pleased God, you were not so joyful; for, simple though I be, I am always glad with what makes me joyful.'—Mark me, Teresa," said the squire, 'I am rejoiced, because it is determined that I shall return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is going to make a third fall in quest of adventures, and I must accompany him in his expedition; for so my dainty will have it, together with the comfortable and lively hope of finding another hundred crowns like those I have expended: on the other hand, forry am I to part with thee and my children; and if God would permit me to eat my bread dry-had at home, without dragging me over cliifs and crofs-paths; (and this might be done at a small expence, if he would only say the word) it is plain that my joy would be more firm and perfect; whereas that which I feel at present, is mingled with the melancholy thoughts of leaving thee, my duck; wherefore I justly said I should be glad, an it pleased God, I were lefs joyful.'—Verily, Sancho," said his wife, 'ever since you made yourself a member of knight-errantry, you talk in such a round-about manner, that there is no understanding what you say.'—Let it suffice," answered the squire, 'that I am understood by God, who is the under-stander of all things; and there let it rest: meanwhile, take notice, gossip, it will be convenient for you to tend Dapple for these two or three days with special care; let his allowance

* Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the Araucana; Juan Rufo de Cordova, author of the Aufrriada; Christopher Verdes de Valenta, author of the Monferratte; and as for the half, Cervantes in all probability meant himself.
+ Sancho's wife has already been mentioned under the names of Juana and Mary, and now she is called Teresa.
cried Terefa, 'match her with her equal, which will be more prudent than to raise her from clogs to pattens, from good fourteen-penny hayden grey, to farthingales and petticoats of silk, and from Molly and tous, to Donna and my lady face-a-one; the girl's head would be quite turned, and she would be continually falling into some blunder, that would discover the coarse thread of her home-spun breeding.'—Shut that foolish mouth of thine,' said Sancho; 'in two or three years practice, quality and politenes will become quite familiar to her; or, if they should not, what does it signify? Let her first be a lady, and then happen what will.'—Meddle, Sancho, with those of your own station,' replied Terefa, and seek not to lift your head too high; but remember the proverb that says, When your neighbour's son comes to the door, wipe his nose, and take him in. It would be a fine thing, truly, to match our Mary with a great count or cavalier, who would, when he should take in his head, look upon her as a monster, and call her country wench, and clod-breaker's and hemp-spinner's brat; that shall never happen in my life time, husband; it was not for that I brought up my child; do you find a portion, and as to her marriage, leave that to my care; there is Lope Tocho, old John Tocho's son, a jolly young fellow, stout and wholesome, whom we all know, and I can perceive that he has no dislike to the girl; besides, he being our equal, she will be very well matched with him; for we shall always have them under our eye, and the two families will live together, parents and children, fons-in-law and grandfons, and the peace and blessing of God will dwell amongst us; wherefore you shall not match me her in your courts and grand palaces, where she will neither understand nor be under food.'—Hark ye, you beast, and yoke-fellow for Barbabas!' replied Sancho, 'why wouldst thou now, without shime or reason, prevent me from matching my daughter, so as that my grand-children shall be persons of quality? remember, Terefa, I have often heard my elders and betters observe, He that's coy when fortune's kind, may after seek but never find. And should not I be to blame, if.
now that she knocks at my door, I should bolt it against her? Let us, therefore, take the advantage of the favourable gale that blows.

It was this uncommon flite, with what Sancho says below, that induced the translator to pronounce the whole chapter apocryphal.

'Can't you perceive, animal, with half an eye,' proceeded Sancho, 'that I shall act wisely, in devoting this body of mine to some beneficial government that will lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha according to my own good pleasure; then wilt thou hear thyself called Donna Terefa Panza, and find thyself feated at church upon carpets, cushions, and tapestry, in despite and defiance of all the small gentry in the parish; and not he always in the same moping circumstances, without increase or diminution, like a picture in the hangings; but no more of this; Sanchita shall be a countess, though thou shouldst cry thy heart out.—Look before you leap, husband,' answered Terefa; 'after all, I wish to God this quality of my daughter may not be the cause of her perdition; take your own way, and make her duchess or princess, or what you please, but I'll assure you, it shall never be with my consent or good will; I was always a lover of equality, my dear, and can't bear to see people hold their heads high without reason.

Terefa was I chriftened, a bare and simple name, without the addition, garniture, and embroidery of Donna or Donna; my father's name is Cinçajo, and mine, as being your spouse, Terefa Panza, though by rights I should be called Terefa Cinçajo: but as the king minds, the law binds; and with that name am I contented, though it be not incurred with a Don, which weighs so heavy, that I should not be able to bear it; neither will I put it in the power of those who see me drest like a countess or governor's lady, to say, 'Mind Mrs. Porkfeeder, how proud she looks! it was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff, and went to mass with the tail of her gown about her head, instead of a veil: but now, forsooth, she has got her fine farthingales and jewels, and holds up her

*Almohada signifies a cushion; /

comes
"Come the grumbling and the flandering; and he is persecuted by biters, who swarm in our streets like bees."

"Give ear, Terefa, and listen to what I am going to say," answered Sancho: for mayhap thou hast never heard such a thing in all the days of thy life; and I do not now pretend to speak from my own reflection, but to repeat the remarks of the good father who preached last Lent in our village. He said, if I right remember, that all objects present to the view, exist, and are impressed upon the imagination, with much greater energy and force, than those which we only remember to have seen. (The arguments here used by Sancho, contributed also to make the translator believe this chapter apocryphal; because they seem to exceed the capacity of the squire, who proceeded thus: 'From whence it happens, that when we see any person magnificently drest, and surrounded with the pomp of servants, we find ourselves invited, and, as it were, compelled to pay him respect; although the memory should, at that instant, represent to us some mean circumstances of his former life; because that defect, whether in point of family or fortune, is already past and removed, and we only regard what is present to our view; and if the person, whom fortune hath thus raised from the lowest of oblivion to the height of prosperity, be well-bred, liberal, and courteous, without pretending to vie with the ancient nobility, you may take it for granted, Terefa, that nobody will remember what he was, but reverence what he now is, except the children of Envy, from whom no thriving person is secure.'—'I really do not understand you," said Terefa: 'you may do what you will; but seek not to distrust my brain with your rhetoric and harangue; for if you be revolved to do what you say—' 'You must call it resolved, woman, and not revolved,' cried Sancho. 'Never plague yourself to dispute with me, husband;' answered Terefa: 'I speak as God pleases, and meddle not with other people's concerns. If you are obstinately bent upon this same government, I desire you will carry your son Sancho along with you, and from this hour teach him the art of that profession; for it is but reasonable that the sons should inherit and learn the trade of their fathers.'—As soon as I have obtained my government," said Sancho, 'I will send the money for him by the post, as by that time I shall have plenty; for there are always people in abundance that will lend to a governor who has no money of his own; and be sure you cloath him in such a manner as to disguise his present condition, and make him appear like what he is to be."—Send you the money," answered Terefa, 'and I will dress him up like any branch of palm.'—'Well, then,' said Sancho, 'we are agreed about making our daughter a countess.' That day 'I behold her a countess,' cried the wife, 'I shall reckon her dead and buried; but, I tell you again, you may use your pleasure: for we women are born to be obedient to our husbands, though they are no better than blocks.'

So saying, she began to weep as bitterly as if she had actually seen her daughter laid in her grave. Sancho confounded her, by saying, that although she must be a countess, he would defer her promotion as long as he could. Thus ended the conversation, and the squire went back to Don Quixote to concert measures for their speedy departure.

CHAP. VI.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, HIS NIECE, AND HOUSE-KEEPER, BEING ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CHAPTERS OF THE WHOLE HISTORY.

While this imperient conversation passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Terefa Calçado, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle; for, collecting from a thousand symptoms that their master wanted to give them the slip a third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, by all possible means, to divert

* Alluding to the bough that is adorned and carried in procession on Palm Sunday.
him from his extravagant design; but all they could say was like preaching to the desert, or hammering cold iron. However, among many other arguments, the housekeeper said to him, "As I hope to be faved, dear master, if your worship will not settle at home in your own house, but are resolved to stray about the mountains and valleys, like a troubled ghost, in quest of what you term adventures, but what I call mischances, I will complain in person, and raise up my voice to God and the king, that they may apply some remedy to your disorder." To this declaration, the knight replied, "Mrs. Housekeeper, how God will accept of thy complaints I know not; neither can I guess in what manner his majesty will answer thy petition: this only I know, that if I were king, I would excuse myself from answering that infinite number of impertinent memorials which are daily presented; for one of the greatest of the many fatigues that attend royalty, is that of being obliged to listen and reply to all petitions; therefore I would not have my majesty troubled with any affair of mine."—Pray, Sir," said the housekeeper, "are there no knight's at court?"—"Yes, there are many," answered Don Quixote; "and it is reasonable, that there should be always a good number in attendance to adorn the court, and support the pomp and magnificence of majesty."—Would it not be better, then, for your worship," replied the matron, "to be one of that number, and serve your king and matter quietly and safely at court?"—"You must know, good woman," said Don Quixote, "all knights cannot be courtiers; neither can or ought all courtiers to be knights errant; there ought to be plenty of both; and though we are all knights, there is a great difference between the one and the other; your courtiers, without crowling the thresholds of their own apartments, travel over the world, in maps, grat- tis, and never know what it is to suffer either heat, cold, hunger, or thirst, in their journey; whereas, we real knights-errant measure the whole globe with our own footsteps, exposed night and day, on horse-back and a-foot, to the summer's sun and winter's cold, and all the inclemencies of the weather; we not only seek to see the picture, but the person of our foe; and on all emergencies and occasions attack him, without paying any regard to the trifling rules of challenges; whether, for example, his sword and lance be shorter or longer than our own; whether he wears about him any relic or secret coat of mail; or whether the sun and wind be equally divided; with other ceremonies of that nature, which are usually observed in duelling, and which, though I know them punctually, thou art little acquainted with; thou must also know that a good knight-errant, though he sees ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, with legs like lofty steeples, and arms resembling the masts of vast and warlike ships; while each eye, as large as a mill-wheel, beams and burns like a glass furnace, is by no means confounded or abashed; but, on the contrary, with genteel demeanour, and intrepid heart, approaches, assails, and, if possible, vanquishes and overthrows them in a twinkling, though they are armed with the shell of a certain fish, said to be harder than adamant; and instead of a sword, use a keen scimitar of damasked steel, or a huge club, armed with a point of the same metal, as I have seen on a dozen different occasions. All this I have mentioned, good woman, that thou mayest see what difference there is between knights of different orders; and every prince ought, in reason, to pay greater respect to his second, or rather this first species of knights-errant, among whom, as we read in history, there have been some who were the bulwarks not only of one, but of many kingdoms."—Ah, dear Sir," cried the niece, interrupting him, "consider that all those stories of knights-errant are nothing but lies and invention; and every one of the books that contain them serve, if not to be burnt, at least to wear a fan benito*, or some other badge, by which it may be known for an infamous perverter of virtue and good sense."—By the God that pro-

* A draf put upon convicted heretics. — S s t e f s
teats me! cried the knight, ' were
thou not undoubtedly my niece, as
being my own father's child, I would
chastise thee in such a manner, for the
blasphemy thou hast uttered, that the
whole world would refund with the
example. How shall a pert baggage,
who has scarce capacity enough to
manage a dozen lace bobbins, dare
to wag her tongue in cenuring the
histories of knights-errant? What
would Signior Amadis say to such
presumption? But, surely, he would
forgive thy arrogance; for he was the
most humble and courteous knight of
his time, and besides the particular
champion and protector of damsel.
but thou mightst have been heard by
another who would not treat thee so
gently; for all are not affable and
well-bred; on the contrary, somewhere
are extremely brutal and impolite.
All those who call themselves knights,
are not entitled to that distinction;
some being of pure gold, and others
of baser metal, notwithstanding the
denomination they assume. But these
latter cannot stand the touchstone of
three: in the world are many plebeians, who
sweat and struggle to maintain the
appearance of gentlemen; and, on
the other hand, there are gentlemen
of rank who seem industrious to ap-
ppear mean and degenerate; the one
forsake themselves either by ambi-
tion or virtue, while the other abase
themselves by viciousness or folly; so
that we must avail ourselves of our
understanding and discernment, in
distinguishing those persons, who,
though they bear the same appellation,
are yet different in point of charac-
ter."—

"Good God!" said the niece,
that your worship should be so learn-
ed, that even, if need were, you might
mount the pulpit, or go a preaching
in the streets, and yet remain in such
woeful blindness and palpable folly,
as to persuade the world that you are
a valiant and vigorous righter of
wrongs, when you are old, feeble,
and almost crippled with age; but,
above all things, to give yourself out
for a knight, when you are no such
thing; for, though rich gentlemen
may be knighted, poor gentlemen,
like you, seldom are.'

' There is a good deal of truth in
what thou hast observed, cousin,' re-
p lied Don Quixote; ' and I could
tell thee such things, concerning fami-
lies, as would raise thine admiration;
but these I suppress, that I may not
seem to mix what's human with what's
divine. Take notice, however, my
friends, and be attentive to what I
am going to say: all the families in
the world may be reduced to four
kinds, which are these: one that,
from low beginnings, hath extended
and dilated to a pitch of power and
greatness; another, that from great
beginnings hath continued to preserve
and maintain its original importance;
a third, that from vaft beginnings
hath ended in a point, diminishing
and decaying from it's foundation, in-
to an inconceivable point like that of
a pyramid, which in respect of it's
base, is next kin to nothing; a fourth,
and that the most numerous, had nei-
er a good foundation, nor reason-
able superstructure, and therefore sinks
into oblivion, unobserved; such are
the families of plebeians and ordinary
people. The first, that from low be-
ginnings hath mounted to power and
greatness, which it preserves to this
day, is exemplified in the house of
Ottoman, that from an humble shep-
herd, who gave fite to it, attained
that pinnacle of grandeur on which it
now stands; the second sort of pedi-
gree, that without augmentation hath
preserved its original importance, is
exhibited in the persons of many
princes, who are such by inheritance,
and support their rank without ad-
dition or diminution, containing them-
selves peaceably within the limits of
their own dominions; of those who,
from illustrious beginnings, have
dwindled into a point, there are a
thousand examples in the Pharaohs
and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Caesars
of Rome, with all the tribe, if they
may be so called, of our Median, Al-
syrian, Persian, Greek, and Barbarian
princes, monarchs, and great men.
All these families and states, together
with their founders, have ended in a
very inconceivable point; since, at
this day, it is impossible to trace out
one of their descendants; or, if we
could, he would be found in some base
and low degree. I have nothing to
say of the plebeians, who only serve
to increase the number of the living,
without deserving any other fame or
panegyric. From what I have said, I
would
would have you infer, my precious wife-aces, that there is a great confusion of pedigrees; and that those only appear grand and illustrious, whose representatives abound with virtue, liberality, and wealth: I say, virtue, liberality, and wealth; because the vicious great man is no more than a great sinner; and the rich man without liberality, a mere c avorous beggar; for happiness does not consist in possessing, but in spending riches; and that not in squandering them away, but in knowing how to use them with taste. Now a poor knight has no other way of signalizing his birth, but the practice of virtue, being affable, well-bred, courteous, kind, and obliging; a stranger to pride, arrogance, and slander; and, above all things, charitable; for, by giving two farthings charitably to the poor, he may shew himself as generous as he that dispenses alms by found of bell: and whatsoever sees him adorned with these virtues, although he should be an utter stranger to his race, will conclude that he is defended of a good family. Indeed, it would be a sort of miracle to find it otherwise; so that praise is always the reward of virtue, and never fails to attend the righteous. There are two paths, my children, that lead to wealth and honour: one is that of learning, the other that of arms; now I am better qualified for the last than for the first; and (as I judge from my inclination to arms) was born under the influence of the planet Mars; so that I am, as it were, obliged to chuse that road, which I will pursue in spite of the whole universe: you will therefore fatigue yourselves to no purpose, in attempting to persuade me from that which Heaven inspires, fortune ordains, reason demands, and, above all things, my own inclination dictates; knowing, as I do, the innumerable toils annexed to knight errantry, I am also well acquainted with the infinite benefits acquired in the exercise of that profession. I know the path of virtue is very scanty, while the road of vice is broad and spacious. I know their end and issue is different: the wide extended way of vice conduces the traveller to death; while the narrow toilsome path of virtue leads to happiness and life—not that which

perisheth, but that which hath no end;

and I know, as our great Caftilian poet observes—

"By these rough paths of toil and pain,

'Th' immortal feats of blifs we gain,

Deny'd to those who heedlesly stray

In tempting pleasure's flow'ry way."

"Ah! woe is me!" cried the cousin, my uncle is a poet too! he knows every thing, and can do every thing: I'll lay a wager, if he should turn bricklayer, he could build a house like any cage.—"I do assure thee, niece," replied Don Quixote, "if those knightly sentiments did not wholly engrofs my attention, there is not a thing on earth that I could not make, nor a curiosity that should not go through my hands, especially bird-cages and tooth-picks."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the gate; which, as they found upon enquiry, was made by Sancho; whose presence was no sooner intimated, than the housekeeper ran away to hide herself that she might avoid the sight of him whom the abhorred: the niece, therefore, opened the door, and his master came out to receive him with open arms; then, flutting themselves up together, another dialogue passed, no ways inferior to the former.

CHAP. VII.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE; WITH OTHER SURPRISING INCIDENTS.

The housekeeper seeing that her master and Sancho were locked up together, immediately guessed the subject of the conversation; and imagining, that the result of this confutation would be a third fall, she put on her veil, and full of trouble and anxiety, went in quest of the batchelor Sampio Carrasco, thinking, that as he was a well spoked man, and her master's new friend, he might persuade him to lay aside such an extravagant design: accordingly, the found him taking a turn in his own yard, and fell upon her knees before him, in a cold sweat, occasioned by her vexation. Carrasco seeing her appear with such marks of for-
The original, ventura, signifies good luck as well as adventures.
What I drive at, answered Sancho, is, that your worship would appoint me a certain monthly salary for the time I shall serve you, to be paid out of your estate; for I do not chuse to depend upon recompenses that come late, or low, or never. God will protect me with my own. In short, I would know what I have to trust to, whether little or much; for, the hen clucks though but on one egg; many littles make a mickle; and, He that is getting aught, is losing nought. True it is, if it should happen, which I neither believe nor expect, that your worship can give me that land you have promised me so long; I am not so greedy or ungrateful, but that I will suffer my rent to be appraised, and my salary deducted in due proportion. — To be sure, friend Sancho, said the knight, all portions ought to be proportioned.

I understand you, replied the squire; I should have said proportion instead of portion; but that is of no significance, since my meaning is comprehended by your worship. — Ave, and so thoroughly comprehended, said Don Quixote, that I have penetrated into the inmost recesses of thy thoughts, and perceive the mark at which those innumerable shafts of thy proverbs are aimed. Look you, Sancho, I would appoint thee a salary, if I could find in any history of knight errantry, one precedent, by which I might discover, or have the least glimpse of what they used to give monthly or yearly; but I have carefully perused all, or the greatest part of those histories, and cannot remember to have read, that any knight errant ever paid a certain salary to his squire. I only know that all of them trusted to favour; and when it was least in their thoughts, provided their masters chance to be fortunate, they found themselves rewarded with an alms, or something equivalent, and at least were honoured with rank and title. If with these hopes and expectations, you are willing to return to my service, do it a-God's name; but if you think I will unhang and desist from the ancient customs of chivalry, you are grievously miffaken; wherefore, friend Sancho, you may go home again, and declare my intention to your wife Teresa; and if she is pleased, and you are willing to depend upon my favour, bene quidam; if not, let us shake hands and part: while there are peas in the dove-house, I shall never want pigeons; and remember, my child, that it is better to be rich in hope than poor in necessitation; and that a good claim is preferable to bad pay.

I talk in this manner, Sancho, to those that I can pour forth a volley of proverbs as well as you; and finally, I must and will give you to understand, that if you do not chuse to serve me on those terms, and share my fortune, whatsoever it may be, I pray God may prosper and make a faint of you; for my part, I shall not want faineance obedient and careful, though there be troublesome and talkative than your worship.

When Sancho heard this firm resolution of his master, the sky began to pour, and down flagged the wings of his heart in a moment: for he had believed that the knight would not fret out without him for all the wealth in the world. While he thus remained pensive and dejected, in came Sampson Carrasco, followed by the niece, who was very de-
frous to hear with what arguments he would diffuse her uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampfon, who was a notable wag, no sooner entered, than embracing the knight, as at first, he pronounced with an audible voice, "O flower of knight-errantry, replendent fun of arms, thou glory and mirror of the Spanish nation! may it please the Almighty, of his infinite power, that if any person or persons shall raise any impediment to olibruit thy third fall, they may never extricate themselves from the labyrinth of their desires, or accomplish what they so unjustly wish!" Then turning to the duenna, "Mrs. House-keeper," said he, "you need not repeat St. Apollonia's prayer; for I know it is the precise determination of the stars, that Signior Don Quixote shall again execute his new and lofty plan; and I should greatly burden my conscience if I forbore to intimate, and desire, that this knight will no longer withhold and detain the force of his valiant arm, and the virtue of his heroic soul; because, by his delay he retards the righting of wrongs, the protection of orphans, the honour of maidens, the favour of widows, the support of wives, with many other things of that nature, which regard, concern, depend upon, and appertain, to the order of knight-errantry. Courage! Signior Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; may your worship and grandeur set out before to morrow morning; and if any thing be wanting to forward your expedition, here am I, ready to make it good with my person and fortune; and, if it need be, to serve your magnificence in quality of squire; an office in the execution of which I should think myself extremely happy."

Don Quixote, hearing thisprofer, turned to Sancho, saying, "Did not I tell thee, Sancho, that I should not want for squires? Take notice who it is that offers to attend me; who, but the unheard of batchelor Sampfon Carrafeo; the perpetual darling and delightful of the court-yards belonging to the Salamanca schools; found of body, strong of limb, a silent sufferer of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and endowed with all those qualifications which are requisite in the squire of a knight-errant: but Heaven will not permit me, for my own satisfaction, to break and demolish this pillar of learning, this urn of fancies, and to hew down such an eminent branch of the liberal arts. No, let this new Sampfon stay at home, and honour the place of his nativity, together with the grey hairs of his ancient parents; while I make shift with any sort of squire, since Sancho will not vouchsafe to go along with me."

"Y—yes, I do vouchsafe!" cried Sancho, blubbering; "it shall never be said of me, dear master, that when the vicuclas were eaten up, the company sneaked off; I am not come of such an ungrateful flock; for all the world, and especially my own townsmen, know what sort of people the Panzas were, of whom I am descended; besides, I have perceived, and am sensible, by many good works, and more good words, that your worship is actually inclined to do for me; and if I have haggled more than enough about my wages, it was to please my wife, who, if she once takes in hand to persuade me to any thing, no cooper's adze drives the hoops of a barrel as the drives at her purpose, until she hath gained it; but, after all, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman: now I being a man every inch of me, when or wherewith I please to show myself, (that I cannot deny) I am resolved to be master in my own house, in spite of the devil, the world, and the flesh; and therefore your worship has no more to do but prepare your will, with the codicil, so as that it cannot be revoked; and then let us take our departure, that we may not endanger the soul of Mr. Sampfon, whose confidence, he says, prompts him to persuade your worship to make a third foil through the world; and here I promise again to serve your worship faithfully and lawfully, as well as, and better than, all the squires that ever attended the knight-errant, either in past or present time."

The batchelor was astonisshed at hearing the manner and conclusion of Sancho's speech; for although he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed him so diverting as he is there represented; but now, hearing him talk of the will and codicil that could not be revoked, instead of revoked, he was convinced of the truth of what he had read, and confirmed in the opinion of
of his being one of the most solemn simpletons of the present age; saying, within himself, no such madmen as the matter and his squire are not to be paralleled upon earth. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho were reconciled, and embraced each other; and, in consequence of the opinion and affent of the great Cervantes, whom they looked upon as an oracle, it was determined that they should depart in three days, during which they would have time to provide themselves with necessaries for the journey, and find a complete helmet for the knight, who insisted upon carrying one along with him into the field. Sampfon, accordingly, undertook to accommodate him, saying he could command an helmet that was in possession of a friend of his; though the brightness of the metal was not a little obscured by the ruff and mould which it had contrased.

Innumerable were the curfes which were vented against the batchelor by the housekeeper and niece, who tore their hair, and scratched their faces; and like the hired mourners, formerly in use, lamented the departure, as if it had been the death of their master. But Sampfon's view in persuading him to another Sally, was to execute a design which he had concerted with the curate and barber, as will appear in the sequel. In short, during those three days, Don Quixote and Sampfon furnished themselves with everything they thought they should have occasion for; the squire pacified his wife, the knight appealed his niece and housekeeper; and on the evening of the fourth day, without being perceived by any living soul but the batchelor, who insisted upon accompanying them half a league out of town, they set out, and took the road to Tobofo; Don Quixote mounted on his trusty Rosinante, and Sancho throned upon his old friend Dapple, with a pair of bags well lined with belly-timber, and a purse of money, which his master deposited in his hands, in case of accidents in their expedition.

Sampfon, embracing the knight, treated him to write an account of his good or evil fortune, that he might congratulate or sympathize with him, as the laws of friendship require. Don Quixote assured him, he would comply with his request; the batchelor return-
truly the way of thinking," replied the squire; "but I believe your worship will find some difficulty in seeing her in a proper place for courtship, or indeed for receiving her blessing, unless she throws it over the pales of the yard through which I saw her for the first time, when I carried the letter that gave an account of the folly and mad pranks I left your worship committing in the heart of the brown mountain."—"Did you then actually imagine," said Don Quixote, "that those were the pales of a yard, over or through which thou fawest that paragon of gentleness and beauty? Certainly they could be no other than galleries, arcades, or corridors, such as belong to rich and royal palaces."—"It may be so," answered Sancho, "but either my memory fails me very much, or to me they seemed no better than the pales of a farmer's yard."—"Be that as it will," returned Don Quixote, "thither we will go, and at any rate get sight of her, for be it through pales, windows, crannies, or the mists of a garden, so the least ray of that fun of beauty reach mine eyes, it will enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart in such a manner, that I shall remain the unequalled phœnix of valour and discretion."—"Truly, Sir," said the squire, "when I saw that famous fun of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays at all; but the cæfe was, the wear that her ladyship was winning, as I told you before, raised such a cloud of dust about her, as quite darkened her countenance."—"Wilt thou still perfift, Sancho," replied the errant, in saying, thinking, believing, and affirming, that my mistress Dulcinea was employed in such a mean office, for wide of all that is or ought to be practised by persons of rank, who are created and reserved for other exercises and amusements, that denote their quality at the distance of a bow-shot. Thou shouldst to forget, O Sencho! those verses of our poet, in which he paints the labours that in their chrysalid bowers engrossed the four nymphs, who, raising their heads above the waves of their beloved Tagus, fat down to work in the verdant meadow those rich and skilful webs, which, as the ingenious poet describes, were with gold and pearls adorned and interweaved. In this manner my mistresses must have been employed when thou fawest her; but some wicked inchanters, envious of my happiness and fame, converts and perverts every thing that yields me pleasure, into shapes and figures different from its real appearance; and in that history of my achievements which they say is printed, if the author be some fage who is an enemy to my successes, I am afraid he hath confounded one thing with another, and cloaked every fact with a thousand falsehoods; straying from his subject, to recount actions quite foreign to the skilful detail of a true history! O envy! thou root of infinite mischief, and canker-worm of virtue! The composition of all other vices, Sancho, is attended with some sort of delight; but envy produces nothing in the heart that harbours it but rage, rancour, and disgust."—"So say I, master," answered Sancho; and I suppose, in this legend or history of us, which Batchelor Carrafo says he has seen, my reputation goes like a jesting hackney-coach, and is trifled about, as the saying is, like a tennis-ball; though in good faith, I never spoke an ill word of any inchant whiskeyevemore; nor am I rich enough to stir up envy in any living soul: true it is I am a little waggish, and have a small spice of knavery at bottom; but all this is crowned and covered with the broad cloak of my simplicity, which is always natural and never affected; and if there was nothing else but my believing, as I always do firmly and sincerely, in God; as well as in all that is owned and believed by the holy Roman-catholic church; and my being a mortal enemy, as I certainly am, to the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and use me tenderly in their writings: but let them say what they will, I naked was born, and naked remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain: though, pro-

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vided I see myself mentioned in a book, and circulate through the world from hand to hand, I don't value what they can pay of me a fig's end.

That observation, said Don Quixote, puts me in mind of what happened to a famous poet of this age, who having composed a severe satire against the court ladies, omitted to insert one in particular, by name, so that it was doubtful whether or not she was implied in any part of the performance. The lady, thus neglected, complained to the poet, asking what he had seen in her character unworthy of being described among the rest, and desiring him to enlarge the satire, that she might be included in the supplement, or look to himself. The author complied with her request, laishing her in terms not fit to be named; and she was perfectly well satisfied with the fame of being infamous. Of a piece with this ambition was that reported of the shepherd, who set fire to the celebrated temple of Diana, reckoned one of the wonders of the world, with no other view than to render his name immortal; and although there was a severe edict, prohibiting all persons whatever from making mention of his name, either by word or writing, that he might not accomplish his aim, it is very well known at this day, that his name was Erotratus. This likewise bears an affinity to that occurrence which passed at Rome, between that great emperor Charles the Fifth, and a certain knight. The emperor went to visit the famous temple of the Rotunda, which was of old called the Pantheon, but is now more happily named the Church of All-Saints, the most entire edifice that remains of heathen Rome, and which most of all evinces the grandeur and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the shape of half an orange, of a vast extent, and very well lighted, though it has but one window, or rather a round lanthorn at its top, from whence the emperor considered the inside of the structure, being attended by a Roman knight, who described the excellence and ingenious contrivance of that vast and memorable work; and, after they had defeced, said to him, "Sacred the

Sir, a thousand times was I priz'd
With an inclination to clasp your majesty in my arms, and throw myself down from the lanthorn, in order to eternize my name."—"I thank you," replied the emperor, "for having refiled such a wicked suggestion, and henceforward will never give you an opportunity of repeating such a proof of your loyalty; avoid my presence, and never presume to speak to me again." But, notwithstanding this severe command, he conferred upon him some extraordinary favour. My meaning, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a most active principle in the human breast. What doth thou imagine was the motive that prevailed on Horatius to throw himself from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the river Tyber? what induced Mutius to burn his hand and arm? what impelled Curtius to dart himself into the flaming gulph which opened in the midst of Rome? what prompted Cæsar to pass the Rubicon, in spite of all the unfavourable omens that appeared? and, to give you a more modern instance, what consideration bore the ships, and left on shore, encompassed with enemies, those valiant Spaniards in the new world, under the conduct of the most courteous Cortez? All these, and many other great and various exploits, are, were, and shall be performed, in consequence of that desire of fame, which flatters mortals with a share of that immortality which they deem the merited reward of their renowned achievements; although we cathlick Christian knights-errant ought to pay greater attention to that glory which is to come, and eternally survives within the ethereal and celestial mansions, than to the vanity of that fame, which is obtained in this present perishable state, and which, considered in its longest duration, must end at length with the world itself, which hath it's appointed period. Wherefore, Sancho, our works must not exceed the limits prescribed by the Christian religion which we profess. We must, in slaying giants, extirpate pride; get the better of envy by benevolence and virtue; resist anger with patience and forbearance; conquer gluttony and sloth by temperance and watchfulness; luxury and lewdness by our fidelity to those whom we constitute mistresses of our inclination; and idleness by travelling through all parts of
the world in quest of opportunities to
evince ourselves not only Christians,
but, moreover, renowned knights.
Thus, Sancho, thou seest the means
of acquiring that superlative praise
which produces fame and reputation.
' All that your worship hath hither-
to said,' replied the squire, ' I un-
derstand perfectly well; but, for all
that, I wish you would divest me
one doubt, which hath this moment
struck me in the noddle.'—' Thy
meaning is resolv'd, Sancho,' said the
knight; 'in good time, out with it, and
I will give thee satisfaction, as far as
my own knowledge extends.'—' Tell
me, then, Signior,' proceeded Sancho,
where now are all those Julys and
Augusts, and adventuresome knights
who died so long ago?'—' The Hea-
thens,' answered Don Quixote, ' are
doubtless in hell; and the Christians,
if they were good catholicks, either
in purgatory or in heaven.'—' Right,'
said the squire; ' let us next enquire,
if the tombs that contain the bodies
of that sort of gentry are lighted with
silver lamps; or the walls of their
chapels adorned with crutches, wind-
ing sheets, periwig's, legs, and eyes,
made of wax; if not, pray in what
manner are they adorned?' To this
question Don Quixote answered, that
the sepulchres of the heathen heroes
were, for the most part, sumptuous
temples; the athes of Julius Cæsar
were placed upon the top of a stone
pyramid, of vast dimensions, still to
be seen at Rome, under the name of
St. Peter's obelisk; the emperor Adria-
\n\n\nand Queen Artemis buried
her husband Maclus in a monument,
that was accounted one of the seven
wonders of the world; but none of
these sepulchres, nor any other belong-
ing to the heathens, were adorned
with frolics, offerings, or marks, to
denote the sanctity of the persons
there buried. ' So I perceive,' said
Sancho; ' and now tell me, whether it
be more meritorious to slay a giant,
or raise up the dead to life again?''
The answer is plain,' replied the
knight; ' it is more meritorious to re-
animate the dead.'—' Then I have
cought you fairly,' cried the squire;
he who revives the dead, restores light
to the blind, straightens the crooked,
heals the sick; before whose tomb the
lamps continually burn, whose cha-
pels are filled with devout people who
adore his relics upon their knees;
I say, he shall have more fame in this
world, and that which is to come, than
all the heathen emperors and knights-
errant that ever lived have left or will
leave behind them.'—' I am very sen-
fible of the truth of what you allege,'
answered the knight. ' Now this fame,
this grace, this prerogative, or what
you call it,' resumed the squire, is
vested in the bodies and relics of the
faints; and with the approbation and
licence of our holy mother church,
they have their lamps, tapers, throns,
crutches, pictures, periwig's, eyes,
and legs, whereby the devotion of the
people is increased, and their own
Christian fame promulgated; the bo-
dies and relics of saints are carried
upon the shoulders of kings, who kiss
the very fragments of their bones,
with which they enrich and adorn
their most precious altars and orato-
ries.'—' What wouldst thou have me
infer from all this?' said Don Quix-
ote. ' My meaning,' replied Sancho,
is, that we should turn saints imme-
diately, and fo with the greater dis-
patch acquire that fame which we are
in search of; and pray take notice,
Signior, it was but yesterday, or t'other
day, as one may say in comparison,
that they canonized and beatified two
bare-footed friars; and people now
think it a great happiness to be al-
lowed to touch and kiss the iron chains
with which they girded and torment-
ed their poor bodies; and which are
in greater esteem than the sword of
Orlando, which, as the report goes,
is kept in the armory of our lord the
king, whom God in Heaven blest;
wherefore, dear master, it is better to
be an humble friar of any order what-
ever, than the most valiant knight
that ever breathed; for, with God,
two dozen of disciplines will more
avail than as many thousand back-
strokes, whether they be bestowed on
giants, dragons, or hobsoblins.'—
All this is very true,' answered Don
Quixote; ' but we cannot all be friars;
and various are the paths by which
God conducts the good to Heaven.
Chivalry itself is a religious order,
and some that were knights are now
saints.
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faints in glory.'—' True,' resumed
the squire, 'but I have often heard it
observed, that there are more friars
than knights in Heaven.'—‘ The
reason,' said the knight, 'is, because
there is a greater number of monks
than of the other order.'—‘ And yet
there are many knights-errant,' re-
plied the squire. ' There is, indeed, a
good number,' answered Don Quix-
ote; ' but very few that deserve the
name.'

In this, and other such discourse, they
passed that night and the following day,
without encountering any thing wor-
thy of being mentioned; a circumstance
that chagrined our knight not a little.
Next day, however, in the twilight,
they descried the great city of Tobolo;
at sight of which Don Quixote's spirits
were exhilarated, and Sancho's deprest,
because he did not know where to
find the house of Dulcinea, whom he
had never seen, neither had his mather
ever beheld this peerless princess; so that
the one suffered perturbation from the
desire of seeing her, and the other be-
cause he had not seen her; and, indeed,
Sancho could not contrive how to ma-
nage the affair, when his master should
send him to Tobolo. In fine, Don
Quixote resolved to enter the city in the
dark; and with this view they tarried
in a grove of oaks, not far from the
gate, till the night was advanced; then
entered the town, where they met with
things which amount to things indeed.

C H A P. IX.

WHICH CONTAINS WHAT YOU WILL
SEE IN THE PERUSAL OF IT.

IT was midnight, or thereabout, when
Don Quixote and Sancho, leaving
their covert, entered the city of Tobolo,
which was then in profound silence,
all its inhabitants being asleep, and
lying with outstretched legs, as the say-
ning is. The night was clear, though
Sancho wished it otherwise, that in
the darkness he might find an excuse for
his imputation; and nothing was heard
in the whole town but the barking of
dogs, which thundered in Don Quix-
ote's ears, and very much disturbed
the heart of Sancho; yet, from time to
time, they were saluted by the braying
of asses, the grunting of hogs, and the
mewing of cats; which different notes
being augmented by the stillness of the
night, were considered as ill omens by
the enamoured knight, who neverthe-
less said to his squire, ' Son Sancho,
lead on to the palace of Dulcinea,
whom, perhaps, we shall find awake.'
—' Body of the fun!' cried Sancho,
what palace should I lead to? when I
saw her highness she was in a very
small cottage.'—' Then the must have
been retired,' answered the knight,
to some small apartment of her castle,
to divert herself with her damsels, ac-
cording to the use and custom of prin-
ceesses and ladies of rank.'—' Signior,'
said the squire, ' since your worship, in
spite of all that I can say, will
have my Lady Dulcinea's house to
be a castle, is this an hour to find the
gate open? and will it be decent for
us to throw the whole family into
confusion and uproar, by making a
racket, and demanding entrance, at
this time of night? Do you think we
are going to a bawdy-house, like your
fornicators, who rap and knock, and
enter at any hour of the four and
twenty?'—' First of all, let us fairly
find the castle,' replied the knight,
and then I will tell thee what is to be
done; and take notice, Sancho, for
either mine eye-fight fails me, or that
great shadowy building before us is
the palace of Dulcinea.'—'Advance,
then,' answered Sancho, ' perhaps it
may be so; and yet, though I should
see it with mine eyes, and touch it
with my hands, I will believe it as
much as I believe it is now twelve
o'clock at noon.'

Don Quixote, however, proceeded;
and having gone about two hundred
paces, came up with the building that
produced the shadow, and perceiving it
an high steeple, found it was no castle,
but in reality the principal church in
town. ' We are arrived at the cathe-
dral, Sancho,' said he. ' So I per-
ceive,' replied the squire, 'and God
grant we be not arrived at our graves!
for it is no good sign to be frollicking
about church-yards at these hours:
besides, I have already told your
worship, (if my memory serves me
right) that my lady's house stands in
a blind alley.'—' The curse of God
light on thee, for a blockhead as thou
art!' cried Don Quixote; ' where didst
thou ever hear of castles and royal pa-

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laces
Don Quixote

"Laces built in blind alleys?"—"Signior," answered Sancho, "every country has its own customs; and perhaps it is the custom here, in Toboso, to raise palaces and grand edifices in blind alleys; I therefore humbly beseech your worship to let me search all the streets and alleys I shall meet with; and who knows but in some corner I may light on this same castle, which I wish the dogs had devoured, before it had brought us to such perplexity and confusion?"—

"Talk respectfully, Sancho, of those things that appertain to my mistress," said the knight; "let us spend our holiday in peace, and not throw the halve after the hatchet."—"Well, I will be pacified," answered the squire; "though how can I endure your worship should expect that I who have seen my lady's house but once, should know it always, and even find it out in the middle of the night, when you yourself are at a loss, though you must have seen it a thousand times?"—"You distress me, Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "heark ye, here-tick, have not I told you a thousand times, that in all the days of my life, I never saw the peerses Dulcinea, nor ever crossed the threshold of her palace, being only enamoured by hear-say, and the great reputation of her beauty and discretion?"—"I hear your worship say so now," replied Sancho; "and tell you in my turn, that if you have not seen her, no more have I."—"That is impossible," refomed the knight; "at least, you told me you had seen her winnowing wheat, when you brought back an anfwcr to the letter with which I sent you to her habitation."—"Truly, Signior, you must not depend upon that," answered Sancho; "for you must know, my seeing her, and bringing back the answer, was also upon hearsay; and I am as incapable of giving any account of the Lady Dulcinea, as I am of pulling the moon by the nofe."—Sancho! Sancho!" said Don Quixote, "there is a time for jesting, and a time when jokes are very unfeafonable; though I say I have never seen or spoke with the mistress of my soul, there is no reason for thy making the

* Like our Chevy Chase.

fame declaration, which thou knowest is so contrary to the truth."

While they thus conversed together, they perceived a person passing that way with a couple of mules; and by the noise of a plough-share, which they dragged along, guiltily concluded that he was a peasant who had risen before day to go to labour; they were not mistaken; it was actually a labourer, who went along finging the ballad of Roncevalles; which the knight no sooner heard, than he exclaimed, "Let me die, Sancho! if any thing lucky will befal us to-night; don't you hear what that peasant is singing?"—"Yes," said Sancho; "but what has the defeat at Roncevalles to do with our affair? If he had sung the ballad of Calaynos, it would have been the fame thing with regard to our good or evil fortune.

Don Quixote said to the peasant, who was by this time come-up, 'Can you tell me, honest friend, and the bles-sing of God attend you, in what part of this city stands the palace of the peerses princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"Signior," answered the young man, 'I am a stranger, and have been but a few days in town, in the service of a rich farmer, whose lands I till; but in that house that fronts you live the curate and sexton of the parish, and either or both can give your worship an account of that fame princes, for they keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso, though I believe, there is no such thing as a princess in the whole place; there are, indeed, many ladies of fa-fion, and every one may be a princes in her own house."—"She whom I ask for must be one of these," said the knight. 'It may be so," answered the peasant; 'but I shall be overtaken by the morning." So saying, he drove on his mules, without waiting for any more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and over and above disatisfied, 'Signior,' said he, 'day begins to break, and it will not be altogether conve-nient to let the sun find us here in the street: we had better quit the city, and look out for some wood in the neigh-bourhood, where your worship may

* Enjoy
enjoy the cool shade; and I will return by day, and search every hole and cranny for this house, castle, or palace of my lady, and it will be very unfortunate, indeed, if I cannot find it; and if I have the good luck to meet with her ladyship, I will tell her where and how I have left your worship, in expectation of her contriving some means whereby you may visit her, without any prejudice to her honour and reputation.—Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, 'thou hast uttered a thousand sentences within the compass of a few words: the counsel thou hast given me I reject, and most willingly receive. Come, my son, let us go in quest of some thicket, where I may embower myself, while thou shalt return to seek, see, and talk with my mistresses, from whose courtely and discretion I hope to receive more than miraculous favours.'

Sancho burned with impatience to see his master fairly out of town, that he might not detect the falloosh of the answer which he pretended to bring from Dulcinea, while he remained in the Brown Mountain: he therefore prescried him to depart, and about two miles from the city they found a thicket or wood, where Don Quixote took up his residence, while Sancho went back to commune with Dulcinea; and, in the course of his embassy, met with adventures that demand new credit and fresh attention.

CHAPTER X.

GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE STRA
TAGED WHICH SANCHO PRACTISED, IN ORDER TO INCHANT THE LADY DULCINEA—WITH OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES EQUALLY LUDICROUS AND TRUE.

The author of this stupendous history, when he comes to relate what is contained in this chapter, says, he would have willingly passed it over in silence, because he was afraid that it would not be believed; for here the madness of Don Quixote soars to the highest pitch of extravagance that can be imagined, and even by two bow shots, at least, exceeds all credit and conception: yet, notwithstanding this jealousy and apprehension, he has recounted it in the same manner as it happened, without adding to the history, or detracting one tittle from the truth, undervaluing the risk he runs of being deemed apocryphal: and fully he was in the right; for truth may bend, but will never break, and always surmounts falsehood, as oil floats above water. Wherefore he proceeds in the narrative, saying—

Don Quixote having taken his station in the forest, grove, or wood, near to the great city of Tobofo, ordered Sancho to go back to town, and not return to his presence before he should have spoken to his mistress, and begged, in his name, that she would be pleased to grant an interview to her captive knight, and deign to bestow upon him her blessing, through which he might expect the most happy issue to all his attempts and enterprises.

The squire, having undertaken to execute this command, and to bring back as favourable an answer as he had brought the first time; 'Go, my son,' said the knight, 'and be not confounded when you find yourself beamed upon by that resplendent sun of beauty, which is the object of your enquiry: happy thou, above all the sires that ever lived! Be sure to retain in thy memory every circumstance of thy reception; observe if she changes colour, while thou art delivering thy message; if she is discomposed, and under confusion at the mention of my name; whether she sinks upon her cushion, or happens at the time to be seated under the rich canopy of her authority; if she be standing, take notice whether or not she sometimes supports herself on one foot, sometimes on the other; and if she repeats her answer more than once, changing it from kind to harsh, from four to amorous; and if she lifts up her hand to adjust her hair, although it be not disordered; finally, son, mark all her gestures and emotions; and if thou bringest me an exact detail of them, I shall be able to divine her most abstruse sentiments, touching the concerns of my passion: for know, Sancho, if thou art still to learn, among lovers, the leafy embellishment in their external behaviour, while the conversation turns upon their amours, is, as it were, a mea-

fener
fenger that brings a most certain ac-
count of what passes within the soul.
Go, friend, and enjoy thy face, so 
much more favourable than thy ma-
ter's; and return with much more
success than that which I dread and
expect in this cruel solitude, where I
now remain.—I go,' replied San-
cho, and will return in a twinkling;
therefore, good your worship, do en-
courage that little heart of yours,
which, at present, must be no bigger
than a hazel-nut; and consider, as
the saying is, A f Stout heart flings
miffortune; Where you meet with no
hooks, you need expect no bacon;
and again, The hare often starts,
where the hunter leasts expects her.
This I observe, because, though we
did not find the palace and castle of
my lady in the night; now that it is
day, I hope to stumble upon it, when
I least expect to see it; and if to be
I once catch it, let me alone with
her.'—Sancho, said the knight,
God grant me better fortune in my
defires than you have in the applica-
tion of the proverbs you utter.

This was no sooner said, than Sancho
switching Dapple, quitted the knight,
who remained on horseback, refting his
legs upon his stirrups, and leant upon
his lance, his imagination being engrossed
by the most melancholy fuggetions.
Here let us leave him, and proceed with
Sancho Panza; who, parting from his
master, in equal perplexity and confu-
sion, no sooner found himself clear of
the wood, than looking back, and per-
cieving that Don Quixote was not in
fight, he alighted from his ass, and sitt-
ing down at the root of a tree, began
to catechise himself in these words:
Brother Sancho, be so good as to
let us know, where your worship is
going? Are you in search of some
stray beast?—No, truly!—What then
is your errand?—Why, really, I am
going in search of a thing of note,
with God's blessing! in her, the
fun and the whole heaven of beauty.
And, pray, where may you expect to
meet with this that you mention?San-
cho?—Where, but in the great city of
Toboso.—Well, and by whose order
are you going upon this enquiry?—By
order of the renowned knight Don
Quixote de La Mancha, the righter of
wrongs, who gives thirst to the hung-
ry, and food to those that are dry. All this is mighty well; but do you
know the house, Sancho?—My master
says, it must be some royal palace,
or stately castle.—But have you never
once seen this same prince?—Neither
I nor he ever set eyes on her.—And
do you think it will be well bestowed
if the inhabitants of Toboso, getting
notice that you are come with an in-
tention to wheedle away their prin-
cesses, and disturb their dames, should
break every bone of your skin, and
grind your ribs to a paste, with pure
cudgelling?—Verily they would not be
much to blame, unless they consider-
ed, that I do nothing but execute my
master's command, and being only a
messenger, am not in fault.—Never
trusty to that, Sancho; for the Man-
chegans are as choleric as honour-
able, and will not suffer themselves to
be tickled by any perfon whatever.
Ecod! if you are once smoked, you
will come but scurvily off.—Bodkins!
since that be the case, why
should I plague myself, seeking a cat
with three legs, for another man's
pleasure?—Besides, you may as well
seek for a magpie in Rabena, or a
batchelor in Salamanca, as for Dul-
cinea in Toboso.—The devil, and
none but the devil, has sent me on
this fool's errand!
The result of this foliloquy was anoth-
er, that broke out in these words;
There is a remedy for every thing but
death, under whose yoke we mutt all
pafs, will we nill we, when this life is
at an end. This matter of mine, as
I have perceived by a thousand in-
stances, is mad enough to be shackled
among straw; and truly I am not
much behind him in folly; nay, in-
deed, I am more mad than he,
feeming I serve and follow him, if
there be any truth in the proverb
that says, Tell me your company,
and I will tell you your manners:
and the other, Not lie with whom
you was bred, but he by whom
you are fed. Now he being, as he
certainly is, a madman; aye, and so
mad as for the most part to mistake
one thing for another, affirming white
to be black, and black to be white;
as plainly appeared when he took the
windmills for giants, the mules of the
friars for dromedaries, the flocks of
sheep for opposite armies; and a great
many other things in the same stile; I
say,
cried the knight, 'what is that you say, friend Sancho? Take care how you deceive me! endeavouring, by
seigned joy, to enliven my real sad-

'What should I get by de-
ceiving your worship?' said the squire.

'Besides, you can easily be satisfied of
the truth of what I say. Make haste,
Signior, come and see our mistres the
princes, arrayed and adorned; in
short, as she ought to be; her dam-
fels and she are all one flame of gold;
all covered with pearls, diamonds,
rubies, and brocade, more than ten
hands deep; their hair flowing loose
about their shoulders, like so many
sun-beams waving with the wind;
and moreover they are mounted on
three pied blettes, that it would do
one's heart good to see them.'—
Pal-
freys, you mean, Sancho,' said the
knight. 'There is no great difference,'
answered the squire, 'between halfreys
and blettes; but, be that as it will,
they are the finest creatures one would
dare to see, especially my Lady Dul-
cinea, who is enough to titivate the
five senses.'—'Come, then, my son,'
replied Don Quixote; 'and as a gra-
tuity for bringing this piece of news,
equally welcome and unexpecting, I
bellow upon thee the spoils of the first
adventure I shall achieve; and if
thou art not satisfied with that recom-

cence, I will give unto thee the foals
that shall this year be brought forth
by my three mares, which thou
knowest we left with young upon our
town common.'—'I flick to the
foals,' cried the squire, 'for as to the
spoil of our first adventure, I ques-
tion whether or not they will be worth
accepting.'

By this time, they were clear of
the wood, and in sight of the three coun-
try-maidens; when the knight lifting
up his eyes, and surveying the whole
road to Toboso, without seeing any
thing but them, began to be troubled in
mind, and asked Sancho if the ladies
had got out of town when he left them.

'Out of town?' said Sancho. 'What!
are your worship's eyes in the nape of
your neck, that you don't see them
coming towards us, glittering and
shining like the sun at noon?'—'I
see nobody,' replied the knight, 'but
three country wenches riding upon
affes.'—'God deliver me from the
devil!' cried the squire, 'is it pos-

DON QUIXOTE.
fible that these belfreys, or how-d'ye-calls,ums, white as the driven snow, should appear no better than asfles in your worship's eyes? By the Lord! I'll give you leave to pluck off every hair of my beard if that be the case.'—'Then I tell thee, Sancho,' said his master, 'they are as certainly he or the asfles as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza; at least, if they seem to me.'—'Hold your tongue, Signior,' replied Sancho, 'and never talk in that manner, but snuff your eyes, and go and make your reverence to the mistresses of your heart, who is just at hand.'

So saying, he advanced towards the damfels, and alighting from Dapple, seized one of their breasts by the balter; then fell upon his knees before the rider, to whom he addressed himself in this manner: 'Queen, princes, and duchesses of beauty, will your highnesses and greatnesse be pleased to receive into grace and favour your captive knight, who sits there flupetid to stone, utterly confounded and depraved of pulse, at seeing himself in presence of your magnificence; I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is the perplexed and down trodden knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, alias the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'

By this time Don Quixote having placed himself on his knees, by Sancho, gazed with flaring eyes and troubled vision, upon the object which the squire called queen and princes; and perceiving nothing but a country-wench's visage, and that none of the most agreeable, for it was round and flat-nosed, he remained in the utmost confusion and surprize, without daring to open his lips. The other two damfels were equally astonifh'd at seeing a couple of such different figures kneeling before their companion, whom they had detained; but the, breaking silence, pronounced in a most ungracious and resentful manner, 'Get out of the way, and let us pafs, for we are in a hurry.' To this apostrophe Sancho replied, 'O princes and universal Lady of Tobo! do not your magnificent bowels yearn to see upon his narrow bones before your sublimated presence, the very pillar and prop of knight-errantry.' One of the other two hearing this pathetickremonifance, bauld and aud, would I had the currying that afo's hide of thine; mind, forlooth, how your small gentiy come and pass their gibes upon us country-folks; as if we could not give them as good as they bring. Go about your busines, friend, and leave us to mind our'n, and so God b'wye.'

Here the knight interposing, said, 'Rife, Sancho, I can plainly perceive that fortune, not yet tired of perpetuating me, hath barred every avenue by which any comfort could arrive at the miserable soul that this carcase contains: and thou! the essence of every thing that is defirable in nature, thou sum of human perfection, and sole remedy of this afflicted heart, by which thou art adored! although that malicious inchanter, my inveterate enemy, hath spread clouds and calamities before mine eyes, to them and them only changing and transforming thy unequalled beauty into the appearance of a poor country-wench; if he hath not also altered my figure into that of some frightful spectre horrid to thy view, deign to look upon me with complacency and love; because thou mayest perceive by this submissive posture I have assumed, even before thy perfon thus disguised, the humility with which my soul adores thy charms.—'You may go kiss my grammam,' cried the damfelp; 'I am a fine Madam, truly, to hear such gibberth; we should be more obliged to you if you would get out of our way, and let us go about our own affairs.'

Sancho accordingly quitted his hold, leaving her free to go whether she would, and highly pleased with the issue of his stratagem. 'The supposititious Dulcinea no sooner found herself at liberty, than prick'd her palfrey with a goad which was in the end of a fick she had in her hand, the creature galloped across the field with great speed, and feeling the application more severe than usual, began to plunge and kick in such a manner, that my lady fell to the ground. Don Quixote perceiving this accident, ran with great eagerness to raise her up, and Sancho made haste to adjut and gird on the pannel, which had got under the afo's belly. This affair being let to rights, the knight went to lift his enchanted mistresses in his arms, and placed her on her seat again; but
but she, darting up from the ground, sav'd him that trouble; for, retreating a few paces backwards, she made a small run, and clapping both hands upon the crupper, leaped upon the pannel as nimble as a falcon, seating herself astride like a man.

'By St. Roque!' cried Sancho, 'my lady mistress is as light as a hawk, and can teach the most dextrous horseman to ride; at one jump she has sprung into the saddle, and, without spurs, made her palfrey fly like any zebra: and truly, her damsels are not a whit behind; for they go scouring along as swift as the wind.' This was actually true; for Dulcinea was no sooner remounted than the other two trod'd after her, and at last disappeared, after having gone more than half a league, at full speed, without once looking behind them.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, until they vanished; then turning to his squire, 'Sancho,' said he, 'thou seest how I am persecuted by enchanters, and mayest perceive how far the malice and grudge they bear me extends; seeing they have deprived me of the pleasure I should have enjoyed at the sight of my mistresses in her own beauteous form. Surely, I was born to be an example of misery; the very mark and butt for all the arrows of misfortune; nay, thou art also to observe, Sancho, that those traitors were not contented with a simple metamorphosis of my Dulcinea, but have transformed and changed her into the haie and homely figure of that country-wench; robbing her, at the same time, of that which is so peculiar to ladies of fashion, I mean, that sweet scent which is the refult of their living among flowers and perfume; for know, my friend, when I went to lift Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as thou sayest it was, though to me it seemed neither more nor less than a she-alf, I was almost suffocated and poisoned with a whiff of undigested garlick!' "O ye miscreants!" cried Sancho, "O ye malicious and mischievous enchanters! would to God, I could see you all strung by the gills, like so many haddocks! much you know, much you can, and much more will you still be doing. Was it not enough, ye knaves, to change the

'pearls of my lady's eyes into a couple of cork-tree galls, and her hair of shining gold into the bristles of a red cow's tail; and, in short, to transmogrify every feature of her countenance; without your meddling with the sweetness of her breath, by which they might have discovered what was concealed beneath that bark of home-lines: though, to tell the truth, I saw not her homeliness but beauty, which was exceedingly increased by a mole upon her upper lip, something like a whisker, consisting of seven or eight red hairs, like threads of gold, as long as my hand.'—'According to the correspondence which the moles of the face have with those of the body,' said Don Quixote, 'Dulcinea must have just such another on the brawny part of her thigh, of the same size; but hairs of such a length are, methinks, rather too long for moles.'—'I do assure your worship,' answered Sancho, 'they seemed as if they had come into the world with her.'—'I very well believe what you say, my friend,' replied the knight; 'for nature hath bestowed nothing on Dulcinea but what is perfectly finislied; wherefore, if thou hadst seen an hundred such moles, in her would they be so many moons and replendent stars: buttell me, Sancho, that which you adjutted, and which to me seemed a pannel, was it a plain pad or a side-saddle?'—'It was a great side-saddle,' answered the squire, 'so rich that half the kingdom would not buy it.'—'And why could not I see all this!' said the knight. 'I say again, Sancho, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men.'

The rogue Sancho, finding his master so dextrously galled, and hearing him talk in this mad strain, could scarce refrain from laughing in his face: in fine, a good deal more of this sort of conversation having passed betwixthem, they remounted their beasts, and took the road to Saragosa, where they expected to arrive time enough to be present at the Solemn festival yearly celebrated in that famous city; but before they accomplished their journey, they met with adventures, which, for their variety, novelty, and greatness, deserve to be read and recorded, as in the sequel.
No! against me alone, and my long- ing eyes, was the force of it's poison direcd! Yet, nevertheless, Sancho, I cannot help observing, that you made but an indifferent picture of her beauty; for if I rightly remember, you likened her eyes to pearls; now, eyes resembling pearls, are more pecu- liar to dead whittings than to living beauties; and, in my conjecture, Dulcinea's must be rather like green emeralds, arched over with two ce- letial rainbows: those pearls, there- fore, must be compared to her teeth, which, without doubt, you have mis- taken for her eyes.—" Nothing more likely," answered the squire, "for I was as much confounded by her beauty as your worship by her ugliness; but let us recommend this whole buflfes to God, who fore-ordains every thing that is to happen in this vale of tears; in this evil world of ours, where fearc any thing is to be had, with- out a mixture of falsehood, knavery, and sin. One thing, dear Sir, of all others, gives me the greatest pain; and that is, to think what method is to be fallen upon, when your wor- ship, after having vanquished some giant or knight, shall command him to go and present himself before the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea, where will this poor giant, or this poor mi- serable object of a vanquished knight, find out the peril to whom he is ient? Methinks I see them trolleying up and down, and gaping about thro' the streets of Tobofo, in quest of my Lady Dulci- nea; and if they should tumble upon her in their way, they would no more know her than they would know my father.—"Sancho, returned Don Quix- ote, "Perhaps the incantation will not extend so far as to disguise Dulcinea to the eyes of those vanquished giants and knights who shall present them- selves before her; and in one or two of the first whom I shall conquer and send thither, we will make the experiment, commanding them to re- turn and give me an account of what shall happen to them, with regard to that affair."—"Truly, Signior," said Sancho, "I heartily approve of your worship's scheme; because, by this artifice, we will soon learn what we want to know; and if so be that she is only concealed from your worship, you are the most unfortunate per- son..."
of the two; for as my Lady Dulcinea enjoys good health and satisfaction, we will comfort ourselves, and make the best of a bad bargain, going about in quest of adventures, and leaving the rest to time, who is the best physician for these and other greater calamities.

Don Quixote would have replied, but was prevented by the appearance of a fort of waggon that crossed the road, full of the strangest figures that can be imagined, and conducted by a frightful demon that drove the mules. The cart being altogether open, without tilt or cover, the first figure that struck the eyes of Don Quixote, was Death itself in human shape; next to which appeared an angel with broad painted wings; on one side, stood an emperor with a crown (seemingly) of gold, upon his head; and hard by Death, was the god Cupid, with his bow, quiver, and arrows, but without the bandage on his eyes; there was likewise a knight armed cap-a-pie, except that he wore neither helmet nor head-piece, but a hat adorned with a plume of variegated feathers. Besides these, there were other personages of different countenance and drees; so that the whole groupe appearing of a sudden, discomposed our hero a little, and filled the heart of Sancho with fear; but Don Quixote soon recollected himself, and rejoiced, because he looked upon it as some new and perilous adventure. On this supposition, and with an effort of courage capable of encountering the greatest danger, he placed himself before the wain, and with a loud and threatening voice, pronounced, 'Driver, coachman, devil, or whatsoever thou art, tell me straight, whither thou art going, and who those people are whom thou drivest in that carriage, which looks more like Charon's bark than any modern vehicle.' The devil stopping his waggon very courteously, replied, 'Signior, we are players belonging to the company of Anguél Molto, and have, this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, been representing, in a village on the other side of your hill, the piece called the Parliament of Death, which we are going to act over again, this very evening, in that other village now in sight; we therefore travel in our habits, to save ourselves the trouble of undressing and dressing anew; this young man plays the part of Death, that other represents an angel; the woman, who is the author's wife, acts the queen; he with the plume of feathers is our hero; the emperor you may distinguish by his gilded crown; and I am the devil, which is one of the best characters in the performance, for I myself am the chief actor of this company. If your worship is desirous of knowing any thing else concerning our affairs, question me freely, and I will answer with the utmost punctuality, for being a devil I understand every thing.'

'By the faith of a knight-errant!' said Don Quixote, 'when I first descried the waggon, I thought myself upon the eve of some great adventure; and now I affirm, that a man ought to examine things with more servitudes than one, before he can be assured of the truth; proceed, my honest friends, a God's name, in order to exhibit your entertainment, and if I can serve you in any respect, you may command my endeavours, which shall be heartily and freely exerted for your advantage; for, from my childhood, I have been a great lover of masques and theatrical representations.

While this conversation passed between them, they chanced to be overtaken by one of the company, drest in motley, hung round with a number of morrice-bells, with a pole in his hand, to the end of which were tied three blown ox-bladders. This merry-andrew advancing to Don Quixote, began to fence with his pole, beating the ground with his bladders, and skipping about, so that his bells rung continually: till at length Rozinante, being disturbed at the uncommon apparition, took the bridle between his teeth; and the knight being unable to restrain him, began to gallop across the plain with more nimbleness than could have been expected from the bones of his anatomy. Sancho seeing his master in danger of falling, leaped from Dapple, and ran with all dispatch to give him all possible assistance; but before he came up, the knight was overthrown by Rozinante, who had come to the ground with his lord; and this was the usual end and consequence of all his frolicksome adventures. Scarcely had Sancho quitted his beast, to run to the
affiance of his master, when the bladder-making devil jumped upon Dapple, and began to belabour him with his rattle; so that being frightened at the noise, rather than with the smart of the application, he took to his heels, and flew towards the village where they intended to perform. Sancho seeing, at the same time, the career of Dapple, and his master's fall, scarce knew which of these misfortunes he ought first to remedy; but at length, as became a loyal servant and truly squire, his love for his master prevailed over his tenderness for the beast; though every time he saw the bladders raised aloft, and discharged upon Dapple's buttocks, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and would rather have received every thrash upon the apple of his own eye than have seen it fall upon the leaf hair of his as's tail.

In this state of perplexity and tribulation, he arrived at the place where Don Quixote lay in a very indifferent plight, and helping him to mount Rozinante, 'Signor,' said he, 'the devil has run away with Dapple.'—Which devil? cried the knight. 'He with the bladders,' answered the squire. 'I will retrieve him,' replied Don Quixote, 'even if he should conceal him in the darkest and deepest dungeon in hell; follow me, Sancho, the waggon moves slowly, and the mules shall alone for the loss of Dapple.'

'There is no occasion for putting ourselves to that trouble,' said the squire: 'good your worship, be pacified! for I see the devil has quitted my ass, and returned to the rest of his crew.'

This observation was actually true; Dapple and his new rider had come to the ground, in imitation of the knight and Rozinante: upon which the devil trudged on foot to the village, and the ass returned to his right owner. 'For all that,' said Don Quixote, 'it will not be amifs to punish the troop for that devil's incivility, though it should be in the person of the emperor himself.'—'I hope your worship's imagination will harbour no such thoughts,' answered Sancho; 'take my advice, and never meddle with players, who are a set of people in such high favour with the publick, that I have known an actor taken up for two murders, and yet escape foot-free;

'your worship must know, that being the ministers of mirth and pleasure, they are favoured, protected, assisted, and esteemed by every body; especially if they belong to the king's company, or to some grandee; in which case all, or most of them, look like princes in their manners and drets.'—'Nevertheless,' replied the knight, 'that farcical devil shall not escape unpunished, or applaud himself for what he has done, though all mankind should appear in his favour.'

So saying, he rode towards the waggon, which was by this time pretty near the village, and called aloud, 'Stay, my merry men; halt a little, and I will teach you how to treat the asses and cattle belonging to the squires of knights-errant.' Don Quixote halloed so loud as to be heard and understood by the people in the waggon, who judging, by his words, the intention of the speaker, Death instantly jumped out of the cart, and was followed by the Emperor, the Devil-driver, and the Angel, with the Queen and Cupid in their train; in short, the whole company armed themselves with stones, and, drawing up in order of battle, stood without flinching, to receive the affailant at point of pebble.

The knight perceiving them arranged in such a formidable squadron, their arms lifted up in a posture that threatened a powerful discharge of stones, checked Rozinante, and began to consider in what manner he should attack them, with least hazard to his person. During this pause, Sancho came up, and seeing him bent upon assailing such a well-compact'd brigade, 'It will be the height of madness,' said he, 'to attempt any such adventure; consider, dear Sir, that there is no kicking against the pricks; and that there is no armour upon earth sufficient to defend your body from such a shower, unless your worship could creep into a bell of brass; you ought also to remember, that it favours more of rashness than of true valour, for one man to attack a whole army, in which Death and emperors fight in person, being aided and assisted both by good and evil angels; and if that consideration will not prevail upon you to be quiet, you ought to be diverted from your purpose, by knowing certainly, that among all those enemies in the ap-
pearanies of kings, princes, and em-
perors, there is not so much as one
single knight-errant.'—‘ Now, in-
deed,' cried Don Quixote, ' thou haft
hit upon the sole reason that can and
ought to dissuade me from my deter-
mined design; I neither can nor ought
to draw my sword (as I have told thee,
on many other occasions) against any
perfon who hath not received the ho-
nour of knighthood; to thee, San-
cho, it belongs, if to thou art inclin-
ed, to take vengeance for the injury
done to Dapple, while I from hence
will assist and encourage thee with fa-
lutary advice.'—‘ Signior,' answered
the squire, ' there is no occasion to take
vengeance of any person whatever; for
it is not the part of a good Chris-
tian to revenge the wrongs he hath
suffered; besides, I will prevail upon
my afs to leave the affair to my in-
clation, which is to live peaceably
all the days that Heaven shall grant
me in this life.'—‘ Since that is thy
determination,' replied the knight,
bonet Sancho, discreet Sancho, chris-
tian and circere Sancho, let us leave
these phantoms, and go in quest of ad-
ventures more dignified and substan-
tial; for this country seems to pro-
mile a great many, and those very
extraordinary too.'

He accordingly turned his horse,
Sancho went to catch Dapple, while
Death, with his whole flying squadron,
returned to their waggon, and proceed-
ed on their journey. Thus was the dif-
mal advance of the waggon of Death
happily terminated by the wholesome
advice which Sancho Panza gave to his
master; who next day met with another
equally surprizing, in the person of an
enamoured knight-errant.

C H A P. XII.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO THE VA-
LIANT DON QUIXOTE, IN HIS EN-
COUNTER WITH THE KNIGHT OF THE
MIRRORS.

The night that followed the ren-
counter with Death, Don Quixote
and his squire passed among some tall
and shady trees; the knight, by San-
cho's persuation, having eaten of what
was found in the store that Dapple car-
ried. During this meal, Sancho said
to his master, ' What a fool should I
have been, Signior, if I had chosen,
by way of gratification, the spoils
of your worship's first adventure, in-
stead of the three foals? Verily, ve-
rily, a bird in hand is worth two in
the bush.'— But, for all that,' an-
swered Don Quixote, ' hadst thou suf-
ferecl me to attack them, as I intended,
thou wouldst have enjoyed among
the spoils the emperor's golden crown,
with Cupid's painted wings, which I
would have stripp'd off against the
grain, and put into thy possession.—
The sceptres and crowns of your
stage emperors are never made of pure
gold, but of tin or tinsel,' replied the
squire. ' True,' said the knight, the
ornaments of comedy ought not to be
rich and real, but feign'd and arti-
cicial, like the drama itself, which I
would have thee respect, Sancho, and
receive into favour, together with
those who represent and compile it;
for they are all instruments of great
benefit to the commonwealth, hold-
ing, as it were, a looking-glass al-
ways before us, in which we see na-
turally delineatcl all the actions of
life; and no other comparison what-
ever represents to us more lively what
we are, and what we ought to be,
than comedy and her attendants; for
example, haft thou never seen a play
acted, in which kings, emperors,
popes, knights, ladies, and many
other characters, were introduced?
One acts the Russian, another the
sharper, a third the merchant, a fourth
the soldier, a fifth the designing fool,
and a sixth the simple lover; but the
play being ended, and the clothes laid
aside, all the actors remain upon an
equal footing.'—' Yes, I have seen
all this,' answered Sancho. ' Then
the very same thing,' said the knight,
happens in the comedy and commerce
of this world, where one meets with
some people playing the parts of em-
perors, others in the characters of
popes; and, finally, all the different
perfonages that can be introduced in
a comedy; but when the play is done,
that is, when life is at an end,
Death strips them of the robes that
distinguifhes their stations, and they
become all equal in the grave.— A
brave comparison!' cried Sancho,
though not so new but I have heard
it.
it made on divers and sundry occasions as well as that of the game of chefs, during which every piece main-
tains a particular station and charac-
ter; and when the game is over, they are all mixed, jumbled, and shaken together in a bag, like mortals in the grave."—Sancho, resumed the knight, every day you become less simple and more different."—Yes," said the squire, some small portion of your worship's dilution must needs lick to me; as lands which are, in their own nature, raples and barren, being well dunged and cultivated, come to yield excellent fruit. My meaning is, that your worship's conver-
sation hath fallen like dung upon the barren desert of my understanding, which being cultivated by the time of my service and communica-
tion, will, I hope, produce blest fruit, such as shall not disgrace, nor stray from the path of that good breed, ing which your worship hath bestowed on my narrow capacity.

Don Quixote could not help smiling at the affected terms in which Sancho delivered himself, though what he said of his own improvement was actually true: for at certain times he talked to admiration; and yet when he attempted to argue, or speak in a polite style, his efforts always, or for the most part, ended in precipitating himself from the pinnacle of simplicity to the depth of ignorance; his chief talent lying in his memory, which never failed to furnish him with proverbs that he dugged into his discourse, whether they were pat to the purpose or not, as may be seen and observed through the whole course of this history.

In this, and other such conversation, the greatest part of the night elapsed, when Sancho began to be inclined to let fall the portculices of his eyes, as he termed it, when he wanted to go to sleep: he therefore unpannelled Dapple, to let him graze among the rich pasturage with which the place abounded; but Rozinante's saddle he would not remove, in consequence of his master's express order, which was never to un-
faddle his fleed while they were in the field, or did not sleep under cover; it being an ancient established custom, ob-
served by all knights errant, in these cafes, to take the bridle out of the horse's mouth, and hang it upon the pummel of the saddle, but to leave the saddle itself untouched. This expedient was accordingly performed by Sancho, who turned Rozinante loose with Dapple; and between these two animals such a strict reciprocal friendship subsisted, that, according to tradition from father to son, the author of this true history wrote particular chapters on this very subject; but, in order to preserve the decency and decorum which belongs to such an heroick composition, omitted them; though sometimes he seems to neglect this precau-
tion, and writes, that these two friends used to approach and scrub each other most lovingly; and after they had refitted and refreshed themselves, Rozinante would stretch his head more than half a yard over Dapple's neck, while the two were wont to fland in this posture, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, three whole days together; at least, till they were parted, or compelled by hunger to go in quest of sustenance; nay, it is confidently reported, that the author had compared their mutual attach-
ment to the friendship of Nifius or Euryalus, or that which subsisted between Pylades and Orestes. If this be the case, we may with admiration con-
ceive how firm the fellowship of those two pacifick animals must have been; to the utter confusion of mankind, who so little regard the laws of friendship and society, according to the common saying, 'there is no truth in profession; the staff will turn into a spear', and, as the long goes, 'the modes of the court so common are grown, that a true friend can hardly be met.' Let no man imagine the author went out of his road, in comparing the friendship of brutes with that of the human species; for men have received valuable hints, and learned many things of importance from beasts, such as the cryfer from storks, gratitude and the use of vomits from dogs, vigilance from the crane, foresight and frugality from the ant, honesty from the elephant, and loyalty from the horse. In fine, Sancho went to sleep at the

* As the original quotation is a fragment that will not complete the sense, I have taken the liberty to make the allusion altogether English,
root of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote began to slumber under an oak; but being in a very little time awaked by a noise behind him, he started up, and employing both eyes and ears to distinguish whence it proceeded, he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom, letting himself drop, as it were, from the faddle, said to the other, "Alight, my friend, and unbit the horses; for this place seems to abound with pature for them, and with silence and solitude, which are the necessary food of my amorous thoughts." He had no sooner pronounced these words, than he threw himself upon the ground, and his armour rattled as he fell, furnishing Don Quixote with a manifest proof of his being a knight-errant: he therefore approached Sancho, who was asleep, and shaking him by the arm, with no small difficulty, brought him to himself; saying, in a low voice, "Brother Sancho, here is an adventure."—God grant it may be a good one," answered the squire; "and pray, Signior, whereabout may her ladyship be?—Where?" said Don Quixote, "turn thine eyes this way, and behold lying upon the grass a knight-errant, who, by what I have already observed, cannot be over and above easy in his mind? for I saw him throw himself upon the ground, with evident marks of vexation, and heard his armour clatter in his fall."—But how has your worship found that this is an adventure?" replied the squire. "I will not positively say that it is altogether an adventure," answered the knight, "but rather the beginning of one: for thus they usually commence: but hark! he seems to tune a lute or rebek, and by his hawking and humming, I suppose he is going to sing."—In good faith, it is even so," said Sancho, "and he must be some knight-errant in love."—All knights-errant are so," resumed Don Quixote; "but let us listen, and by the thread of his song, discover the clue of his thoughts; for, From the abundance of the heart the tongue speaketh." Sancho would have made some reply, but was prevented by the voice of the Knight of the Wood, which was neither very sweet nor disagreeable; and, listening with surprize, they heard him sing the following song:

I.

SUBJECTED to thy serv'ing will,
'Ah, cruel maid! my fate decree;
The sentence, tho' inhuman, still
Shall never be declin'd by me.

II.

Say, that my death thy joy would move,
My breath with freedom I'll resign—
Or wouldst thou listen to my love,
The God himself shall whisper mine.

III.

This heart, thy vassal whilst I live,
Like ductile wax, and diamond hard,
Thy lamp will yieldingly receive,
And keep th' impression unimpaired.

The Knight of the Wood finisht this complaint with an 'Ahi!' that seemed to be heaved from the bottom of his soul, and soon after exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone, 'O thou most beautiful and ungrateful woman upon earth! is it possible, that the most ferene Cailde de Vandalia has doomed this her captive knight to consume and exhaust himself in continual peregrinations, in harsh and rugged toils? Is it not enough that I have established the fame of thy beauty above all comparison, by the exerted confession of all the knights of Navarre, Leon, Tartefia, Caitile, and finally of La Mancha? Not so, neither," cried Don Quixote, interrupting; 'for I, who am of La Mancha, never made any such acknowledgment; neither could I, or ought I, to make a confession so prejudicial to the beauty of my own mistresses; therefore, Sancho, this knight must certainly be disorders in his judgment; but let us listen, perhaps he will explain himself."—Very like," answered the squire, 'he seems to be in the humour of complaining for a whole month.'

But this was not the case; for the Knight of the Wood, hearing people talk so near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but flaring up, called with a courteous and sonorous voice, 'Who is there? are you of the number of the happy or afflicted?—Of the afflicted,' replied Don Quixote. 'Come hither, then,' resumed the stranger, 'and depend upon it you will...
find the very essence of sorrow and
affliction.

Don Quixote hearing him speak in
such civil and pathetick terms, went to-
wards him, with Sancho at his back,
when the complaining knight took him
by the hand, saying, 'Sit down, Sir
knight, for that you are one of those
who profess knight-errantry, I am
convinced by finding you in this
place, accompanied by solitude and
the dews of night, which are the pe-
culiar companions of those who be-
long to our order.'

To this address Don Quixote replied,
'I am a knight of that order you men-
tion; and though melancholy, mis-
chief, and misfortune, have taken
up their habitation in my soul, they
have not been able to bannish from it
that compassion which I feel for the
unhappy. From the soliloquy you
just now uttered, I gather that your
misfortunes are of the amorous kind;
I mean, that they proceed from the pas-
sion you entertain for that beautiful
ingrate whom you named in your
complaint.' While this conversation
passed, they sat down together upon the
grafs, with all the marks of amity and
good fellowship, as if at break of day
they had not been doomed to break each
other's head. 'Perchance, Sir Knight,'
said the stranger, 'you are in love?—
By mischance I am so,' answered Don
Quixote, 'though the vexation that pro-
ceeds from well placed affection
ought rather to be deemed a benefit
than misfortune.'—'True,' said the
Knight of the Wood, 'if our judgment
and reason are not disturbed by dif-
dain, which, if exercised severely, leems
a-kin to revenge.'—'I never was dis-
dained by my mistress,' replied Don
Quixote. 'No, indeed,' (cried Sancho,
who stood hard by) 'my lady is as
meek as a lamb, and as soft as but-
ter.'
The stranger knight asked if that
was his squire; and the other aswering in
the affirmative, 'I never saw a
squire,' said he, 'that, like him, durst
intrude upon his master's conversa-
tion; at least, I can say so much for
mine, who, though as tall as his fa-
ther, was never known to open his
lips, when I was engaged in discourse.'
'In good faith!' cried Sancho, 'I
have spoke, and will speak again, be-
fore as good a man as—but let that

rest—the more you stir it, the more it
will—'

Here the other squire took hold on
Sancho by the arm, saying, 'Let you
and I go somewhere, and talk our
bellies-full, in our own way, and
leave our matters at liberty to recount
their amours; for sure I am, the night
will be spent before they are done.'—
'With all my heart,' replied Sancho,
and I will tell your worship who I
am, that you may see whether or not
I am qualified to be ranked among
your talking squires.' They accord-
ingly retired together, and between them
passed a conversation every bit as merry
as that of their masters was grave.

C H A P. XIII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE
ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF
THE WOOD—WITH A SAGE, UN-
COMMON, AND AGREEABLE DI-
ALOGUE, THAT PASSED BETWEEN
THE TWO SQUIRES.

The knights and their squires
being thus parted, the first enter-
tained each other with the story of
their loves, while the last indulged them-
selves with a reciprocal account of their
own lives; but the history first of all
records the conversation of the domes-
ticks, and then proceeds to relate what
passed between the masters. The squires,
therefore, having chosen a situation at
a convenient distance from the knights,
he of the wood accosted Sancho in these
words: 'Signior, this is a troublesome
life that we squires to knights-errant
lead; in good sothe, we earn our
bread with the sweat of our brows,
which is one of the curfes that God
denounced against our first parents.—
It may also be said,' replied Sancho,
that we earn it with the slot of our
bodies; for no creatures on earth fuf-
fier more heat and cold than the mi-
serable squires of knight-errantry; and
even that would be more tolerable, if
we had any thing good to eat; for,
Hearty fare lightens care, as the
saying is; but we often pass a whole
day, nay sometimes two, without
ever breaking our fast, except upon
the winds of heaven.'—'All this,'
said the other, 'may be endured, with
the hope of reward; for if the knight-
errant
errant is not extremely unfortunate, his squire must, in a very little time, see himself recompensed with the hand-some government of some island, or with the poifion of a profitable earl-dom. — For my own part," answered Sancho, "I have already told my maifter, that I shall be satisfied with the government of an island, which he has been so noble and generous as to promise me, divers and luindy times. — " And I," said the stranger, " am contented with a canonship, which my mafter has already bespoke for me, on account of my faithful services. — It seems, then, your mafter must be an ecclefoial knight," replied Sancho, " seeing he can provide for his squire in the church; but as for me, he is a mere layman; though I remember, that certain very wise perfons (and yet, I believe, not very honeft at bottom) advised him to procure for himself an archbishoprick; but he would be nothing but an emperor; and I was then, in a grievous quandary, for fear he should take it in his head to be of the church; in which cafe, I should not have been qualified to hold a benefice; for your worship must know, though I look like a man, I am no better than a beast at church-matters. — Verily," said he of the wood, "your worship mistakes the matter quite; your governments of islands are not at all defirable; some are vexatious, some are beggarly, others attended with much melancholy and fatigue; in short, the most creditable and orderly brings along with it a load of care and inconvenience, that lies heavy on the shoulders of the unhappy person whose lot it is to bear it: it would be abundantly better for us to undergo this accursed slavery, to return to our own homes, and there amuse ourselves with more agreeable pastime; such, for example, as hunting or fiiming; for what squire is there on earth, so poor as to want a horse, a couple of hounds, and a fiiming-rod, wherewith to entertain himself at his own habitation? — " For my own part," answered Sancho, "I want none of these conveniences: true it is I have not a horse, but then I am in possession of an afs, which is worth my mafter's stead twice over. God let me never fee a joyful Baiter, if I would truck with him for four bushels of barley to boot; you may laugh, if you will, at the price. — I fet upon Dapple, (for that is the colour of my beast;) then, I should never be in want of hounds; for there are plenty, and to spare, in our town, and you know nothing is so relishing as to hunt at another's expense. — Really and truly, Signior Squire, resumed the stranger, 'I am fully re-soved and determined to quit these knights-errant, with all their crazy pranks, and betake myself to my own town, where I will bring up my children; for, thank God, I have three, like as many oriental pearls. — And I have a couple," said Sancho, 'that may be prefented to the pope in person; especially my daughter, whom I breed up to be a countess, by the blefis- fing of God, though it be contrary to her mother's inclination. — And of what age may this young lady be, whom you are breeding for a countefs?" said the squire of the wood. "Fifteen years, or thereabouts," answered Sancho; " but she is as tall as a pear, fresh as an April morn, and strong as a porter." — These are qualifications not only for a countess, but even for the nymph of the green wood-tree," said the other: 'ah, the whore's the mop a buckom jade she must be." Sancho, nettled at this epithet, replied, 'She is no whore, neither was her mother before her; nor shall either of them be so, an plesa God, whilst I live: so I think you might talk more civilly; for, considering your worship has been bred among knights-errant, who are, as it were, courtefly itself, me thinks your words might be better chosen. — 'How little are you acquainted with the nature of commendation, Signior Squire?" answered he of the wood. 'Don't you know, that when any cavalier, at a bull-feast, wounds the bull deztrously, or when any perfon behaves remarkably well, the people exclaim, "How cleverly the fon of a whore has done it?" and that which looks like reproach, is on such occasions a notable commendation. Take my word, Signior, you ought to renounce all children, if their behaviour does not entitle the parents to such praise. — 'I do renounce them," answered Sancho; 'at that rate, and for that reason, you worship may call my wife and X X daughter.
daughter as many whores as you please; for both in word and deed, they richly deserve the name; and that I may see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from this mortal sin, which will be the case, if he delivers me from this dangerous employment of squire, which I have incurred a second time, being seduced and enticed by a purer of one hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midst of the Brown Mountain; and the devil continually feys before mine eyes, here and there and every where, a bag full of doubloons, which, at every step, methinks I have felt in my clutches, hugging it in my arms, and carrying it home to my own house, where I purchase mortgages and estates, and live like any prince; and while I pleasfe myself with these notions, I hear, without murmuring, all the toils and fatigues I undergo, in the service of the wife-acre my master, who, I know, is more of a madman than a knight.'

'So that, according to the proverb,' replied the stranger, ' Covetousness bursts the bag. But if you talk of wifeacres, there is not a greater in the universe than my master, who is one of those concerning whom people say, He is burdened like an ass, with another man's load; for truly he is turned mad, that another knight may turn wife, and is going about in quest of that which, when he hath found it, may hit him in the teeth.'—'And pray, is he in love?' said Sancho. 'Yes,' replied the other, 'he is enamoured of one Caffidea de Vandalia, the most fickle dame that ever was seen; but her cruelty is not the foot that he halts upon at present: he has got other crotches of greater importance grumbling in his gizzard, which ere long will more plainly appear.'—'There is no road to smooth,' retum'd Sancho, 'but you'll meet with rubs and hollows in it. Other people use beans, but I boil whole kettles full. Madnes is always more accompanied and followed after, than discretion; but if it be true, as it is commonly allledged, that company in affliction lessens the weight of it, I shall comfort my-

'self by reflecting that your worship serves a master who is as distracted as mine.'—'Distraeted, I grant you,' said he of the wood, 'but valiant, and still more mischievous than valiant or distraeted.'—'That is not the case with my master,' replied Sancho, 'he has nothing at all mischievous about him; on the contrary, is as dull as a beetle, and knows not what it is to harm man, woman, or child, or to harbour the least malice, but seeks to do good unto all mankind. A child may persuade him that it is night at noon; and, indeed, for that very simplicity, I love him as my own bowels, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, notwithstanding all the mad pranks he is guilty of.'—'But for all that, Signor and brother of mine,' said the stranger, 'if the blind lead the blind, they are both in danger of falling into the ditch. We had much better retire fair and softly, and return to our own habitations; for they who go in search of adventures do not always find them to their liking.'

About this time Sancho began to hawk a kind of dry spitting, which being observed by the charitable squire of the wood, 'Methinks,' said he, 'we have talked till our tongues clave to the roofs of our mouths; but I have got something that will agreeably moisten them, at my saddle-bow.' He accordingly got up, and going aside to his horse, soon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pye half a yard long; and this is really no exaggeration; for it contained a whole fed rabbit, so large, that when Sancho felt it, he took it for a whole goat or a large kid at least, crying, as soon as he perceived it, 'Howl! does your worship usually carry such provision as this about with you?'—'What d'ye think?' answered the other; d'ye take me for a hackney squire? I carry a better cupboard on my horse's crupper than e'er a general on his march.'

Sancho fell to, without staying for intreaty, and swallowed, in the dark, huge mouthfuls, with as much ease as if it had been flummery, saying be-

* Literally, 'a squire of wool and water,' an allusion to a custom among the Spaniards, who sometimes have domestic flocks to attend them to masts, and sprinkle them with holy waters there are generally shabby fellows, who have very poor appointments.
in the knowledge of wine, that give
me but a smell of any kind whatever,
and I will tell you exactly its coun-
try, growth, and age, together with
the changes it will undergo, and all
other circumstances appertaining to the
mystery? But this is not to be won-
dered at; for, by my father's side, I
had two kinsmen who were the most
excellent tasters that La Mancha hath
known for these many years; as a
proof of which, I will tell you what
once happened to them. A sample of
wine was presented to them out of a
hoghead, and their opinions asked
concerning the condition and quality;
that is, the goodness or baseness of
the liquor to which it belonged; one
of them tasted it with the tip of his
tongue, the other did no more than
clap it to his nose; the first said the
wine tailed of iron, the other affirmed
it had a twang of goats leather; the
owner protessed that the pipe was
clean, and the contents without any
fort of mixture that could give the
liquor either the taffe of iron, or the
smell of goats leather: nevertheless,
the two famous tasters stuck to the
judgment they had given; time passed
on, the wine was sold, and when the
pipe came to be cleaned, they found
in it a small key; tied to a leathern
thong. By this your worship may
perceive, whether or not one who is
descended from such a race, may ven-
ture to give his opinion in cafes of
this nature. — Therefore, I say, re-
p lied the stranger, 'that we ought to
quit this trade of going in quest of
adventures, and be contented with our
loaf, without longing for dainties;
let us return to our own cottages,
where God will find us, if it be his
pleased will.' — I will serve my ma-
ster till he arrives at Saragossa,' said
Sancho, 'and then we shall come to a
right understanding.'

In fine, the two honest squires talked
and drank so copiously, that sleep was
fain to tie up their tongues, and allay
their drought, which it was impossible
to remove; each, therefore, grasping
the bottle, which by this time was al-
most empty, fell asleep, with the mor-
sel half chewed in his mouth. In this
situation we will leave them for the
present, and relate what happened be-
tween the knight of the wood, and him
of the rueful countenance.

X x 2  C H A P.
CHAP. XIV.

WHEREIN THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOOD IS CONTINUED.

In the course of the conversation that passed between the two knights, the history relates, that he of the wood said to Don Quixote, 'Finally, Sir Knight, you must know, my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to place my affection on the peerless Casilda de Vandalia. I call her peerless, because she has no equal, either in point of stature, quality, fortune, or beauty. Now this lady, in return for all my virtuous inclination and amorous desires, like the fopmother of Hercules, employs me in many various toils and dangers, promising at the conclusion of each, that with the next my cares shall be finished; but thus she goes on, stringing one labour to another, without number, and I know not which will be the last that is to produce the accomplishment of my wishes. At one time she commanded me to go and challenge that famous giant of Seville, called Giraldas, who is so valiant and strong, (her body being made of brass) and who, without shifting her station, is the most changeable and fickle female in the whole world. I came, saw, and conquered; fixing her motionless to one point, for during a whole week, the wind blew from the north. Another time, she ordered me to weigh the ancient figures called the Valiant Bulls of Guifando; an enterprise more suitable to portersthan knights; nay, the even commanded me to throw myself headlong into the gulf of Cabra, an adventure equally new and dangerous, and bring to her a particular account of what is contained in that dark and deep abyss. I fixed the infallent Giraldas, weighed the bulls of Guifando, precipitated myself into the gulf, and brought to light the secrets of it's abyss; and yet my hopes are dead; ah, how dead! while her cruelty and disdain are still alive;

ah, how much alive! In short, to conclude, she ordered me to traverse all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight-errant in the kingdom to confess that she is preferable, in point of beauty, to all the women upon earth; and that I am the most valiant and amorous knight in the world. In consequence of this command, I have travelled over the greatest part of Spain, and vanquished many knights who have preferred to contradict my assertion; but I value and applaud myself chiefly for having conquered in single combat, that so renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, and made him confess that my Casilda is more beautiful than his Dulcinea. Now, in that single conquest, I deem myself superior to all the knights in the universe; for that fame Don Quixote hath vanquished all his contemporaries; and I, in conquering him, have transferred and conveyed to my own person all his honour, glory, and reputation; the victor being always honoured in proportion to the fame of his vanquished foe; wherefore, the innumerable achievements of the said Don Quixote are placed to my credit, as if they were the effects of my own personal prowess.

Don Quixote was astonished at hearing the knight of the wood talk in this manner; and was a thousand times tempted to give him the lyre; nay, 'You lye,' was at the very tip of his tongue; but repelling his indignation as well as he could, that he might make the stranger's own tongue convict him of falsehood, he replied very calmly, 'That your worship, Sir Knight, may have vanquished the greatest part of the knights-errant in Spain, and even in the whole world, I do not pretend to question; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de La Mancha, I doubt very much; perhaps it might be another who resembles him, though there are few such.'—How not conquer him?' cried he of the wood; now, by yon canopy of Heaven, under which we sit, I engaged, overcame, and subjected that very indi-

* A brass statue on a steeple at Seville, serving for a weather-cock.
† These are iron statues of bulls, erected by the Romans at Guifando, a town in Càsile; all the inscriptions are effaced, except the name of A. Quintus Cæcilius, Consul II.
So saying, he started up, and grasping his sword, stood waiting for the resolution of the Knight of the Wood, who, with great deliberation replied: 'A good pageant needs no pawn, Signior Don Quixote; he who could vanquish you when you were transformed, may well hope to reduce you in pro\-\textit{pria persona}; but as it is unevenly for knights to perform their exploits in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for day, that the sun may shine upon our works; and let this be the condition of our combat, that the vanquished shall comply with the will of the victor, and do every thing that he shall desire, provided his commands be such as a knight-errant can decently obey.'

Don Quixote assured him, that he was extremely well satisfied with the condition and proviso; upon which they went in quest of their squires, who were found sprawling in the very same attitudes in which sleep had surprized them. They wakened, and ordered them to get their horses ready; for by fun-rise they intended to engage in a most unparalleled and bloody single combat. Sancho was abominable and confounded at this piece of news; despairing of his master's safety, when he recollected what the other squire had told him concerning the value of the knight of the wood. The two squires, however, without pretending to make any words, went to look for their cattle, and found three steeds, with Dapple, (for they had finemelled each other out) very lozably met together. While they were thus employed, 'Brother,' said he of the wood to Sancho, 'you must know that it is customary with your warriors of Andalucia, when they are godfathers in any quarrel, not to stand idle, with their arms across, while their godfathers are engaged. This I hint, by way of apprising you that, while our matters are at it, we must exchange a few dry blows too.'—'That custom, Signior squire,' answered Sancho, 'may pass current with those ruffians and war-riors you mention; but that it prevails among the squires of knights-errant, I can by no means believe; at least, I have never heard such a custom men-tioned by my master, who knows all the ordinances of chivalry by rote. Besides, granting it to be fact, and expressly ordained, that the squires must
must go to loggerheads while their matters are engaged; I will by no means comply with it, but pay the penalty incurred by peaceable squires, which I am sure cannot exceed a couple of pounds of wax; and that will not cost me so much as the pence I should expend in the cure of my head, which I should lay my account with having split and divided into two halves; and moreover, it is impossible that I should fight, because I have got no sword, and never wore one in my born days. — I know a very good remedy for that inconvenience, said the stranger: here are a couple of linen bags, of the same size: you shall take one, and I the other, and play away upon each other with equal arms. — With all my heart, answered Sancho; that sort of exercise will serve to dust our jackets, without hurting our skin. — Not quite so neither, resumed the other, for that the bags may not flap in the air, we will clap into each half a dozen clear smooth pebbles, of equal weight and magnitude; so that we may thwack one another without hurt or damage. — Body of my father, cried Sancho, mind what fable furrs and flakes of carded cotton he would line the bags withal, to prevent them from grinding our skulls, and making a paste of our bones! Hark ye, master of mine, I have nothing to do with them, though they were stuffed with balls of silk; let our matters fight as they shall think proper, but for our parts, let us drink and live quietly; for old father Time will take care to rid us of our lives, without our seeking occasions to throw them away before the appointed season, at which, being ripe, they drop off of their own accord. — But, for all that, replied he of the wood, we must have a bout, if it should not last half an hour. — By no means, said Sancho; I shall not be so uncivil and ungrateful as to have any difference, let it be never so small, with a person at whose cost I have both eaten and drank: besides, who the devil do you think can fight in cool blood, without any sort of anger or provocation? — I know how to remove that objection, returned the stranger: before we begin the battle, I will come up fair and softly, and give your worship two or three such hearty boxes on the ear, as will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it should sleep fonder than a dormouse. — Against that expedient, answered Sancho, I know another twice as good: for I will lay hold on a good cudgel, and before your worship comes to awaken my choler, give your own such a lullaby of dry beating, that it shall never wake but in the next world, where you'll have reason to know that I am not a man who will suffer his nose to be handled by any person whatsoever; wherefore, let every one look to his own affairs. Though it would be the wildest course for every man to let his own choler lie still and sleep: for nobody knows the heart of his neighbour, and some who go out for wool, come home quite thorn. God himself bestowed his blessing upon peace, and curst upon contention; for if a cat that is confined, provoked, and perfecuted, turns into a lion, the Lord knows what I, who am a man, may turn into: I therefore, Signior Squire, give your worship notice, that all the mischief and damage which shall proceed from our quarrel, must be charged to your account. — Mighty well, replied the stranger, we shall see what is to be done, when God sends us morning.

Now a thousand kinds of painted birds began to warble from the trees, and in their various and brightly notes seemed to welcome and indicate the fresh and joyous morn, which already, through the gates and balconies of the city, diffused her beauteous violets; while from her hair diffused an infinite number of liquid pearls, in which deliciious liquor the herbs being bathed, seemed to sprout and rain a flower of feed-pearl upon the earth. The willows shed savoury manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows adorned themselves at her approach. But scarce had the light of day rendered objects distinguishable, when the first thing that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the nose of his brother squire, which was so large as almost to overshadow his whole body. It is actually said to have been of excessive magnitude, crooked in the middle, and flushed all over with warts of a mulberry colour, like the fruit called berengena;
berengena; and it hung down two fingers breadth below his mouth. The fixe, colour, warts, and curvature of this feature, rendered the face so frightful and deformed, that Sancho no sooner beheld it than he began to shake in every limb, like a child troubled with convulsions; and resolved, in his heart, to endure two hundred buffettings, before his cholera should be awaked, so as to fight with such a hogoblin.

Don Quixote surveying his antagonist, found his vizor already down, and closed in such a manner as effectually concealed his face; but he perceived him to be a muscular man, of a middling stature. Over his arms he wore a loose coat or caftock, to all appearance of the finest cloth of gold, powdered with a number of small moons formed of the brightest looking-glass, which had a most magnificent, gay, and shewy effect. Over his helmet waved a great quantity of green, yellow, and white plumes; and his lance, which leaned against a tree, was excessively long and large, armed with above a hand's breadth of pointed steel. All these particulars were observed and considered by Don Quixote, who concluded, from what he saw and observed, that the said knight must be a person of Herculean strength. Nevertheless, far from being afraid, like Sancho Panza, he, with the most gallant intrepidity, thus addressed himself to the Knight of the Mirrors: 'I entreat you, by your courtesy, Sir Knight, if your eager desire of fighting hath not destroyed that quality, to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether or not the grace of your countenance corresponds with the gallantry of your demeanour.'—Signior cavalier,' replied he of the looking-glasses, 'whether you are victor or vanquished in this enterprise, you will have time and opportunity more than sufficient to consider my village: my reason for not satisfying your desire at present, is, that I should deem it a notable injury to the beautiful Calidea de Vandalia, to spend so much time as it would take to lift up my beaver, before I compel you to confess what you know I pretend to maintain.'—'Yet, while we mount our steeds,' said Don Quixote, 'you may easily tell me if I am that fame Don Quixote whom you pretend to have overcome.'—'To that question I an-

swer,' said he of the mirrors; 'that you are as like the knight I overcame, as one egg is like another; but as you lay you are perfecuted by inchanters, I will not venture to affirm whether or not you are the same person.'—'That is enough,' replied Don Quixote, 'to convince me that you are mistaken: nevertheless, to persuade you beyond all possibility of doubt, let us have recourse to our horses, and in lefts time than you would have taken to lift your beaver, if God, my mistresses, and my arm avail me, I shall see your face; and you will see I am not that conqueror Don Quixote whom you suppose me to be.'

Thus breaking off the conversation, they mounted their horses; and Don Quixote turned Rozinante, in order to take a sufficiency of ground for returning to encounter his antagonist, while he of the mirrors took the same precaution. But the first had not proceeded twenty paces when he was called back by the other, and the two meeting again half way, 'Take notice, Sir Knight,' said he of the looking glasses, 'the condition of our combat is, that the conquerer, as I have already observed, must be at the discretion of the conqueror.'—'I know it,' answered Don Quixote, 'provided the commands imposed upon the vanquished be such as do not transgress the bounds of civility.'—'So I understand the conditions,' answered he of the mirrors. At that instant the strange noise of the quire presented itself to the eyes of Don Quixote, who was no less astonish ed than Sancho at the sight; insomuch that he took him for some monster, or new-fashioned man, such as are not commonly found in this world. Sancho, seeing his master set out, in order to take his career, would not stay alone with nozzle, being afraid, that one split of such a stout in his face would determine the quarrel, and lay him hight ed along the ground, either through fear or the severity of the blow, he therefore ran after his master, and laying hold of one of Rozinante's stirrups, when he saw him ready to turn, 'I beseech your worship, dear master,' cried he, 'before you turn to begin the combat, help me in climbing this cork-tree, from whence I may behold, more to my liking then from the ground, your worship's gallant encounter with
DON QUIXOTE.

that same knight.'—' I rather believe, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that thy motive for clambering up is to see the bull-fight from a scaffold, without any danger to thyself.'—' The truth is,' answered Panza, 'the outrageous nose of that fiquire fills me with such astonishment and affright, that I dare not tarry along with him.'—' It is such indeed,' replied the knight, 'that were I any other than what I am, I should be scared at it's appearance: come, therefore, and I will help thee to ascend to the place you mention.'

While Don Quixote stopped until Sancho should get up into the cork-tree, the Knight of the Mirrors took as much ground as he thought necessary, and imagining that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or other signal, he turned his horse, which was not a whit superior to Rozinante, either in fleetness or appearance, and at his full speed, which was a middling trot, rode forwards to encounter his antagonist; but seeing him busy in the exaltation of Sancho, he pulled in the reins, and halted in the middle of his career; a circumstance that gave infinite joy to his steed, which was already so tired, that he could not move another step. Don Quixote perceiving his enemy approaching with such speed, drove his spurs stoutly into the meagre flanks of Rozinante, and made him spring forwards in such a manner, that the history says, this was the only occasion on which he was ever known to gallop; for, at all other times, his swiftest pace was no other than a downright trot; and with this hitherto unseen fury he arrived at the spot where the Knight of the Mirrors sat, thrusting his spurs novel-deep into the sides of his horse, without being able to move him one finger's breadth from the place where he had made his halt. In this confusion and dilemma Don Quixote found his antagonist embroiled with his horse, and embarrassed with his lance, which, either through want of knowledge or of time, he had not as yet fixed in the rest. Our Manchegan, who never minded these incumbrances, safely, and without the least danger to his own person, encountered him of the mirours with such vigour, as to bring him, very much against his inclination, to the ground, over the crupper of his horse, with such a fall, that he lay without sensc or motion, to all appearance bereft of life.

Sancho no sooner saw him unhorsed, than sliding down from the cork-tree, he ran down to his master, who having alighted from Rozinante, stood over the Knight of the Mirrors, untying his helmet, in order to see, whether or not he was actually dead, and to give him air, in case he should be alive. Then it was he saw—who can relate what he saw, without creating admiration, wonder, and affright in those who hear it! He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigies, the very perspective of the batchelor, Sampson Carrasco; and this he no sooner beheld, than raising his voice, he cried, 'Come hither, Sancho, and behold what thou shalt see, but not believe; quick, my child, and contemplate the power of magic: here thou wilt see what those wizards and enchanters can do.' Sancho accordingly approached, and seeing the face of batchelor Carrasco, began to crofs and blefs himself a thousand times.

Mean while, the overthrown knight, giving no signs of life, Sancho said to Don Quixote, ' In my opinion, master, right or wrong, your worship should thrust your sword through the jaws of this milcreant, who seems to be the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, and in him, perhaps, you may flay one of those enchanters who are your enemies.'—' That is no bad advice,' said the knight, ' for the fewer enemies the better.' So saying, he drew his sword, in order to put in execution the advice and counsel of Sancho, when the fiquire belonging to the Knight of the Mirrors, came up without his frightful noife, and cried aloud, ' Take care what you do, Signior Don Quixote; he who lies at your feet is your friend the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, and I am his fiquire.'

Sancho seeing him without his original deformity, ' And the noife?' said he. ' I have it here,' replied the other; who putting his hand in his right side-pocket, pulled out a paste-board noife, covered with varnish, such as we have already described. Sancho having considered him more and more attentively, broke out into a loud exclamation of wonder, crying, 'Blessed virgin watch over me! Sure this is not my neighbour.
hour and gossip Tommy Cecal?—The very same," answered the unshorn squire, "Thomas Cecal I am, your own friend and gossip, Sancho Panza, and I will presently tell you by what means about conduits, tricks, and mischievous stories, I have been brought hither: in the mean time, duplicate and befech your master's worship not to treat, maltreat, wound, or flay, the Knight of the Looking-glases, who now lies at his feet; for, without all doubt, he is no other than our townsmen, the inconsiderate and ill-advised batchelor Sampson Carrasco.

About this time, the Knight of the Mirrors came to himself; and Don Quixote perceiving he had recovered the life of his fellows, clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat, saying, "Knight, you are a dead man, if you do not instantly confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels your Calildea de Vandalia, in beauty; and in the next place, you must promise, (provided you escape with life from this contention and overthrow) to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her, in my name, that she may dispose of you according to her good pleasure; and if she leaves you at your own disposal, you shall return in quest of me; for the tracks of my exploits will serve as a guide to conduct you to the place where I shall be, and give me an account of what hath passed between you; these conditions being conformable to what we agreed upon before the combat, and not deviating from the customs of knight-errantry."—"I confess," said the vanquished knight, "that the clout-ed dirty shoe of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, excels the dishevelled, though shining locks of Calildea: I promise to go and return from her to your presence, and give you a full and particular detail of what you demand."

"You must, in like manner, confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight whom you overcame neither was nor could be Don Quixote de La Mancha, but some other who resembled him; as I confess and believe, that although you appear to be the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, you are not really he, but another cladeth in his appearance, with which my enemies have invested you, in order to arrest my arm, and restrain the impetuous of my rage, so as that I may bear the story of my conquest with moderation."—"I confess, judge, and perceive, in all respects, as you believe, judge, and perceive," answered the discomfited knight; and I beseech you to allow me to rise, if the severity of my fall, which hath put me in a miserable plight, will permit me to get up."

He was accordingly assisted in rising, by Don Quixote and his own squire Tommy Cecal, from whose person Sancho could not withdraw his eyes, while he asked a thousand questions; the answers to which manifestly shewed, that he was really and truly the individual Tommy Cecal, whom he pretended to be; but the apprehension which Sancho had conceived, from what his master said touching the enchanters, who had metamorphosed the Knight of the Mirrors into the Batchelor Carrasco, hindered him from giving credit to the truth of what he saw with his own eyes. Finally, both matter and man remained under the influence of that deception, while he of the mirrors, with his squire, in exceeding bad humour and evil plight, took his leave of Don Quixote and Sancho, to go in quest of some place where he might beplatter and besplinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to the prosecution of their journey; in which the history leaves them, to explain the mystery of the knight of the looking-glasses and his shouted squire.

CHAP. XV.

WHICH GIVES AN ACCOUNT AND INFORMATION OF THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS AND HIS SQUIRE.

Don Quixote went on his way rejoicing; he gloried, he triumphed in the importance of his conquest, imagining the knight of the mirrors to be the most redoubtable of all knights that had yet ever appeared; and what afforded him likewise great matter of comfort was, that this knight, having engaged himself by the ties of honour, from which he could not deviate, without forfeiting his title to the order, he conceived hopes of hearing soon from Dulcinea, and of being certainly in...
formed whether the enchantment of that prince's still continued; though, indeed, it happened, that he and the knight of the mirrors thought, at that time, differently upon this subject; inasmuch as the latter was solely intent upon thinking how he should repair the damage done to his carcase.

And here the historian informs his readers, that when Sampfon Carrafo advised Don Quixote to resume the profession of knight-errantry, it was in consequence of mature consultation between him, the curate, and the barber, when they deliberated upon the means of keeping him in peace and quiet at home, so that his brains, for the future, should not be disturbed in pursuit of those wild extravagances; the result of which was, that the only way to cure the frenzy of this unhappy man, was at present not to check his ungovernable obstinacy, but to humour it; and encourage him to go out again, as they saw it was impossible to prevent him; that Sampfon should arm himself, and take an opportunity of meeting and challenging him, as a knight-errant; that he should settle the terms with him, that the vanquished should be at the disposal of the conqueror; that, in consequence of this agreement, Don Quixote, when overcome, (which they looked upon as a matter of little doubt and difficulty) should be ordered to return home, and not to pass the bounds of his own village for the space of two years, without the good-will and permission of the other; that, no doubt, this he would religiously comply with, as not daring to violate the laws of the order; and that there might be hopes, he would either in that space of time be naturally cured of those extravagant follies, or they might find out some method of diverting his mind from the farther pursuit of them. Carrafo undertook the affair very readily; and this Thomas Cecial, an intimate friend and companion of Sancho, and a queer sort of fellow, proffered his service to go upon the expedition, in the quality of squire. Sampfon got himself accounted in the manner you have read, and Cecial appeared in the terrors of that tremendous paste-board nolle, to disguise himself from Sancho; and being thus equipped, they followed him so close, that they were very near coming up with him at the adventure of the waggon of Death; they met him however in the wood, where ensnared what the attentive reader must already be acquainted with; and where, had it not been for Don Quixote's heated imagination, which hurried him into the belief that the batchelor was not the batchelor Signior Sampfon Carrafo, would have been effectually stopped in the progress of his university degrees, and would not even have found a nest where he expected a flight of sparrows.

Thomas Cecial, finding the unhappy succed that attended their undertaking; said, 'Mr. Carrafo, I cannot in my confidence see why we ought to comply; it is one thing to undertake, but another thing to finish: we looked upon Don Quixote as mad, and ourselves as hugely wise; but, behold the end! we take our march back again, both from a fool's errand, and you methandsomely drugged to boot, while he pursues his journey in safety and triumph; and I should really be curious to know which is the greatest fool, he who is made so by nature, or he who makes himself one?'—'There is this difference,' replied the batchelor, 'between a natural and a willful fool; that the former will always remain so, the latter may cease to be so when he has a mind.'—'As that is the cafe,' said Thomas, 'I think I have been a monstrous fool in coming here to attend you as your squire; and therefore, that I may be so no longer, I will this instant tie me to my own habitation.'—In that particular, you may do what seems good unto you,' replied Sampfon; 'but as for me, I see not the place of my dwelling, until I shall have taken bodily vengeance upon Don Quixote: 'tis not now from motives of charity or benevolence; no, 'tis revenge, and the anguish of my ribs, that prompt me to persevere in attempting the work of his reformation.'

They entertained one another in this manner, till they came to a village, where they had the good fortune to find a bone-setter, who put the batchelor's ribs somewhat to rights; and Cecial took the route for his own village, leaving Carrafo deep in his meditations, projecting schemes of revenge. In due time, the history will again mention him;
DON QUIXOTE.

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

DON Quixote, as we have observed, went on his way, glorying in his success. From that day, he dated himself the most renowned and invincible of all knights that had ever yet gone through a course of labours on this our earth: he looked upon all dangers, all difficulties that possibly could come in his way, as already vanquished, already overcome: he now valued not a ruth the machinations of the most powerful enchanters. The very traces of former misfortunes, those drubbings out of number he had undergone, in discharging the functions of knighthood, were now quite obliterated from his memory. He thought no more of the shower of stones which had so sorely afflicted his jaw-bones, nor the mortifying ingratitude of the gally-flavers; nor did he think any more of the pack-flaves of the Yanguelian carriers, who had the hardihood to make his sides resound like the drumming of a carpet: in short, the idea he conceived of his own felicity was so great, that, 'Could I,' said he to himself, 'but accomplish the great point of delivering my celestial prince from the power of enchantment, I should not envy the glory that ever was or will be purchased by any knight in the universe.'

He was lost in these reveries, when Sancho interrupted him: 'Signior, you will hardly believe what a fool I am; but it is an actual truth, that I cannot keep myself from thinking on that horrid and unmeasurable nofe of my neighbour Tom Cecial.'—'And dost thou really believe,' replied the other, 'that the Knight of the Mirrors was Sampfon Carrasco, and that thy old companion, Thomas Cecial, was his squire'?—'As to that affair, I can say nothing to it,' answered Sancho; 'only one thing I am positive in, that no one but himself could have given me such an account of my house, my wife, and my children; and as to his face, when that nose was flipt off, it was the very individual face of Thomas Cecial, just as I have beheld it many a time, when we were next door neighbours in our village: and as for his voice, I will take my oath, it is the fame to a little.'—'Come, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'let us reason coolly upon this head: what probability is there, that Sampfon Carrasco should come, as a knight-errant, armed cap-a-pee, to offer me combat? Am I his enemy, or did I ever give him occasion to bear resentment against me? Do you imagine I am his rival, or that he has entered into the profession of chivalry, as envying the glory I have acquired by arms?—'But then, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'what account can we give of the resemblance of that same knight and his squire to Sampfon Carrasco, and my old friend Thomas Cecial? And if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world but them whose likenesses they could assume?'—'It is all design,' answered the other; and the contrivance of those cursed enchanters that perforce me, who easily foreseeing I should be victorious in the combat, changed the form of the vanquished knight into that of the batchelor, that the friendship I have for him might check the fury of my sword, and shield him against the effects of my just indignation; and by that means save the life of him who by treachery and artifice had attempted to take away mine. But what farther proof need there be of the power of those enchanters, to change the appearance of human countenances, the fair into the deformed, and the deformed into the fair, than what thou thyself hast lately found by certain experience? Thou, who not two days since beheld the peers left Dulcinea in all the charms and lustr of perfect beauty, while at the same time she appeared to me an ugly ruffick wench, with bleared eyes, and flinking breath; and doublef, if the wicked magician could effect such a diabolical enchantment as that, it is not to be wondered at, if he did the like by Carrasco and Thomas Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my victory; however, this is my consolation, that the prowces of my arm

Y y 2
hath prevailed against my enemy,
 whatever shape he has assumed."—
 It is God alone who knows the truth
 of all things," answered Sancho: who,
 well knowing that the transformation
 of Dulcinea was the effect of his own
 incantations, upon that account was
 not quite convinced by his master's ar-
guments; but durst not utter the
 least word, lest something should have
 dropped from him, by which he might
 have betrayed himself.

While they were discoursing in this
manner, a gentleman, mounted in the
jockey-fashion, on a fine flea-bitten
mare, came up with them, drested in
a riding-coat of fine green cloth, faced
with murry-coloured velvet, and a
hunting-cap of the same; his furni-
ture of a piece, murry-coloured and
green; he had a belt of green and gold,
at which hung a Moorish scymitar,
and his buckskins were wrought in the
same manner; his spurs were not gilt,
but so finely varnished with green, that
as they were more of a piece with the
rest of his dress, they looked better
than if they had been pure gold.

When this gentleman overtook them,
he saluted them with great politeness,
and was spurring on, in order to pass
them, when Don Quixote calling to
him, said, 'Signior, if you are not in
haste, and are a going this way, I
should be exceeding glad to join com-
pany with you.'—'Sir,' answered
the other, 'I should not have been in
such haste to pass you, but was afraid
your horse might be unruly, in the
company of my mare.'—'If that be
all,' answered Sancho, 'you may stop
your horse when you please, with
great safety; ours is the most sober
and most decent horse in the world,
and has more breeding than ever to let
his naughtynes get the better of him
upon such occasions, and never tran-
grefted in this particular but once,
and then my master and I both suf-
fhered severely in the flesh for it: I say
once more, your worship may stop;
for if your mare was served up in a
dish, our fleed would not so much
as smell to her.' Upon this assurance,
the gentleman, flopped, and looked with
amazement at the air and appearance of
Don Quixote, who rode, without his
helmet, which hung like a wallet be-
fore Sancho, at the pummel of his as's
pamor; and, on the other hand, Don
Quixote beheld him with no less at-
tention, conceiving him to be some per-
son of figure and distinction. The tra-
veller seemed to be a man about fifty;
he had some, though few, grey hairs;
his features were sharp, and in his looks
appeared neither levity nor moroseness;
in short, his appearance bespoke him a
man of consequence. He looked with
a kind of astonishment at Don Quix-
ote, as having never beheld such a
phenomenon before; the lankness of
the horfe, and the tall stature of the
perfon that rode him, the sepulchral
meagreness of his aspect, his solemn
gravity, the strangenes of his armour,
all together forming such a composition
as perhaps had never before been seen
in that country.

Don Quixote observed with what at-
tention the traveller considered him;
and, by the surprize he saw him in,
guessing what he wanted to know, as
he was himself the very flower of ci-
vility, and of excessive complaisance,
he was resolved to be beforehand with
him, and save him the trouble of ask-
ing any question: 'Signior,' said he,
'I am not at all surprized to find, that
with amazement you contemplate this
my appearance, so new to you, and
so different from that of other mor-
tals; but your wonder will cease,
when I have told you that I am of
the fraternity of those knights whom
people distinguish by the title of ad-
venture-hunters. I have left my na-
tive home, mortgaged my all, bid
adieu to ease and pleasure, and cast
myself upon fortune, to dispence of
me as the fhall think proper; my de-
sign being to awaken the loft and de-
cayed spirit of knight-errantry: it is
now some time since I entered upon
the resolution of accomplishing this
aim, during which period I have suf-
fped a variety of fortune, toffed about
from one adventure to another, some-
times triumphant, at other times not
so successful, until I have in a great
measure fulfilled my design, having
relieved many disconsolate widows,
afforded protection to many diftressed
damsels, and been of aid and affil-
tance to divers married women and
fatherless children, the true duty and
intent of our order; so that, by num-
erless exploits becoming a Christian
hero, I am now celebrated in print
through almost all the nations of the
habitable
in believing, that the histories of knight errantry are all fable.'—Is there any one, answered the traveller, 'who makes a doubt of it?'—I do, for one, answered Don Quixote; but we will drop that subject for the present, as I doubt not but, if we continue any time travelling together, I shall be able, by the blessing of God, to convince you of your error, and to shew you that you are prejudiced only by the number of those who have entertained a notion, that such accounts are fictitious.'

These last words of Don Quixote gave the gentleman in green a full of pensive idea of his understanding; he had a notion that he must be disordered in his senses, and was expecting some other proof of it; but, without entering into farther discourse, Don Quixote desired his companion to let him know who he was, as he himself had given an account of his life and situation. To which request the gentleman replied, 'Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I am a gentleman born in a village where, if it please God, we shall dine to-day; my fortune is better than moderate, and my name Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my time cheerfully, with my wife, my children, and my friends; my usual diversions are fishing and hunting; but I neither keep hounds nor hawks; all I have are some decoy-partridges and a good ferret. My library consists of about some fix dozen of Spanish and Latin books; some are books of history, others of poetry; for as to books of chivalry, I have not yet allowed them to come under my roof: I am more inclined to the reading of profane than religious authors, if the subjects they treat of are of an innocent nature, if the style is engaging, and the incidents affecting and surprising; but, indeed, Spain produces mighty few performances of this sort. I live in terms of good neighbourhood with all about me; sometimes I go to their houses, sometimes I invite them to mine; my table is neat and clean, and sufficiently affluent, without extravagance. I flander no one, nor do I allow backbiters to come near me; my eyes pry not into the actions of other men, nor have I any impertinent curiosity to know the secrets of their lives. I go to mass every day, and
and the poor man partakes of my
substance; I make no ostentation in
the good I do, that I may defend
myself against the attacks of hypo-
critif and vain-glory, well knowing,
that the best fortified heart is hardly
proof against these fly deceivers. As
far as I have an opportunity, I am a
reconciler of differences among my
neighbours: I particularly pay my
devotions to the blessed Mother, and
have an entire dependance on the
mercies of God our Saviour.'

Sancho had listened with uncommon
attention to what the gentleman in green
said; and this discourse seemed to him
of such exalted piety and virtue, that
he immediately conceived such a man
must be endowed with the power of
working miracles; fully persuaded of
the truth of this supposition, he threw
himself off his afs, ran up to the gentle-
man, seized his right stirrup, and with
a heart overflowing with devotion, and
eyes full of tears, fell a kneeling his
feet. Which humility, when the tra-
veller perceived, ' What is the matter,
friend,' said he; 'what is the mean-
ing of these embraces?'—' Pray let
me alone,' said Sancho; 'for in my
life before, excepting your worship,
did I never know a faint mounted on
horseback.'—' I have no title to be
thought so,' answered the gentleman;
on the contrary, I am a miserable fin-
er; but the simplicity of your beha-
vour, my friend, shews, that you
yourself must be a very good man.'
Upon this declaration Sancho quitted
him, and again remounted Dapple, hav-
ing by his behaviour unbended the so-
lemn gravity of his matter into a smile,
and increased the wonder of Don Diego.

Don Quixote then made inquiry in-
to the number of children he had, in-
forming him at the same time, that the
ancient fages, who were not enlightened
with the knowledge of the true God,
reckoned the gifts of fortune and na-
ture, abundance of friends and encreas
of dutiful children, as constituting part
of the supreme happiness. 'Sir,' answer-
ed Don Diego, 'I have one son; and if I
had none, should, peradventure, think
myself happier than I am; not that
he is very bad, but because he does
not come up to what I would with
him to be. He is now eighteen years
of age, six of which he has spent at
Salamanca, studying Greek and La-
tin; and when I would have had him
apply to something else, I found him
so dipt in poetry, if that deservs the
name of science, that I could not pre-
vail upon him to take to the study of
the law, which was what I wanted he
should do; nor would he apply to di-
vinity, the first and noblest of all
sciences. I was desirous to make him
the honour and ornament of his fa-
mily, as we live in an age, and under
a monarch, where useful and virtu-
ous learning is so amply recompens'd:
for what is learning without virtue;
no better than pearls on a dunghill!
He will spend whole days in examin-
ing whether such a verfe in Homer's
IIiad be express'd with propriety, whe-
ther such an epigram of Martial is
to be confrud into a lewd fence or
not, and whether such a verfe in Vir-
gil will bear this or that meaning. In
a word, these authors, with Horace,
Perius, Juvenal, and Tibullus, en-
gross the whole of his time and con-
verfation. As to the modern authors
of his own country, he seems to have
no great refiith for them, though, not-
withstanding his feeming difregard,
he is now bus'd in making a kind of
commentary upon four verfes, which,
I believe, are defigned as a subject for
a prize in the schools.'

To this information, the other answered,
' Signior, children are to be confr-
dered as part of the bowels of the pa-
rents, and be they good or bad, we
must treat them as fuch, and cherish
them accordingly. It is incumbent
upon parents to lead them betimes into
the paths of decency and virtue, to
infill into them found principles, and
train them up in Christian discipline,
that by these means they may be the
flay of their declining years, and an
honour to their own defendants. I
am not against using perufion to in-
cline them either to the study of this or
that science, but look upon using force
as altogether unwarrantable; more
especially as the young gentleman
does not fludy in view of getting his
livelihood, he being so fortunate as
to have that fecured by inheritance.
then I think he should be indulged in
pursuing whatever his genius or in-
clination moftly prompts him to; and
though in poetry there is more plea-
Sure than utility, it generally does ho-
'nour to the person who has a vein for
I only delight even own of his notion, think the for those ces. veneration men; And hidden ledge, cred do satire, dulged the who over of posed to prostitute all. She not enrich, makes it. Homer tends those famous buffoons name and, neither allowed from unhallowed multitude; and though she may enjoy the profits arising from heroick poetry, weeping tragedy, or laughing comedy, yet the mute must not be venal; no buffoons must have anything to do with her, and she must be kept sacred from the unhallowed multitude, who neither know nor esteem those hidden treasures the carries about her. And think not that by the multitude I only mean the common rank of men; no, under that clas I number all who are strangers to real knowledge, be they peers or be they princes. But, whoever is possessed of those qualifications I have been mentioning, and with them attempts the study and execution of poetry, I say, his name will be famous and held in veneration wherever politeness extends it's influence. As to what you say of your son's not esteem the poetry of his own country, I don't think he is quite right in that opinion, and for this reason: the mighty Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, for the same reason that he was a Roman; and, in general, every one of the ancient poets wrote in the language of his own country, and did not seek for another to clothe the majesty of his ideas. As this is the case, I think it should be a prevailing maxim in all countries; nor should we undervalue the German poet for writing in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his; but, perhaps, your son does not dislike Spanish poetry, but Spanish poets, as being deflute of the knowledge of other languages or sciences, that might contribute to cultivate, assist, and enliven their own natural genius; and even this prejudice might be carried too far; for the maxim that a poet is born with his talent, is certainly just; that is, a real poet comes forth a poet into the world, and with this natural endowment, implanted in him by his Creator, produces, without the help of study or cultivation, such things as verify that of the poets when they say, "Est Deus in nosis." One so born a poet, if he cultivates his genius by the affluence of art, must be much better, nay, greatly preferable to him who, without natural fire, attains to the knowledge of the rules only; for it is obvious, that as art does not exceed nature, but serves to polish and bring it to perfection, so art asfifiting nature, and nature so asfifited by art, form the accomplished poet. To conclude, Signior, my advice is, that your son should be allowed to follow the bent of his own inclination; and as he must be already an exceeding good scholar, having mastered the learned languages, which may be looked upon as having mounted the first steps in his progress to the fear of the sciences, by the assistance of that knowledge he will be able, without more help, to climb to the top of human literature, which as much adorns and sets off a gentleman as a mitre does a bishop, or the long robe the countel learned in the law. If you find him writing satires injurious to private characters, burn his works and rebuke him; but if he composes difficult, that comprehend for their subject of satire vice in general, as Horace did with so much elegance, then commend him: for, though it be unlawful to mark and single out particular personis, it is allowable to write against particular vices; for example, to write against envy, or to laugh the envious, and so of others. Here are some poets, indeed, who, rather than haul their fancy of saying a smart thing, will risk being sent to the isles of Pontus. As the manners, so will the verses be; if the former are chaste, the latter will be so likewise. Writing is the interpreter of the mind, which will always produce what is consonant to it's
DON QUIXOTE.

Chap. XVII.

which sets before the reader that highest and most exalted pinnacle, which the incredible magnanimity of Don Quixote ever did, or ever could arrive at—with the happy issue of the adventure of the lions.

The history then proceeds to inform us, that when Don Quixote called upon Sancho to bring him his helmet, he, Sancho, was deep in bargain with the shepherds about some curds; and finding himself summoned in such violent haste by his master, was at a prodigious loss what to do with them, for he had paid for them, and could not bear the thought of losing his purchase; in this extremity he had recourse to his master's helmet, in which he safely stowed them, and hugging himself in this lucky thought, away he trotted to receive the commands of his lord and master, who desired him to deliver his helmet; 'For,' said he, 'if I know aught of adventures, that which I desire wonder will prove such a one as will oblige me to have recourse to arms.'

Don Diego, upon hearing this declaration, looked about him every where, but could discover nothing, except a carriage coming towards them, with two or three flying flags, by which he guessed the carriage might be loaded with some of the king's money, and mentioned this observation to Don Quixote, who minded not what he said, his brain wandering so upon adventures, that every thing must be one, and nothing but a series of one adventure upon the back of another; he therefore answered the gentleman to this effect: 'Sir, forewarned and fore-armed is half the day; I am not now to learn that I have enemies of all kinds, visible and invisible; neither know I the time, the place, the hour, nor under what appearance they will attack me.' With these words, turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho; who not having time to difengage the curds from it, was obliged to deliver it, with that lining in the inside, to his master, who took it, and without farther examination, clapped it in a great hurry upon his head, which pressing and squeezing the curds, the whey began to ooze down his beard; and this circumstance so startled him, that he called out to Sancho, 'What can this mean? Is my skull softening, or my brains melt- ing, or do I sweat from head to foot? Surely, this I can say, that if I do sweat, it is not through fear, though I am fully persuaded this will prove a most terrible adventure. If you have got any thing, let me have it to wipe me; for this deluge of sweat blinds my eyes.' Sancho replied not, but gave him a cloth, and with it rent up his thanks to the Almighty, that his master had not found out what it was. Don Quixote, after rubbing himself, took off his helmet, to see what it was that so cool upon his head, and, perceiving something white and clotted, put it to his nose, and sniffed at it; 'By the life of my Lady Dulcinea del Tobofo,' cried he, 'thou hast put curds into my helmet, thou traitor, thou ill-bred squire!' To which apophasis,
Signior, are fortitude, favage thofe ficull, large? to with is not carriage Whither, What befwnorn, happen fachas I'll All wheiusbrought cages fent you; am hut ther is engage weigh come «to dom. own that is them tnidit what came am it anding care there to his courage I

I'll make haffe to the place where they are to be fed.' To which intreaty, Don Quixote anfwered with a half smile; 'What are your lion whelpes to me, and at this time of day too! are lion whelpes brought against me! I'll make those who fent them hither—yes, by the holy God! I'll make them fee whether I am a man to be feared by lions. Come, honest friend, get off; and as you are your keeper, open the cages and turn them out: for, in the midst of this plain, will I make the favage beafts of the wildernefs know who Don Quixote de La Mancha is, in defiance of the inchanters who have fent them againft me.'

'Ahat!' faid Don Diego to himself, I think our Knight of the Rueful Countenance has now given us a pretty incontestable fample of what he is; these curds have certainly fouked his skull, and fupprted his brains.' Then Sancho came up to Diego, and faid, 'For God's fake, Signior, take care that my master's worship does not encounter these lions, or believe we shall all of us be tore to pieces.'

'What!' anfwered he, 'is your mafter then really fo much out of his wits, that you believe and dread he will engage these favage monfters?' He is not out of his wits,' replied Sancho, 'but prodigious bold.'

'I'll make him give over,' anfwered the other; then going up to Don Quixote, who was prefing the keeper to open the cages, he faid, 'Signior, gentlemen of the order of knights errant ought to go upon adventures that have a probability of Succes, not fuch as are quite defperate; for that courage which is almoft temerity, favours rather of madness than true fortitude. Besides, these lions do not come with any hostile defign againft you; no, they think of nothing lefs; they are going to be prefented to the king, and as they are on their way lions of a more monftrous fize never came from Barbary into this king-dom. I am their keeper, and have had feveral under my charge before now, but never any fo big as they: there is a male and female; the he is in the firit cage, and the female in the other; they are now ravenous with hunger, having had no food to-day, and therefore I muft entreat you to get out of the way, as we muft make haffe to the place where they are to be fed.'
to court, I think they should not be stopped in their journey. — Pray, good Signior, said Don Quixote, if you will please to get away from hence, and look after your ferrets and decoy-partridges, do, and leave every one to mind his own business: this is my business, and it behoves me to know whether or not these lions come against me. Then turning to the keeper, Sirrah, said he, if you do not immediately open the cages, I swear by the living God, I will this instant pin you to the place where you sit.

The carter seeing the obstinate resolution of this armed phantom, who addressed him, begged for the sake of charity, he would let him take off his mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions were uncaged. For should my cattle be slain, said he, I am undone for ever, having nothing to depend upon for bread but this cart and these mules. — 'Man of little faith,' said Don Quixote; 'alight; take off thy mules, and do what thou wilt; but thou shalt quickly see thou hast laboured in vain, and that thou mightst have spared thyself this unnecessary trouble.'

The carter then got off, and unharnessed in great hurry, and the keeper spoke aloud, I call all present to witness that I am forced against my will, to open the cages, and let loose the lions; and I here declare, that this gentleman is chargeable with, and answerable for, all the harm they shall do, as also for my Salary and perquisites over and above. And now, gentlemen, pray take care of yourselves, and get out of the way; for, as to me, I know they will do me no harm.' Don Diego again urged him to forbear attempting so extravagant an action, alleging it was tempting of God, to think of going about such a desperate undertaking. The other replied, that he knew what he did, and Don Diego once more desired him to think well of what he was about, as he was certain that he deceived himself. Signior, said Don Quixote, if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will be a tragical adventure, let it purs to your mule, and provide for your own safety. Sancho, upon this intimation, felt a blubbering, and earnestly be-
Plate XIII

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time on the back of Rozinante; and determined, at last, to fight on foot, left his steed might take fright at the sight of the lions. Accordingly, he leaped upon the ground, threw away his lance, braced his shield, and drew his sword; in which attitude, approaching with great readiness, he placed himself just before the cart, recommending himself, with great devotion, first to the protection of the Almighty, and then to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

We must observe, that at this place the author of this history breaks out into pathetick exclamations, expressing himself to this purpose: O Don Quixote de La Mancha! renowned for fortitude, brave beyond human expression; thou mirror, in which all heroes of the earth may contemplate their own perfections! thou secong and other Don Manuel de Leon, glory and ornament of Spanish knights! how shall I find words worthy to relate this matchless achievement: by what power of argument shall I make it gain credit among future generations? for what encou- miums ever so exalted, even beyond the hyperbole, can there be but what thou deservest? On foot thou fleet'st, collected within thy magnanimous self, with a sword far from being sharp, with a shield far from bright and shining; there, I say, didst thou stand waiting and expecting two of the fiercest lions that were ever yet engendered in the dens of Libya. I want words where- withal to embellish thy great achievement: let thy own exploits, then, be the harbinger of thy praises, O heroic Manchegan!

The author here breaks off his ex- clamation, and proceeds in the recital of the history, saying,—

The keeper seeing Don Quixote fixed in this posture, and finding himself under a necessity of letting loose the he- lion, to avoid the resentment of this enraged and intrepid hero, flung the door of the first cage open, where the lion appeared lying, of a monstrous bigness and terrifying aspect; he immediately turned himself round in the cage, put out one of his paws, and striking himself at full length, yawned and gaped with great composure, and then, with a tongue of about half a yard long, cleaned his face and eyes; after which he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared around him with eyes like firebrands; a sight sufficient to have struck a damp into the most intrep- pid heart: but Don Quixote only fixed his eyes attentively upon him, wishing for the minute he would leap out of the cart, that he might engage and cut him in pieces; to such an unaccount- able degree had his frenzy worked up his disturbed imagination. But the lion, naturally generous, and more in- clinable to be gentle than rough, heed- not his bravadoes or flourishing: on the contrary, after having looked around him, as we have observed, turned about, and shewing our hero his back- side, with great composure and tranquillity, laid himself down again to rest; which circumstance Don Quixote perceiving, ordered the keeper to rouze him by blows, and oblige him to come forth. "Nay, that I wont," answered he; "for, should I enrage him, he would immediately tear me to pieces; come, Sir Knight, be content with what you have done, which is all that can be expected from any man's courage, and give over tempting for- tune any more. The door of his cage is open, and he may come forth, or not, as he pleases; but as he has not come out now, he will not all day. The intrepidity of your wor- ship's valor is sufficiently vouched; I apprehend the bravery of no com- batant needs do more than challenge his adversary, and await him in the field; and if the enemy won't meet him, the imputation of cowardice lies with him, and the crown of victory devolves upon the other."—"You say true," said Don Quixote; "but the door, my friend, and let me have, under your hand, in the best manner you are able to draw it, a certificate of what you have now seen; for I think it is highly fitting mankind should know that you opened the lion's cage; that I waited for him, and he came not out; and that I waited for him again, and he came not out, and that again he laid himself down. I am not bound to do any more; so inchant- ments avoant, and God prosper truth, justice, and noble chivalry! that the door therefore, and I will wave a signal for those who have run off to return, and have an account of this action from your own mouth." The keeper obeyed; and Don Quix-
ote clapping upon the point of his lance the cloth Sancho had given him to wipe off the curds, called out to them who were still pursuing their flight, and at every step, all in a body, turning about their heads, and Don Diego leading them on; but Sancho chancing to espy the signal of the linen cloth, 'I'll be bound to be crucified,' said he, 'if my matter has not got the better of the lions; for he now calls to us.' They all stopped, and perceived it was Don Quixote who made the sign; upon which the violence of their terror somewhat abated, and they approached nearer and nearer by degrees, till they could distinctly hear the voice of Don Quixote calling to them; at last they came back to the cart, and Don Quixote said to the cartier, 'Harness your mules again, my friend, and go on in your journey; and, Sancho, give him and the keeper two crowns of gold, as a compensation for the time I have detained them.'—That I will most willingly do; but where are the lions, dead or alive?' Then the keeper very circumspectly, and dividing his discourse with great propriety, gave an account of the occurrence of this adventure, exaggerated with all his might, and all the power of rhetoric he could muster up, the courage of Don Quixote: 'At sight of whom,' said he, 'the lion, overawed, would not, or rather durst not, venture out of the cage, though I held the door open a considerable time; and that, upon remonstrating to the great knight, that it was tempting of God to provoke the lion so far as to oblige him to come out by force, as he wanted him to have done, and was going to make him do whether he would or not, his honour had suffered the cage-door to be shut.'—Sancho, said Don Quixote, 'what doft thou think now; can enchantments avail aught against true courage? they may, indeed, and with ease, stand in the way of my good fortune; but of valour and resolution they never can deprive me.' Sancho gave the crowns to the people; the cartier harneffed his mules, and the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hand for his liberality, and promised, when he arrived at court, he would give an account of this heroic achievement to his majesty himself. 'Should the king,' said Don Quixote, 'perchance enquire who performed it, tell him it was the Knight of the Lions; for I am determined, that, from this time forward, the title I have been hitherto distinguished by, of Knight of the Rueful Countenance, shall be changed, bartered, and sunk, into that of Knight of the Lions; and in this alteration I imitate the example of knights-errant of old, who, as they pleased, altered their designations as it best suited their purposes.'

The carriage went forward, Don Quixote, Sancho, and the traveller in green, pursued their journey; and during all this time, Don Diego de Miranda was so attentive to remark and observe the actions of Don Quixote, that he had not opened his mouth; but looked upon him as a man whose good sense was blended with a strange sort of madness; the reason was, he knew as yet nothing of the first part of his history; had he read that, his amazement at the knight's words and actions would have vanished, as it would have cleared up to him the nature of his frenzy; but as he knew not that, he was at times divided in his opinion, sometimes believing him in his senses, and at other times thinking him frantic; because what he spoke was sensible, consistent, and genteelly expressed; but his actions discovered all the symptoms of wildness, folly, and temerity. 'For what greater sign of disorder,' said he to himself, 'can there be, than for a man to clap on a helmet full of curds, and then take it into his head that some magician had liquified his skull; and what more certain proof of foolhardiness and wild frenzy, than for a pertson, in spite of all that can be said to him, to resolve to engage lions?' Don Quixote interrupted these reflections and jolliquy of his fellow-traveller, by saying, 'Signior Don Diego de Miranda, I don't doubt but that in your judgment I must pass for an extravagant madman; and, indeed, no wonder; for, to be sure, my actions would seem to declare me such; but, at the same time, I must beg leave to say to you, that I am not so disordered, or so bereft of understanding, as to you I may have seemed. The gay cavalier, who in burnishèd armour, before the ladies, prances over the fields, makes a gallant appearance! the adventurous knight too shews off
to great advantage, when in the midst of the spacious square, in view of his princely fixtures, he transfixes the furious bull, and a noble appearance make those knights, who, in military exercises, or such like, are the life, spirit, and even honour of their prince's court. But a much more noble figure than all these makes the knight-errant, who, in the solitude of the desert, through the almost impervious passages of the forest, and over the craggy mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, to bring them to a successful issue, and that only to obtain glory, honour, and an immortal name. A knight-errant, I say, makes a more glorious appearance, when he affists the widow in some solitary plain, than the courtier knight, when he launehhis gallantry on a townsllady. All cavaliers have their different spheres, in which they act; let the courtier pay his attendance to the ladies, adorn the court of his prince with the splendor of his equipage, entertain gentlemen of inferior fortunes with the hospitality of his sumptuous table; let him propose matches of different exercise, and direct the just and tournaments; let him shew himself splendid, liberal, and munificent; and, above all, approve himself a good Christian: in acting thus, he will discharge the duties that belong to him. But for the knight-errant, let him explore the most hidden recesses of the universe, plunge into the perplexities of the labyrinths; let him, at all times, not be afraid of even impossibilities; in the barren, wasteful wilderness, let him defy the scorching rays of the scintillating sun, and the piercing chillings of the nipping frost. Lions must not frighten him, phantoms must not terrify him, nor dragons dismay him; for, in searching after such, engaging with and getting the better of all difficulties, consists his true and proper occupation. It being my fortune, then, to be of this last order, I cannot, consistent with that, avoid engaging in whatever I deem to be part of the duty of my calling; and for these reasons, though I knew, that encountering the lions was in itself an act of the greatest temerity, yet it immediately belonged to my profession: I am very sensible that true fortitude is placed between the two extremes of cowardice and fool-hardiness; but then, it is better valour should mount even to an over-daring hardiness, than be debased to pusillanimity; for, as the prodigal is more likely to become truly generous than the miser, so will the over-courageous sooner be brought to true valour, than the coward to be courageous at all; and in undertaking adventures, I assure you, Don Diego, it is much better to overdo than underdo, and much better does it found in the ear of him to whom it is related, that a knight is daring and presumptuous, than that he is pusillanimous and faint-hearted.

Signior Don Quixote, answered Diego, 'I think all you have said is consonant to the rule of right reason; and I am of opinion, that if the laws and statutes of true chivalry were left, they would be found deposited and faithfully recorded in your breast: but if you please, we will put on, for it grows late; let us get towards my house and village, that you may have some rest, and taste of some refreshment after your late fatigue, which, if it does not weary the body, must be heavy upon the mind, the labours of which often affect the body likewise.'—I accept of your invitation, Don Diego, said the other, as a favour and mark of politeness. And hastening forward a little quicker than they had done before, they arrived about two in the afternoon at the habitation of Diego, on whom Don Quixote bestowed the appellation of the Knight of the Green Surcoat.
THE

ACHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE,

DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE

AT THE CASTLE OR HOUSE OF

THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN

SURTOUT—WITH OTHER OUT-

OF-THE-WAY MATTERS.

DON Quixote found that

Diego's house, like the

houses of most country

gentlemen, was large and

roomy, with the arms of

the family over the great

gates, cut out in rough stone; the but-
tery was in the yard, the cellar was un-
der the porch, and around were placed
divers jars, which jars being of the

manufactory of Toboso, recalled the

memory of the metamorphosed and in-

chanted Dulcinea; upon which, with-

out reflecting what he said, or before

whom he poured out his sighs and

tears: 'O dearest pledges,' said he,

which now I find in bitterness of for-

row, but sweet and ravishing when

Heaven's high will ordained it so.

O jars of Toboso, which have recal-
ced into my mind the dear idea of my

greatest sorrow!' This exclamation

was overheard by the young poet, Die-
go's son; who, along with his mother,
had come down to receive Don Quix-
ote. Both mother and son were struck

with his uncouth figure, and he, alight-
ing from Rozinante, with great good
breeding, begged leave to kiss the lady's
hand. 'To which intreaty Don Diego
added, 'Madam, receive with your
usual politeness, Signior Don Quixote
of La Mancha, knight-errant, whom
I here introduce to you as a gentle-
man of the brightest parts and most
intrepid courage of any in the world.'

Donna Chrixtina (for that was the la-
dy's name) received him with all the
marks of respect and esteem, and Don
Quixote overpaid them in polite and

mannerly acknowledgments; the same
kind of intercourse passed between him
and the young Felicita, whom he took
by his conversation to be a gentleman

of vivacity and acuteness.

The author here minutely describes
Don Diego's house, gives an inventory
of the furniture usually contained in
the house of a rich country gentleman:
but the translators of this history have
thought it advisable not to mention
these and such other particular matters,
as being rather foreign from the main
scope of this history, in which truth has
more energy than needless and languid
digressions.

Don Quixote was conducted into a
hall, where Sancho disarmed him; after
which, he remained in his other accoutre-
ments, a pair of wide Walloon breeches,
and a shamy-leather doublet, stained with the ruff of his armour; his band was collegian, neither starched nor laced; his buffkins of the colour of dates, and his shoes of waxed leather; hegirded upon his thigh this trusty sword, which hung at a belt of seal's skin, for it is believed he had been for some years troubled with an imbecility in his loins; and over all these was a long cloak of good grey cloth; but, before he stirred any farther, he applied to his face five or six pitchers (the precise number not being exactly ascertained) of fair water, which, nevertheless, still ran off exhibiting a whey colour; and it was undoubtedly owing to the irregular appetite of Sancho, and his having made the bargain for thee naughty curds, that his matter was now foured. white and so clean. In this equipment, as here described, and with a gallant air and address, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the young gentleman of the house was waiting to receive and entertain him, till dinner should be got ready; for as to the Lady Donna Christina, she was busy in ordering matters so, upon the arrival of this noble guest, as to let it be seen he knew what reception to give those who came to visit under her roof.

While Don Quixote was unarmig, Don Lorenzo (that was the name of Diego's son) took the opportunity of that leisur time to ask his father, who that knight was he had brought home to them; 'For,' said he, 'his name and his uncouth figure, and your telling us, at the same time, that he is a knight-errant, puzzle both my mother and me prodigiously.'—'I know not,' said Don Diego, 'what answer to make you; all I can say is, I never saw a madman act more franticly, and have heard him talk so very sensibly, as gave the lie to all his actions: but I would have you enter into conversation with him, and find the depth of his understanding; you have sense enough, and therefore I would have you form a judgment of him according to your own observation; to say the truth, I myself am more inclined to believe him distracted than otherwise.'

Upon this intimation, Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as we have mentioned; who, among other discourse, said to Lorenzo, 'Signior Don Diego de Miranda, your father has been pleased to inform me a little of your great genius and good judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet.'—'A poet, in some sense, I may be,' said Lorenzo; 'but a great one did I never, so much as dare even in my own imagination to think myself. True it is, I am a little fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets; but don't at all for that reason merit the title my father is pleased to bestow upon me.'—'I love your reserve,' said Don Quixote; 'for poets are usually far removed from modesty, each thinking himself the greatest in the world.'—'No rule holds universally,' answered Lorenzo, 'and there may be one who is really a great poet, and yet does not think himself. — There must be very few such,' answered the other; 'but pray, Sir,' continued he, 'what verses are those you are about, which your father says make you so anxious and studious? for, if it be commenting upon some theme, I know somewhat of the art of paraphrasing, and should be glad to see what your performance is; and if they are designed as a poetical prize, let me advise you to obtain the second, for the first is decreed in view of interest, or in favour of the great quality of some person; but merit carries the second: so that, according to the general practice of our universities, the third becomes the second, and the first the third; but, notwithstanding this acceptance, the name of the first makes a great show.'—'So far, truly,' said Lorenzo to himself; this gentleman flews no signs of a disturbed understanding; but we'll go on. — Your worship, I presume, has been long at the schools; pray, Sir, what sciences have you addicted yourself to?'—'That of knight-errantry,' replied Don Quixote; 'a science equally sublime as your poetry; and, in my humble opinion, even mounted a few steps above it.'—'That science,' answered Lorenzo, 'I am hitherto a liter-ger to; it has not yet come within the extent of my knowledge.'—'It is a science,' answered the other, 'that includes in itself virtually, most, if not all the other sciences in the world; for he who professes it must be a civilian, and know the laws both of distributive and communicative justice, to determine, with equity and propriety,'
It was ed that world I to he text and ward, gance, the thought of he inclination and therefore, and hath that is sidied.

Don Quixote, thus, by my never freplots, fpeech, knight-errant, to return the climate and part of the globe on which he chances to be: he must be learned in the mathematics, for which he will frequently have occasion; and besides being adorned with all the theological and cardinal virtues, he ought to descend to other minute branches of science. I say, for example, he must know how to swim like herring, to shoe an horse, to mend a saddle and bridle; and, returning to what we have observed above, he must preserve his fealty to God and his mistress; he must be chaste in thought, decent in speech, liberal in action, valiant in exploits, patient in toil, charitable with the needy; and finally, an asserter of truth, even though the defence of it should cost him his life. Of all these great and small qualities is a good knight-errant composed; so that Signor Don Lorenzo may judge, whether it be a new science which is learned and professed by a knight-errant: and whether it may not be compared with the sublime which are taught in colleges and schools.—

If that be the case,' replied Don Lorenzo, 'I affirm, that it has the advance age over all others.'—How cried Don Quixote, 'if that be the case!'

What I would say,' resumed Lorenzo, 'is, that I doubt whether there ever were or are knights-errants adorned with so many virtues.'—I have often said what I am now going to repeat, answered Don Quixote, that the greatest part of the world believes there never were knights-errant; and, in my opinion, if Heaven does not work a miracle to prove that they both did and do exist, whatever trouble may be taken will fail of success, as I know by repeated experience. I will not, therefore, spend time at present, in rectifying and rectifying the error in which you and many others are involved; but my intention is to pray that Heaven will extricate you from your mistake, and give you to understand how advantageous and necessary knights-errant have been to the world in past ages, and how useful they might be to the present, were it the custom to solicit their assistance: but, now, for the sins of mankind, idleness, flot, gluttony, and extravagance, prevail and triumph.' Here Don Lorenzo said within himself, 'Now hath our guest given us the slip; but, nevertheless, he is a whimsical madman, and I should be an idle fool, if I thought otherwise.'

In this place their discourse was interrupted by a call to table; and Don Diego asked his son, what he had fairly extracted from the genius of his guest. To this question he replied, 'All the best physicians and writers that the world contains, will not extract him fairly from the blotted sheet of his madness; but he is a party-coloured maniac, full of lucid intervals.' They sat down to eat, and their repast was such as Don Diego had paid upon the road he was wont to bestow upon his friends whom he invited, neat, plentiful, and favour; but what yielded more satisfaction to Don Quixote, was the wonderful silence that prevailed over the whole house, which in this particular resembled a monastery of Carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands walked, Don Quixote earnestly desired that Don Lorenzo would repeat the verses designed for the literary contest; and the young gentleman answered, 'Rather than appear one of those authors, who when they are requested to rehearse their works, refuse to grant the favour, and on the other hand, disgorge them upon those who have no inclination to hear them; I will repeat my glofs, from which I expect no reward, as I composed it solely with a view to exercise my genius.'—It was the opinion of an ingenious friend of mine,' said Don Quixote, 'that no man ought to fatigue himself in glozing upon verses; because, as he observed, the glofs could never come up to the text; and very often, or indeed almost always, the glosf was foreign to the original proposition; besides, the laws
of the gloss were extremely narrow, retaining the paraphrase from the use of interrogations; and, " Said he," or, " I will say;" as well as from changing verbs into nouns, and altering the sentiment; with other ties and shackles incurred by those who try their fortune in this way, as you yourself undoubtedly know."—Ve- rily, Signior Don Quixote," cried Don Lorenzo, " I am very desirous of intrapping your worship in false Latin; but it is not in my power, for you flip through your fingers like an eel."—"I do not know," answered the knight, what you mean by saying I flip through your fingers."—"I will explain myself some other time," replied Don Lorenzo; "mean-while, your worship will be pleased to hear the paraphrase and the text, which run thus—

'THE TEXT.'

COULD I the moments past renew,
Though fate should other joys deny;
Or bring the future scenes to view
In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

'THE GLOSS.'

A S all things perish and decay;
'So did that happiness I mourn,
On silent pinion fleet away;
Ah! never—never to return.
At Fortune's feet forlorn I lie:
Would the again propitious fire
Her favours, who more bleft than I,
Could I the moments past renew!

No pleasure, palm, or wreath I claim,
No wealth or triumph seek to find;
For all my wish, and all my aim,
Is to retrieve my peace of mind.

Ah, Fortune! thy returning smile
Would change to bliss my deainty,
And every gloomy thought beguile,
Though fate should other joys deny.

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

Perplex'd with hopes and fears I live,
The' death at once would ease my pain;
What folly, then, for me to grieve,
Who can that easy cure obtain?

No! yet a wiser course I'll steer,
Refolv'd my fortune still to try,
Until those happier days appear,
In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

Don Lorenzo no sooner concluded his paraphrase, than Don Quixote starting up, took the young gentleman by the right-hand, and raising his voice even almost to a halloo, pronounced, "Now, by the Heaven of heavens! noble youth, you are the best poet in the world, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus or Grecia, as an author said, whom God pardon, but by the academy of Athens, did it now sublign, and by those of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca, which are still in being. Heaven grant, that those judges who deny you the first prize, may be trans fixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muses may never deign to cross the thresholds of their doors. Signior, let me hear, if you please, some of your more majestic verses, that I may be thoroughly acquainted with the pulse of your admirable genius." Is it not diverting to observe, that Don Lorenzo was pleased with the applause of Don Quixote, although he considered him as a madman? O influence of flattery, how far doth thou extend! and how unlimited are the limits of thy agreeable jurisprudence! This truth is verified in the behaviour of Lorenzo; who, in compliance with the desire and intreaty of the knight, repeated this sonnet, on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

SONNET.

FAIR Thisbe's charms what bulwarks could withstand!
They pierc'd e'en to her gallant lover's soul;
And Cupid hasten'd from the Cyprian strand,
To view the narrow paths by which they stole.
Here silence spoke; and through that narrow breach,
Which e'en the tim'd voice durst not effray,
Th' intrepid souls to perfect union stretch:
Inspir'd, impower'd, by love's almighty sway:
Th' ill-fated pair to death untimely came,
With flow'ry pleasure's tempting bait in-tie'd:
By the same poignard, monument, and fame.
At once destroy'd, enclos'd, immortaliz'd.

A Bluffed.
Blessed be God! cried Don Quixote, when he had heard the sermon of Don Lorenzo, 'that amidst the infinite number of consumptive poets that now exist, I have found one consummate, as your worship has plainly evinced yourself, by the art and execution of those flanzas.'

The knight was sumptuously regaled in the house of Don Diego, for the space of four days; at the expiration of which he thanked his entertainer for the noble treatment he had received from his hospitality, and begged leave to depart; for as it did not become knights-errant to devote much time to ease and banquetting, he was defirous of fulfilling the duty of his profession in seeking adventures, with which he understood that country abounded, and in which he hoped to employ the time till the day of the tournament of Saragossa, whither he was bound; but, first of all, he was resolved to enter the cave of Montefinos, about which so many strange stories were recounted all over that neighbourhood, that he might investigate and discover the origin and real springs of the seven lakes of Ruyadera. Don Diego and his son applauded the glorious design, and desired he would supply himself with whatever their house or fortune could afford; for they would, with the utmost good-will, perform that service, which they equally owed to his personal valour and honourable profession. At length arrived the day of his departure, as joyful to the knight as dismal and unfortunate to Sancho Panza, who had lived so much at his ease amidst the plenty of Don Diego's house, that he could not without reluctance return to the hunger that prevails in dreary forests, and to the poverty of his ill provided bags, which, however, he now took care to fill and stuff with what he thought most necessary for his occasions.

At parting, Don Quixote addressing himself to Don Lorenzo, 'I know not,' said he, whether I have already told you worship, but if I have, let me now repeat theintimation, that when you are inclined to take the shortest and easiest road to the inaccessible summit of the temple of fame, you have no more to do, but to leave on one side the path of poetry, which is perfectly narrow, and follow that of knight-errantry, which, though the narrowest of all others, will conduct you to the throne of empire, in the turning of a straw.' With this advice did the knight, as it were, sum up the process of his madness; which, however, was still more manifest in this addition: 'Heaven knows what pleasure I should feel in the company and association of Don Lorenzo, whom I would teach, by my own example, to spare the fallen, and trample the haughty under foot; virtues annexed to the order I profess; but as his tender years do not require such tutorage, nor would his laudable exercises permit him to pursue my steps, I shall content myself with affuring his worship, that being a poet, he may certainly acquire renown, if he will conduct himself rather by the opinion of others, than his own; for no parent ever thought his own offspring ugly, and this prejudice is still more strong towards the children of the understanding.'

Both father and son admired anew the strange medley of Don Quixote's discourse, in which so much discretion and madness were jumbled together; and were astonished at the wideness and obstinacy with which he was so wholly bent upon the search of his miscellaneous adventures, that constituted the very aim of all his desires. Nevertheless, they repeated their offers of service and civility, and with the good leave of the lady of the castle, Don Quixote and Sancho set out on Rosinante and Dapple.

C H A P. II.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD—WITH OTHER TRULY DIVERTING INCIDENTS.

A little way Don Quixote had travelled from the habitation of Don Diego, when he was joined by two persons dressed like ecclesiastics, or students, and a couple of labouring men mounted upon asses; behind one of the students was a bundle wrapped up in green buckram, seemingly consisting of some linen and two pair of coarse thread fockings; while the other was encumbered with nothing but a couple of new black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things,
things, which discovered and gave notice, that they were on their return from some great town, were they had made a purchase, and were bringing it home to their own village; and they, as well as the students, were feized with that admiration, which was incident to all those who for the first time beheld Don Quixote; indeed, they burned with curiosity to know what sort of a creature he was, so different in appearance from other men.

The knight saluted them courteously, and understanding their road was the same route that he designed to follow, made a proffer of his company, at the same time begging they would slacken their pace, as the beasts travelled faster than his horse. In order to facilitate their compliance with his requisit, he briefly told them who he was, made them acquainted with his office and profession, which was chivalry, and observed that he was going in quest of adventures, through all parts of the world; giving them to understand, that his proper name was Don Quixote de La Mancha, and his appellation the Knight of the Lions.

All this information was Greek or gibberish to the countrymen, but not to the students, who immediately discovered the weakness of Don Quixote’s brain; nevertheless, they beheld him with admiration, and one of them, in a respectful manner accosted him thus:

If your worship, Sir Knight, follows no determined road, as those who go in quest of adventures seldom do, be so good as to accompany us, and you will be an eye-witness of one of the most splendid and opulent weddings that ever was celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues around.

When Don Quixote asked if it was the marriage of any prince, which he so highly extolled, the other replied, “It is no other than the bridal of a farmer and a country maid; he the richest of all this neighbourhood, and she the comeliest that ever man beheld. The preparations are new and extraordinary; for the marriage is to be celebrated in a meadow adjoining to the village of the bride who, by way of excellency, is called Quiteria the Beautiful, and the bridegroom is known by the appellation of Camacho the Rich; she is but eighteen, and he turned of twenty, so that they are extremely well matched; though some curious persons, who remember all the pedigrees in the world, are pleased to say, that her family has in that respect the advantage of Camacho’s: but now-a-days these circumstances are altogether overlooked; for wealth is able to repair a number of flaws.

In a word, Camacho is liberal, and has taken it in his head to overshadow and cover the whole meadow in such a manner, that the sun will find some difficulty in penetrating, so as to visit the verdant plants with which the ground is adorned. He has likewise belipoke choice dancers, both with swords and morrice-bells; for there are people in the village who can jingle and snap to perfection; not to mention your shoe-flappers, a power of whom are summoned to the nuptials; but none of those things I have mentioned, or of a great many circumstances have left untold, are likely to render the marriage so memorable as the behaviour which is on this occasion expected from the rejected Basilius.

This Basilius is a neighbouring swain, and townsman of Quiteria, and there is nothing but a partition wall between his house and that of her parents, whence Cupid took occasion to renew the long forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe, for Basilius became enamoured of Quiteria, even from his tender years, and he induced upon his passion, with all manner of honourable indulgence; insomuch that the love of the two children, Basilius and Quiteria, furnished entertainment and discourse for the whole village. As their age increased, Quiteria’s father resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access he had to his house; and, to free himself from all sorts of jealousy and suspicion, proposed a match between his daughter and the rich Camacho, thinking it would not be so well to give her away to Basilius, to whom fortune had not been so kind as nature; though, to tell the truth, without envy or affection, he is the most active young man we know, an expert pitcher of the bar, an excellent wrestler, and great judge of hand-ball: he runs like a deer, leaps nimbler than a goat, plays at nine-
nine-pins as if he used enchantment, sing like a faky-lark, touches the guitar as to make it perfectly speak, and handles a foil like the best fencer in the world."—For that sole accomplishment, cried Don Quixote, the young man desires not only to be married to the beautiful Quiteria, but even to Queen Ginebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Lancelet, and all those who should endeavour to oppose the match."—Let my wife alone for that," said Sancho Panza, who had hitherto travelled in silent attention; 'the good woman would have every body match with his equal, flicking to the old proverb, that says, Let every goose a gander chuse. What I would willingly see is the marriage of this worthy Basilius; for he has already got my good-will, with that same lady Quiteria; and God grant them peace and plenty, and let their souls in heaven—[his meaning was quite the reverse]—who prevent lovers from marrying according to their inclinations.'—If that was always the cafe,' replied Don Quixote, 'parents would be deprive of that election and jurisdiction they possess, to marry their children when and how they shall think proper; and if every daughter was at liberty to indulge her own inclination in the choice of an husband, one would perhaps chuse her father's servant, and another place her affection upon some gaudy coxcomb, whom she might chance to see passing along the street, even though he should be a disorderly ruffian: for love and affection easily blind the eyes of the understanding, which are so necessary towards the settlement of one's condition in life; and as we are apt to commit very important mistakes in the article of matrimony, it requires great caution, as well as the particular favour of Heaven, to succeed in the choice of a wife. A prudent man, who is resolved to undertake a long journey, will, before he sets out, endeavour to find a safe, quiet, and agreeable fellow-traveller. Then why should not the same pains be taken by the man who is going to travel through the whole journey of life? especially in the choice of a companion for bed, board, and every other purpose for which the wife is subfervient to the husband: a man's own wedded wife is not like a commodity which being once bought may be bartered, exchanged, or returned, but is an inseparable appendage that lasts for life.

Marriage is a noose, into which if the neck should happen to slip, it becomes inexplicable as the Gordian knot, and cannot be undone till cut afunder by the scythe of death. Much more could I add upon this subject, if I were not prevented by the desire I have to know whether Mr. Licentiate has any thing farther to entertain us with, relative to the history of Basilius.' To this hint the other (call him scholar, batchelor, or licentiate) replied, 'I have not any thing material to add, but that from the time he undertook Quiteria was to be married to Camacho the Rich, he was never seen to smile, or heard to speak confidently; he is thoughtful and melancholy, talks to himself; all which are undoubtedly symptoms of a disorderly mind. He fears either eats or fleps; and what little he does eat is fruit; when he sleeps at all it is upon the bare ground, and in the open air, like the beasts of the field. He every now and then looks up to heaven; at other times, like one stupid, fixes his eyes on the ground, and seems as if he was a cloathed statue, with the drapery flowing to the gales of the wind: in a word, he gives such indications of a fatal passion, that we believe for certain, when Quiteria-to-morrow pronounces the word "Yes," she will in that feal the sentence of his death.'

'God will order things better,' said Sancho, 'for he inflects the wound, and will also perform the cure. No one knows what may happen; there are a great many hours between this anto-morrow, and in one hour, even in a moment, down comes the house: I have myself seen fun-times and rain at the same time: a man goes to bed well at night, but cannot beetle himself next morning. Let me know, the best of ye, if any man can brag of having put a spoke in fortunate's wheel? No one, to be sure; and between the Yes and No of a woman, I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin, and that for a weighty reason, because there would not be room for it; if you will only allow me one thing,
thing, that Quiteria loves Basilius; ‘I’ll yet engage to give him a weller-
full of good-luck: for I have been
told, that love wears a pair of spec-
tacles, which spectacles make copper
look like gold, and poverty appear to
be riches, and speaks in the eyes to
seem pearls.’— A curse on thee! cried Don Quixote, ‘what is it thou
wouldst be at! once thou art set in
to stripping thy proverbs, none but
judas, with whom with thou wert,
can have patience to hear thee out!
Say, animal, what knowest thou about
spokes or wheels, or any other thing
whatsoever? ’— ‘O! since you do not
understand me,’ answered the squire,
no wonder you think it nonsensical what
I say; but that signifies nothing: I am
dressed myself, nor have I said many
nonsensical things yet, only your wor-
ship always plays the cricket upon
my words and actions.’— God con-
found thee, thou confounder of all
language!’ said Don Quixote. ‘Crick-
et! I suppose thou meanest critic.’—
‘As to that matter, Sir,’ said Sancho,
be not too severe upon me; you know
I was neither bred at court, nor stud-
ed at Salamanca, to know when I
am right in the letter of a word; and
as I hope for mercy from God, I think
it unreasonable to expect that the
Sayagues should speak in the same
manner as the Toledans; though, for
that matter, there are more Toledans
who are not more wise than other folks at
the work of speaking properly.’—
‘Very true,’ said the licentiate, ‘for
how should a man, whose business is
in the taverns, and in the Zocodover, speak so good a language as they
who do nothing but walk from morn-
ing to night in the cloyders of the
cathedral? and yet are all Toledos;
on the other hand, purity, pro-
priety, elegance, and peripetia, are
to be found among polite people of
feene; though they be natives of Ma-
thalusand; I say people of feene, be-
cause so great a number of people are
not so, and seene is the foundation of
good language, blended by custom
and use. I must tell you, gentlemen, it
has pleased God, for my sins, that
I have studied the canon-law at Sal-
amance, and I pique myself a little
on being able to converse in clear,
easy, and expressive language.’— ‘If
you had not piqued yourself more up-
on your dexterity at these good-for-
nothing foils you carry about with
you, than upon your knowledge in
languages, instead of lagging the hind-
most, you might have been at the head
of your class,’ said the other student.
‘I tell you, Mr. Batchelor, that you
are the most prejudiced man in the
world, in that respect, for treating
dexterity at the sword as a matter of
no signification.’— ‘It is no pre-
judice with me, it is a confirmed
opinion and truth,’ replied Cor-
chuelo; and if you please to make
the experiment, I will convinced you.
You carry foils now along with you,
and an opportunity offers; I’ll thow
you that I have nerves and strength,
backed with such courage as will
prove sufficient to demonstrate to you
that my opinion is not the effect of
prejudice; get off your asf, and try
your measured distances, your wheel-
ings, your longes, and art of defence;
and I’ll engage, with only the plain
rattleskill I have, to make you see
the flags at noon-day; for I truth un-
der God, the man is yet unborn who
can make me turn my back; nor have
I met with any man whom I will not
oblige to give ground.’— As to turn-
ning your back, or not turning your
backs that is none of my business,’ re-
plied the matter of the science; ‘though
it is not impossible, but that the first
shot you fix your foot on may prove
your burying-ground: I mean, it is
possible you may be left dead there,
for fighting the noble science of de-
cence.’— ‘That we shall see presently,’ replied Corchuelo, jumping hal-
til upon the ground, and snatching
with great fury one of the foils, which
the other carried upon his asf.
Here Don Quixote cried out, ‘Not
so, by heavens! I will be umpire of
this fencing-match, and judge of this
long-controverted dispute.’ So say-
ing, he alighted from Rozinaute, and
graping his lance, planted himself in
the very middle of the road, just as
matter licentiate, in a matterly posture
and regular advances, was making
Towards Corchuelo, whoran at him

* Poor people that live about Zamora.
† Zocodover, a square in Toledo, like Smithfield, where cattle are sold.
fire, as the saying is, flashing from his eyes; while the two country fellows, without dismounting, fat still as spectators of this most deadly tragedy. Corchuelo assailed him every way with high strokes, low strokes, back-strokes, cuts, thrusts, flashes out of number, and as thick as hail; in short, he fell upon the licentiate like an enraged lion, but was checked a little in the career of his fury by a smart push in the mouth from the licentiate's foil, who made him kick the button, though with less devotion than if it had been a relic. In a word, the licentiate, by skilful and well-planted thrusts, counted the buttons of his caffock, and went through it so often, that it hung in rags like the tails of the polypos; twice was Corchuelo's hat struck off; and so spent was he, that in rage and spite, and furious cholera, he flung the foil into the air-with so much force, that one of the countrymen, who went to fetch it, being a kind of scrivener, declared upon oath, that it went near three quarters of a league; which affidavit being preferred, has been, and is, a testimonium to demonstrate that art prevails over strength.

Corchuelo, quite tired out, sat down; and Sancho going up to him, 'Mr. Bachelor,' said he, if you will be ruled by me, from henceforth challenge no one to fence, but dare them to wrestle and pitch the bar, since now you are of a proper age and strength for that exercise; for I have heard say of these fencers, that they can thrust you the point of a sword through the eye of a needle.'—'I am now convinced,' answered Corchuelo, 'and am taught by experience a truth I could not otherwise have believed.'

So getting up, he went and embraced his adversary, and they were now better friends than ever. The company not being willing to wait for the scrivener, who was gone after the foil, imagining he might be too long absent, resolved to put forward as fast as they could, that they might arrive early at Quiteria's village, whither they were all going. As they travelled on their way, the licentiate demonstrated to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, by such convincing arguments, drawn from the nature of truth and mathematical certainty, that every one was convinced of the usefulness of the science; and Corchuelo, particularly was made a convert, and entirely cured of his obstinacy.

The night was just fallen, and before they came to the village, it seemed as if something like a heaven full of an infinite number of bright stars was between them and it; they likewise heard an harmonious but mixed found of flutes, tambourines, palters, cymbals, drums, and bells. As they came nearer, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, which was made on one side of the entrance into the village; and this all flaming with lights, which were not in the least disturbed by the wind; for the evening was so calm, that there was not a breath of air, so much as to move a leaf upon a tree. But the life and spirit of the wedding confined in the musicians, who in bands ranged up and down that delightful place, some singing, some dancing, and others playing upon the different instruments. In a word, it looked as if joy and delight were sporting and playing through this meadow: a great many were employed in raising scaffolds, that they might view from them more commodiously the plays and dances which were to be in that place, to solemnize the nuptials of Camacho the Rich, and the obsequies of Basilius. Don Quixote refused to enter the village, though both the batchelor and the company invited him; but he pleased what he thought a sufficient excuse, the custom of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests, rather than in towns, though under guided roofs; and therefore he turned a little aside, grievously against the will of Sancho, who had not yet forgotten the good lodgings he had enjoyed in the house of Don Diego.

C H A P. III.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WEDDING OF CAMACHO THE RICH, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO BASILIUS THE POOR.

The fair Aurora had hardly allowed Phoebus time to dry up the liquid pearls that hung upon his golden locks, when Don Quixote shaking from his limbs the drowsy fettlers of sleep, got upon his legs, and called to Sancho Panza, who lay stretched along, and snoring; which situation his master seeing,
ing, before he awaked him, broke out into this follioloy: 'Happy thou, and blest beyond the fate of other mortals, who, neither envying nor envied, sleepest found, with unconcern of soul! Inchanters neither perfect, nor enchanters terrify thee: sleep on, I say again, and a hundred times more I say, sleep on; no jealousies on account of a miller's torture thee with perpetual watchings, no anxious cares of paying debts awake thee, no folly ciude how thou must to-morrow provide for thyself and little ones breaks in upon thy slumbers. Ambitious views create thee no disquiet, nor the vain pomp of this empty world occasions thee any disturbance; thy concern is centered within the bounds of taking care of thy as, for, as to taking care of thy person, that is laid upon my shoulders, a charge and burden that both nature and custom hath laid upon masters; the servant sleeps, while the master awakes, and thinking how he shall maintain him, advance him in life, or do him some service. The uneaselness that arises from seeing the heavens as it were hard as brats, locked up, and refusing rain to cherish the earth, brings no anxiety upon the servant, but upon the master; who, in the days of dearth and famine, is bound to provide for him who served him in the time of abundant and plentiful harvest.'

To all this effusion Sancho answered not one word, for he was fast asleep, nor would have waked when he did, but that his master jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. He waked yawning and drowsy; and turning his face every way, 'Umpf!' said he, 'from yonder shady bower, if my nostrils deceive me not, proceeds rather the sweet and savour of broiled rathers of bacon, than the fragrance of thyme and jefamine. O! my confience! weddings that begin in this favour manner, must needs, in truth, bemagnificent and abundant.'—'Thou epicure,' said Don Quixote, 'have done, and let us go see this wedding, and what will be the fate of the flighted Basilius.'—'Let his fate be as it please,' quoth Sancho; 'what, he poor and marry Quiteria! A pretty fancy truly, for one not worth a groat to think of matching so high; 'tis my opinion, a man who is poor ought to bless God for what he finds, and not be 'diving to find truffles at the bottom of the sea.' I'll lay a limb that Camacho can cover this same Basilius from head to foot with fixepenny pieces; and if this be so, as it certainly is, Quiteria would be a pretty lady of a bride, indeed, to refuse all the fine cloaths and fine things that, I warrant you, Camacho has given her already, and can give her still more; and to prefer, instead of them, a pitch at the bar truly, and a pais at the foils, which, it seems, make up Basilius's riches. Go into a tavern for a pint of wine, and see if they will take a pitch of the bar, or a clever push of the foils, in lieu of the reckoning; as for your abilities, and your refinements, and graces, that will bring in none of the ready; Count Dirlos may have them for me: but when they happen to take their relishing-place on a man who has wherewithal, O then, I wish no better than that my life may shew off as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good house may be raised, and the very best bottom and best foundation of any is wealth.'—Oh! cried Don Quixote, 'have done; have done with this harangue! I do from my soul believe, if one would but suffer thee to go on, thou wouldst lose both thy eating and sleeping in talking.'—'Was your worship pleased of a good memory,' replied Sancho, 'you would remember certain articles stipulated between us, before we falled forth upon this expedition; one of which was, that I was to talk as much as I pleased, provided it was not scandal against my neighbour, or derogating from your worship's authority, and I imagine, that nothing I have hitherto said is a breach of this agreement.'—'I remember no such agreement,' said Don Quixote; 'but, allowing it to be so, it is my pleasure you should give over, and come attend me; for now the instruments we heard last evening send their cheering sounds through the valleys; and beyond all doubt the nuptials will not be put off to the sultry heat of the noon-day, but be solemnized in the fresh cool of the morning.'

Sancho did as he was commanded, and putting on Rosinante's saddle and Dapple's pannet, they both mounted, and gently walked their beasts into the artificial
artificial shade. The first object that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho, was an entire bulkhead fipted whole, upon an elm, roasting by a fire of wood of the size of a middling mountain, and round it fix pots, but not such pots as are caft in common-moulds, for they were half jars, and each of them contained a whole hambre of inert; whole sheep found room in them, and were flowed as commodiously as if they had been so many pigeons. There was an innumerable quantity of cafted hares; and ready-plucked fowls that hung about the branches of the trees, ready to be swallowed up in their receivers; and an infinite number of wild-fowl, with vast quantities of venison, were likewise hanging about the trees, for the air to cool them. Sancho himself told above three-score skins, which, as it was afterwards discover'd, were full of rich wines, every skin containing above twenty-four quart's. Loaves of the whitest bread were piled up like heaps of wheats on a threshing-floor; and such a quantity of cheeses ranged in the form of bricks, as seemed a wall; two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, were ready for frying their fritters and pancakes; and when fried, they took them out with strong peels, and dipped them in another pot thereof by full of prepared honey. The cooks: men and women, amounted to above fifty, clean, good-boured, and all busy; in the belly of the roasting bulkhead were fessed a dozen feeking pigs, to make fetender and favoury. Spices of all sorts, which seemed to have been brought by wholesale and not by retail, froad in a vast cheft. In short, the preparations for the wedding were indeed in a muffick fafe, but in fuch plenty and profusion as might have feated an army.

Sancho looked at every thing, attentiveiy considered each particular, and was in ruptures with the whole. But his whole heart and affections were chiefly captivated by the fift pot, out of which he would have been glad, with all his heart, to have filled about a moderate barrel. Then the wine-skins made his bowels yearn; and after ancle the contents of the frying-pan, if vefels of fuch inmoderate fize may be fo called. He could hold out no longer; it was not in the power of his nature to contain himself; therefore up he went to one of the cooke, who was busy, and addressing himself to him with a humble and hungry air, begged that he might be permitted to fea a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which request the cook replied, 'Hunger does not prelude over this day, thanks be to God, Camacho the Rich; even alight, and fee if thou canst find any wherea ladle, and skim out a fow or two, and much good may it do thy good heart.'—i see no ladle,' said Sancho. 'God forgive me all my flas!' cried the cook, 'what a poor helpfree thing thou art! stay.' So laying, he laid hold of a kettle, and dipping it at once into one of the half-jar pots, brought up three pullets, and a couple of geese. 'Here,' said he, 'eat; make a breakfast of this fcum, and fee if you can stay your stomach with it till dinner-time.'—I have nothing to put it in,' said Sancho. 'Then take ladle and all,' replied the cook; 'for Camacho's riches, and good fortune are sufficient to supply every thing.'

While Sancho Panza passed his time in this manner, Don Quixote was attentive in observing about a dozen of countrymen, who entered in at one side of this spacious arbour, mounted upon beautiful mares, each of them accoutred with rich and gay caparisons, and hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday appareil, and coursed round the meadow in a body, and, in regular careers, several times, with a joyful Moonlight shout, flourishing, and crying out, 'Long live Camacho and Quiñones!—be as rich as fie is fair, and the fairest of the universe.'—Which explanation, Don Quixote hearing, said within himl, 'It is evident they never have beheld the beauty of Dulcinea del-Toboso; they have ever been bleffed with a fight of her transcendant charms; they would be more sparing in their praises of this their Quitera.'

Some time after they entered, at different parts of the arbour, different fets of dancers; one of whom consisted of twenty-four sword dancers, all of them clean, well-made, jolly-swains, clad in fine white linen; and white handkerchiefs emblazoned, with filk of various colours. One of those who were mounted upon the mares asked a youth, who led the band of the sword-dancers, whether any of his companions had received any hurt?—As yet,' replied the

other,
other, "we are all safe and found, 
thanks be to God, no one is wound-
ed!" and immediately upon that mixed among his companions with so many twittings and windings, and with such dexterity, that though Don Quixote had been used to behold such dances, he never saw any he approved so much.

Another dance likewise pleased him prodigiously; that was another chorus of twelve most beautiful damselts, of such an age, that none appeared under fourteen, nor did any seem to be quite eighteen; they were all clad in green stuff of Cuenca, their locks were, some plaited, some flowing loose, and all so fine and flaxen, as to rival those of Phebus himself, and crowned with garlands of roses, of jessamine, and of woodbine. This beautiful bevy was led up to the dance by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, both more airy and agile than could-be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zama was their mufick, and with modestly in their locks and countenances, and lightness of foot, they danced and tripped it away the prettiest in the world. After thefe, entered an emblematic dance of eight nymphs divided into two bodies: the God of Love led one, and Interest the other; Cupid with his wings, his bow, his quiver, and arrows; Interest clad in gold, and silk of rich and various colours. The nymphs, attendants on Cupid, had their names displayed in white parchment, and capital letters on their backs: the first was named Poetry, the second Difcretion, the third Pedigree, the fourth Bravery. The attendants on Interest were likewise characterized: the first was Liberty, the second Bounty, the third Treasure, the fourth Quirt perfection. The whole masque was preceded by a wooden castle, drawn by savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, and so savage they looked, that they had almost frightened Sancho. On the front and on each of the four sides of this machine were inscribed these words, "The Castle of Difcretion." Four able musicians played on the tabor and the pipe. Cupid, who began the dance, after he had made two movements, lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood upon the battlements of the castle, to whom he pronounced this ad-

"I am the God whose power extends 
Thro' the wide ocean, earth, and sky; 
To my trust all nature bends, 
Compel'd by beauty to comply. 
Fea'ters, I rule, in swim and form, 
Indulge my pleasure to the full, 
Things deemed impossible perform, 
Below, resume, ordain, annul."

Having repeated these stanzas, he shot an arrow to the top of the castle, and retired to his station. Then Interest advanced, and performed other two movements; after which the tabors were silent, and the power rehearsed these lines—

"My pow'r exceeds the might of Love; 
For Cupid bows to me alone, 
Of all things fram'd by Heav'n above, 
The most respected, sought, and known. 
My name is Interest, mine aid 
But few obtain, though all desire; 
Yet shall thy virtue, beauteous maid, 
My constant services acquire."

Interest retiring, was succeeded by Poetry; who, after having performed his motions like the rest, fixed his eyes upon the lady of the castle, and said—

"Let Poetry, whose strain divine 
The wonderous pow'r of song displays, 
His heart to thee, fair nymph, confign, 
Transported, in melodious lays: 
If haply, thou wilt not refuse 
To grant my suppliant boon, 
Thy fame shall, waited by the muff, 
Surmount the circle of the moon."

Poetry disappearing, Liberty advanced from the side of Interest, and, after several movements, repeated these lines—

"My name is Liberty, 
Alas! beneficent and wise, 
To quell wild prodigality, 
And forbid avarice deepf" 
Yet, for thy favour lavish grown, 
A prodigal I mean to prove; 
An honourable vice, I own, 
But giving is the test of love."

In this manner, all the figures of the two squadrons advanced and retired, every one performing his movements, and repeating his verses, some of which were elegant, and others foolish enough; but those we have inferred were all that Don Quixote could retain, although his memory was very tenacious: then mix-
ing all together in the dance, they winded and turned with great ease, grace, and agility. Cupid, in passing, shot arrows at the castle, while Interell battered it with round gilded earthen pots; at length, after the dance had continued a good while, this last pulled out a large purse made of Roman cat skin, to all appearance full of money, and throwing it at the castle, the boards seemed to be disjointed by the blow, and immediately fell aunder, leaving the damsel quite discovered and defenceless; then Interell, with the figures of his train, advancing, and throwing a great gold chain about her neck, seemed bent upon taking and dragging her into captivity. This design being perceived by Cupid and his partisans, they made an effort to release her, and all their motions were performed by the sound of the tabors, to which they danced and capered in concert. Then the savages interposing, and effecting an accommodation, refted and rejoined the boards of the cafile with admirable dispatch, the damsel enclosed herself anew; and thus the dance was finished, to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, what author had contrived and composed this entertainment; and being told it was the production of the parson, who had a rare noddle for such conceits, 'I'll lay a wager,' said he, 'that this fame batchelor or curate is more a friend of Camacho than of Basilius; and that he is better acquainted with the fairest than prayer; for he has very artfully interwoven in this mask the talents of Basilius, and the wealth of his rival.' Sancho Panza overhearing this observation, 'My cock is the king,' said he; 'and I hold fast by Camacho.'—'Then am I convinced,' replied the knight, 'that Sancho is one of those low-born peasants, who cry, "Long life to the conqueror."'

'—'I know not,' resumed the squire, 'what fetch I am of; but this I know perfectly well, that I shall never skim from the fish pots of Basilius, such a delicate feast as this that I have taken from the boilers of Camacho.' With these words, he produced the kettle full of geese and pullets, and feizing a bird, began to eat with great glee and satisfaction; saying, in defiance of the talents possessed by Basilius, 'Thou art worth just as much as thou hast, and hast just as much as thou art worth. There are only two families in the world, as my grammum was wont to observe, the Have-things and the Have-nothings: though he always stuck to the former; and now-a-days, my good master, we are more apt to feel the pulse of property than of wisdom. An afs with golden trappings, makes a better appearance than a horse with a pack faddle. Therefore, I say again, I hold fast by Camacho, the plentiful scum of whole pots contains geese, hares, and conies; while that of Basilius, if it comes to hand, or even if it should only come to the feet, is no better than dish-washings.'

'Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, 'haft thou finished thy harangue?'—'It shall be finished,' replied the squire, 'as I see your worship is displeased with it; though, if your disquiet had not fallen in the way, I had cut our work enough for three days.'—'Grant Heaven,' said the knight, 'that I may fee thee dumb before I die!'—At the rate we follow,' answered Panza, 'before your worship dies, my mouth will be crammed with clay, and then I may chance to be so dumb, that I shall not speak another word to the end of the world, or at least till the day of judgment.'—'Even should that be the case,' replied Don Quixote, 'I say unto thee, O Sancho! thy silence will never counterbalance what thou didst, doest, and wilt say, during the course of thy life; moreover, according to the nature of things, the day of my death will happen before thine; so that I have no hope of ever seeing thee silent, even while thou art drinking or sleeping, and that is: the greatest favour I could expect.'

In good faith, Signior, said the squire, there is no trusting to Mrs. Ghostly, (I mean, death) who gobbles up the goblin as well as the goose; and as I have heard our curate observe, tramplest down the lofty turrets of the prince, as well as the lowly cottage.
affault, had not he been prevented by
that which we must now relate.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversa-
tion related in the preceding chapter, they heard a great noise and shouting,
railed by a company mounted on mares,
galloping in full cry, to meet the young
woman surrounded by a thousand kinds of instruments, and ac-
accompanied by the curate, the relations, and
all the creditable people of the
neighbouring villages, in their holiday
cloaths. Sancho, seeing the bride, ex-
claimed with marks of admiration,

"I faith! she looks more like one of
your gay court-dames, than a plain
country-maid. Now, by the biggest
heads of my rofary! instead of a tin
brooch", her breast is bedizened with
rich coral, and her hoyden-grey is
turned into thirty-piled velvet; and,
body o' me! the trimming is not of
white linen, but of silk and satin:
then handle me her hands, let off with
what? jewels of jet? No! let me
never thrive, if they an't decked with
rings of gold! aye, and of mafly
gold, paved with pearls as white as
a curd, every one of which is worth
a Jew's eye. O the whorish bag-
gage! and such hair! if it is not
falle, I never saw any so long, and
to fair in my born-days. Do but
mind how buxom, straight, and tall
she is, and see whether she may not
be compared to a moving palm-tree,
loaded with clusters of dates; for no-
ting can be more like the gewgaws
and toys that hang from her hair and
neck. By my salvation! the damsel
is well covered, and might pass
through all the banks of Flanders.'

Don Quixote, though he smiled at the
rustick praises of his squire, owned that,
extinctive of his mistitfs Dulcinea del
Tohobo, she was the most beautiful fe-
male he had ever seen.

* The patina was a small confecrated plate which the Spanish women, especially those
of an inferior rank, wore upon their breasts.

3 E 2 Never-
Nevertheless, the fair Quiteria was
colder than usual; and this change of
complexion must have been owing to
the bad night which brides always pas-
in adorning themselves for the ap-
proaching day of their nuptials. The
company repaired to a theatre erected
at one side of the meadow, and orna-
mented with carpets and boughs, where
the ceremony was to be performed, and
from whence they were to see the
masques and other diversions; and they
had just arrived at the place when their
ears were saluted with a noise behind
them, and a voice that pronounced,
' Stay a little, hasty and inconsiderate
people.'—In consequence of this ad-
dress, they turned about, and perceived
it was uttered by a man cloathed in a
loose black coat, interpersed with crim-
son flames, crowned, as they soon per-
cieved, with a chaplet of funeral cry-
prefs, and holding in his hand a trum-
cheon of uncommon size. As he ap-
proached, he was known to be the
gallant Bafilius; at fight of whom they
were surprized, and waited in suspense
to see the issue of his exclamation,
dreading some mischance from such an
unseemly visit. At length, wearied
and breathless, he came up to the bride
and lodd-groom, and thrusting in the
ground his staff that was pointed with
steel, he fixed his eyes upon Quiteria,
and with a pale aspect and hairee qua-
vering voice, pronounced these words:

- Thou well knowest, ungrateful Quiteria,
that, according to the holy faith
we profess, thou caited not espoine
another husband while I am alive;
nor art thou ignorant, that while I
waited until time and diligence should
improve my fortune, I never sought
to devise from that decorum which
thy honour required I should pre-
serve; yet thou, disburdening thy-
self of all the obligations which thou
owest to my honest passion, hast made
another person matter of what is just-
ly mine; a man whose wealth is not
only subservient to his good fortune,
but even renders him superlatively
happy; which happiness, that he may
enjoy to the full (not that I think he
defers it, but because it is the will of
Heaven to bellow it) I will, with my
own hands, remove the impossibility
or inconvenience that may obstruct
it, by taking myself out of the way.

Long live, long live Camacho, the
Rich, with Quiteria the Ungrateful, to
enjoy many quiet and happy years;
and death be the portion of the poor
Bafilius, whose poverty clipped the
wings of his fortune, and laid him in
an untimely grave.

So saying, he laid hold of the staff
which he had stuck in the earth, and
drew from it a middling tuck, which
was concealed in it as in a scabbard;
then fixing that which may be called
the hilt on the ground, he threw him-
self, with great activity and resolution,
upon the point, which in an instant
came out bloody at his shoulder, leav-
ing the unhappy youth wailing in gore,
and stretched upon the ground, transfixed
with his own weapon. His friends im-
mediately ran to his assistance, pierced
with affliction at his misery and la-
mentable fate; and Don Quixote, dis-
mounting, flew to his relief, held him
in his arms, and found that he had
not as yet expired. They were in-
clined to withdraw the tuck; but the
curate, who was present, gave his opi-
nion that it should not be withdrawn
before he had confessed himself, be-
cause his death would be the imme-
diate consequence of pulling out the wea-
pon. Meanwhile, Bafilius, recovering
a little, said, in a faint and piteous tone,
'Ah, cruel Quiteria! wouldst thou,
in this last and fatal agony, befall
upon me thy hand in marriage, I
should deem my ruffines exculpated,
seeing by that I should acquire the
happiness of calling thee my own.'
The curate, hearing this address, ex-
horted him to employ his attention
upon the health of his soul, rather than
upon such carnal pleasures, and ear-
nestly pray to God to pardon his sins,
and in particular this last desperate de-
termination. To this remonstrance Ba-
fiilius replied, that he would by no
means confess, until Quiteria should first
grant him her hand, a favour which
would far his heart at rest, and give him
spirits to undergo his confession.

Don Quixote hearing the petition of
the wounded man, declared, in an au-
dible voice, that Bafilius requested no-
thing but what was just and reasonable,
and besides very practicable; and that
Signior Camacho's honour would suf-
fice no more in wedding Signora Qui-
teria as the widow of Bafilius, than in
receiving her from her father's own
hands; for here nothing was required
but the monosyllable of assent, which
could have no other effect than the trouble
trouble of pronouncing it, as the bridal bed must also be the tomb of such a marriage. Camacho heard the whole, which kept him in such confusion and suspense, that he knew not what to say or do: but the friends of Basilius were so clamorous in soliciting him to consent to Quiteria's giving her hand in marriage to the hapless youth, whose soul would otherwise perish in despair, that he was persuaded, and as it were compelled to say, that if his bride would grant that favour, he should be satisfied, as it would only for a moment delay the accomplishment of his desires. Immediately they surrounded Quiteria, whom with tears, entreaties, and other pathetic remonstrances, they pressed to give her hand to poor Basilius; but she, more obdurate than marble, and more inflexible than a statue, neither could, would, or defied to answer one word; nor would she have made the least reply, had not the curate desired her to come to a speedy determination, for the soul of Basilius being already between his teeth, would not afford long time for meditation.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, without speaking one syllable, but seemingly disordered, sad, and sorrowful, advanced to the place where Basilius lay, with his eyes already fixed, breathing short and thick, murmuring the name of Quiteria, and, to all appearance, dying rather like an heathen than a Christian. The bride at length approaching, and kneeling before him, desired by signs he would hold out his hand: then Basilius unfixed his eyes, and impulsively gazing upon her, 'O Quiteria!' said he, 'thou art become kind at a time when thy kindness must serve as a sword to finish my unfortunate life; seeing I have not strength enough left to obtain that glory which thou wilt confer in calling me thine; or to suspend the grief that comes to fail to cover mine eyes with the dimmed shades of death. What I requell, O fatal fear of my destiny! is, that thy consent to this exchange of souls may not be a mere compliment to deceive me anew; but that thou wilt confess and declare there is no restraint upon thy inclination, while thy hand is given and delivered to me as thy lawful husband, for it would be cruel to use deceit and disguised malversation with one in such extremity, who has always behaved to thee with such sincerity and truth.' Having pronounced these words, he fainted away, so that all the bystanders thought his soul would forsoe his body in that swoon; but when he retrieved the use of his faculties, Quiteria, all-blurring with modesty, took hold of his right hand, saying, 'No force upon earth would be sufficient to bias my will; and therefore, with all the freedom of inclination, I give thee my hand as thy lawful wife, and receive thine on the same terms, if thou beflowit it with the same good will, undisturbed and unconfounded by the calamity into which thou hast been hurried by thy own precipitate conduct.'—I do,' answered Basilius, 'without either disorder or confusion; but, on the contrary, with all the clearness of understanding with which Heaven hath thought proper to endow me, I give and deliver myself for thy true and faithful husband.'—And I take thee for such,' replied Quiteria, 'whether thou mayest live many years, or now be hurried from mine arms to the grave.'—Considering how desperately this spark is wounded,' said Sincho Panza, 'methinks he talks woundedly: make him lay aside his courtship, and mind his soul, which seems to be in his tongue rather than between his teeth.'

The hands of Basilius and Quiteria being joined, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the nuptial benediction, and fervently prayed, that God would grant forgivenesses and repose to the soul of the bridegroom, who no sooner perceived the ceremony was performed, than he nimbly springing upon his legs with incredible activity, withdrew the tuck which was sheathed in his body, to the admiration of the by-standers; some of whom, being more simple than curious, began to cry aloud, 'A miracle! a miracle.' But Basilius replied, 'No miracle! no miracle! but fleer industry! nothing but industry!' The curate, confounded and astonihed, ran up to feel the wound with both his hands, and found that the blade, instead of passing through the body of Basilius, had run through an iron tube fitted to the part, and full of blood, which, as they afterwaeds understood, was prepared for as to retain its fluidity: in a word, the curate and Camacho, with almost all the compa...
ny, found themselves fairly out-witted.

The bride, however, expelled no mor-
tification at the deceit: on the contrary,
having somebody observe that such a
marriage, obtained by fraud, could not
be valid, the said the confirmed it anew.

From which circumstance every one
concluded that the stratagem had been
contrived and executed with her privity
and consent. This innovation enraged
Camacho and his adherents to such a
degree, that they referred their revenge
to the provefs of their hands, and, un-
feathing a great many swords, assaulted
Balilius, in whose favour almost an
equal number were instantly produced.

Don Quixote taking the lead on horse-
back, well armed with his lance and
shield, made the whole company give
ground; while Sancho, who had no
delight or comfort in such exploits, re-
tired to the jars from which he had ex-
tracted his agreeable scum, looking
upon that place as a sacred sanctuary
and respected retreat. The knight ex-
claimed, in an audible voice, ' For-
bear, gentlemen, forbear: it is un-
just to revenge the grievances of love;
for, in this particular, love and war
are the same; and, as in the last, it is
lawful and customary to use feints
and stratagems against the enemy; so
likewise in amorous contests and com-
petitions, all sorts of tricks and con-
trivances, are allowed in attaining the
accomplishment of the lover's desire,
provided they do not tend to the dis-
paragement or dishonour of the beloved
object. Quiteria was freted to Balilius,
and Balilius to Quiteria, by the just
and favourable determination of Hea-
ven. Camacho is rich, and may pur-
chase his pleasure when, where, and
how his inclination shall require:
whereas Balilius has but this one
poor sheep, of which he ought not to
be deprived by any person how power-
ful lover he may be; for those whom
God hath joined, no man shall put
afunder; and he who attempts it must
first pass through the point of this
lance.' So saying, he brandished it
with such strength and dexterity, as
filled the hearts of those who did not
know him with fear and consternation;
and the disdain of Quiteria made such
a deep impression upon the imagination
of Camacho, that he shook her from his
heart in an instant; so that the perfun-
sions of the curate, who was a pro-
dent and well-meaning priest, pacified
and quieted him and his partisans, who,
in token of peace, sheathed their wea-
pons, blaming the inconstancy of Qui-
teria more than the contrivance of Ba-
liius; and Camacho himself observed,
that if he loved Balilius before mar-
rriage, the fame love would have con-
cluded after it; and that he had more
reason to thank Heaven for having lost,
than he should have had for obtaining
such an help-mate.

Camacho, and those of his train, being thus consoled and appeased, the
friends of Balilius took no step to dis-
turb their peace; and Camacho the
Rich, in order to shew how little he re-
fected or thought of the trick which
had been played him, desired that the
entertainments might proceed as if he
was really to be married: but Balilius
with his bride and followers refusing to
partake of them, set out in a body for
the place of his habitation; for the
poor, who are virtuous and discreet,
will always find people to honour, at-
tend, and support them, as well as the
rich with all their parasites and compa-
nions. In consequence of their earnest
intreaty, they were accompanied by
Don Quixote, whom they esteemed
as a prodigy of valour and integrity; and
nothing was cloudy but the soul of
Sancho, when he found it impossible to
enjoy the splendid banquets and diver-
sions of Camacho, that lasted till night:
he therefore, in a fretful and melancholy
mood, followed his master, who joined
the troop of Balilius, leaving behind
the fleecy-pots of Egypt, although he
still retained them in his fancy; and the
half-finished scum of his kittle enhan-
ced the glory and abundance of the be-
nefit he had lost; so that, penive, ful-
en, and sad, yet without hunger or dif-
mounting from Dapple, he silently
trudged after the heels of Rozinante.

C H A P. V.

In which is recounted the vast
adventure of the cave of
Montesinos, in the heart of
La Mancha, which was hap-
pily atchieved by the va-
lient Don Quixote.

Great, and manifold were the
treats and particulars of respect
paid to Don Quixote by the new-mar-
rried couple, who thought themselves
greatly
greatly obliged by the readiness he had shewn to defend their cause, and looked upon his discretion to be equal to his valour; indeed, they esteemed him a perfect Cid in arms, and a Cicero in elocution. Hence Sancho regaled himself three days at their expense, during which it was known that the contrivance of the fictitious wound had not been communicated to Quiteria, but was latched by the ingenuity of Basilius himself, in hope of meeting with that success which, as we have seen, he actually attained; true it is, he confessed he had imparted his design to some of his friends, that they might, in case of necessity, favour his intention, and facilitate the execution of his deceit.

'Whatsoever hath virtue for it's ultimate aim,' said Don Quixote, 'neither can or ought to be called deceit; and surely no aim can be more excellent than the union of two lovers in the holy bands of marriage.' He observed, that the greatest enemy of love is hunger and necessity; for love is altogether sprightly, joyous, and satisfied, especially when the object of desire is in possession of the lover, whose fierce and declared adversities are want and inconvenience. He made these observations with a view to persuade Signior Basilius to quiet the exercise of those talents he possessed, which, though they acquired reputation, would not earn a farthing of money, and to employ his attention in augmenting his estate by legal and industrious means, that never fail the prudent and the careful. The poor man of honour (if a poor man can deserve that title) poffessed, in a beautiful wife, a jewel; and when that is taken away, he is deprived of his honour, which is murdered: a beautiful and chaste woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel and palms of triumph; for beauty alone attracts the inclinations of those who behold it, just as the royal eagle and soaring hawk flit to the savoury lure; but if that beauty is incumbered by poverty and want, it is likewise attacked by ravens, kites, and other birds of prey; and if she who poffesses it firmly withstands all these assaults, she well deserves to be called the crown of her husband. 'Take notice, dearest Basilius,' added the knight, 'it was the opinion of a certain fage, that there was but one good wife in the whole world; and he advised every husband to believe she had fallen to his share, and accordingly be satisfied with his lot. I myself am not married, nor hitherto have I entertained the least thought of changing my condition; nevertheless, I will venture to advise him who asks my advice, in such a manner, that he may find a woman to his will: in the first place, I would exhort him to pay more regard to reputation than to fortune; for a virtuous woman does not acquire a good name, merely by being virtuous, the milt like wife maintain the extremities of deportment, for the honour of the sex suffers much more from levity and freedom of behaviour in publick, than from any private misdemeanors. If thou bringest a good woman to thy house, it will be an easy task to preserve and even improve her virtue; but, shouldst thou choose a wife of a different character, it will cost thee abundance of pains to mend her; for it is not very practicable to pass from one extreme to another: I do not say it is altogether impossible, though I hold it for a matter of much difficulty.'

Sancho hearing these remarks, said to himself, 'This matter of mine, whenever I chance to utter any thing pitty or substential, will say I might take a pulpit in hand, and travel through the world, teaching and preaching; admiration; now, I will say for him, that when he begins to string sentences, and give advice, he might not only take one pulpit in hand, but even a couple on each finger, and stroll about the market-towns. Wit, whether wouldst thou? May the devil fetch him for a knight-errant! he knows but every thing. I thought for certain, he could be acquainted with nothing but what relates to his chivalries; but he pecks at every thing, and throws his spoonful in every man's dish.'

His master overheard him murmuring in this manner, and asking what he grumbled at, 'I don't grumble,' answered Sancho, 'I was only saying to myself, I wished I had heard those remarks of your worship before I married; in which case I might now, perhaps, remark in my turn, 'The loose
"Loosened ox is well kicked."—What, is Teresa such a bad wife? said the knight. Not very bad, answered the squire, but then she is not very good; at least, not so good as I could wish.

"You are in the wrong, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to disparage your wife, who in effect is the mother of your children."—As to that matter, replied Sancho, "we are not at all in one another's debt; for she can dis- parage me fair enough, especially when she takes it in her head to be jealous, and then Satan himself could not endure her.

In a word, they stayed three days with the new-married couple, during which they were treated and served like the king's own person; and here Don Quixote defined the nimble-witted licentiate to provide him with a guide to direct his steps to the cave of Montefluous, which he had a longing desire to explore, that he might investigate with his own eyes the truth of those wonderful stories that were reported of it through the whole neighbourhood. The licentiate promised to accommodate him with a first cousin of his own, a famous student deeply read in books of chivalry, who would willingly conduct him to the very mouth of the cave, and point out the lakes of Ruyderia, so famous not only in the province of La Mancha, but also through the whole kingdom of Spain; and he likewise observed, that he would find his conversation very entertaining; for he was a lad who knew how to compose books for the press, and even dedicate them to princes. At length this cousin arrived upon an ass' big with foal; whose pannier was covered with a piece of tawdry tapestry or carpet: Sancho saddled Rocinante, put Dapple in order, showed his wallet, which was reinforced by the cousin's, likewise very well filled; then recommending themselves to God, and taking leave of the company, they set out, chusing the shortest road to the famous cave of Montefluous.

While they travelled along, Don Quixote addressing himself to the student, asked what was the nature and quality of his exercises, studies, and profession? To this question the other answered, that his profession was humanity; and that his exercise and study consisted in composing books for the press, of great emolument, and no less entertainment to the public; that one of them was intitled, The Book of Liveries, in which he had described seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, motes, and cyphers: From these, said he, your courtiers may extract and assume such devices as will suit their fancies, in times of festivity and rejoicing, without going about beg- ging from any person whatever, or cudgelling their brains, as the faying is in order to invent what will suit their several designs and dispositions; for I infer those that will fit the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten, and absent, to exactly, that the just will far exceed the number of the Gentiles. I have likewise finisht another book, which I propose to call, The Metamorphoses; or, The Spanish Ovid; of an invention equally new and agreeable; for there, in imitation of Nasso, I give a burlesque description and history of the Giralda of Seville, the Angel of La Madalina, the Convent of Veeningerra at Cordova, the bulls of Guifanda, the Sierra Morena, the Fountains of Leganitos, and the Levapies of Madrid, not forgetting those of the Piajo, the Golden Pipe, and the Priora, with their allegories, metaphors, and transforma- tions, which at once surpize, instruct, and entertain. I have a third performance, which I denominate, The Supplement to Polydore's Virgil, which treats of the invention of things, and is a work of great study and erudition; for many things of great importance, which Polydore has omitted, I examine and explain in a most elegant style: he, for example, has forgot to let us know who was the first person troubled with a dilution or rheum, and who was first anointed for the cure of the French distemper: now these two questions I resolve in the most accurate manner, upon the authority of above five and twenty authors; so your worship will perceive whether I have laboured to good purpose, and composed a book that will be useful to the world in general.

Sancho having listened very attentively to this narration, 'Tell me, Signior,' said he, I may God lend an helping hand to the printing of your books; tell me, if you know, and surely you know everything, who was the first man that scratched...
his own head? for my own part, I firmly believe it must have been our father Adam."—'Certainly,' answered the student; 'for Adam without doubt had a head, and hair upon it; now that being the case, and he being the first man in the world, he must have scratched it sometimes.'—I am of the same opinion," resumed Sancho; but now, pray tell me who was the first tumbler?"—Verily, brother," resumed the scholar, 'I cannot determine that point until I shall have studied it, and study it I will, upon my return to the place where I keep my books; so that I shall satisfy you the next time we meet, for I hope this will not be the last time of our meeting.'—Then I desire you will give yourself no trouble about the matter," said Sancho; 'for I have already found out the solution of my question: know, Signior, that the first tumbler must have been Lucifer, who, when he was thrown and rejected from heaven, came tumbling down to the bottomless pit.'—'Friend,' cried the student, 'you are certainly in the right.'—That question and answer," said Don Quixote, 'is none of thy own; thou must have learned them from some other person, Sancho.'—'Hold your tongue,' Signior,' replied the squire: 'for, in good faith! if I begin to question and answer, I shall not have done till morning; yes, as to the matter of asking like a fool, and answering like a simpleton, I have no occasion to crave the assistance of my neighbours.'—'Thou hast said more than thou art aware of," answered Don Quixote; 'for some people there are who fatigue themselves in learning, and investigating that which, when learned and investigated, is not worth a farthing either to the memory or understanding.

In this and other such relishing discourse they passed that day, and at night took up their lodging in a small village, from whence, as the scholar told the knight, the distance to the cave of Montefinos did not exceed a couple of leagues; and he observed, that if Don Quixote was really determined to explore the cavern, it would be necessary to provide ropes, by which he might be lowered down to its bottom. The knight said, that although he should descend to the abyss, he would see the bottom, for which purpose he purchased about a hundred fathoms of rope. Next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at the cave, and found the mouth broad and spacious, though overgrown with thorns, weeds, brambles, and brakes, so thick and intricate, that it was almost quite covered and concealed; at sight of the place all three alighted; the student and Sancho immediately began to fasten the rope strongly about the knight, and while they were thus employed in cor ding and girding him, Sancho addressing himself to the adventurer, 'Dear matter,' said he, 'consider what your worship is about; seek not to bury yourself alive, and to be used like a bottle of wine, let down to cool in some well; for it neither concerns nor belongs to your worship to be the surveyor of that pit, which must be worse than a dungeon.'—'Tie the knot, and hold thy tone,' friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, 'for such an enterprize as this was reserved for me alone.' Then the guide interpolating, 'I intend your worship, Signior Don Quixote,' said he, 'to consider attentively and examine, as it were, with a hundred eyes, every circumstance within this cave, where, perhaps, there may be things which I shall infer among my transformations.'—The cymbal," answered Sancho, 'is in the hands that can play it to the utmost nicety.'

This discourse having passed, and the figure being made, not over the knight's armour but his doublet, 'We have been guilty of an inadvertency," said Don Quixote, 'in coming hither unprovided with a small bell, which had it been tied to me with the same cord, would, with it's found, have given you notice, as I descended, of my being alive; but, as it is now impossible to be accommodated, I commit myself to the hands of God, who will conduct me.' Then falling upon his knees, he in a low voice preferred a prayer to Heaven, beseeching God to afflict and crown him with successes, in this seemingly perilous and new adventure. His ejaculation being finished, he pronounced, in a loud voice, 'O! thou mistresses of my deeds and motions, the most replendent and peer les Dulcinea del Toboso! if the prayer and petition of this thy adventures lover
can possibly reach thine ears, I con-
jure thee, by thy unheard-of, beauty,
to grant my request, which is no other
than that thou wouldest not now deny
me thy favour and protection, when I
stand so much in need of both; for I
am just upon the brink of darting,
plunging, and ingulphing myself into
the profound abyss that opens wide
before me, on purpose that the world
may know there is nothing so impos-
sible that I will not attempt and ex-
cute, under the wings of thy favour.
So saying, he approached the pit,
where he found it would be impractica-
ble to slip down, or make way for en-
tering, without the strength of arms and
back-strokes: he therefore, unleathing
his sword, began to lay about him, and
mow down the bushes that grew around
the mouth of the cave, out of which an
infinite number of huge crows and daws,
asrighted at the noise and disturbance,
sallied forth with such force and velocity,
as laid the knight upon his back; and had
he been as superlative as he was a good
catholic, he would have looked upon
this irruption as a bad omen, and ex-
cuted himself from visiting the bowels
of such a dreary place; at length, however,
and seeing that the flight of crows, and
other birds of night, was now over, (for
a number of bats had likewise come forth)
he put the rope into the hands of
Sancho and the scholar, ordering them
to lower him down to the bottom of
that dreadful cavern, which when he enter-
ced, Sancho gave him his benediction,
and making a thousand crosses over him,
exclaimed, 'God and the Rock of
France, together with the Trinity of
Gaeta, be thy guides, thou flower, and
cream, and icum of knights-errant:
there thou goest, bully of the globe,
heart of steel, and arm of brass! I say
again, God be thy guide, and bring
thee back safe, sound, and without
deciet, to the light of this life, which
thou art now forsoaking to bury thyself
in that obscurity.' Almost the same prayer and deprecation was uttered
by the scholar; while Don Quixote
called aloud for rope, and afterwards for
more rope, which they gave him by lit-
tle and little. By that time the voice,
which ascended through the windings
and turnings of the cave, ceased to vi-
birate on their ears, they had already un-
coiled the hundred fathoms, and were
inclined to hoist him up again, as they
had no more cord to spare: they stayed,
however, about half an hour, at the ex-
piration of which they began to pull up
the rope, which seemed to have no
weight attached to it, and came up with
such ease, that they imagined the knight
was left below; a supposition, in con-
sequence of which the squire went most
bitterly, while he pulled with great ca-
gernesses in order to discover the truth;
but when they had coiled up about four-
score fathoms they felt the weight again,
and were exceedingly rejoiced; finally,
at the distance of ten fathoms, they
diffidently perceived Don Quixote; to whom
Sancho addressed himself, saying, 'Dear
master, I with your worship an happy
return; we began to think you had
'tarried below to breed.'
To this welcome the knight answered
not a word. When they had pulled
him up, they perceived his eyes were
shut, and that, to all appearance, he was
fall asleep; then he was laid upon the
ground, and untied, but still he did not
awake: however, by dint of turning,
jogging, shaking, and moving, they,
after some time, brought him to him-
sel, when yawning hideously as if he
had awaked from a profound and heavy
sleep, he looked around with amaze-
ment, and pronounced, 'God forgive
you, friends, for having withdrawn
me from the most delightful pro-
spect and agreeable life that ever mor-
tal saw or enjoyed: in effect, I am
now fully convinced, that all the
pleasures of this life fleet away like
a shadow or dream, or fade like the
flowers of the field. O unfortunate
Montefinos! O deeply wounded Du-
randarte! O hapless Belleron! O weep-
ing Guardian! and you forlorn daugh-
ters of Ruydera, who by your waters
threw the copious floods of tears that
fall from your beauteous eyes!'
The scholar and Sancho hearing
these words, which Don Quixote seem-
ed to heave with immense pain from
his very entrails, begged he would ex-
plain the meaning of what he had said,
and inform them of what he had seen
in that infernal gulph. 'Infernal, call
you it? said the knight; 'pray give
it a better epithet, for that it surely
does deserve, as you will presently
I perceive. Then he desired they would give him something to eat, for he was excessively hungry; and they, spreading the carpet upon the grass, produced the buttery of their bags, when all three sitting around them, in love and good fellowship, made one meal serve for supper and afternoon’s luncheon, which being finished, and the cloth taken away, ’My sons,’ said Don Quixote, 2 let no man flir, but litten with your whole attention to that which I am going to rehearse.'

CHAP. VI.

OF THE WONDERFUL INCIDENTS RECOUNTED BY THE EXTRAVAGANT DON QUIXOTE, WHO PRETENDED TO HAVE SEEN THEM IN THE PROFOND CAVE OF MONTESINOS; FROM THE GREATNESS AND IMPOSSIBILITY OF WHICH THIS ADVENTURE HAS BEEN DEEMED APOCRYPHAL.

It might be about four o’clock in the afternoon, when the sun retiring behind a cloud, so as to emit a scarry light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity of relating coolly and comfortably to his two illustrious hearers the particulars he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; and he accordingly began to recite what follows.

About twelve or fourteen fathoms below the mouth of this dungeon, there is a concavity on the right hand, wide enough to contain a large waggon with its cattle, and illuminated by a small stream of light that descends through corresponding cracks and crannies, which open at a distance on the surface of the earth: this spacious cavity I perceived, when I was tired and out of humour at finding myself hanging and descending by a rope, through that dark and dreary dungeon, without knowing any certain and determined way; I therefore resolved to enter it, and repose myself a little, and called to you to leave off lowering the rope, until I should give you farther notice; but I suppose you did no hear me, so that I gathered up the cord you let down, and making it into an heap or coil, sat down upon it in a very penitve mood, to consider how I should descend to the bottom, having no person to support my weight. While I was musling on this misfortune, I was all of a sudden overpowered by a most profound sleep, and, without dreaming of the matter, or knowing how, or wherefore, I awoke, and found myself in the midst of the most beautiful, charming and delightful meadow that nature could create, or the most fertile imagination conceive. I rubbed and wiped my eyes, so as to see that far from sleeping I was broad awake; nevertheless, I felt my head, and fumbled in my bosom, in order to be assured, whether it was really my identical self or some unsubstantial phantom and counterfeit; but the touch, the reflection, and connected discourse I held with myself, convinced to convince me, that I was the same at that time as I find myself at present. Then was my view regaled with a sumptuous palace or castle, with walls and battlements of clear, transparent chrysal, and two large folding gates, which, opening, there came forth, advancing towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long cloak of purple bazine, that trailed upon the ground; his shoulders and breast were girded with a collegiate scarf of green satin; his head was covered with a black Milan cap; and his beard, white as the drifted snow, descended to his middle. He wore no arms, but held in his hand a rosary of beads as large as walnuts; though the taws were as big as ostrich eggs; and his deportment, air, gravity, and dignified presence, filled me with surprize and veneration. Coming up to me, the first thing he did was to hug me closely in his arms; then he said, ‘Long, very long; most valiant knight Don Quixote de L. Mancha, have we, who are intoxicated in these solitudes, expected thy arrival, that thou mayest inform the world of what is contained and concealed in this profound cavern, which is called the cave of Montesinos; an adventure hitherto reserved on purpose to be achieved by thy invincible heart and most fluent courageous. Follow me, illustrious Signior, and I will shew thee the wonders that lie hid in this

3C2 "tran-
According to definition, fuch a daguerre was of Song, who was, than I asked if it was true, what the world above related of him, namely, that he had, with a small daguerre, cut out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to the Lady Belerma, according to his own desire, while he was in the agonies of death. He answered, every circumstance was true, except that of the daguerre; for it was neither a daguerre, nor small in its dimensions, but a polished poignard as sharp as anawl.

Here Sancho interposing, observed, that such a poignard must have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Seville.

"I do not know who was the maker," said the knight, "but it could not be that sword-cutter; for Raymond de Hozes was living t'other day; where-as many years are elapsed since the battle of Roncevallae, where that misfortune happened; but this enquiry is of no importance; nor does it disturb or alter the truth and evidence of the story."—No, surely, cried the scholar, pray good your worship Don Quixote proceed; for I listen to your narration with infinite pleasure."—And I feel no lefs in recounting it," answered the knight.

"Well, then, the venerable Montefinos led me into the chrysaline palace, where, in a low hall, cool beyond conception, and lined with alabaster, stood a monument of marble of exquisite workmanship, upon which I perceived a knight lying at full length, I do not mean a statue of bronze, marble, or Jasper, such as we commonly see on other tombs, but a man of real flesh and bones; he held his right-hand, which being muscular and hairy, denoted the great strength of the owner, over the region of the heart; and before I had time to ask any questions, Montefinos seeing me astonished, and gazing attentively at the sepulchre, said to me, "This is my friend Durandarte," said he, "the flower and mirror of all the valiant and enamoured knights of his time; here he is kept inancheted as well as myself, and many others of both sexes, by Merlin, that French inancheter, who is said to have been begotten by the devil; though, for my own part, I believe he is not really the devil's son, but that, according to the proverb, He knows one point more than the devil. How, or for what reason he inancheted us, nobody knows, but time will discover the mystery; and, in my opinion, that time is not far off: what surprizes me is, I know as certainly as the sun shines, that Durandarte breathed his last in my arms, and after he was dead, I with my own individual hands took out his heart, which must certainly have weighed a couple of pounds; for, according to the observation of naturalists, the man who has a large heart is endowed with more valour than he whose heart is of smaller dimensions: this being the case, and the knight certainly dead, how comes he, even at this day, to ligh and complain, from time to time, as if he was actually alive?"

"He had no sooner pronounced these words, than the wretched Durandarte cried, in a loud voice, "O cousin Montefinos! the last favour I requested of you, was, that when my soul should quit my body, you would extract my heart either with poignard or dagger, and carry it to Belerma." The venerable Montefinos, hearing this apophasis, kneeled before the piteous knight, and with tears in his eyes, replied, "Already, Signior Durandarte, my dearest cousin! already have I executed what you commanded me to perform, on that unlucky day of our defeat: I extracted your heart as well as I could, without leaving the smallest particle of it in your breast; I wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and set out with it full gallop for France, after having first committed you to the bosom of the earth with such a flood of tears as was sufficient to bathe and wash my hands of the blood they had contrived by raking in your bowels; and as a farewell token, dear cousin of my soul! at the first place I reached, in my way from Roncevallae, I sprinkled your heart with a little salt, that it might not acquire a bad smell, and continue, if not quite fresh, at least tolerably sweet, until it could be presented to the Lady Belerma, who, together with..."
with you and me, and your squire
Guadiana, the duenna Ruydiera, her
seven daughters, and two nieces,
and many others of your friends and
acquaintance, have been long in-
chanted in this place by the sage
Merlin; and although five hundred
years are elapsed, not one of us is
death; though we have lost Ruydiera
with her daughters and nieces, who,
by weeping, are, through the com-
passion of Merlin, converted into so
many lakes, which, in the world a-
bove, and in the province of La Man-
cha, are called the Lakes of Ruy-
dera; the Seven Sisters belong to the king
of Spain, and the Two Nieces to the
knights of a very holy order, called
St. John. Your squire Guadiana
bewailing likewise your misfortune,
was changed into a river of the
same name, which, when it reached
the surface of the earth, and saw
the fun of the other sky, was so
grieved at the thoughts of leaving
you, that he sunk down into the
bowels of the globe; but, as it was
not possible for him to refill his na-
tural current, he from time to time
rises up, flowing himself to the fun,
and to the nations: he receives a re-
inforcement from the waters of the
forementioned lakes, with which,
and many others that join his stream,
he enters Portugal in majesty and
pomp. Nevertheless, wherever he
runs, he discovers a fallen meian-
choly, and does not pipe himself
upon bleeding within his channel
filth of dainty relish and ease;
but only such as are coarse and una-
vourable, and widely different from
those of the golden Tagus. What
I now say, my dear cousin, I have
often expressed, and as you make
no reply, I conclude you either do
not hear or do not give credit to my
words; a circumstance which, as
Heaven doth know, overweighs me
with affliction. I will at present
make you acquainted with one piece
of news, which, if it does not alle-
viate your sorrow, can surely, in
no shape, tend to it's augmentation.

Know then, here stands in your pre-
sence (open your eyes and behold
him) that great knight of whom so
many things have been prophesied
by the sage Merlin; that Don Quix-
dote de La Mancha, I say, who has
rewined, and, with greater advan-
tages than in times past, raised again
from oblivion the long forgotten
chivalry, by the means and favour
of whom, perhaps, we ourselves may
be disenchanted; for great men such
great achievements are referred.--

And if that should not be the cafe,
replied the afflicted Durandarte, in a
faint and languid tone; and if that
should not be the cafe, cousin, I say,
patience, and shuffle the cards.

Then turning himself upon one side,
he relapsed into his usual silence,
without speaking another word.

At that instant, hearing a great noise
of shrieks and lamentations, accom-
panied by doleful fighing and dif-
mal fobbing, I turned about, and saw
through the chrysal walls into another
apartment, through which a procelf
passed, confuling of two files of
most beautiful damfels in mourning,
with white turbans on their heads, in
the Turkish manner; in the rear of
these came a lady, for such, by her
flately demeanour, she seemed to be;
clothed like the reft in black, with a
veil fo full and long that it kifled the
ground: her turban was twice as
large as the largest of the others, her
eyebrows met above her nofe, which
was flatift; her mouth was large,
but her lips retained the colour of ver-
million; her teeth, which she some-
times disclosed, were thin and ill-
the white as blanched almonds;
and in her hand she held a fine linen
cloth, in which, as near as I could
guess, was an heart so dried and
shriveled, that it seemed to be of per-
fefl mummy, Montefinos gave me
to understand, that all thofe of the
procelfion were domelicks of Dun-
darte and Belarma, inchantcd in that
place, together with their lord and
lady; and that the laft who carried
the heart in the napkin, was Belarma
herself, who, with her damfels, never
failed to appear in that procelfion four
days in the week, and lung, or rather
howl, diriges over the body; and the
woeful heart of his cousin: and that,
if she now seemed a little homely, or
not quite fo beautiful as fame report-
ed her, the change proceeded from
the bad nights and worse days
she paffed in that state of inchant-
ment, as I might perceive in her large
wrinkles and wan complexion; nor
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In the course of the questions and answers that passed between us.

Here the scholar, interrupting, 'I cannot conceive,' said he, 'Signior Don Quixote, how your worship, in such a short time as that you have spent below, could see so many things, and ask and answer such a number of questions.'—How long is it since I defended?' said the knight. 'Little more than an hour,' replied the squire. 'That's impossible,' refuted Don Quixote; 'for night fell, and morning dawned, and darkness and light succeeded each other three times; so that, by my reckoning, I must have remained three days in those flecked and quizzed shades, which are hidden from our view.'—My master must be in the right,' said Sancho, 'for as all those things have happened by enchantment, perhaps what appeared but one hour to us, might seem three days and nights to your worship.'—It may be so,' answered the knight. Then the student asking if his worship had eaten any thing in all that time, 'I have not tasted one mouthful,' said he, 'nor had I the least satisfaction of hunger.'—And do those who are enchanted, eat? refuted the scholar; They do not eat,' answered Don Quixote, 'nor do they void the larger excrements, though, it is supposed, that their nails, beards, and hair, are always growing.'—Here Sancho desired to know, if ever those enchanted gentilmen enjoyed the benefit of sleep. To which interrogation his master replied, 'No, surely; at least, in those three days that I passed among them, neither they nor myself once closed on eye.'—Here then,' said the squire, 'we may conveniently trust in the proverb, Tell me your company, and I'll tell you your manners. While your worship keeps company with enchanted people, who are always fasting and watching, it is no great wonder if you neither eat nor sleep while you are among them; but really, Signior, your worship must forgive me, if I say, that of all you have told us, God take me, I was going to say the devil, if I believe one circumstance.'—'How!' cried the scholar, 'then Signior Don Quixote must have lyed: who even if we could entertain such a supposition, has not had
had time to compose and contrive such a number of fables." — I do not believe that my master tells lies," answered Sancho. "What then, is thy conception? said the knight. "I conceive," replied Sancho, "that Merlin, or those magicians who have enchanted the whole rabble which your worship hath seen and discoursed with below, have likewise stuffed your noodle or memory with all that nonsensé which you have already recounted, as well as what you have left untold." — That might be the cafe," said Don Quixote, "but I assure you it is not so at present; for what I have recounted I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands. But, what wilt thou say, when I now tell thee, that among an infinite number of other wonderful things, which I shall relate hereafter in the course of our travels, as they do not all belong to this place, Montefinos showed me three country-wenchies, leaping and skipping like so many goats through those delightful plains; and scarce had I set eyes on them, when I recognized them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and those two individual young women, with whom we spake in the neighbourhood of Tobolo. When I asked Montefinos if he knew them, he answered in the negative, but said he took them to be some enchanted ladies of quality; for they had appeared but a few days in that meadow; nor ought I to wonder at that circumstance, forasmuch as in the same place there were many ladies of the past and present age, enchanted in different and strange forms; among whom he recollected Queen Ginebra and her duenna Quintanona, who was skinner to Lancilot, when he came from Britain." Sancho, hearing his master talk in this manner, was ready to run distracted, or burst with laughing; for, knowing the truth of the foigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of which indeed he himself had been the author and evidence, he was convinced beyond all doubt, that his master was stark-flaring mad; and in that persuasion exclaimed, "In evil hour, accursed seafon, and unlucky day, my dear master, did your worship go down to the other world; and in a mischievous moment did you meet

with Signior Montefinos, who has sent you back in such a woeful condition. Well was your worship here above, in your sound judgment, such as God had bestowed upon you, saying sentences, and giving counsel at every turn, and not as at present, venting a heap of the greatest nonsensé, that was ever conceived." — I know thee too well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "to mind what thou sayest." — And I, in like manner, replied the squire, "know you too well to regard what you say: wound me, or confound me, or kill me if you will, for what I have said, and what I mean to say, if your worship does not mend and correct your own speeches; but, now we are at peace, pray tell me how or by what token you came to know our lady mistress, and if you spake to her, what answer she made?"

"I knew her again," replied the knight, "by the same cloaths she wore when thou thyselfst didst shew her to my astonished eyes; I likewise addressed myself to her, but she answered not a syllable; on the contrary, she turned about, and fled so twistily, that an arrow would not have overtaken her: nevertheless, I wished to follow, and would certainly have pursued her, had not Montefinos advised me not to fatigue myself; for it would be to no purpose, and besides, it was time for me to return to the light above. He likewise told me, that, in procès of time, he would give me notice in what manner he, Durandalte, Belerma, and all the rest, in those sequestered shades, were to be disenchantèd. But what of all I saw and observed gave me the greatest pain was this; while I was engaged in this conversation with Montefinos, one of the hapless Dulcinea's companions came up to me, unperceived, and with tears in her eyes, thus accosted me, in a low and whimpering voice: "My Lady Dulcina Del Tobolo kisses your worship's hands, and begs your worship will be pleased to let her know how your worship does; moreover, being in great necessity, the supplicates your worship, in the most earnest manner, to be pleased to lend her, upon this her new cotton under petticoat, half a dozen

rials,
"rivals, or any small matter your worship can spare, which upon her honour, shall be restored in a very short time." This message filled me with surprize and concern; and turning to the sage, "Is it possible, Signior Montefinos," said I, "that people of condition are exposed to necessity, in a state of incmnence?" 

To this question he replied, "Take my word for it, Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha, that which we call necessity is known in all states, extending to all conditions, prevailing among every class of people, and not even sparing those who are enchanted; and since Signora Dulcinea del Toboso sends to beg the six rials, and the pledge seems to be well worth the money, you had better let her have them; for she must certainly be in great trouble." "The pledge I will not touch," said I, "nor indeed can I comply with her request; for I have not above four rials!" which I gave her; and these were the very individual pieces which I received from thee, Sancho, the other day, in order to give away in charity to the poor I might meet with on the road. "Sweerheart," said I, "tell your lady that her distres affects me to the very soul, and I wish I were as rich as Fouckar* to remove it; let her know, that I neither can, nor will enjoy health while deprived of her agreeable presence and improving conversation; and that I fervently and earnestly beg her goodnes will be pleased to indulge with her company, this her captive servant and afflicted knight. Tell her also, that, when least the dreams of any such matter, she shall hear that I have made a vow, like that which was sworn by the Marquis of Mantua, to revenge his cousin Valdovinos; when he found him at the last grasp, in the middle of the mountain; namely, that he would not eat from off a table-cloth, together with some whimsical additions, until he should have revenged his death; and, in like manner, I will swear never to be quiet but traverse the seven divisions of the globe, more punctually than did the infant Don Pedro of Portugal, until she be restored to the upper world." "All that and much more you owe to my lady," said the damiel; who, taking the rials instead of curtseying, cut a caper in the air two yards high. "O holy God!" cried Sancho, with a loud voice, "is it possible that those enchanters and enchantments should have such power to change the good sense of my master into such nonsensical madness! O Signior, Signior! for the love of God, look to yourself, have some respect for your own honour, and give no credit to those vanities, which have diminished and disturbed your senses." "Thy regard for me, Sancho, makes thee talk in that manner," answered the knight: and as thou art not experienced in the events of this world, every thing that is uncommon, to thee seems impossible; but the time will come, as I have already observed, when I shall recount some circumstances which I saw below, that will compel thee to believe what I have now related, the truth of which neither admits of dispute or reply."

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH ARE RECOUNTED A THOUSAND FOOLERIES, EQUALLY IMPERTINENT, AND NECESSARY TO THE TRUE UNDERSTANDING OF THIS SUBLIME HISTORY.

He who translated this sublime history from the original, composed by it's first author Ced Hamet

* Fouckar was a very rich merchant of Augsburg, and a great favourite of Charles V. who owed him a very considerable sum. It is reported of him, that when the emperor lodged at his house, in his return from Tunis, the fire in his chamber was of cinnamon, and his landlord lighted it with his imperial majesty's own obligation, thereby cancelling an immense debt. The wealth of these traders, for these were two brothers, became proverbial, and it was usual to say of any very opulent person, 'He is as rich as a Fouckar.'

† This was the great patron of the Portuguese discoveries along the coast of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope.
Benengeli, says, that coming to the chapter which treats of the adventure of the cave, he found this observation written on the margin in the handwriting of the said Hamet.

'... I cannot conceive or persuade myself that the valiant Don Quixote literally saw and heard all that is recounted in the foregoing chapter, for this reason: all the adventures in which he has hitherto been engaged, are feasible and likely to have happened; but this of the cave I can by no means believe true, in any circumstance, because it is so wide of all reason and probability; then to suppose that Don Quixote would tell lies, he that was the truest gentleman and most noble knight of his time! it is not possible! He certainly would have suffered himself to be shot to death, rather than deviate one tittle from the truth; besides, I consider that he explained and recounted the adventure to circumstantially, that he could not be supposed to have contrived extemporize such a large concatenation of extravagances; but, after all, should the adventure seem apocryphal, the blame cannot be laid to my door, and therefore I give it to the public without affirming it either to be true or false. Reader, if thou hast discernment, thou mayest judge for thyself; for it is neither my duty, nor is it in my power to do more: though it is held for certain, that the knight, on his death-bed, retracted the whole, saying he had invented the story because it seemed to agree and quadruple with those adventures he had read in his books.'

Then the Arabian proceeds in his history to this effect.

The scholar was equally astonisht at the preoccupation of Sancho Panza and the forbearance of his master, and concluded that the satisfaction he derived from having seen his master's Dulcinea del Toboso, even though incanted, had produced that melancholy, which was now so remarkable: but not this been the case, Sancho's freedom and remarks were such as would have brought a wooden shower upon his shoulders; for he was downright impertinent to his master, to whom the student thus addressed himself: 'For my own part, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, I look upon this as the happiest journey I ever performed; for, in the course of it, I have made four valuable acquisitions. In the first place, I have gained the acquaintance of your worship, which I deem a piece of singular felicity. Secondly, I have been made acquainted with what is locked up and contained in the cave of Montefinos, together with the Metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the Lakes of Ruydiera; transmutations that will aptly fill a place in the Spanish Ovid which I have in hand. Thirdly, I have discovered the antiquity of card-playing, which, at least, must be as old as the time of Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words which your worship heard Durandarte pronounce, when, at the end of that long harangue of Montefinos, he awoke and said, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards.' For that phrase and manner of speaking he could not have learned during his incantation; but certainly, when he was alive and well in France, during the reign of the said Charlemagne: and this investigation comes pat to the purpose, for the other book which I am composing, I mean, the Supplement to Polydore Virgil, on the invention of antiquities; for I take it for granted, he has forgot to infer in his book the discovery of card-playing, which I will now explain, and doubtless it will be a very material circumstance, especially when confirmed by such a grave and authentic evidence as Signior Durandarte. Fourthly and lastly, I have now ascertained the source of the Guadiana, hitherto unknown among the nations.'

'You have indeed good reason to be satisfied,' replied the knight; 'but I should be glad to know, if, by God's assistance, you should obtain a licence for printing those books, (which is a matter of doubt with me) to what patron you intend they should be dedicated?'—'There are plenty of lords and grandees in Spain,' answered the scholar, 'to whom they may be dedicated.'—'But a very few,' said Don Quixote; 'not but that a great many devoted dedications, but because few will receive them, that they may not lay themselves under the obligation of making such a recompense as may seem due to the labour and courtesy of authors: one prince, indeed, I

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"Know, who supplies the defect of the rest with such advantages, that if I durst presume to describe them, I might perhaps excite envy in many noble hearts. But let that circumstance rest till a more convenient season; and, in the mean time, let us end our deavour to find some place where we may procure a night's lodging." —

"Not far from hence," replied the student, "is an hermitage where lives an anchorite, who is said to have been a soldier, and bears the character of being a good Christian, and moreover a very different and charitable man: adjoining to the hermitage is a little house, built by the labour of his own hands, which, though narrow, is large enough to receive travellers." —

"Can that same hermitage produce any poultry?" said Sancho. "There are few hermitages deftute of that provision," answered the knight; "for the anchorites of these days are not like those who dwelt in the deserts of Egypt, cloathing themselves with palm-leaves, and subsisting on the roots of the earth. And here I would not be underfoot to extol one fort, in order to depreciate another; for the penance now in use does not come up to the rigour and austerity of those times. Nevertheless, they are all good, at least, so I suppose them to be be; and even should the siream run foul, the hypocrite, who cloaks his knavery, is less dangerous to the common wealth than he who transgresses in the face of day."

This conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a man coming towards them on foot, walking fast, and switching a mule loaded with lances and halberts: when he came up, he saluted them, and passed on at a good pace, and Don Quixote perceiving his hurry, "Honest friend," said he, "pray stop a little, for you seem to go faster than your mule could with." — "Signior," answered the man, "I cannot tarry at present, because these arms of which I have the charge, are to be used to-morrow morning, so that I cannot possibly stay, therefore adieu: but if you desire to know for what purpose they were procured, at the inn which is beyond the hermitage I have some thoughts of taking my night's lodging, and if you are travelling the same road, there you will find me, and there you shall hear strange tidings; so, once more I bid you farewell." So saying, he whipped up the mule in such a manner, that Don Quixote had not time to ask another question concerning those strange tidings which he promised to relate; but, being extremely curious, and continually fatigued with the desire of learning novelties, he ordered his company to set off that instant, and proceed to the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar wished to pass the evening. In compliance with the knight's desire, all three mounted their beasts, and followed the direct road to the inn, which they reached a little before the twilight. The student, however, proposed that they should call and take a draught at the hermitage, Sancho Panza, hearing this proposal, immediately turned Diggory's head towards it, being followed by Don Quixote and the scholar: but his ill luck seemed to have ordained, that the hermit should not be at home, as they were told by an under-hermit, whom they found in the place. When the squire demanded a flake of his best and dearest, he answered, that his master had no wine, but if he chose a pitcher of his cheapest water, he should have it with all his heart. "If I had chafen water," said Sancho, "there is plenty of wells upon the road, from which I might have quenched my thirst." O the wedding of Camacho and the abundance of Don Diego's house! how often shall I lament the loss of you?"

When he had uttered this ejaculation, they quitted the hermitage, and pushed on towards the inn; and having rode forwards a little way, they overtook a lad who travelled the same road at his own leisure: he carried a sword over his shoulder, that supported a bundle of cloaths, which seemed to consist of trousers, a cloak, and shirt; for he wore a velvet jacket with some flaps of fatin, and the shirt hanging out; he had silk frackings, and square-toed shoes in the court fashion; his age seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen: he had a sprightly countenance, and an agility in his person; he amused himself in singing couplets to beguile the fatigue of travelling, and when they overtook him, had just finished one, which the student remembered to have run in this strain.
The first who accosted him was Don Quixote, saying, 'You travel very light, young gentleman; pray, good now, whither may you be going?' To this interrogation the youth replied, 'I travel so light on account of poverty, and the heat of the weather; and I am going to the wars.'—'The heat may be a very good reason,' resumed the knight; 'but how should poverty be the cause of your travelling in that manner?'—'Signior,' answered the youth, 'I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trunk-breeches, fellows to this jacket, which if I wear out in the country, they will do me no credit in town, and I have not wherewithal to purchase a reinforcement; for this reason, therefore, and the benefit of the free air, I travel as you see me, until I get up with some companies of foot, which are quartered at a town about twelve leagues from hence; there I shall infilt among them, and there will not be wanting some baggage-wagon, in which I may proceed to the place of embarkation, which they say is to be Carthage; and I would much rather have the king for my lord and master, and serve him in his wars, than be the lacquey of some Roundel at court.'—'And have you obtained any poft?' said the scholar, 'Had I served a grandee of Spain, or some person of quality,' replied the youth, 'I should certainly have got something of that kind; for this is the advantage of being in good service, that a man is frequently preferred from the back of his master's chair to a pair of colours, a company, or some hand-some provision: but it was my unhappy fate to be always in the service of poor idle rascals, or foreigners, who gave such a miserable and con-fumptive allowance of board-wages, that one half was expended in the flarving of a ruff; and it would be looked upon as a miracle, if any such page adventurer should obtain a tolerable provision.'—And pray, friend,' said Don Quixote, 'is it possible, that during all the years you have been in service, you never had a livery?'—'Yes,' answered the page.

I have had two; but, as he who quits a convent before he professes, is stripped of his habit, and obliged to remove his own cloaths, so was I served by my masters, who, after having transacted the business that brought them to court, returned to their own homes, and took back the liversies, which they had given me out of mere ostentation.'

'A very scandalous epilocheria,' indeed, as the Italians call it, said Don Quixote; 'but, notwithstanding, you may think yourself very happy in having left the court with such a laudable intention; for there is nothing upon earth more productive of honour and profit, next to the service of God, than the service of the kings, our natural lord and master; espe-cially in the exercise of arms, by which more honour, if not more wealth, is acquired than by learning itself; for, as I have divers and fundry times observed, although a greater number of families has been raised by learning than by arms, yet those found-ed upon arms rise, I don't know how, above their fellows, with a kind of natural splendor, by which all others are outshone; and what I am now going to say, I desire you will lay up in your remembrance, for it will be of much comfort and utility to you, in the midst of all your sufferings: never entertain a thought of what adversity may happen, for the worst is death; and provided it comes with honour, it is the greatest happiness to die. Julius Cæsar, that valiant emperor of Rome, being asked which was the most agreeable death, answered, 'That which is sudden, unexpected, and unforeseen:' and though this reply favoured the pagan, ignorant of the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless, with regard to his being freed from the pangs of human infirmity, he said well; for supposing you should be slain in the first action or skirmish, either by a cannon ball, or the explosion of a mine, what does it signify? we must all die, and there is an end to the whole; and, according to Te-rence, a dead soldier, who falls in bat-tle, makes a much nobler appearance than one who lives by running away, the good soldier acquires reputation.

A leauish trick.
DON QUIXOTE.

In proportion to the obedience he pays to his captain, or those who have a right to command him; and pray, take notice, child, a soldier had much better smell of gunpowder than of civet; and if old age overtake you in that noble employment, though you should be covered over with wounds, paralytic, or lame, it can never overtake you without such honour as poverty cannot diminish; especially now, that provision is to be made for the maintenance and relief of old disabled soldiers; for it is not reasonable that they should be treated like negro slaves, to whom, when they are old and incapable of service, their masters often give their freedom, driving them from their hovels, and under the title of liberty, leaving them still slaves to hunger, which nothing but death can dispel. This is all I have to say at present; therefore get up and ride behind me to the inn, where I shall treat you with a supper, and in the morning you may pursue your journey, which I pray God may be as fortunate as your intention is good.

The page excused himself from riding behind the knight, though he embraced his invitation to supper at the inn; and Sancho said within himself, 'Lord, comfort thee for a matter! Is it possible that a man who can utter so many good things, should affirm that he has seen all that impossible nonsense which he has told of the cave of Montefinos! But, time is the tricer of all things.'

In such discourse they arrived at the inn, just as it grew dark, and Sancho was not a little rejoiced to find that his master took it to be a real inn, and not a caitle, according to his usual whims. They had scarcely entered, when Don Quixote enquired of the landlord about the man with the lances and halberts, and understood he was in the stables, providing for the accommodation of his beast; an example which was followed by the student and Sancho, who preferred Rosinante to the best manger and stall of the whole stable.

CHAP. VIII.

IN WHICH IS SET FORTH THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, AND THE DIVERTING ACHIEVEMENT OF THE PUPPETS, WITH THE MEMORABLE RESPONSES OF THE DIVINING APE.

DON Quixote would not stay till his head was baked, as the saying is; so impatient was he to hear and know the strange tidings that were prom- nised by the arms-carrier, in quest of whom he forthwith went to the place where the landlord said he was; and having found him, desired he would by all means gratify him with a circumstantial account of those things he had mentioned on the road. 'The account of my strange tidings,' answered the man, 'I shall give when I am more at leisure, and not at work as I am at present; if your worship will give me time to take care of my beast, I will tell you such things as you will be surprized to hear.— They shall not be delayed on that account,' said the knight, 'for I myself will lend you an helping hand.' He accordingly winnowed the corn and cleaned the manger; so that the man, induced by his humility, could do no less than grant his request, with good will: sitting down, therefore, in a hollow of the wall, close by Don Quixote, who, with the scholar, page, Sancho Panza, and the inn-keeper, comphsed his council and audience, he began to relate what follows.

'You must know, gentlemen, that in a village at the distance of four leagues and a half from this inn, it came to pass, that a certain alder- man, through the craft and malice of a servant wench, which I have not time to explain, lost an ass; and though the said alderman used all possible means to find him, he found it impossible to succeed: fifteen days had the ass been missing, according to publick fame and report, when the owner was, in the market-place, accosted by another alderman of the same town, who said, 'Hanfel me for my good news, neighbour; your beast has appeared.'—'That I will, neighbour, and heartily,' answered the other; 'but let us know where he has appeared.'—'Upon the mountain,' replied the finder: 'I saw him this morning, without pack-faddle or any sort of furniture; and so lean, that it was piteous to behold him. I would have driven him before me, and brought him home.
"home; but he is so wild and shy, that when I went near him, he took to his heels, and ran into the most concealed part of the mountain; if you chuse it, we two will go in quest of him; stay till I houfe my own beast, and I'll return presently."—

"I shall be much obliged to you," said he of the strayed aif; "and I shall endeavour to repay you in the same coin." With these very circumfiances, and in the felf-fame manner that I relate the affair to you, it is told and related by all thofe who have entered into the true spirit of the cafe.

"In conclusion, the two aldermen walked hand in hand to the mountain, and coming to the place and spot where they expected to find the aif, they found him not: nor could they get one glimpse of him, although they fearched all about, over and over. Perceiving that he was not likely to appear, "Heark ye, neighbour," said the alderman who had seen him, "there is a contrivance come into my head, by which we fhall certainly discover this animal, even though he fhould be concealed in the bowels of the earth, much more if he is in this mountain; and that is this, "I have a marvellous knack at braying, and if you have any turn that way, you may conclude the business is done."—"Any turn, neighbour!" cried the other: "by the Lord! I will not yield in point of braying to the belt man alive, not even to an identical aif."—

"We fhall fee prefently," answered the second alderman; "for my intention is that you fhould go to one fide of the mountain, and I to the other, fo as to walk round it quite, and every now and then you fhall bray, and I will bray; and it cannot be but that the aif will hear, and answer, if he is on this mountain." To this proposal the owner replied, "Neighbour, it is an excellent scheme, and worthy your great genius." So parting, according to agreement, it came to pafs that both brayed almost at the fame time, and each being deceived by the other's braying, ran forward in hopes of finding the aif; when perceiving their mistake, "Neighbour," said the lofer, "is it poffi-

ble that was not my aif which brayed just now?"—"No; it was I," answered the other. "Agad, then," cried the owner, "there is not the leaff difference, in point of braying, between you and an aif for in my life did I never hear or see fuch a refemblance."—That compliment and approbation," answered the contriver, "would be much better belowed upon yourfelf than upon me, neighbour; for by the God that made me, you would give two heats of advantage to the biggest and belt brayer in Chriftendom; for the found you produce is deep, fonorous, within proper time and compafs, and the falls frequent and sharp; in a word, I own myself overcome, and yield you the palm and banner of that rare talent."—"By the mafs!" said the owner, "I will from henceforward have a higher opinion of my own ability, and believe I know something, since I really poffefs fuch a gift; for although I always thought I brayed tolerably well, I never imagined I excelled so much as you fay I do."—"I therefore tell you," replied the other, "that many rare talents are loft in this world; and that they are ill-beflowed on thofe who cannot turn them to advantage."—"Ours," said the owner, "except in fuch cafes as this, that we have now in hand, can be but of little service, and even in this God grant it may turn to account." After these mutual compliments they paffed a second time, and began to bray again; but they were deceived, and met as before, until by way of counter-signal, from which they might know one another, they agreed to bray twice in a breath; accordingly they doubled their brayings, and encompassed the whole mountain, without being favoured with the leaft answer or sign from the strayed aif; and, indeed, no wonder, the poor unfortunate animal did not answer; for they found him in the remoteft part of the wood, almost devoured by the wolves. The owner seeing him in this plight, "I marvell'd much," said he, "that he did not answer, for had he been alive and heard you, he must have brayed again, else he had been no aif; but
"as I have had the pleasure of hearing, you bray so melodiously, neighbour, I think my trouble well betided, even although I have found him dead."—"'Tis good hands, neighbour," replied the other; "far in chanting the clerk is not a whit inferior to the curate."

Having made these mutual remarks, they returned to the village, equally hoarse and disconsoled, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, what had happened to them, in their searching for the asses, extolling one another to the skies for the talent of braying; so that every circumstance of the story was related among the neighbouring villages; and the devil, who is never at rest, but always glad of an opportunity to sow discord and scatter quarrels, raising yases in the wind, and huge chimeras from little or no foundation, so ordered matters, that the people of the other villages, when they saw any perfon belonging to our town, began to bray, as if to hit him in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The story was taken up by the boys, which was all one as if he had fallen into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell, and the braying was circulated from one town to another in such a manner, that the natives of the village of Braywick are as well known and distinguished as a Blackmore from a Spaniard; and this joke has become so serious, that our townsmen have frequently gone forth in arms and regular order to give battle to the jokers, without any regard to king or rook, or fear or shame; I believe that tomorrow or next day, the men of Braywick will take the field once more against the people of another village within two leagues of us, who are our chief perifurers; and that we may be well provided for the occasion, I have purchased the lances and javelins, you have seen. Now these are strange tidings which I said I would relate; and if you do not think them so, I have no other worth your hearing.

Thus the honest man concluded his story; and at that instant came into the house, a man clothed in a doublet, breeches, and hose of shamoyleather, who said with a loud voice, "So ho, Mr. Landlord! have you got any lodging for the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-show of the dev-erance of Melifendra?"—"Odd's bodkins! I cried the inn-keeper, 'Ma-ster Peter here! we shall have rare do-ings tonight.' We forgot to observe that the left eye, and half of the cheek of this Master Peter was covered with a patch of green ilk, from whence it was suppos'd all that side of the face laboured under some unfitness. Be that as it will, the inn-keeper proceeded, saying, 'Welcome, good Master Pe-ter; but where is the ape and the puppet-show? for I see neither.'—"They are at hand," answered the owner of the shamoy suit; 'but I came before to know whether or not we could have lodging.'—"The Duke D'Alva him-self should be turned out to make room for Master Peter," said the land-lord; 'bring hither your ape and your shew, for there is company in the house that will pay for a fight of them.'—'In good time, then,' re-plied the wearer of the patch. 'I will lower the price, and think myself well paid, if they defray the expence of my lodging; meanwhile, I'll go and lead hither the cart that contains my puppets and my ape.'

So saying, he went out; and Don Quixote enquiring who this Master Peter was, with the puppet shew and ape, the landlord replied, 'This is a famous puppet-shew man, who had long trav-elled through La Mancha and Arra- gen, representing the story of Meli-fendra, who was delivered by the famous Don Gayfiores, one of the most entertaining and best represented histories which have been for many years seen in this kingdom; he likewise carries along with him an ape of the rarest talent that ever was known among apes, or concealed among men: for if you ask any question, it listens attentively to what you say, then leap- ing upon his master's shoulders, and clapping its mouth to his ear, it gives an answer, which Master Peter im-mediately explains. Of things that are past it says much more than of those that are to come, and though it does not hit the truth exactly in every thing, it errs but seldom; so that we are inclined to believe it is in- spir'd by the devil." Every question coets a couple of reals, provided the
ape answers; I mean, supposing the
master answers for the ape, after it
has whispered in his ear; wherefore,
Master Peter is thought to be wond'ry
rich: indeed, he is a gallant man, as
they say in Italy, an excellent com-
panion, and lives the pleasanteft life
in the world; he talks as much as any
fix, and drinks more than a dozen,
and all at the expence of his tongue,
his ape, and his puppet-show.
Just as he spoke these words, Master
Peter returned with the cart that con-
tained the puppetts and the ape, which
was a very large animal, without a tail;
his buttocks were like felt, but not ugly
withal; and Don Quixote no sooner be-
held him than he asked, 'Pray, Mr.
Fortune-teller, what have we got in
the net? what fortune awaits us? Be-
hold, here are my two rials.' So say-
ing, he ordered Sancho to give them to
Mr. Peter, who answered in the name
of the ape, 'Signior, this animal
gives no responfe or intelligence con-
cerning what is to come; he is only
acquainted with the past, and knows
something of the present.'—Rabbit
it!' cried Sancho. 'I would not give
a doit to be told of the past; for who
knows that better than myself, and to
pay for being informed of what I know,
would be downright folly; but since
he knows the present, here are my two
rials; and tell me, good your ap-ship,
how my wife Terefa Paniza is at pre-
sent employed?' Master Peter refused
to take the money; saying, 'I will not
receive a premium per advance, until
it is preceded by service.' Then clap-
ing his hands twice upon his left shoul-
der, the ape with one flip, leaped upon
it, and saying it's mouth to his ear,
began to mow and chatter with great
energies; having made this motion,
which continued as long time as one
would take in repeating the creed, with
another flip he leaped upon the ground.
Immediately Master Peter, with in-
finitly hurry, threw himself on his knees
before Don Quixote, and hugging his
shins, exclaimed, 'These legs I em-
brace, as I would embrace the pillars
of Hercules, O thou celebrated re-
viver of the already forgotten order
of knight-errantry! thou neverenough
to be applauded cavalier Don Quixote
de La Mancha; the soul of the de-
feated, the prop of the falling, the
shield of those that are fallen, the flat
and comfort of all the unhappy!' Don
Quixote was alarmed, Sancho
thunderstruck; the scholar surprized,
the page confounded, the Braywick
carrier amazed, the landlord astonifh-
and, in a word, admiration prevailed
among all those who heard the words
of the shevman; while he proceeded,
saying, 'And thou, worthy Sancho
Paniza, the heft figure of the braveñ
knight in the universe, be merry and
rejoice; for thine agreeable helpmate
Terefa is in good health, and this
very moment employed in dressing a
pound of flax; by the same token,
there flands at her right-hand a broken
mouthed pitcher, containing a good
fup of wine, with which she comforts
herself while she is at work.'—That
I can easily believe,' answered San-
cho; 'for she is a rare one, and if the
was not a little given to jealoufly, I
would not exchange her for the giant-
efs Andadons, who, as my master
says, was a very proper and complcte
housewife; and truly my Terefa is
one of thofe who will live to their
heart's content, even though their
heirs pay for it.'
'I am now convinced,' said Don
Quixote, that he who reads and tra-
vels much, will fee and learn a great
deal. This observation I make, be-
cause no arguments would have been
sufficient to peruíde me, that there
are apes in the world endowed with
the gift of divination, as I have this
day feen with my own eyes; for I am
the very Don Quixote named by that
good animal, which, however, has ex-
patriated rather too much in my prate;
but he that as it may, I give thanks
to God, who bestowed upon me a mild
and compassionate disposition, ever in-
clined to do good to all mankind, and
harm to no perfon whatever.'—If I
had money,' faid the page, 'I would
ask Signior Ape, what will be the
fuccefs of my present peregrination?'
To this hint, Master Peter, who had
rose from his prostration, replied, 'I
have already told you, that this crea-
ture does not answer for what is to
come; if he did, your want of money
would be no objection; for, in order to
to serve Don Quixote here present, I
would willingly forfeit all the interest-
ed views in the world, and now, as in
duty bound, I will, for his amufe-
ment, let up my shev, and divert all
the
the people in the house, without fee or
reward." The landlord, hearing this
declaration, was rejoiced beyond mea-
Sure, and pointed out a proper place for
the exhibition of his entertainment,
which was prepared in a twinkling.

Don Quixote was not very well sat-
ished with the divinations of the ape, as
he did not think it natural for such an
animal to divine, in things either past,
present, or to come; and, therefore, while
Mafier Peter was busy in setting up his
flew, he retired, with his squire, to a
corner of the stable, where they could
confer together without being over-
heard, and spoke to this effect: 'Hark
ye, Sancho, I have considered this
wonderful talent of the ape; and, ac-
cording to my notion, this same Ma-
sier Peter, it's owner, must certainly
have made a secret or express pact
with the devil.'—'Nay, if it be the
devil's pack,' answered Sancho, 'it
must be a very dirty pack; but what
signifies such a pack to Mafier Peter?'
—'Sancho,' replied the knight, 'you
do not understand my meaning; what
I would say is, that he must certainly
have made some concert with the de-
vil who hath infused this talent into
the ape, by which he gains his live-
lihood; and when he becomes rich,
he must yield him his soul, which is
the aim of that universal enemy of
mankind; and what confirms me in
this opinion, is, that the ape answers
no questions but such as regard the
past and present time; now, the de-
vil's understanding reaches no far-
ther; what is to come he knows only
by conjecture, and that not always;
for it is the attribute of God alone to
know times and seafons: to him there
is neither past nor future, but all things
are ever present to his eyes. This be-
ing the case, as doublets it is, the ape
certainly speaks from the inspiration
of the devil; and I am far priz'd it
 hath not been accused and examined
by the holy office, which would soon
discover by virtue of whom it pre-
liges to divine; for surely this ape
is no afooler, nor did he or his
mafler ever rate, or were capable of
raising, those figures called judicial,
which are now so common in Spain,
that every pitiful little hussy, page,
and even cooler, has the impudence
to raise an horoscope, as readily as a
knife of trumpets, from the ground,
ruining and disgracing, by their igno-
rance and tallties, the wonderful
truth of that noble-science. One lady
I myself know, who having enquired
of one of those pretenders, whether
a little bitch the lid would have pup-
pies, how many, and of what colour
they would be; Mr. Afooler, after
having raised his figure, replied,
that the bitch would bring forth three
puppies, one of a green, another of
carnation, and a third of a mixed
colour, provided the bitch would take
the dog between the hours of eleven
eend twelve at noon or night, on Sa-
aturday or Monday. Notwithstanding
this prediction, the bitch died in three
days of a feurtic; and yet Mr. Fi-
gure-caller was flit oft en in the
place a most infallible astrologer, as
almost all those fellows are.—'Ne-
evertheless,' answered Sancho, 'I with
you worship would deime Mafier
Peter to ask his ape, if what happened
to your worship in the cave of Mon-
tefinos is really true; as for my own
part, begging your worship's pardon,
I cannot for the blood of me help
thinking it was all a flarn and a eye,
or at least no better than a dream.—
It may be so,' replied Don Quixote:
but I will take thy advice; for truly,
I myself have some sort of scruples
about the matter.'

Here he was interrupted by the arrival
of Mr. Peter, who came to tell him
that the flew was ready, and invite him
to come and see it; for it would be well
worth his trouble. Then the knight
imparted his sentiments, deiring he
would ask the ape whether or not cer-
tain incidents that happened in the cave
of Montefinos, were dreams or real tnes,
for to him the whole seemed to be a
mixture of both. Mafier Peter, with-
out answering one word, went and
brought the ape into the presence of Don
Quixote and Sancho, and thus accosted
it: 'Look ye, Mr. Ape, this knight
wants to know, whether certain things
that happened to him in a place called
the cave of Montefinos be true or
false.' Then making the usual signal,
the creature leaped upon his left-should-
er, and seemingly whispered something
in his ear. In consequence of this com-
munication, 'The ape,' said Mafier
Peter, 'declares, that part of what your
worship saw and underwent in that
same cave is false, and part is likely to
be true; and this, and nothing else, is all he knows touching that interrogation: but if your worship defines to be farther informed, he will next Friday answer all the questions you can ask; at present his virtue has left him, and will not return till Friday, as I have already observed."—Signior, said Sancho to his master, did not I always affirm your worship should never make me believe that all, or even the half of those accidents you pretended to have met with in the cave was true?"—
The event will shew," answered Don Quixote; "for there is nothing that time, the discoverer of all things, will not bring to light, even though it should be hidden in the bowels of the earth. Let that suffice for the present; and now we will go and see the puppet-shew of honest Mafter Peter, which I really believe will be productive of some novelty."—Of some! cried master Peter: "my shew is productive of sixty thousand. Why, I tell your worship, Signior Don Quixote, there is nothing equal to it in the whole world; but, Operibus credite & non verbis: let us begin presently; for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to pay, and to shew, In consequence of this request, Don Quixote and Sancho repaired to the place where the puppet-shew was set up, and set forth with a great number of little wax-lights, which made a most regal and splendid appearance. Mafter Peter withdrew within the curtain, in order to play the figures of the piece; and on the outside sat a boy, who was his servant, to interpret and explain the mysteries of the shew, holding a wand, with which he pointed out the puppets as they entered. All the people of the inn being seated, some fronting the stage, and Don Quixote with Sancho, the page and the scholar, accommodated with the best places, the druggman began to pronounce that which will be heard and seen by those who will take the trouble to read or peruse the following chapter.

**MATTERS REALLY ENTERTAINING ENOUGH.**

**UNIVERSAL silence prevailed among Tyrians as well as Trojans; that is, all the spectators of the shew sat in silent expectation, suspended as it were on the mouth of him who was appointed to expound the wonders of the piece; when their ears were suffused with the sound of aurals, trumpets, and artillery, that issued from behind the scene; and this noise being soon over, the boy thus began in an audible voice: "This true history, which will now be represented before the honourable company, is literally extracted from the French chronicles and Spanish ballads, which may be heard every day repeated in the streets by man, woman, and child. It exhibits the manner in which Signior Don Gayferos accomplished the deliverance of his spouse Melifendra, who was a captive in Spain, detained by the Moors in the city of Santuenna, which was formerly the name given to what we now call Saragossa; and pray, gentlemen, take notice, Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the old song:

"Now Gayferos, at tables playing,
Of Melifendra thinks no more.

And that personage who next appears, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, is the emperor Charlemagne, the supposed father of Melifendra, who, vexed at the indolence and carelessness of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him; and observe with what vehemence and keenness he seems to scold; one would imagine he intended to give him half a dozen raps on the back with his sceptre; nay, some authors say that he actually did break them, aye, and that with very good-will: after having said abundance of things concerning the risk his honour would run, if he did not effect the deliverance of his spouse, he is reported to have added these words, "I have said enough, look to it." Behold, gentlemen, how the emperor turns about and walks off, leaving Don Gayferos in a fume, who, in the impatience of his anger, throws away the tablet and pieces, and..."
calls hastily for his armour, desiring his cousin Orlando to lend him his sword Dundana. Don Orlando will not comply with his request; but offers to attend him in his difficult enterprise; however, the provoked hero will not accept of his offer; on the contrary, he says his own single arm is sufficient to deliver his wife, even though the were concealed in the profoundest centre of the earth. So saying, he goes in to arm, that he may be able to set out with all expedition. Gentlemen, turn your eyes to the tower that appears yonder, and suppose it one of the towers belonging to the castle of Saragossa, now called Aljaferia. That lady who stands in the balcony in the Moorish drefs is the peeress Melifendra, who from thence hath often cast her longing eyes towards the road to France, and consoled herself in her captivity, by thinking on the city of Paris and her valiant lord. Observe likewise a new incident, the like of which perhaps you have never seen before: don't you see that Moor fleeting along silently and softly, step by step, with his finger on his mouth, behind Melifendra? Now mind how he prints a kifs in the very middle of her lips, and with what eagerness the spits, and wipes them with the sleeves of her shift, lamenting aloud, and tearing, for anger, her beautiful hair, as if it had been guilty of the transgression. Behold, now, that venerable Moor in your gallery; he is Matffius, the king of Sanfuenna, who, having perceived the infolence of the Moor, although he was his own relation, and a great favourite, orders him to be apprehended, and carried through the principal streets of the city, with the criers before, and the rods behind, with which he is to receive two hundred stripes; and here you shall see the sentence executed, almost as soon as the crime is committed; for among the Moors there is no copy of a writ, trial, or delay, as in our courts of justice.

Here Don Quixote interpolating, said, with a loud voice, 'Boy, boy, follow your story in a right line, without falling into curves and croffes; for there is not so much proof and counter-proof required to bring truth to light.'—'Sirrah,' cried Mr. Peter, from behind the curtain, none of your vagaries, but follow that gentleman's counsel, which is good and wholesome; sing your plain song, without counterspoints; for you may spin your thread so fine as to break it.'—'I shall obey your orders,' answered the boy, who proceeded, saying—

'That there figure a horseback, wrapped up in a cloak of Galcony, is the very individual Don Gayferos, to whom his only lady, by this time revenged of the prefunptuous and enamoured Moor, talks with more seeming compofure from the battle-duits of the tower, supposing him to be some traveller, and between the two pafteth the whole discourse and conversation, recorded in the ballad, which says,'

'Sir knigIt, if you to France do go,
For Gayferos enquire;'
road to Paris, with equal eagerness and joy. Go in peace, ye peers of a pair of faithful lovers; may you arrive in safety at your desired country, without fortune's raising any obstruction to your happy journey; and may the eyes of your friends and kindred behold you enjoy in peace all the days of your life, which I hope will exceed the age of Nebud!" Here Mr. Peter interpolating again, called aloud, "None of your flourishes, sirrah; seek not to entangle yourself, for all assistance is naught." The interpreter, without answering a syllable, went on in this manner. "There were not wanting some idle eyes which nothing can escape; and they, perceiving the defect and flight of Melifenda, gave notice of it to king Marsilio, who straight gave orders for founding to arms: and behold the hurry and commotion of the city, occasioned by the sound of bells that ring in every mi-
nore."

"It cannot be," cried Don Quixote. "In what regards the bells, Mr. Peter is guilty of an impropriety; for the Moors use no bells, but attestals or kettle drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like those belonging to our waits; so that the circumstance of ringing bells in Sanquenna is a downright absurdity." Mr. Peter hearing this objection, left off ringing, and answered, "Signior Don Quixote, your worship must not mind such trifles, nor seek for that perfection which is not to be found. How many plays do you see every day represented, full of impropriety and absurdities? yet they happily run their career, and are heard, not finely with applause, but even with universal admiration. Proceed, boy, and let people talk; for, provided I fill my pocket, I don't care if there should be more improprieties than there are atoms in the sun."—You are in the right," replied the knight; and thus the boy went on:

"Behold what a number of resplendent cavalry marches out of the city in pursuit of the two catholick lovers; what a sound of trumpets, tinkling of dulcimers, and rattling of drums and kettle-drums! I am afraid they will overtake and bring them back tied to their horse's tail, and that would be a most dismal spectacle."

Don Quixote seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing this uproar, thought it was incumbent upon him to a علی the fugitives; and therefore starting up, he pronounced with a loud voice: "Never, while I breathe, will I consent that such an injury should be done in my presence to a knight so famous, daring, and enamoured, as is Don Gayferos: deify, ye base-born plebeians; seek not to follow and punish him, but face me in battle, if you dare." With these words and actions he unheathed his sword, and springing up to the puppet flew, began with incredible agility and fury to lay about him among the Moorish pup-
pets, compelling some, beheading others, maiming this, and hacking that; and in the course of this exerc-
ice, he fetched such a back-stroke, that had not Mr. Peter fumbled and squatted down with great expedition, he would have sliced off his head as easily as if it had been made of ginger-bread. This unfortunate flew-man exalting his voice, "Hold, for the love of God! Signior Don Quixote," said he, "and take notice, that those whom you overthrow, kill and destroy, are not real Moors, but poor, harmless, little figures of paste; consider, soldier that I am! you are ruining me, by de-
priving me of my livelihood." Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the knight continued to play away in a per-
fecf flower of back-strokes, fore-strokes, outside and inside, that fell as thick as hails; so that in less than a couple of cre-
dos, he brought the whole flew to the ground, all the tackle and figures being heaved down and dismembered: king Marsilio himself narrowly wounded, and the crown, together with the head of the emperor, cleft in twain. The whole audi-
cence was involved in confusion; the ape fled to the roof of the house, the scholar trembled, the page was seized with consternation, and Sancho Panza himself overwhelmed with terror and dismay; for, as he swore after the hurricane subsided, he had never before seen his master in such a frantic rage.

The puppet-flew being thus entirely demolished, Don Quixote became a little more composed, saying, "I wish I had before me, at this very mo-
ment,
ment, those who either do not, or
will not believe that knights-errant
are of any benefit or service to man-
kind, that they might see what would
have become of the worthy Don.
Gayferos, and the beautiful Melien-
dra, had not I been present on this
occasion; certainly, by this time, they
would have been overthrown by these
dogs, who would have done them
some grievous injury: let a knight-
errantry, therefore, live and flourish
above all things upon the face of the
earth."— "In a happy hour let it live,"
cried Mr. Peter in a languid tone; and
let me die, who am so unfortunate,
that I may say with King Rodrigo,
"Yesterday I was lord of Spain, and
now there is not one battle I
can call, my own." Half an hour,
yes not half a minute is elapsed, since
I saw myself in possession of kings
and emperors; my tables, coffers,
and bags, were filled with an in-
finite number of horses and other
gay particulars, and now I find my-
self quite dejected and abased, poor
and beggarly, and, which is worst of
all, deprived of my ape, who in good
faith will make my teeth sweat, before
he returns to me his lawful master;
and all this misfortune I have suffer-
ed from this here Sir Knight, who
is said to protect orphans, reftify
wrongs, and perform other charitable
actions; but, in me alone, his gene-
rous intention has failed; blessed and
praised be the highest Heavens above!
In a word, the Knight of the Ruffle
Figure is he by whom I and mine are
dishonored and undone.

Sancho Panza melted at this pitious
lamentation: "Do not weep, Mr. Pe-
ters," said he, "do not whine at piteous-
ly, nor thout break my heart; for
I'would thee know, my master Don
Quixote is such a catholic and fren-
pulous Christian, that provided he be
convinced of having done thee wrong,
he knows how to make amends, and
will hastily and repay thee with dou-
ble interest."— "If Signior Don Quix-
ote," replied the shev-man, "will
make some atonement for the deeds
by which he has undone me, I shall
reit satisfied, and his worship's con-
science will be at peace; for that man
cannot expect salvation who with-
holds the effects of his neighbour
against his will, and retires to make
restitution."— "You are in the right,"
said Don Quixote; "but as yet I do
not know that I withhold any of
your effects, Mr. Peter."— "How!
one of mine!" cried the shev-man,
and these unfortunate remains that
he extended on the hard and barren
pavement, were they not thus feat-
tered and annihilated by the invi-
cible force of that redoubted arm?
to whom but me did their unhappy
bodies belong? and with what but
them did I procure a comfortable sub-
sidence?"— "Now," cried Don Quix-
ote, "I am fully convinced of what I have
on divers occasions believed; namely,
that those inmates, by whom I am
persecuted, take pleasure in preferring
realities to my view, and then chang-
ing and metamorphosing them into
such figures and forms as they chuse
to believe, me gentlemen, to
every thing that has passed appear-
ed a true and literal concurrence of
real facts; and the figures represent-
ed seemed to be really and truly the
very individual persons of Meliften-
dra, Don Gayferos, Manfilio, and
Charlemagne: in consequence of that
belief, my wrath was provoked; and,
in order to fulfil the function of a
knight-errant, I resolved to favour
and afflict the fair fugitive; in the
execution of which resolve I have
done what you see. If the exploit
has turned out contrary to my ex-
pecation, the blame ought not to
lie with me, but with those mis-
creants; by whom I am persecuted
nevertheless, as I have committed an
error, although it did not proceed
from malice aforethought, I stand by
my own award condemned in costs; let Mr. Peter make out his own will
of the figures that are demolished,
and I promise it shall be paid on the
spot, in good and lawful current coin
of this kingdom." The shev-man
hearing this declaration, made a pro-
found bow, saying, "I expected no less
from the un-heard-of Christianity of
the valiant Don Quixote de la Man-
cha, the unfinishing auxiliary and
support of the whole tribe of needy
and forlorn vagabonds: Mr. Land-
lord and the great Sancho shall act as
moderators and appraisers between
your worship and me, with regard to
what the injured figures are or might
be worth."
DON QUIXOTE.

The innkeeper and squire having undertaken this office, Mr. Peter lifted up the headless Marfilio king of Saragossa, saying, 'You see how impossible it is to reinstate the king in his former situation; and, therefore, with subsidies to better judgments, I think I must be allowed four rials and an half, on account of his death and final perdiction.' The knight defining him to proceed. 'Then,' said he, 'for this dreadful gap from top to bottom,' (taking up the cloaked emperor Chaverriague) 'I cannot be thought exorbitant, if I demand five rials and a quarter.'—'That's no small matter,' said Sancho. 'Nor a great deal too much,' replied the landlord. Split the difference, and let him down at five rials. 'Let him have the whole five and a quarter,' said Don Quixote; for in such a notable misfortune a quarter more or less is a mere trifling. And pray, dispatch, Mr. Peter, for it is now supper-time, and I begin to feel some symptoms of a keen appetite.'—'For that figure without a note, and reprimed of one eye, which is the beautiful Melifendia,' proceeded Peter, 'I demand two rials and twelve maravedis.'—'The devil's in't,' cried the knight, 'if Melifendia is not by this time, with her husband, at least upon the frontiers of France; for the horse on which they were mounted, seemed to fly rather than tread the ground; so that there is no reason for your telling me a cat instead of a coney; that is, in presenting me with a noseless Melifendia, when, in all probability, that lady is now enjoying herself at leisure with her husband in France. God give every man joy of his own, Mr. Peter, and let us all endeavour to walk rightly and rightingly, and now you may proceed.' Mr. Peter perceiving Don Quixote beginning to warp and return to his old bias, resolved to be even with him, and with that view said, 'This cannot be Melifendia, but must be one of her waiting-women, for whom I think myself very well paid, and left satisfied with threecore maravedis.' In the same manner did he set prices on many other mainminded figures, so that, after they were moderated by the two arbitrators to the satisfaction of both parties, the whole sum amounted to forty rials and three quarters, which being disbursed by Sancho, Mr. Peter demanded another brace of rials for the trouble he should have in catching the ape. 'Let him have them, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'not for catching the ape but the juice of the grape; and I would now give two hundred as a reward to any person who would certify that the Lady Dona Melifendia, and her lord Don Gavileros, are now safe among their friends in France.'—'No person upon earth can resolve that question sooner or better than my ape,' replied Mr. Peter; 'but the devil himself cannot catch him at present, though I imagine hunger and affection will compel him to return to me some time to-night; and if God will lend us a new day, we shall see what can be done.' In the, the hurricane of the puppet-show being quite blown over, the whole company united together in peace and good fellowship, at the expense of Don Quixote, who was liberal to excess.

Before day-break, the lance and half-coltter set out for his village, and early in the morning the scholar and the page came to take their leave of Don Quixote, the first intending to return to his own home, and the other to pursue his journey, for the comfort of which the knight made him a present of a dozen rials. Mr. Peter, having no inclination to re-involve himself in any sort of dispute with Don Quixote, to whose disposition he was no stranger, arose before the sun, and packing up the remains of his puppets, together with his ape, sallied forth also in quest of farther adventures. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was equally astonished at his madness and liberality. Finally, Sancho paid him handsomely, by his master's order, and the two bidding him farewell about eight o'clock in the morning, left the inn, and betook themselves to the road, in which we will leave them, having now a proper opportunity to recount other incidents appertaining and necessary to the illustration of this famous history.

* In the original there is a miserable pun upon the words Mona and Moni, the first of which signifies an ape, and the other a drunkard. Ch. 6.
DON QUIXOTE.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE READER WILL DISCOVER WHO MR. PETER AND HIS APE WERE—TOGETHER WITH DON QUIXOTE'S BAD SUCCESS IN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, WHICH DID NOT AT ALL TURN OUT ACCORDING TO HIS WISH AND EXPECTATION.

Cid Hamet, author of this sublime history, begins this chapter with these words: 'I swear, as a Catholic Christian,' and upon this occasion, the translator observes, that Cid Hamet being a Moor, as he certainly was, in swearing as a Catholic Christian, means no more than that, as a Catholic Christian, when he makes oath, swears he will speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, in like manner he would adhere to it, as a Catholic Christian adheres to his oath, in what he intended to write concerning Don Quixote, especially in disclosing the mystery of Mr. Peter and the fortune-telling ape, whose talent attracted the admiration of all that country. He then proceeds to observe, that he who has read the first part of this history, cannot but remember that same Gines de Paffamonte, whom, together with his fellow-thieves, Don Quixote set at liberty near the Brown Mountain; a benefit for which he was ill thanked, and worse required, by that fickle and immoral crew. This Gines de Paffamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the very thief who stole Sancho's Dapple; and as, through the fault of the printers, neither the time nor the manner of that conveyance is described, in the first part of the book, many people ascribed this error of the prefs to want of memory in the author; but, in short, stolen he was, by Gines, even while Sancho was sitting sleeping on his back, by means of the fame constancy and expedient that was used by Brunelo, who, while Sacripante lay at Altraga, withdrew his horse from between his legs; and Sancho afterwards retrieved him, as we have already related. Gines, then, afraid of being overtaken by justice, that was in quest of him, to cheat him for his numberless tricks and transgressions, which were so manifold and remarkable as to fill a large volume of his own composing, resolved to remove himself into the kingdom of Aragon, to cover his left eye with a patch, and profess the occupation of playing puppets, and performing tricks of legerdemain, which he understood to great perfection; he afterwards happened to fall in company with some Christians just delivered from bondage in Barbary, of whom he purchased that ape, which he taught to leap upon his shoulder, at a certain signal, and whisper, or seem to whisper in his ear. Having so far succeeded, before he entered any place with his puppet-dressed and ape, he took care to inform himself at the next village, or of any person whom he could conveniently pump, of the particular accidents that had happened at that place, with all their circumstances, which he retained by dint of a tenacious memory. The first thing he did, was to represent his puppet-dressed, the subject of which he extracted sometimes from one story, and sometimes from another; but it was always full of mirth and entertainment, and well known; and this being ended, he propounded the talents of his ape; telling the audience that he could disclose the past and present; but with regard to the future, he pretended to no knowledge: for every reply he demanded two rials, though sometimes he afforded them cheaper, just as he felt the pulse of his confid- ents; and as he sometimes came to families, the anecdotes of which he knew, even though they would spend no money upon questions, he would make the signal to the ape, and then say he had communicated this and that circumstance, which tallied exactly with what had really happened. By these means he acquired the credit of infallibility, and drew the whole country after him; at other times, as he had abundance of cunning and penetration, he would answer in such a manner, that the responses agreed perfectly well with the questions; and there being nobody to harry him, by enquiring and sifting into the bottom of this pretended divination of the monkey, he found means to make monkeys of all his followers, and fill his bags at the same time. As soon as he entered the inn, he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and this recognition enabled him to excite the admiration of the knight, squire, and all
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the by-standers: but his art would have cost him dear, had Don Quixote lowered his hand a little, when he decapitated King Marflio, and destroyed his whole cavalry, as we have related that adventure in the preceding chapter.

So much for Mr. Peter and his ape; and now returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, we must observe, that after having departed from the inn, he resolved, in the first place, to visit the banks of the river Ebro, and all the circumjacent country, before he should enter the city of Saragossa, as the length of time between this period and the tournaments permitted him to make such an excursion. With this resolution he proceeded in the road, through which he travelled two days, without encountering anything worth relating, until on the third, as he ascended a rising ground, his ears were saluted with a mighty noise of kettle-drums, trumpets, and muskets, which he at first imagined might proceed from some company of soldiers marching that way; in order, therefore, to view them, he spurred up Rozinante, and when he reached the top of the rising ground, saw below, as near as he could guess, above two hundred men, equipped with different kinds of arms, such as lances, cross-bows, partisans, halberds, pikes, a few muskets, and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew so near this squadron, that he could distinguish their colours, and observe their devices, particularly a banner or pendant of white satin, on which was painted the life, an armor of the small Sardinian breed, with his head raised, his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out as if in the very act and attitude of braying, and surrounded by this motte, in capital letters—

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

From this symbol Don Quixote gathered, that those people belonged to the village of Braywick; and this discovery he communicated to Sancho, whom he likewise made acquainted with the motto of the standard; observing, at the same time, that he, by whom they were informed of the adventure, had committed a mistake, in laying the brayers were aldermen; for, according to this couplet, they must have been bailiffs.

To this observation, Sancho replied,

"Signior, in that circumstance, there is nothing to be mended; for those who were aldermen when they brayed, might very well in time come to be bailiffs of the corporation, consequently they may be mentioned with both titles; especially as it of small signification to the truth of the story, whether the brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, provided they really conjunctly and severally did bray, for a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman."

Finally, conjecturing and understanding that the people who were ridiculed had come forth to fight those who had ridiculed them, and carried the joke beyond the bounds of reason and good neighbourhood, Don Quixote approached their line of battle, to the no small indignation of Sancho, who was never fond of interfering on such occasions; and they were immediately received by the whole squadron, who believed the knight was come to elipose their quarrel. Then Don Quixote lifting up his visor, with grateful eyes and courteous demeanour, advanced to the standard of the afs, where he was environed by the chiefs of the army, who gazed at him with that admiration incident to all those who beheld him for the first time. The knight perceiving them looking at him so attentively, without speaking or asking any question, resolved to take advantage of their silence, and breaking his own, began in this manner, with an audible voice, "Worthy gentlemen, I beg, in the most earnest manner, that you will not interrupt a discourse I intend to make until you perceive it becomes insipid and disgusting; in which case, I will, upon the least sign, put a seal upon my lips, and a gag upon my tongue."

All the spectators assur'd him, he might say what he pleased, and they would willingly give him the hearing; so that, thus licensed, he proceeded to this effect: "I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and whose profession is to affit the needy, and favour those who want favour and protection. Some days ago I was informed of your disgrace, and the motives which have induced you to arm at every turn, in order to take vengeance on your enemies: and having once and
again revolved your affairs in my mind, I find that, according to the laws of duel, you are in the wrong to suppose yourselves afraight: for no individual can offend a whole community, unless they are accused of treason by the lump, because the person guilty of the said treason is not known, consequently cannot be challenged by himself. Of this practice, we have an instance in Don Diego Ordonez de Lara, who challenged the whole town of Zamorano, because he did not know that Velido Dolfos alone was the traitor who had slain his king; he therefore defied the whole body of inhabitants, and to the whole body of them did the answer and revenge belong: though, indeed, Signior Don Diego bordered upon extravagance, and exceeded the bounds of defiance; for he had not sufficient reason to challenge the dead, the water and the bread, or those who were yet unborn, as well as other minute matters therein set forth: but let that pass. When cholera once is born, the tongue all curl doth scorn*; I mean, a bridle to restrain it. This being the case, then, that one single person cannot offend an entire kingdom, province, city, society, or corporation, it plainly appears, that you have no just cause to come forth, in order to take vengeance for that which was not really an affront: for it would be a good joke, indeed, if the inhabitants of a town called Clockwell, should take it in their heads, at every turn, to fly every person that might ask, "What is it o'clock†?" Or if the cheesemongers, fruitellers, whalebone-fellers, soap-boilers, and those of other names and appellations that are in the mouth of every boy, and hacknied among the vulgar; I say, it would surely be a good joke, if all those people, who are distinguished by their different callings, should be afflicted and incensed at such simple provocations, and be always making facbuts of their swords, in every tripping quarrel: no, no; God neither likes, nor will suffer such unjustifiable revenge. Prudent men, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought to take up arms, unheathen their swords, and refute their persons, lives, and fortunes, for four causes only: Firstly, to defend the Catholic faith; secondly, in self-defence, which is justified by the laws of God and nature; thirdly, in behalf of one's honour, family, and fortunes; and fourthly, in the service of his majesty, when he is engaged in a just war: and if we should add a fifth cause (which, indeed, ought to be ranked as a second) it is the defence of one's country. To these principle causes may be annexed some others, both just and reasonable, which may oblige us to have recourse to arms; but to take them up for childish trifles, and things that are rather subjects of laughter and diversion than of serious revenge, seems to denote a total defect of reason and discretion; especially as unjust vengeance (and surely no vengeance can be just) is diametrically opposite to that holy law we profess, by which we are enjoined to do good to our enemies, and love those by whom we are abhorred: a command which, though seemingly difficult, is not really hard to be observed, except by those who have leave of God than of this world, and more of the flesh than of the Spirit; for Jesus Christ, the true God and true man, who never lyed, who neither was nor is capable of falsehood, as being our eternal Lawgiver, tells us, that his yoke is easy, and his burden is light: therefore, he would not impose a command which we could not possibly fulfill; and consequentlly, good gentlemen, you are obliged by laws divin and human, to be appeased.

At this period, Sancho said within himself, "The devil run away with me, if this matter of mine is not a down right theologifer; at least, if he is not, no two eggs were ever more alike." Don Quixote having taken breath a little, and finding the audience still attentive, was inclined to prosecute his harangue, and would certainly have pursued the subject, had not he been prevented.

* Literally, 'When cholera quits the mother, the tongue has then no father.'
† I have ventured to deviate a little from the precise meaning of the original, which the reader will own to be very insipid when he reads the literal translation: 'For it would be good, if the inhabitants of the town of Relaxo,' (signifying a watch, or clock) 'should, at every turn, fly those that call them to.'
DON QUIXOTE.

prevented by the archness of Sancho, who, during his master's paufe, took it in hand, faying, 'My master, Don Quijote de La Mancha, who, at one time, went by the name of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, but is at present called the Knight of the Lions, is a very learned gentleman, that understands Latin and Castilian like a perfect batchelor of arts. In all his sermons and exhortations, he proceeds like a very able soldier, as having all the laws and ordinances of what you call duel, at his finger's end; therefore, you have no more to do but let yourselves be guided by his counsel; and if you go wrong, the blame shall lie upon my shoulders; especially, as he hath already told you that it is mere madness to be angry without any cause but that of man's braying. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed whenever and wherever I pleased, without lett or molestation; aye, and so prettily and naturably, that I was always answered by all the affes of the common; yet, for all that, I did not cease to be the friend of my parents, who were most worthy people; and though, for this talent, I was envied by more than enow of the gravell folks in the parish, I valued not their envy two farthings and, that you may fee I speak nothing but the truth, wait a little, and give me the hearing; for the art of braying is like that of swimming, which, when once learned, is never forgot.'

So faying, he clapp'd his fingers to his noftrils, and began to bray fo stoutly, that all the neighbouring vallies reechoed the found. But one of thofe who flow next him, fupposing the fquire made himfelf merry at their expense, lifted up a pole that was in his hand, and beflowed it upon him with fuch good will, that Sancho, in spite of his efforts, came to the ground.

Don Quijote, feeing his fquire fo roughly handled, attacked the aggressor in hand; but fuch a number of people interpoled, that he found it impossible to take vengeance: on the contrary, perceiving a cloud of stones ready to pour upon him, and being threatened by a vall number of prefent'd crofs-bows and mufketf, he wheeled Rozinante about, and galloped off as falt as the freed could carry him; re-commending himself heartily to the protection of God, that he might be delivered from that danger; and in the apprehenfion that fome ball would enter at his fhoulder, and make it's exit through his breast, he held in his breath at every fltep, in order to know whether or not he was wounded. But tho' who composed the fquadron, being fatisfied with his flight, did not shoot after him; and as for Sancho, they laid him across upon his back, as soon as he recovered the ufe of his limbs, and allowed him to follow his master; not that he was able to manage the afs; but Dapple followed the footsteps of Rozinante, from whom he could not bear to be parted, though but for a moment. The knight having rode a good way, turned his horse's head, and feeing Sancho following, waited for his coming up, as he perceived nobody attempt to pursue him.

The warriors of Braywick kept their ground till night, and as their adversaries did not think proper to give them battle, returned to their own town with joy and fatisfaction; and had they known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy on the fpot.

C H A P. XI.

OF THINGS RELATED BY BENEN GEI, WHICH HE WHO READS THEM ATTENTIVELY, WILL KNOW.

W HEN a brave man flies, he must have discovered fome odds or foul play; and it is the bufiness of prudent captains, to relieve themselves for better occafions. This maxim was verified in Don Quixote, who, by giving way to popular fury, and the evil intention of that incenfed squadron, took to his heels, and without paying the least regard to Sancho, or the danger in which he left him, moved off to fuch a distance as he judged sufficient for his own security. He was followed by Sancho lying across the afs, as we have already obferved, who, by that time he was brought up to his master, had just recovered the ufe of his limbs, and fell from Dapple at the feet of Rozinante, all battered and bruised, and in an agony of pain.
The knight dismounting to search his wounds, no sooner perceived he was found from head to foot, than he thus accosted him in an angry tone: 'In evil hour, you must understand prating, sirrah! Where did you learn it was convenient to talk of halters in the house of a man that was hanged? To the tenor of braying what bash could you expect but the bawling of a colt? You have reason to thank God that, instead of receiving a benediction with a pole, you have not been crossed with a cymitar.'—'I am at present in no condition to answer,' said Sancho; 'for methinks I talk through my shoulders; let us mount and depart from this place, and I shall make an end of my braying; though I shall never be weary of telling how knights-errant run away, and leave their honors, squires, beaten to chaff and pounded to cinders, in the power of their enemies.'—There is a wide difference between flying and retreating,' answered Don Quixote; 'for you must know, Sancho, that valour which is not founded on the base of discretion, is deemed temerity or rashness; and the achievements of a rath person ought to be ascribed rather to good fortune than courage. I own, therefore, I have retreated, but not fled; and in so doing have imitated a great number of valiant chiefs, who relieved themselves for more dignified occasions: and of these instances histories are full; but I omit rehearsing them at present, because the recital would be of no advantage to thee, or entertainment to myself.'

By this time, Sancho being set upon his ass again by Don Quixote, who likewise mounted Rизякннт, they jogged along softly, in order to shelter themselves in a grove that appeared at the distance of a quarter of a league; and the squire, every now and then heaving up a most profound 'Ah!' accompanied with piteous groans, his master desired to know the cause of such bitter ejaculations. To which question the squire replied, that from the extremity of his rump to the nape of his neck, he felt such intertible pain as was like to deprive him of his senses. 'The cause of that pain,' said Don Quixote, 'must doubtless be this; as the pole or staff by which you have suffered was long and large, it extended over the whole back, comprehending all those parts that now give you pain; and if it had reached still farther, the pain would have been more extensive.'—'Fore God,' cried Sancho, 'your worship has taken me out of a huge uncertainty, and resolved the doubt in delicate terms. Body o' me! was the cause of my pain to be cast? owing, that there was a necessity for telling me, I feel pain in those parts that were cudgelled? Had my flins ached, there might have been some reason for grieving at the cause of their aching! but, surely, there is no great witchcraft required to tell me that my back aches, because it was crossed with a quarter staff! I in good faith, Sir Master of mine, Our neighbour's care hangs by a hair. Every day I see more and more how the land lies, and how little I have to expect from keeping your worship's company; for if you left me to be cudgelled at this time, we shall, upon a hundred different occasions, return to our late blanketttings and other such toys; and though this misfortune has fallen upon my shoulders, they next may light upon my eyes. Abundantly better should I have done, but I am such a barbarian, that in all the days of my life, I never did well; I say again, abundantly better should I have done, had I returned to my house, my wife, and my children, and maintained and brought them up with what Providence should please to bestow, rather than fast after your worship in this manner, through roadless reads, and pathles paths, drinking bad liquor and eating worse food; then, when I come to sleep—'Brother Squire, measure out even feet of ground; and if you choose to be more at your ease, take as much more, for the ladle is in your own hand, and lay yourself out to your heart's desire.' Would to God I could see the first man who meddled with knight-errantry burnt to a cinder; at least the first boyo who chose to beique to such wickaces as all former knights-errant must have been! Of the pretent, I say nothing; as your worship is one of the number, I hold them in respect, because I am sensible, that in speaking and understanding, you
you know a point more than the devil himself.

"I would venture to lay a good wager, Sancho," said Don Quixote, that now, while you are permitted to speak without the least hindrance, you feel no pain in any part of your body. Proceed, child, and out with every thing that comes into your head, or tarries at your tongue's end; for, provided you are free from pain, I shall convert into pleasure that dilугit which proceeds from your folly and impertinence; and if you are so much bent upon returning to your house, your wife and your family, God forbid that I should oppose your resolution. You have some of my money in your hands; recollect how long it is since we set out on this my third sally; then reckon what you might and should have earned monthly, and be your own paymaster."—When I worked for Thomas Carrasco, father of Batchelor Sampson; who is your worship's acquaintance," answered Sancho, "I earned two ducats a month, besides my victuals: with your worship I know not what I can earn; though well I know that the squire of a knight-errant has a much more troublesome office than that of a farmer's servant; for, in fact, we who serve husbandmen, let us work never so hard through the day, and happen what will, have a hot flapper out of the pot at night, and lie in a good bed, which I have never enjoyed since I have been in your worship's service, except for that short space of time that we stayed in the house of Don Diego de Miranda; and bating the good cheer I found among the crew of Camacho's kettles, and my eating, drinking, and sleeping, at the habitation of Baflius; all the rest of the time I have slept on the hard ground, under the cope of heaven, exposed to what you call the inclemencies of the weather, living upon cheese-pairings and crusts of bread, and drinking cold water; sometimes from the brooks and sometimes from the springs we met with in the publick roads through which we travelled."

"Allowing," said Don Quixote, "that all you have mentioned is true, how much more do you think I ought to give you than that which you received from Thomas Carrasco?"—With the addition of two rials a month, replied Sancho, "I shall think myself well paid, that is, with regard to my wages; but, as to some satisfaction for your worship's word and promise of making me a governor of an island, methinks it would be but fair and honest to add six rials more; and then, altogether will come to thirty."—"Very well reckoned," answered the knight; "now, according to the tale of wages you have mentioned, calculate fairly and exactly what I am indebted to you, for the five and twenty days that are elapsed since our departure from our own village, and, as I said before, be your own paymaster."—Body o' me! cried Sancho, your worship is quite out in your reckoning; for in regard to the promise of the island, we must compute from the day in which your honour made the said promise to this blest hour."—"How long, then, has that said promise been made?" said Don Quixote. "If my memory does not fail me," answered the squire, "it must be above twenty years, a few days over or under." Here, the knight flapping his forehead with his hand, began to laugh heartily, saying, "Why, my stay in the Sierra Morena, with the whole course of our peregrinations, has scarce employed two months: and wilt thou say I have promised thee that island these twenty years? Now I perceive thy intention is to keep, in lieu of wages, all my money that is in thy hands; and if that be the case, and thou really lookest upon it with an eye of desire, I give thee the whole sum from this moment, and much good may it do thee; for, provided I find myself rid of such a wretched squire, I shall think myself happy, though poor and penniless. But, tell me, thou prevaricor of all the squirely ordinances of chivalry! where haft thou been or read that any squire of a knight-errant ever promised to bargain with his master touching a certain monthly alimony for his service? Launch out, launch out! you scurvy, vagabond, and hobgoblin! for such you are; launch out, I say, into the mare magnum of chivalry; and if you find that any squire ever attempted to say, or even to think, what thou haft here uttered, I will give thee leave to 3 Fz.
ail the passage on my forehead, and
pinch the sign of the four nipples on
my face, by way of additional morti-
fication. Turn immediately the reins
of the halter of thy ass, and return
to your house, your wife, and your
family; for one step farther thou shalt
not travel with me. O bread ill-be-
flowed! O promise misapplied! O
wretch that favourest more of the
beast than of the man! At this junc-
ture, when I was on the eve of raising
thee to such a station as would have
enobled thee, even in spite of thy
wife, thou keekest to leave me! Now
thou art going away, when I had
firmly and unwaveringly resolved to
make thee lord of the best island in
the universe! In a word, as thou thy-
self hast observed upon other occa-
sions, An ale's mouth was not made
for honey, &c. An ale thou art, an
ale wilt thou be; aye, and thou wilt
die like an ale, when the course of
thy life is finished; for I am convinc-
ed that thy days will reach their ut-
most period, before thou shalt learn
and know what a beast thou art!
Sancho looked woefully at his ma-
ster, while he poured forth these re-
proaches, from which the squire felt
such compunction, that the tears started
in his eyes; and he replied in a faint,
whispering tone, 'My good master,
I confess that, in order to be really
and truly an ale, I want nothing but
a tail, which, if your worship will
furnish me with, I shall think it well
befowed, and serve you as a beast of
burden all the days of my life.
Good your worship, forgive and look
upon my green years with compassion,
and consider what I know very little;
and if I speak a great deal of non-
sense, it does not proceed from malice
but infirmity; and Thosé who sin and
kiss the rod, find favour in the sight
of God.'—'I should have been sur-
prised, Sancho,' said the knight, 'if
thou hadst not feaoned thy discourse
with some proverbial expression. Well,
then; for the present, I forgive thee,
in hope of thy amendment, and on
condition that thou wilt not henc-
forward betray such a fordid and sel-
fish disposition, but endeavour to en-
large thy heart, fortify and encourage
thy mind, to wait the accomplishment
of my promises; which, though it
may not speedily happen, is neverthe-
less far from being impossible.' San-
cho said he would do his endeavour,
and follow his advice, even though
he should gather strength from feeble-
ness.

Then they betook themselves to the
covert of the grove, where the knight
accommodated himself at the root of an
elm, and the squire retreated to the foot
of a beech; for these and other such trees
never want feet, though they are al-
ways destitute of hands. Sancho passed
the night in great trouble; for the cold
air augmented the pain of his bruises;
whereas, Don Quixote amused himself
with his incessant meditations. Never-
theless, both master and man gave way
to the operations of sleep, and at the
approach of morn, prosecuted their way
to the banks of the renowned Ebro,
where they were involved in an ad-
venture that will be recounted in the
succeeding chapter.

C H A P. XII.

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF
THE INCHANTED BARK.

By dint of travelling at a very de-
liberate pace for the space of two
days after they quitted the grove, Don
Quixote and Sancho arrived at the river
Ebro, the sight of which afforded in-
finite pleasure to the knight, who eager-
ly contemplated the amenity of its
banks, the transparency of its water, the
tranquillity of its course, and the
abundance of its chrysalid stream, the
joyous prospect of which renewed in
his remembrance a thousand amorous
thoughts, that chiefly turned upon what
he had seen in the cave of Montefinos;
for, although Master Peter's ape had
declared, that part of those circum-
stances was true, and part of them false,
he inclined more to the belief that they
were altogether real; while Sancho, on
the contrary, looked upon the whole
detail as one continued lyre.

As they jogged on in this manner,
their view was saluted by a small boat,
without oars, or any other tackle, close
to the river-side, and made fast to a
tree that grew on the bank. Don
Quixote looking around him, without
perceiving any living soul, alighted
immediately from Rozinante, command-
ing Sancho to quit the back of Dapple,
and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that grew upon the floor. When the squire defired to know the cause of this sudden defect and ligation, 'You must know, Sancho,' said the knight, 'that this vessel is here on purpose, without a possibility of any other design, to call and invite me to embark, that I may be conveyed to the succour of some knight, or other necessitous performance of high degree, who must certainly be involved in some dire distress; for this is the very spirit of books of chivalry, and the practice of those knights concerning whom they treat, who, when any knight in distress cannot be delivered by their art, but solely by the process of another errant, though perhaps at the distance of two or three thousand leagues or more, they snatch him up in a cloud, or provide him with a vessel, in which he embarks, and in the twinkling of an eye he is transported either through the air, or by sea, to the place where his assistance is required: this bark, therefore, Of Sancho, is brought hither for the like purpose, as sure as it is now day; and before the day be spent, take and secure Dapple and Rozinante together, and let us commit ourselves to the direction of God; for even the bare-footed Carmelites shall not dissuade me from embarking.'—'Since that is the case,' answered Sancho, 'and your worship is resolved at every turn to plunge into these (I know not whether I should call them mad) vagaries, I have nothing to do but bow and obey; according to the proverb, 'If you obey the commands of your lord, you may sit as a guest at his board.' Nevertheless, in order to disburden my conscience, I must give your worship notice, that in my opinion this same bark has nothing to do with enchanted people, but belongs to some fishermen of this river, in which they catch the belted thads in the world.'

This remonstrance was made while he tied the cattle, which he could not leave to the protection of enchanted men, without being grieved to the very soul. But the knight exorted him to banish his anxiety on account of the animals, which would be carefully maintained and protected by the same force destined to transport their riders through roads and regions of such longitude. 'I do not understand what you mean by logick-hood,' said the squire; 'for I never heard such a word before in the whole course of my life.'—By longitude I mean, length,' answered the knight, 'but I do not at all wonder that thou shouldst not understand the word; for thou art not obliged to be acquainted with the Latin tongue, like some arrogant people who pretend to knowledge or which they are entirely ignorant.'—'The hearts are now secured,' said Sancho, 'what is next to be done?'—'What!' replied Don Quixote, 'but to cross ourselves and weigh anchor; I mean to embark, and cut the rope by which the vessel is made fast.'

So saying, he leaped on board, whether he was followed by Sancho, and the fastening being cut, the boat edged gently off from the bank. The squire feeling himself about two fathoms from the shore, began to tremble, in the apprehension of perishing; but nothing gave him more pain than hearing Dapple raise his voice, and seeing Rozinante struggle for his freedom. 'Now, Dapple,' said he to his master, 'brays for grief at our departure; and Rozinante strives to get loose, that he may throw himself into the water and swim after us!'—Farewel, my dearly beloved friends, peace be with you, and may the madness that parts us be converted and undeceived, that we may be restored to your agreeable company.'

Then he began to weep so bitterly, that the knight exclaimed, in a tone of rage and vexation, 'Of what art thou afraid, cowardly-miocre! wherefore dost thou weep, thou heart of butter! who persecutes, who molestst thee, thou fool of a garret-moule! or what wants dost thou suffer, beggarly wretch, rolling as thou art in the very bowels of abundance! art thou, peradventure, travelling, bare-foot over the Riphean mountains! No: seated like an archduke upon a convenient bench, thou art softly conveyed by the gentle current of this delicious river, from which in a little time we shall launch into the wide and extended ocean: but, indeed, we must have already entered the open sea; aye, and failed at least seven or eight hundred leagues; and, if I had here an assurance to take the elevation...
elevation of the pole, I would tell thee exactly what way we have made; though either I have little skill, or we have already pass'd, or will pass in a very little time, the equinoctial line, that divides the globe into two equal parts. — And how far shall we have gone when we come to that same line your worship mentions? said Sancho. 'A great way,' replied the knight; 'for, of three hundred and sixty degrees, comprehending the whole terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer ever known, we shall have travers'd one half when we reach the equinoctial line.' — 'Fore God!' cried Sancho, your worship has brought a set of rare witneses to prove the truth of what you say, Copulation and Kiss-me-gaffer, with the addition of Tool-time, or some such name.* Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's blunders, upon the computation of the cosmographer Ptolemy; adding, 'You must know, Sancho, that one of the signs by which those who embark at Cadiz for the East Indies, know they have pass'd the equinoctial, is the total destruction of vermin among the passengers and seamen: so that not one louse remains alive, or can be had in the whole ship, even though you should give it's weight in gold; thou mayest therefore slip thy hand along thy thigh, Sancho, and if thou canst catch any thing alive, our doubt will be resolved; but if there is nothing to be found, we must certainly have pass'd the line.' — 'I can hardly believe it,' answered the squire; but, however, I will do as your worship desires; though there is no necessity for trying those experiments; for I can see with my own eyes, that we have not moved five yards from the bank, nor have we driven two yards below the castle; for there stand Rozinante and Dapple, in the very spot where they were left; and taking aim as I do now; I vow to God, we do not move or go at the pace of a pismire.' — 'Sancho,' said the knight, 'perform the investigation I have mentioned, and give thyself no trouble about any other circumstance; for thou dost not know the meaning of colours, lines, paralleils, zodiacks, eclipticks, poles, loifcles, equinoxes, planets, constellations, points, and meridians, that compose the spheres celestial and terrestrial. Wert thou acquainted with these, or even a part of them, thou wouldst diligently perceive what parallels we have cross'd, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. I therefore repeat my request, that thou wouldst examine and go asking upon thyself; for I am persuaded thou art clean and smooth as a sheet of white paper.'

Sancho, in compliance with his desire, flipped down his hand softly, and felt about his left ham; then raising his head, and looking at his master, 'Either the experiment is false,' said he; 'for we have not reach'd the place your worship mentioned, by many leagues.' — 'What!' said the knight, 'haist thou found something?' — 'Aye, more than one something,' answered the squire: who snapped his fingers, and afterwards wash'd them in the river, along the current of which the boat glided softly, without the assistance of any secret power, or concealed being, being conveyed by nothing but the stream, which then ran with a smooth and gentle course.

In this manner they proceeded, when they discover'd some large mills, built in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner perceived, than he addressed himself to Sancho, in an excited voice: 'Behold, my friend, yonder appears the city, cattle, or fortresses, that contains some oppress'd knight errant, queen, infantas, or princes in distress, for whose relief I am brought hither.' — 'What the devil does your worship mean by a city, castles, or cattle?' cried the squire; 'don't you see there are mills, built in the river, for

* As it is altogether impossible, in a translation, literally to preserve the low humour arising from blunders upon words or sounds. I have been obliged to substitute an equivalent jingle, in the room of puta, gefa, and more, which are Spanish words, signifying a xereba, a caterista, and a pisa a beata; so that Sancho, de civile by the affinity of these sounds to com-puta, com-grafis, and Ptolemy, thought he had reason to say his matter was produced a fair set of evidences.
grinding wheat?'—'Peace, Sancho,' replied the knight, 'although they appear to be mills, they are in reality edifices of a very different nature: I have already told thee, that all things are transformed and changed by the power of incantation; I do not mean that they are really changed in any circumstance but appearance, as we have been taught by woeful experience in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hope.'

By this time, the boat being sucked into the middle of the stream, so as to move considerably faster than at first, was perceived by the millers, who seeing it advancing to the indraft of the wheels, came suddenly out in a body, with long poles, to stop its motion; and as their faces and cloaths were powdered with meal, they made a frightful figure, while they exclaimed, 'You devils of men! where are you going; are you mad to come and drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?'

Don Quixote, hearing this address, did not tell thee, Sancho, 'said he, that we had arrived at the scene in which I must exert the prowess of mine arm? Behold, what falcons and affalins come forth to try my valour; behold what a number of hobgoblins range themselves against me; behold, I say, what horrid phantasmagories appear to scare and overawe us; but you shall presently see what will happen. Ye ruffians!' Then, starting up, he began to threaten and revile them, exclaiming aloud, 'Ye fain, ye scoundrels, ill-intentioned, and worse-advised release, I charge you, and restore to the full fruition of freedom, the person whom ye keep confined and oppressed in that fortrefs or gaol, let him be high or low, or of what rank and quality soever he may be; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise intitled the Knight of the Lions, defined by the appointment of Heaven above, to bring this adventure to an happy issue.'

So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and brandished it in the air, in defiance of the millers, who hearing this rhapsody without understanding it, began to employ their poles, in order to turn aside the boat, which by this time had entered the current and canal of the wheels. As for Sancho, he fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly that Heaven would deliver him from such imminent danger; and his deliverance was accordingly effected by the affalins and dexterity of the millers, who pushed back the boat with their poles; yet not without overturning the vessels so as that the knight and his squire were fouled over head and ears in the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a gOOSE; nevertheless, the weight of his armour tunk him twice to the bottom, and had not the millers thrown themselves into the river, and weighed them up by main strength, it might have been said, 'Here Troy once stood.'

They were no sooner dragged ashore, rather drenched than dead of drought, than the squire, humbling himself upon his knees, again clasping his hands and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, uttered a very fervent petition to God, that he might be from thenceforward delivered from the ruffians' projects and mad attempts of his matter. This ejaculation was scarce finished, when they were joined by the fishermen who were owners of the boat, which was crushed to pieces by the mill-wheels; and they perceiving the wreck, began to strip Sancho, and demand indemnification of his matter, who, with great tranquility, 'as if nothing at all had happened, told the millers and fishermen that he would pay for the bark with the utmost cheerfulness, on condition that they would release, without ransom or security, the person or persons whom they detained in durance and oppression within the caskle.

'What does the madman mean by persons and caskets?' answered one of the millers; 'wouldst thou carry off the customers that bring grift to our mills, forsooth?'—'Enough,' said Don Quixote within himself, 'I might as
and his preferment, which at that time
seemed to be at a weary distance; for
mungs all his simplicity and folly, he
could easily perceive that all, or the
greatest part of his master's actions;
proceeded from frenzy and distraction.
he therefore resolved to take an oppor-
tunity of retreating abruptly to his own
cottage, without expostulation, or the ce-
monry of taking leave. But fortune
ordained that things should fall out
quite contrary to his apprehensions.

Next day, at sun-set, as they came out
of a wood, Don Quixote extending his
view over a delightful green meadow,
perceived some people at the farther end
of it; and as he proceeded, saw they
were hawkers: approaching still nearer,
he observed among them a fair lady,
mounted upon a palfrey or beautiful pad
as white as the driven snow, adorned with
green furniture and a saddle of silver:
the lady was likewise dressed in a rich
habit of the same colour, as fine as fini-
ery itself. On her left-hand she carried
a hawk, a circumstance from which the
knight concluded she was some lady of
high rank, and mistress of all the reti,
not was he mistaken. On this supposition,
therefore, he said to his squire, 'Make
half, Jon Sancho, go and tell that
lady of the palfrey and hawk, that I,
the Knight of the Lions, send my
respect to her exceeding beauty; and
that, with her good leave, I will go
and pay my compliments in person,
and make her a tender of my service
unto the utmost of my power, in what-
ever she shall please to command; but
keep a guard upon your tongue, San-
cho, and beware of thrumming in some
of your proverbs, while you deliver
my embassies.'—'To be sure, you have
found me a deadly thruster,' answerted
the squire, 'that you give me such
warning! as if this were the first time
in my life, that I have carried em-
battles to ladies of high rank and aug-
mentation.'—'Except that which you
carried to the Lady Dulcinen,' said
the knight, 'I do not know that ever
you carried another; at least while in
my service.'—'That's true,' replied
Sancho, 'but a good paymaster never
wants bail; and a dinner is easily got,
where there is plenty of meat for the
pot: what I mean is, that there is no
occasion to tell me or advertise me of
any thing; for I am never out, and
have a fort of a timack of every thing.'
I believe it, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'go in peace, and God be your guide.'

The squire setting out accordingly, at a good rate, and spurring Dapple beyond his natural pace, came up with the fair huntress; then allighting and kneeling before her, 'Beautiful lady,' said he, 'yonder knight, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am this squire, known at my own home by the name of Sancho Panza; and that same Knight of the Lions, though formerly of the Ruelful Countenance, sends me to beg your grandeur would be pleased to allow him purposely, courteously, and consentingly, to come and gratify his desire, which is no other, as he says, and I believe, than to serve your exalted beauty and hawkingship; and in so doing, your excellency will do a thing that will redound to your own advantage, and from which he will receive the most notorious honour and satisfaction.'

Worthy squire,' replied the lady, assuredly you have delivered your embassy with all the circumstances that such embassies require; pray ride, for it is not reasonable, that the squire of such a great knight-errant as he of the Ruelful Countenance, whose character is well known in these parts, should remain in that posture; ride, friend, and go tell your master, that he shall be extremely welcome to command the services of me and the duke my husband, at our country-house in the neighbourhood.' Sancho arose, equally adipated at the beauty, good-breeding, and availability of this worthy lady: but he was still more surprized at what she said concerning the well-known character of the Knight of the Ruelful Countenance; for if she did not give him the appellation of the Lions, it was because he had but lately assumed that epithet. 'Pray, tell me, brother squire,' said the duchess, whose title is not known, 'is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the fage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Marcha, who proffesses himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?'

'The very fame, my lady,' answered Sancho, 'and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that histo-
by the fall; nevertheless, he advanced
as well as he could, with a limping
pace, and kneeled before this noble
pair: but the duke would by no means
allow him to remain in that posture;
on the contrary, alighting from his
horse, he ran to embrace the knight,
saying, 'I am heartily sorry, Sir Knight
of the Rueful Countenance, that the
first time you touch my ground, you
should be so unlucky; but the care-
lessness of furies is often the cause
of greater misfortunes.'— This ac-
cident, valiant prince,' replied Don
Quixote, 'cannot possibly be deemed
a misfortune, though I had been
plunged into the profound abyss;
for even from thence should I have
been raised and extricated by the
'glory of seeing your grace. My
'squire, whom God confound! is more
ready at untying his tongue, in order
to utter malicious insinuations, than
at tying and securing the girth of a
'saddle; but whether fallen or exal-
ted, afoot or on horseback, I shall
always be devoted to your service, and
that of my Lady Duchefis, your grace's
'very comfort, the dignified queen
of beauty, and universal princes of
politefies.'— Softly, my good Sig-
nior Don Quixote de La Mancha,'
said the duke, 'where my Lady Dul-
cinea del Tobofo reigns, no other
beauty deferves applause.'

By this time Sancho Panza had dif-
tangled himself and come up, and
interposing in the discourse, before his
master could make any reply, ' It can-
not be denied,' said he, ' but must al-
ways be affirmed, that my Lady Dul-
cinea del Tobofo is extremely beau-
tiful: but the hate starts where she is
least expected; for I have heard it
said, that the power called Nature is
like a potter, who, if he can make
one beautiful vessel, can in like man-
er make two, three, aye, and a
hundred; this, I observe, because, in
good faith, my Lady Duchefis comes
not a whit behind my Lady Miftriés'
'Donna Dulcinea del Tobofo.' Don
Quixote turning to the duchefis, ' Your
grace must know,' said he, that no
knights-errant upon earth has such a
prattling and free-spoken squire as
mine; and he will certainly verify
my words, if your highness shall be
pleased to make use of my service for
a few days.'— I have the better opi-

nion of honest Sancho, for his being
free-spoken,' answered the duchefis;
that is a sign of his discretion; for
pleasantry and wit, Signior Don
Quixote, as your worship very well
knows, do not love to dwell in a re-
served disposition; and therefore, since
honest Sancho is frank and free-spoken,
I from henceforth let him down as a
man of discretion.'— And loqua-
city,' added the knight. ' So much
the better,' said the duke; ' for a great
deal of wit cannot be expressed in a
few words; and that we may not
spend more time in them, come, re-
nowned Knight of the Rueful Coun-
tenance—— Of the Lions, your
highness must call him,' cried San-
cho; ' the Rueful Countenance is no
more.'— Of the Lions let it be then,'continued the duke; ' I say, come, Sir
'Knight of the Lions, to a cailfe I
have in this neighbourhood, where
you shall meet with that reception
which is due to a person of your
'tame and character, and that respect
which I and the duchefis always pay
to the knights-errant who favour us
with their company.'

By this time Sancho having replaced
and secured Rozinante's saddle, Don
Quixote beltedrofe that famous frcead; and
the duke mounting a beautiful courfer,
they rode towards the cailfe, on each
side of the duchefis, who defined San-
cho to keep close to her; for she took
infinite pleasure in hearing his con-
certs. Indeed, the squire did not need
intrety, but mingling among the three,
made a fourth in the conversation, to
the unpeakable satisfaction of their
graces, who thought themselves ex-
tremely fortunate in having an oppor-
tunity of entertaining, at their cailfe,
such a knight-errant, and such an err-

ing squire.'

C H A P. X IV.

WHICH TREATS OF MANIFOLD IM-
PORTANT SUBJECTS.

SANCHO rejoiced exceedingly at
seeing himself, as he thought, a fa-
vourite with the duchefis; for being a
nauifer well-willer to good cheer, he
imagined he should find the same abun-
dance in the cailfe, which prevailed in
the houses of Don Diego and Baflius,
and always took by the forefront every occasion of living at his ease. The history then relates, that before they reached the castle or pleasure-houfe, the duke riding on before, directed his servants how to behave to Don Quixote; who no sooner arrived at the gate with the duchesses, than two lacqueys or grooms came forth, clad in long trailing morning-gowns of fine crimson satin, and lifting him off, said, without being heard or perceived. *Your highness must go and help my Lady Duchesses to dismount.* The knight took the hint, and a dispute of compliments passed between them on the subject; but, at length, the obstinacy of the duchesses prevailed; for she would not quit her palfrey, or alight, except in the arms of the duke, saying, she was not worthy to load such an excellent knight with such an useless burden: at last, the duke came out to perform the office, and when they entered the court-yard, they were met by two beautiful damsels, who threw a mantle of the finest scarlet over Don Quixote’s shoulders, and the corridors were instantly crowded with servants of both sexes, who exclaimed aloud, *Welcome, thou flower and cream of knights-errant!* while all, or the greatest part of them, emptied bottles of sweet water upon him and their graces, to the admiration of Don Quixote, who now, for the first time, was sure and satisfied of his being a real, and not a fantastick knight-errant, because he saw himself treated as the knights of former ages whose histories he had read.

Sancho quitted Dapple, and betaking himself to the duchesses, entered the castle; where, however, his confidence upbraiding him for having left his beast alone, he made up to a reverend duchess, who with others had come out to receive the duchesses, and accosting her in a soft voice, *Signora Gonçalez,* said he, *or what’s your name? Madam?*—*My name is Duenna Rodriguez de Grijalva,* answered the gentlewoman; *what are your commands, brother?*—*I wish you would do me the favour, good Madam,* replied the squire, *to go to the castle-gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine, and be so good as either to send or lead him to the stable; for the poor creature is a little timorous, and cannot bear to be alone, by any manner of means.*—*If the matter be as wife as the man,* cried the duchessa, *we have brought our pigs to a fine market; get you gone, brother, with a vengeance to you, and those who brought you hither, and take care of your ass with your own hands; the duennas of this house are not used to such employment.*—*But, for all that,* said Sancho, *I have heard my master, who is a perfect mine of history, tell us how, when Lancelet came from Britain, ladies tended his own person, and duennas took care of his horse; now, with respect to my ass, I declare I would not exchange him for Signior Lancelet’s courier.*—*Hark ye, friend,* replied the duchessa, *if you are a jack-pudding, keep your jokes for a proper place, where they may turn to account; from me you’ll get nothing but a fig for them.*—*Very well,* said the squire, *I’ll answer for it’s ripeness; your worship won’t lose your game by a short reckoning.*—*You whoreon,* cried the duchessa, *in a violent rage, *whether I am old or not, I must render an account to God, and not to such a garlick-eating rascal as you.*

This address she pronounced in such an audible voice, that she was over-heard by the duchesses; who, turning about, and seeing her woman in such wrath and trepidation, asked, with whom she was in such passion. *With this honest fellow, here,* answered the duchessa; *who has earnestly desired me to go and house an ass of his, that stands at the castle-gate, telling me, forsooth, as an example, that the same employment was undertaken by some ladies, who took care of one Lancelet, while the duennas looked after his horse; and to crown the compliment, he tells me I am old.*—*If, myself,* said the duchesses, *would confine that into the greatest affliction that could be given.*—*Take notice,* friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is in the prime of her youth; and that the veil she wears is more for authority and cumbrom, than on account of her years.*—*Accursed be those I have to live,* cried the squire, *if I spoke to her for that reason; but, only for the great afflication I bear to my ass, whom I thought I could not recommend to a more charitable per-
DON QUIXOTE.

that Signora Donna Rodriguez, Don Quixote over hearing all that passed, Is that proper discourse for this place, Sancho? said he. Signior, replied the squire, every man must speak of his wants where he finds them; here I thought of Dapple, and here I talked of him; and if he had come into my head in the stable, there too he should have been honourably men tioned. Here the duke interposing, Sancho is very much in the right, said he, and must not be blamed for what he has said; Dapple shall have no more to do ask and have as much provender as he can eat; so that Sancho may be quite easy in that respect, for his beast shall be treated like his own person.

This conversation, which was extremely agreeable to all, except Don Quixote, brought them to the top of the flair cafe: and the knight being conducted into an apartment, hung with the richest taffie and brocade, was unarmed, and attended by six brightly damzels, well instructed by the duke and duchess in the particulars of behaviour which they were to observe towards Don Quixote, in order to convince him that he was treated in all respects like a knight-errant. Thus disarmed, he remained in his shirt breeches and shamoy doublet, so long, so lank, so lean, with his lantern jaws kising each other, that if the damzels had not been very careful in preserving their gravity, according to the precise orders they had received, they must certainly have burst with laughing at sight of such an uncouth figure. They desired he would allow them to undress and shift him; but he would not assent to this proposal, saying that knights-errant ought to be as remarkable for decency as for valour: he therefore bade them deliver the shirt to Sancho, with whom shutting himself up in a chamber, furnished with a magnificent bed, he was immediately undressed and shifted. Then being alone with his squire, Tell me, said he, thou modern buffon and ancient block head! was it thy province to dishonour and affront a venerable duenna, so worthy of reverence and respect? Was that a time to think of Dapple? or couldst thou imagine those noble persons would neglect the cattle belonging to gields whom they treated with such elegance? For the love of God, Sancho, let a guard upon thy tongue, and believe as that people may not discover, by the thread, the coarse country web of which thou art woven consider, sinner as thou art, that the matter is respected in proportion to the discretion and good-breeding of his servants; and this is one of the great advantages which noblemen have over people of inferior rank do not thou not consider, thou plague to thyself, and vexation to me! that if they perceive thee to be a base bred clown or blundering fool, they will take me for some cheating impostor or knight of the post! No, no, Sancho, shun and avoid those inconveniences; for he who sets up for a merry andrew, falls at the first stumble into a disgraced buffon bridle thy tongue, therefore, consider and miniate well, before the words issue from thy mouth; and remember that we are now arrived at a place from whence by the favour of God, and the valour of mine arm, we shall depart, bettered three, nay, five fold, both in fortune and in fame. Sancho promised, with repeated assurances, that he would rather fetch up his mouth, or bite off his tongue, than utter one word that should not be put to the purpose, and well considered, according to his command; and that he might make himself perfectly easy on that score, for by him it should never be discovered who they were.

Don Quixote having dressed himself, girded on his sword, thrown the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, and covered his head with a cap of green velvet, which he received from the damzels, came forth thus equipped, into the great hall, where he found the maidens placed in two equal rows, furnished with the implements for hands washing, which they administered with profound respect and abundance of ceremony: then came the major domo, attended by twelve pages, to conduct him to the table where their graces waited for him; he was accordingly surrounded by these domesticks, and led with great pomp and majesty into another ball, in which appeared a table, nobly decorated, with four covers. The duke and duchess came.
to the door to receive him, attend-
ed by one of those grave ecclesiastics
who govern the families of noblemen;
who being of no birth themselves, 
know not how to direct those who are;
who seek to measure the grandeur of
the great by the narrowness of their
own souls; and, in attempting to
make their pupils economical, convert
them into downright misers: such, I
say, was the grave clergyman who
came out to receive Don Quixote, with
the duke and duchess. After a thou-
sand courteous compliments, they
walked on each side of him to the table,
where the duke complimented him to
the upper end; and though he refused
that honour, they importuned him so
much, that he was obliged to comply;
the clergyman sitting opposite to him,
and the duke and duchess taking their
places at the sides.
Sancho, who was present at all this
ceremony, being confounded and affo-
nished at the honours which were paid
to his master, and perceiving the for-
mality and entreaties that passed be-
tween his grace and Don Quixote, a-
bout sitting at the head of the table, in-
truded himself, as usual, into the dif-
course, saying, 'With your honour's
leave, I'll tell you a story of what
happened in our village, with respect
to the upper-hand in sitting.'
Scarce had he pronounced these
words, when the knight began to trem-
ble with apprehensions that he was
going to utter some absurdity; but the
squire seeing and understanding the cause
of his master's trepidation, 'Signior,'
said he, 'Your worship needs not be
afraid that I shall misbehave, or say,
something that is not to the matter
in hand; for I have not forgot the
advice I just now received from your
worship, about speaking a little or a
great deal, to the purpose, and not
to the purpose.'—'I know nothing
at all of the matter,' answered the
knight; 'say what thou wilt, so thou
sayest it quickly.'—'Well then,' re-
plied Sancho, 'what I am going to say
is true, for my master Don Quixote,
here present, would not suffer me
to tell a lie.'—'As for me,' said Don
Quixote, 'you may lye as much as you
please, without lett or molestation:
but I advise you to consider well what
you are about to say.'—'I have it fo
well considered and reconsidered, that I
am as safe as he that has the repique in
hand, as will appear in the perform-
ance.'—Your graces will do well,' said
Don Quixote, 'to order the servants to
turn out this madman, who will com-
mit a thousand blunders.'—By the
life of the duke!' cried the duchess.
I will not part with my good friend
Sancho, for whom I have a very great
respect, because I know him to be
a person of wit and pleasantry.'—
Plentifay may all the days of your
holiness be, for your good opinion
of my deferts, said the squire; though
God knows, they are but slender
enough: however, my story is this.
There was an invitation given by a
gentleman of our town, who was
both rich and well born, as being
come of the Alamos of Medina del
Campo, and married to Donna Men-
cia de Quinones, daughter of Don
Alonzo de Maranon, Knight of the
Order of St. Jago, who was drowned
in the Herraldira, and occasioned a
quarrel some years ago in our village,
in which, if I am not mistaken, my
master Don Quixote was concerned;
but this I know, mad Tom, the son
of old Balvaitro the blacksmith, was
hurt on that occasion.—Now, Sir
Matter of mine, is not this God's
truth; speak upon your worship's
honour, that these noble persons may
not look upon me as a chattering
lyar?'—'Hitherto,' said the clergy-
man, 'I take you to be a chatterer
rather than a lyar; but I know not
what I shall take you for in the se-
quel.'—'Thou hast produced too
many witnesses and tokens,' replied
the knight, 'that I cannot but say thy
story looks like truth: proceed, how-
ever, and shorten thy tale, for thou
art in the way of lengthening it out
for the space of two whole days.'—
'He shall not shorten it,' said the
duchess, 'if he confuts my enter-
tainment; but, on the contrary, tell
it in his own way, though it should
not be finished in six days; for should
it hold out so long, they will be some
of the pleasantest I ever passed.'
'Well, then, my masters,' proceeded
Sancho, 'that same gentleman, whom
I know as well as I know these two
hands, for it is not above a bow-shot
from his house to mine, invited a
farmer,
farmer, who, though not rich, was a very honest man."— Dispatch, brother," cried the priest, interpreting, for at this rate, your story will reach to the other world."— It will hardly go half so far, an it please God," answered the squire; who thus proceeded: "So, as I was saying, the farmer going to the house of the gentleman inviter, who is now dead, God reit his soul! by the same token they say he died like an angel; for my own part, I was not present at his death, having gone a reaping to Tembleque."— As you hope to live, son," cried the ecclesiastick, return quickly from Tembleque, and faith your story, without saying to inter the gentleman, unless you have a mind to bury us all?"— Well, to come to the point," replied Sancho; when the two came to be seated at table. Methinks I see them now more than ever." The duke and duchess were infinitely pleased with the d Constant which the reverend ecclesiastick expressed at the tedious and circumstantial manner in which the squire related his story, while Don Quixote was almost confounded by shame and indignation. 'I say, moreover,' resumed Sancho, 'that the two, as I have already observed, coming to sit down at the table, the farmer obstinately refused to take the upper-end, according to the desire of the entertainer; while the gentleman on the other hand as obstinately insisted upon his compliance, alleging that he ought to be master in his own house; but the farmer, who piqued himself upon his politeness and good-breeding, still persisted in his refusal, until the gentleman, growing angry, took him by the shoulders, and thrust him into the seat, laying, 'Know, Mr. Chaff-there, that wherever I sit, I shall always be at the head of the table.' Now this is my tale, and I really believe it was brought in pretty pat to the purpose.'

Don Quixote's brown face was speckled with a thousand different colours at this recital; and their graces restrained their laughter, that he might not be quite abash'd at the farcical infinitude of his squire. To change the discourse, therefore, and prevent Sancho from uttering any other such dangerous contents, the duchess ad-
know your infirmity. Where, in evil hour, did you find that there are, or ever were, knights-errant? Where did you ever see giants in Spain, caiffs in La Mancha, or incanted Dulcineas, with all that tribe of absurdities that are recounted as your adventures?

Don Quixote, who listened attentively to the discourse of this venerable person, no sooner perceived he had left off speaking, than forgetting the respect he owed the duke and duchess, he started up, and with irreverent aspect and glowing visage, replied——But the reply deserves a chapter for itself.

CHAP. XV.
CONTAINING DON QUIXOTE'S REPLY TO HIS REPROVER; WITH OTHER SERIOUS AND DIVERTING INCIDENTS.

DON Quixote starting up, and trembling from head to foot, like quicksilver, thus accosted the ecclesiastic, with an eager, yet flattering tone: 'The place and presence in which I am, and the respect which I always had and still have for the function you profess, withdraw and tie up the hands of my just resentment; for these reasons, as well as because I know what all the world knows, that gowmen and women make use of no weapons but their tongues, I will, with mine, fairly engage your reverence, of whom I might have expected good advice, rather than infamous reproach; as wholesome and well-meant reproach requires far other circumstances, and ought to be conveyed in gentler terms: at least, a rebuke in publick, delivered with such asperity, has exceeded all the bounds of Christian reprehension, the beginning of which ought to be mild rather than severe; nor is it just to call the delinquent in plain terms, a wildeace and a fool, without knowing the nature of the fault for which he is reprehensible. But, pray tell me, reverend Signior, for which of the absurdities you have noted in my behaviour, do you condemn and reproach me, bidding me return to my own house, to take care of my family, my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either wife or children? What then! is there nothing required but to enter a house at random, in order to lead the master by the nose; and shall a narrow-minded pedant, on the strength of having taught a few pupils to read Latin, though he has seen no more of the world than what may be contained in twenty or thirty leagues of district, presume abruptly, without permission, to give laws to chivalry, and judge of knights-errant? Is it a vain undertaking then, or is the time mifpent, which we employ in travelling about the world, not in quest of its delights, but its adversities, by which good men attend the throne of immortality? Had I been counted a fool by knights, or people of fashion, birth, or generosity, I should have deemed myself irreparably affronted; but my being regarded as a madman by book-worms who never entered or trod the paths of chivalry, I value not a farthing; a knight I am, and a knight I shall die according to the pleasure of the Almighty. Some chafe the ipacious field of proud ambition; others take that of bale and servile adulation; a third set follow the paths of deceitful hypocrisy; and a fourth proceed in that of true religion; but I, by the influence of my stars, pursue the narrow track of knight-errantry, for the exercise of which, I undervalue fortune in the chace of honour. I have afflieted the aggrieved, redressed wrongs, chastified the insolent, overcome giants, and overthrown hobgoblins. I am enmoured, for no other reason but because it is necessary that knights-errant should be in love; and this being the case, I am not a vicious libertine, but a chaste platonick admirer. My intention I always direct to a worthy aim, namely, to do good unto all men, and harm to no creature.—Whether or not he who thinks, affs, and speaks in this manner, deserves to be called a fool, let your graces determine?

Well argued, master!' cried Sancho: 'Fore God! your worship needs say no more in behalf of your own character; for there is no more to be said, thought, or insinuated upon; especially as that gentleman denies, and he certainly has denied, that
that there either are, or ever were, knights-errant in this world: so that he knows nothing at all of the matter!—'Brother,' replied the priest, belike you are that Sancho Panza, to whom they lay your matter has promised an island?—'Yes, I am,' said the squire, and I hope I deserve it as well as another. I am one of whom you may say, Keep good company, and you'll learn good manners; and, I ask not where you was hatched, but where you was watched. And again, Well sheltered shall he be, who leans against a sturdy tree. Now I have leaned against a good matter, and accompanied him many months, and will learn to be just such another as himself; and if God please, and he live and I live, he will not want governments to give, nor I islands to govern.—'No, surely, friend Sancho,' said the duke, for I myself, in the name of Signior Don Quixote, will confer upon you the government of an odd island, and that not considerable, which is in my possession. —'Fall upon your knees, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, 'and kiss his excellency's feet, for the honour he has done you.' Sancho did as he was desired: and the ecclesiastic no sooner saw the ceremony performed, than he rose from table, in a violent passion, saying, By the habit, which I wear, I affirm, that your excellency is as mad as these poor sinners: what wonder that they should be frantic, when people who are in their senses canonize their phrenzy! Your excellency may enjoy their company by yourself; for while they remain in this house, I shall stay in my own, and excuse myself from reproving what I cannot remedy. Without farther speech, or eating another mouthful, he went away abruptly, in spite of all their graces could say to detain him. Indeed the duke said not much; for he was hindered by the laughter which the priest's imperious indignation had produced; however, as soon as he could resume his gravity, he addressed himself to Don Quixote in these words.

Sir Knight of the Lions, your worship has made such an ample reply, that nothing farther remains to be done, by way of satisfaction for that, which though it may seem an affront, falls by no means under that denomination; for neither the female sex nor the clergy, can give affronts, as your worship so very well knows. —'Undoubtedly,' answered the knight; and the reason is, because those persons who cannot receive, are not capable of giving an affront. Women, children, and ecclesiastics, as they cannot defend themselves when attacked, so neither can they be affronted: for there is this difference between an injury and affront, as your excellency well knows; an affront comes from a person who is capable of giving an affront, and when it is given, maintains it; whereas, an injury may come from any quarter, unattended by an affront. For example, a man walking carelessly in the street, is assaulted and cudgelled by ten armed persons, against whom he draws his sword, and behaves like a man of honour; but he is overpowered by the number of his antagonists, and prevented from executing his intention, which is to revenge the wrong; this man is injured, not affronted. A truth which we will confirm by another example: A man comes and strikes another, whole back is turned, and then betakes himself to his heels; and the other pursues, though he cannot overtake the fugitive. The man so struck received an injury, but no affront, because an affront ought to be maintained. If he who gave the blow, though it was done by stealth, in a cowardly manner, had drawn his sword, and stood facing the enemy, he who received the blow would have been both injured and affronted; injured, because he was surprized; and affronted, because he who gave the blow maintained it by keeping his ground. And therefore, according to the punctilios of honour, I may be injured but not affronted; for women and children do not feel those things; they can neither fly nor stand their ground: and the same rule holds good with those who are consecrated to the service of religion. Now these three classes of mankind are defitute of offensive and defensive weapons; and though nature obliges them to stand in their own defence, yet they can offend nobody: and albeit I just now said I might be injured, I now
now affirm it cannot be in any shape; for he who cannot receive, much less can he give an affront. For which reason I ought not to resent, nor do I resent, the reproaches of that beneficent man; I only wish he had flaid a little, until I should have convinced him of his error, in thinking and saying, there never were, nor are, knights-errant upon the face of the earth; an affeeration which might have turned to his prejudice, had it been overheard by Amadis, or any one of his infinite progeny. — I'll take my corporal oath, cried Sancho, that they would have given a back-stroke that would have laid him open from top to toe, like a pomegranate or ripe melon; they were a rare set to endure such tickling. By my holy dame! I am well assured, that if Reynaldo of Montalván had heard this manikín's discourse, he would have given him such a flap in the mouth, that he should not have spoke another word in three long years. No, no! let him meddle with them, and he'll see how well he'll escape out of their clutches. The duches had well-nigh died with laughing at this speech of Sancho; who, in her sentiment, was a more diverting madman than his master, and a great many people at that time were of the same way of thinking.

Finally, Don Quixote was appeased, dinner ended, and the cloth being taken away, in came four damfels, one of them with a silver ewer, another with a flask of the same metal, a third with a couple of very fine white towels over her arm, and a fourth with her arms bate up to the elbow, and in her white hands, for doubtless they were white, a wash-ball of Neapolitan soap. She who carried the ewer, approaching with a gentle carriage, and modest assurance, thrust it under the beard of Don Quixote, who, without speaking one word, wondered at this ceremony; from which he concluded, that it was the custom of the country to wash beards, instead of hands; he therefore stretched out his chin as far as he could, and immediately, the flask began to rain; the damfel with the soap-ball lathered him with great expedition, raising flakes of snow, (for the lathers were as white) not only upon the beard, but also over the whole face of the obedient knight, infomuch that he was obliged to shut his eyes in their defence; while the duke and duches, who were not in the secret, sat impatiently waiting to see the issue of this ablution. The young she-barber having raised the lather as high as her hand, pretended the water was spent, and bade the damfel of the flask go for a fresh supply, and Signior Don Quixote would have patience till her return. He accordingly waited with patience, exhibiting the strange and most ludicrous figure that ever was conceived, to the view of numerous spectators, who seeing half a yard of neck more than moderately brown, two eyes shut, and his beard covered with lather, had need of great discretion to restrain their laughter, and it was a wonder they could smother it at any rate. As for the damfels concerned in the joke, they kept their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring to look at the duke and duches, who were at once agitated by mirth and indignation; and did not know, whether they should resolve upon chastising their presumption, or rewarding them for the pleasure they received in seeing the knight in such an attitude. At length the damfel returning with more water, they finished the ablution of Don Quixote; when the who carried the towels having wiped and dried him with great composure, all four at once made a most profound curtsey, and were going away. But the duke, fearing the knight would smell the joke, called to the damfel of the ewer, saying — Come hither, and wash me too, and be sure you have water enough. The girl being very handy and acute, obeyed without hesitation, placed the ewer under his grace's chin, and when he was well washed, lathered, wiped, and dried, they dropped their curtsies and retired. It was afterwards known, the duke had sworn within himself, that if they should have refused to serve him in that manner, he would have chastified them for their assurance; but they prudently escaped a scouring, by scouring his grace.

Sancho having attentively considered this ceremony of cleaning — Gad's mercy! said he within himself, is it the custom in this country to wash the squire's beard as well as the knight's? For God and my own conscience knows, I have need of such purification; and if they would give
me the touch of a razor, the benefit
would still be the greater.'—"What
is that you mutter, Sancho?" said the
duchess. 'I say, my lady,' answered
the squire, 'I have always heard it said,
that in the courts of other princes,
when the cloth is taken away, water
for the hands is brought in, but not
suds for the beard; so that the longer
we live, the more we learn: yet it is
also observed, that he who lives much
time will bear much misfortune;
though to undergo such a purification
as this may pass for a pleasure rather
than a toil.'—"Give yourself no con-
cern, friend Sancho," said the duchess,
for I will order my maids not only to
wash, but also to lay you a-bucking,
should it be necessary."—"I shall be
satisfied, with the lathering of my
beard," replied the squire; "at least
for the present, and God will ordain
what is to happen in the sequel." The
duchess turning to the major-domo—
"Remember," said she, "what honest
Sancho desires, and gratify his incli-
nation with the utmost punctuality." This
domestic professed that Signior
Sancho should be obeyed in all things;
and returning to dinner with the squire,
left their graces and Don Quixote sit-
ting at the table, discoursing on many
and various subjects, though all of them
related to chivalry and the exercise of
arms.

The duchess entertained the knight,
who seemed to possess such a tenacious
memory, to delineate and describe the
beauty and deportment of the Lady
Dulcinia del Toboso, who, she con-
cluded, from what fame had proclaimed
of her charms, must be the fairest crea-
ture, not only in the whole world, but
even in La Mancha. Don Quixote
fighting, at her grace's request—"If,
said he, "I could take out my heart,
and lay it before your highness in a
plate, upon this table, I should save
my tongue the trouble of saying what
is almost inconceivable, for in it your
excellency would see her picture at
full length: but why should I now
attempt to delineate and describe cir-
cumstantially the particular charms of
the peerless Dulcinea? A burden
worthy of other shoulders than mine,
and a task which ought to employ the
pencils of Parrhasius, Timanthes,
and Apelles, together with the chisell
of Lydippus, to exhibit her image on
canvas, brics, and marble, as well as
the Ciceronian and Demofthenian
eloquence to found her praise.—"What
does Signior Don Quixote
mean by Demofthenian," said the du-
chez, "which is a word I never heard
before in the whole course of my life."—
Demofthenian eloquence,' answered
the knight, "has the fame significaton
as the eloquence of Demofthenes,
and Ciceronian means that of Cicerò;
for these two were the greatest orators in
the whole world."—"Certainly," said
the duke, "and you expose yourself by
such an interrogation: nevertheless,
Signior Don Quixote would give us
infinite pleasure, could he be prevailed
upon to describe that beauty which,
even in a sketch or rough draught,
would certainly appear such as might
excite envy in the most beautiful wo-
men of the creation."—"I would af-
fordedly comply with your grace's de-
 sire," replied the knight, "were not
her idea blotted from my remem-
brance, by the misfortune which hath
lately befallen her; a misfortune
which induces me to bewail rather
than describe her; for your highness
must observe, that when I went some
time ago to kiss her hands and re-
ceive her benediction, content, and
licence, for this my third fall, I
found her quite otherwise than I ex-
pected; I found her enchanted and
transformed from a prince's into a
country wench, from beauty into
deformity, from an angel into a da-
emon, from a delicious perfume into
a pestilential vapour, from the pink of
compliment into the most clownish
dialect, from light into darkness,
from a sedate young lady into a ruffick
romp, and finally, from Dulcinea del
Toboso into a Sayago drab."—"God
protect us!" cried the duke with a
loud voice, "who can have done such
mischief to the world, in robbing it
of that beauty which by it was de-
lighted, that good humour by which
it was entertained, and that modesty
which did it honour?—"Who," an-
twvered the knight; "who could it be,
but one of the malignant and evis

* Sayago is a district in the kingdom of Leon, the inhabitants of which were extremely
poor, and very meanly clothed.

* tribe
tribe of enchanters, by whom I am perfecuted? That accursed race, brought into the world on purpose to obscure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to illustrate and extol the deeds of the wicked. Perfecuted I have been by enchanters, perfecuted I am by enchanters, and enchanters will perfecute me, until I and all my lofty feats of chivalry are plunged into the abyss of oblivion: nay, they injure and wound me in that part where they know my feeling is most acute; for to deprive a knight-errant of his mistresses, is to rob him of the eyes with which he sees, the fun by which he is enlightened, and the support by which he is maintained. I have many times said, and now I repeat the observation, that a knight-errant without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, and a shadow without the substance by which it is produced.

There is no more to be said, replied the duke; nevertheless, if we are to believe the history of Signior Don Quixote, which has lately been ushered into the world, with the general applause of the different nations that compose it, we must conclude (if I right remember) that your worship never saw the Lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such person in being; but that it is only a fantastical mistress, begot and born in your imagination, which hath decked her with all the graces and perfections that fancy could conceive. — Much may be said on that subject, answered Don Quixote: God knows whether or not there is such a person as Dulcinea in the world, whether she is fantastical or not fantastical; for these things are not to be too nicely investigated: for my own part, I neither begat nor bore my mistresses, although I contemplate her with that admiration which is due to a lady, in which are concentrated those qualities that ought to render her renowned throughout the whole world, such as beauty without blemish, gravity without pride, tenderness with chastity, affability from courtesy, courtesy from good-breeding; and, finally, dignity from birth, because noblenesses of blood reflects an additional splendor upon beauty, and shews it to greater perfection than that which we find among the fairest of those who are meanly born. — Your observation is extremely just, said the duke, but Signior Don Quixote must give me leave to mention what the history of his adventures, which I have read, obliges me to declare; namely, that though we grant there may be a Dulcinea, either in or out of Toboso, and that she may be beautiful to excess, as your worship has described her, yet, in respect to pedigree, she is by no means on a footing with the Orinas, the Alatrajareas, Madamas, together with the rest of that clafs, which occurs so often in those histories that are so familiar to your worship.

To that observation I can answer, said the knight, that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works; that good qualities ennoble the blood, and that a virtuous person of low degree ought to be more esteemed than a vicious man of high degree; especially as Dulcinea possesses qualifications which may raise her to the throne of a crowned and sceptred queen; for the merit of a virtuous and beautiful woman is sufficient to work still greater miracles, and virtually, though not formally, contains within itself still greater advantages. — Signior Don Quixote, said the duchess, every thing you say is spoken with deliberation, and, according to the proverb, you proceed with the plummet in your hand; henceforth I shall firmly believe, and make my whole family, even the duke himself, should there be occasion, believe, that Dulcinea is living at this day in Toboso; that she is beautiful, high born, and in all respects worthy to be served and admired by such a knight as Signior Don Quixote; and that is the highest compliment that can be bestowed. But I cannot help forming a scruple, and entertaining a kind of grudge against Sancho Panza: the scruple arises from a particular of the history, importing, that the said Sancho found the Lady Dulcinea winnowing a sack of wheat, when he carried a letter to her from your worship, by the same token it is said to have been red wheat; a circumstance that makes me doubt the nobleness of her pedigree.

To this remark Don Quixote replied—Madam, your highness must know
that all or the greatest part of the incidents that happen to me, deviate from the ordinary limits of those adventures which occur to other knights-errant, either conducted by the inferrible will of destiny, or effected by the malice of some envious enchanter; and it is a circumstance well known of all or the greatest part of renowned knights-errant, that one possessed the virtue of being proof against enchantment, another of being invulnerable, which was the case of the famous Orlando, one of the Twelve Peers of France, who, as it is recorded, could not be wounded in any other place but the sole of his left foot, and even there, with no other weapon than the point of a large pin; so that Bernardo del Carpio, who flew him at the battle of Roncevalles, perceiving that he could make no impression upon him with steel, lifted him off the ground, and strangled him between his arms; in imitation of the manner in which Hercules destroyed Anteus, that ferocious giant said to be the son of Earth. What I would infer from what I have said, is, that I too may have some of these virtues centered in my person, though not of being invulnerable, for I have been frequently convinced by experience, that my flesh is very tender, and by no means impermeable; nor that of being proof against enchantment, for I once found myself cooped up in a cage, in which the whole world would not have had strength enough to inclose me, without the additional power of enchantment; but since I freed myself from that confinement, I am apt to believe that no other will ever interrupt the course of my adventures; and, therefore, those enchanters, feeling that their wicked arts will not take effect upon my own person, revenge themselves on those things to which my affection is chiefly attached, and endeavour to deprive me of life, by perfecuting that of Dulcinea, for whom alone I live. I therefore am perfused, that when my squire delivered me this message, they had converted her into a coarse country wench, employed in such a mean exercise as that of winnowing wheat; but I have already said, that it could not be fed wheat, nor indeed any fort of wheat, but oriental pearls; and as a proof of this aseveration, I must tell your highnesses, that when I lately went to Toboso, I could by no means find Dulcinea's palace; and the day following, while my squire Sancho beheld her in her own figure, which is the fairest in the whole world, to me she seemed a rustick and homely country wench, without any thing sensible in her conversation; whereas she is in fact the very pink of dexterity and good sense. Now, since I myself neither am, nor, in all probability, can be enchantet, she is the person enchantet, offended, changed, perverted, and transformed, and in her my enemies have taken vengeance upon me; so that, for her, I shall live in perpetual affliction, until I see her restored to her former state; all this I have observed, that nobody may scruple about what Sancho said of her fitting and winning; for, since they have transformed her in my view, no wonder they should change her form in his. Dulcinea is a person of birth and fashion, one of the gentle families of Toboso, which are very numerous, ancient and noble; and certainly no small part of these qualifications falls to the share of the peerless Dulcinea, on whose account the place of her nativity will become famous and renowned in future ages, as Troy is become famous by Helen, and Spain by Cava, though with a better title and nobler fame. On the other hand, I must inform your grace, that Sancho Panza is one of the most pleasant squires that ever served a knight-errant; sometimes his simplicity is so arch, that to consider whether he is more fool or wag, yields abundance of pleasure; he hath rougery enough to pass for a knave, and absurdities sufficient to confirm him a fool; he doubts every thing, and believes every thing; and often, when I think he is going to discharge nonsense, he will utter apothegms that will raise him to the skies; in a word, I would not exchange him for any other squire, even with a city to boot; and therefore I am in doubt whether or not it will be expedient to send him to that government which your grace has been so good as to bestow upon him; although I can perceive in him a certain aptitude for such an office;
...and in time, the duchess was ready to burst with laughing at the rage and remonstrance of Sancho: but Don Quixote was not extremely well pleased, to see his squire tucked up with such a dirty cloth, and surrounded with so many tens of the kitchen; he therefore, making a low bow to the duke and duches, by way of asking their permission to speak, thus addressed himself to the scullions, in a solemn tone—"So ho, you gentlemen cavaliers! I define your worship's will the young man alone, and return to the place from whence you came, or go whithersoever you please; my squire is as cleanly as another, and those trays are as unfit for him as a narrow-necked bottle: take my advice, therefore, and let him alone; for neither he nor I understand such impertinent jokes." Here Sancho, taking the word out of his master's mouth, proceeded, saying—"No, no, let them perform their clumsy joke, which I shall bear as sure as it is now night! let them fetch a comb, or what they will, to curry this beard, and if they catch any thing that should give offense to cleanliness, they shall hear me against the hair."

At this period, the duches still laugh-...
ing—‘Sancho Panza,’ said the, ‘is 
certainly in the right in all that he 
has said, and will be in the right in 
all that he shall say; he is already 
clean enough, and as he observes, has 
no occasion to be washed; and if he 
does not like the custom of the place, 
he shall follow his own inclination; 
besides, you minimisters of chanship 
have been extremely remiss and neg- 
ligent, not to say presumptuous, in 
bringing to such a personage and 
such a beard, trays, wooden troughs, 
and diffclouts, instead of ewers and 
golden basons, and towels of the 
finest holland: but the cafe is, you are 
base-born miscreants, and like caiffifs 
as you are, cannot forbear shewing 
the grudge you bear to the squires of 
knights errant.* The whole scul- 
lion ministry, as well as the major- 
domo, who came in with them, believed 
her grace was actually in earneft, and 
sneaked away in great shame and con- 
fusion, after having untied the diffclout 
from the neck of Sancho, who seeing 
himself delivered from that imminent 
danger, went and fell upon his knees 
before the duchess, saying—‘From great 
ladies great benefits are expected; and 
this that I have now received from 
your grace, I can in no other shape 
repay, than in wishing I were dub- 
bbed a knight-errant, that I might 
spend all the days of my life in the 
service of such a noble and exalted 
lady; a peasant I am, and Sancho 
Panza by name, with a wife and fa- 
mily, and serve in quality of a squire; 
and if in any of these respects I can 
serve your highness, I shall be mot 
speedy in obeying than your grace in 
laying your commands.’—‘Sancho,’ 
replied the duchess, ‘it plainly ap- 
ppears that you have learned politenes 
s in the school of courtesy itself; I say, 
it plainly appears, that you have been 
bred up at the feet of Don Quixote, 
who is the cream of compliment, and 
thower of ceremony, or, as you term 
it, Sarah-money: long life and pro- 
sperty to such a matter and such a 
pupil; one the north-pole of knight- 
errantry, and the other the very flat 
of squiffish fidelity. Rife, friend San- 
cho, and I will remunerate your po- 
itenes, by prevailing upon my Lord 
Duke to perform his promise of the 
government with all possible dif- 
patch.’

Here the conversation being broke off, 
the knight retired to take his afternoon’s 
nap, and the duchess desired Sancho, 
if he was not very much disposed to 
sleep, to go and pass the evening with 
her and her women, in a very cool and 
pleasant apartment. Sancho told her, 
that although it was really his custom 
to sleep for four or five hours every af- 
ternoon in the heat of summer, yet, 
for the satisfaction of her grace’s good- 
ness, he would that day strive, with all 
his might, to keep himself awake, and 
obey her commands in all things; he ac- 
cordingly attended her steps; while the 
duke gave fresh directions for treating 
Don Quixote as a real knight-errant, 
without deviating one title from the 
file in which the ancient knights are 
said to have been entertained.

* Su alma en su palma.* The original expression literally signifies, ‘His soul is in 
his hand,’ i.e. ‘He is at his own discretion.’
† In Spain the people always retire after dinner, and sleep till six o’clock, whence 
the afternoon’s nap is called* fustia.*

END OF BOOK II. PART II.
Plate VII.

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THE

ACHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE HIDALGO

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

THE PLEASANT CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN THE DUCHESS, HER WOMEN, AND SANCHO PANZA; WORTHY TO BE READ AND REMEMBERED.

HE history then relates, that Sancho did not sleep that afternoon; but, according to his promise, went, eating all the way, into the apartment of the duchess, who took great delight in hearing his conversation, and desired him to sit close by her on a joint-stool, though the squire, out of pure good-breeding, begged to be excused; but her grace told him, he should sit as governor, and speak as squire, for in both capacities he deserved the individual seat of the champion Cid Ruy Diaz.

Sancho, shrugging up his shoulders, obeyed and took his place, surrounded by all the damfels and duennas, who listened with profound silence and attention. Nevertheless, the duchess was the first who began the discourse, saying—'Now that we are by ourselves, unheard by any body, I must entertain Mr. Governor, to resolve certain doubts of mine, produced by the printed history of the great Don Quixote; one of which doubts is this: as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea, I mean, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor conveyed to her the letter of Signior Don Quixote, which remained with the memorandum-book in Sierra Morena, how durst he feign an answer, and pretend that he found her winnowing wheat, a circumstance altogether ridiculous and untrue, so much to the prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea's reputation, and so ill becoming the station and fidelity of a truly squire?'

Without making any immediate answer to this interrogation, Sancho rose from his seat, and moving softly on his tiptoes, with his body bent, and a finger on his lips, examined the whole apartment, lifting up and looking behind the tapestry; and this scrutiny being made, returned to his stool, and replied—'Now, my Lady Duches, that I am assured there is no skulker listening, and that we are not overheard by any but this good company, I will, without fear or trembling, answer all the questions of your grace; and first and foremost, I will own, I look upon my master Don Quixote as an incurable madman; although sometimes he says things, which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who hear them, are so sensible and well-directed, that even Satan himself could
not mend them: nevertheless, I am really and truly, and without any scruple, fully persuaded within my self, that he is downright distraffed.  
Now as I am poffeffed with this notion, I venture to make him believe any fory, without either head or tail, like that of the anfwier to his letter, and another trick that I played him fix or eight days ago, which is not yet recorded in the history; I mean, the enchantment of Donna Dulcinea, which I palmed upon him, though it was a tale as wild and uncertain as the hills of Ubeda*.  
The duchefs defired he would recount that enchantment or deception; and he accordingly related it exactly as it happened, to the no small entertainment of the hearers; but when he was about to proceed in his difcourfe, her grace interposing, faid— From this recital of honeft Sancho, a scruple has flared in my mind, and whispers me in the ear, fince Don Quixote de La Mancha is fo lunatick, crazy, and mad, and his fquire Sancho Panza, who knows his infirmity, nevertheless serves and fows him, and even depends upon his vain promises; the faid fquire muft, without all doubt, be more crazy and mad than his master; and if this be the cafe, as it certainly is, it would be no great sign of wisdom in you, my Lady Duchiess, to beffow an ifland on fuch a governor; for how will he be able to govern other people, who cannot govern himfelf?  

"Fore God, my lady," cried the fquire, "your scruple flarts in the right place; and I beg your ladyship will let it flpeak out in its owne way, for I know it speaks truth. Had I been wife, I fhould have left my matter long ago; but this was my fate and my misfortune: I cannot do otherwife, but follow him I muft. We are of the fame town; I have eaten of his bread; I have an affection for him; he returns me his love, and has given me his colts; but, above all, I am confiant and faithful, and therefore nothing can poiffibly part us but the fexton's flovel. If your highness does not chufe to perform your promise of the ifland, God made me of a lefs matter, and perhaps your refufal may turn out to the cafe of my confience; for make me all my madnefs, I understand the proverb that fays, The pifmure found wings to her forrow: and perhaps Sancho, the Squire may get sooner to heaven than Governor Sancho; There's as good bread baked here as in France; and By night all cats are gray; and sure, The man his lot may rife, who has not broke his faft by two; Between man and man the law cannot differ a fpar; and, as the faying is, With hay or with straw we'll fill up the craw; The little birds of the field have God for their ftacond and shield; Four yards of coarse Cuenca stuff are warmer than as much of fine Segovia verge; When we leave this world and are laid in the ground, the Lord goes in as narrow a path as his labourer; and, The pope's body takes up no more room than the fexton's; for though the one be higher than the other, When we go to the pit, we muft lie snug, and make it fit; or, We fhall be obliged to find room, though scanty is the tomb; and fo good night.  
Wherefore, I fay again, if your grace will not give me the ifland, because I'm a fool, I fhall be fo wise as not to break my heart at the disappointment; and I have often heard, that the devil fticks behind the crofs; It is not all gold that glisters; and that, From his oxen, his yokes, and his ploughs, Bambu the husbandman was raided to the throne of Spain; and that from his riches, patifline, and embroidery, Rodorigo was taken to be devoured by serpents, if the rhimes of old ballads do not lyze.  

Here Donna Rodriguez the duenna, who was one of the hearers, interposing, Wherefore fhould they lyze?" said he, for the ballad fays as how they thrust King Rodorigo all alive into a tomb, full of toads, lizards, and snakes; and two days after, he was heard to cry with a weak and doleful voice, Now they eat me! now they gnaw the part in which I finned to heinoudly!" And therefore the gen-

* This is an expreffion proverbially applied to any fory that is vague, infenfient, or of dubious authority; for the hills of Ubeda make an extensive chain, the different parts of which are differently denominated, from the different countries or diilftricts through which it extends; fo that the whole is not eafily acertained.
dislike about the enchantment of
the Lady Dulcinea; I take it for an
absolute certainty, and not a bare af-
fervation, that Sancho's scheme of
deceiving his master, and making him
believe that the country wench was
Dulcinea, whom the knight could
not know, because she was enchant-
ed; I say, this scheme was altogether
the invention of one of those enchanters
who perfecute Don Quixote; for I
know, from very good authority, that
the village maiden who skipped upon
the ais, was really and truly the in-
dividual Dulcinea del Tobolo; and
that Sancho, in thinking himself the
deceiver, was, in fact, the person de-
ceived: a truth of which we ought
no more to doubt, than of things we
never saw; for Signior Sancho Panza
must know, that here also we have
friendly enchanters, who, out of real
regard, impart to us every thing that
palies, truly and distantly, without
circumlocution or deceit; and there-
fore, Sancho may believe me, when
I affirm, that the jumping wench
was, and is, Dulcinea del Tobolo,
who is as much enchanted as the mo-
ther that bore her; and when we
dream of no such thing, we shall fee
her in her own shape, and then San-
cho will be undeceived.

There is nothing more likely,' cried
the squire; and now I am apt to be-
lieve my master's account of the cave
of Montefinos, where he saw my
Lady Dulcinea del Tobolo, dressed in
the same manner that I described,
when I enchanted her for my own
amusement. Now, the whole affair
must have been quite the reverse, as
your ladyship observes; for it cannot
be supposed that my ignorant pate
could contrive, in an infant, such an
ingenious stratagem; nor can I think
my master such a fool, as upon my
weak and meagre persuasion, to be-
lieve such an improbable device; but
for all that, my lady, your goodness
ought not to take me for an evil-
minded person, seeing a blockhead,
like me, is not obliged to bore into
the designs and knavery of abominable
enchanters. I contrived the scheme,
in order to escape the displeasure of
my master Don Quixote, and not

* In the original, ' And thoroughly understand "Tu., tus; which is an expression in
Spain, to wheele a cur.'
with any design to do him hurt; and
if it has turned out otherwise, there's
a Judge in heaven who knows the
heart."—'Vey true, answere the
duches; but tell me now, Sancho,
the story of the cave of Montesinos,
which I shall be extremely glad to
hear.'

Then Sancho Panza recounted every
circumstance of that adventure, as it
hath been already related; and her
grace having heard the whole—'From
this incident,' said she, 'I see my
suffer, that since the great Don Quixote
says he beheld in that place the same
country wench whom Sancho saw in
the neighbourhood of Tobolo, it
could be no other than Dulcinea,
and that the enchanters of this coun-
try are very officious, and extremely
curious.'—'This I will venture to
say,' replied Panza, 'that if my Lady
Dulcinea del Toboso is really in-
chanted, 'tis her own fault, and that it
is no busines of mine to enter the
lids with my master's enemies, who
are certainly both wicked and nu-
merous. True it is, the I saw was a
country-wench, for such I took her,
and such I judged her to be. If that
was Dulcinea, it ought not to be laid
to my charge, nor am I to be black-
ened for that reason; yet I must be
logged in, at every bawdy-house
bench, with 'Sancho said this; San-
cho did that; Sancho went, and
Sancho came!' as if Sancho were
just such as they would please to make
him, and not the very same Sancho
Panza who has already travelled all
the world over in books, as I have
been informed by Sanfón Carrasco,
who is, at least, a batheleering per-
son of Salamanca; and such peo-
ples cannot tell an untruth, except
when it comes into their heads, or
will turn to their account; wherefore
nobody has any right to meddle with
me; and seeing I live in good repute,
and I have heard my master say, A
good name is better than tens of
wealth, even shove me into this go-
vernment, and they shall see marvel-
ous things; for he who has been a
good figure, will never become a bad
governor.'

'All that honest Sancho has uttered,'

said the duches, 'is Catonian wildness;
or at least the very essence of Michael
Verino', Florentibus occidi annis. In
a word, to speak in his own style, A
good drinker is often found under a
rufuly cloak.'—'In sober truth, my
Lady,' answere Sancho, 'I never in
my life drank out of malice; from
thrift I might, for I have not the least
spice of hypocrisy in my belly; I
drink when I chafe it, and even when
I would ra her be excused, because I
am dained so to do, that I may not
seem lily or ill-bred; for sure he must
have an heart of marble who can re-
fuse to pledge a friend; for though I
put on my shoes, I will not defie
them; especially, as the squire of
knight-errant usually drink water,
as they are always strolling through
forests, woods, and meadows, and over
rocks and mountains, without finding
the smallest charity of wine, even
though one should offer to purchase it
with an eye.'—'I believe what you
say,' answere the duches; 'at pre-
sent Sancho may go to rest; and we
shall afterwards talk more at large
upon these subjects, and take order
that with all convenient dispatch he
may be, to use his own words, shoved
into that same government.'

Sancho killed his hands again, and
begged her grace would be so good as
to give directions about the entertain-
ment of Dapple, who was the light of
his eyes. When he asked, what he
meant by Dapple—'My afs,' replied
the squire, 'whom, rather than use the
vulgar term, I call Dapple: when I
first came to the castle, I defied Ma-
dam Duerna here to take care of
him; and truly she was as much
affronted as if I had called her ugly
and old; though I think it would
be more natural and proper for du-
ernas to look after cattle, than to
regulate rooms of state. God's my
life! what a quife a gentleman of
our town had to these waiting-gentle-
women.'—'He must be some ill-
bred clown,' said Donna Rodriguez
the duenna; 'for had he been a gentle-
man of birth, he would have excided
them above the horns of the moon.'—
'Enough, for the present,' resumed
the duches: 'hold your tongue, Donna

*A young Florentine, of great genius, who died in the seventeenth year of his age, and
was lamented by all the poets of his time.*

Rodriguez,
Quixote and Sancho Panza; and being confirmed in their design of practising some jokes, which should bear a faint shadow and appearance of adventures, they took the hint for a very extraordinary contrivance, from the knight's account of what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos; but what mostly excited the admiration of the duchesses, was the amazing simplicity of Sancho, who was by this time brought to believe, as an infallible truth, the enchantment of Dulcinea, though he himself was the only enchanter and projector of that whole stratagem. Their graces having given directions to the servants, touching the execution of the scheme they had laid, at the end of six days they went forth to hunt the wild bear, with as great an apparatus of hunters and spearmen as used to attend the king in person. Don Quixote was pretented with a hunting suit, and Sancho received another of superfine green cloth; but the knight excused himself from accepting the present, observing that, in a few days, he should be obliged to refuse the rugged eXercise of arms, and therefore could not encumber himself with baggage and wardrobes; as for the squire, he took that which was offered to him, without scruple, intending to sell it with the first opportunity.

On the morning of the appointed day, Don Quixote armed himself at all points, Sancho put on his green suit, and mounting Dapple, which he would not exchange for the best steed in the stable, mingled among the troop of hunters: the duchesses came forth very gaily, caparisoned, and the knight, out of pure courtesy and good breeding, would have held the reins of her palfrey; but the duke would not consent to his performing such an office. At length they arrived at a wood, between two very high mountains, where the disposition being made, the toils set, and the people distributed in their different posts, the hunt began with a vast noise of hallooing and crying, and nothing could be distinctly heard for the barking of the dogs and the found of the horns. The duchesses alighted, and with a pointed boar-spear in her hand, took post in a place through which she knew the wild beasts were used to come; the duke and Don Quixote likewise dif

### Chapter II.

**Which gives an account of the information received, Touching the means for disembathing the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; one of the most renowned Adventures of this book.**

Great was the satisfaction which the duke and duchess received from the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and being confirmed in their design of practising some jokes, which should bear a faint shadow and appearance of adventures, they took the hint for a very extraordinary contrivance, from the knight's account of what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos; but what mostly excited the admiration of the duchesses, was the amazing simplicity of Sancho, who was by this time brought to believe, as an infallible truth, the enchantment of Dulcinea, though he himself was the only enchanter and projector of that whole stratagem. Their graces having given directions to the servants, touching the execution of the scheme they had laid, at the end of six days they went forth to hunt the wild bear, with as great an apparatus of hunters and spearmen as used to attend the king in person. Don Quixote was pretented with a hunting suit, and Sancho received another of superfine green cloth; but the knight excused himself from accepting the present, observing that, in a few days, he should be obliged to refuse the rugged exercise of arms, and therefore could not encumber himself with baggage and wardrobes; as for the squire, he took that which was offered to him, without scruple, intending to sell it with the first opportunity.

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mounting, posted themselves on each side of her grace, while Sancho lay on the ground, without parting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit; left some misfortune should happen to that darling beast.

Scarcely had they set foot on ground, and taken their stations, supported by a number of servants, when they beheld a monstrous boar baited by the dogs and pursued by the hunters, running towards them, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth. The knight no sooner perceived this savage than bracing his shield and unsheathing his sword, he advanced to receive him; while the duke did the same with his boar-spear; but the duchess would have been the foremost of the three, had she not been restrained by her lord. Sancho alone seeing this furious animal, forsook his friend Dapple, and running full speed, in order to climb a lofty oak, found his endeavours altogether ineffectual; for having surmounted one half of the ascent, the branch on which he stood struggling to gain the top, unfortunately gave way, and in falling, he was caught by another stump of the tree, so that he hung dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. Perceiving himself thus suspended, that his green suit was torn, and supposing that if the wild boar should come up, he would be able to seize him as he hung, he began to utter such doleful cries, and roar so hideously for assistance, that all those who heard his clamour, without seeing his situation, actually believed he was in the jaws of some savage beast. At length the tusk-y boar being pierced and killed by the number of spears that opposed him, Don Quixote turned about his head, in consequence of Sancho's cries, by which he recognized his faithful squire, whom he saw hanging from the oak, with his head downwards, and hard by he perceived Dapple, who did not forsake him in his calamity; and Cid Hamet observes, that he very seldom saw Sancho without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, such was the friendship and fidelity subsisting between them. Don Quixote immediately advanced and unhooked Sancho; who finding himself delivered, and fairly placed upon firm ground, examined the rent in his hunting suit, which grieved him to the foul; for in that dress he thought he had obtained an invaluable inheritance.

About this time they laid the mighty boar across a fumpeter mule, and covering him with sprigs of myrtle and rosemary, carried him in triumph, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where they found the cloth ready laid, and the table furnished with such a grand and sumptuous entertainment as well bespoke the wealth and magnificence of the founder. Sancho presenting to the duchess the skirts of his torn suit,—"If," said he, "this had been hare or sparrow-hunting, my coat would have been secure from this unlucky accident; for my own part, I do not know what pleasure there is in attacking an animal, which, if he can once fallen his tusks on you, will deprive you of life. I remember to have heard people sing an old ballad, that says—"

"May bears upon thy carcass feed,
As eft on Fabila they did."

"That was a Gothick king," said Don Quixote, "who in going to the chase, was devoured by a bear."—"That is the very thing I say," replied the squire, "I would not have kings and noblemen run themselves into such dangers, for the enjoyment of a diversion which, in my opinion, hardly deserves the name, as it consists in murdering a poor beast that never committed any crime.—"There, Sancho, you are mistaken," said the duke, "for the exercise of hunting wild-beasts is of all others the most necessary and suitable to kings and noblemen. The chase is a picture of war, comprehending schemes, feints, and stratagems, for taking advantage of the enemy; by this we are enabled to endure extreme cold and excessive heat, to contemplating ease and undervalue sleep; our bodies acquire strength, and our limbs agility; in a word, it is an exercise that affords pleasure to numbers, and does prejudice to none; and what renders it superior to all others is, that it cannot be enjoyed by every body, like all the other kinds of sport, except hawking, which is also peculiar to sovereigns and persons of rank; you must therefore after your..."
DON QUIXOTE.

"your opinion, Sancho, and when you are governor, employ yourself in the chase, which you will find of incredible service."—"Surely, that cannot be," answered the squire; "a good governor will stay at home, as if he had a broken bone. It would look rarely indeed, if, when people fatigued with a journey, come to visit him upon business, he should be taking his diversion upon the hills; in that case the government would go to wrack. In good faith, my lord, this pastime is more proper for idle folks than for governors: I intend, God willing, to amuse myself with a game at cards at Easter, and with nine pins on Sundays and holidays; for as to their chases or cafes, they neither suit my condition, nor agree with my conscience."—"God grant Sancho may behave as he fays he will," replied the duke; "but there is a wide difference between saying and doing."—"Let it be as wide as it pleases," cried Sancho. "A good pay-master needs no pawn; God's blessing is better than early rising; and, The belly is carried by the feet, and not the feet by the belly; I mean, that with God's assistance, and a righteous intention, I shall certainly be able to govern like any goshawk; aye, aye, let them thrust their fingers in my mouth, and they shall see whether or no I can bite."

The curse of God, and all his fants, light on thee, accursed babber!" cried Don Quixote: "will that day never come, as I have often said, when I shall hear thee speak sensibly and distinctly, without lugging in old saws?—My Lord and Lady Duchiés, I entreat your graces to let that madman alone; other wise he will grind your souls, not between two but two thousand proverbs, dragged in as much to the purpose, and as facetiously as I with God may give him health, or me protection, if I desire to hear them."—The proverbs of Sancho Panza," said the duchiés, "though more in number than those of the Greek commentator, are not the least to be enslaved for the con fidence of the apophthegms. I can safely say for myself, that they give me much more pleasure than I should receive from others, though better cul led and more suitable to the occasion."

In the midst of this and other such favour conversation, they quitted the tent, to examine some flashes they had laid; in which amusement the day was soon elapsed, and was succeeded by the night, which did not appear so ferene and composed as it might have been expected at the season of the year, which was midsummer, but along with it came a certain darkness visible, which greatly afflicted the design of the duke and duchiés. When the night, therefore, began to fall, a little after the twilight, all of a sudden the four quarters of the wood seemed to be on fire, and here and there, and everywhere, they heard an infinite number of cornets and other warlike instruments, as if a great number of cavalry had been marching through the wood; so that the light of the flames, and the sound of those war-like instruments, dazzled and astounded the eyes and ears of the bye-flândres, and indeed of all the people in the wood. This noise was succeeded by innumerable leilës, or cries used by the Moors in battle; the trumpets and clarions excited their brazen throats, the drums rattled, and the fires refounded all together, in such a continued and alarming concert, that the man must have been utterly devoid of all sense who did not lose it in consequence of such confusion and uproar. The duke was confounded, the duchiés amazed, Don Quixote astonihed, Sancho Panza affrighted; and, finally, even those who were let into the secret, seemed to be seized with conformation, which produced among them a most dreary silence.

During this pause, came a poftilion dressed, like a devil, and instead of a corner, blew an unmeasurable horn, which yielded an horrid and dreadful sound. "Holla! brother curier," cried the duke, "who are you? where are you going? and what troops are those that seem to march aross the wood?" To these interrogations the courier replied, in a dismal, hollow tone—"I am the devil, going in quest of Don Quixote de La Mancha; those who follow are six troops of enchantors, who bring upon a triumphant car the perfections Dulcinea del Toboso enchanted, ac-

* Literally, 'And you shall see it will be worth a loaf that will serve a hundred.'

* companied
compounded by the gallant Frenchman Montefinos, to instruct Don Quixote in a certain method for disenchanting the said Lady Dulcinea.—'If you were the devil,' answered the duke, as you say you are, and your figure seems to declare, you would have distinguished that same knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, who now stands before you.'—'Fore God! and upon my conscience,' cried the devil, 'I did not see him; for my thoughts are so much distracted by different avocations, that I had forgot the principal aim of my coming.—Without doubt,' said Sancho, 'that devil must be an honest man, and a good Christian, otherwise he would not swear, 'Fore God, and on my conscience! Now I am fully convinced that there must be some worthy people even in hell.'

Then the courier, without alighting, fixed his eyes upon Don Quixote, and pronounced,—'To thee, the Knight of the Lions (and would I might see thee in their clutches,) am I sent by the unfortunate though valiant knight Montefinos, who commanded me to declare, in his name, that thou wouldst wait on the very spot where I should find thee, because he brings along with him one Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to communicate what will be necessary towards her disenchantment; and as this message was the sole cause of my coming, there is no cause that requires my longer stay. Devils like me be with thee, and good angels guard that noble pair!' So saying, he founded his dreadful horn, and rode off, without waiting for the least reply.

This address renewed the astonishment of all present, especially of Sancho and Don Quixote; of Sancho, because, in spite of truth, he saw they were resolved that Dulcinea should be enchanted; and of Don Quixote, because he could not be certain of the truth of what had happened to him in the cave of Montefinos. While he was wrapped in these meditations, the duke accorded him, saying,—'Signior Don Quixote, do you intend to wait?'—'Wherefore not?' replied the knight; 'here will I wait, courageous and intrepid, though all hell should come to assault me.'—'Then, for my part,' cried Sancho, 'if I see another devil, and hear another horn like that which puffed, I should as soon wait here as in Flanders.'

About this time the night being more advanced, a number of lights began to gleam through the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth that glide through the air, and are mistaken by ignorant people for shooting stars; their fears were likewise invaded by a frightful sound, like that occasioned by the many wheels of waggons drawn by oxen; an harsh and grating noise, from which the very bears and wolves (if any chance to be in the way) are said to fly with terror. This uproar was succeeded by another more terrible than all the rest; for all at once, at the four corners of the wood, there really seemed to be four encounters or battles: in one place was heard the horrid din of cannon; in another a vast number of muskets were fired; here resounded the cries of the combatants; there the Moorish leilus were repeated with vast vociferation. In a word, the cornets, horns, bugles, clarions, trumpets, drums, artillery, and musketry, but, above all, the dismal noise of the cars, formed all together such a confused and horrible concert, that Don Quixote was obliged to recollect his whole courage, in order to hear it without emotion; but Sancho's heart died within him, and down he came in a swoon upon the train of the duchess, who received him as he fell, and with marks of great concern, ordered her servants to throw water in his face: in consequence of this application, he recovered, just as one of the wagons with the creaking wheels came up to the place where they stood. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, wholly covered with black trappings, with a large lighted taper tied to each horn, and in the wagon was raised a lofty seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as snow itself, that flowed down below his middle, and a large loose garment of black buckram; for the wagon being full of light, it was easy to observe and distinguish every thing that it contained. It was conducted by two ugly devils clad also in buckram, with such hideous features, that Sancho no sooner saw them than he shut his eyes, that they might not encounter such frightful objects. This carriage being come up, the venerable senor rose up from his lofty seat, and pronounced aloud,—'I am the sage Lir—'
a penitent of light, clad also in white, with a large lighted wax taper in his hand. The car was twice, nay thrice as large as the carriages which had palled, and the tops and fides were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as snow, with their lighted tapers: a sight that excited equal terror and surprize. Seated on a lofty throne appeared a nymph, habited in robes of silver tulle, bespangled with innumerable leaves of gold brocade; so that her dress, if not rich, was extremely gaudy; her face was covered with a delicate and transparent veil of fine tiffany, the plaits of which could not conceal the beautiful features of a young lady; and the number of lights enabled the spectators to distinguish her charms and her age, which seemed to be turned of seventeen, but under twenty. Clove by her appeared a figure clad in what is called a robe of flate, that reached to his feet; and his head was muffled in a black veil. The cart had no sooner come opposite to the duke and duchesses and Don Quixote, than the musick of the windows, the harps, and lutes, ceased all at once; then this figure rising, threw aside his robe, and taking off the veil, disclosed to view the horrible and incarnate form of death; at fight of which Don Quixote was starled, Sancho overwhelmed with fear, and the duke and duchess exhibited some affected marks of consternation.

This living death standing upright, began, with a languid voice and tongue, but half awake, to repeat the following address—

1. I Merlin am, by histories belied,
2. I that represent the devil as my fire;
3. A falsehood fanction'd by the lapse of time.
4. I am the prince of magicks, in whose breast
5. The Zoroastrian science lies intomb'd;
6. The rival of invidious Time, whose wings
7. Still seek to shade and darken all exploits
8. Atchiev'd by the illustrious errant knights,
9. For whom my friendship glow'd, and ever
grow'd.

Thas' all my fellows of that enchanting tribe,
The magi and magicians, ever nuns'd
A disposition barbarous and harsh,
Mine fill was tender, gentle, and humane,
A friend to all the various race of man.
In the profoundest cave of gloomy Dis,
Where my industrious spirit was employ'd

 MOVING to the sound of this agreeable musick, came one of those carriages, called triumphal cars, drawn by fix grey mules, covered with white linen, and upon each was mounted

* Disciplinante de lux, is a cant phrase, applied to those who are expos'd to publick shame.
In forming my fickle characters and spells,
Nine ears were wounded with the wailing cries
Of fam'd Dulcinea, that mattheials fair.
I learn'd her strange enchantment, and
condol'd
Her transformation from a gentle nymph
To the vile figure of a rufllick wench.
And hundred thousand volumes I perus'd,
Fraught with the dark and diabolick art;
Then in the horrible and ghastly trunk
Of this dry skeleton my soul enclos'd:
And now I come on purpose to impart
An easy remedy for her mishap.
O thou! the glory of all knights who
bear
Impervious coats of mail and adamant;
Thou light and lantern, path, and north;
and guide
Of all who quit the drowsy joys of soft
And starting from the lazy dawn, embrace
Th' intolerable use and exercise
Of rude, unyieldy, faginary arms:
To thee I speak, great chief, whose va-
lant deeds
So far transcend the loudest blast of fame.
Quixote, for courage and discretion fam'd,
La Mancha's mirour, and the star of Spain,
In order to recover and restore
Thy peerless mistress to her former state,
Sancho, thy faithful squire, must undergo
Three thousand and three hundred stripes,
apply'd
To his posterior, passively expos'd;
And he himself must wield the plant
 scourge,
And flint, and smart, and cingle with the
pain.
Thus stands th' irrevocable doom pro-
ounced
By the fell authors of her dire mischance;
And on this errand, gentle, am I come.

I vow to God! cried Sancho at
this period, 'not to mention three
thousand, I will as soon give myself
three flaps with a dagger as three fin-
gle stripes with a scourge. Now, de-
vil take such ways of disenchanting!
I cannot conceive what my buttocks
have to do with enchantments. Be-
fore God! if Signior Merlin can find
no other method for disenchanting my
Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she may
e'en go enchanted to her grave.'

Hark ye, Don Garlick-eating ruf-
tick, said Don Quixote, 'I shall
take and tie you to a tree, naked as
your mother bore you, and not to
mention three thousand three hundred,
give you fix thousand six hundred
lashes, so well laid on, that three thou-
sand three hundred twitches shall not
pull them off; and answer me not a
lyllable, or I will tear thy soul from
thy body.'

Merlin hearing this declaration—
Not so, neither, said he; 'the lashes
to be received by honest Sancho must
be voluntary, not upon compulsion,
and at his own leisure, for there is
no time fixed for the final execution;
nevertheless, he is so far indulged,
that he may be quit for one half of
the stripes, provided he will allow
the other half to be inflicted by an-
other hand, though it may chance to
be a little weighty.'—'No man's
hand shall touch my flesh! neither
another's, nor my own, nor weighty
nor unweighted. What a plague! did
I, forthwith, bring my Lady Dulci-
nea into the world, that my backside
must suffer for the transgression of her
eyes? My matter, indeed, who is a
part of her, and is continually call-
ing her his life, his soul, his sub-
stance and support, may, and ought
to laish himself for her sake, and take
with all dispatch the necessary steps
for her disenchantment; but for me
to scourge my own body, I denounced
it!'

Scarce had Sancho uttered this re-
monstrance, when the embroidered
nymph who sat by Merlin's spirit, ris-
ing up, took off her transparent veil,
and disclosing a face, which to all the
spectators seemed more than exceedingly
beautiful, addressed herself in these
words directly to Sancho Panza, with
a masculine assurance, and a voice that
was not extremely melodious—'O ill-
conditioned squire! thou soul of a
pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels
of flinty pebbles! hadst thou been
commanded, thou note-flaying catfish,
to throw thyself down from a lofty
tower; hadst thou been desired, thou
enemy of human species, to swallow
a dozen of toads, twice the number of
lizards, and three dozen of snakes;
hadst thou been urged to murder thy
wife and children with feme sharp
and ruthless scimitar, it would not
have been strange to fee thee thy and
fearful; but to make such objections
to three thousand three hundred stripes,
which there is scarce a naughty boy
that does not receive every month,
affounds, affinisces, and afflicts the
compar-
compionate bowels of all this au-
dience, as well as of all those who shall
hear it in the future course of time.
Turn, O miserable, hard-hearted an-
imal! turn, I say, thy mulish goggle
eyes upon these balls of mine that
e emulate the glittering stars, and see
how they weep, thread by thread, and
spike by spike, creating trenches, paths, and
furrows, through the delightful meadows of my cheeks!
Wilt thou not relent, thou crafty and
malicious monster, at seeing me, in
the flower of my age, (for I am still
in my teens, being no more than
nineteen, which is one year short of
twenty) consume and pine within the
bark of a homely rustic wench? in
which form if I do not now appear,
it is owing to the particular favour of
Signior Merlin, who has indulged me
so far, that my beauty might melt thy
fierce heart; for the tears of afflicted
beauty soften rocks to cotton, and
transform tygers into gentle lambs.
Chastity, chastity, obdurate heart, that
bravowy befit of thine; arouse that
thralful spirit which inclines thee to
nothing but to gorge and regorge thy
voracious maw; and set at liberty the
beauty of my face; and if, for my
fate, thou wilt not mollify thyself,
and listen to any reasonable terms, at
least relent in favour of that poor
knight whostands forlorn at thy el-
bow; I mean, thy master, whose foul
I now can see traversed in his heart,
not above ten fingers breadth from
his lips, waiting for nothing but thy
kind or rigorous reply, in confession
of which it will either leap out of his
mouth, or retire to his stomach.

Don Quixote hearing these words,
felt his throat, and turning to the duke,
By Heaven! my lord," said he,
Dulcinea has spoke truth; for here
do I feel my soul traversed in my
throat, like the nut of a cros-bow.
When the duchess asked what Sancho
said to that circumstance, "I fay," re-
piled the squire, "I have said al-
ready, "that the whipping I denounce.
-You must call it renounce," said
the duke; "and not denounce." - "I
would your grace would let me alone,
answered Sancho; "this is no time for
me to mind nicotine and letters, more
or less; for I am so confounded at
thofe stripes which I am to receive,
or execute upon myself, that I nei-
ther know what I am saying or doing:
yet I should be glad to know where
my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso learn-
ed that manner of asking favours.
She comes to desire me to tear open
my flesh with a horse-whip, and calls
me foul of a pitcher, obdurate heart,
and a whole rigmarole of villainous
names, which the devil may suffer
for me! What a plague, is my flesh
made of bristles; or is it any thing to
me, whether she is disenchanted or
not? What baskets of white linen,
shirts, caps, and stockings, (though I wear
none) does she bring to soften me?
Nothing but abuse upon abuse;
without remembering the proverb,
that says, An asl loaded with gold
will skip over a mountain. A gene-
rous gift the rock will rift. We must
fervently pray, and hammer away.
I will give thee, is good; but, Here,
take it, is better. Then, my matter,
who ought to lead me fair and softly
by the hand, and persuade me with
gentle words to whip myself into wool
and carded cotton, declares, forsooth,
that if he should once take me in
hand, he will tie me naked to a tree,
and double the allowance of stripes.
These angry gentlemen ought to con-
sider it is not only a squire, but a go-
vernor whom they desire to flog him-
self, as if it was no more than drink-
ing after cherries. Let them learn,
let them learn, with a vengeance,
how to entertain and beg with good-
breding; for all seafons are not the
same; and a man is not always in
good-humour: here am I ready to
burst with vexation to see the rent in
my green coat, and they must needs
come and desire me to whip myself
with good will, when, God knows, I
am as far from doing it with good
will, as I am from turning Turk."

Nevertheless, friend Sancho," said
the duke, "if your heart does not be-
come fatter than a ripe fig, you shall
fnger no government of mine. It
would be a fine scheme, indeed, if I
should tend to my islanders a cruel,
flint-hearted governor, who would
not melt at the tears of damsels in afflic-
tion; nor at the entertainments of wife,
imperious, ancient fages and inchant-

* Literally, cacique, which was the appellation given to Indian princes.
ers! In a word, Sancho, you must
either content to whip yourself, or be
whipped, or lay aside all thoughts of
being a governor."—"My good lord,"
replied the squire, "will not they give
me two days to consider and deter-
mine what will be for the best?"—
By no means," cried Merlin: "on
this very spot, and this very instant,
the business must be diffused; other-
wise Dulcinea will return to the cave
of Montefinos, and the appearance of
a country-wench; whereas, if you
comply, she will, in her present form,
be transported to the Elysian fields,
where she must reside until the num-
er of the stripes be accomplished.
'Go to, honest Sancho," said the
duches's, 'pluck up your spirits, and
behave like a grateful squire that has
eaten the bread of Signior Don Quix-
ote, who is indebted to the service and
acknowledgments of us all, by his
amiable disposition and sublime chi-
valry. Say Aye, my son, to this fame
flagellation, and let the devil fetch
the devil; leave fear to the coward;
for a stout heart quails misfortune, as
you very well know.'
To these exhortations Sancho made
no reply; but addressing himself to
Merlin, with his usual extravagance,
"Good, your worship, pray tell me,
Signior Merlin, the meaning of one
thing: a certain courier devil came
here with a message to my master,
from Signior Montefinos, desiring
him to stay in this place until he
should come up; for he would teach
him a way to disinchant my Lady
Dulcinea del Toboso; and hitherto
have we seen no such person?" To
this interrogation Merlin replied, 'That
devil, friend Sancho, is an ignorant
blockhead, and a very great knave.
I sent him hither in quest of your
matters; not with a message from
Montefinos, but from myself; for
Montefinos is still in his cave, plan-
ing, or rather expecting his disin-
chantment, the worst of which is still
to come; but if he owes you any-
thing, or you have any business to
transact with him, I will bring you
face to face wherever you shall ap-
point. In the mean time, dispatch,
and give your content to this disci-
pline; which, I assure you, will
greatly redound to the advantage both
of your soul and body: to your soul,
from the charity of the undertaking;
and to your body, as I know you are
of a florid complexion, and will be
the better for losing a little blood.'
'What a number of leeches have we
got in this world!' said Sancho; 'the
very inchanters are physicians; but
since every body says so, although I
cannot perceive it myself, I am con-
tent to give myself three thousand
three hundred latches, on condition
that I may give them when and where
I shall think proper, without being
confined to any certain time, or rate
of allowance; and I will endeavour
to discharge the debt as soon as pos-
fible, that the world may enjoy the
beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Tu-
bolo, since, contrary to my former
belief, she appears to be really beau-
iful. I likewise covenant that I shall
not be obliged to fetch blood with the
throwing, and that in case I should
chance to be whipped by the officers
of justice, every lash so received shall
enter into the tale: Item, left I should
commit a mistake in the number, Sig-
nior Merlin, who knows every thing,
shall take care to reckon them, and
give me to understand how far I have
fallen short, or exceeded the appointed
score.'—'There will be no occasion
to apprise you of the overplus," said
Merlin; 'far as soon as the number shall
be completed, the Lady Dulcineawill
be disinchanted, and come, out of pure
gratitude, to return thanks, and even
a recompense to the charitable San-
cho for his good work. You need
not, therefore, make any scruple about
the superplus or the deficiency; nor
will Heaven allow me to defraud any
person, even of a single hair.'—
A God's name, then," cried Sancho,
'I content in my tribulation; I say, I
accept of the penance on the condi-
tions aforesaid.'
Scarce had Sancho pronounced these
last words, when the musick of the
waits began to play again, and an infi-
nite number of muskets were discharged, while Don Quixote, hanging about Sancho's neck, imprinted a world of kisses on his cheeks and forehead; the duke and duchesses, all the by-standers, expressed the utmost pleasure, the car began to move, and the beauteous Dulcinea, in passing, bowed to their graces, and made a profound curtsey to Sancho.

About this time the cheerful smiling morn advanced; the flowerets of the field, with heads erect, diffused their fragrance; and the liquid chrysal of the hills, murmuring among the variegated pebbles, went flinding on to pay its tribute to the rivers, that waited to receive their customary dues: the joyous earth, the splendid firmament, the buxom air, and light unclouded; each singly, and all together joined, proclaimed plainly, that the day, which trod upon Aurora's skirts, would be serene and fair. The duke and duchesses, extremely well satisfied with the chase, as well as with the ingenious and fortunate execution of their design, returned to the caffle, with full intention to perform the sequel of their jest, than which no real adventure could have given them more delight.

C H A P. IV.

WHICH GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE PERILOUS AND INCONCEIVABLE ADVENTURE OF THE AFFLICTED DUENNA, ALIAS THE COUNTESS TRIFALDI — TOGETHER WITH A LETTER WHICH SANCHO PANZA WROTE TO HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA.

THE duke's steward was a man of humour and ingenuity, who acted the part of Merlin, and adjusted all the apparatus of the foregoing adventure; for he composed the verses, and directed a page to represent Dulcinea: finally, under the auspices of his lord and lady, he projected another of the most agreeable and strange fancy that could possibly be conceived.

Next day the duchess asking Sancho if he had begun the task of the penance, which he was to undergo for the dischattment of Dulcinea, he answered in the affirmative, and said, he had that same night given himself five lashes; but when the enquired about the instrument with which they were inflicted, he owned they were applied with his hand.

'That is rather clapping than lashing,' replied her grace; 'and I take it for granted, the sage Merlin will not be content with such delicacy; it will be absolutely necessary that honest Sancho should make a scourge of birch, or use a switch that will make him feel it; for learning is not acquired without pain, and the liberty of such an high-born lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased for a trifle.' To this remonstrance Sancho replied, 'I wish your grace would lend me some convenient whip, or ragged rope's end, which would do the business without giving me a great deal of pain; for I would have your grace to know, that although I am a labouring man, my flesh has more of the cotton than the man weed in it; and there is no reason that I should destroy myself for another's advantage.'

'In good time be it,' answered the duchesses; 'to-morrow morning I will give you a scourge that will fit you to an hair, and agree as well with the tenderfeet of your flesh, as if it was its own brother.'

This affair being adjusted, 'My lady,' said Sancho Panza, 'your highness must know I have writ a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, giving an account of all that hath befallen me since we parted: here it is in my bosom, and wants nothing but a superscription. I wish your grace, in your great understanding, would read it; for, in my mind, it smacks of the governor; I mean, of the manner in which governors ought to write.'

'And who was the inditer?' said the duchesses. 'Who should indite it, finer that I am, but myself!' answered the squire. 'Did you likewise write it yourself?' replied her grace. 'I did not so much as think of any such matter,' said Sancho; 'for the truth is, I can neither read nor write, though I know very well how to set my mark.'—'Let us see this epistle, quoth the duchesses, 'in which, I dare say, you have displayed the quality and extent of your understanding.'

Then Sancho pulling an open letter from his bosom, the duchesses took and read it to this effect.

3 K 2 SANCHO'S
SANCHO'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE
TERESA PANZA.

I have not been offensively lashed, I have been well mounted; If I have obtained a good government, it has cost me a good whipping. This, Teresa, thou wilt not now understand, but shalt learn some other opportunities. Know, Teresa, I am determined thou shalt ride in a coach, which is a resolution put to the purpose; for any other way of travelling is fit for none but cats. A governor’s lady you shall be, and I would fain see the best of them tread upon thy heels. I have sent thee a green hunting suit, which was a present from my Lady Duchess. Make it up into a petticoat and jacket for our daughter. My master Don Quixote, as I have heard in this country, is a most admirable man, and a diverting fool, and I myself am nothing short of him in these respects. We have been in the cave of Montefinos, and the sages Merlin has pitched upon me to disenchanted the Lady Dulcinea del Tobofo, who in your parts is called Aldonza Lorenzo; with three thousand three hundred stripes, lacking five, which I am to give myself, she will be as much disenchanted as the mother that bore her. Thou shalt not mention a syllable of this to any person whatsoever; for if you go to seek advice about your own concerns, one will say it is white, and another will wear ‘tis black.

A few days hence I shall set out for my government, whither I go with a most outrageous desire of getting money; and I am told, this is the case with all new governors. I will feel the pulse of it, and give thee notice whether no thou shalt come and live with me.

Dapple is in good health, and sends his most hearty commendations: I believe I shall not forfake him even if they should make me the Grand Turk. My Lady Duchess kiseth thy hand a thousand times: return the compliment with two thousand; for, as my master says, Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners. It has not pleased God that I should stumble upon another portmanteau with a hundred crowns, as heretofore; but let that give thee no uneasiness, my dear Teresa, for he is safe who has good cards to play; and what is amis will come out in the washing of this same government. One thing, I own, gives me great concern: I am told, that if once I taste it, I shall be apt to eat my fingers; and should that be the case, it will be no cheap bargain; though the lame and the paralytic enjoy a sort of charity in the alms they receive. Therefore, one way or another, thou wilt certainly be rich and fortunate. The Lord make thee so, as he very well may, and preserve for thy service thy husband the governor.

SANCHO PANZA.

From the Duke’s Castle, July 20, 1614.

The Duchess having read the letter to an end, ‘In two circumstances,’ said she, ‘the honest governor is a little out of the way. First, in saying or insinuating that the government was bellowed upon him, in return for the stripes he must undergo; whereas he knows, and cannot deny, that when my Lord Duke promised him the island, nobody thought of any such thing as stripes in the world: Secondly, he discovers an avaricious disposition, and I should not like to see him a skin flint; for greediness bursts the bag, and a covetous governor will do very ungoverned justice.’—I did not write with that intention,’ answered the squire: ‘and if your ladyship thinks this is not a proper letter, there is nothing to do but tear it and write another, which perhaps will be full worse, if it be left to my own num-

skull.’—‘No, no,’ cried the duchess, ‘this will do very well, and must be thrown to the duke.’

Accordingly, repairing to a garden, where they were to dine that day, the Duchess communicated Sancho’s epistle to the duke, who perused it with infinite pleasure. Here they went to dinner, and after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themselves a good while with the favours conversation of Sancho, their ears were suddenly invaded with the dismal sound of a fife and a hoarse unbraced drum; all the company were startled at this confused, martial, and melancholy music, especially Don Quixote, whose emotions would not allow him to sit quiet. With regard to Sancho, all that can be said is, that he was driven by fear to his usual fidel-
ter, the sides or skirts of the duchess: for the sound they heard was really and truly horrible and dreary. In the midst of this confusion and surprize, which took hold on all present, they saw two men enter the garden, in mourning-cloaks, so large and long that they trailed upon the ground. These figures were employed in beating two large drums, which were likewise covered with black, and they were accompanied by a fifer as black and disfain as themselves, and followed by a personage of gigantick stature, rolled rather than cloathed in a caskoff of the blackest hue, furnished with a train of unmeasurable length. Over this caskoff, his body was girded and crossed with a broad black belt, from which depended an immense feymitar, with hilt and sheath of the same fable colour. His face was covered with a black, transparent veil, through which appeared a huge and bushy beard as white as snow; and in walking he kept time to the sound of the drums, with great gravity and composure. In a word, his tallness, his demeanour, his melancholy dress, and his attendants, were sufficient to surprize, and did surprize, all those who beheld him, without knowing the nature of the scheme. With the said solemnity of personification he advanced in order to kneel before the duke, who, with the rest of the company, received him standing; but his grace would by no means hear his address until he rose. The prodigious spectacle complied with his desire and stood upright; then unveiling his face, and displaying the largest, whitest, thickest, and most stupendous beard that ever human eyes beheld, he fixed his eyes upon the duke, and in a grave, fonorous voice, extracted and discharged from his ample and dilated chest, pronounced, 'Most high and mighty prince, I am Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, squire to the Countess Trifaldni, otherwise distinguished by the appellation of the afflicted duchessa: from her I bring a message to your grace, requesting that your magnificence would be pleased to give her leave and opportunity to enter and declare in person her mis-hap; which is the strangest and the newest that ever the most hapless imagination could conceive: and first of all, she wants to know if the

valiant and invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha now resides within your castle; for in quest of him, she is come a-foot and falling from the kingdom of Candaya to these your territories: a circumstance which might and ought to be deemed a miracle, or at least effected by the power of enchantment. She is now at the gate of this fortress or pleasure-house, and only waits for your permission to come in.'

So saying, he hemmed; and with both hands stroaking his beard from top to bottom, waited with great composure for the duke's reply, which was this: 'Worthy Squire Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, many days are passed since we have been apprized of the misfortune of my Lady Countess Trifaldini, on whom the enchanters have intailed the epithet of the afflicted duchessa: well may you, stupendous squire, desire her to come in; and here is the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from whose generous disposition she may securely promise herself all manner of aid and protection; and you may likewise give her to understand, in my name, that if my assistance be necessary, it shall not be wanting; for I think myself obliged to grant it, as being a knight, to which title is annexed and belongs, that maxim of afflicting the fair-sex with all our might, especially widowed, reduced, and afflicted duchesses, like her ladyship.' Trifaldin hearing this declaration, bent his knee to the ground, and making a signal to the fifer and drums to repeat the same note, and resume the same pace with which they entered, he retired from the garden, leaving the whole company astonished at his presence and deportment.

Then the duke turning to Don Quixote, 'In a word, renowned knight,' said he, 'it is not in the power of all the clouds of ignorance and malice to conceal or obscure the light of valour and of virtue. This observation I make, because your excellency has been scarce six days in this castle, when the melancholy and afflicted come in quest of you from the most distant and requetted countries, not in coaches or on dron adaries, but a-foot and falling, confident of finding in that most valiant arm
arm the remedy and cure of their toils
and misfortunes: thanks to your
illusions, exploits, which pervade
and encircle the whole habitable
globe.

' My Lord Duke,' replied the knight,
I wish that same pious ecclesiastic
was here at present; he, who at
your grace's table, the other day,
expressed so much ill-will and such
an inveterate grudge to knights-
errant, that he might see with his
own eyes whether or not such knights
are of any service in this world; or
at least, be fully convinced that the
distressed and disconsolate, over-
whelmed with extraordinary woe,
and enormous misfortunes, do not
go for redress to the houses of learned
men, to the mansions of parish priests,
or to the knight who never dreamed
of going beyond the limits of his
own estate; nor to the idle courtier,
who would rather enquire about
news, that he might have the plea-
sure of repeating and retelling
them, than endeavour to perform
actions and exploits for others to
perpetuate and record: the redresses
grievances, the support of the necesi-
tous, the protection of damsels, and
the consolation of widows, are found
in no set of people more than in
knights-errant; that I am one of
these, I return infinite thanks to
Heaven, and shall cheerfully undergo
whatever danger and disgrace may
befal me in the course of such an
honourable exercise. Let this duenna
approach, and beg what boon she
shall desire, I will commit her cause
to the strength of my arm, and the
intrepid resolution of my aspiring
soul.'

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE AFFLICTION DUENNA.

The duke and duchess were ex-
ceedingly rejoiced to see Don
Quixote's behaviour correspond so well
with their design. Sancho interpolating;
' I wish,' said he, ' this Madam Duenna
may not throw some flumbling-block
in the way of my government; for I
have heard an apothecary of Toledo,
who talked like any goldfinch, ob-
serves, that nothing good could hap-
pen where duennas interfered. Lord
help us! what a spite that fame
apothecary had to the whole tribe! from whence I conclude, that seeing
duennas of all qualities and degrees,
whatever are offensive and imperi-
ment, what must those be who are
afflicted, which they say is the cafe
with this Trifaldis *, or three-railed
counties? for, in my country, skirts
and tails, and tails and skirts, are
the same thing.'—'Hold your tongue,
friend Sanchi,' said Don Quixote:
this lady, who is come in quest of
me from remote countries, cannot
be one of those to whom the apothe-
cary alluded, especially as she is a
countess; and when ladies of that
rank serve as duennas, it must be
under queens and empresses; for in
their own houses they are honoured
with the title of Ladyship, and have
other duennas in their service.

To this remark Donna Rodriguez,
who was present, replied, ' My lady
duchess has duennas in her service,
who might have been countesses, had
it pleased fortune; but the law's
measure is the king's pleasure: and
let no body speak disrespectfully of
duennas, especially of those who are
ancient and maiden; for although I
am not of that class, I can easily
perceive and comprehend the advan-
tage a maiden duenna has over one
that is a widow: and he that under-
takes to shear us, will have no easy
talk to perform.'—'And yet, for all
that,' replied Sancho, ' if my barber's
word may be taken, you duennas re-
quire so much to be born, that—You
had better not stir the porridge though
it flock to the pot.'—The iuries are
always our enemies,' answered Donna
Rodriguez: ' they are imps of the
antichamber, who are every minute
making a jest of us; and except when
they are at prayers, which is not often
the case, their whole time is spent in
back-biting, disinterring our bones,
and interring our reputation. But
let met tell those moving blocks, that,
in spite of all they can do, we will
live in the world, aye, in noble fami-

*Trifaldis is in Spain, signifies skirts.

† lies,
lies, though we should die of hunger, and clothe our delicate or indelicate bodies with a black shroud, as they cover or hide a dunghill with tapestry on a day of procession. In good faith! if I were allowed, and the time required it, I could demonstrate not only to those who are now present, but likewise to the whole world, that there is no kind of virtue which does not center in a duenna. — I believe there is reason, and a great deal of reason, in what the worthy Donna Rodriguez observes, 'but the must wait for a proper opportunity to appear in behalf of herself and other duennas, and confute the ill opinion of that malicious apothecary, as well as to eradicate those sentiments from the breast of the mighty Sancho Panza.' To this remark the squire replied: 'Since the fumes of a governor have expelled the vapours of a squire, I value not all the duennas upon earth as a fig's end.'

They would have proceeded with this duennian conference, had not they heard again the sound of the sife and drums, which announced the entrance of the afflicted duenna. The duchess asked the duke, if it would be proper to advance and receive her, as she was a countess and person of quality. 'With regard to her being a countess,' said Sancho, before the duke could reply, 'it would be right for your graces to go and receive her; but in respect to her being a duenna, I think you should not move a step.' — 'Who taught thee to interfere in such matters?' said Don Quixote. 'Who, Sig...nior?' replied Sancho, 'I interfere, because I am qualified to interfere, as a squire who has learned all the punctilios of courtesy in the school of your worship, who is the most courteous and belted knight that ever the province of courtesy produced; and in these matters, as I have heard your worship observe, the game is as often lost by a card too many as one too few; but a word to the wise is sufficient.' — 'It is even so as Sancho has remarked,' said the duke; 'let us first see a specimen of the countess, and from that sample consider what courtesy she deserves.'

At that instant the sife and drummers entered as before; and here the author concludes this short chapter, in order to begin another with the sequel of the same adventure, which is among the most remarkable of the whole history.
THE

A T C H I E V E M E N T S

O F T H E S A G E H I D A L G O

D O N Q U I X O T E

D E L A M A N C H A .

P A R T II. B O O K III.

V O L U M E IV.

C H A P . VI.

I N W H I C H I S R E C O U N T E D T H E M I S -
F O R T U N E O F T H E A F F L I C T E D
D U E N N A .

N the rear of those melancholy musicians, about a dozen duennas, divided into two files, began to enter the garden, clad in loose mourning gowns, seemingly of milled stuff, with white veils of fine muslin, so long that nothing but the borders of the gowns were seen. After these came the Countess Trifaldi, led by her Squire Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, and clothed in a robe of the finest black serge, which, had it been napped, would have displayed grains as large as the best Martos garnances*. The tail or skirt, or whatsoever it is called, was divided into three parts, supported by three pages, who were likewise in mourning, making a remarkable mathematical figure, with the three acute angles formed by the three divisions, a circumstance from which all who saw this divided train, concluded that from hence she was called the Countess of Trifaldi, as if we should say, the Countess of Three Skirts: and this is what Benengeli affirms for truth: observing, that her proper appellation was, the Countess de Wolf, because her country produced a great number of those animals; and if it had been famous for foxes, she would have been called, my Lady Fox; for it is the custom in those countries, for people of fashion to take their denomination from the thing or things with which their estates chiefly abound; but this countess, in order to favour the fashion of her train, laid aside the name of Wolf, and assumed that of Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and their lady advanced at a procession-pace, their faces covered with white veils, though not transparent like that of the Squire Trifaldin; on the contrary, they were so close that nothing appeared through them. When the whole duennian squadron appeared, the duke and duchess, Don Quixote, and all those who beheld the procession stood up; and the twelve duennas halting, made a lane through which the afflicted lady advanced, without quitting the hand of Trifaldi, while their graces and Don Quixote went forwards about a dozen steps to receive her: then she kneeled

* A kind of pea that grows at Martos, a town in the province of Andalusia.
upon the ground, and with a voice that was coarse and rough, rather than smooth and delicate, pronounced this address: 'I beg your graces will be pleased to wave all this courteys to your humble vassel—I mean, your handmaid.'—Indeed, I am so over-whelmed with affliction, that I can hardly return a rational answer; for my strange and unheard-of misfortune hath hurried away my understand- ing, I know not whither, though it must be at a great distance, because the more I seek, the farther I am from finding it. '—He must be deprived of it all together, my Lady Countefs,' answered the duke, 'who could not discover your worth from the appearance of your person, which, without farther enquiry, is deluring of the whole cream of courtesy, and the very essence of polite ceremony.'

So saying, he presented his hand, and raising her up, seated her in a chair close by the duches, who likewise received her with great respect. Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho ready to burst with curiosity to see the faces of the Countess Trifaldi and some of her duchesses; but he could not possibly gratify his desire, until they unveiled themselves of their own free will and motion. Every body was hustled, expelling who would put an end to the general silence, which the afflicted countesses broke in these words: 'Confident I am, O powerful lord, most beautiful lady, and most sagacious by-fanders, that my most wretchednes will find a reception equally placid, generous, and dolorous, within your valorous bosoms; for such it is, as were enough to soften marble, melt the diamond, and mollify the steel of the most obdurate heart; but before it appears in the parade of your hearing, not to say your ears, I would I were certified whether or not the per- fect noticiasimo Knight Don Quixote de La Manchiflima, and his Squiriffi- mo Panza, are in this groupe, circle, or assembly? Before any other person could reply, 'Panza, cried Sancho, is here, and likewise Don Quixotiflimo; and therefore, most dolorous du-

* This blunder is much more natural in the Spanish criado for criada; but, as in the English language, the gender is not distinguished by the termination, I have been obliged to substitute the words vassel and handmaid. Vassals were the retainers of yeomen, though formerly squires were known by that appellation.
long and broad as your squire's beard, is of very little signification; so that my soul be bearded and whiskered when it leaves this life, which is the main point, I care little or nothing for beards here below. But, without all this coaxing and begging, I will defer my matter, who, I believe, has a respect for me, especially now that I am become necessary in a certain affair, to favour and affit your ladyship to the utmost of his power: your ladyship may therefore unpack, and recount your griefs, that all of us may understand the nature of your misfortune.

The duke and duchess were ready to burst with laughing at this dialogue; for they knew the drift of the adventure, and were extremely well pleased with the acuteness and dillimation of the Counts Trifaldi, who feating herself again, began her story in these words:

"Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, situated between the great Tripobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, Donna Magnu-
cia was queen, as widow of King Archipecia, her lord and husband, in which marriage they begat and pro-
created the Infanta Antonomafia, heir-
es of the crown, which said Infanta Antonomafia was bred and brought up under my care and instruction; for I was her mother's most ancient and principal duenna. And it came to pass, in process of time, that the young Antonomafia attained the age of fourteen, with such perfection and beauty as nature could not exceed. Nay, we may even say that discretion itself was but a girl, compared to her, who was equally discreet and beautiful, and surely she was the most beautiful creature upon earth, and is so still, if the invincible fates and hard-hearted fathers have not cut short the year of her life: but surely they have not, for Heaven would not permit such mischief to be done on earth, as to tear the green cluther from the most beautiful vine that ever soil produced. Of this beauty, which my coarse tongue can never extol, an in-

finite number of noblemen, natives as well as strangers, became enamoured. Among these, a private knight belonging to the court had the presumptuous to raise his thoughts to the heaven of such perfection, confiding in his youth, his gallantry, his various talents and accomplish-
ments, and the facility and felicity of his wit; for, I must tell your
graces, if you are not offended at the subj ect, that he touched the guitar so nicely as to make it speak; besides, he was a poet, a great dancer, and could make birds cease so curiously, that he might have earned his bread by that employment, had he been re-
duced to want. Such a number of natural gifts and qualifications was enough to overthrow a mountain, much more a delicate young maiden; but all his gaiety and gallantry, his gifts and graces, would have availed little or nothing against the fortresses of my charge, if the treacherous ruffian had not practised means to reduce me first.

The base robber and lewd vagabond began by cultivating my good-will, and corrupting my taste, that, like a diffial governor, I might deliver up the keys of the fort which I guarded. In a word, he flattered my un-
derstanding, and obtained my con-
fent, by presenting me with some jewels and trinkets; but what chiefly contributed to lay me on my back, were some couplets which I heard him sing one night while I stood at a rail that looked into an ally where he was, and which, to the beat of my remin-
iscence, were to this effect:

"A thousand shafts from my sweet foe
"Are launch'd unerring to my heart;
"Yet must I not reveal the smart,
"And silence aggravates my woe!"

"I thought the turn of the rhime was as smooth as pearls, and his voice as sweet as sugar-candy; and, since that time, seeing the mischief that hath befallen me, through these and other such verses, I have often thought, that wife and well-regulated com-
monwealths ought to expel the poets, according to the advice of Plato; at least your laudious writers who com-
pole couples, not like those of the Marquis of Mantua, that entertain and draw tears from women and children; but your pointed conceits, which, like agreeable thorns, prick, as it were, the very soul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment..."
whole and untouched. Another time he sung the following stanza—

"Come, gentle death, so soft and fly,
That thy approach I may not see;
Left I rejoice to such degree,
That I shall not have pow'r to die."

And other tags and couplets of the same kind; which, when written, confound, and when chanted, enchant; for when they condeponent to compose a sort of verse in fashion at that time in Candaya, called roundelay, they produce a kind of palpitation in the soul, a titillation of good humour, an agitation in the nerves, and finally, a tremulous motion, like that of quicksilver, in all the senses. Therefore, I repeat it to this honourable company, that such dangerous rhymers ought to be banished to the isle of lizards; yet, they are not so much to blame, as the simple wretches who applaud, and the boobies who believe them. If I had adhered to the duty of a good duenna, I should not have been moved by his ferenading concerts, nor believed the truth of these expressions—"In death I live; in froth I burn; in fire I shiver; in despair I hope; though I depart I still remain;" and other impossibilities of the same strain, with which their works abound. When they promise the phoenix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the locks of Apollo, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tyber, and the ballams of Pancaya, they give the greatest latitude to their pens; for it costs them but a small matter to promise what they have neither inclination nor ability to perform. But, woe is me! ah, wretched creature! whither am I praying? What madness or despair thus hurries and prompts me to rehearse the faults of other people? me, who have so much to lay of my own infirmities. Woe is me again, unhappy woman! Not by his verity, but my own simplicity, was I vanquished: it was not his musick that softened me; but my own levity, inadvertency, and ignorance, opened the way, and cleared the path, for the passage of Don Clavijo, which is the name of the said knight; and therefore, I being the go-between, he was once and often admitted into the chamber of the (by me, and not by him) milled Antonomafia, under the title of her lawful spouse; for, finer as I am, without being her husband, he should not have come near enough to touch the sole of her slipper. No, no, marriage must go before in every business of that kind, where I am concerned! the only misfortune in this affair, was the inequality between Clavijo, who was but a private knight, and the Infanta Antonomafia, who, as I have already said, was heiress of the kingdom. For some time, the plot was covered and concealed in the sagacity of my circumference, until I perceived a small protuberance daily increasing in the belly of my Antonomafia, whose fears obliged us to lay our three heads together; and the result of our consultation was, that before the misfortune should come to light, Clavijo should demand Antonomafia in marriage, before the vicar-general, by virtue of a contract signed by the infanta, which was indited by my ingenuity, in such strength of terms as Samson himself could not break. The scheme was accordingly executed; the vicar perused the contract, and confessed the princes, who owned the whole affair, and was committed to the care of a very honourable alguazil of the court.

Here Sancho interposing, 'So then, said he, 'there are also alguazils of the court, poets and roundelay in Candaya as well as in Spain? I swear, I think the world is every where the same! but I beg your ladyship, Madam Trifaldi, would dispatch; for it grows late, and I die with impatience to know the end of this long-winded story.'—'I will comply with your request,' answered the counteess.

C H A P. VII.

IN WHICH THE LADY TRIFALDI PROCEEDS WITH HER MEMORABLE AND STUPENDOUS STORY.

Every word that Sancho uttered gave as much pleasure to the duenna as pain to Don Quixote; who having imposed silence on the squire, the afflicted duenna thus proceeded: 'At
length, after innumerable questions and replies, as the infanta continued still in her flotation without variation, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of Don Clavijo, whom he declared her lawful husband; a circumstance that so deeply affected Queen Magun- cia, mother to the infanta Antono- nia, that we buried her in three days. — Not before she was dead, I hope,' said Sancho. 'No, certainly,' replied Tristaldin. 'For in Candaya, people do not bury the living, but the dead.' — 'And yet, Signior Squire,' said Sancho, 'we have seen a person in a swoon buried for dead: and in my opinion, Queen Maguncia ought to have swooned rather than died; for while there is life there is hope, and the infanta's flip was not so great as to oblige her to take on so much. Had the young lady buckled with her own page, or any other servant in the family, as I have heard many others have done, the mischief would not have been easily repaired; but to marry such a gentle, accomplished knight, as the countess hath described—verily, verily, although it was indifferent, the indifference was not so great as people may imagine; for, according to the maxims of my matter, who is here present, and will not suffer me to tell a lie, as learned men are created bishops, so may knights, especially knights-errant, be created kings and empe- rors. — 'Thou art in the right, San- cho,' said Don Quixote. 'For a knight-errant, with two fingers-breath of good fortune, is the very next in promotion to the greatest lord in the universe. — But, pray, afflicted lady, proceed; for I guess the bitter part of this hitherto agreeable story is still to come. — How the bitter part to come?' replied the countess; eye, and so bitter, that in compar- ison with it, gall and wormwood are sweet and favour. Well, then, the queen being really dead, and not in a swoon, was buried; but fear was the covered with the mould, and fear we had pronounced the long and laft farewel, when, thus talked jando, temperet a lacrimis? all of a sudden, above the tomb, appeared upon a wooden horse the giant Malambruno, Maguncia's first cousin, who, exclusive of his cruel disposition, was an inchanter, and by his diabolical art, in order to revenge his relation's death, and chaf- tle the presumption of Don Clavijo, together with the folly of Antonio- nia, fixed them both enchanted on Maguncia's tomb, after having con- verted her into a monkey of brass, and him into a frightful crocodile of some unknown substance; between them is a plate of metal, dispyling an inscription in the Syrian language, which being translated into the Can- dayan, and afterwards into the Cat- tilian tongue, contains this sentence: These two presumptuous lovers will not recover their pristine form, until the valorous Manchegan shall en- gage with me in single combat; for his stupendous valour alone, the fate have referred this unequal adventure.' This metamorphosis being effected, he unheathed a vast unmeasurable scimitar, and twisting his left hand in my hair, threatened to slit my windpipe, and lice off my head. I was confounded, my voice stuck in my throat, and I remained in an agy- ny of fear: nevertheless, I made one effort, and in a faltering accent and plaintive tone, uttered such a pathet- tick renonfrance as induced him to suspend the execution of his rigorous revenge. In fine, he ordered all the duennes of the palace (there they are) to be brought into his presence, when, after having exaggerated our fault, revived the disposition of duen- nas, their wicked schemes and con- trivances, and accused them all of the crime of which I alone was guilty, he said he would not punish us with instant death, but with a more tedious penalty, by which we should suffer a civil and continued death. He had no sooner done speaking than that very moment and instant, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and the whole surface tingle as if pricked with the points of needles; then clapping our hands on the part, every one found her vifage in the condition which you shall now be- hold.' So saying, the afflicted duenna and her companions, lifting up their veils, discoled so many faces overgrown with huge beards, red, black, white, and party-coloured; at sight of which, the duke and duchess were amazed, Don Quixote
Quixote and Sancho confounded, and all present overwhelmed with astonishment; as for the countess, she pursued her story in these words.

'In this manner were we punished by the felonious and ill-desiring Malambruno, who covered the smoothness and delicacy of our faces with the roughness of these bristles; and would to Heaven he had rather struck off our heads with his unmeasurable scimitar, than obscured the light of our countenances with this frightful bulk; for if this honourable company will but consider, and in speaking what I am now going to say, I wish I could turn my eyes into fountains; but the consideration of our misfortune, and the oceans they have already rained, have drained them as dry as beards of corn; and, therefore, I must speak without tears: I say then, whither can a duenna go with a beard upon her chin? What father or mother will condole her disgrace? or who will give her the least assistance? for if, when her face is smoothed and martyred by a thousand cosmétick drops and washes; she can scarce find one who will favour her with affection, what must she do when her face becomes a perfect copice of brushwood? O ye wretched duennas! my companions dear! in an unlucky minute did we see the light, and in an hapless hour were we enabled by our fathers!

So saying, she pretended to faint away.

CHAP. VIII.

OF CIRCUMSTANCES APPERTAINING AND RELATING TO THIS ADVENTURE AND MEMORABLE STORY.

VERILY, and in good truth! all those who take pleasure in reading such histories, ought to manifest their gratitude to it's first author Cid Hamet, for his curiosity in recounting the most trivial incident, without neglecting to bring to light the least circumstance, how minute ever it may be. He describes the thought, disclosing the fancy, answers the silent, explains doubts, difficulties, arguments, and finally displays the very atoms of the most curious disposition. O celebrated author! O happy Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! may you flourish conjointly and forever to the end of time, for the entertainment and pastime of mankind in general!

The history relates, that Sancho seeing the Afflicted faint away, 'Now, by the faith of man!' cried he, 'and by the pedigree of all the Panzas my forefathers! never did I hear or see, nor did my master recount, or indeed conceive, such an adventure as this!—A legion of devils confounded thee for a giant and inchanger, accursed Malambruno! couldst thou find no other method to punish these sinners, but by clapping beards to them? Would it not have been better, at least it would have been more for their advantage, to cut off half their noses, even though they should snuffle in their speech, than to encumber them with beards? I'd lay a wager, too, that they have not wherewithal to pay a barber.'—'What you say is very true,' replied one of the dozen; 'we have not wherewithal to be trimmed, and therefore some of us, by way of economy, make use of flicking plaiter, which being applied to our faces, and plucked off with a jerk, leave us as sleek and smooth as the bottom of a marble mortar; for, although there are women in Candalaya who go from house to house, taking of the hair, arching the eyebrows, and composing flipflops for the use of the fair-lady, we who belonged to her ladyship would never admit them into the family, because, for the most part, they are persons who having ceased to be principals, exercise the occupation of procurables; and therefore, if we are not redressed by Signior Don Quixote, we must even carry our beards to the grave.'—If I do not redress your whickers,' cried the knight, 'I will leave mine among the Moors!'

Here the Counte Trifaldi recovering, 'Valiant knight,' said he, 'the tingling of that promise reached mine ears while I lay in a swoon, and hath been the cause of my recovering and retrieving the use of all my senses; therefore, renowned errant, and invincible knight, I again entreat you, to put your gracious promise in execution.'
much in taking the air upon his back."—As for his going smooth and easy," said Sancho, there is my Dapple, whom (though he does not go through the air, but along the ground) I will match against all the amblers that ever the earth produced." All the company laughed at this observation, and the afflicted duenna proceeded; "Now, this horse, if Malambruno is actually disposed to put an end to our misfortune, will be here in less than half an hour after it is dark; for he told me the signal by which I should be certain of having found the knight I was in quest of, would be his "fending the horse thither with all convenient dispatch."—And pray, said Sancho, how many perfons will this horse carry?—"Two," replied the Afflicted; one upon the saddle, and the other upon the crupper, and these are commonly the knight and the squire, when there is no danger to be stolen.—I should be glad to know, asked a Spanish lady, the name of that same horse?—His name," answered the Afflicted, is not like that of Bellerophon's horse, which was called Pegafus; nor does it resemble that which distinguished the steed of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus; nor that of Orlando Furioso, whose appellation was Brilliador; nor Bayete, which belonged to Reynald de Montalban; nor Frontino, that appertained to Rugiero; nor Boots, nor Peritoa, the horses of the fun; nor is he called Orela, like that steed upon which the unfortunate Rodrigo, last king of the Goths, engaged in that battle where he lost his crown and life.—I will lay a wager," cried Sancho, that as he is not distinguished by any of those famous names of horses so well known, so neither have they given him the name of my master's horse Rozinante; a name which, in propriety, exceeds all those that have been named.—Very true," replied the bearded countels; nevertheless, it fits him very well; for he is called Clavileno Aligerio, an appellation that suits exactly with his wooden substance, the peg in his forehead, and the swiftness with which he travels; so that, for his name, he may be brought in competition even with the

* Or, in English, 'Wooden Peg the Winged,' famous
famous Rozinante.'—"The name pleases me well enough," said Sancho; but what sort of bridle or halter must he used in managing him?"—"I have already told you," answered Trifaldi, that by turning the peg, the knight who rides can make him travel just as he pleases, either mounting through the air; or else sweeping, and, as it were, brushing the surface of the earth; or lastly, failing through the middle region, which is the course to be sought after and pursued, in all well-concerned enterprises."

"I should be glad to see this fame boast," replied the squire; "but to think that I will mount him, either in the saddle or in the crupper, is all the same thing as to look for pears upon an elm. A fine joke, I'faith! I can scarce keep the back of my own Dapple, though sitting upon a pannel as soft as satin, and they would now have me get upon a crupper of board, without any pillow or cushion. By the Lord! I have no intention to bruise myself, in order to take off the beard of any person whatsoever; let every beard be shaven according to the owner's fancy: for my own part, I have no notion of accompanying my master in such a long and tedious journey; for surely I have no concern in the shaving of beards, whatever I may have in the disenchantment of Dulcinea."

"Indeed, you have, my friend," answered Trifaldi; "aye, and so much, that without your presence I believe we shall do no good."—"In the king's name!" cried Sancho, "what have figures to do with the adventures of their masters? What! are they to run away with all the reputation, and we to undergo all the trouble? Body o' me! would your historians but mention, that such a knight achieved such and such an adventure, with the assistance of his Squire What-d'ye-call-um, without whom he could not possibly have finished the exploit; but, they dilly relate, as how Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars, finished the adventure of the fix goblins, without even naming the squire who was present all the time, no more than if there was not such a person in the world! I there-fore say again to this honourable company, that my master may go by himself; and good luck attend him; but, for my own part, I will stay where I am, and keep my Lady Duche-ess company; and peradventure, at his return, he may find my Lady Dulcinea's business well forwarded; for I intend, at my idle and leisure hours, to whip myself to such a tune, that not a single hair shall flit before me."

"But, for all that," said the duchess, "beneath Sancho, you must attend him, should there be occasion, for you will be solicited by the righteous; and surely it would be a great pity, that the faces of these gentlewomen should continue overshadowed with hair, merely for your needle's ap-prehenSion."—"I lay again, in the king's name!" cried Sancho, "if this charity should be of any benefit to releafe, maidsens or parih-children, a man might venture to undergo some trouble; but to take such pains in order to rid duennas of their beards! a plague upon the whole generation! I had rather see them all bearded from the highest to the lowest, tag, rag, and bobtail."—"Friend Sancho," said the duchess, "you are on bad terms with duennas, and very much in-fected with the opinion of that apo-thecary of Toledo; but, in good faith, you are very much in the wrong: there are duennas in my house, who might serve as patterns of virtue; and here-stands Donna Rodríguez, who would not suffer me to lay otherwife."—"Your excellency may say what you please," answered Rodríguez; "but God knows the truth of all things, and good or bad, bearded or smooth, we duennas were born of our mothers, as well as other women; since, therefore, God set us into the world, he knows for what, and in his mercy do I put my trust, and not in the beard of any person whatsoever."

"'Tis very well, Signora Rodríguez, Madam Trifaldi, and you ladies of her company," said Don Quixote; "Heaven, I hope, will look upon your misfortunes with propitious eyes, and Sancho will cheerfully obey my orders; let Clavileno come, so that I may once see myself engaged with Malambruno, and confident I am, that no razor can have your ladyships with more facility than ray sword should find in shaving the giant's
giant's head from his shoulders; for though God permits the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time. The afflicted duenna hearing this declaration, exclaimed, 'Now, may all the stars of the celestial regions shed their benignant influence upon your worship, most valiant knight, infusing courage into your soul, and crowning your atchievements with prosperity, that you may be the shield and support of this our flighted and depressed duennian order, abominated by apothecaries, grumbled at by fquires, and jeered by pages! now, ill betide the wretch, who, in the flower of her youth, would not rather taste the veil than become a duenna. Unfortunate duennas that we are! for, though we may be descended in a direct male line from Hector of Troy, our ladies will not fail to throw "Thou" in our teeth, even if they thought they should be crowned for it. O thou giant Malambruno! who, though an inchanter, art always punctual in thy promises, send hither the peerless Clavileno, that our disaster may be done away; for, if our beards continue until the dog-days begin, woe be unto us!'

Trifaldi pronounced these words in such a pathetic strain, as brought tears from the eyes of all the by-flanders, and even filled Sancho's to the brim; so that he resolved in his heart, to accompany his master to the utmost limits of the earth, provided his attendance should be necessary towards shearing the wool of those venerable countenances.

C H A P. IX.

OF CLAVILENO'S ARRIVAL—AND THE CONCLUSION OF THIS PROTRACTED ADVENTURE.

M E A N W H I L E, night came on, and along with it the time fixed for the arrival of the famous fleet Clavileno, whose delay began already to afflict Don Quixote; for he looked upon the detention of the horse, as a sign that he himself was not the knight for whom the adventure was referred, or that Malambruno was afraid to engage with him in single combat. But, lo! all of a sudden, four savages, clad in green ivy, entered the garden, bearing on their backs a green wooden horse, which being placed on the ground, one of the number pronounced, 'Let him who has courage mount this machine.'

'For my own part,' said Sancho, 'I do not mount; for neither have I courage, nor am I a knight.' But the savage proceeded, saying, 'Let the squire, if he has one, occupy the crupper; and he may confide in the valiant Malambruno; for, except the sword of that giant, no other steel or malice shall offend him; and the knight has no more to do, but to turn this peg upon his neck, and he will carry them through the air to the place where Malambruno waits for their arrival; but left the height and sublimity of the road should turn their heads, their eyes must be covered until such time as the horse shall neigh, for that will be the signal of their having performed the journey.' This intimation being given, they left the horse, and retired to the place from whence they came, with great solemnity.

The afflicted duenna no sooner beheld the fleet, than addressing herself to Don Quixote, with tears in her eyes, 'Valiant knight,' said she, 'Malambruno's promise is made good: here stands the horse, our beards are still growing, and each of us, nay, every hair upon our chins, supplicate thee to shave and shear them, since there is nothing else required but to mount with thy squire, and happily begin your journey. — That will I do, my Lady Countess Trifaldi,' replied Don Quixote, 'with good will, and hearty inclination; nor will I delay the expedition, by spending time in furnishing myself with a cushion, or even in putting on my spurs, so impatient I am to see your ladyship and those duennas quite smooth and shaven.'— 'That will I not do,' cried Sancho, 'neither with hearty nor heartless inclination, nor in any manner of way; and if the shaving cannot be performed without my mounting upon the crupper, my matter must look for another squire to attend him, and these ladies must find another method for smoothing their faces; for I am no wizard, to take delight...
Delight in flying through the air; and pray, what would my islanders say, should they know their governor was riding upon the wind? Moreover, it being three thousand and so many more leagues from hence to Candaya, should the horse be tired, or the giant out of humour, we may spend half a dozen years in returning; and by that time, the devil an island or islander in the whole world will know my face.

It is a common saying, that Delay breeds danger; and, When the heifer you receive, have a halter in your sleeve. The beards of these ladies must therefore excuse me: I know St. Peter is well at Rome; my meaning is, I find myself very well in this mansion, where I am treated with such respect, and from the matter of which I expect so great a favour as that of being made a governor. To this resentment the duke replied, 'Friend Sancho, the island I have promised is neither floating nor fugitive, but its roots are so deeply fixed in the bowels of the earth, that three good pulps will not remove or tear it away; and, as you are sensible, I know there is no kind of office of any importance that is not obtained by some fort of bribe, more or less, the present I expect for the government is, that you will attend my master, Don Quixote, in crowning and accompanying this memorable adventure; and, whether you return upon Clavilenos with that dispatch which his speed seems to promise, or, by the cruelty of adverse fortune, you come back in the habit of a pilgrim, begging on foot, from house to house, and from one inn to another; you shall, nevertheless, at your return, find your island where you left it; and your islanders activated by the same desire of receiving you as their governor, which they have always indulged; and as for my inclination, it can never change; for, to entertain the least doubt of my sincerity, Signior Sancho, would be a notorious injury to the attachment I feel for your service. — Enough, my lord,' cried Sancho: 'I am a poor squire, and cannot bear such a load of courtesy; let my master mount, and my eyes be covered; recommend me to God; and let me know whether, while we travel through those altitudes, I may call upon the name of the Lord, or implore the protection of his angels.' To this interrogation, the countels replied, 'You may recommend yourself to God, or to whom you will; for Malaambino, though an inchanter, is nevertheless a Christian, and performs his enchantments with great gaiety and caution, nor does he intermeddle in any person's affairs.'

'Well, then,' cried Sancho, 'God, and the most Holy Trinity of Gaeta, be my guide and protection!' — Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills, said Don Quixote, 'I have never seen Sancho so infected with fear, as upon this occasion; and, if we were as much addicted to superstition as some people are, his pitiability would produce some compassion in my soul; but, come hither, Sancho; for, with the permission of that noble pair, I would speak two words with you in private.'

Then taking his squire aside into a tuft of trees, and grasping both his hands, 'You see, brother Sancho,' said he, 'the long journey that awaits us; and God knows when we shall return, and what leisure or convenience our business may allow; I therefore beg thou wilt now retire to thy apartment, on pretence of fetching some necessaries for the road, and, in the twinkling of a straw, infict upon thyself some five hundred of those three thousand three hundred ladies for which thou art engaged, and they shall stand good in the account for, when a thing is once begun, it is almost as good as half finished.' — Before God! cried Sancho, 'your worship must be out of your senses; this is just as they say, You see me in a hurry, and ask me to marry. Now, when I am going to ride upon a wooden crupper, would your worship have me afflict my posteriors? Vehilently, verily, your worship was never more out of the way; at present, let us proceed and shave those duennas, and at our return, I promise to your worship, on the faith of my character, to quit my fore with such dispatch, that your worship shall be satisfied; and I'll say no more.' — Well,
Well, then,' answered the knight, 'I will confide myself, honest Sancho, with that promise, which I really believe thou wilt perform; for, fiurely, though thy head be but green, thy heart is true blue.'— Green,' said Sancho; 'my head is not green, but black; but even though it were pey-bald, I would perform my promise.'

After this short dialogue they returned, in order to take horse; then, the knight addressing himself to the squire, 'Sancho,' said he, 'suffer yourself to be hoodwinked, and get up: he who lends for us from such distant regions, can have no intention to deceive us, because he could reap no glory from having deceived those who depended on his sincerity; and, although the event may turn out contrary to my expectation, the glory of having undertaken such an exploit no malice whatsoever can impair.'

Come, then, Signior,' cried the squire, 'for the beards and tears of those last lives are so imprinted in my heart, that I shall not swallow a mouthful to do me good, until I see them restored to their original smoothness. Get up, Signior, and hoodwink yourself first: for, if the crupper is to be my seat, it is plain that you must mount first into the saddle.'— 'You are in the right,' replied Don Quixote; who, pulling an handkerchief from his pocket, defred the afflicted duenna to fasten it round his eyes, which, however, were no sooner covered, than he took off the bandage, saying, 'If I remember aright, I have read in Virgil, of the Trojan Palladium, a wooden horse offered to the gods of Pallas, the bowels of which horse were filled with armed men, who afterwards occasioned the total destruction of Troy; and, therefore, it will not be amis, first of all, to examine the belly of Clavileno.—

There is no occasion,' said the afflicted duenna; 'for I am certain that Malambruno has neither treachery nor malice in his heart: your worship, Signior Don Quixote, may therefore mount, without the least apprehension; and if any mischief befal you, lay it at my door.' The knight reflecting that any hesitation about his personal safety would be a disparagement to his valour, mounted Clavileno without farther altercation, and tried the peg, which turned with ease; and his legs hanging down at full length, for want of stirrups, he looked like a figure in some Roman triumph, painted or wrought in Flemish tapestry.

Then Sancho, very slowly, and much against his will, crept up behind, and seating himself as well as he could upon the crupper, found it hard and uneasy, that he begged the duke would order him to be accommodated with some cushion or pillow, though it should be taken from my Lady Duchess's sofa, or some page's bed; for the crupper of that horse seemed to be made of marble rather than of wood.

Here Trisfoldi interposing, assured him that Clavileno would bear no kind of furniture or ornament; but said he might fit his roadways like a woman, in which attitude he would not be so sensible of the hardnefs. Sancho took her advice, and saying adieu, allowed his eyes to be covered; but, afterwards pulling up the bandage, and looking ruefully at all the people in the garden, he, with tears in his eyes, besought them to affit him in that extremity with a brace of Pater-nosters, and as many Ave Marias, as God should provide somebody to do as much for them in like time of need.

Don Quixote hearing this apostrophe, 'How now, misericord! said he, 'are you brought to the gallows, or in the last agonies of death, that you make use of such intercessions? Difpirited and cowardly creature! Art not thou sentenced in the very same place which was occupied by the fair Magalona, and from which she descended, not to her grace, but to the crown of France, if history speaks truth? And I, who fit by thy side, surely may vie with valiant Peter, who pressed the self-same back now pressed by me. Shroud, shroud thine eyes, thou animal without a soul; and let not those symptoms of fear escape thy lips, at least in my presence.'— 'Hoodwink me then,' answered Sancho, 'and since I must neither recommend myself, nor be recommended, to the protection of God, what wonder is it, if I am afraid we shall meet with some legion of devils, 3 M 2 who
who will treat us according to the
Peralvillo law*?

Their eyes being covered, and Don Quixote perceiving he was fixed in his
heart, turned the peg; and scarce had
his finger touched this rudder, when the
whole bevy of duennas, and all that were
present, raised their voices, crying,
Heaven be thy guide, valorous knight!

—God be thy protection, intrepid
square!—Now, now, you rise and cut
the liquid sky more swiftly than an ar-
row; now, you begin to atonish and
confound all those who gaze upon you
from this earthly spot!—Hold fast,
valiant Sancho, for we see thee tot-
ter; beware of falling: to fall from
such an height would be more fatal
than the fall of that aspiring youth
whole ambition prompted him to drive
the chariot of the fun his father.'

Sancho, hearing this explanation,
crept closer to his matter, and hugging
him fast in his arms, 'Signior,' said he,
'how can we be so high as those
people say we are, seeing we can hear
them speak as well as if we were with-
in a few yards of them?'—'You
must not mind that circumstance,' an-
swered the knight; 'for these incidents
and flights bring all together out of
the ordinary course of things, you
may hear and see what you please, at
the distance of a thousand leagues: but
do not squeeze me so hard, left I
tumble from my feet. I really cannot
imagine what it is that disturbs and
affrights thee; for I swear, in all the
days of my life, I never bestowed a
horse of a more easy pace: indeed, he
goes so merrily, that I can hardly feel
him move. D Depart thy fear, my friend,
for truly the buiffets goes on swim-
mimgly, and we fail right afore the
wind.'—'You are certainly in the
right,' answered Sancho; 'for on this
side, there blows as fresh a gale as if I
were fanned with a thousand pair of
bellows.'

Nor was he much mistaken in his
conjecture; for the wind that blew was
artificially produced by one of those ma-
chines: so well had the adventure been

* Equivalent to Abington law; in consequence of which, a criminal is first executed,
and then tried. Peralvillo is a village near Ciudad Real, in Caffile, where the officers of
the holy brotherhood execute robbers taken in flagrante, who require no trial. Hence the
phrase, 'La justicia de Peralvillo, que abroca el hombre, le baiza la Punja.' 1. e.

† Peralvillo law, which begins the process after the man is hanged.
On an heron with a force proportioned to his rite: and, although it seems to us no more than half an hour since we set out from the garden, you may depend upon it we have travelled an immense way.—' As to that matter, I am quite ignorant,' said Sancho: 'this only I know, that if Madam Magallanes or Magalawa took pleasure in sitting upon this cupboard, her fleece must not have been very tender.'

All this dialogue of the two heroes was overheard by the duke and duchess, and the rest of the company in the garden, to whom it afforded extraordinary entertainment: at length, desirous of finishing this strange and well-considered adventure, they set fire to Clavileo's tail with some lighted flax; his belly being filled with squibs and crackers, he instantly blew up with a dreadful explosion, and Don Quixote, with his squire, came to the ground more than half fanged. By this time the whole bearded squadron, with my Lady Trifaldi, had vanished from the garden, and all the rest of the company were stretched upon the ground as in a trance. Don Quixote and Sancho getting on their feet, in a very indifferent condition, and looking all around, were astonished to find themselves in the same garden from which they took their flight, and to see such a number of people extended along the grass; but their admiration was still more increased, when at one corner of the garden they beheld a huggleance fixed in the ground, and tied to this lance, by two cords of green silk, a smooth, white skin of parchment, on which was the following inscrip­tion in large golden letters:

'The renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha has finished and achieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, alias the afflicted Duenna, and her companions solely by his having undertaken the enterprise.

'Malambruno is wholly satisfied and appeased; the chains of the duennas are smooth and clean; their Majesties Don Clavijo and Antonomafia are returned to their original form: and when the squirely flagellation shall be accomplished, the white dove will be delivered from the pelliential talons of her persecutors, and find herself within the arms of her beloved lady; for

'such is the decree of the sage Merlin, the prince and prototype of all enchanters.'

Don Quixote having read this scroll, at once comprehended the meaning, which related to the disinchantment of Dulcinea, and returning a thousand thanks to Heaven for his successes in having finished such a mighty exploit with so little danger, and reduced to their pristine form the faces of those venerable duennas who had disappeared, he went towards the place where the duke and duchess still lay intranced, and pulling his grace by the arm, 'Courage! courage, my noble lord!' said he; 'all is over now; the adventure is finished, without damage to the barrier, as will plainly appear by the inscription of this wonder scroll.'

The duke seemed to recover gradually, like one waking from a profound sleep; his example was followed by the duchesses, and all the rest who lay along the garden; and they exhibited such marks of fear and astonishment, that even almost to themselves, that seemed to have happened in earnest which they had so well acted in jest. The duke having read the inscription with his eyes half shut, ran with open arms to embrace Don Quixote, calling him the most worthy knight that any age had ever produced; while Sancho went looking about for the afflicted matron, to see if her beard was quite gone, and whether her face, without hair, was as beautiful as her gallant deportment seemed to promise. But he was told, that as Clavileo defended in a flame from the sky, the whole squadron of duennas, with Trifaldi at their head, had vanished, and their faces manck-smooth as if they had been clean shaven.

Then the duchess asking, how it had fared with Sancho in his long journey, the squire replied, 'As for me, my lady, I perceived, as my matter told me, that we flew through the region of fire, and I felt a strong inclination to have a peep, but my master would not consent, when I begged his permission to uncover my eyes; nevertheless, I, who have a sort of a chip of curiosity, and an eager desire to know what I am forbidden to enquire about, fair and falsely, without being perceived by any living soul, pulled down upon my nose the handkerchief that covered my eyes, and by
these means had a glimpse of the earth,
which seemed no bigger than a grain
of mustard, and the men that walked
upon it almost as little as hazel nuts;
so you may guess how high we must
have soared by that time.

To this avowal the duchesses an-
swered.  

Have a care, friend Sancho;
from what you say, it appears that it
could not be the earth, but the men
walking upon it, whom you saw for:
if the earth appeared like a grain of
mustard, and every man as big as a
nut, it clearly follows, that one man
must have covered the whole earth.

Very true, said Sancho; 'but, for all
that, I had a side-view, by which I
discovered the whole globe.'—'Take
notice, Sancho,' resumed the duchesses,
it is impossible to see the whole of any
thing by a side-view.'—'I know no-
things of views,' replied the squire;
this only I know, your ladyship ought
to consider, that as we flew by instan-
tement, so might I, by enchantment, see
the whole earth, and all the men upon
it, in any sort of view whatsoever:
and if your ladyship will not believe me in
that, no more will you believe me when
I tell you, that pulling up the hand-
kercchief towards my eyes, I
found myself within a hand's breadth
and a half of heaven, which I'll assure
your ladyship upon oath is very huge;
and it came to pass, that our road lay
close to the seven nanny-goats:* now,
I having been a goatherd in my youth,
before God and my confidence! I no
sooner set eyes on them, than I was
fezzed with the inclination to divert my-
self a little with the pretty creatures,
and if I had not done it, I believe I
should have burst for vexation. Come
on then, what does me I? but, without
saving a word to any living soul,
nor even to my master, fairly and softly
slide down from Cavileno, and sport
with the nannies, which are like vio-
lets and lilies, for the space of three
quarters of an hour, and all that time
the horie did not budge a step from
the place.

And while honest Sancho diverted
himself with the goats,' said the duke,
how was Signior Don Quixote enter-
tained?' To this interrogation the

knight replied, 'As all these adventures
and incidents are out of the ordinary
course of nature, we are not to wonder
at what Sancho has told; for my own
part, I can safely affirm, that I neither
flowed up nor pulled down the ban-
dage, nor did see either heaven, or
earth, or sea, or land. True it is, I
perceived we passed through the re-
region of the air, and even bordered
upon the region of fire, but that we
travelled beyond it I cannot believe;
for the fiery region being between the
sphere of the moon and the utmost re-
region of the air, we could not reach
that firmament in which are placed the
seven nannies, as Sancho calls them,
without being scorched to death; and
seeing we are not scorched, either San-
cho lies, or Sancho dreams.'—'I nei-
ther ly, nor dream,' cried the squire;
let them ask the marks of the nanny-
goats, and by my answer you will per-
ceive whether or not I speak truth.—

Describe them, then, Sancho,' said
the duchesses.  'Two of them,' replied San-
cho, 'are green, two carnation, two
blue, and one moitely.  'This is a
new breed,' said the duke; 'in our re-
region of earth there are no such colours;
I mean, among the nanny-goats.'—
That is very plain,' replied the squire;
there must be some difference between
the goats of heaven and those upon
earth.'—'Pray, tell me, Sancho,' said
his grace, 'didst thou see never a he-
goat among those females?*—'No,
my lord,' answered the squire; 'I have
been told none of those pass beyond
the horns of the moon.'

They did not choose to interrogate him
farther about his journey; for they con-
cluded that Sancho was in a fair way to
travel through all the heavens above, and
tell the news of each, though he had nev-
er stirred from the garden.

Finally, thus ended the adventure of
the afflicted duenna, which afforded a
fund for laughter to the duke and du-
chesses, not only at that time, but during
the whole course of their lives; as well as
matter for Sancho to relate, had he lived
whole centuries.

Don Quixote coming to the squire,
whispered in his ear, 'Hark ye, San-
cho; since you would have us be-

* In Spain, the Pleiades are vulgarly called cabrillas, i.e. nanny-goats.
† There is a kind of pleasantry in this question of the duke, which cannot be tran-
lated; for the Spanish word, cabra, signifies a cuckold, as well as an he-goat.

lieve
lieve what you say, touching the things you saw in heaven, I desire the like credit from you with regard to those things I saw in the cave of Montesinos: that's all.'

**CHAP. X.**

**CONTAINING DON QUIXOTE'S INSTRUCTIONS TO SANCHO PANZA, BEFORE HE SET OUT FOR HIS GOVERNMENT—WITH OTHER WELL WEIGHTED INCIDENTS.**

THE duke and duchess were so well pleased with the diverting and happy success of the adventure of the afflicted duenna, that they resolved to proceed with the jest, seeing what a proper subject they had to make it pass for earnest. Having, therefore, communicated their scheme and instructions to their servants and valets, touching their behaviour to Sancho in his government of the promised island; on the day succeeding the flight of Clavileno, the duke desired him to prepare and make himself ready to set out for his government, as the islanders already longed for him as much as for May flowers.

Sancho, having made his obeisance, 'Since my descent from heaven,' said he, 'and since from it's lofty summit I have viewed the earth, and found it of such small extent, my desire of being a governor is much moderated; for what grandeur can there be in reigning over a grain of mustard-seed? or what dignity and empire in governing half a dozen of mortals no bigger than filberts? for the whole earth seemed to contain nothing more. If your lordship would be pleased to betow upon me a small trilling space in heaven, though it should not be above half a league, I would more gladly receive it than the belt island in the world.'—

'You must consider, friend Sancho,' replied the duke, 'that I have it not in my power to give away any part of heaven; no, not a nail's breadth, these favours and benefits are in the gift of God alone. What is in my power, I freely give you; namely, a good island, right and tight, round and well-proportioned, above measure fertile, and fo abounding with all good things, that if you mind your hits, you may with the riches of earth purchase the opulence of heaven.'—'Well, then,' cried Sancho, 'let this island be forth-coming, and I will struggle hard, but I shall be such a governor that in spite of knaves, I may go to heaven; and take notice, it is not from avance that I desire to quit my cottage, and raise myself to a footing with my betters; but solely to taste and try what it is to be a governor.'—'Nay, if once you taste it,' said the duke, 'you will be ready to eat your fingers after the government; for nothing is so delicious as to command and be obeyed; certain I am, that when your master shall come to be an emperor, as will doubt-less be the case, considering the current of his affairs, it will not be in the power of any person upon earth to tear it from him, and he will sorely grieve, and heartily rue the time he has lost before his advancement to such an imperal station.'—'Indeed, my lord,' replied Sancho, 'I imagine it must be a very pleasant thing to govern, even though it should be but a flock of sheep.'—

'May I be buried with you, Sancho, but you know every thing!' answered the duke; 'I hope you will turn out such a governor as your judgment and sagacity seem to promise: but here let that matter rest; and take notice, that to morrow morning you must let out for the government of the island, and this evening you shall be accommodated with a convenient drefs, and all other necessaries for your departure.'—

'They may drefs me as they will,' said the quixote; 'but, be that as it may, I shall still be Sancho Panza.'—True, replied the duke; 'but the garb ought always to be suited to the dignity and function of the profession; for it would be a great impropriety in a lawyer to appear in the drefs of a soldier, or in a soldier to wear canonicalls; you, Sancho, must wear an habit that shall partly bepeak the gown, and partly the sword; for in the island which I have betoweoned you, letters and arms are both necessaries.'—As for letters, answered Sancho, 'I am but indifferently flored, as I am even ignorant of the a, b, c; but, provided I remember my Christ-cross, I shall be sufficiently qualified for a good governor. With regard to arms, I shall ufe thofe that may be put into my hand, until I can e hand
hand no longer, and God be my shield!" — With such an excellent memory, said the duke, "Sancho can never fail into the least mistake.

Here they were joined by Don Quixote, who understanding the subject of their conversation, and the short space allotted to Sancho to prepare for his departure, took the squire by the hand, with the duke's permission, and led him to his apartment, in order to instruct him how to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber, he locked the door, and obliging Sancho to sit down by him, spoke to this effect, in a grave and solemn tone.

I return infinite thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, for having ordained, that, before I myself have met with the least success, good fortune hath gone forth to bid thee welcome. I, who had balanced the remuneration of thy service in my own profcurity, find myself in the very rudiments of promotion; while thou, before thy time, and contrary to all the laws of reasonable progression, findst thy desire accomplished. Other people-tribe, olicest, importune, attend levees, interest, and persevere, without obtaining their suit; and another comes, who, without knowing why or wherefore, finds himself in possession of that office to which so many people laid claim; and here the old saying is aptly introduced, A pound of good luck is worth a ton of merit. Then, who in comparison to me, art doubting an ignorant dunce, without rising early, or sitting up late, or, indeed, exerting the least industry; without any pre ension more or less, than that of being breathed upon by knight errantry, leest thyself created governor of an island, as if it was a matter of moonshine. All this I observe, O Sancho, that thou mayest not attribute thy successes to thy own deserts; but give thanks to Heaven for having disposed matters so beneficially in thy behalf, and then make thy acknowledgments to that grandeur which centers in the profession of knight errantry. Thy heart being thus predisposed to believe what I have said, be attentive, O my son, to me, who am thy Cato, thy counsellor, thy north pole, and guide, to conduct thee into a secure harbour, from the tempestuous sea into which thou art going to be engulfed; for great poets, and officers of state, are no other than a profound gulph of confusion.

In the first place, O my son, you are to fear God: the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom; and if you are wife you cannot err.

Secondly, you must always remember who you are, and endeavour to know yourself; a study of all others the most difficult. This self knowledge will hinder you from blowing yourself up like a frog, in order to rival the size of an ox; if, therefore, you succeed in this learning, the consideration of thy having been a swineherd, will, like the peacock's ugly feet, be a check upon thy folly and pride. — I own, I once kept hogs, when I was a boy," said Sancho; but after I grew up, I quitted that employment, and took care of geese; but I apprehend that matter is not of great consequence, for all governors are not descended from the kingly race. — No, sure," answered the knight; and, for that reason, those who are not of noble extraction, ought to sweepen the gravity of their function with mildness and affability; which, being prudently conducted, will screen them from those malicious murmurs which no flation can escape. Rejoice, Sancho, in the lowness of your pedigree, and make no scruple of owning yourself descended from peasants; for nobody will endeavour to make you blush for that of which they fee you are not ashamed; and value yourself more upon being a virtuous man of low degree, than upon being a proud son of noble birth. Innumerable are those, who, from an humble flock, have risen to the pontifical and imperatorial dignity; a truth which I could prove by so many examples, that you would not have patience to hear them.

Take notice, Sancho, if you chuse virtue for your medium, and pique yourself upon performing worthy actions, you will have no caufe to envy noblemen and princes; for blood is hereditary, but virtue is acquired; consequently, this last has an intrinsic value, which the other does not possess.

This being the case, as undoubtedly it is, if peradventure any one of your relations
relations should come to visit you in your island, you must not discontende
nance and affront him; but, on the con-
try, let him be kindly received and entertain'd; and, in so doing, you will
set conformably to the will of Heaven,
which is displeased at seeing it's own
handy work defiled; and perform
your duty to the well-concerted rights
of nature.

If you fend for your wife, (and, in-
deed, those who are concerned in go-
verning ought not to be long without
their companions) take pains intenching,
 improving, and civilizing her; for all
that a fagacious governor can acquire,
is very often lost and squandered by a
foolish rufhick wife.

If, perchance, you should become a
widower, a circumstance that may pos-
sibly happen) and have it in your pow-
er to make a more advantageous match,
you must not chuse such a yoke-fellow
as will serve for an angling-hook,
 fishing-rod, or equivocating hood*; for
verily I lay unto thee, all that a
judge's wife receives must be account-
ed for at the general clearance, by the
husband, who will repay fourfold af-
ter death what he made no reckoning
of during life.

Never conduct yourself by the law
of your own arbitrary opinion, which
is generally the cause with those igno-
ant people who presume upon their
own self-sufficiency.

Let the tears of the poor find more
compassion in thy breast, though not
more justice, than the informations of
the rich.

Endeavour to investigate the truth
from among the promises and pretens
of the opulent, as well as from the fighs
and importunities of the needy.

When equity can, and ought to
take place, inflict not the whole ri-
gour of the law upon the delinquent;
for severity is not more respected than
compassion, in the character of a
judge.

If ever you suffer the rod of justice
to be bent a little, let it not be warped
by the weight of corruption, but the
bowels of mercy.

If ever you should have an opportu-
nity to judge the process of your ene-
my, recall the attention from the injury
you have received, and fix it wholly
upon the truth of the cause.

In another man's cause, be not blind-
ed by private affection; for the errors
thus committed are generally incur-
able; or, if they admit of remedy, it
will be greatly at the expense of your
fortune and credit.

If a beautiful woman should come
to demand justice, withdraw your eyes
from her tears, and your hearing from
her figs, and deliberate at a distance
upon the substance of her demand,
unless you have a mind that your rea-
son should be overwhelmed by her
complaint, and your virtue buried in
her figs.

Abuse not him in word whom you
are resolved to chastise in deed; for to
such a wrench, the pain of the punish-
ment will be sufficient, without the
addition of reproach.

In judging the delinquents who
shall fall under your jurisdiction, con-
sider the miserable object man, sub-
ject to the infirmities of our depraved
nature; and, as much as lies in your
power, without injury to the contrary
party, display your clemency and
compassion; for although all the at-
tributes of God are equally excellent,
that of mercy has a better effect in our
eye, and strikes with greater illustr than
justice.

If you observe and conduct your-
self by these rules and precepts, San-
cho, your days will be long upon the
face of the earth; your fame will be
eternal, your reward compleat; and
your felicity unutterable; your chil-
dren will be married according to your
wish; they and their descendants will
enjoy titles; you shall live in peace
and friendship with all mankind; when
your course of life is run, death will
overtake you in an happy and mature
old age, and your eyes will be shut by
the tender and delicate hands of your
posterity, in the third or fourth gene-
eration.

The remarks I have hitherto made
are documents touching the decoration
of your soul; and now you will listen
to those that regard the ornaments of
the body.

The phrase, No quiero de tu capilla, alludes to the practice of friars, who, when
charity is offered, hold out their hands to receive it, while they pronounce a refusal with
their tongues.
WHOM that had heard this discourse of Don Quixote, would not have taken him for a person of sound judgment, and excellent disposition: but, as we have oftentimes observed, in the progress of this sublime history, his madness never appeared except when the string of chivalry was touched; and on all other subjects of conversation, he displayed a clear and ready understanding; so that every minute his works discredit his judgment, and his judgment his works. But, in this second act of instructions communicated to Sancho, he discovered great ingenuity, and raised his madness and deference to a most elevated pitch.

Sancho listened with the utmost attention, and endeavoured to retain his advice, like a man who desired to preserve it, as the infallible means to promote the happy birth of that government with which he was so far gone. Don Quixote then proceeded in their terms.

With respect to the government of your person and family, Sancho: in the first place, I charge you to be cleanly, and pare your nails; and do not let them grow, like some people whose ignorance teaches them that long nails beautify the hand, as if that additional extremity which they neglect to cut, were really and truly the nail; whereas, it more nearly resembles the talons of a lizard-hunting wind-whiff, and is a most beastly and extraordinary abuse.

You must never appear loose and unbuttoned; for a slovenly dres denotes a disorderly mind; unless that looseness and negligence be the effect of cunning, as we suppose to have been the case with Julius Caesar.

Examine sagaciously the profits of your place, and if they will afford livery to your servants, let it be rather decent and substanial, than gay and tawdry; and be sure to divide it between your servants and the poor. For example, if you can clothe six pages for Heaven as well as earth:

now, this is a method of giving livery, which the vain-glorious could never conceive.

Abstain from eating garlick and onions, lest your breath should discover your sufficiency.

Walk leisurely, speak distinctly, but not so as to seem delighted with your own discourse; for all affectation is disagreeable.

Dine sparingly, and eat very little at supper; for the health of the whole body depends upon the operation of the stomach.

Be temperate in drinking; and consider, that excess of wine will neither keep a secret nor perform a promise.

Beware, Sancho, of chewing on both sides of your mouth, as well as eructing before company.—I do not understand what you mean by eructing, said the squire. By eructing, answered the knight, I mean belching; which though one of the most expressive, is at the same time one of the most vulgar terms of our language; therefore, people of taste have had recourse to the Latin tongue, saying "To eruct," instead of "To belch," and substituting eructions in the room of belchings: and though some people may not understand these terms, it is of small importance; for time and use will introduce and render them intelligible; and this is what we call enriching the language, over which the practice of the vulgar has great influence.—Truly, Signior, said Sancho, one of the advantages and good counsels which I intend to remember, must be that of not belching; for it is a fault of which I am very often guilty."—Eructing, Sancho, and not belching, replied Don Quixote. Eructing it shall be henceforward, answered the squire; and I will take care that it shall not be forgotten.

Moreover, Sancho, you must not intermingle so many proverbs with your discourse; for, although proverbs are short sentences, you very often bring them in by the head and shoulders, to preposterously, that they look more like the ravings of distraction than well-chosen aphorisms.

That defect God himself must remedy, said Sancho; for I have more proverbs by heart, than would be sufficient
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sufficient to fill a large book; and, when
I speak, they crowd together in such a
manner, as to quarrel for utterance;
so that my tongue discharges them just
as they happen to be in the way, whe-
ther they are or are not to the purpose:
but I will take care henceforward, to
throw out those that may be suitable to
the gravity of my office; for, Where
there's plenty of meat, the supper will
soon be complete. Be that muffles
does not cut. A good hand makes a
short game; and, It requires a good
brain, to know when to give and re-
tain. — 'Courage, Sancho,' cried
Don Quixote, 'squeeze, tack, and fitting
your provbers together, here are none
to oppose you. My mother whips me,
and I whip the top. Here am I ex-
horating thee to suppress thy provers,
and in an instant thou hast spewed forth
a whole litany of them, which are as
foreign from the subject as an old bal-
lad. Remember, Sancho, I do not
say that a proverb, properly applied, is
amiss; but to throw in, and fitting to-
gether, old faws, helter-skelter, ren-
der conversation altogether mean and
defpicable.

'When you appear on horseback, do
not lean backwards over the saddle,
nor stretch out your legs stiffly from the
horse's belly, nor let them hang dang-
ing in a slovenly manner, as if you was
upon the back of Dapple; for some
ride like jockies, and some like gen-
tlemen.

'Be very moderate in sleeping; for
he who does not rise with the sun,
cannot enjoy the day; and observe, O
Sancho! Industry is the mother of pro-
perity; and Laziness, her opposite, nev-
er saw the accomplishment of a good
with.

'The last advice which I shall now give
thee, although it does not relate to the
ornament of the body, I declare thou wilt
carefully remember; for, in my opi-
nion, it will be of as much service to
thee, as any I have hitherto mention-
ed; and this it is: Never engage in a
dispute upon pedigree, at least, never
compare one with another; for in all
comparisons, one must of consequence
be preferred to the other; and he whom
you have selected will abhor you; nor
will you ever reap the least return from
him whom you have excelled.

'Your garb shall consist of breeches
and stockings; a full waiscoat, with
skirts and hanging sleeves, and a loose
coat; but never think of wearing trunk
hole, which neither become gentlemen
nor governors.

'This is all that occurs to me at pre-
sent, in the way of advice; but, in pro-
cesses of time, my instructions shall be
proportioned to thy occasions, provided
thou wilt take care to communicate,
from time to time, the nature of thy
situation.'

'Signior,' said Sancho, 'I plainly per-
ceive that all the advices you have giv-
en me, are found and good, and pro-
fitable; but of what signification will
they be, if I forget them all? Indeed,
as for the matter of not letting my
nails grow, or marrying another wife,
in case I should have an opportunity,
it will not easily slip out of my brain;
but as to those other gallimawfries,
quirks, and quiddities, I neither do re-
tain them, nor shall I ever retain more
of them than of last year's rain; and
therefore, it will be necessary to let me
have them in writing; for, though I
myself can neither read nor write, I
will give them to my confessor, that he
may repeat and beat them into my
noodle, as there shall be occasion.'

'Ah, Sinner that I am!' exclaimed
Don Quixote, 'what a scandal it is for
governors to be so ignorant, that they
can neither read nor write! Thou must
know, Sancho, that for a man to be
totally devoid of letters, or left-hand-
knows, argues either that he was descend-
from the very lowest and meanest of peo-
ple, or that he was so wicked and stub-
born, that good example and judicious
precept have had no effect upon his
mind or understanding. This is a
great defect in thy character, and I
with thou wouldst learn, if possible, to
write thy name.'— 'I can sign my
name very well,' answered Sancho;
for, during my stewardship of the bro-
therhood, I learned to make such let-
ters as are ruddled into packs, and
those they tell me flood for my name;
besides, I can feign myself lame of my
right-hand, and keep a secretary to
sign in my room; so that there is a re-
medy for everything but death. And
I having the cudgel in my hand, will
make them do as I command; for he
whole
whose father is mayor—you know—and I shall be a governor, which is still better—Let them come and see, but not throw their squibs or flanders at me: otherwise they may come for wool and go home thorn. The house itself will tell, if God loves it's matter well. A rich man's folly is wilidom in the world's eye: now, I being rich as being governor, and liberal within, as I intend to be, nobody will spy my defects. Make yourself honey, and a clown will have flies. You are worth as much as you have, said my gran-nam; and, Might overcomes right.

"O! God's curse light on thee," cried Don Quixote: "three score thousand devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! A full hour half thou been stringing them together, and every one has been like a dagger to my soul. Take my word for it, these proverbs will bring thee one day to the gallows! for these, thy valets will deprive thee of thy government, or at least enter into associations against thee. Tell me, numclull, where didn't thou find this heap of old faws? or how didn't thou learn to apply them, wildecare? It makes me sweat like a day-labourer, to utter one proverb as it ought to be applied."—"Fore God, Sir master of mine, replied Sancho, your worship complains of mere trifles. Why the devil should you be in dudgeon with me for making use of my own? I have no other fortune or stock, but proverbs upon proverbs; and now there are no less than four at my tongue's end, that come as pat to the purpose as pears in a basket; but, for all that, they shall not come forth; for, fagacious silence is Sancho.*—"That thou art not, Sancho," said the knight; "far from being fagaciously silent, thou art an obstinate and eternal babbler. Nevertheless, I would fain hear those four proverbs that are so pat to the purpose; for I have been ruminating my whole memory, which I take to be a good one, and not a proverb occurs to my recollection."—"What can be better than these?" replied the squire; "Never: thrust your thumb between another man's grinders; and to, Get out of my house! what would you with my wife? there is no reply: Whether the stone goes to the pitcher, or the pitcher to the stone, ware pitcher. Now all these fit to a hair. Let no man meddle with a governor or his substitute; other-wife he will suffer, as if he had thrust his finger between two grinders; and even if they should not be grinders, if they are teeth, it makes little difference: then, to what a governor says, there is no reply to be made, no more than to. Get out of my house! what would you with my wife? and as to the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see the meaning of it: Wherefore, let him who spies a mote in his neighbour's eye, look first to the beam in his own, that people may not say of him, The dead mare was frighted at the fly'd mule; and your worship is very sen-sible that a fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in that of his neighbour."—"There, Sancho, you are mistaken," answered Don Quixote; "a fool knows nothing either in his own or his neighbour's house; because no edifice of understanding can be raised upon the foundation of folly. But here let the subject rest; if thou should'st, left misbehave in thy government, thine will be the fault and mine the shame; I confute myself, however, in reflect-ing that I have done my duty in giv-ing thee advice, with all the earnestness and discretion in my power; so that I have acquitted myself in point of prom-ise and obligation. God conduct thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from an apprehension I have, that thou wilt turn the island topsy turvy; a misfortune which I might prevent, by discovering to the duke what thou art, and telling him all that paunch and corpulency of thine is no other than a bag full of proverbs and impertinence."—"Signior," replied Sancho, "if your worship really thinks I am not qua-lified for that government, I re-nounce it from henceforward for ever. Amen. I have a greater regard for a nail's breadth of my soul, than my whole body; and I can subsist as bare Sancho, upon a crust of bread and an onion, as well as governor on capons and partridges; for, While we
GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH SANCHO WAS CONDUCTED TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND A STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE.

The original of the history, it is said, relates that the interpreter did not translate this chapter as it had been written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who bewails his fate in having undertaken such a dry and confined history as that of Don Quixote; which obliged him to treat of nothing but the knight, and his squire, without daring to launch out into other more grave and entertaining episodes and digressions. He complained, that to be thus restricted in his hand, his pen, and his invention, to one subject only, so as to be obliged to speak through the mouths of a few persons, was an insupportable toil, that produced no fruit to the advantage of the author; and that in order to avoid this inconvenience, he had in the first part used the artifice of some novels, such as the Impertinent Curiosity, and the Captive, which were detached from the history, although many particulars there recounted are really incidents which happened to Don Quixote; and, therefore, could not be suppressed. It was likewise his opinion, as he observes, that many readers being wholly ingrossed with the exploits of Don Quixote, would not bestow attention upon novels, but pass them over either with negligence or difficulty, without adverting to the spirit and artifice they contain: a truth which would plainly appear, were they to be published by themselves, independent of the madness of Don Quixote, and the simplicities of Sancho. He would not therefore inter in the second part any novels, whether detached or attached; but only a few episodes that seem to spring from those very incidents which truth represents; and even these, as brief and concise as they could possibly be related: and since he includes and confines himself within the narrow limits of narration, though his abilities and understanding are sufficient to treat the whole universe, he hopes that his work will not be depreciated; and begs he may receive due praise, not for what he has written, but for what he has left unwritten. Then the history proceeds in this manner.

In the evening that succeeded the afternoon on which the knight admonished his squire, he gave him his admonitions in writing, that he might find some person to read them occasionally; but, scarce had Sancho received, than he dropped them by accident, and they fell into the hands of the duke, who communicated the paper to the duchess, and both admired anew the madness and ingenuity of Don Quixote. Resolving to prostitute the jest, they, that very evening, dis misses Sancho with a large retinue to the place, which he supposed to be an island; the execution of the whole scheme being left to the sagacity of the duke's squire, who was a person of great humour and discretion; for without discretion there can be no humour. He it was who added the part of the Countes Trifaldi, with that pleasantry above related. Thus qualified, and in consequence of the instructions he received from their graces touching his behaviour to Sancho, he had performed his part to admiration. It
It happened, then, that Sancho no sooner beheld the said steward, than he traced in his countenance the very features of Trifaldí, and turning to his master, "Signior," said he, "the devil may fly away with me from this spot where I stand, as an honest man, and a believer, if your worship will not confess that the face of the duke's steward here present, is the very same with that of the afflicted duenna!" Don Quixote, having attentively considered the steward's countenance, replied, "There is no occasion for the devil's running away with thee, Sancho, either as an honest man or a believer; (indeed, I cannot guess thy meaning) for, sure enough, this steward's face is the very same with that of the afflicted duenna; but, nevertheless, the steward and the duenna cannot possibly be the same person: that would imply a downright contradiction, and this is no time to set on foot such enquiries, which would entangle us in the maze of inextricable byways. Believe me, friend, we ought to leave the Lord very earnestly to deliver us from these two evils of wicked wizards, and vile enchanters."—"But this is no joke," answered Sancho; "for I heard him speak a little while ago, and methought the very voice of Trifaldi founded in mine ears. At present, however, I will hold my tongue; but, nevertheless, I will keep a strict eye over him henceforward, in order to discover some other mark either to destroy or confirm my suspicion."—"Do so, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and be sure to send me notice of the discoveries thou shalt make in this particular, as well as of every thing that shall happen to thee in the course of thine administration."

At length Sancho departed with a numerous attendance; he was dressed like a governor, with a long cloak of morrey-coloured camel's, and a cap of the same stuff; he rode upon a mule, with short stirrups; and was followed by Dapple, who, by the duke's express order, was adorned with rich trappings of flaming silk, so that the governor from time to time turned about his head to contemplate the finery of his ass, with whose company he was so well content, that he would not have exchanged it for that of the German emperor.

At parting, he killed the hands of the duke and duchess; and added the benediction of his master, which was given with tears, and received with a whimper.

Courteous reader, suffer honest Sancho to depart in peace and happy time, and lay thy account with two bushels of laughter, which will proceed from thy knowing how he behaved himself in office; and in the mean time, attend to what befel his master this very night; an incident which, if it cannot excite thy laughter, will, at least, induce thee to grin like a monkey; for the adventures of Don Quixote must he celebrated, either with mirth or admiration. It is related, then, that Sancho was no sooner gone than his matter became solitary; and had it been possible, would have revoked the commission, and deprived him of his government; but the duchess being apprized of his melancholy, desired to know the cause, observing, that if it proceeded from Sancho's absence, there was plenty of squire's, duennas, and damsels, in the family, who should serve him to the satisfaction of his utmost wish. 'True it is, my Lady Duchefl, replied Don Quixote, 'I feel the absence of Sancho; but that is not the principal cause of my feeming damfls; and of all the generous proffers of your excellency, I chuse to accept nothing but the good-will with which they are made; for the rest, I humbly beg your excellency will content, and permit me to wait upon myself in my own apartment."—"Truly," said the duchess, 'that must not be; Signior Don Quixote shall be served by four of my damfels, as beautiful as rose.'—"With regard to me," answered the knight, 'they will not be rose, but thorns to prick my very soul; and, therefore, I will as soon fly as permit them, or any thing like them, to enter my chamber. If your grace would continue to bellow your favours, which, I own, I do not deserve, suffer me to be private, and make use of my own doors, that I may raise a wall between my passions and my chastity; a custom which I would not forgo for all the liberality which your highness is pleased to display in my behalf; and, in a word, I will rather sleep in my clothes than content to be undressed by any person whatever.
as a wizzard and inchanter, he resolv'd to destroy all the instruments of his art; as the principal of these, which gave him the greatest uneasiness, because it has transported him from place to place in his operations, he burned Clavelino, that by means of his ashes, and the trophy of the patchment, the valour of Don Quixote might be eternized.'

The knight made fresh acknowledgments of her grace's politenes, and after supper retired to his apartment, without inferring any perfon to accompany or minister unto his occasions; so much was he afraid of meeting with trials, which might provoke or compel him to forego the chaitiy and decorum which he had hitherfor preferred for his mistref Dulcinea, ever schoeling his imagination with the exemplary virtue of Amadis, the flower and mirrour of knight-errantry.

Having locked the door behind him, he undressed himself by the light of two wax tapers; and in the course of this occupation (O misfortune, ill decreed to such a perfonage!) forth broke—not a volley of sighs, or any thing else to differed the purity of his politenes, but about two dozen of stitches in one flocking; which, being thus torn, resembled a lattice: a mishap which was the source of extreme affliction to our worthy Signior; who, on this occasion, would have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk, for his flockings were of that colour.

Here Benengeli exclaim's, 'O poverty, poverty! I know not what should induce the great Cordovan poet to call thee an holy unfrequented gift.' I, though a Moor, am very sensible, from my correspondence with Christians, that holines consists in charity, humility, faith, poverty, and obedience; yet, nevertheless, I will affirm, that he must be holy indeed, who can fit down content with poverty, unless we mean that kind of poverty to which one of the greatest saints alludes, when he says, 'Poffes all things as not poffefing them:' and this is called spiritual poverty. But thou second poverty, which is the cause I spoke of, why wouldst thou assault gentlemen of birth rather than any other clas of people? Why dost thou compel them to cobble their shoes, and wear upon their costs one button?
button of silk, another of hair, and
a third of glass? Why must their ruffs
be generally yellow and ill-fitted?"
(By the bye, from this circumstance we
learn the antiquity of ruffs and starch.*)
But, thus he proceeds: 'O wretched
man of noble pedigree! who is oblig-
ed to administer cordials to his ho-
nour, in the midst of hunger and soli-
tude, by playing the hypocrite with
a toothpick, which he affects to use
in the street, though he has eaten no-
thing to require that act of cleanliness
wretched he! I say, whose ho-
nour is ever apt to be startled, and
thinks that every body, at a league's
distance, obseraes the patch upon his
thoe, his greasy hat, and threadbare
cloak, and even the hunger that pre-
dominates in his belly!'
All these reflections occurred to Don
Quixote when he tore his stockings; but
he confided himself for the misfort-
tune, when he perceived that Sancho
had left behind him a pair of traveling-
boots, which he resolved to wear next
day; finally, he crept into bed, where
he lay penitive and melancholy, as well
for the absence of Sancho, as for the
irreparable misfortune of his stocking,
which he would have gladly mended,
even with silk of a different colour;
one of the greatest marks of misery
which a gentleman can exhibit in the
course of his tedious poverty. After
having extinguished the lights, he found
the weather so hot that he could not
sleep: he therefore arose again, and
opened the casement of a great window
that looked into a fine garden; then it
was, that perceiving and hearing peo-
ples walking and talking together, he
began to listen attentively, while those
below spoke so loud that he heard the
following dialogue.

'Do not, O Emerencia, press me to
sing; for well thou knowest, that
from the moment this stranger entered
the cattle, and mine eyes beheld his
merit, instead of singing, I can do
nothing but weep; besides, my lady's
sleep is rather flight than profound;
and I would not for all the wealth in
the world, that her grace should find
us here. Moreover, suppose she
should still sleep on, without waking,
vain would be my song, unless it
should awake, and attract the atten-
tion of this new Amoess, who is ar-
ived in my territories, in order to
leave me forlorn.'—* Let not these
suppositions have any weight with
you, my dear Altifidora,' replied an-
other voice; 'the duchess is doublet's
asleep, and every body in the house,
ecept the lord of your heart, and
watchman of your soul, who must
'certainly be awake, for I just now
heard him open the casement in his
apartment; sing, therefore, my dis-
affron friend, in a low, sweet, and
plaintive tone, to the sound of thy
harp; and should the duchess over-
hear us, we will lay the blame upon
the heat of the weather.'—* That is
not the cause of my hesitation, O
Emerencia,' replied Altifidora; 'but,
I am afraid that my song will dislofe
the situation of my heart, and I my-
self be cenfured by those who never
felt the slighting power of Love, as a
light and liquorsd damsel; but, come
what will, better have an hot face
than an heavy heart.' At that instant
an harp was ravishingly touched, and
Don Quixote hearing the found, was
struck with amazement; for his imi-
aginari was instantly filled with an in-
finity of similar adventures of roads
and gardens, ferenades, courtships and
swoonings, which he had read in his
vain books of chivalry; and he con-
cluded that some damsel of the duches
was enamoured of him, but that modi-
dy compelled her to keep her inclina-
tions secret. Possessed of this notion,
he began to be afraid of his virtue; but
he resolved, in his own mind, to hold
out to the last; and, recommending
himself, with all his soul and spirit, to
his mistress Dulcinea del Toñóo, de-
termined to listen to the song. With
a view, therefore, to let them know he was
there, he pretended to freeze, a circun-
stance which not a little pleased the
damselfs, who defined nothing so much
as that Don Quixote should hear them.
Then the harp being tuned, Altifidora,
after a flourishi, began the following
duty.

* Cervantes has been frequently caught napping, and here in particular: How could
this be any proof of the antiquity of ruffs
when the adventure happened after the first
part of Don Quixote was published? But, perhaps, this is no other than an ironical
antidote against the trifling discoveries of antiquarians.
SONG.

O Thou! who now a-bed,
In Holland sheets are laid,
And sleep'st from night till morn;
Untouch'd by care and scorn;
The knight of greatest worth
La Mancha e'er brought forth;
More chaste an hundred fold
Than pure Arabian gold;
O hear an hapless maid
By cruel love betray'd!
The flame of thy two fans
Hath scorched her to the bones!
Thou seeking thy own foe,
Hast found another's woe:
Thou gav'st the wound, and sure
Wilt not refuse the cure.
O tell me, valiant youth,
(So God shall prosper truth)
Wast thou in deserts bred,
Or among mountains fed?
Did serpents give thee flocks,
On some bleak barren rock?
Deep in the wild recess
Of forest or morais?
Dulcinea fat and fair,
May boast her shape and air,
That in subjection bold,
A tyger fierce and bold:
Her fame shall live in Banza,
From Ebro to Arlanza,
From Tagus to Henarez,
From Seine to Manganarez,
Would I her place could fill,
I'd give her for good will,
My gayest peacock coat
With golden fringes wrought,
How happy then should I
In thine embraces lie!
Or on some devotion roll,
And scratch thy valiant poll,
Such joys are far above
The merits of my love;
Let me, then, bending low,
With rapture kiss thy toe.
What presents would be made,
Of satin and brocade?
I'd give thee shoes and sock,
Silk hose with silver clocks;
Of cash uncounted sums,
And pearls as big as plums;
So precious, each would feel
As perfect nonpareil,
Manchegan Nero, say,
Doff thou, aloof, survey
The flames that rage and smart
Within my love-dick heart?
A maid I vow and swear,
Young, tender, and sincere;
As yet I have not seen
The borders of fifteen,
My fides are not awry,
Nor laine, nor blind, am I:

My locks with ribbons bound,
Like lilies, sweep the ground;
My nose is flat, 'tis true,
And eke my mouth alack;
But teeth as topaz fine,
Compleat my charms divine;
My voice, as you may hear,
Is tuneful, sweet, and clear;
My temper loft and good,
If rightly understood.
These beauties all to clever,
Are yielded to thy quiver,
And I who tell my story,
Am call'd Altifidora.

Here ended the song of the hapless Altifidora; and here began the horror of the courted Don Quixote; who, fetching a heavy sigh, said within himself—What an unfortunate errant am I, whom no damsel can behold without being enamoured of my person! and how hapless is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, who cannot enjoy my incomparable countenance, without a rival! Queens, what would you have? Empresses, why do you persecute her beauty? Damsels of fifteen, why do you molest such virtue? Leave, leave, I say, that wretched lady, to taunt, enjoy, and triumph, in the lot which love hath decreed her, by subduing my heart, and captivating my soul. Take notice, enamoured tribe, that to Dulcinea alone I am sugar paste, but faint to all the rest of her sex: to her I am honey; but gall and bitterness to such as you. In my eye, Dulcinea alone is beauteous, wise, gay, chaste, and well-born; but all others are homely, foolish, idle, and of humble birth. To be her slave, and her's alone, nature has thrown me into the world; Altifidora may weep or sing; and that lady may despair, on whose account I was pummelled in the castle of the enchanted Moor; Dulcinea's I am resolved to be, bold or rosted, neat, chaste, and well-bred, in spite of all the witchcraft upon earth. So saying, he shut the casement with a flap, and retired to bed, in as much anxiety and concern as if some great misfortune had befallen him. There, then, we will leave him for the present, as we are summoned by the mighty Panza, who is impatient to begin his famous administration.
CHAP. XIII.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH SANCHO PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND BEGAN HIS ADMINISTRATION.

O Thou perpetual explorer of the antipodes, torch of nature, eye of Heaven, and agreeable motive for wine-cooling jars, Thymbrius here, Phoebus there, archer in one place, physician in another, father of poetry, and inventor of music; thou who always rifej; but never settest, although thou seemest to set. Thee I invoke, O sun! by whose assistance man is by man engendered; thee I implore, that thou wouldst favour and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, and enable me to write with precision an account of the great Sancho Panza's administration: for, without thy aid, I find myself lukewarm, feeble, and confused.

To begin, then: Sancho, with his whole retinue, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants, one of the best in the duke's possession; which they told Sancho was called the Island Barataria, either because the name of the place was really Barataria, or because he had very cheaply purchased the government. When he reached the gates of the town, which was wall'd, the magistrates came forth to receive him, the bells were set a ringing, and the inhabitants, with expressions of universal joy, conducted him with vast pomp to the great church, in order to return thanks to Heaven for his safe arrival; then, with some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the Island Barataria.

The equipage, matted beard, corpulency, and diminutive stature of the new governor, furnished food for admiration to every body who did not know the juggle of the contrivances; and even to those acquainted with the mystery, who were not a few. In fine, they carried him from the church to the town-hall, and placing him upon the bench, the duke's steward addressed himself to the governor in these words:

'Is it an ancient custom in this famous island, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of it is obliged to answer some difficult and intricate question that shall be put to him, and by his reply the inhabitants feel the pulse of their new governor's genius, according to which they rejoice or repine at his arrival.' While the steward pronounced this address, Sancho was contemplating a number of large letters written upon the wall that fronted his tribunal, and as he could not read, he desired to know the meaning of that painting on the wall. 'In that place, my lord,' replied the steward, 'is written and recorded, the day on which your excellency has taken possession of this island, for the inscription runs, On such a day and such a month, Signior Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy the government thereof.' And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza? said the governor. 'Who, but your excellency,' answered the steward; 'for this island never saw any other Panza than him who sits on that tribunal.'—Take notice, then, brother,' replied Sancho, 'that Don belongs not to me, nor did it ever belong to any of my generation. Simple Sancho is my name; so was my father called, and so my grandfather; and they were all Panzas, without addition of Don or Donna; and I begin to imagine there are as many Dons as stones in this island; but no more of that: God knows my meaning; and peradventure, if my government lasts above three days, I shall weed out these Dons, which, from their swarms, must be as troublesome as vermin. But pray, Mr. Steward, proceed with your question, which I shall answer to the best of my understanding, whether the townsmen should repine or not repine.'

At that instant two men entered the hall, one in the habit of a labouring man, and the other a taylor with shears in his hand, who, approaching the bench, 'My lord governor,' said he, 'this countryman and I are come before your lordship about an affair which I am going to explain. This
honest man comes yesterday to my shop—for, saving your presence, I am an examined taylor, God be praised! and putting a remnant of cloth in my hand, "Gaffer," said he, "is there stuff enough here to make me a cap?"

I, having handled the piece, replied, "Yes." Now he supposing, as I supposed, to be sure it was a right supposition, that I wanted to cabbage part of the stuff, grounding his suspicion on his own deceit, and the bad character of us taylors, desired I would see if there was enough for two caps; and I, guessing his thoughts, answered, "Yes." And so my gentleman, perceiving in his first and evil intention, went on adding cap to cap; and I proceeded to answer Yes upon Yes, until the number increased to five caps. This very moment the called for them; and when I produced them, he not only refused to pay me for my work, but even demanded that I should either restore the cloth, or pay him the price of it. —'Is this really the cafe, brother?' said Sancho. "Yes, my lord," replied the countryman; but I beg your lordship would order him to shew what sort of caps he has made." —'With all my heart,' cried the taylor; who immediately pulling out his hand from under his cloak, produced five small caps fixed upon the tops of his four fingers and thumb; saying, 'Here are the five caps which this honest man desired me to make; as I shall answer to God and my own conscience, there is not a scrap of the stuff remaining; and I am willing to submit the work to the inspection of the masters of the company.' All the people in court laughed at the number of caps, and the novelty of the dispute, which Sancho having considered for a few moments, 'Methinks,' said he, 'this suit requires no great Discussion, but may be equitably determined out of hand: and therefore my determination is, that the taylor shall lose his work, and the countryman forfeit his cloth; and that the caps shall be distributed among the poor prisoners, without farther hesitation.'

If the sentence he afterwards passed upon the herdsman's knife excited the admiration of the spectators, this decision provoked their laughter; nevertheless, they executed the orders of their governor, before whom two old men now presented themselves, one of them having a cane, which he used as a walking-staff. The other making up to the governor, 'My lord,' said he, 'some time ago, I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and assist him in an emergency, on condition that he should pay them upon demand; and for a good while I never asked my money, that I might not put him to greater inconvenience in repaying than that which he felt when he borrowed the sum; but as he seemed to neglect the payment entirely, I have demanded the money again and again, and he not only refused to refund, but also denies that I ever lent him the ten crowns; or, if I did, he says he is sure they were repaid: now, I having no witnesses to prove the loan, nor he evidence of the re-payment, for indeed they never were repaid, I entreat your lordship to take his oath; and if he swears the money was returned, I here forgive him the debt, in the presence of God.' —'What have you to say to this charge, honest gaffer with the staff?' said Sancho. 'My lord,' replied the senator, 'I confes I lent me the money; and since he leaves the matter to my oath, if your lordship will lower your rod of justice, I will make affidavit, that I have really and truly returned, and repaid the sum I borrowed.' The governor accordingly lowering his wand, the defendant desired the plaintiff to hold his cane until he should make oath, because it incumbered him; then laying his hand upon the cross of the rod, he declared that the other had indeed lent him those ten crowns which he now demanded; but that he, the borrower, had returned them into the lender's own hand, and he supposed he dunned him in this manner, because he had forgot that circumstance. This oath being administered, the great governor asked what farther the creditor had to say to the allegation of the other party. And he answered, that doubtless the defendant had spoke the truth; for he looked upon him as an honest man, and a good Christian; and that as he himself must have forgot the particulars of the payment, he would never demand it from thenceforward. Then the defendant, taking back his cane,
cane, and making his obeisance, quit-
ted the court; while Sancho seeing him
retire in this manner, and perceiving
the resignation of the plaintiff, hung
down his head a little, and laying the
fore-finger of his right-hand on one
side of his nose, continued in this
musing posture for a very small space
of time: then, raising his head, he or-
dered them to call back the old man
with the staff, who had retired: he
was accordingly brought before San-
cho; who said to him, 'Honest friend,
I lend me that staff, I have occasion for
it.'—'With all my heart, my lord,'
replied the elder, reaching it to the
judge: then Sancho took and delivered
it to the plaintiff, saying: 'Now, go
your ways, a God's name! you are
fully paid.'—'Raw, my lord!' said
the old man, 'is this cane then worth
ten crowns of Gold?'—'Yes,' re-
giplied the governor, 'otherwise I am
the greatest dunce in nature: and
now it shall appear, whether or not I
have a noodle sufficient to govern a
whole kingdom.' So saying, he or-
dered the cane to be broke in publick;
and when, in consequence of his com-
mand, it was split slender, ten crowns
of gold were found in the heart of it,
to the astonishment of all the spec'tators,
who looked upon their new governor
as another Solomon. When he was
asked how he could conceive that the
money was in the cane, he answered,
that seeing the deponent give his staff
to the other party before he made oath,
then hearing him declare that he had
really and truly returned the money;
and lastly, perceiving that after his de-
position he took back the staff, it came
into his head that the money was con-
celled within the cane. And in this
instance, we see that governors, though
otherwise fools, are sometimes directed
in their decisions by the hand of God:
besides, Sancho had heard such a story
told by the curate of his village, and
his memory was so tenacious, in re-
taining every thing he wanted to re-
member, that there was not such an-
other in the whole island. Finally, the
two old men went away: the one over-
whelmed with shame, and the other
miraculously repaid; the by-flanders
were astonished; and he whole province
it was to record the sayings, actions,
and conduct of Sancho, could not de-
termine in his own mind, whether he
should regard and report him as a sim-
pleton, or a sage.

This suit being determined, a wo-
man came into court, holding full by
a man habited like a rich herdman,
and exclaiming with great vociferation,
'Justice, my lord governor, justice!
which, if I find not on earth, I will
go in quest of to heaven! My lord
governor of my soul, this wicked
man has forced me in the middle of a
field, and made use of my body as
if it had been a dirty dilficient:
alack, and a-well-a-day! he has rob-
bed me of that which I had preferred
for three and twenty years, in spite of
Moors and Christians, natives and
foreigners: and have I, who was al-
ways as hard as a cork-tree, main-
tained my virtue entire, like a sala-
mander in the midst of flames, or
wood among brambles, to be handled
by the clean hands of this Robin
Goodfellow?'—'That must be en-
quired into,' said Sancho, 'whether
the gallant's hands be clean or no.'

Then turning to the man, he asked
what he had to say to the complaint of
that woman? To this question the cul-
prit replied, with great perturbation,
'My lord, I am a poor herdman who
deal in swine, and this morning went
to market, saving your presence, with
some hogs, and the duties and ex-
tortions, and one thing and another,
ran away with almost all they were
worth; and, in my return, I lighted
on this honest damsel on the road;
and the devil, who will always med-
dle and make, and have a finger in
every pyle, yoked us together. I
paid her handomely; but she, not
satisfied, laid saft hold on me, nor
would she quit her hold until she had
brought me hither: she alleged I
forced her; but, by the oath I have
taken, or am to take, she lies; and
this is the whole truth, without the
least crumb of prevarication.' Then
the governor asked if he had any money
about him; and when he 'owned he
had a leather purse with twenty ducats
in his bosom, Sancho ordered him to
pull it out, and deliver the whole to
the complainant. The man obeyed this
command with fear and trembling;
the woman received this money, and
making a thousand curties to all the
by-flanders, prayed God would preserve
the life and health of my lord gover-

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The heraldman thanked him as fliccibly as he could, and went away, and the audience were struck with admiration after, at the judgment and decisions of their new governor; every circumstanee of which being recorded by his historiographer, was immediately communicated to the duke, who waited for the account with the utmost impatience.

But here let honest Sancho reft a little; for we are summoned in all haste by his master, who is greatly disturbed by the musick of Altisidora.

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE DREADFUL CONSTERNATION, AND CATISSH CONCERT, TO WHICH DON QUIXOTE WAS EXPOSED, IN THE COURSE OF THE ENAMOURED ALTISIDORA'S AMOUR.

We left the great Don Quixote wrapped up in those cogitations that were suggested by the musick of the enamoured damsel Altisidora. With these companions he crept into bed; but, as if they had been fleas and vermin, they would not suffer him to sleep, or indeed enjoy a moment's repose, especially when reinforced with the reflection of his wounded stocking. But as time is so light and nimble, that no rub can retard his career, he galloped along upon the hours, and soon suffered in the morning, which was no sooner beheld by the knight, than he foresaw the gentle down, and being the reverse of lazy, dressed himself in his damoy suit. He put on his travelling boots to conceal...
conceal the misfortune of his hope; 
threw his scarlet cloak over his shoul-
der. cased his head in a green velvet
cap trimmed with silver, slung his trusty 
hanging sword in his buff-belt, took up 
his large rosary, which always depended 
from his wrist, and with great port and 
flegomancy went forth into the hall; 
where the duke and duchesses, already 
dressed, stayed for him. As he paffed 
through a gallery, he perceived Altifi-
dora, and the other maiden her friend, 
who stood waiting for his appearance; 
and he was no sooner beheld by the 
love-fick damsel, than the pretended 
faint away; while her companion re-
cived her in her arms, and with all 
possible dispatch began to unclasp her 
bosom. The knight seeing her fall, 
approached the place where they were, 
saying, 'I know whence these accidents 
proceed.' And the companion re-
plied, 'I do not know whence; for 
Altifidora is the healthiest damsel of 
the whole family, and I never knew 
her so much as fetch a sight from the 
first minute of our acquaintance. I'll 
\betide all the knights-errant in the 
world, if they are all so shy and 
scornful. Signior Don Quixote, I 
will your worship would leave the 
place; for this poor girl will not come 
to herself while you stand here.' 
To this entreaty the knight replied, 
'Be so good, Madam, as to order a 
lute to be left in my apartment; and, 
at night; I will, to the best of my 
power, confide this unfortunate dam-
 fel; for a speedy explanation in the 
beginning, is often an effectual cure 
for those who are indiscreetly in love.' 
So leaving, he went away, that he might 
not be observed in conference with the 
dames; and scarce was he gone, when 
the frowning Altifidora coming to her-
self, said to her companion, 'It will 
be requisite to leave the lute; for, 
doubtless, Don Quixote intends to 
entertain us with music, which can-
not be bad if he is the performer.' 
Then they went and gave an account 
of what had passed, and in particular 
of the lute, to the duchesses, who was re-
joiced beyond measure, and concurred 
with her lord and her women, how to 
execute another joke which should be 
more merry than mischievous. This 
being accordingly contrived, they with 
great glee waited for night; and it 
came palling along in the same pace 
that brought in the day, which these 
graces spent in favoury discourse with 
Don Quixote. On this day the duchesses 
really and truly dispatched one of her 
pages, who acted the part of the en-
chanted Dulcinea in the wood, to Ter-
reza Panza, with her husband's letter, 
and a bundle, which he had left on pur-
pose to be sent home; and the messenger 
had particular orders to bring back a 
circumstantial detail of every thing that 
should pass between him and the gover-
nor's lady. 

This step being taken, and the hour 
of eleven at night arrived, Don Quix-
ote found a lute in his apartment; this 
he tuned, and having opened the win-
dow, perceived people walking below 
in the garden: he immediately ran over 
the strings of his instrument, making 
as good a prelude as he could, then 
hemming and clearing his pipes, he 
with an hoarse, though not untuneable 
voice, sung the following fonnet, which 
he had that very day composed. 

**SONG.**

**LOVE,** with idlenes combin'd; 
Will unhinge the tender mind; 

*But to few, to work, and move,* 
*Will exclude the force of love.* 

*Blooming maid's that would be married,* 
*Must in virtue be unwaried.* 

*Modestly a dow'r will raise,* 
*And be trumpet of their praise.* 

*A cavalier will sport and play,* 
*With a damsel frank and gay.* 

*But, when wedlock is his aim,* 
*Chufe a maid of sober fame.* 

*Passion kindled in the breast,* 
*By a stranger or a guest.* 

*Enters with the rising sun,* 
*And fleets before his race be run.* 

*Love that come so suddenly,* 
*Ever on the wing to fly.* 

*Neither can or will impart,* 
*Strong impressions to the heart.* 

*Pictures drawn on pictures, shew,* 
*Strange confusion to the view.* 

*Second beauty find no bafe,* 
*Where a first has taken place.* 

*Then Dulcinea shall shall reign,* 
*Without a rival or a plain.* 

*Nor shall fate itself controul,* 
*Her sway, or blot her from my soul.* 

*Contancy, the lover's boast,* 
*I'll maintain, whatever it cost.* 

*This my virtue will refine;* 
*This will damp my joy divine.* 

So far had Don Quixote proceeded 
with his song, which was overheard by 
the
the duke and duchesses, Altifidora, and
almost all the people in the castle, when
all of a sudden, from the top of a cor-
ridore immediately above Don Quix-
Gate's window, came down a cord to
which above a hundred horse-bells were
staid; and after this was discharged a
whole flock of cats with smaller bells
fastened to their tails. Such was the
noise occasioned by the tinkling of these
bells, and the meowing of the cats,
that even the duke and duchesses, who in-
vented the joke, were terrified and con-
founded, and Don Quixote animated
and dismayed; especially when two or
three cats chanced to enter his window,
and coursed up and down through his
apartment, which seemed to be haunt-
ed by a whole legion of devils; for they
extinguished the lights, and ran to and
fro, endeavouring to escape, while the
rope with the large bells was lowering
down, and pulling up incessantly; so
that the greatest part of the people in
the family, who were ignorant of the
scheme, heightened with fear and admi-
ration. Then Don Quixote starting
up, and unheathing his sword, began
to fence with the window, exclaiming
aloud, Auant, malignant enchant-
ers! avaut, ye wizzard crew! for I
am Don Quixote de La Mancha,
against whom your whole power and
malice shall not avail." So saying,
he laid about him among the cats,
which had entered his apartments; and
they sprang towards the cafcement, from
whence two of them made their escape;
but the third, finding itself hard presst-
ed by the valour and back-sticks of the
knight, flew at his face, and laid fast
hold on his nose with its teeth and
claws. The pain of this assault affect-
ed Don Quixote in such a manner, that
he began to roar with vast vociferation,
which being heard by the duke and du-
chesses, who guessed the cause of his cries,
they ran instinctly to his chamber, which
they opened with a master-key; and
lights being brought, they found the
poor knight endeavouring with all his
strength to disengage the cat from his
visor. Seeing the unequal fray, they
made haste to part the combatants;
when Don Quixote called aloud, Let
no man part us; but leave me hand
to hand with this demon, this wiz-
yard, this enchanter; and I will make
him sensible of the difference between
him and me, who am Don Quixote
• de La Mancha." The cat, however,
without minding his threats, stuck fast
to his nose; but, at length, the duke
tore it away, and threw it out at the
window; so that the knight remained
with his face like a sieve, and his nose
in no very sound condition; though he
was very much dissatisfied, that they
would not suffer him to finish the en-
gagement he had so obstinately main-
tained with that felonious enchanter.

Oil of Aparicio was immediately
fetched, and Altifidora herself, with
her snowy hands, applied the balm,
flinging in a low voice, as the bound up
his wounds, All these misadventures
befal thee, hard-hearted knight, as a
punishment for thy cruelty and dif-
dain; and God grant thy fquire San-
cho may forget to scourge himself,
that they so much beloved Dulinea
may never be disenchanted, nor thou
enjoy her as a wedded wife; at least,
during the life of me, by whom thou
art adored." To all this apostrophe
Don Quixote answered not a word; but,
heaving a profound sigh, laid himself
along in his bed, and thanked their
graces for this instance of their con-
cern; not that he was afraid of such
a cattish-enchanting and bell-ranging
crew, but on account of the kind in-
tention they had manifested in coming
to his relief. As for the duke and du-
chesses, they left him to his repose,
and went away extremely sorry for the un-
fortunate issue of his joke; for they did
not think Don Quixote would have suf-
ferrcd so terribly by the adventure, which
cost him five days confinement in his
bed, where he was engaged in another
still more diverting, which, however, the
historian will not at present recount,
that he may return to Sancho Panza,
who proceeded in his administration
with equal pleasantery and solicitude.
and four pages came forth and presented him with water for his hands, which he received with great solemnity; then the musick ceasing, he took his place at the upper end of the table, which was accommodated with one feat only, and a cover for himself alone: while close by him stood a perfonage, who afterwards proved to be a phifician, with a red of whalebone in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth that covered the fruit and a great variety of dishes.

One who looked like a student, paid grace; a page tucked a laced bib under Sancho’s chin, and another perfon, who acted the part of fewer, set a plate of fruit before the governor; but scarce had he swallowed a mouthful, when the doctor touching the faid plate with his wand, it was inatched from him in a twinkling; the fewer presented him with another dish, which the governor resolved to prove; but, before he could finger or taste it, the plate being also touched by the wand, one of the pages conveyed it away with incredible dispatch, to the amazement of Sancho, who, looking round him, asked if he must be obliged to eat like a juggler, by flight of hand!

To this interrogation he of the wand replied: ‘My lord governor muft, in eating, conform to the use and customs of other islands where governors reside. I, my lord, enjoy a falary as physician to the governors of this island, and take more care of their health than of my own; studying night and day, and considering the governor’s constitution, that I may be able to cure him, in cafe he should be taken ill; but the principal part of my office is to be present at his meals, where I allow him to eat what I think will agree with his complexion, and refrain him from that which I conceive will be hurtful and prejudicial to his stomach. I therefore ordered the fruit to be removed, because it is dangerously moist; and likewise commanded the other dish to be conveyed away, because it is extremely hot, as containing a number of spices which create thirst, and copious drinking drowns and destroys the radical moisture, which is the essence of life.’—

‘By that way of reasoning,’ said Sancho, ‘that there dith of roasted partridges, which seems to be very well seasoned, will do me no harm.’ To this hint the phifician replied: ‘Of these my lord governor shall not eat while there is breath in my body.’—

‘And pray for what reason?’ said the governor. ‘Because our master Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of physic, expressly fays, in one of his aphorisms, “Omnis faturatio mala, perdid autem poffima”; that is, All repetition is bad, but that with partridge worth of all.’— ‘If that be the case,’ said Sancho, ‘good Mr. Doctor, pray examine all the messes on the table, so as to point out that which will do me least harm and most good, that I may eat without fear of conjuration; for, by the life of the governor, and as God shall prolong it! I am ready to die of hunger; and to deny me victuals, even though Sig-

‘Your lordship is very much in the right,’ replied the phifician: ‘and to begin, I would not have you touch these ragoo’d rabbis, because they are a sharp haired food: of that real, indeed, you might pick a little, if it was not roasted a la daube; but as it is, touch it not.’— ‘The dish that smokes yonder,’ said Sancho, ‘seems to be an olla podrida, and consider- ing the variety of ingredients of which these ollas are compos’d, surely I cannot fail to light on something that will be both savoury and wholesome.’— ‘Abfii!’ cried the phifician, ‘far from us be such a thought. There is not a more per- nicious nutriment upon the face of the earth: leave your ollas to canons, rectors of colleges, and country wed- dings; but let them never appear upon the tables of governors, where elegance and neatness ought to reign. The reason is clear; at all times, in all places, and by all the learned, sim- ple medicines are more esteemed than those that are compound; for in the first, no mistakes can be committed; whereas, in the other, numberless errors may take place, in the quantity and proportion of the ingredients; but what I would advise my lord go- vernor to eat at present, in order to preserve and corroborate his health, is about a hundred confected waters, and a few thin slices of quinces, which will
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will sit easy on his stomach, and assif digestion.'

Sancho, hearing this prescription, threw himself backwards in his chair, and surveying the physician from head to foot, asked in a grave and solemn tone, 'What was his name, and where he had studied?' To this question, the other replied, 'I, my lord governor, am called Doctor Pedro Positive de Bode well*, native of a place called Snatchaway, on the right hand between Caraquel and Almodobar del Campo; and I took my doctor's degree at the university of Offluna. To this declaration Sancho replied, in a rage, 'Hark ye, then, Mr. Doctor Pedro Positive de Bode-ill, native of Snatchaway, which is on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almodobar del Campo, graduate of Offluna, get out of my presence this instant, or by the body of the fun! I will snatch up a cudgel, and beginning with you, employ it in such a manner as not to leave a physician on the whole island; of those, I mean, who are ignorant fellows. As for the learned, virtuous, and discreet members of the faculty, I will place them on my head, in token of respect, and honour them as things divine. But, I say again, be gone, Doctor Pedro Positive, or positively I will take up this chair on which I sit, and make immediate application to your skull; and, should I be called to account for it, when I resign my government, I will extenuate myself by proving that I have done service to God, in slaying a wicked physician, who was a scandal to the commonwealth. Let me have something to eat, therefore, or take back your government; for a poit that will not afford victuals, is not worth a peaef cad.'

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor in such a passion, and was going to snatch himself away from his presence; when, at the very instant, their ears were saluted with the noise of a post-boy's horn in the street; and the gentleman going to the window, informed the governor that there was a courier arrived from my lord duke, with some dispatches of importance. Accordingly the messenger entered the hall, sweating, with marks of consternation in his countenance; and taking a packet out of his bosom, delivered it into the hands of the governor, who gave it to the steward, with orders to read the superscription, which ran thus: 'To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria, to be delivered into his own hands, or that of his secretary.' Sancho hearing the direction, 'Who is my secretary?' said he. One of the people who were present, answered, 'I am secretary, my lord; for I can read and write, and am a Baslayan.— Nay, with that addition,' said Sancho, 'you might be secretary to the emperor himself: open this packet, and see what it contains.' The new-born secretary obeyed the command; and having perused the contents, told his excellency, it was business for his private ear. Then Sancho ordered every body to quit the place, except the steward and gentleman fewer; accordingly the rest retired, with the doctor at their head: and the secretary recited the letter to this effect—

'Have received information, Signior Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island, intend one of these nights, to give you a furious assault; you will therefore be vigilant and alert, that they may not find you unprepared. I am likewise informed, by trysts, that four persons in disguise have entered the town, with intention to take away your life, as they dread the extent of your abilities: be upon your guard, therefore, examine every person who comes to speak with you, and take nothing that comes in a present. I will take care to reinforce you, should you stand in need of assistance; meanwhile, you will act in every thing according to the good opinion I have of your understanding. Your friend,

' THE DUKE.'

'From my castle, August 16th.'

'at 4 in the morning.'

This epistle overwhelmed Sancho with astonishment, which the next pre-

* The Spanish name is Pedro Rozio de Aguero; which, together with Tite Afora, the place of his nativity, I have translated into English, that the humour may be better understood.
tended to share; and turning to the steward, 'What is to be done,' said he; 'and that immediately, is to con-
fine Doctor Positive in a dungeon; for if any body has a design to take
away my life, he is the man; aye, and by the most pitiful, and worst of
all deaths; namely, hunger.'—'True' replied the gentleman fewer; 'and, in
my opinion, your lordship ought not
to eat any of the victuals now on the
table, for they were a present from
certain nuns; and, as the saying is,
'The devil skulks behind the crofs.'
' That is a truth not to be denied,' said Sancho; 'but, in the mean time,
let me have a luncheon of bread, and
about for pounds of raisins, which
cannot be poisoned; for really and
truly, I cannot live without eating;
and if we must be prepared for those
tattles with which we are threatened,
at least let us be well fed; for the
fomach supports the heart, and not
the heart the fomach. You, secre-
tary, must write an answer to my Lord
Duke; and tell him his commands
shall be obeyed tittle tittle. You shall
likewise make my compliments to
my Lady Dache's, beleeching her,
in my name, to remember to lend an
express, with my letter and bundle,
to my wife Teri'a Panza; in so do-
ing she will lay me under great obli-
gation, and I shall take care to be
her humble servant to the utmost of
my power. By the bye, you may
thrust in a How d'ye to my master
Don Quixote de La Mancha, that he
may see I am not of an ungrate-
ful leaven; you may, as a faithful se-
cretary; and honest Bifcayán, add
what you shall think proper; and
most likely to turn out to advantage.
At present, take away these things;
and let me have something to eat;
and I shall manage any spies, mur-
derers, or inc han ters, that may pre-
sume to attack me or my Island.'

Here he was interrupted by a page,
who, coming into the hall, told him
there was a countryman without, who
wanted to speak with his lordship upon
some busineses of the utmost importance.
Those people of busineses are strange
fellows,' said Sancho; 'is it possible
they are ignotont, as not to see that
this is not a proper hour for the tran-
action of busineses? Mayhap they
think, we governors and judges are
not made of flesh and blood, and
therefore require no time for refresh-
ment, any more than if we were
created of marble. As I shall ans-
swer to God if my government holds,
(though I begin to perceive it will
not be of long duration) I will sit
upon the skirts of more than one of
these men of busineses. At present,
tell that honest man to come; but,
first of all, take care that he is not
one of the spies or murderers.—
'There is no occasion, my lord,' an-
swered the page; 'for he seems to be a
simple soul, and either I am very
much mistaken, or he is as honest as
a well-weighted loa f.—' While we
are present,' said the steward, 'there
is nothing to fear.—' Mr. Sewer,' said
Sancho, 'now that Doctor Pedro
Positive is not here, might not I eat
something substantial, even though it
should be nothing better than a lun-
cheon of bread and an onion?—
This night your supper shall make
amends for the defect of dinner, so
as that your lordship shall be perfect-
ly well pleased, and satisfied,' re-
plied the fewer. 'God grant I may
be so!' quoth the governor.

At that instant the countryman en-
tered the hall, of a goodly presence, and
indeed one night have seen that he was
an honest soul, even at the distance of a
thousand leagues. The first thing he
said, was, 'Which of all this company
is my lord governor?'—'Who should
be governor,' replied the secretary,
'but he who sits in the chair.'—
'Then, I humble myself before him,'
said the peasant; who, falling on his
knees, begged leave to kiss his lord-
ship's hand. This request, however,
Sancho would not grant; but ordered
him to rise and explain his busineses.
Accordingly, the countryman getting
up, 'My lord,' said he, 'I am a bu-
bandman belonging to Miguel Turra,
(a place about two leagues from Civili-
dad Real).—'What have we got
another Snatchaway?' cried Sancho;
proceed, brother; for I can tell you,
that I am very well acquainted with
Miguel Turra, which is not far from
our own village.—' This here, then,
is the cafe, my lord,' said the coun-
tryman.
tryman; by the mercy of God, I was married in peace, and in the face of the holy Roman Catholic church; and I have two sons now at college, the youngest of whom is to be a bachelor, and the elder is intended for a licentiate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or rather she was killed by a wicked physician, who gave her a purge when she was big with child, and had it pleased God that the fruit of her womb had come to light, and had been a boy, I would have bred him up a doctor, that he might not have envied his brothers, the bachelor and licentiate. 'So then,' said Sancho, 'if your wife had not died, or been killed, in all likelihood you should not now be a widower.'

'No, my lord, by no manner of means,' answered the countryman. 'Agad!' cried Sancho. 'We are in a thriving way! Pray, go on, brother; for this is an hour more proper for deep than for buffoonery.'

'Well, then,' replied the countryman, 'this fan of mine, who is to be bred a bachelor, became enamoured of a young lady of the same town, called Clara Paralina*, daughter of Andrew Paralino, a very wealthy yeoman; and this name of Paralino does not come from their pedigree, or any family defect; but they have acquired it, because the whole race of them is paralitick; and so, in order to improve the found, they are called Paralino; though to say the truth, the young lady is a perfect oriental pearl; and when you look at her, on her right side, seems to be a very flower of the field; on the left, indeed, she is not quite so amiable, being blind of an eye, which she lost in the small-pox; and although the pits in her face are very large and numerous, her admirers say, that these are not pits, but graves, in which the hearts of her lovers are buried. Then the is so cleanly, that to prevent her face from being defiled, she carries her nose cocked up, as the saying is, so that it seems to be running away from her mouth; yet, for all that, she is extremely beautiful, for she has a very wide mouth, and if she did not want some ten or a dozen teeth, might pass for a very phoenix of beauty. Of her lips I shall say nothing; but they are so thin and delicate, that if it was the custom to reel lips, they might be made up into a thin; but as they are of a different colour from common lips, they appear quite miraculous; for they contain a mixture of blue, green, and orange tawny. My lord governor will pardon me for painting so exactly the parts of her who is to be my daughter. For I love her exceedingly, and like to dwell upon the subject.'

'Paint what you will,' said Sancho; 'for my own part I am hugely delighted with your description, and if I had dined, should not desire a better delight than the picture you have drawn.'

'That shall be always at your service,' replied the countryman; 'and though we are not at present known to each other, the time will come when we shall be better acquainted. And now, my lord, if I could describe her genteel deportment, and tall stature, you would be struck with admiration; but that is an impossible talk, because she is so doubled and bent, that her knees touch her mouth; and yet, for all that, one may see with half an eye, that if she could stand upright, her head would touch the ceiling; and she would have given her hand in marriage to my bachelor before this time, if the could have stretched it out, but it happens to be thrunk and withered; though, by the long channelled nails, one may easily perceive the beauty of it's form and texture.'

'Very well,' said Sancho. 'Now, brother, let us suppose you have painted her from head to foot; tell me what is your request, and come to the point, without going about the bush, through lanes and alleys with a parcel of scraps and circumlocutions.'

'Well then, my lord,' replied the countryman, 'my request is, that you would give me a letter of recommendation to the young lady's father, entertaining him to give his consent to the match, as the parties are pretty equal in the gifts of fortune, and of nature; for, to say the truth, my Lord Governor, my son is possess'd, and scarce a day passes, but he is three
or four times tormented by the foul
friend; and, in consequence of having
once fallen into the fire, his face is
shrivelled up like a skin of parchment,
and his eyes are bleared, and run
woundly; but yet he has the tem-
per of an angel, and if he did not
beat and buffet himself, he would be
a perfect faint.—Do you want any
thing else, honest friend? ' replied
Sancho. 'I did want something else,'
said the countryman, 'but I dare not
be so bold as to mention it: but, out
it shall go; for, take or not take, it
shall never rot in my belly. Why
then, my lord, I with your lordship
would betlio three or six hundred
ducats, to help to set up my batche-
lor; 'I mean, to furnish his house;
for, the truth is, the young couple are
to live by themselves, without being
subject to the peevishness of us old
folks.—Consider if you want any
thing else,' said Sancho, 'and speak
without bashfulness or restraint.'—
'Truly, I want nothing else,' replied
the countryman. Scarcely had he pro-
nounced these words, when, the gover-
non starting up, and laying hold on the
chair that was under him, exclaimed,
'I vow to God, you Don Liliberly,
rascally rustick, if you don't get you
gone, and abscond from my presence
this instant, I will with this chair de-
molish your scull, you knavish son
of a whore, and punish for the devil
himself; is there a time to come
and demand six hundred ducats?
Where the devil should I find them,
you thinkard? or, if I had found
them, why the devil should I give
them to you, you idiotical feconular?
What a posx have I to do with Mi-
guel Turra, or any of the generation
of the Paralino's? Be gone, I say, or,
by the life of my Lord Duke, I'll be
as good as my word; thou art no na-
tive of Miguel Turra, but some fiend
sent from hell to torment me. Hurk
ye, miserable, I have been govern-
or but a day and a half, and you
would have me already in possession
of six hundred ducats!'

The gentlefood never made signs to
the countryman to leave the place; and
he accordingly quitted the hall, hang-
ing his head, and seemingly afraid that
the governor would execute his threats;
for the rogue acte his part to admiration.
But let us leave Sancho's indig-
nation to cool, and peace attend him in
his career, while we return to Don
Quiñote, whom we left with his face
bandaged up for the cure of his catrul
wounds, which were not healed in the
space of eight days; and in that time
an adventure happened to him, which
Cid Haman promises to recount, with
that truth and punctuality he has hi-
thero maintained, in recording even
the most trivial and minute incidents of
this authentick history.

CHAP. XVI.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S ADVENTURE
WITH DONNA RODRIGUEZ, THE
DUCHESS'S DUENNA—AND OTHER
INCIDENTS WORTHY OF ETE-
RNAL FAME.

EXCEEDINGLY peevish and
melancholy was the sore wounded
Don Quiñote, with his face bandaged
and marked; not by the hand of his
Maker, but by the claws of a cat; and,
indeed, such misfortunes are annexed to
chivalry. Six days did he remain
in his chamber, without appearing in
publick; and during this time it was,
that one night, while he lay watchful
and awake, muffing upon his disfaite,
and the persecution of Altibidora, he
heard a key turning in the door of his
apartment, and straight imagined the
enamoured damsel was come to surpize
his chastity, and tempt him to forgo
the fidelity he owned to his mistress Dul-
cinea del Tobolo. On this supposition,
he pronounced with an audible voice,
'No! the greatest beauty upon earth
shall never have such an effect as to
interfere with my adoration of her,
who is impressed and engraven in the
midst of my heart, and in the depth
of my bowels! No, my dear miftress!
whether thou art transformed into a
garlick-eating wench, or as a nymph
of the golden Taurus, art weaving
webs of gold and silver twist: while
ther thou art in the power of Merlin
or Montefinos; wherefoever thou
mayest be, mine thou art, and where-
soever I am, I must be thine. This
ejaculation being uttered, just as the
door opened, he stood upright in his
bed, wrapped up in a quilt of yellow
silk, with a woollen night-cap on his
head, his face and whiskers being bound
up; the first, on account of the irritates
he had received, and the left, in order to preserve the buckle; and in this equipage, he appeared the most extraordinary phantom that the imagination can conceive. His eyes were fixed upon the door, and when he expected to see the yielding and affected Althidora enter, he beheld a most reverend duenna, with a white hemmed veil, so long as to cover her head to foot. Between the fingers of her left hand she held a lighted candle's end, and with her right she formed a shade to keep the glare from her eyes, which were surmounted with large spectacles; and, in this trim, she came treading very softly, and moving her feet with great tranquillity as the advanced. Don Quixote surveyed her from his post, and marking her silence and appearance, concluded the was some bag or force-refs, come in that equipage to annoy him; and, in this opinion, he began to cross himself with great eagerness and devotion. The apparition advancing to the middle of the chamber, and lifting up it's eyes, perceived the knight builtly employed in these devout proceedings: if he was afraid at sight of her, she was no less terrified at his figure; for letting him to tall and yellow, wrapped up in the quilt, and disfigured by the bandages, she cried aloud, 'O Jesus! what do I see?' and in the surprise dropped the candle. Finding herself now in the dark, she attempted to make her retreat, and treading upon her own feet's in the confusion of her fear, she stumbled and fell to the ground: while Don Quixote, sweating with terror, began to ejaculate, 'I conjure thee, O phantom! or whatever thou mayest be, to tell me who thou art, and what thou wouldst have. If thou art a perturbed spirit, let me know, and I will do all that lies in my power to give thee relief; for I am a catholic Christian, well-disposed to befriend all mankind; and, in consequence of this disposition, I received the order of knighthood, which I now profess, and the exercise of that profession extends even so far as to give attendance to souls in purgatory.'

The duenna, bruised as she was with her fall, hearing herself exercised in this manner, grieved from her own fear the terrors of Don Quixote, and in a low and plaintive tone replied, 'Signior

'Don Quixote, I am no phantom, appurition, or soul in purgatory, as your worship seems to suppose, but Donna Rodriguez, chief duenna to my Lady Duches, and I come with one of those necellious cafes which your worship is wont to remedy.'— Pray, tell me, Signora Donna Rodriguez,' said Don Quixote, 'are you in the office of a go-between? because, I would have you to know, that I am altogether unfit for any such commerce, thanks to the peerless beauty of my own mitrefs Dulcinea del Toboso. Finally, I say unto you, Signora Donna Rodriguez, if you will suppose, and lay aside all amorous messages, you may go and light your candle, and return; and we will discourse upon any subject you shall think proper to introduce, saving, as I have already observed, all your dainty incitements.'— Signior,' answered the duenna, I carry messages for no person. Your worship is but little acquainted with my character. Nor am I so tricket in years as to take to these foolishies; for, God be praised! there is still some soul in my body, and my teeth, grinders and all, are fill'd in my head, except a very few I have lost by the rheums that are so rife in this country of Arragon; but, if your worship will wait a minute, I will go and light my candle, and return in an instant, and then I shall recount my disaffter to you, as the physician of all disaffters upon earth.'

So saying, the, without waiting for an answer, quitted the apartment, where the knight waited for her, in the utmost suspense and concern; then being afforded by a thousand reflections upon this new adventure, he began to think it would be very indiffercet, even to much as to dream of exposing himself to the danger of breaking his fidelity to his own interests. 'Who knows,' said he to himself, 'but the devil, who is equally crafty and dextrous, intends at present to seduce me by means of a duenna, after having in vain attempted me with empieffes, queens, duchesses, marquisses, and countesses? for I have often heard it observed by a number of people of good understanding, that he will never give you an high note, if a flat note will serve your turn, and who knows but this solitude,
Toil, solitude, opportunity, and silence, may
wake those desires in me, which are
now asleep, and compel me at their
days to fall, where hitherto I never
to much as stumble? In such emer-
gencies, it is surely better to avoid
than await the battle. And yet, I must
certainly be deprived of my fancies, to
talk and think at this rate; for it is ab-
finitely impossible, that a long, mea-
gre, white veiled, and spectacled du-
nuas, should move or excite a lazi-
vious thought in the lowest born
upon earth. Is there, for example, a
donna in nature who has a tolerable
person? Is there a dona upon this
our globe who is not wrinkled, loath-
borne, and impertinent? Avanti, then,
ye duennian tribe, unifit for any hu-
man entertainment! Praise be to that
lady who is bid to have had at one
either of her offah two marble duennas,
with their spectacles and bobbin ca-
thons, in the attitude of working; and
these figures fulfilled the dignity of
the apartment, as well as if they had
been divas of flesh and blood.

So saying, he tarried from his bed,
with intention to lock the door, and
copy admissimto Sgnora Rodriguez;
but, before he could execute his reso-
lution, that lady had returned with a
lighted wax taper, and seizing Don
Quixote to near her, with his quilt,
bandages, night cap, or hood, she was
again affrighted, and retired backwards
a couple of paces, saying, 'Am I safe,
Sir knight? for your worship's getting
out of bed is no great sign of virile,
Method.'—Madam, replied Don
Quixote, 'I ought to ask you the
same question; and I do accordingly
ask, whether or not I am safe from
afflict and ravishment?—Of whom,
or from whom, do you demand that
security, Sir Knight?' said the du-
nuas.

'Of you, and from you, and you
alone,' answered Don Quixote; 'for
I am not made of marble, nor you of
brass; nor is it now ten o'clock in
the forenoon, but midnight, and some-
thing more, if I am not mistaken; and
we are here in a more close and secret
apartment than in the cave in which
the treacherous and daring Anexas en-
joyed the beautiful and tender-heart-
ed Dido: yet give me your hand, Ma-
dam! for I require no other security
than my own reserve and continence,

\*\*0ther with the appearance of that
moll reverence.'

So saying, he kissed his right hand,
and took hold of her's, which she pre-
sented with the like ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet, in a parenthesis,
swears by Mahomet, that to have seen
these two originals thus linked, and
walking from the door to the bed, he
would have given the best of his two
jackets.

At length Don Quixote slipped into
bed, and Donna Rodriguez felt her-
self in a chair at some distance from it,
without quitting her spectacles or candle;
then the knight shrank under the clothes,
with which he covered himself in such
a manner that nothing but his face ap-
peared; and both parties having com-
piled themselves, the first who broke
silence was Don Quixote, who accost-
ed her in these words: 'Now, Madam
Rodriguez, you may unship and un
lock all that lies upon your
forrowful heart and afflicted bowels;
and I shall listen to your grievances
with sally ears, and redress them
with generous works.'—I believe
as much,' said the duenna: 'for,
from the gentle and agreeable pre-
ference of your worship, I could expect
no other than such a christian reply.'

'This, then, is the case, Signior Don
Quixote; although your worship now
seems to be in this chair, in the
midst of Arragon, and in the doors of
a contemptible and injured duenna,
I was born in the Asturias of Oviedo,
of a family which intermarried with
many of the best in that province;
but my niggardly fate, and the ex-
travagance of my parents, who came
to untimely waft, without knowing
how or wherefore, drove me to the
court of Madrid, where, for the sake
of peace, and in order to prevent
greater misfortunes, my parents pro-
vided me with the place of needle-
woman, in the service of a lady of
quality; and, I would have your
worship to know, that in making
knitting-shears and plain-work, no
person had ever the advantage of me
in the whole course of my life. As
for my parents, after they had seen
me settled in this place, they returned
to the country, and in a few years
went to heaven; for they were ex-
ceeding good catholic Christians.'

Meanwhile, I was left an orphan,
flinted to the wretched filary, and
pitiful wages, commonly given to
such servants in great families: and
so, about that time, a squire of the
house fell in love with me, though
I am sure I gave him no occasion.
He was a man already well thrown
in years, with a venerable beard, and
of a comely appearance, and behoves,
as good a gentleman as the king, for
he was a mountaineer. We did not
correspond so secretly but our in-
tigue came to the knowledge of my
lady; who, waving all questions and
commands, caused us to be married
in peace and in the face of our holy
mother the Roman catholic church.
The fruit of this marriage was a
daughter, who was the death of my
good fortune, if any such I had: not
that I died in child-bed; on the con-
trary, I was safely and feaonably de-
livered; but because, soon after that
event, my poor husband died of a
s fright; and if I had now time to re-
count the manner, I know your wor-
ship would be struck with admira-
tion.

Here the began to weep most bitterly,
and thus proceeded: 'Your worship,
Signior Don Quixote, will pardon me
for not being able to contain myself,
for as often as I remember my un-
fortunate husband, mine eyes run
ever. God be my comfort! with
what dignity did he ride before my
lady, on a mighty mule as black as
jet; for, at that time, they did not
use coaches or chairs, which, they
say, are now in fashion; and the la-
dies always rode behind their squires.
This one circumstance, however, I
cannot help recounting, because it
demonstrates the good breeding and
punctilio of my worthy spouse. One
day, as he entered the street of St.
Jago, in Madrid, which is but nar-
row, he happened to meet a judge,
preceded by two of his officers; and
my good squire no sooner beheld
him, than he turned his mule in or-
der to attend his worship. My lady,
who sat behind him, stood in a whis-
per, 'Blockhead, what are you going
to do? Don't you know that I am
here?' while the judge, out of po-
liteness, strapped his horse, saying,
'Pray proceed, Signior; for, it is ra-
ther my duty to attend my Lady'
'Donna Cäfida,' that was the name
of my mislives. Nevertheless, my
husband still persisted, with his cap in
hand, in his resolution to attend the
judge; and my lady, enraged at his
obstancy, pulled out a large pin, or
rather, I believe, a bodkin, from her
tweezer-case, and thrust it into his
loins; so that my poor man roared
 aloud, and writhed his body in such
a manner, that both he and my lady
came to the ground. Her two lac-
quies ran immediately to lift her up,
and were assisted by the judge and
his officers. The whole gate of
Gudalajara, (I mean, the idle people
about it) were in an uproar; my lady
came home a-foot; and my husband
hastened to a surgeon, declaring he
was thrust through the bowels. His
great courteously soon became publics,
immuch that the very children mock-
ed him in the street; for which rea-
son, and because he was a little short-
ighted, my lady dismissed him from
her service; and he took his dismiss-
ion so much to heart, that I am po-
ositively certain it was the cause of
his death. Thus was I left a forlorn
widow, with a daughter upon my
hands, who, as she grew up, increas-
ed in beauty, like the foam of the
sea. In a word, as I had the cha-
acter of being an excellent needle-
woman, my Lady Duches, who was
just then married to my Lord Duke,
carried me and my daughter, without
more ado, along with her to this
kingdom of Arragon; where, in pro-
cesses of time, my child improved in
all manner of accomplishments, the
hugs like any sky lark, dances light
as thought, cuts a caper as if she was
mad, reads and writes like a school-
master, and calls accounts like a mi-
er. I say nothing of her cleanliness,
for the running water is not
more pure; and if my memory does
not fail me, she is now sixteen years,
five months, and three days, perhaps
one over or under. In a word, this
maid of mine captivated the son of
a rich farmer, who lives in a village
not far from hence, belonging to
my Lord Duke; and so, the young
couple meeting, I know not where
nor how, he, under promise of mar-
riage, played the rogue with my
daughter, and refus'd to perform his
promise; and although my Lord
Duke is well acquainted with the af-
fair; for you must know, I complained to him—not once, but divers
and sundry times, defiring he would
order the young farmer to take my
daughter to wife; he lends a deaf ear
to my complaint, and indeed will
scarcely give me a hearing, because,
forthwith, the young rogue's father is
extremely rich, and lends him mo-
ney; nay, becomes surety for him
when he happens to be in trouble; so
that he will by no means entertain
me, if he but has a foe that can
give him the least umbrage or dif-
gust. Now, dear Sir, my request is,
that your worship would undertake to
redeem this grievance, either by en-
treaty or force of arms; for, as all
the world says, your worship was
born for such purposes, to rectify
wrongs, and protect the wretched.
And I beg your worship will con-
der the orphan state of my daughter,
herself, and her youth, and all those
good qualities which I have told you
of, the poxstes; for in the sight of Hea-
ven, and in my own conscience, I
dare aver, that of all the damsels be-
longing to my Lady Duchefs, there is
not one that comes up to the sole
of her shoe: and though the whom
they call Altifidora, is reckoned the
most sprightly and good-humoured,
when compared to my daughter, she
does not come within two leagues of
her; for, your worship must know,
Signior, all is not gold that glitters.
This same creature, Altifidora, has
more forwardness than beauty, and
more airiness than modesty; besides,
she is not over and above whimsome;
her breath has such a flavour that
nobody can be near her; no, not for a
moment; and even my Lady Duchefs
—blessed be God!—Walls have
ears, as the saying is.

What of my Lady Duchefs! cried Don Quixote. Signora Donna
Rodriguez, I conjure you tell me,
by the life of my soul. Nay, if
you conjure me in that manner, an-
nswered the duenna, I cannot help tell-
ing the truth. Signior Don Quixote
your worship has, no doubt, perceiving
the beauty of my Lady Duchefs;
that freshness of complexion that
shines like polished steel, those cheeks
of milk and cream, with the sun
on one side, and the moon on the
other, and that gaiety with which she
treads, or rather dainties the ground,

feeming to diffuse health and joy
wherever she walks. Well, then,
your worship must know, that the
Virgin! cried the knight, is
t or possible that my Lady Duchefs
should have occasion for such finesses?

I would hardly believe the bare-footed
friars, should they make the affir-
mation; yet, since Donna Rodriguez
seeks it, there is no reason to doubt,
but from those finesses, surely nothing
but liquid amber can flow; and, in
good faith, I am now fully convinc-
ed that the use of finesses must be a
matter of great importance to the pre-
servation of health.

Scarce had Don Quixote pronounced
these words, when the chamber door
drew open, with a sudden flap, which
surprized and disorderd the duenna to
touch a degree, that she dropped the
bottle and candle, and in a moment the apartment
was dark as a dog's mouth, as the saying is.
Immediately, the poor duenna felt her throat assailed by two
hands, which pressed it so close that
she could not speak; while another pers
son, with incredible dispatch, and in
great silence, turned up her petticoats,
and with something like a flipper, be-
gan to make such application to her
pelvis, that she was in a most piteous taking. Although Don Quixote
compassioned her case, he stirred not from his bed, as he did not know
the nature of the assault, but lay snug
and silent, in great fear that the fame
discipline would come round and found
in his own carcase. Nor was his appre-
henition altogether groundless; for the silenc executioners having severely
flogged the duenna, who duct not
complain, advanced to Don Quixote;
and stripping off the sheets and the
quilt, pinched him so fast and so smartly,
that he could not forbear defending himself by dint of fist and the whole affair
was transmitted in wonderful silence.
The battle having lasted about half an
hour, the phantoms vanished, Donna Rodriguez adjusted her petticoats,
and groaning over her misfortune, fainted
away, without speaking a syllable to
the knight, who remained alone, full
of pains and pinches, sorrow and confu-
sion. And here we will leave him,
burning
burning with desire to know who the perverted enchantress was, who had used him in such a cruel manner; but that secret shall be revealed in due season. Meanwhile we are summoned by Sancho Panza; and the excellent plan of our history obliges us to obey his call.

**CHAP. XVII.**

**OF WHAT HAPPENED TO SANCHO PANZA, IN GOING THE ROUND OF HIS ISLAND.**

We left the great governor out of humour, and enraged at the same painting country wag, who had received his cue from the duke’s steward and gentleman-servant, sent thither on purpose to make merry at his expense: nevertheless, he held out roughly against the whole combination, Rude, and good, and simple as he found; and addressing himself to all present, and among the rest to Doctor Pedro Pousitive, who, after the duke’s letter was read, had returned to the hall. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘I am fully convinced that judges and governors are, or ought to be, made of brats, so that they may not feel the importance of people of business, who expect to be heard, and dispatched, at all hours; and at all seasons, come what will, attending only to their own affairs; and if the poor devil of a judge does not hear and dispatch them, either because it is not in his power, or it happens to be an unseasonable time for giving audience, then they grumble and backbite, gnaw him to the very bones, and even besmear his whole generation. Ignorant man of business! foolish man of business! be not in such a violent hurry; wait for the proper season and conjuncture, and come not at meals and sleeping time; for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to nature what nature requires, excepting myself, unhappy wretch that I am, who cannot indulge my appetite, thanks to Doctor Pedro Pousitive Snatchaway here present, who intends that I shall die of hunger, and affirms that such a death is good living, which I pray God may fall to the share of him and all of his kidney! I mean, bad physicians; as for the good, they deserve palms and laurel.’

Every body who knew Sancho was struck with admiration at hearing him talk so elegantly, and could not account for his improvement any other way, than by supposing that pofts and places of importance enlarge the faculties of some, while they flupify the understanding of others. Finally, Doctor Pedro Pousitive Bodewell de Snatchaway promised to indulge his excellence with a plentiful supper at night, even though he should transgress all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. The governor refled satisfied with this declaration, waiting for the approach of night and supper with great impatience; and although time seemed to stand stock-still, the wished-for hour at length arrived, when they treated him with an hachis of beef well onioned, and some calves feet not very fresh: nevertheless, he attacked these dishes with more relish than if he had been served with Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, Sorrento veal, partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos: and, in the midst of supper, turning towards his physician, ‘Take notice, doctor,’ said he, ‘that from henceforth you need not take the trouble to provide dainties and delicate dishes for me; they will only serve to unhinge my stomach, which is used to goats flesh, cow beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions; and, if by accident it chances to receive any of your titbits, it contains them with loathing, and sometimes throws them up: but, Master Sewer may bring me those dishes called **olla podridas**; and the flatter they are, so much the better. In one of these he may crowd and cram all the eatables he can think of, and I will thank him for his pains; nay, one day or other, I shall make him amends; and let no man play the rogue with me: either we are, or we are not; let us live and eat in harmony and peace; for, when God sends the morning, the light shines upon all. I will govern this island

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*Podrida* signifies rotten or marred; hence the *olla podrida* is in French often spoken of as *olla pourrie*.
DON QUIXOTE.

without favour or corruption: and
let every body keep a good look-out,
and mind his own affairs; for, I
would have you to know, the devil's
in the dice; and if you give me
cause, you shall see wonders—yes,
yes; make yourself honey, and the
flies will bite.'

'Assuredly, my lord governor,' said
the steward, 'your lordship hath said
nothing but the truth; and I pro-
mise, in the name of all the islanders
of this island, to serve your lordship
with perfect love, benevolence, and
punctuality: for, the agreeable sam-
ple of government which your lord-
ship hath given in the beginning,
leaves us no room to do, or even to
conceive, any thing that shall redound
to the dishonour and detriment of your
honour.'—'I believe what you say,'
replied Sancho; 'and indeed they must
do 1000 things to think of or eat any otherwise.
And I say again, let the maintenance
of me and my Dapple be taken care of;
for that is the main point in this bu-
iness: and when the time comes, let
us go and make the round; my in-
tention is to clear the island from all
sort of filth, such as vagabonds, idlers,
and immoral people; for I would
have you to know, my friends, that
your idle and lazy fellows are the
fame in a Commonwealth as drones
in a bee-hive, that consume the honey
which the industrious labourers have
made. My resolution is to protect
the farmers and handicraftsmen, to
maintain the prerogative of gentle-
men, reward virtue; and, above all
things, respect religion and the ho-
nor of the clergy.' Tell me, my
friends, what is your opinion of my
plan? Does it smack of something?
or do I thrash my skull to no pur-
pose?—'My lord governor,' said the
steward, 'your lordship speaks too much
to the purpose, that I am struck with
admiration, to hear a man so illiterate
as your lordship (for I believe you do
not know your letters) make so many
observations full of sagacity, and
give counsel so much above every
thing that was expected from your
lordship's capacity, by those who sent
us, as well as by ourselves who are
come hither. Every day produces

something new: jokes are turned into
earnest, and the biters are bit.'

Night being come, and the governor
having flumped with the good leave of
Doctor Pedro, they prepared for going
the round. Accordingly his excellency
went forth, accompanied by the steward,
notary, gentleman-fewer, and historio-
grapher, whose office it was to record
his actions; and attended by such a
number of alguazils and scriveners, as
would have formed a moderate squa-
dron. Sancho walked in the middle
with his rod, and a godly fight he
was to see. Having traversed a few
streets, they heard the clashing of swords,
upon which hastening to the place of
action, they found two men fighting,
who, seeing the officers of justice, de-
filed; and one of them exclaimed,
'Help, in God's name, and the king's!
What, are people suffered to be robb-
ed in this town, and assaulted in
the very middle of the street?—Com-
pose yourself, honest friend,' said San-
cho, 'and let me know the cause of
this quarrel, for I am governor.'

Then his adversary interposing, 'My
lord governor,' said he, 'I will tell
you the whole story in a few words:
Your worship must know, that this
gentleman has been at play at that
gaming-house over the way, where
he has won above a thousand rials,
and God knows how fairly; now, I
being present, decided more than
once in his favour, when the butt was
doubtful, against the dictates of my
own conscience. He took up his win-
ning, and when I expected he would
gratify me with a crown at least, for
good will, as players generally make
such presents to men of honour like
me, who attend in those places, ready
at all adventures to support unreas-
sonable demands, and prevent dis-
turbance, he pocketed the cash, and
gave it away; I followed him out of
humour, yet in the most courteous
manner begged he would indulge
me with eight rials, as he knew me
to be a gentleman without either bu-
iness or fortune; for my parents nei-
ther bred me up to the one, nor left
me the other; and the rascal, who,
by the bye, is as great a thief as
Cacus, and as arrant a sharper as

* Literally, The devil's in Cantiliana, which is a town of Andalusia, near Seville.

Andradilla
Andradilla, would not give me a farthing more than four rials; so that, my lord governor, your excellency may perceive what a shameless and unconscionable rogue it is: but in good faith, if your lordship had not come up, I would have made him disgorge his winning, and taught him how to trim the balance.' When Sancho asked what the other had to say in his own defence, he owned that, as his adversary alleged, he had refused to give him more than four rials, because the plaintiff had often taunted of his bounty; and those who expect such gratification, ought to be thankful, and take cheerfully what their benefactors bestow, without pretending to make peremptory demands upon those who win, unless they know them to be cheats, and that their winning is unfairly acquired. He likewise observed, that there could be no purer mark of his honour and fair play, than his having refused to comply with the demands of such a rascal; for sharpeners are always tributary to those lookers-on who know their knavery. 'The remark is certainly just,' said the steward; 'how will your excellency please to dispose of these men?'—'What must be done, is this,' replied the governor: 'You, Mr. Winner, whether you be good, bad, or indifferent, must immediately pay to this here flash-buckler, one hundred rials; and, besides, disfringe thirty more for the use and behoof of the poor prisoners—and you, Sir, who have neither business, fortune, or employment in this island, take these hundred rials, and some time to-morrow banish yourself from this island for the space of ten years, on penalty (if you disobey the sentence) of compassing the term of your exile in the other world; for, in that case, I will hang you on a gibbet; at least, the executioner shall do it by my order; and let no man presume to reply, or I will chastise him severely.' The one disfrigned, the other received the rials; this quitied the island, that retired to his own lodgings; and the governor, who remained on the spot, said to his followers, 'If my power is not very small, I will supprefs those gaming-houses, which I begin to perceive are very prejudicial to the public.'—'This, at least,' said the notary, 'your excellency cannot supprefs; for it is kept by a person of quality, who, in the course of the year, loses a great deal more than he gets by the cards. Against petty gaming-houses of small account, which are productive of most mischief, and cover more crimes, your lordship may exert your authority; but, in the houses of noblemen and gentlemen of rank, the noted sharpeners dare not put their tricks in practice; and since the vice of gaming is become a common exercise, better play in houses of fashion than in any publick gaming-house, into which an unfortunate wretch is often seduced in the middle of the night, and as it were skinned alive.'—'Mr. Notary,' replied the governor, 'much may be said on that subject.'

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a serjeant who had fall'd hold of a youth, and thus addressed himself to the governor: 'This spark,' my lord, was coming towards us; but no sooner had a glimpse of the officers of justice, than he turned his back, and began to scamper off as nimbly as a fallow-deer; a sur sign of his being something of a delinquent: I pursued him immediately, but should never have overtaken him, had not he stumbled and fallen.'—'Young man,' said Sancho, 'what did you run for?' To this question the youth replied, 'I ran, my lord, in order to avoid the tedious interrogations of justice.'—'What business do you follow?'—'I am a weaver.'—'And what sort of stuff do you weave?'—'Iron heads for lances, with your honour's leave.'—'What! you are a small wit, me thinks, and set up for a joker! Very well, Sir, and where was you going now?'—'To take the air, my lord.'—'And whereabouts do you take the air in this island?'—'Just where it happens to blow.'—'Good again! your answers are pat; and, to be sure, you are a pretty finant young fellow: but, hang ye, youngster, I am the air that will blow in your own poop, until you are safely lodged in prison. Here, take and order him to gaol, I will take order that he shall sleep for one night without air.'—'Fore God!' cried the youth, 'your honour can no more make me sleep in gaol, than you can make me king.'—'And wherefore cannot I make thee sleep in gaol?' replied
replied Sancho: ‘is it not in my power to confine and release thee, when and where I please?— How great forever your honor’s power may be;’ said the young man, ‘it is not sufficient to make me sleep in prison.— How! not sufficient?’ cried Sancho: ‘away with him, and let his own eyes convince him of his mistake; and left the gaoler should profess his interest; ‘and he being carried away in two thousand ducats, if he suffers thee to move one step from the prison.—

All this is matter of mirth,’ answered the youth; ‘for the truth is, all the people upon earth shall not make me sleep in prison.— ‘Tell me, devil,’ said Sancho, ‘half thou get a familiarity to release thee, and loose the chains with which I intend thou shalt be fettered?—’ ‘Now, my lord governor,’ replied the youth with a graceful air, ‘let us argue the matter, and come to the point. Suppose your excellency should order me to be carried to gaol, to be loaded with chains and shackles, and thrust into a dungeon, and lay an heavy penalty upon the gaoler, in case he should allow me to escape and lastly, suppose he should perform his duty with all imaginable care and success; notwithstanding all these precautions, if I have no inclination to sleep, and can keep myself awake all night, without closing an eye, pray tell me, is all your lordship’s power sufficient to make me sleep against my will?— ‘No, surely,’ said the secretary; ‘and the young man has made good his assertion.’—

Provided always,’ said Sancho, ‘that your defying sleep would be merely for your own pleasure, without any intention to contradict mine.— ‘No, my lord,’ replied the youth; ‘I never dreamt of any such intention.—

Then, peace be with you,’ resumed the governor, ‘you may go and sleep at home, and God send you a sound sleep, for I have no design to disturb your repose; but let me advise you, never henceforth to crack a joke upon justice; otherwise you may chance to light upon some of her ministers that will crack your skull.’

The youth went away, the governor continued his circuit, and had not gone far, when two surgeons brought in a person they had taken, saying, ‘My lord governor, this hee person that seems to be a man, is no other than a woman, and that not ugly neither, in man’s cloaths.’ Here they held up two or three lanterns, by the light of which they discovered the face of a woman, seemingly about sixteen years of age, beautiful as a thousand pearls, with her hair tied up in a net of green silk and gold. Having surveyed her from head to foot, they perceived her stockings were of flesh colored silk, tied with garters of white taffeta, and fringes of gold embroidery; her breeches were of green cloth of gold; she had a loose coat of the same stuff, under which she wore a jacket of the finest brocade; and her shoes were white, and made like those used by men. She had no sword about her, but a very rich dagger, and upon her fingers were a great number of valuable rings; in a word, all who beheld the girl were struck with her appearance, though not one of them knew her face; and the inhabitants of the town said they could not conceive who she was. But those who concerted the jokes that were practised upon Sancho were most struck with admiration; for this incident and salvage was not of their contriving; and therefore they stood in suspense, waiting to see the issue of the adventure; while Sancho, confounded at the girl’s beauty, asked who she was, whether she was going, and what had induced her to appear in the habit of a man. She, fixing her eyes upon the ground, with the most engaging bashfulness, replied, ‘My lord, I cannot disclose, in such a publick company, what it concerns me so much to conceal. One circumstance I beg leave to communicate: I am no thief or criminal person; but an unfortunate young lady, compelled by jealously to trespass upon that decorum which is due to my honour and reputation.’

The steward hearing these words, said to Sancho, ‘My lord governor, be so good as to bid the people retire, that this lady may disburden her mind with more freedom.’ The governor accordingly laid his commands upon his attendants, all of whom retired, except the steward, the gentleman fewer, and the secretary; and the young lady, finding they were gone, proceeded to this effect: ‘Gentlemen, I am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazores, a farmer of the wood in this town, who..."
comes frequently to my father's house.

'—Madam,' said the steward, 'this will not go down. I am very well acquainted with Pedro Perez, and know he has neither chief nor child, male or female; besides, you first say he is your father, and then add, he frequently comes to your father's house.'—That circumstance I like;—wife took notice of,' said Sancho. 'Well, gentlemen,' replied the damsel, 'I am in such confusion, that I know not what to say, but the truth is, I am the daughter of Diego de Llana, whom you must all know.—Aye, this goes better,' answered the steward; 'Diego de Llana is my acquaintance, and a gentleman of rank and fortune; I know, too, he has a son and daughter; though, since he was a widower, no person in this town can pretend to say he ever saw the face of his daughter, whom her father keeps so closely shut up, that the sun himself has no opportunity to behold her; and yet, report says she is extremely beautiful.'—'True,' said the damsel; 'I am that very daughter, and whether or not fame has helped me in point of beauty, you yourselves, gentlemen, may judge from your own observation.' So saying, the began to weep most tenderly.

The secretary perceiving her distress, said to the fewer in a whisper, ' Doubtless, something of consequence must have happened to this poor young lady, seeing a person of her quality quits her own home at such an hour, and in such an equipage.'—'Certainly,' replied the other, 'that suspicion is confirmed by her tears.' As for Sancho, he confided her in the best terms he could use, and desired that she would, without fear or constraint, communicate what had befallen her; for they would endeavour to remedy her distress with great sincerity, and by all possible means.

'This, then, is the case, gentlemen,' answered the damsel; 'my father has locked me up for the space of ten years, which are elapsed since my mother was committed to her grave: there is in the house a rich oratory where mass is said; and, in all that time, I have seen nothing but the sun in the heavens by day, and the moon and stars by night. I am utterly unacquainted with the streets, squares, churches, and all mankind, except my father, my brother, and Pedro Perez, the wool farmer, whom, because he comes frequently to our house, I took it in my head to call my father, in order to conceal the name of my real parent. I have been very disconfolate for many days and months, on account of this confinement, and my constant refusal to let me go to church; I longed to see the world, at least the town in which I first drew breath; and I did not think this desire transgressed the bounds of that decorum which young women of fashion ought to preserve. When I heard of bull-fights, darting the javelin, and plays, I desired my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to describe the nature of these and many other things which I had not seen, and he gratified my desire to the utmost of his power; but his description served only to inflame my impatience to behold those spectacles in a word, to cut short the account of my ruin, I say, I desired and intreated my brother—would to God I had never desired or intreated him!' And here she renewed her lamentation; when the steward interrupting,' Madam,' said he, 'be so good as to proceed, and finish the story of your adventures; for your own words and tears keep us all in the utmost suspense.'—'I have little else to say,' replied the damsel, 'though a great many tears to shed; for such irregular desires are always, without fail, attended by such misfortunes.'

The beauty of this damsel having made an impression on the soul of the gentleman fewer, he once more held up the lantern to take another view; and the tears she let fall, he took to be seed-pearl, or the dew-drops of the meadow: nay, his fancy even compared them to oriental pearls, and he ardently wished that her misfortunes might not appear to great as her fihgs and lamentation seemed to indicate.

The governor being tired of the dilatory manner in which the girl told her story, desired she would keep them no longer in suspense; for it was late, and they had a great part of their round hill to perform. Then he, in the midst of interrupted foggings and broken sighs, proceeded thus: 'My mistress and my disalter is nothing else than this; I begged my brother to discharge me in one of his suits, and carry me out.
to see the town, some night while my
father should be asleep; he, impor-
tuned by my entreaties, complied with
my request, and gave me this drest,
while he himself put on a suit of
mine, which fits him to a nicety; for
he has not one hair upon his chin,
and looks exactly like a very hand-
some girl. This night, about an hour
ago, little more or less, we set out
forth from our own house; and con-
ducted by our foot-boy, and our own
unruly desire, went round the whole
town; but, when we wanted to re-
turn home again, we perceived a
great number of people coming up,
and my brother said, "Sister, this
must be the patrol; quicken your
pace, put wings to your feet, and run
after me, that they may not know
who we are, otherwise we shall be in
evil taking." So saying, he took to
his heels, and began—not to run, but
to fly; but scarce had I followed him
six paces, when I fell through fear,
and then came the officers of justice,
who brought me before your lordship,
where, in consequence of my foolish
and rash conduct, I find myself con-
founded and ashamed before so much
company."—"So that after all, Ma-
dam," said Sancho, "no other mishap
has befal/en you, nor was it jealously
that brought you from your own
house, as you alleged in the begin-
ing of your story?"—"Nothing else
has happened to me, nor did I quit
my own home from jealously, but
merely from the desire of seeing the
world, which extended no farther
than a wish to see the streets of this
town.

The truth of this assertion was con-
formed by the arrival of two other fer-
jeants with her brother, whom they had
taken in his flight. He had no other
clothes but a rich petticoat, and a man-
tle of blue damask laced with gold;
on his head there was no cap, or any
other ornament but his own hair, which
was so rich and ruddy, that it looked
like ringslet of gold. The governor,
 steward, and fewer, taking him aside,
that he might not be overheard by his
sister, questioned him about his being
disguised in that drest; and the youth,
with equal bashfulness and disorder,
repeated the same story which his sister
had related, to the unspeakable satis-
faction of the enamoured fewer.

"Gentlefolks," said the governor,
this is certainly a very childish trick,
and in giving an account of your sim-
plicity and bashfulness, there needed not
all this weeping and wailing. Had
you said at first, our names are so and
so, and we fell upon this contrivance
to steal out of our father's house,
merely to gratify our curiosity, with-
out any other design, the affair would
have been at an end, and you might
have spared all this grunting and
groaning."—"Very true," replied San-
cho; "let us go and see you safe home
to the house of your father, who per-
haps has not misled you as yet; and
henceforward be not such a baby, or
so defirious to see the world. The
maid that would keep her good name
flays at home as if she were lame. A
hen and a housewife, whatever they
cott, if once they go gadding will
surely be lost. And the longs to
fee, I ween, is as defirous to be seen.
This is all I shall at present say upon
the subject."

The young man thanked the go-
vernor for his intended civility in seeing
them home; and accordingly they took
the road to their father's house, which
was not far off. When they arrived
at the gate, the brother threw a pebble,
at a cannon, and immediately a maid-
servant who sat up for them, came down
and opened the door, at which they en-
tered, leaving all the company in ad-
miration at their beauty and genteel de-
portment, as well as at their scheme of
seeing the world by night, without go-
ing out of the town; but this they ac-
cepted to their tender years.

The fewers heart was transearmed
by the charms of the sister, whom he
resolved to demand in marriage of her
father the very next day, concluding he
should not meet with a denial be-
cause he was a domestick of the duke's.
Even Sancho was feiz'd with a whim
and inclination to make a match between
the youth and his daughter Sanchica,
and he actually resolved to effectuate it
in due season; taking it for granted no
man would refuse his hand to a gover-
nor's daughter.

Thus ended the round for that night,
and in two days he was, the end of his
government,
government, which overthrew and destroyed all his designs, as will be seen in the sequel.

C H A P. XVIII.

WHICH DECLARES WHO WERE THE INCHANTERS AND EXECUTIONERS THAT SCOURGED THE DUENNA, AND PINCHED AND SCRATCHED DON QUIXOTE—TOGETHER WITH THE EXPEDITION OF THE PAGE; WHO CARRIED THE LETTER TO TERESA PANZA, SANCHO'S SPOUSE.

C ID Hamet, the most punctual inquisitor of the most minute atoms belonging to this genuine history, says, that when Donna Rodriguez quitted her apartment to visit Don Quixote in his chamber, another duenna, who was her bedfellow, perceived her motions, and as all the individuals of that class are naturally disposed to enquire, to pry, and to smite into the affairs of their neighbours, she followed her so softly, that honest Rodriguez knew nothing at all of the matter; and when she saw her enter Don Quixote's apartment, that she might conform to the general custom of all duchesses, who are much addicted to tele-bearers, she, that infant, went and informed my Lady Duchesses, that Donna Rodriguez was in the knight's bed-chamber; the duchesses communicated this intelligence to the duke, and asked leave to go along with Altifidora, and see what the duenna wanted with Don Quixote; the duke granted his permission, and the two, with great caution, treading softly, step by step, went up so close to the chamber-door, as to overhear every thing that was said; and the duchesses hearing how Rodriguez divulged the secret of those healing streams, that flowed from her body, could not bear the duenna's presumption, which was equally resented by Altifidora. Exasperated, therefore, and bent upon vengeance, they burst into the apartment, where they pinched the knight, and flung the duenna, as

hath been already recited; for, affronts levelled directly against the beauty and pride of the fair sex, waken the indignation of the offended party to a great degree, and inspire her with the desire of revenge.

The duchesses recounted the adventure to the duke, who was extremely diverted with the particulars; and her grace resolving to proceed with her jokes, and extract entertainment, from Don Quixote, dispatched the page who had acted the part of Dulcinea, in the contrivance of the disenchanted, which, by the bye, Sancho Panza had by this time forgot, so much was he engrossed by the affairs of his government—the duchess, I say, dispatched the page to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter, and another from her grace, together with a rosary of rich coral in a present.

The history relates, then, that the page, who was a very intelligent acute young fellow, extremely well disposed to contribute to the entertainment of his lord and lady, set out with great satisfaction for Sancho's native place; but, before he entered the village, he saw a number of women washing linen in a brook, and of these he asked, if they could inform him whereabouts lived one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, figure to a certain knight, called Don Quixote de La Mancha. This question was no sooner pronounced, than a girl, who was washing, starting up, 'That Teresa Panza,' cried she, 'is my mother; and that same Sancho my honoured father, and that knight our matter.'—'Come, then, young mistrel, replied the page, conduct me to your mother, for I bring her a letter and a present from that same father of yours.'—That 'I will do with all my heart, kind Sir,' answered the girl; who seemed to be fourteen years of age, over or under; and, leaving the clothes upon which she was at work, to one of her companions, without putting on her cap or her shoes, for she was barefoot, and her hair hung about her eyes, she ran before the page's horse, crying, 'Come along, good Sir, our house is at this end of the village, and there you

* Literally, the Aranjuez of the fountains. Fuentes signifies, either fountains or fuses; and Aranjuez is the name of a delightful palace, about seven leagues from Madrid, famous for gardens and fountains.
DON QUIXOTE.

will find my poor mother in a sorrowful taking, because she has not for many days heard any news of my honoured father. — But now, said the page, I bring her such good news, that she will have reason to bless God for this happy day. In a word, what with dancing, running, and skipping, the wenches arrived at the village; but before they entered the house, the called aloud at the door. Come out, mother Teresa, come out; pray come out; here's a gentleman who brings letters, and other good things, from my good father! Teresa Panza hearing this exclamation, came forth spinning tow from a distaff, with a grey petticoat, so short that it seemed to have been cut close to the placket; a jacket of the same stuff, and an open breasted shirt; she was not very old, though seemingly turned of forty; but strong, pale, nervous, and tough. Seeing her daughter, with the page on horseback, 'What is the matter, child!' said she; 'what gentleman is that?' — 'The very humble servant of my Lady Donna Teresa Panza,' replied the page, who, throwing himself from his horse, ran with great eagerness and humility, to kneel before Madame Teresa, saying, 'Grant me permission to kiss your ladyship's hand, Madame Donna Teresa, as the legitimate and particular confidant of my Lord Don Sancho Panza, sole governor of the island Barataria. — Nay, good Sir, forbear; do not follow me, answered Teresa; I am none of your court dames; but a poor country-woman, a ploughman's daughter, and wife to a squire's servant, but no governor.' — 'Your ladyship!' replied the page, 'is the most worthy confidant of the most superior worthy governor; and this letter and present is an incontestible proof of the truth of what I say.' So saying, he instantly pulled from his pocket the string of coral, set in gold, and tied round her neck; then producing a letter, 'This,' said he, 'is from my Lord Governor, and this other, with the necklace, from my Lady Duchess, who sent me hither.'

Teresa was confounded; and her daughter, so far from astonished, exclaimed, I'll be hanged if our master Don Quixote be not at the bottom of all this; and finally must have given my father that same government or coun-

ship, which he promised him so often!' — 'You are certainly in the right,' answered the page; 'for it is entirely on Signior Don Quixote's account, that Signior Sancho is now governor of the island Barataria, as will appear in this letter.' — 'Pray, good gentleman, read it,' said Teresa; 'for though I can spin, I cannot read so much as a crumb.' — 'Nor I, neither,' added Sanchica; 'but day a moment, I will go and fetch one that shall read it, either the curate himself, or the batchelor Sampson Carrazo, who will come with pleasure to hear news of my father.' — There is no occasion to fetch any person whatever, said the page; 'for though I cannot spin, I can read; and read it I shall.' He accordingly read Sancho's letter from beginning to end; but as it had been already recited, we shall not repeat it in this place. Then he rehearsed the other, which came from the duches, in these words—

'FRIEND TERESA,

THE great talents, and excellent disposition of your husband, Sancho, induced and obliged me to beg of the duke my husband, that he would confer upon him the government of one, among many islands, that are in his possession; and I understand he governs like any jus-tric to them of the Duke, and I thank Heaven heartily, that I have not been deceived in choosing him for that same government; for, Madame Theresa, must know, it is a very hard matter to find a good governor in this world, and God make me as good a woman as Sancho is a governor. I have sent you, my dear friend, a coral necklace set in gold; and I wish, for your sake, it had been of oriental pearls; but, He he that gives, though it were but an egg, would be sorry to see the fame of a leg. The time will come when we shall be better acquainted, and carry on a closer correspondence, and Heaven knows what may come to pass. Commend me to your daughter Sanchica, and tell her from me, to keep herself in readiness; for I mean to match her very high, when perhaps the thinks lead of the matter. I am
Am told your town is famous for fine large acorns; pray send me two dozen, which I shall greatly esteem as coming from your hand. Write me a long letter, giving an account of your health and welfare; and if you should want any thing, you have nothing to do but open your mouth, and it shall be measured. That God would protect you, is the prayer of your loving friend,

'The Duchess.'

La! now,' cried Terefa, when she heard the contents of the letter, 'what a kind, and plain, and humble lady! would I might live, and die, and be buried among such ladies, and not your gentlewomen of this town, who think, forsooth, because they are gentlefolk, the wind must not touch them, and go to church in such finery as if they were perfect queens; nay, they seem to think it a disgrace to look at a poor body; and see here now, how this worthy lady, even though no less than a duchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her own equal; and equal may she be to the highest people in all La Mancha. As to what concerns the acorns, kind Sir, I'll send her a whole peck, so fair and large, that people shall come far and near to see and admire them. For the present, Sanchica, we must look to the entertainment of this gentleman; let his horse be taken care of; fetch some eggs from the stable, and cut some lathers of bacon, and let us treat him like a prince; for the good news he has brought; and his own good countenance, deserves every thing at our hands. In the mean time I'll go out, and give an account of our good fortune to my neighbours, especially our father the curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, who are, and always were, such friends to your father.'—I will do as you desire, mother,' answered Sanchica; 'but remember, you shall give me one half of the string of coral; for I don't take my lady duchesses to be such a ninny as to lend the whole for your life.'—It is all thy own daughter,' replied Terefa; 'but thou must let me wear it a few days about my neck; for in faith and troth, it will rejoice my poor heart.'—It will be still more rejoiced,' said the page, 'when you see the bundle in that portmanteau, consisting of a suit of superfine cloth, which was never wore but one day at the hunting, by the governor, who lends it for the sole use of Miss Sanchica.'—May he live a thousand years!' cried Sanchica, as well as he that brings it, neither more nor less; and even two thousand, if there should he occasion.'

Now Terefa going out with the letters, and the string about her neck, went along playing with her fingers upon the paper, as if it had been a cymbal; and causally meeting the curate and Sampion Carrafo, she began to exasper to saying, 'In good faith, we have no poor kindred now; we have caught the governors; aye, aye, pick me up the bel gentlewom man of them all, ifack! I'll look upon her as an upset.'—What is the matter, Terefa Panza?' said the curate; 'What is the meaning of this rhapsody and what papers are these?'—No rhapsody at all,' replied Terefa, 'but only these letters are from duchesses and governors, and these here upon my neck are true corals; the Ave Maria's and Pater noster are of beaten gold, and I am a gover ness.'—God shield us, Terefa,' cried the curate, 'as we do not understand a word of what you say!'—Seeing is believing,' answered the good woman, putting the letters into his hand; which he having read, in the hearing of Sampion Carrafo, they looked at one another with admiration. When the batchelor alked who brought these letters, Terefa declared they would go along with her to her house, and they would see the messenger, who was a comely youth, like a perfect golden pine-tree, and had brought another present worth twice as much. The curate taking the string of coral from her neck, viewed and reviewed it with great deliberation; and, being satisfied the beads were real fine coral, was again struck with admiration, and exclaimed, 'Now, by the habit which I wear! I know not what to say, or what to think of these letters and presents; on one side I see, and even feel, the worth of these corals; and on the other, I read a letter from a duchess, who begs two dozen of acorns!'—Reconcile
Reconcile these things if you can," said Caraffa; "but now let us go and see the bearer of this packet, whose information will solve all these difficulties."

They accordingly accompanied Teresa, and found the page winnowing a little barley for his beef, while Sanchi-cha was employed in cutting rather to fry with the eggs, for the entertainment of their guest, whose appearance and equipage gave great satisfaction to the new-comers. After the compliments of salutation had courteously passed between them, Sampson intreated him to tell them news of Don Quixote, as well as of Sancho Panza; for although they had perused the letters of this last, and of my lady duchess, they were still overwhelmed with confusion, and could by no means comprehend the meaning of that government, especially of an island, seeing all, or the greatest part of the islands in the Mediterranean, belonged to his majesty. To this remonstrance the page replied, "That Signior Sancho Panza is a governor, there is no fort of doubt; but whether of an island or not, I do not pretend to decide: let it suffice, however, that he governs a place of above a thousand inhabitants; and with respect to the acorns, I can affirm, my Lady Duchess is of such a frank and humble disposition, that her sending for acorns to a countrywoman is not to be wondered at; nay, I once knew her send and borrow a comb of one of her neighbours; for you must know, gentlemen, the ladies of Ar- ragon, although as noble, are not so ceremonious and supercilious, as the quality of Castile, but treat their inferiors with more frankness and familiarity.

In the midst of this conversation, Sanchica coming in with her lap full of eggs, addressed herself to the page, saying, "Pray, tell me, Signior, does my honoured father wear trunk-hose since he was a governor?"—"I have not observed that particular," replied the page; "but certainly he must."—"My God! cried Sanchica, how glad I should be to see my father with trunk hose! let me never thrive, but I have, ever since I was born, longed to see father in laced trunk-breeches."—Laced hose!" said the page; "Lord, Madam, if he lives, and his government should hold but two months, he is in a fair way of rival-veiling with a hood to his riding-coat." The curate and batchelor could easily perceive the page made a jest of his entertainers; but the worth of the coral beads, and the hunting-fuit which Sancho had lent, destroyed all their conjectures; for Teresa had thrown them the green garment; nor did they fail to laugh at the ambition of Sanchica; and their mirth was not extinguished, when Teresa accosting the priest, "Mr. Curate," said she, "do pray cast your eyes about a little, and see if any body be going to Madrid or Toledo, that I may have an opportunity to purchase a round farthing-gale, right and tight, fashionable and of the belt fort; for truly and truly, I am resolved to honour my spouse's government as much as lies in my power; aye, and if they vex me, I'll go to court, and ride in my coach, like all the rest, and the best of them; for she who is married to a governor, may very well procure and maintain such a convenience."—"Yes, footh, replied Sanchica; and would to God it were to-day rather than to-mor-row, although those who saw me feated with my lady mother in the coach, should say, Look at such a one, daughter of such a garlick-eater, how she fits and rolls in a coach, like the pope's lady; but let them trudge in the dirt, so I ride in my coach, with my feet lifted off the ground: An ill year, and worst month, be-tide all the envious grumblers upon earth; and, so I am warm, without and within, the mob may laugh, and the malicious grin. Speak I to the purpose, mother?"—"To the purpose! yes, to be sure, daughter; and all this good luck, and even more, was prophesied by my good man Sancho, and thus shalt fee, daughter, it will not stop until I am a coun- teess; for good fortune wants only a beginning, as I have often heard it observed by thy worthy father, who is likewise the father of proverbs; When they bring thee a heifer, be ready with the halter; When they give thee a government, seize it as God's name; When they bettow a countship, lay thy clutches upon it; and, When they throw thee
'Some good beneficial bone, wag thy tail, and snap at the favour; if not, sleep on, and never answer to good fortune and preferment, when they knock at thy door.'—'And what do I care?' said Sanchica, 'let them say what they will, when they see me exalted in all my finery, and cry, There goes Mrs. Ape, with her buttocks caked in crape: and all the rest of that stuff.'

The curate hearing her remark, 'I cannot believe,' said he, 'but that all the family of the Panzas are born with a bag of proverbs in their bowels; for I have never seen one of them, who does not scatter about old saws, at all times, and in all conversations.'—'Your observation is very just,' said the page; 'for my Lord Governor Sancho utters them at every step; and although many of his proverbs are not much to the purpose, they nevertheless give great pleasure, and are much extolled by my lady duchesses and the duke.'—'What! and do you still, my good Sir,' said the batchelor, 'affirm the truth of that government of Sancho; and that there is actually a duchess who fends letters and presents to his wife? For our parts, although we handle the presents, and have perused the letters, we cannot believe the evidence of our senses, and imagine this is one of those things which our townman Don Quixote supposed to have been effected by enchantment; and therefore, I own, I have an inclination to touch and feel your person, that I may know whether you are a fantastical ambassador, or really a man of flesh and blood.'—'Gentlemen,' replied the page, 'all that I know of the matter is, that I am a real ambassador; that Signior Sancho Panza is effectually a governor; and that my lord duke, and lady duchess, not only could, but actually did, invest him with that government, in which I hear the said Sancho Panza behaves with vast ability. Whether or not there is any enchantment in the cafe, I leave you, gentlemen, to dispute and decide among yourselves; that this is all I know of the matter; I swear by the life of my parents, who are still alive, and whom I love and honour with the utmost reverence of affection.'—'What you say may be true,' answered the batchelor: 'but, Dubitat Augustinus.'—'Doubt as much as you please,' resumed the page: 'what I have said is the naked truth, which will always swim above falsehood, like oil above water; but, Operibus creditis et non verbis: let one of you, gentle men, go along with me, and he shall see with his eyes what he will not believe upon hearsay.'—'I am for that jaunt,' cried Sanchica: 'good Sir, if you will take me up behind you, I shall be glad to go and see my father's worship.'—'The daughters of governors,' said the page, 'never travel alone; but always accompanied by coaches, and litters, and a great number of attendants.'—'Fore God,' replied Sanchica, 'I can travel upon a file-as well as in a coach: you won't find me shy or fearful.'—'Hold your tongue, wench,' said Tereza: 'you know not what you say. The gentleman is in the right: for, Every season has its reason. When it was plain Sancho, it was plain Sancha; but now, being governor, my Lady—I know not if what I say be to the purpose.'—Madam Tereza has said more than she is aware of,' replied the page: 'but, pray, let me have some vicinities, and dispatch me immediately; for I intend to return this evening.'—To this remonstrance the curate answered, 'Sir, you shall come and do penance with me; for Madam Tereza has more inclination than ability to entertain such a worthy guest.' The page, at first, declined the invitation; but, at length, found it was his interest to consent; and the curate conducted him to his parlorage, with great pleasure, that he might have an opportunity to enquire at leisure about Don Quixote and his exploits.

The batchelor offered to write answers to Tereza's letters; but she did not chuse that he should interfere in her affairs; for she looked upon him as a wag. She therefore gave a roll of bread, and a couple of eggs, to a novitiate monk who could write; and he penned two letters, one for her husband, and another for the duchess, indited by Tereza's own noodle, which are not the least entertaining that occur in
in this sublime history; as will be seen in the sequel.

C H A P. XIX.

OF THE PROGRESS OF SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT,—AND OTHER SUCH DIVERTING INCIDENTS.

At length arrived the morning that succeeded the night of the governor's round, which the gentleman more passed without sleep, so much were his thoughts engrossed by the face, the air, and beauty of the disguised damsel; while the steward employed the time in writing an account of Sancho's conduct to his lord and lady, equally astonished at his words and actions, in which folly and discretion were strangely blended.

At last my lord governor arose, and by direction of Doctor Pedro Positive, he was fain to break his fast with a little conserve, and four gulps of cold water, which Sancho would have gladly exchanged for a luncheon of bread and a bunch of grapes; but, finding himself under compulsion, he bore his fate with grief of soul and anxiety of stomach; Pedro Positive giving him to understand, that your flight and delicate dishes animate the genius; consequently were most proper for persons appointed to tasks and offices of importance, in which corporal strength cannot avail so much as the vigour of the understanding. By this fort of sophistry Sancho was subjected to such severe hunger, that he in secret cursed the government; and him who conferred it: nevertheless, in deportment of hunger, and upon the strength of the conserve, he, that day, sat in judgment; and the first cafe that occurred, was a question put by a stranger, in presence of the steward and the rest of the attendants: "My lord," said he, "a certain manor is divided by a large river—I beg your honour will be attentive; for the cafe is of great consequence, and some difficulty. I say, then, upon this river is a bridge, and at one end of it the gibbet, together with a fort of court-hall, in which four judges usually sit, to execute the law enacted by the lord of the river, bridge, and manor, which runs to this effect: 'Whosoever shall pass over this bridge, must first swear whence he comes, and whether he goes: if he swears the truth, he shall be allowed to pass; but if he forswears himself, he shall die upon the gallows, without mercy or reprieve.' This law, together with the rigorous penalty, being known, numbers poffed, and as it appeared they swore nothing but the truth, the judges permitted them to pass freely, and without control. It happened, however, that one man's oath being taken, he affirmed, and swore by his deposition, that he was going to be hanged on that gibbet, and had no other end or intention. The judges having considered this oath, observed, if we allow the man to pass freely, he swore to a lye, and therefore ought to be hanged according to law; and if we order him to be hanged, after he hath sworn he was going to be suspended on that gibbet, he will have sworn the truth, and by the fame law ought to be acquitted. I beg, therefore, to know of your honour, my lord governor, what the judges must do with this man; for hitherto they are doubtful and in suspense; and having heard of your lordship's acute and elevated understanding, they have sent me to intreat your honour, in their names, to favour them with your opinion in a cafe of such doubt and intricacy. To this address Sancho replied, 'Assuredly, those judges who sent you to me, might have spared themselves the trouble; for I am a man that may be said to be rather blunt than acute: nevertheless, repeat the business to that I may understand it fully, and who knows but I may chance to hit the nail on the head.' The interrogator having repeated his story again and again, Sancho said, 'I think I can now explain the cafe in the twining of two balls: and this it is: A man swears he is going to be hanged on such a gibbet; if he actually suffers upon that gibbet, he swears the truth, and by the enacted law ought to be allowed freely to pass the bridge; but if he is not hanged, he swears falsely, and for that reason ought to suffer upon the gibbet.' "The cafe is exactly as my lord governor.
THE LETTER FROM DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA TO SANCHO PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND BARATARIA.

FRIEND SANCHO,

WHEN I expected to hear of thy negligence and impertinence, I was informed of thy discretion, for which I have returned particular thanks to Heaven, that can raise the poor from the dunghill, and extract wisdom from the heart of the fool. I am told thou hast governed like a man, and that thou art a man as if thou wert a beast; such is the humility of thy deportment. Take notice, Sancho, it is often convenient and necessary, for the authority of office, to resist the humility of the heart; for the ornament of the person invested with charges of dignity, ought to be cornformable to what they require, and not measured according to the will of an humble disposition. Apper always well-dressed; for a maypole when decorated lufes its original appearance: not that I advise thee to wear jewels and finery; or, as thou art a judge, to go in the habit of a soldier; but to adorn thyself with that grace which thine office requires,

read load me with cases and doubts, I will soon make them vanish into smoke.

The steward kept his word; for he had a scruple of conscience in famishing such a disagreeable governor; especially as he intended that night to conclude the farce with the last joke he had a commission to execute.

Well, then, Sancho having dined that day, contrary to all the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Snatchaway, the cloth was no sooner removed than a courier entered with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor, who desired the secretary to read it by himself; and then, if there was nothing in it which required to be kept secret, to rehearse it in an audible voice. The secretary, in obedience to his command, having perused it in secret, 'It may be very safe', said he; 'what Signior Don Quixote writes to your lordship, deserves to be printed, and even displayed in golden letters. This is the purport of the letter.'
and to be always clean, and neatly dressed. In order to acquire the good will of the people over whom thou art set, among other things, remember two particulars; one is to be affable to every body—but this I have mentioned upon another occasion: the other is to procure plenty of provision; for there is nothing that gives such vexation to the poor as hunger and death.

Do not ignore a great number of ordinances, but take care that those which are published be good; and, above all things, see that they are maintained and put in execution; for those ordinances which are not observed, might as well be annulled, as they serve to demonstrate that the prince who had discretion and authority to enact them, wanted power to enforce obedience; and those laws which only intimidate, without being put in execution, remembly the King Log of the frogs, which at first terrified his subjects, by whom, however, at the long run, he was despised and infulted. Be thou a father to the virtuous, and a stepfather to the wicked. Thou must not be always rigorous, nor always gentle; but choose the medium between these two extremities, in which lies the point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the slaughter-houses, and the markets; for in such places the presence of the governor will be of great importance. Console the prisoners with hope of being speedily dispatched. Be a bugbear to butchers, for then they will use honest weights; and a terror to market-women, for the same reason. Beware of showing thyself (though thou really shouldst be so, and yet I believe thou art not) a miser, a lecher, or a glutton; for thy people, and those who have concerns with thee, knowing the bias of thine inclination, will batter thee from that quarter, until thou art overthrown into the profundity of perdition. Consider and reconsider, peruse and reperuse, the advices and instructions which I gave thee in writing before thy departure for thy government; and, if thou observest the contents, thou wilt find in them a precious aid, that will alleviate the toils and difficulties which every moment occur to governors. Write to thy noble patrons, to evince thy gratitude; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the vilest sins that can be committed; and the person who is grateful to his benefactor gives indication that he is also grateful to God, whose benefits are so manifold and inceendant. My lady duchess dispatched a messenger with thy hunting-fuit, and another present to thy wife Teresa, and we expect her answer every moment.

I have been somewhat indisposed, in consequence of a certain cat-clawing adventure, which I lately achiev'd with some discomfite of my nose; but that was of no consequence; for if I am maltreated by one set of inchanters, I am protected by another. Let me know if the steward, who is with thee, had any concern in the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, as thou once seem'dst to suspect; and give me an account of everything that betides thee, seeing the distance between us is so small. I think of leaving, in a little time, this idle life, for which I was never designed. I am like to be engaged in an affair, which, I believe, will bring me into disgrace with the duke and duchess; but, although this affects my mind, it shall not influence my conduct; for, in a word, I am resolved to comply with the duties of my profession, rather than with the dictates of their pleasure; in conformity with the old saying, "Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas." I write this sentence in Latin, because I apprehend thou hast learned that language since thou wast a governor. I commit thee to the protection of God, who is the fountain of all good; and am thy friend.

Don Quixote de La Mancha.

Sancho listened with great attention to the letter, which was applauded, for the good sense it contained, by all the hearers; then the governor rising from his chair, thus himself up in his apartment with the secretary, in order to compose an answer to his master, without loss of time. He desired the scribe to write what he should dictate, without the least addition or diminution. The secretary obeyed his command, and the answer was to this effect—

Sancho
The employment of my office is to severe, that I have not time to scratch my head, or even to pair my nails, which I, therefore, wear so long, that God must find some remedy. This I observe, dear master of my fool, that your worship need not be confounded because I have not hitherto given you an account of my well or ill-being in this government; where, by the bye, I suffer more pinching hunger than when we two used to travel through woods and deserts.

My lord duke gave me notice the other day, in a letter, that certain spies had entered the island, in order to murder me; but, as yet, I have discovered none, except a doctor, who has a salary in the place, for killing all the governors that come hither.

They call him Doctor Pedro Positve, and he is a native of Snatchaway; so that your worship may see by his name, what reason I have to fear I shall perish by his hands. This very doctor frankly owns, that he does not cure the distempers which are alreadyformed, but only prevents their formation; and the medicine he prescribes, is falling upon falling, until the patient is clean skin and bone, as if a consumption was not worse than a fever. Finally, he is killing me by inches with hunger; and I find myself dying of pure vexation; for I thought, in coming to this government, I should have hot meals and cool liquor, and regale my body in Holland sheets, upon beds of down; whereas, I am come to penance like a hermit; and as I cannot even do that, I believe, at the long run, the devil will fly away with me.

Hitherto I have neither touched fee, nor fingered bribe; nor can I conceive the reason of such proceeding; for I have been told, that the governors who used to come to this island, even before their entrance, always received a good sum of money, either by way of present or loan, from the inhabitants; a custom observed in other governments as well as in this.

In going the round last night, I found a very beautiful damsel in man's clothes, and her brother in the drees of a woman; my gentleman-fewer is in love with the girl, and, as he says, hath fixed his fancy on her for a wife, and I have chosen the youth for my son-in-law; to-day we two will communicate our thoughts to the father of this young pair, who is one Diego de Llana, a gentleman, and as old a Christian as one would desire.

I visit the markets, according to your worship's advice; and yesterday seeing a buckster selling new nuts, I discovered that she had mixed with a bushel of the new, the same quantity of old nuts that were empty and rotten; upon which I gave the whole to the charity boys, who know very well how to separate the good from the bad, and forbade her to enter the market for fifteen days: I was told I had done gallantly. What I can assure your worship is, that according to the report of this town, there is not a more wicked set of people than those market-women; for they are all without shame, conscience, and moderation; and, indeed, I believe the report, from what I have seen in other corporations.

It gives me great satisfaction to hear that my lady duchess has written to my wife Tereia Panza, and fent the prent your worship mentions; and I will endeavour to shew my gratitude in due season. I beg your worship will kiss her grace's hand, in my name, and tell her I say, she has not thrown her favour into a rotten lack, as our deals shall declare. I should be sorry that your worship came to any reckonings of disgust with my lord duke and lady duchess; for should there be any breach between you, it is very plain the whole would redound to my loss; and, considering the advice you gave me to be always grateful, it would not look well in your worship to be otherwise to those who have done you such favours, and treated you so nobly in their service.

The story of the cat-clawing I do not understand; but do suppose it must have been one of those unlucky frays in which your worship is often engaged with wicked enchanters; but I shall know when we meet.

I would
I would fain present your worship with something, but I know not what to send, except some cylinder-pipes, which are very curiously turned and mounted in this island; though, if my office holds, it shall go hard but I will find something to send, either by hook or crook. If my wife Teresa Panza should write to me, I beg your worship will pay the postage, and forward the letter; for I am extremely dehors to know the state of my family, my wife, and children. And, now, the Lord deliver your worship from evil-designing incanters, and safely and peaceably quit me of this government; which I very much doubt; for I believe I shall leave my bones in it, so cruelly am I treated by Doctor Pedro Positivo. Your worship’s humble servant,

‘SANCHO PANZA THE GOVERNOR.’

The secretary having sealed this letter, dispatched it with the courier; and those who executed the jokes upon Sancho, laying their heads together, contrived a scheme for dismissing him from the administration. The evening his excellency spent in making some wholesome regulations touching the government of what he imagined to be an island. Among other things, he ordained that there should be no monopolizers of provisions in the commonwealth; that wine should be imported from all parts indifferently, at the pleasure of the merchant; with this addition, that he should declare the place from whence it came, so as that a price might be set upon it, according to its worth, fame, and estimation; and he who should be detected in dashing it with water, or falsifying its name, should suffer death for the offence. He moderated the price of all kinds of hose, and particularly of those shoes, which he looked upon as exorbitant; he rated the wages of servants who went at full gallop in the road of interest; he laid severe penalties upon those who should flog lewd and lascivious ballads, by night or by day; he ordered that no blind man should sing his miracle in couples, without an authentic testimony of the truth; it appearing that the greatest part of those sung by blind persons, are false and feigned, to the prejudice of those which are true; he made and appointed an overseer of the poor, not to persecute, but to examine whether or not they were real objects; for sturdy thieves and half drunkards often screen themselves in the shade of feigned lameness, and counterfeit lories. In a word, he made so many good regulations, that they are hishtiero preserved in the place, and called, The Constitutions of the Great Governor Sancho Panza.

CHAP. XX.

IN WHICH IS RECORDED THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND AFFLICTED, OR SORROWFUL MOTHER, OTHERWISE CALLED DONNA RODRIGUEZ.

Cid Hamet recounts, that Don Quixote being now cured of his scrachas, began to think the life he led in the castle was altogether contrary to the order of chivalry which he professed; and therefore he determined to beg leave of the duke and duchess to set out for Saragossa, as the time of the tournament approached; for there he laid his account with winning the armour which is the reward of the victor. Accordingly, while he one day sat at table with the duke and duchess, he began to execute his resolution in asking leave; when behold, all a sudden, two women, as it afterwards appeared, entered the dining-room, covered with mourning from head to foot. One of them approaching Don Quixote, prostrated herself before him, and with her mouth close to his feet, uttered such melancholy, profound, and doleful groans, as overwhelmed all the spectators with confusion; for, although the duke and duchess imagined it was some joke which the servants intended to perpetrate upon the knight; yet, seeing how violently the woman sighed, groaned, and wept, they remained doubtful and in suspense, until the compassionate Don Quixote raised her from the ground, and intreated her to discover herself, by taking away the veil that concealed her ravish face. She complied with his request, and showed herself to be what nobody believed she was; for she displayed the individual countenance of Donna Rodriguez, the duchess of the house, and the other mourner was her daughter.
daughter, who had been seduced by the rich farmer's son. All who knew her were struck with admiration, and the duke and duchess more than any body; for, although they took her to be a fool, and a portion of a lost disposition, they did not think her folly could have risen to such acts of extravagance. In fine, Donna Rodriguez addressing herself to the duke and duchess, 'I hope,' said she, 'your excellencies will give me leave to communicate a little with this knight: for it is necessary I should confer with him, that I may be safely extricated from the dilemma in which I am involved by the presumption of an evil-minded clown.'

The duke having assured her she was at full liberty to confer with Signior Don Quixote as much as she pleased, she directed her voice and her countenance to the knight, saying, 'Some days are elapsed, most valiant knight, since I gave you an account of the wrong and treachery which a wicked peasant has done my dearly-beloved daughter, who is this unfortunate creature now standing before you; and you promised, in her behalf, to redress the wrong she had suffered: but now I am informed that you are going to depart from this castle, in quest of the happy adventures God shall throw in your way; and therefore I could wish that before you begin your career through those paths, you would defy this inflexible ruffian, and compel him to marry my daughter, and so fulfil the promise he made of being her spouse, before he first yoked with her in the way of love; for, to think my lord duke will do me justice, is the fame as to look for pears upon an elm, for the reason which I explained to your worship in private. And upon these terms, the Lord: preserve your worship's health, and grant us his protection.'

To this address, Don Quixote, with great gravity and stateliness of deportment, replied, 'Worthy duenna, modest, or rather dry up your tears, and spare your sighs; for here I undertake to redress the grievances of your daughter: though it would have been better for her, had not she so hastily believed the protestations of lovers, who, for the most part, are very ready and alert to promise, but very heavy and backward in the performance; nevertheless, with the good leave of my lord duke, I will forthwith set out in quest of this perfidious youth, and having found him, defy and slay him, whensoever and wherefore he shall refuse to perform his promise; for the principal aim of my profession is, to pardon the humble, and chastise the haughty; that is, to succour the wretched, and destroy the cruel.' — Your worship,' replied the duke, 'need not give yourself the trouble to go in quest of the ruffian who is the subject of this worthy duenna's complaint; nor is there any occasion for your worship's asking my leave to challenge him to single combat; I consider the challenge as already given; I undertake for it's being conveyed to the party, and even for it's acceptance; and promise that he shall come to answer for himself in person at this castle, where I will furnish both with a lifted field, and observe all the conditions that are wont and ought to be observed in such encounters; for justice shall be equally done to each, according to the obligation that lies on all those princes who furnish hills for combatants within the limits of their territories.' — With this security, then, and the good leave of your grace,' replied Don Quixote, 'I now, for once, renounce my gentility, humble and adjust myself to the level of the delinquent, making myself equal with him, that he may be entitled and enabled to fight with me: I therefore, though in his absence, challenge and defy him, for his wickednefs in seducing this poor creature, who was a maid, and now, through his fault, is deprived of her maidenhead; and he shall either perform the promise he made of being her lawful spouse, or die in default of the performance.'

So saying, he pulled off one of his gloves, and threw it into the middle of the hall; this was taken up by the duke, who said he accepted the challenge in the name of his valet: he likewise appointed the time at the distance of six days, and pitched upon the courtyard of the castle as the field of action: then they agreed to wear the usual arms of knights; namely, the lance, the shield, the
field, the plaited coat of mail, and all other pieces, without the least fraud, treachery, or superstition, to be viewed and examined by the judges of the lists. — 'But, before we proceed,' said the duke, 'it will be necessary that this good duenna, and this mistaken maid, should put the justice of their cause into the hands of Signor Don Quixote; otherwise nothing to the purpose will be done, nor will the challenge ever come to due execution.'

'I do put my cause into his hands,' replied the duenna. 'And I too,' cried the daughter; all in tears, and overwhelmed with shame and confusion. The particulars of this affair being adjusted, and the duke having determined with himself what was to be done in the family, the mourners retired, and the duchesses ordered that for the future they should not be treated as servants, but as ladies adventurers come to her house to demand justice: she therefore allotted a separate apartment to themselves, and they were attended as strangers, not without the amazement of other servants, who could not conceive what would be the issue of the folly and effrontery of Donna Rodriguey and her indiscreet and unhappy daughter.

At this instant, in order to compleat the mirth of the company, and finish their meal with more enjoyment, who should enter the hall but the page who carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, the wife of Governor Sancho Panza! The duke and duchesses were extremely pleased at his arrival, and desirous to know the particulars of his journey, about which he was questioned accordingly. The page answered that he could not describe them in publick, or in a few words; but begged their excellencies would be pleased to reserve the account for their private ear; and, in the meantime entertain themselves with these letters. So saying, he produced two letters, and gave them to the duchesses, one superscribed in these words: 'To my Lady Duchesses of I know not what nor where.' And the other directed, 'To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria, whom God prosper many more years than myself.'

The duchesses would not touch her cake, as the saying is, until she had read her letter, which having opened and perused by herself, when she perceived it might be recited aloud for the benefit of the duke and the company, she rehearsed it with an audible voice, to this effect.

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO THE DUCHESS.

'I Received great satisfaction, my lady, from the letter your grace was pleased to write to me; for, in truth, it was what I greatly desired: the string of coral is very good, and my husband's hunting-suit comes not short of it. Your ladyship's having made my spouse Sancho a governor, has given great pleasure to all our town, although there are some who cannot believe it, especially the curate Mr. Nicholas, the barber, and the batchelor Sampson Carrafo; but that gives me no trouble; for seeing it be so, as it certainly is, let people say what they will; though, if the truth must be told, had not the string of coral and the hunting-suit come, I should not have believed it myself; for in our town, every body takes my husband for a fool, and taken as he was, from governing an herd of goats, they cannot conceive what other government he can be good for. The Lord make him fit for his office, and conduct him in that way which will be most for the advantage of his children!

'For my own part, dear lady of my soul, I am resolved, with your honour's leave, to bring this happy day home to my own house, and lie me to the court, where I will roll in my coach, and burst the eyes of a thousand people who envy my good fortune: I beg, therefore, your excellency will tell my husband to send me money, and let it be a round sum; for it is very expensive living at court, where bread sells for a rial, and meat for thirty maravedis a pound; and that is an unconscionable price. If he does not chuse that I should go, let him give me notice in time, for my feet itch to be a travelling; and my neighbours and gossips tell me, if I and my daughter go to court, and appear in pomp and grandeur, my husband will come to be known by me, more than...
DON QUIXOTE.

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than I by him; because, when peo-
ple ask, "Who are these ladies in that
coach?" one of my servants will an-
swer, "These are the wife and daugh-
ter of Sancho Panza, governor of
the island Barataria." And in this
manner Sancho will be known, I
shall be respected, and to Rome for
every thing.

I was vexed to the heart that this
year there was no acorn harvest in
our town; nevertheless I send your
highness about half a peck, which I
gathered one by one upon the moun-
tain, and went thither on purpose:
I could find none larger, though I
wish they were as big as ostrich eggs.

I hope your pomposity will not
forget to write to me, and I will
take care to send an answer, giving
an account of my own health, and
of every thing that may be worth
mentioning from this place, where I
remain praying to our Lord that he
will preserve your grace, without
forgetting me. My daughter San-
chica and my son kill your honour's
hand: and this is all at present from
her who had much rather see your
grace, than subscribe herself, your
humble servant,

TERESA PANZA.

Great was the satisfaction which all
the hearers received from this letter of
Teresa Panza, though the greatest share
fell to the duke and duchess; and her
grace asked Don Quixote, whether or
not he thought it would be proper to
open the letter directed for the gover-
nor, which she imagined must be ex-
cellent in it's kind. The knight said
he would open it, to oblige her grace;
and having done so, found the con-
tents to this purpose.

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO HER
HUSBAND SANCHO PANZA.

Received thy letter, dear Sancho,
of my soul, and I promise and
swear to thee, on the faith of a ca-
tholick Christian, I was within two
fingers breadth of running mad with
joy; and take notice, brother, when
I heard thou wast a governor, I had
like to have dropped down dead with
pure pleasure; for thou knowest they
say, sudden joy kills as well as deadly
sorrow: thy daughter Sanchica feat-
tered her water about incessibly, out
of mere satisfaction: thy hunting-fuit
lay before me, the string of corals
sent by my lady duchess was tied
round my neck, the letters were in
my hand, and the messenger in my
presence; and yet, I imagined and
believed, that all I saw and handled
was a dream; for who could con-
ceive that a goatherd should come
to be governor of islands? Thou
knowst, my friend, that my mother
said, One must live long to see a
great deal: this I mention, because
I hope to see more if I live longer;
for I do not intend to flop, until I
see thee a farmer, or collector of the
revenue; offices which, though they
carry those who abuse them to the
devil, are, in short, always bringing
in the penny.

My lady duchesses will tell thee
how dreadful I am of going to court;
confider of it, and let me know thy
pleasure; for I will endeavour to do
thee honour there, by riding in my
coach.

The curate, barber, batchelor, and
even the sexton, cannot believe thou
art a governor, and say the whole is
a deception or matter of enchant-
ment, like all the affairs of thy ma-
fter Don Quixote. Sampson vows he
will go in quest of thee, and drive
this government out of thy head, as
well as the madness out of Don
Quixote's head: I say nothing, but
laugh in my own sleeve, look at my
head, and contrive how to make
thy hunting-fuit into a gown and
petticoat for our daughter. I have
sent some acorns to my lady duch-
esses, and I wish they were of gold:
send me some strings of pearl, if they
are in fashion in thy island. The
news of our town are these: the
widow of the hill has matched her
daughter with a bungling painter,
who came here and undertook all
kinds of brash work; the corporation
employed him to paint his majesty's
arms over the door of the town
house; he demanded two ducats for
the job, and they paid him before-
hand; but after he had toiled eight whole days, he produced no-
thing, and saying he could not hit
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upon such trifles, returned the money: and yet for all that, he married with the character of a good workman: true it is, he hath already laid aside the pencil, and taken up the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders, and shaved his head, with intention to become a priest; and this circumstance being known by Minguilla, niece of Min- go Silvato, she is going to sue him upon promise of marriage: evil tongues scruple not to say she is with child by him; but this he positively denies. This year there are no olives, nor a drop of vinegar in the whole town. A company of soldiers marching this way, carried off three girls belonging to the village; but I will not tell thee who they are, because perhaps they will return, and then there will not be wanting husbands who will take them with all their faults. Sanchica, by making bone-lace, clears eight maravedis a day, which she keeps in a pipkin, to be a flock to her when she grows up; but now, that she is a governor's daughter, thou wilt give her a portion without her working for it. The publick fountain is dried up. A thunder-bolt fell upon the pillory, and there may they always light! I expect an answer to this epistle, and thy resolution about my going to court: and fo, God preserve thee more years than I have to live, or as many; for I should not chuse to leave thee behind me in this world. Thy faithful spouse, "Teresa Panza."

The letters were read with admiration, eclett, laughter, and applause; and the entertainment was crowned by the arrival of the courier who brought Sancho's epistle to Don Quixote, which, being likewise recited in publick, rendered the governor's folly extremely doubtful. The duchess retired, in order to be informed by the page of what had happened to him in Sancho's village; and he recounted the particulars at large, without leaving one circumstance untold: he delivered the acorns, together with a cheese, which Terefa vouched for excellent, and even preferred to those of Tronchon. This the duchess received with ex- ceptive pleasure, in the enjoyment of which we will leave her grace, and relate in what manner concluded the government of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all insular governors.

END OF BOOK III. PART II.
THE

ACHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE HIDALGO

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

OF THE TOILFUL END AND CONCLUSION OF SANCHO PANZA’S GOVERNMENT.

Think the affairs of this life will always remain in the same posture; is a wild supposition; on the contrary, every thing goes in a round; I mean, goes round. Spring succeeds winter, summer follows spring, autumn comes after summer, and winter comes in the rear of autumn; then spring resumes it’s verdure, and time turns round on an incessant wheel. The life of man alone runs lightly to it’s end, unlike the circle of time, without hope of renewal, except in another life, which knows no bounds. Thus moralizes Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher; for the knowledge of the frailty and infability of the present life, together with the eternal duration of that which we expect, many, without the light of faith, by natural instinct have attained.

But here our author makes the observation on account of the celerity with which Sancho’s government was finished, consumed, destroyed, and dissolved into smoke and vapour. This poor governor being a-bed on the seventh night of his administration, not crammed with bread and wine, but fatigued with sitting in judgment, passing sentence, and making statutes and regulations; and deep, maugre and in despite of hunger, beginning to weigh down his eye-lids, his ears were saluted with a terrible noise of bells and cries, as if the whole island had been going to wreck.

Sitting up in his bed, he listened attentively, in hope of comprehending the meaning and cause of such a mighty uproar: however, he not only failed in his expectation; but the noise of the cries and the bells being reinforced by that of an infinite number of drums and trumpets, he remained more terrified, confounded, and agaist, than ever. Then starting up, he put on his slippers, on account of the dampness of the ground; though without wrapping himself up in his morning-gown, or in any other sort of apparel; and opening the door of his apartment, saw above twenty persons running through the gallery, with lighted torches, and naked swords in their hands, exclaiming aloud, and all together, ‘Arm, arm, my Lord Governor, arm!’ a vast number of the enemy has landed on the island; and we are lost and undone, unless protected by your valour and activity.’
With this clamour, fury, and disturbance, they rushed towards Sancho, who stood astonished and perplexed at what he saw and heard, and when they came up to the spot, one of them accosting him, "Arms, my lord," said he, "unless you want to perish, and see the whole island destroyed."—For what should I arm?" replied Sancho; "I neither know the use of arms, nor can I give you protection. These matters had better be left to my master Don Quixote; who, in the turning of a straw, would dispatch the whole affair, and put every thing in safety; but, for me, as I am a finner to God, I understand nothing of these hurly-burly's!"—"How! my Lord Governor," cried another, "what dependance is this? Put on your armour, Signior; here we have brought arms offensive and defensive; come forth to the market-place, and be our guide and our general, feeing of right that place belongs to you, as being our governor."—"Arm me, then, a God's name!" replied Sancho. At that instant they took two large bucklers they had brought along with them, and putting over his shirt (for they would not give him time to clothe himself) one buckler before and another behind, they palmed his arms through certain holes they had made in the targets, and fastened them well together with cords, in such a manner, that the poor governor remained quite inclosed, and boarded up as straight as a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or move one single step; and in his hands they put a lance, with which he supported himself as he stood. Having cooped him up in this manner, they delivered him to march out, and conduct and animate his people; in which case he being the northern star, their lantern, and Lucifer, their affairs would be brought to a prosperous issue. "How should I march, unfortunate wight that I am," said Sancho, "when my very knee pans have not room to play, so much am I cramped by these boards, which are squeezed into my very flesh? Your only way is to take me up in your arms, and lay me across, or set me upright in some pollern, which I will defend either with this lance or this carafe."—"Come, my Lord Governor," replied the other, "you are more hampered by fear than by your bucklers. Make haste, and exert yourself, for it grows late; the enemies swarm, the noise increases, and the danger is very pressing.

In consequence of this persuasion and reproach, the poor governor endeavored to move, and down he came to the ground with such a fall that he believed himself split to pieces. There he lay like a tottoie covered with itself's shell, or a flicht of bacon between two trays; or, lastly, like a boat ' stranded with her keel uppermost. Yet his fall did not excite the compassion of those unlucky wags; on the contrary, extinguishing their torches, they renewed the clamour, and repeated the alarm with such hurry and confusion, tramping upon, the unhappy Sancho, and beftowing a thousand strokes upon the bucklers, that if he had not gathered, and shrunk himself up, with drawing his head within the targets, the poor governor would have passed his time but very indifferently; shrunk as he was within that narrow lodging, he sweated all over with fear and consternation, and heartily recommended himself to God, that he might be delivered from the danger that encompassed him. Some tumbled, and others fell over him; nay, one of the party stood upon him for a considerable time, and thence, as from a watch-tower, gave orders to the army, exclaiming with a loud voice, "This way, my fellow-soldiers; for here the enemy make their chief effort! Guard this breach; flout that gate; down with those scaling ladders; bring up the fire-pots, with the kettles of melted pitch, rosin, and boiling oil; barricado the streets with woolpacks!" In a word, he named with great eagerness, all the implements, instruments, and munition of war, used in the defence of a city assaulted; while the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard the din, and suffered grievously, fainted within himself, "O! would it please the Lord that the island were quickly lost, that I might see myself either dead or delivered from this distress! Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected such relief, his ears were filled with a number of voices, crying, "Victory! victory! the enemy is overcome! Rife, my Lord Governor, and enjoy your conquest; and
and divide the spoil taken from the foe by the valour of your invincible arm.

The afflicted Sancho, with a plaintive voice, desired them to lift him up; and when they helped him to rise and set him on his legs again, 'I wish,' said he, 'the enemy I have conquered were nailed to my forehead. I want to divide no spoils; but I beg, and supplicate some friend, if any such I have, to bring me a draught of wine; and that he will wipe me dry of this sweat which has turned me into water.' They accordingly wiped him clean, brought the wine, untied the bucklers, and seated him upon his bed, where he fainted away through fear, consternation, and fatigue. These concerned in the joke now began to be forry for having laid it on so heavy; but Sancho's recovery moderated their uneasiness at his swooning. He asked what it was o'clock; and they answered it was day-break: then, without speaking another syllable, he began to dress himself, in the most profound silence: and all present gazed upon him with looks of expectation, impatient to know the meaning of his dressing himself so earnestly. At length, having put on his cloaths very leisurely, for his bruises would not admit of precipitation, he hied him to the stable, attended by all the by-standers, where, advancing to Dapple, he embraced him affectionately, and gave him the kifs of peace upon the forehead, saying, while the tears trickled from his eyes, 'Come hither, my dear companion! my friend, and sharer of all my toil and diversions; when you and I conformed together, and I was plagued with no other thoughts than the care of mendying your furniture and pampering your little body, happy were my hours, my days, and my years! but since I quitted you, and mounted on the towers of pride and ambition, my soul has been invaded by a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets.'

While he uttered this apostrophe, he was employed in putting the pack-faddle on his as, without being interrupted by any living soul; and Dapple being equipped for the road, he made shift to mount him, with great pain and difficulty: then, directly his words and discourse to the steward, secretary, few., Doctor Pedro, and many others who were present, 'Make way, gentlemen,' said he, 'and let me return to my ancient liberty; let me go in quest of my former life, that I may enjoy a resurrection from this present death: I was not born to be a governor, or to defend islands and cities from the afflaits of their enemies. I am better versed in ploughing and delving, in pruning and planting vines, than in enacting laws, and defending provinces and kingdoms. I know St. Peter is well at Rome—that is, everyone does well in following the employment to which he was bred; a little becomes my hand better than a governor's seat; and I would rather fill my belly with soup-mugre, than undergo the misery of an impertinent physician who starves me to death. I would much rathertolace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and clothe myself with a sheepskin jacket in the winter, being my own master, than indulge, under the subjection of a government, with holland sheets, and robes of fables—God be with you, gentlemen; and pray tell my lord duke, Naked I was born, and naked I remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain. That is, I would say, Pennylefs I took possession of this government, and pennylefs I resign my office; quite the reverse of what is usually the case with governors of other islands. Make way, therefore, and let me go and be platiated; for I believe all my ribs are crushed, thanks to the enemies who have this night paffed and repaifed over my carcasse.' "It must not be so, my Lord Governor,' said Doctor Positive; 'I will give your worship a draught, calculated for falls and bruises, that will instantly restore you to your former health and vigour; and with respect to the article of eating, I promise your lordship to make amends, and let you eat abundantly of every thing you desire.'—'Your promise comes too late," answered Sancho; "and I will as soon turn Turk as forbear going. Those are no jokes to be repeated. Before God! I will as soon remain in this, or accept of any other government, even though it should be presented in a covered dish, as I will fly to Heaven without the help of
of wings. I am of the family of the
Panzas, who are all headstrong, and
if once they say Odds, odds it must
be, though in fact it be even, in spite
of all the world. In this stable I
leave the pilmire's wings, that car-
rried me up into the clouds, to make
me a prey to martlets and other birds;
and now let us alight, and walk softly
and securely on the ground; and
if my feet are not adorned with
pinked shoes of Cordovan leather,
they shall not want coarse sandals of
cord or rushes; Let ewe and weather
go together; and, Nobody thrusts his
feet beyond the length of his sheet.
Now, therefore, let me pace, for it
grows late.'
To this address the steward replied,
'We shall freely allow your lordship
to go, although we shall be great
sufferers in losing you, whole inge-
uinity, and Christian conduct, obliges
us to desire your stay; but it is well
known that every governor is obliged,
before he quits his government, to sub-
mit his administration to a scrutiny;
and if your lordship will give an ac-
count of yours, during the seven days
you have flood at the helm, you may
depart in peace, and God be your
guide.'—Nobody can call me to an
account,' said Sancho, 'but such as
are appointed by my lord duke. Now
to him am I a going, and to him will
I render it fairly and squarely; be-
sides, there is no occasion for any other
proof than my leaving you naked as
I am, to shew that I have governed
like an angel.'—'For God I the
great Sancho is in the right,' cried
Doctor Positive; 'and, in my opinion,
we ought to let him retire; for the
duke will be infinitely rejoiced to see
him.'
All the rest affented to the proposal,
and allowed him to pass; after having
offered to bear him company, and pro-
vide him with every thing he should
want for entertainment of his person,
and the convenience of the journey.
Sancho said he wanted nothing but a
little barley for Dapple, and half a
cheese, with half a loaf, for himself,
the journey being so short, that he had
no occasion for any better or more
ample provision. All the company
embraced him, and were in their turns
embraced by the weeping Sancho, who
left them, equally astonished at his dif-
course, as at his resolute and wise deter-
mination.

C H A P. II.

WHICH TREATS OF MATTERS BE-
LONGING TO THIS HISTORY, AND
NO OTHER WHATSOEVER.

T HE duke and duchess resolved,
that the defiance which Don
Quixote breathed against their vassal
for the cause already mentioned, should
be answered; and although the young
man was in Flanders, whether he had
fled to avoid such a mother-in-law as
Donna Rodriguez, they determined
to supply his place with a Gascon lae-
quey, called Toshius, whom they be-
forehand minutely instructed how to
behave on this occasion.

Two days after these measures were
taken, the duke, told Don Quixote
that in four days his antagonist would
come and present himself in the lists,
armed as a knight, and maintain that
the damsel lyed by one, half of her
beard, and even by every hair of it,
if she affirmed that he had promised her
marriage. The knight received these
tidings with great pleasure, flattering
himself he should do something to ex-
cite the admiration of the whole family;
and he thought himself extremely for-
tunate in having found an opportunity
of shewing this noble pair how far the
valour of his powerful arm extended.
He, therefore, with great joy and fa-
tisfaction, waited the expiration of the
four days, which, reckoned by his im-
patience, seemed equal to four hundred
centuries.

In the mean time, let them pass, as we
have already let many other matter pass;
and attend Sancho, who, between mer-
ry and sad, jogged along upon Dapple,
in quest of his matter, whose company
he preferred to the government of all
the islands upon earth. Well, then,
he had not travelled far from the island
of his government, (for he never dream-
ed of being certified whether what he
had governed was island, city, town, or
village) when he saw coming towards him
six pilgrims, with their flaves, of that
fort which bogs's charity by singing.
So soon, therefore, as they approached
him, they made a lane; and, raising
their voices together, began to sing in
their
their language, though Sancho understood nothing of what they said, except
the word Charity, which they distinctly pronounced; so that he immediately
conceived the meaning of their outlandish song. Now, he being, accord-
ing to the alIeruation of Cid Hamet, extremely charitable, took out of his
bags and gave them the bread and cheese with which he had been furni-
shed, making them understand by signs, that he had nothing else to give. They
received his benefaction cheerfully, pronouncing, however, the word, ‘Guelle,
Guelle,’ to which Sancho answering—
‘I really do not understand what you
want, good people;’ one of them
took a purse from his bosom, and held
it up, giving him to understand they
wanted money. Then Sancho clapping
his thumb to his throat, and display-
ing the back of his hand, signified that
he had not so much as the corner of a
rial, and spurred up Dapple, in order
to make his way through the midst of
them. As he passed, one of them hav-
ing considered him very attentively, laid
hold on Dapple’s halter, and clapping him round the middle, exclaimed aloud,
in very good Castilian—The Lord pro-
tect me! what is this I see? Is it po-
ssible that I actually hold in my arms
my dear friend, and good neighbour,
Sancho Panza? Yes, doubtless; for
I am neither asleep nor drunk.’
Sancho was astonished to hear his
own name, and see himself embraced
by a pilgrim, and a stranger, whom,
though he silently gazed upon him with
the utmost attention, he could by no
means recollect. The pilgrim per-
cieving his surprise—Is it possible,
brother Sancho Panza, said he, ‘that
thou dost not know thy neighbour
Ricote, the Morefo shopkeeper, that
lived in your town?’ Then Sancho,
reviewing him with greater attention,
began to recall his features; and at
length, perfectly recognizing the Moor,
he, without alighting, threw his arms
about his neck, saying—Who the de-
vil could know thee, Ricote, in that
digust? Tell me who has pilgrim-
ized thee; and whereto hast thou
dared to return to Spain, where, if
thou art found and known, thou
wilt suffer for thy raffinels?—If
thou wilt not discover me, Sancho,
I am secure,’ replied the pilgrim; ‘for
in this disguise, nobody will know
me. Let us quit the high-road, and
remove to yon poplar grove, where
my companions intend to take some
refreshment and repose; there thou
shalt partake with them, for they
are a very good sort of people; and
there I shall have leisure to recount
every thing that has befallen me since
I departed from our town, in obe-
dience to his majesty’s proclamation,
which so severely threatened the un-
fortunate people of my nation; as,
no doubt, thou hast heard.’
Sancho assented to his proposal; and Ricote having spoke to the other pil-
grims, they bethook themselves to the
tuft of poplars, at a good distance from
the high-road. There they threw down
their flaves, laid aside their rocquets or
mantles, so as to remain in their dou-
bles; and all of them appeared to be
young men of genteel persons, except
Ricote, who was already advanced in
years. Each had a wallet, in all ap-
pearance well provided; at least, with
incentives which provoked thirst, at the
distance of two leagues. They stretch-
ed themselves upon the ground, and
using the grass as a table-cloth, spread
upon it bread, salt, knives, nuts,
cruits of cheese, and some clean bones
of bacon, which, though, they could
not be eaten, were in a condition to be
fucked with pleasure. They likewise
produced a black dish, which they call-
ed caviere, made of the roes of fishes,
a great awakener of drought; nor did
they want olives, which, though dry
and without pickles, were very sa-
voury and delicate; but what made
the best figure in the field of this ban-
quett, was a bottle of wine which every
pilgrim drew forth from his wallet,
not excepting honest Ricote, who, be-
ing transformed from a Moor into a
German or Teutonian, pulled out his
bottle also, which in size might have
vied with all the other five. They be-
gan to eat with infinite relish, and great
deliberation, finacking their lips at
every mouthful which they took with
the point of a knife, though they are
but little; then, all at once, the whole
squadron together raised their arms and
bottles aloft, and joining mouth to
mouth, with their eyes fixed on the
firmament, they seemed to take aim at
heaven. In this manner, flashing their
heads from side to side, in token of the
satisfaction they received, they con-
T
nued a good while in the act of trans-
fuling the contents of the bottles into
their own bellies.
Sancho beheld this scene, with every
part of which he was perfectly well
pleased; and, in compliance with the
proverb which he very well knew, im-
porting, 'When thou art at Rome,
follow the fashion of Rome,' he beg-
gan an embrace of Ricote's bottle, and
took his aim like the rest; nor was his
satisfaction inferior to theirs. Four
times did their bottles admit of eleva-
tion; but the fifth was to no purpose:
for, by that time, they were as clean
and as dry as a rush; a circumstance
that threw a damp upon the mirth
which had hitherto prevailed. From
time to time each pilgrim, in his turn,
shook hands with Sancho, saying—
'Spaniard or German, all one, good
companion.' To which compliment
Sancho replied—'Good companion, by
the Lord!' bursting out into a fit
of laughter which lasted a whole hour,
without remembering at that time the
least circumstance of what had hap-
pended to him in his government; for
over the times and feasons of eating
and drinking, care seldom holds ju-
ridiction. Finally, the conclusion of
the wine was the beginning of sleep,
which overwhelmed the whole company,
and stretched them along upon the
table and cloth they had been using.
Ricote and Sancho were the only two
who remained awake, in consequence of
having eaten more, and drank less,
than their fellows; then Ricote taking
Sancho aside, they sat down at the
root of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried
in an agreeable slumber; and without
slumbering in the least upon his Spanish
language, he spoke in pure Castilian to
this effect.
'Well thou knowest, O Sancho
Panza, my neighbour and friend, how
the edict and proclamation which his
majesty published against those of
my religion, overwhelmed us all with
terror and confusion; at least,
they terrified me to such a degree,
that long before the time allotted to
us for our removal from Spain, I
thought the rigour of the penalty was
already executed against me and my
children. I therefore resolved, and,
I think, wisely, like the man who
knowing he must quit the house he
lives in, at such a time, provides
himself with another to which he
may remove—I resolved, I say, to
retire by myself, without my family,
and go in quest of some place to
which I might carry it commodiously,
without that hurry and confusion
which attended the departure of my
neighbours; for I was very well con-
vinced, and so were all our elders,
that those edicts were not only threats,
as some people said, but real laws,
that would certainly be put into execu-
tion, at the appointed time: and
this truth I was compelled to believe,
by knowing the base and mad de-
signs which our people harboured; such
designs that, I verily think, his ma-
jesty was divinely inspired to execute
such a gallant resolution. Not that
we were all guilty; for some among
us were firm and staunch Christians:
but they were so few in number, that
they could not oppose the schemes of
those who were otherwise; and it was
dangerous to nurse a serpent in one's
bosome, by allowing the enemy to
live within the house. In a word,
we were justly castigated by the sen-
tence of banishment, mild and gentle
in the opinion of some, but to us the
most terrible that could be pro-
nounced. In what country soever
we are, we lament our exile from
Spain: for, in fine, here we were
born; this is our native country; in
no clime do we find a reception fit-
able to our misfortunes; nay, in
Barbary, and all the other parts of
Africk, where we expected to be re-
ceived, cherished, and entertained, we
have been most injured and maltreat-
ed; we knew not our happiness un-
til we lost it; and so intense is the
longing desire which almost all of us
have to return to Spain, that the
greatest part of those, and they are
many, who understand the language
like me, return to this kingdom,
leaving their wives and children, un-
protected abroad, such is their affec-
tion for this their native soil; and
now, I know, by experience, the
truth of the common saying, Sweet is
the love of native land.
'Leaving our town, as I have al-
ready said, I repaired to France; and,
though there we met with a civil re-
ception, I was desirous of seeing other
countries. I, therefore, travelled in-
to Italy, from whence I paffed into
Germany.
Germany, where people seemed to live
with more freedom: the natives do not
pry with curious eyes into one another's
concerns; every one lives according to
his own humour; for in most parts of
the empire there is liberty of confi-
cence. I left a house which I hired in
a village near Augsburg, and joined in
these pilgrims, a great number of
whom are wont to come hither yearly,
on presence of visiting the sanctuaries
of Spain, which are their Indies, as
being productive of well known ad-
vantage, and most certain gain. They
traverse the whole country; and there
is not a village from which they are not
dismissed with a belly full of meat
and drink, as the saying is, and a rial
at left, in money; so that at the end
of their peregrination, they are above
a hundred crowns in pocket, which,
being changed into gold, they conceal
in the hollow of their flaves, or in the
patches of th'ir cloaks; or talk their
industry in such a manner as to carry
off their purchase to their own country,
in spite of the guards at the passes and
gates, where they are examined and
registered.

My present intention, Sancho, is to
carry off the money I have buried,
which being without the town, I can
retrieve without danger; then I shall
write, or take a passage from Valencia
to my wife, and daughter, who, I know,
are at Algiers, in order to contrive a
method for transporting them to some
port of France, from whence I will
conduct them to Germany; where we
will bear with resignation the will of
Heaven: for, in fine, Sancho, I am
positively certain that my daughter Ri-
cote, and my wife Francisca Ricote,
are real Catholick Christians; and,
though myself am not entirely of that
way of thinking, I have more of the
Christian than the Muffulman; and I
inconspicuously pray to God to open the
eyes of my understanding, that I
may know how to serve him in the
right way. But what excites my
wonder, and baffles my penetration,
is the conduct of my wife and daugh-
ter; who have chosen to retire into
Barbary, rather than to France,
where they might have lived as Chris-
tians.

To this observation Sancho replied—

Why, look ye, Ricote, they were not,
I suppose, at liberty to chuse for them-
selves, inasmuch as they were carried
off by your wife's brother, John Tin-
pieyo, who, being a rank Moor, would
naturally go to the place where he
himself intended to make his abode:
and, I can tell you, moreover, I believe
it will be in vain for you to go in
search of what you left under ground;
for we are informed that thy wife and
brother-in-law were stripped of a
number of pears, and a great deal of
money, which was carried off to be re-
gistered. — That may be very true,
said Ricote: but I am certain, Sancho,
they have not touched my board;
for I would not tell them where it
was hid, because I dreaded some mis-
fortunes: and, therefore, Sancho, if
thou wilt come along with me, and
afflict me in taking up and concealing
it, I will gratify thee with two hun-
dred crowns, to relieve thy necessities,
which thou art sensible I know to be
manifold. — I would comply with
thy proposal, answered Sancho; but
I am not at all covetous; were I that
way inclined, I this morning quitted
an employment by which I might
have been enabled to build the walls of
my house of beaten gold, and in less
than fix months, eat out of plate: for
this reason, therefore, and because I
should think myself guilty of treason
to my king, in favouring his enemies,
I will not go along with thee, even
though in lieu of promising me two
hundred, thou shouldst here lay
down four hundred crowns upon the
nail.'— And, pray, what office is
this that thou hast quitted? 'said Ri-
cote. I have quitted the government
of an island,' replied Sancho: 'aye,
and such a one as, in good faith, you
will not find it's fellow in three bow-
shotes.— And whereabout is this
island?' resumed the other. 'Where-
abouts?' cried Pana: 'about two
leagues from hence, and it is called
the Island Bartaria.'— Spare me,
said Ricote: 'I am not, good Sancho,' said Ricote: 'islands are far at sea; there are none
upon the continent.— How, none!' replied Sancho: 'I tell thee, friend Ri-
cote, I left it but this morning, and
yesterday governed in it at my plea-
sture, like a perfect legist'; but, for

3 T 2
all that, I rejoiced my place; for I
found the office of governors is very
troublesome and dangerous.— And
what half, thou got by this govern-
ment? said Ricote. I have got none
enough to know that I am fit for go-

terning nothing but a flock of sheeps,
said Sancho: 'and that the wealth
acquired in such governments is got
at the expense of ease, sleep, and even
sufficence; for in islands the gover-
nors must eat very little, especially if
they have physicians to watch over
their health.— I really do not under-
stand thee, Sancho,' said Ricote: but
every thing thou hast spoke, to me
seems mere madness; for who would
give thee islands to govern; when there
is plenty of men in the world so much
more capable of governing than thou?
Keep thy own counsel, Sancho, and
recollect thy judgment, and consider
whether or not thou wilt accompany
me, as I proposed, to affmit me in con-
veying the treasure I have had; for the
sum is really so great, it may well be
called a treasure, and I will give thee
wherewithal to live, as I have already
promised.— I have already told thee,
Ricote, that I will not,' answered Sancho:
be satisfied that by me thou
shall not be discovered; continue thy
journey in happy hour, and let me
proceed in mine: for, well I know,
What's honestly earned may be easily
loft, but ill-got wealth is ever at the
owner's cost.— 'Well, I will not
further importune thee,' said Ricote:
but, pray tell me, Sancho, what thou
in our village when my wife and
daughter departed with my brother-in-
law?— 'Yes, I was,' replied San-
cho: 'and I can tell thee, thy daugh-
ter appeared so beautiful, that all the
people in town went forth to see her,
and every body owned she was the
fairest creature under the sun; she
went along weeping, and embraced
all her friends and acquaintance; and
begged of all that came to see her,
that they would recommend her to
God, and our Lady his blessed mo-
ther. Indeed, her behaviour was so
moving, that I myself, who am no
blubberer, could not help shedding
tears; and, in good faith, many per-
sions were very deabrous of going af-
ter, and carrying her off, in order to
conceal her; but they were diverted
from that design, by the fear of set-
ing, contrary to the king's procla-
mation. He that shewed himself in
most passionately fond of her, was Don
Pedro Gregorio, the young rich heir,
who, thou knowest, was laid to be in
love with her. After her departure,
he never more appeared in our town,
and every body believed he went away
in order to carry her off; but hitherto
we have had no account of his motions.
— I had always a sufficion,' said Ri-
cote, 'that the young gentleman was
enamoured of my daughter; but, as I
confided in the virtue of Ricota, his
passion gave me no disturbance; for
thou must have heard, Sancho, that
the Moorish women seldom or never
engage in amorous intercourse with
old Christians; and my daughter,
whose inclination, I believe, leaned
more to Christiannot than to love,
paid no attention to the importunities
of that young heir.— ' God grant it
may he so,' replied Sancho; 'for it
would have been to the prejudice of
both: and now let me depart in peace,
my friend Ricote; for, this night, I intend
to be with my master Don Quixote.—

C. H. A. P. I I I.

OF CERTAIN ACCIDENTS THAT BE-
FELL SANCHO UPON THE ROAD—
AND OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES,
WHICH TO KNOW YOU NEED ON-
LY LOOK FORWARD.

SANCHO was so long detained by Ricote, that he could not reach
the duke's castle that day, though he
was within half a league of it, and there
overtaken by the night, which was
dark and close; but it being the sum-
er seafon, he was not much concern-
ed, and retired a little from the high-
road with intention to wait patiently for
morning. It was, however, the plea-
sure of his niggard and unhappy for-
tune, that in seeking a place proper
for his accommodation, he and Dapple tumbled into a deep and very dark pit, among a number of old buildings. In falling, he recommended himself to God, with all his heart, in the firm persuasion that he would not stop until he reached the bottom of the profound abyss; but this apprehension was happily disappointed; for Dapple having dived little more than three foots, touched the ground, and his rider found himself on his head's back, without having sustained the least hurt or damage. He felt his body all over, and held in his breath to know whether he was found or perforated in any part; and when he found himself safe, whole, and in Catholic health, he did not fail to thank our Lord God for his protection, as he actually thought he had been flattered into a thousand pieces. He likewise felt about the sides of the pit, to know if there was any possibility of being extricated without assistance; but he found them all smooth and perpendicular, without any projection or cranny of which he could take the least advantage; a circumstance that greatly increased his chagrin, especially when he heard Dapple complain in a most pathetic and lamentable tone; and, indeed, it was no great wonder, nor did he lament out of wantonness, for in truth he was in a very sorry condition.

It was then that Sancho Panza exclaimed—'Alack, and a well-a-day! how unexpected are the accidents which, at every turn, befal those who live in this miserable world! Who could foretell, that he who yesterday saw himself enthroned as governor of an island, giving orders to his levants and valets, should to-day be buried in a dungeon, without a soul to remedy his misfortune, or a servant or valet to hasten to his relief?

Here I and my poor beast must perish by hunger, if we do not give up the ghost before that period; he, in consequence of being battered and bruised, and I, from pure sorrow and vexation. At least, I shall not be so lucky as my master Don Quixote de La Mancha; who, when he descended, and sunk into the cave of that fame enchanted Montefinos, was better entertained than he could have been in his own house; so that the cloth seemed to be laid, and the bed fairly made. There he enjoyed beautiful and agreeable visions; but here,

I believe, I shall see nothing but toads and serpents. Unfortunate wretch that I am! to what a pafs am I brought by my fantasies and folly! From this cavern (when Heaven shall be pleased to discover them) my bones, together with those of my best friend Dapple, will be taken up smooth, and white, and bare as an atom; and, from this particular, perhaps, it will be discovered who we are, especially by those who know that Sancho Panza never parted from his a/; nor his a/ from Sancho Panza.

I say again, miserable creatures that we are! why would not our niggard fortune allow us to die at home, in our own country, in the midst of our friends? where, though our misfortune would admit of no remedy, we should not have wanted relations to grieve at our fate, and close our eyes in the last hour of our trial?

'O my dear companion, and my friend! how ill have I rewarded thy good services! Forgive me, honest Dapple, and entreat fortune, in the best terms thou canst use, to deliver us from this vexatious misery in which we are equally involved; in which case, I promise to put a crown of laurel upon thy head, so as that thou shalt look like a poet-laureat, and, withal, to give thee double allowance of provender.' In this manner did Sancho Panza pour forth his lamentation, to which the poor beast listened without answering one word; such was the danger and distress to which the poor animal found himself exposed.

At length, after they had passed the whole night in miserable complaints and lamentations, day broke; and by the light and splendor of the morning, Sancho perceived, that of all impossibilities it was the most impossible to free himself from that pit without assistance; so that he began to lament afresh, and roar aloud, in hope that somebody might hear his voice; but all his cries were uttered to the defart; for in all that neighbourhood there was not a soul by whom he could be heard; and therefore he gave himself up for lost. As Dapple lay with his mouth uppermost, Sancho Panza exerted himself in such a manner as to raise
rais'd his friend upon his legs, which, by the bye, could scarce bear his weight; and, taking a piece of bread out of his wallet, which had likewise suffered the same unfortunate fall, gave it to the poor beast, who received it very thankfully; and Sancho told him, as if he understood his words— All ills are good, when attended with food. About this time he discovered a hole at one side of the dungeon, large enough to give passage to a man, provided he could bend his body, and creep through; to this he hazarded, and squeezing himself into it, perceived, within, a large extensive space, the particulars of which he could distinguish; for, through what may be termed the roof, defended a small stream of light that illuminated the whole place, which, as he observed, dilated and extended itself through another spacious concavity.

Sancho, having made these remarks, returned to the place where his companion stood, and with a stone began to clear away the rubbish from the hole, which he in a little time enlarged to such a degree that Dapple puffed with ease. Then taking the halter in his hand, he led him forwards through that cavern, in hope of finding an exit at the other end: and sometimes he proceeded darkling, and sometimes without one ray of light; but always in fear and trepidation. 'God Almighty protect me!' said he within himself; this, that is such a dismal expedition to me, would be an excellent adventure to my master, who would look upon these depths and dungeons as so many flower-gardens, and palaces of Galtiana; and expect to pass from this distress and obscurity, into some blooming meadow adorned with the pride of spring; whereas I, a miserable wretch! equally impudent and peevish, dread, at every step, that another dungeon, still more deep, will suddenly open under my feet, and swallow me up at once. We may bear, without a groan, the misfortune that comes alone.' In venting these ejaculations, he fancied he had proceeded about half a league, when he perceived a kind of confused light, like that of day, glimmering through a passage that seemed to be the road from this to the other world.

Here old Harum Benengeli, leaving the squire, returns to Don Quixote, waiting with joy and transport for the combat in which he was to engage with the person who had robbed the daughter of Donna Rodriguez of her precious virtue; for he made no doubt of redressing the grievance and disgrace which the delinquent had feloniously entailed upon the innocent damsel.

Chancing one morning to go out, in order to improve and shine himself to the exercise of arms, which he meant to practise in that combat to which in a few days he must be exposed, he, in wheeling about, or giving the charge with Rozinante, rode so near the mouth of a cavern, that if he had not vigorously pulled in the reins, he must have plunged into it, without all possibility of escape. He kept his feet, however, and at length made his retreat good; then, re-approaching the hole, he, without alighting, surveyed the depth of the cave; and, while he was thus employed, heard loud cries issuing from below; in consequence of which, listening with great attention, he could distinguish articulate sounds, and distinctly understand the following exclamation:—

'So ho! above there; is there any Christian within hearing? or any charitable gentleman whose bowels yearn at the distress of a finer buried alive, and an unfortunate misgoverned governor?'

Don Quixote thought he recognized the voice of Sancho Panza, at hearing which he was confounded and astonished; and raising his own voice as high as he could strain—'Who is that below!' cried he, 'complaining so grievously?—Who should be here, or who complain, but the bewildered Sancho Panza, for his sins and misfortune, appointed governor of the isle of Barataria, who was formerly aquire to the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha?' When the knight heard this declaration, his surprise redoubled, his amazement increased, and he was struck with the notion that Sancho Panza was dead, and his soul doing penance in that place. Swayed by this conjecture, he

*This was a Moorish princess, for whom her father built a stately palace near the Tagus, the ruins of which remain to this day.
exclaimed—'I conjure thee, by all
that is sacred, as a Catholic Christ-
tian, to tell me who thou art? If a
soul in punishment, let me know
what I can do in thy behalf; for, as
it is my profession to favour and afflict
the needy of this world, so like-
wife am I ready to succour and re-
lieve the miserable objects of the
other world, who cannot relieve them-
selves.'—At that rate, and by your
worship's discourse,' answered the
voice, 'you should be my master Don
Quixote de la Mancha; and, indeed,
by the tone of your voice, I know
you can be no other.'—Don Quix-
ote I am,' replied the knight; 'he
who professed to aid and afflict the
living, as well as the dead, in their
difficulties. Tell me, therefore, who
thou art, by whom I am thus held
in abomination; for if thou art my
squire Sancho Panza, and hast quitted
this life, seeing the devils have not
got possession of thy soul, but through
the mercy of God thou art now in
purgatory, our holy mother, the Ro-
mans Catholic Church, has prayers
sufficient to deliver thee from the pre-
fent pain; and I, for my part, will
solicit them in thy behalf, as far as
my whole fortune will extend; I say,
therefore, make haste, and declare thy
name and situation.'—'I vow to
God!' answered the voice, 'and swear
by the birth of whom your worship
pleases, Signior Don Quixote de La
Mancha, that I am your identical
squire, Sancho Panza, and was never
yet dead in the whole course of my
life, but I quitted my government
for causes and considerations which I
must have more leasure to explain.
Last night I tell into this dungeon,
Together with Dapple, who will not
submit to tell an untruth; by the
time token he stands now at my
back.' One would have imagined
the heart understood what his master
said; for that moment he began to pray
so fervently, that the whole cave
echoed with the sound. 'A most un-
exceptionable evidence!' cried Don
Quixote; 'I know that note as well as
if I had given it birth; and, besides,
I recognize thy voice, my good San-
cho. Wait a little, I will ride to the
duke's castle, which is hard by, and
bring people to extricate thee from
that dungeon into which thou hast
been plunged for thy sins and trans-
gressions.'—'I entreat your worship
to go, for the love of God! and re-
turn speedily; for I cannot bear to
be buried here alive; and, moreover,
'I am ready to die with fear.'

The knight leaving him accordingly,
repaired to the castle, where he recon-
ted to the duke and duchess the accident
which had befallen poor Sancho, at
which they were not a little surprised,
though they at once comprehended how
he must have fallen by the correspond-
dence of that cavern which had been
there time out of mind; but they could
not conceive how he should have quitted
the government without giving them
notice of his coming. Finally, ropes
and cables were provided, together with
a good number of people; and Dapple
and Sancho Panza, though not with-
out a great deal of trouble, were hoisted
up from dungeons and dark nests to the
cheerful light of day. 'In this man-
ner,' said a student, who chanced to
be among the malefactors, 'should all
bad governors be dragged from their
governments like that poor wretched
from the profound abyss, half dead
with hunger, pale with fear, and, as
I believe, without a penny in his
pocket.' Sancho, hearing this ob-
servation, replied—'Eight or ten days
are now elapsed, brother growler,
since I assumed the reins of govern-
ment in that island, which was com-
mittcd to my charge; and, in all
that time, I never once had my belly-
full, even of dry bread. I have been
persecuted by physicians; my bones
have been crushed by the enemy; but
I never had a bribe in view, nor did
I ever receive my due. And this
being the case, as it certainly is, me-
thinks, I have not deferred to be
dragged out in this manner; but
Min projects in vain, for God doth
will ordain; Heaven knows how
meet it is to grant, what every one
pretends to want; Every nation has
it's reason; Let no man presume to
think, of this cup I will not drink;
for, Where the titch we hoped to
find, not even a book is lett behind.'

'God knows my meaning, and that's
eough; I shall lay no more, though
perhaps I could speak more plainly.'
—'Be not angry, Sancho,' replied Don
Quixote,
Quixote, and give thyself no concern about what thou mayest hear; otherwise there will be no end of thy vexation; console thyself with a good conscience, and let them say what they will; for it is as impracticable to tye up the tongue of malice, as to ereft barricadoes in the open fields. If a governor resigns his office in good circumstances, people say he must have been an oppressor and a knave; and if poverty attends him in his retreat, they set him down as an idiot and fool.—For this time, answered Sancho, I am certain they will think me more fool than knave.

Thus discoursing, and surrounded by a number of boys, and other spectators, they arrived at the castle, where the duke and duches was waited for them in a gallery; but Sancho would not go up stairs, until he saw Dapple properly accommodated in the stable; for, he observed, the poor creature had passed the preceding night in very indifferent lodging. Then he went to pay his respects to his noble patrons—before whom, falling on his knees—According to the good pleasure of your grace," said he, and without any merit on my side, I went to govern your island Barataria, which Naked I entered, and naked I remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain. Whether I have governed righteously or amiss, there are witnesses, who will declare, and say, whatsoever they think proper. I have explained doubts, and decided causes, though all the time half dead with hunger, because my falling seemed good under Doctor Pedro Politico, native of Snatchaway, the island and governor's physician. We were assaulted in the night by the enemy, who put us all in great jeopardy and confusion; and the inhabitants of the island said they were delivered, and proved victorious, by the valour of my invincible arm; but, so may God deal with them as they speak truth. In a word, I have, during my administration, considered the cares and obligations that attend the exercise of power; and found them, by my reckoning, too weighty for my shoulders; they are neither fit burthens for my back, nor arrows for my quiver; and, therefore, that the government might not discard me, I have thought proper to discard the government; and yesterday I left the island as I found it, with the fame streets, houses, and roofs, which belonged to it when I took possession. I have borrowed of no man, nor consulted my own private gain or advantage; and, although my intention was to make some wholesome regulations, I did not put my design in execution, because I was afraid they would not be observed; and a law neglected, is the same thing as one that never was enacted.

I quit the island, as I have said, without any other company than that of Dapple; I fell into a dungeon, through which I groped my way, until this morning, by the light of the sun, I perceived a passage out of it, though not so easy but that if Heaven had not sent my master Don Quijote to my assistance, there I should have remained to the day of judgment. Here, then, my Lord Duke and Lady Duchess, is your governor Sancho Panza, who, during the ten days of his administration, has gained nothing but so much knowledge, that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not only of an island, but even of the whole world; and in this opinion, killing your graces feet, and imitating the game of boys, who cry, "Leap and away." I take a leap from the government into the service of my master Don Quijote; for, in short, though with him I eat my bread in terror and alarm, I at least fill my belly; and so that is full, I care not whether it be with carrots or partridge.

Here Sancho concluded his harangue, during which the knight was in continual apprehension that he would utter a thousand absurdities; but when he heard it finished with so few, he thanked Heaven in his heart; while the duke embraced Sancho, and told him he was grieved to the soul that he had so soon left his government; but he would find means to invest him with another office in his estate, which would be attended with less care and more advantage. He was likewise confided by the duchess, who gave particular orders about his entertainment, as he seemed to be sorely bruited, and in a lamentable condition.

CHAP.
CHAPTER IV

OF THE DREADFUL AND UNSEEN BATTLE; Fought between DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA; AND THE LACQUEY TOSILLOS, IN BEHALF OF THE DAUGHTER OF RODRIGUEZ THE DUENNA.

The duke and duchess did not repent of the joke they had executed upon Sancho Panza, with respect to his government, especially as the sçweard arrived the same day, and gave a circumstantial detail of all the words and actions which he had said and performed during the term of his administration. In fine, he magnified the assault of the island, and the terror of Sancho, and described the manner of his departure, from the account of which they received no small pleasure and satisfaction.

The history afterwards relates, that the day appointed for the combat arrived; and the duke having again and again instructed his lacquey Tosillos how to manage Don Quixote, so as to conquer without flattering, or even wound the knight, ordered the lances to be divested of their iron heads, observing to Don Quixote that Christianity, upon which he valued himself, would not allow him to let the combat be fought with any risk or danger of his life; and that he hoped the knight would be satisfied with his granting a field for the lances in his territories, an indulgence contrary to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits all such challenges: he therefore defined that the battle might not be fought to the last extremity. Don Quixote said his excellency might order the particulars of that affair according to his own pleasure, and that he would punctually comply with every circumstance of the disposition.

The dreadful day then being arrived, and the duke having caused a spacious scaffold to be erected before the courtyard of the castle, for the accommodation of the judges of the field, and the mother and daughter, who were plaintiffs in the cause; an infinite number of people assembled from all the neighbouring towns and villages, to see the novelty of this battle; for such a combat had never been seen nor heard of in that country, by either the living or the dead. The first that entered the lists was the matter of the ceremonies, in order to examine the ground; and he accordingly surveyed the whole field, to see that there was no deceit, or any thing concealed that might occasion stumbling or falling; then came the duennes and took their seats, veiled down to the eyes, and even to the bosom, with demonstrations of excessive grief. They being seated, Don Quixote presented himself in the lists; and in a little time appeared the great lacquey Tosillos upon a mighty steed that shook the very ground, accompanied with a number of trumpets, his vizer being down, and his whole body stiffened with strong and shining armour; his horse seemed to be of the Friesland breed, broad built, and of a flea-bitten colour, with a fleece of wool hanging to every foot. Thus approached the valiant combatant, well instructed by the duke how to engage the valorous Don Quixote de La Mancha, and particularly cautioned against taking away the life of his knightly opponent; for he was warned to avoid the first encounter as he would shun his own death, which must have been certain had they met full stock in the midst of their career. This champion, crossing the field, and riding up to the place where the duennes were seated, began very earnestly to contemplate the person who claimed him as her husband; while the matter of the field, calling to Don Quixote, who had likewise entered the lists, and kept close to Tosillos, asked the duennes if they consented to depend upon Don Quixote de La Mancha for the redress of their grievances; they replied in the affirmative, declaring, at the same time, that whatever he should

* A critic inclined to enumerate the inadvertencies of Cervantes, might observe that Sancho pulled a piece of bread out of his wallet and gave it to Dapple, after he had given the contents of the said wallet to the pilgrims; that he tells the duke and duchess he had governed ten days, whereas he had continued but seven days in office; and, lastly, that Tosillos contemplated the brutes of the damsel, though we are previously told that she was veiled down to the bosom.
do in the affair they would hold as well
done, firm, and sufficient*. By this
time, the duke and duchess had placed
themselves in a gallery that overlooked
the barrier, which were crowded with
an infinite number of people, who came
to see the dreadful and never-beheld en-
counter; but, before they engaged, it
was stipulated, that if Don Quixote
should overcome his antagonist, he, the
said antagonist, should marry the daugh-
ter of Donna Rodriguez; but should
victory declare for the defendant, he
should be released from the promise
they pretended he had made, without
giving any other satisfaction.

The master of the ceremonies having
divided the fun, and stationed each
combatant in his proper post, the drums
began to thunder, the sound of trump-
pets filled the air, the earth trembled
beneath their feet, and the hearts of
the gazing multitude throbbed with
suspence and expectation, some hoping,
and others fearing, the good or bad
success of the battle. Finally, Don
Quixote, recommending himself
with all his heart to our Lord God, and to
the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, waited
with impatience for the precise signal of
engaging; while our lacquey, engrossed
by far other sentiments, thought of no-	hing but what we will now explain.

While he flood gazing at his female
enemy, the appeared in his eye the
most beautiful creature he had ever
seen in the whole course of his life, and
the little blind urchin, vulgarly known
by the name of Cupid, was unwilling
to lese this opportunity to triumph
over a lacqueyan soul, and register this
subject in the list of his achievements;
he, therefore, approached him fairly
and softly, and unperceived let fly an
arrow two yards long, which, enter-
ing his left side, transfixed his heart:
nor was it difficult to perform this
exploit; for Love is invincible, and
makes his entrance and exit where-
soever he chuses to pass, without be-
ing called to account by any peron
upon earth—I say, when they gave the
signal for battle, our lacqueys soul

was transported by the beauty of her,
to whom, by this time, he had sur-
rrendered his liberty; and therefore, he
was not so much affected by the sound
of the trumpet as his antagonist Don
Quixote, whose ears it no sooner fa-
luted, than he sprang forwards to af-
sault his adversary with all the mettle
that Rozinante could exert; and his
good squire Sancho seeing him begin
his career, exclaimed with an audible
voice, * God be thy guide, thou cream
and flower of knights-errant: God
grant thee the victory, seeing thy
cause is the best!*

Although Tostilo saw Don Quix-
ote advancing against him, he did not
budge one step from his station, but
called aloud to the field-master, to
whom, when he went up to see what
he wanted, he thus addressed himself:
'Tell me, Signior, is not this combat
appointed to determine whether I shall
or shall not marry that lady?' To
this question the other having replied
in the affirmative, * Well, then,' re-
sumed the lacquey, 'I have a tender
confidence, that would be grievously
burdened should I proceed in this
quarrel; and, therefore, I own my-
self vanquished, and will forthwith
take the lady to wife.' The field-
master was surprised at this declaration
of Tostilo, and, being in the secret of
the plan, knew not what answer to
make; while Don Quixote, perceiving
his enemy did not come on to the assault,
checked Rozinante in the middle of his
career. The duke, being ignorant
of the cause that retarded the battle,
was by the field-master, informed of
what Tostilo had said, at which he
was extremely surprized and incensed;
whereas, Tostilo, in the mean time,
rude up towards the place where Donna
Rodriguez was seated, and pronounced
with a loud voice, * Madam, as I am
willing to marry your daughter, there
is no occasion to seek that by disputes
and contention which I may obtain
peaceably without the danger of
death.' The valiant Don Quixote
hearing this address, * Since that is the

* In the romance of Gerard de Nevers we read, that a certain young lady, perceiving
the e-gentlcs with which that knight undertook her defence, pulled the glove from her
left-hand, and presented it to him, saying, * Sir Knight, my body, life, lands, and ho-
now, I commit to the protection of God and you, to whom I pray he may grant grace
to obtain the victory, and deliver us from the danger in which we are now involved.*
Donna Rodriguez discovered the individual countenance of her lacquey, which the daughter no sooner beheld than the cried aloud, 'A cheat! a cheat! My Lord Duke has palmed his lacquey upon us, in lieu of my lawful husband: I demand justice of God and the king, for this malicious, not to call it knavish contrivance.'

'Ladies,' said Don Quixote, 'give yourselves no concern; there is neither malice nor knavery in the case; or if there is, it cannot be occasioned by the duke, but by those wicked inhabitants who persecute me without ceasing: envious of the glory I should have acquired in this achievement, they have metamorphosed your husband's face into the aspect of this man, who, you say, is the duke's lacquey. Take my advice, therefore, maugre the malice of mine enemies, believe your hand upon him; for, without all doubt, he is the very person whom you desire to obtain as a husband.'

The duke, overhearing this admonition, had well-nigh vented all his indignation in laughter, saying, 'The adventures that happen to Signor Don Quixote are so extraordinary, that I am apt to believe this is not really my lacquey; but, let us make use of this expedient and stratagem: we will, if it be agreeable, delay the marriage a fortnight, and confine this person, of whom we are doubtful, and in that time perhaps he will retrieve his former figure; for surely the rancour of those wicked enchanters, who hate Don Quixote, cannot last so long; especially as such delusions and transformations avail them so little.'—'O my lord!' cried Sancho, 'those banditti have been long accustomed to chop, change, and transtomography every thing that belongs to my master; some time ago he vanquished an errant, called the Knight of the Mourners, and in a twinkling they transformed him into the figure of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a townsmen and great friend of ours; as for my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they have changed her into a homely country wench; and, therefore, I take it for granted that this man will die and live a lacquey all the days of his life.'

Here the daughter of Donna Rodriguez interposing, 'Be he who he will,' said she, 'I am obliged to him for asking me in marriage: and I would rather be the lawful wife of a lacquey, than the deluded mistress of a gentleman; although he who deluded me has no pretensions to that title.' In fine, all these incidents and explanations ended in the resolution to confine Tobilos, until they should see, the issue of his transformation; while, with unusual acclaimation, the victory was adjudged to Don Quixote; though the greateft part of the sceptators seemed melancholy and disappointed, because they had not seen two such hopeful combatants give one another in pieces: in the same manner as the boys are out of humour, when the execution is prevented by the malefactor's being pardoned, either by the party or the king.

The crowd dispersed, the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle, Tobilos was sent to prison; Donna Rodriguez and her daughter rejoiced exceedingly; when they saw, that one way or another, this affair would end in marriage, and the lover confided himself with the same prospect.

**CHAP. V.**

**GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE TOOK LEAVE OF THE DUKE; AND...**
AND OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN HIM AND THE GAY AND WITTY ALTISIDORA, ONE OF THE DUCHESS'S DAMSELS.

By this time Don Quixote thought he would do well to quit that idle way of life which he led in the castle; for he imagined himself much to blame in living thus buried and inactive among those infinite dainties and entertainments with which he, as a knight-errant, was indulged by that noble pair; and he concluded that he would be obliged to give a severe account to Heaven of this idleness and sequestration. He, therefore, one day, begged leave of the duke and duchess to depart; and they granted his request, with marks of being extremely grieved at his intention. The duchess delivered to Sancho Panza his wife's letter, and the good squire wept bitterly when he understood the contents; saying, 'Who could have thought such mighty hopes as were engendered in the breast of my wife Teresa Panza, by the news of my government, would vanish in my returning again to the woeful adventures of my master Don Quixote de La Mancha? Nevertheless, I am pleased to find that my Teresa behaved like herself, in sending the acorns to the duchess; for had she failed in that particular, I should have been sorely vexed, and she would have shown herself ungrateful: what comforts my poor heart is, that they cannot call this present a bribe; for I was actually in possession of the government before the acorns were sent: and it is but reasonable, that folks who receive any sort of benefit should show their gratitude, even though in trifles. In effect, naked I took possession of the government, and naked I resigned my office; therefore, I may say with a safe confidence, which is no small boast, I naked was born, and naked remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain.'

This conference Sancho held with his own bosom on the day of their departure: as for Don Quixote, having taken leave of their graces over-night, he in the morning presented himself armed in the court-yard of the castle, where he furnished a free-schile to all the people of the family, not even excepting the duke and duchess, who viewed him from the gallery. Sancho was mounted upon Dapple, extremely well pleased with the contents of his bags, wallet, or store; for the duke's steward, who acted the part of the Countess Trifaldin, had given him a small purse of two hundred crowns, to answer the emergencies of the road: but of this supply Don Quixote was ignorant. While every individual, as we have said, stood gazing at the knight, all of a sudden, from among the other damsels and damfoils of the duchess, the gay and witty Altisidora, raising her voice, pronounced what follows, in a lamentable tone.

A! hear my plaint, unlucky knight,
Pull in thy rein; and do me right;
And pray'st spare, at my request,
The flanks of that poor battered beast.
Consider the whole heart's at stake,
False man! is not a fey frakse
But a young lambkin, meek and true;
I fail wean'd from teat of mother ewe.
Say, monarch, why undo a maid
More beautiful than ever I'd say.
With Cynthia, hundreds of the wood,
Or Venus, native of the flood;
But if Æneas-like thou meanst to fly,
The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!
Thou, robber! in thy claws hast got
The heart and bowels, and what not;
Of a weak virgin, Heav'n befriend her!
Mild, humble, timorous, and tender.
Three linen night-caps hath thou stole;
And silk garters strong and whole;
That to these legs did appertain;
These legs, as marble smooth and clean.
Thou carried off two thousand flocks,
Which, kindled by thy beaming eyes,
Would in a twinkling quite destroy.
Two thousand cities great as Troy,
But if Æneas-like thou meanst to fly,
The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!

May Sancho's buttocks, and his heart,
Ne'er feel the ignominious dart
Prigger'd, when he is pleas'd and ready
To disencant thy râf rite lady!
Since thine's the off-schile, and thine the blame,
Endure the punishment and shame.
Which in my country, once a year,
The righteous for the wicked bear.
Be thy adventures (small and great)
Inglorious and unlamented;
I ke dreams may all thy pleasures fade;
Thy contention old vion shone.
And if Æneas-like thou meanst to fly,
The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!

May't thou be deem'd a perjur'd devil,
L'en from Marchena unto Seville;
While the afflicted Altifidora complained in these strains, Don Quixote surveyed her attentively; and, without answering a word to her lamentation, turned to Sancho, saying, "By the age of thine ancestors, my dear Sancho, I conjure thee to tell me the truth; say, hast thou actually got the three caps and the garters, which this enamoured damsel mentions?" To this question the squire replied, "The three caps I have; but as to the garters, I know nothing of the matter.

The duchess was surprized at the freedom of Altifidora's behaviour; for, although she knew her to be forward, merry, and frank, yet she never thought the girl so forward as to attempt a scheme of this nature; and her admiration was the greater, as she had not been previ ously apprized of the intended joke. The duke, however, in order to reinforce the jest, addressed himself to Don Quixote in these words: 'It does not look well, Sir Knight, that who have met with such honourable reception and treatment in this castle, should presume to carry off by stealth three knight-caps, at least, if not a pair of garters likewise, belonging to my damsel; these are marks of a bad heart, and but ill agree with your reputation. Restore the garter to the right owner; otherwise, I challenge you to mortal combat, without any apprehension that knavish inchanters will transform or change my face, as they have praifed upon my lacquey Tofflos, your last antagonist."

'God forbid,' replied Don Quixote, that I should unstate my favor against your illustrious person, of whom I received such favours! The three night-caps shall be restored; for Sancho owns they are in his custody; but it is impossible to make restitution of the garters, as neither he nor I did ever receive them; and I dare say your damsel will find them, if she will take the trouble to rummage her own drawers."

When Don Quixote found himself in the open field, free and disembroached from the complaints of Altifidora,
Altifidora, he seemed to be placed in the very center of his own world, and to enjoy a renunciation of spirits, in order to consecrate anew the aim of his chivalry. Turning, therefore, to his squire, 'Sancho,' said he, 'liberty is one of the most precious gifts which Heaven hath bestowed on man, exceeding all the treasures which earth encloses, or which ocean hides; and for this blessing, as well as for honour, we may and ought to venture life itself; on the other hand, captivity and restraint are the greatest evils that human nature can endure. I make this observation, Sancho, because thou hast seen the delicacies and the plenty with which we were entertained in that castle; yet, in the midst of those favourab banquets, and ice-cooled potations, I thought myself confined within the very flanks of famine, because I did not enjoy the treat with that liberty which I should have felt, had it been my own; for obligations incurred by benefactions and favours received, are feet which hamper the freeborn soul. Happy is he to whom Heaven hath sent a noble of bread, for which he is obliged to none but Heaven itself.'

'But notwithstanding all that your worship hath said,' replied Sancho, 'we, for our parts, ought not to be ungrateful, considering the two hundred crowns of gold which the duke's steward gave me in a purse, and which, as a platter and a cordial, I keep next my heart, in case of emergency; for we shall not always find such cabinets where we can be entertained; on the contrary, we may sometimes stumble upon forry inns, where we shall be foundly cudgelled.'

With this and other such discourse, the two errants, knight and squire, amused themselves while they proceeded on their journey. Having travelled a little more than a league, they perceived a green spot of ground, about a dozen countrymen at dinner, with their cloaks spread under them; and hard by, certain white fleeces at some distance from one another, that seemed to cover something above which they were raised up and frettched with great care and caution. Don Quixote approaching the men, first of all saluted them courteously, and then asked what it was they covered so carefully with these pieces of linen. 'Signior,' replied one of the countrymen, 'under these fleeces are carved images for an altar-piece to be set up in our town; we cover them in this manner, that they may not be fulled, and carry them upon our shoulders that they may not be broken.'—'If you please,' replied the knight, 'I should be glad to see them; hey must certainly be good images, which you so carefully convey.'—'Good!' cried the other, 'aye, that the price of them will declare; I can assure you there is not one of them that does not cost above fifty ducats; and that your worship may be convinced of the truth of what I say, stay a moment, and you shall see it with your own eyes.'

So saying, he left his dinner, and rising up, uncovered the first piece, which represented St. George on horseback, with his lance thrust into the throat of a serpent coiled at his feet, exhibiting all the fierceness with which that animal is usually painted; and the whole group looked, as the saying is, like a flame of gold.

Don Quixote, immediately recognizing the subject, 'This knight,' said he, 'was one of the best errants that ever signalled themselves in divine warfare; his name was St. George, and he was, moreover, a protector of damsels. Let us see the next,' which, when displayed, appeared to be the image of St. Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with the beggar. Don Quixote no sooner beheld it, than he said to Sancho, 'This knight was also one of the Christian adventurers, and, I believe, more liberal than valiant, as thou mayest perceive by this circumstance of dividing his cloak, and giving one half to the beggar; and, doubtless, this incident must have happened in the winter season, otherwise the saint was so charitable he would have given the whole.'—'Nay, that surely was not the cafe,' replied the squire; 'but he held fast by the old proverb, which says, The man in wisdom must be old, who knows in giving where to hold.'

Don Quixote smiled at this remark, and defined the man to lift the third cover, under which appeared the figure of the patron of Spain on horseback, with his bloody sword, trampling down and braving the heads of the Moors. Don Quixote...
Quixote seeing this representation, exclaimed, 'Ah! this is a knight, and chief in the squadrons of Christ; his name is Don San Diego Manz Manros,' and he was one of the most valiant saints and knights which earth ever produced, o' heaven now contains.' Then they unveiled the fourth, which exhibited St. Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances usually set forth in the picture of his conversion, to lively represented, that one would have almost thought Christ was speaking, and Paul answering the voice. 'This,' said Don Quixote, was the most bitter enemy the church of God ever had, while our Lord and Saviour was on earth, and afterwards the greatest defender it will ever have: a knight-errant in his life, and a perfect saint in his death; an unconverted labourer in the vineyard of our Lord, a teacher of the Gentiles, schooled by Heaven, and whole professor and master was Jesus Christ himself.'

There being no other images to see, Don Quixote desired the man to cover up those he had examined; and addressing himself to the bearers, 'Brothers,' said he, 'I look upon it as a good omen to have met with these images; for these saints and knights were of my profession, which is the exercise of arms: with this difference, however, they were saints, and fought in a divine manner; and I, who am a sinner, fight in the manner of men. They conquered Heaven by the force of their arms; for the kingdom of Heaven suffers violence; whereas I know not, hitherto, what I have conquered by the toils and troubles I have undergone: but if my Dulcinea del Toboso should be delivered from those new fotains, my fortune will be bettered, my judgment repaired, and perhaps my steps may be directed through a better path than that which I at present follow.'

This declaration was closed with an exclamnation of Sancho, who cried aloud, 'The Lord give ear, I pray; and sin be deaf for ayet!' The men were equally astonished at the knight's appearance and discourse, one half of which they did not understand; nevertheless, they made an end of their meal, shouldered their images, and taking leave of Don Quixote, pursued their journey. Sancho was, on this occasion, as much astonished at the learning of his master, as if he had never known him before that day; and imagined there was not an historian or event in the whole world, that was not decreed on his nail, or nailed to his memory. 'Truly, matter of mine,' said he, 'if what has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it is the most sweet and delightful of all that have yet befallen us in the whole course of our peregrinations; from this we have escaped with whole skins and fearless hearts; we have neither unfeathered our swords, battered the earth with our poor carcases, nor are we left in a starving condition; blessed be God who hath spared me to see this good luck with my own eyes!'—Thou sayest well, Sancho, replied the knight; but thou must take notice, that all times are not the same, nor equally fortunate; and the events which the vulgar call omens, though not founded on any natural reason, have, even by persons of sagacity, been held and deemed as fair and fortunate. One of these superstitious omen-mongers tells in the morning, goes abroad, chances to meet a friar belonging to the beautilied St. Francis; and, as if he had encountered a dragon in his way, runs back to his own house with fear and abhorrence. Another Forefight by accident scatters the falt upon the table, by which fear and melancholy are scattered through his heart; as if nature was obliged to foretell future misfortunes by such trivial signs and tokens; whereas, a prudent man and a good Christian will not so minutely scrutinize the purposes of Heaven.

Scipio chancing to fall in landing upon the coast of Africk, and perceiving that his followers looked upon this accident as a bad omen, he embraced the foil with tempting eagerness, saying, 'Thou shalt not escape me, Africk; for I have thee fast within my arms.' Therefore, San

* Moor-killer.
† The original word is Mendez, the name of a great family in Spain, one of whom was remarkably superstitious.
'O, my meeting with those images I consider as a most happy encounter.'

'I am of the same opinion,' answered the squire; 'but I wish your worship would be pleased to tell me, for what reason the Spaniards, when they join battle, and invoke that name St. Diego Mata Moros, cry, "St Jago!" and Clofe, Spain!' Is Spain cloven in such a manner, as to want clothing; or what is the meaning of that ceremony? —Sancho, replied the knight, thy simplicity is very great. You must know, that God has given this great Knight of the Red Cross, as a patron and protector to Spain, especially in those dreadful battles fought against the Moors. The Spaniards, therefore, invoke and call upon him as their defender on all such occasions; nay, many times hath he been seen over-throwing, trampling, slaying, and destroying the squadrions of the children of Hagar; and of this truth I could convince thee by many examples recorded in the authentic histories of Spain.

Sancho changing the subject of conversation, 'Signior,' said he, 'I was astonished at the boldness of her grace's damsel, Alitifidora. I thought the must be rarely pricked and flabb'd by him they call Cupid; who, they say, is a mischievous blind boy, and is able, with those beared eyes of his, or rather with no eyes at all, if once he takes aim, to pierce through and through with his arrows, the smallest heart that ever was seen. I have also heard it observed, that by the modesty and reserve of young women, these famous amorous shafts are blunted and broken; but in Alitifidora they seem rather to be whetted than blunted.'

'Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, you must know that love has no respect of persons; nor, in his progress, does he confine himself within the bounds of reason; indeed he is of the same disposition with death; for he affails the lofty palaces of kings, as well as the humble cottages of swains. When he once has taken full possession of the soul, his first exploit is to expel fear and modesty; and without these did Alitifidora declare her passion, which engendered not pity, but confusion in my breast.' —O monstrous and notorious cruelty! cried Sancho, unheard-of ingratitude! I can say for myself, that the least kind word from her would have subdued and made me her bond slave. Ah, the son of a whore! what a heart of marble, bowels of brais, and soul of plaister!

—But I cannot, for the blood of me, conceive what the damsel could see in your worship, to tame and bring her to such an humble pats; what finery, what good humour, what gentility could she observe about your person? or what beauty could the eye in that face? for women are taken with these qualities either severally or conjunctly. Verily, verily, I have often hopped to survey your worship from the sole of your foot to the last hair upon your head; and I protest before God! I think you would be more apt to frighten than to captivate a fair lady; and as I have, moreover, heard it said, that beauty is the chief and principal article that inspires love, your worship being quite destitute of that commodity, I cannot imagine what the poor creature was in love with.' —Take notice, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, there are two kinds of beauty, one of the mind, and another of the body: that of the mind displays itself in the understanding, in honourable and virtuous behaviour, in a liberality of disposition, and in good breeding; now, all these qualifications may center in an ugly man; and when this kind of beauty, preferable to that of the body, is the object of admiration, it produces love that glows with equal impetuosity and advantage. For my own part, Sancho, I can easily see that I am not beautiful; but I likewise know I am not deformed; and a gentleman who is not altogether monstros, may inspire the most ardent love, provided he is in possession

*The Moors are said to be descended from Hagar.
† Sancho must have been very simple indeed, to be satisfied with this explanation, which does not even hint at the main point of his question; namely, Why do the Spanish soldiers, when they charge their enemy, cry, 'Clofe, Spain?' A phrase of encouragement, by which the soldiers exhorted one another to do their duty, and close with the foe.
Plate V. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison and Co. April 8, 1782.
of these qualities of the mind which I have mentioned.'

Thus discoursing together they entered a wood, at a small distance from the highway; and, all of a sudden, without dreaming of any such lett or impediment, Don Quixote found himself entangled among some nets of green thread, which were spread and flretched from tree to tree. As he could not conceive the meaning of this phænomenon, I believe,' said he to Sancho, 'that this of the nets must be one of the newest adventures that ever were imagined or contrived. Let me die if the enchanters by whom I am perfecuted, have not a mind to entangle me in them, and obstruct my journey, in revenge for my rigour and indifference towards Alisfdora! But I shall give them to understand, that although these nets, instead of thread, were made of the hardest adamant, and stronger than that in which the jealous God of blacksmiths caught Mars and Venus together, I would break through them as easily as if they were of rushes and unpun cotton.'

So saying, he endeavoured to proceed and destroy this obstacle, when all at once, from a tuft of trees, came forth two most beautiful shepherdesses, at least, they were clad like shepherdesses, though their jackets and petticoats were of fine brocado—I say, their petticoats were of the richest gold tabby; their hair hung loose upon their shoulders, and in shining might have vied with the rays of Apollo himself; their heads were adorned with garlands of green laurel, interwoven with sprigs of red amaranth; and their age seemed to be neither under fifteen, nor turned of eighteen; a fight that struck Sancho with admiration, the knight with surprise, and suspended the fun in the middle of his career. All the four, for some time, remained in silent wonder; and at length, the first who spoke was one of the two country maidens, who, addressing herself to Don Quixote, 'Forbear, Sir Knight,' said she, 'and do not break our nets, which, I assure you, were not spread for your inconvenience, but merely for our own pastime: and because I know you will ask for what reason they are placed, and who we are, I will satisfy your curiosity in a few words. At a village about two leagues from hence, which is inhabited by many people of fortune and fashion, it was agreed among a number of friends and relations, that they, their wives, sons, daughters, neighbours, friends and kinsfolks, should come and enjoy the fine season in this spot, which is the most agreeable situation in all this country; and here form a new pastoral Arcadia, the girls being habitcd like shepherdesses, and the young men like swains. We have studied two eclogues; one of the famous poet Garcilasso, and another of the most excellent Camoens, in his own Portuguese language; though they are not yet reprefented, for we arrived only yesterday. Among these trees we have pitched some field-tents, upon the banks of a Juntiful stream which fertilizes all these meadows; and last night we spread these nets from tree to tree, in order to deceive and catch the simple little birds, which, frightened by the noise we make, may fly into the flare: if you chuse to be our guest, Signior, you shall be treated liberally and courteously, for at present neither melancholy nor difguft shall enter this place.'

Here the left off speaking; and Don Quixote replied—'Assuredly, most beautiful nymph, Aften himelf could not be feized with more surprize and admiration, when he all of a sudden beheld Diana bathing, than that which but now overwhelmed me at sight of such uncommon charms; I applaud the scheme of your entertainments and diversions; I thank you heartily for your courteous proffer, and if I can serve you in any shape, you may command me, with full assurance of being obeyed; for I have choscn this profession solely because it confils in being grateful and benevolent to all mankind, especially to perfons of rank such as your appearance declares you to be; and if these nets, which I suppose occupy but a small space, were extended over the whole circumference of the globe, I would find new worlds through which I might pass, rather than by breaking the leafy mesh, run the risk of interrupting your diversion. That you may give some credit to this exaggregation, be pleased to take notice, that he who makes it is no other than——'
Don Quixote de La Mancha, if per-
adventure such a name hath ever reach-
ed your ears.

The young lady no sooner heard these
words, than turning to the other shep-
herdefs, "O my dear companion!" cried
she, "what an happy incident is this!
that there knight, I affure thee, is the
most valiant, enamoured, and cour-
teous perfon in the whole world, if we
are not misled and deceived by the
printed history of his exploits, which
I have read from end to end; and I'll
lay a wager that honest man who ac-
companies him is one Sancho Panza,
his squire, whose pleafantry is above
all comparifon."— "You are in the
right," faid Sancho; "I am that
fame pleafant fellow and loyal squire
whom your ladyship hath so honour-
ablely mentioned; and that gentleman
is my matter, the very individual hit-
torified and aforefaid Don Quixote de
La Mancha.

"Good now, my dear," faid the other,
"let usbefeech them to stay; our fathers
and our converfation; for I have
likewise heard the fame account of the
knight's valour and the squire's plea-
fanfy: as for Don Quixote, in partic-
cular, he is faid to be the most con-
fiuent and loyal lover that ever was
known; and that his mistress is one
Dulcinea del Tobofo, who bears away
the palm of beauty from all the ladies
in Spain."— "Aye, and justly too,
faid the knight, 'unless your unequalled
beauty should invalidate her claim.
Weary not yourselves, fair ladies, in
perufing me to stay; for the indif-
penfible duties of my profeflion will
not allow me to refl in any place what-
ever.

Just as he pronounced these words,
they were joined by a brother of one of
the two nympha, clad likewise in the
fahnion of a shepherd, though his drefs,
in point of riches and gaiety, corre-
ponded with that of the ladies, who
told him that the gentleman on horse-
back was the valiant Don Quixote de
La Mancha, and the other his squire
Sancho, whose characters he already
knew from his having perufed his his-
tory. The gallant youth paid his
compliments, and prefled Don Quixote
to accompany them to the tents, in fuch
a manner that he could not help com-
plying. Then setting up the shout, the
nets were filled with different kinds of
little birds, which, deceived by the
colour of the nethes, flew precipitately
into the very danger they fought to
avoid.

In this place they were joined by
above thirty perfonsa gaily clad like
shepheard and shepherdefes, who were
immediately informed of the names of
Don Quixote and his squire a circum-
fance which afforded them no small fa-
tisfaction, as the history had already
made them acquainted with the charac-
ters of both.

Repairing to the tents, where they
found tables ready furnifhed with ele-
cance and abundance, they compli-
menced the knight with the place of ho-
on, and all the company gazed upon
him with admiration. At length, when
the cloth was taken awav, Don Quix-
orte rafing his voice, thus harangued
them with great solemnity: "Of all the
crimes which mankind commit, though
some far pride is the greatest, I affirm
that ingratitude is the moft atrocious,
adhering to the common supposition,
that hell is crowded with the ungrate-
ful. This crime I have, as much as
in me lies, endeavoured to avoid ever
since the first moment in which I could
exercise my reason; and though I may
not be able to repay in kind the be-
nefits which I receive, I fubmit the
will for the deed: when that is not
fufficient, I publish them to the
world; for he that promulgates the
favours he has received, would also
requite them with equal generofity, if
it was in his power to make fuch re-
compence. But, for the moft part,
people who receive favours are inferi-
or to thofe who bellow them: and, as
therefore, God is above all, becaufe
he is the fountain of all good things,
yet there is an infinite difference be-
tween the benefits conferred by man
and thofe bestowed by God, fo as to
reject all comparifon; and this nar-
rownefs and inftufficiency on our part
is in some meafure supplied by grati-
tude. Now, I being grateful for the
favours you have done me, which I
cannot repay in the fame meafure,
and being hampered by the nar-
row limits of my ability, muft offer
that which is in my power to pre-
sent; I fly, therefore, that I will

for
for two natural days, in the middle of that high-road that leads to Saragossa, maintain that the ladies here present, dittoed in pastoral habits, are the most fair and courteous damsels in the whole world, excepting always and only, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my thoughts; without offence to the honourable bearsers be it spoken.

Here Sancho, who had stood listening attentively to what he said, exclaimed with great vociferation, ‘Is it possible, now, that there can be persons in the world, who have the preemption to say and swear that my master is a madman? Pray tell me, gentlemen and ladies, shepherds and shepherdesses, is there ever a country-cure in Spain, let him be never so wise and learned, that could say what my master has just now said; or is there a knight-errant, let him be never so famed for valour, who could make such an offer as my master has made!’

Don Quixote turning to Sancho, with rage and indignation in his countenance, ‘Miscreant!’ said he, ‘is it possible there should be a person upon earth who would not say thou art stark mad, and that thy soul is lined and bordered with fillets of malice and knavery? By what authority, wretch! art thou entitled to intermeddle in my affairs, and give thy opinion whether my brain be found or crazy? Seal up thy lips, and make no reply; but saddie Rozinante, if he is without his saddle, and let us go immediately and perform my promise; for as I have justice on my side, you may deem all those who shall contradict my affection as already vanquished.’

So saying, he rose from his seat with great fury and demonstrations of wrath, leaving the whole company astonished, and doubting whether they should consider him as a lunatic or person of sound intellects. However, they endeavoured to dissuade him from publishing such a declaration, saying they took his gratitude for granted, and that there was no need of new proofs to demonstrate his valour, seeing those were sufficient which they had been recorded in the history of his achievements.

Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the knight executed his design; he mounted Rozinante, embraced his shield, and grasping his lance, posted himself in the middle of the king’s highway, which was not far from their verdant habitation, being followed by Sancho upon Dapple and the whole flock of those pastoral gentry, who were curious to see the issue of his arrogant and hitherto unfruitful enterprise.

Having taken possession of the ground, he wounded the very vault of heaven with the loudness of the tone in which he pronounced these words: ‘O ye passengers and travellers, knights, squires, persons on horseback or a-foot, who come or are to come this way, within the space of two days, from this present hour, know that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, is here poised to maintain that the nymphs who inhabit these meadows and woods, excel in beauty and courtesy all the ladies upon earth, exclusive of Dulcinea del Toboso, the mistress of my soul. Let him who thinks the contrary, advance; here I am ready to receive him.’

Twice did he repeat this declaration, and twice was it repeated unheard by any knight adventurer; but fortune, which was bent upon directing his affairs to better purpose, ordained, that in a very little time he deferred upon the road a great number of men on horseback, some of them armed with lances riding towards him in great haste, and all in a cluster. Those who were with Don Quixote no sooner perceived this troop, than they turned their backs and retired a good way from the road, knowing that some mischief would befall them, should they keep their ground; the knight alone maintained his post with an undaunted heart, and Sancho Panza shielded himself with the flanks of Rozinante.

When this troop of lancesmen advanced, one of them that rode before the rest, began to halloo as loud as he could cry to Don Quixote, ‘Get out of the way, thou servant of the devil, or these bulls will trample thee to dust!’—‘So be it, cavalier!’ replied the knight; ‘your bulls shall not avail against me, even though they are the hercelf that ever fed upon the banks of Xarama; confess, ye miscreants, unfaith, unseem, the truth of what I have proclaimed, or meet my vengeance in the field of battle.’

The
The herdsman had no time to reply, nor Don Quixote to retire, had he been never so willing; so that the drove of wild bulls and tame cattle, together with a multitude of drivers and other people employed to convey them to a place where, in a few days, they were to be baited—the whole throng, I say, passed over the bellies of Don Quixote, Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, whom they in a twinkling overthrew and rolled into the mire, in such a manner that the squire was squeezed as flat as a pancake, his master atonished, Dapple terribly bruised, and Rozinante in no very catholic condition. At length, however, all the four got upon their legs; and Don Quixote, flaggerring here, and tumbling there, began to pursue the drove on foot, calling aloud—"Halt, and wait a little, ye felonious plebeians; he is a single knight who de slew you to the combat, and not of the disposition and opinion of those who say—"Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy."

But notwithstanding all his exclamation, the drivers did not slacken their pace, or mind his threats, more than they minded last year's weather. Don Quixote being so tired, that he could run no farther, sat down upon the side of the road, more incensed than revenged, and waited for Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, who soon arrived. Then the knight and squire, mounting their baits, proceeded on their journey with more shame than satisfaction; and never dreamed of returning to take a formal leave of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE, AND MAY WELL PASS FOR AN ADVENTURE.

The duft and drought which Don Quixote and Sancho derived from the uncivil behaviour of the bulls, were remedied by a clear and limpid stream which they had the good fortune to find in a good shade, and on the margin of which this down-trodden pair, the master and man, seated themselves, after Rozinante and Dapple were unbridled, and unsheltered, and left to the freedom of their own will. Sancho immediately had recourse to the store of his wallet, from which he drew forth what he usually called his belly-timber; but not before he had rinsed his mouth, and his master had washed his own face, in consequence of which refreshment they recovered their exhausted spirits. Nevertheless, Don Quixote forbore eating, out of pure vexation; while Sancho, who durst not touch the food that was before him, waited, out of pure good manners, until his master should begin. Seeing, however, the knight so absorbed in his own imagination, that he forgot to lift the bread to his mouth, he, without letting one word escape his own, but trampling under-foot all kind of good-breeding, began to cram his paunch with the bread and cheese which constituted his provision. "Eat, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, and "support life, which is of more importance to thee than to me, and leave me to die by the strength of imagination and the severity of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and thou to die eating; and that thou mayest be convinced of this truth, consider me recorded in history, renowned in arms, courteous in demeanour, respected by princes, courted by damsels; and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs, crowns of laurel, obtained and merited by my valiant achievements, I have this morning seen myself trampled, spurned, and bruised, by the feet of filthy, unclean animals! This consideration blunts my teeth, flupifies my grinders, benumbs my hands, and deprives me wholly of appetite; so that I believe I shall die of hunger, the most cruel of all deaths."—"At that rate," answered the squire, without suspending the action of his jaws, "your worship will not approve of the proverb which says—"Let Martha die, but not for lack of yce." At least I, for my own part, have no intention to starve myself; on the contrary, I am resolved to follow the example of the cordwainer who stretches the leather with his teeth until it is sufficient for his purpose; now, I will also employ my teeth in stretching out my life with eating, to that end which is ordi
dained by Heaven; and you must know, Signior, that it is the greatest madness in nature to seek to despair like your worship. Take my advice; eat a little for refreshment, and then take a nap upon the green couch of this delightful glass, and when you awake you will see how much you'll be relieved.'

The knight relished his advice, which he thought favoured more of the philosopher than of the idiot; and said to him, 'Now, Sancho, if thou wouldst do that for me which I am going to mention, my relief would be more certain, and my afflication diminished; my proposal is, that while I sleep, in compliance with thy advice, thou wouldst go aside a little farther, and, exposing thy flesh to the air, betower upon it, with the reins of Rozinante's bridle, three or four hundred stripes of the three thousand three hundred which thou hast undertaken to endure for the delinquency of Dulcinea; for it is a lamentable circumstance that the poor lady should remain so long enchanted, through thy carelessness and neglect.'—'There is much to be said on that subject,' replied Sancho: 'let us both go to sleep in the mean time; and afterwards God must ordain that which will come to pass.

Your worship must know, that it requires great resolution in a man to scourge himself in cold blood; especially when the stripes fall upon a body which is poorly fed and supported; let my Lady Dulcinea have a little patience; when the least thinks of it, she will see my body covered into a perfect sieve; and while there is life there is hope; my meaning is, that while I hold life, I shall never quit the desire of performing my promise.'

Don Quixote, thanking him for his good-will, took a little suffrance, Sancho ate voraciously, and then both laid themselves down to sleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, those two friends and inseparable companions, at full liberty to feed, without restraint, upon the luxurious grass with which the meadow abounded.

The day being far spent before they awoke, they remounted their cattle, and pursued their journey with uncommon expedition, in order to reach an inn which they desired at a league's distance. I say, an inn, because it was so called by Don Quixote, contrary to his former custom of mistaking every inn for a castle. When they arrived at this place of entertainment, they asked if they could be accommodated with lodging; and the landlord replied in the affirmative, telling them at the same time, that his house afforded as good conveniences and entertainment as could be found in the whole city of Saragossa. They alighted accordingly, and Sancho carried his bags into an apartment, of which the innkeeper gave him the key; then he led the cattle to the stable, where he gave them their allowance; from thence he went to receive the commands of his master, who had sat down upon a bench, and thanked Heaven, in a particular manner, that Don Quixote had not committed his usual mistake. They retired to their chamber, and supper-time approaching, Sancho desired to know what they could have for that meal. To this interrogation mine host replied, that his table should be fitted to a hair, and that he might bepeak what he liked best; for, as far as the birds of the air, the fowls of the land, and the fishes of the sea could go, he would find the house provided. 'Less than all that will serve,' answered Sancho; 'we shall be satisfied with a couple of chickens roasted; for my master has a very delicate taste, and eats but little; and as for myself, I am not a very unconscionable corporant.'

The other frankly owned he had no chickens; for the kites had destroyed the whole brood. 'Well, then, Mr. Landlord,' said the squire, 'you may order a pullet to be put to the fire; but see it be very tender.'—'A pullet! cried the innkeeper; 'body of my father! now, as I'm an honest man, I sent above half a hundred yesterday to market; but setting aside pullets, you may have what you will.'—'If that be the cafe,' said Sancho, 'there will be no want of veal or kid.'—'At present,' replied the innkeeper, 'there is really none in the house; we are just out of these articles; but next week the shall have enough and to spare.'—'To be sure, we shall be much the better for that!' answered Sancho; 'I'll lay a wager all these want...
wants will be supplied with plenty of
eggs and bacon. — "Fore God!" said
the host, "my guest has an admirable
knack at guessing; I have told him
there is neither hen nor pullet in the
house, and he would have me treat him
with eggs!" Shift about, if you please,
to some other delicacies, and think no
more of poultry.

"Body o'me!" cried Sancho, "let us
come to some resolution; tell me at
once what is in the house, and pray,
Mr. Landlord, no more of your shift-
ings." — "What I really and truly can
afford," said the innkeeper, "is a dish of
cow-heal, so delicate they might be
taken for calves-feet; or you may call
them calves feet, that might pass for
cow-heel. They are stewed with peafe,
onions, and bacon, and this blest
minute cry — "Come, eat me, I come,
et me," — "I mark them for my own,"
cried Sancho, "from henceforth for ever,
amen. Let no man touch the meats,
for which I will pay you handomely;
for nothing in the whole world could
be more agreeable to my taste; and,
providing I have cow-heal, the calves-
feet may go to the devil." — "No man
will interfere with you," replied the
landlord; as for the other company in
the house, they, out of pure gentility,
being along with them their own cook,
butler and footman, "Nay, as
for gentility," said the squire, "no man
has more of that than my master; but
his profession will not admit of travel-
ing stores and batteries; lack a-day!
we lay our lives down in the middle
of a green field, and fill our bellies
with medias and accorns." Such was
the conversation that passed between
the innkeeper and Sancho; who would not,
however, go any greater lengths in fa-
tisfying the curiosity of mine host, who
was very desirous to know the office or
profession of his master.

Supper being ready, Don Quixote re-
tired to his apartment, whither the land-
lord brought the pot juit as it was, and
very decently far down to partake of the
meal. At that instant, the knight heard
people talking in the next room, from
which he was divided only by a partition
of stuff, and could plainly distinguish
their words: "As you hope to live, Don Ge-
ronimo, I conjure you, as supper is not
yet ready, to read another chapter of
the second part of Don Quixote de la
Mancha.

The knight, hearing his own name
mentioned, started up immediately, and
listening with great attention, heard Ge-
ronimo reply to this effect: — "What
pleasure can you have in reading such
aburdities, Don John? No person who
has been the first part of the history of
Don Quixote de La Mancha, can pos-
sibly be entertained with this which is
called the second." — Nevertheless,"
said Don John, "it will not be amiss to
read a little; for there is no book so
bad as to contain nothing that deserves
regard. What displeases me most in
this performance is, the author's de-
scribing Don Quixote as altogether diff-
engaged and detached from Dulcinea
del Toboso.

The knight, hearing this remark, was
filled with rage and vexation, and ex-
claimed aloud, "If any person whatever
alarms that Don Quixote de La Man-
cha either has forgotten or can forget
Dulcinea del Toboso, I will, with
equal arms, make him know and own,
that his affection is far distant from
the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea
del Toboso cannot possibly he forget;
nor is Don Quixote susceptible of for-
gotten; his motto is Constancy,
which he professes to maintain with
gentleness and purity of manners." —
"Who is he that answers?" cried the
voice. "Who should it be," replied San-
cho, "but Don Quixote de La Mancha,
who can do better than I, whose name
may be taken in this performance; and
whateve he says, and whatever he
shall say, for "A good paymaster
"wants no pawn."

Scarce had the squire pronounced these
words, when two gentlemen, for such
they appeared, entered the apartment;
and one of them throwing his arms about
Don Quixote's neck, "Your appearance,"
said he, "does not belie your name, and
your name cannot but give credit to
your appearance. Without all doubt,
you, Signior, are the true Don Quix-
ote de La Mancha, the north-star and
luminary of knight errantry, maugre
and in despite of him who has thought
proper to usurp your name, and an-
nihilate your exploits; I mean, the
author of this here book: which he

* Why might not this innkeeper have had eggs in his house, as he had sent no less than fifty pullets to market the very day before?
The two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them in their apartment, as they knew the inn could not afford any thing proper for his entertainment; and the knight, who was always the pink of courtely, complied with their request; so that Sancho remained undisputed master of the pot. 

Don John, in the course of the conversation at supper, asked what news Don Quixote had concerning the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; he begged to know if she was married, brought to bed, or in a state of pregnancy; or, if still single, she, as far as modesty and decorum would permit, fulfilled upon the passion of her lover Don Quixote. Dulcinea, answered the knight, is still unmarried, and my passion more intense than ever: our correspondence stands on the old footing, and her beauty is transformed into the appearance of a bafe-born, rustic wench.

Then he, in a very circumstantial manner, related the enchantment of his misfortunes, together with his adventure in the cave of Montefinos, and the means preferred by the sage Merlin for her relief; namely, the flagellation of Sancho.

Unspeakable was the satisfaction which the two cavaliers enjoyed in hearing Don Quixote recount the strange incidents of his history; and they were equally astonished at the folly of his adventures and the elegance with which he related them; here they esteemed him as a man of sound understanding; and there he slipped through their opinion into the sink of madness; so that they could not determine what rank he should maintain between lunacy and dufferation.

Meanwhile, Sancho having finished his meal, left his landlord more than half seas over; and entering the chamber where his master lay, Gentlemen, said he, I'll be hanged if the author

* I am not to believe that this remark was intended as an ironical sarcasm on the trivial observations of hypercriticks: for we cannot suppose Cervantes did not know, by this time, that he himself had more than once, in the first part of this history, actually called Sancho's wife by the name of Mary Gutierrez; an oversight which I have taken notice of in the proper place.

† The proverb in the original, alludes to a kind of tabor: as if one should say, He alone should attempt to play, who knows how to beat the tabor.
of that book your worship was talking of, has any mind or inclination that he and I should be mistaken.

Since he has given me the character of a glutton, as your worship have observed, I wish he may not have likewise called me a drunkard. — 'He has indeed,' replied Don Geronimo; but I do not remember the expression, though I know the words are very scourious and false above measure, as I can plainly perceive in the physiology of honest Sancho here present.'

— Take my word for it, noble gentlemen,' said the squire, the Sancho and Don Quixote of that history must be persons quite different from those recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who are no other than we ourselves, here standing and sitting in your presence: my matter, valiant, sagacious, and enamoured; and I simple, and withal pleasant, but neither fop nor gormandizer. — 'I believe what you say,' replied Don John: 'and with it were possible to obtain a mandate, prohibiting any person or persons from presuming to meddle with the affairs of the great Don Quixote, excepting Hamet, his original author; in the same manner as Alexander the Great decreed that no painter but Apelles should draw his portrait.' — Any body may draw my portrait,' said the knight; 'but let no man maltreat my character; for patience often falls to the ground, when it is overloaded with injuries.' — No injury can be done to Don Quixote, but what he can easily revenge,' answered Don John: 'unless he choose rather to ward it off with the buckler of his patience, which, I believe, is both strong and ample.'

In this and other such conversation they spent great part of the night; and although Don John would fain have persuaded Don Quixote to read a little more of the book, that they might hear him decent upon particulars, he could not accomplish his purpose; the knight affording him he considered it as good as read, and pronounced the whole a heap of absurdities; nor did he chuse that the author, who might perhaps hear it was in his hands, should have the satisfaction of thinking he had perused his performance; for, from objects of obscenity and impiety, not only the eyes but even the imagination ought to be kept sacred. When they asked, whither his course was at present directed, he told them he was bound for Saragossa, in order to signalize himself in the prize-joufts which are yearly solemnized in that city.

Then Don John gave him to understand that the new history gives an account of the furious Don Quixote's having been in that place at a course, the description of which was barren of invention, low in style, miserably poor in devices, and rich in nothing but folly and impertinence. — For that very reason,' said Don Quixote, 'I will not set foot in Saragossa, and do demonstrate to the wide world, the falsity of this modern historian, and let the nations see I am not the Don Quixote whom he has described.' — I applaud your resolution,' replied Don Geronimo; and there will be a tournament in Barcelona, where Don Quixote will have an opportunity to signalize his valor.' — And that I shall surely embrace,' answered the knight; 'at present, gentlemen, as it is high time, you will give me leave to retire to bed; and I beg you will esteem and place me among the number of your most sincere friends and humble servants.' — And me also,' said Sancho: 'adventure my service may be good for something.' They accordingly took their leave, and retired to their apartment, leaving Don John and his companion aforesaid at the medley of sense and madness they had observed in his discourse: they believed, without hesitation, these to be the real Don Quixote and Sancho, and not the persons described by the Arragonian author.

Don Quixote rising early next morning, tapped at the partition, and bade farewell to his entertainers; and Sancho paid his reckoning like a prince; advising the landlord, however, either to furnish his house better, or to brag less of his accommodations.

C H A P. VIII.

OF WHAT REFELDON QUIXOTE IN HIS WAY TO BARCELONA.

THE morning was cold, and seemed to promise but little less for the day on which Don Quixote departed.
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point is in his receiving them, from what quarter forever they may come? Insipired with this notion, he took the reins of Rozinante's bridle, which he formed into an instrument of flagellation; and, approaching the sleeping squire, began to untrus his points: indeed, it is the general opinion, that he had but one before which kept up his breeches. But scarce had he began to perform this operation, when Sancho, looking off the fetters of slumber at one start, exclaimed aloud, What's the matter? Who the devil is that so busy untrussing me while I'm asleep? — It is I, answered the knight, who mean to atone for thy ommissions, and remedy my own misfortunes. I come to scourge thee, Sancho, and discharge some part of the debt which thou art obligated to pay. Dulcinea pines in a state of transformation; and, while thou livest at thine heart's ease, I am dying with desire: unite these points, therefore, of thy own free-will; for mine, I assure thee, is to afflict thy posteriors with two thousand stripes at least, before we quit this unfrequented place. — By no manner of means! cried Sancho; I advise your worship to be quiet, or, by the God of Israel! the dead shall hear us: the stripes I have obliged myself to receive, must be given with my own free-will and content, not by force or compulsion; and, at present, I have not the least inclination to discipline my own flesh: let it suffice, I give your worship my word and honour, that I will flog and fly—slap my carcasse as soon as ever I find myself disposed for such exercise. — I must not leave it to thy courtesy, replied the knight; for thou hast a stony heart, and though a peasant, art very tender of thy flesh. He accordingly struggled with all his might to unbreech the squire; who, finding the affair become very serious, started up from the ground, sprung upon his matter, and closing with him in a trice, tripped up his heels, so that the knight came instantly to the ground, where he lay with his face uppermost: then the victor, clapping his right knee to the breast of the vanquished party, and gripping him fast by both wrists, hampered him in such a manner, that he could scarce either breathe or move. Nevertheless he made shift to pronounce their words: How now, traitor! dost thou
& thou presume to rebel against thy master and natural lord, whose bread thou haft eaten?—I neither exalt kings nor dethrone them," anfwered Sancho; "but, being my own master, I stand up in my own defence: if your worship will promise to be quiet, and think no more of scourging me for the prefent, I will forthwith free you and difencumber you from thes bonds: otherwife, here thou fhalt die, traitor and enemy to Donna Sancho.'

The knight fubfcribed to the conditions, swearing by the life of his inclinations, that he would not touch the nap of his garment, but leave him at full liberty to begin the flagellation when he himself fhould think proper. On these confederations Sancho arofe, and went afide a good way to another tree, at whose root he resolved to take his lodging for the remaining part of the night. There he felt something bob againft his head, and putting up his hand, found two legs provided with shoes and focking; trembling with affright, he moved with great expedition to another tree, where he met with the fame falutation, which increafed his terror to fuch a pitch, that he roared aloud for affurance. His master hearing this exclamation, ran towards the place, and enquired into the caufe of his fear and confusion; when the squire gave him to underfand that all thefe trees were loaded with human legs and feet. The knight reaching up his hand, immediately conceived the meaning of this strange circumftance, and faid to Sancho, 'Thou needeft not be afraid, for tho' legs and feet which thou haft felt without feeing, certainly belong to fome robbers and outlaws who are hanged upon the trees; for, when they are apprehended in this place, the officers of justice fting them up by twenties and thirties; and from this particular, I am convinced that we must now be near Barcelona.' And, indeed, his conjecture was right. Soon as objects were rendered visible by the dawn, they lifted up their eyes, and faw that the clusters depending from the trees were no other than the bodies of banditti. The morning forthwith ufered in the day; and if they were feared by the dead, they were no lefs aghaft when they found themselves all of a fudden surrounded by above forty living robbers, who called to them in the Catalonian language to be quiet, and fland still until their captain fhould arrive.

Don Quixote being a-foot, his horfe unbridled, his lance leaning againft a tree, and, in fhort, his perfon without any means of defence, he thought proper to crofs his arms upon his breast, and hung his head, referring himself for a better feafon and more happy conjuncture. Meanwhile, the robbers made fuch difpatch in plundering Dapple, that in the twinkling of an eye there was not the leafl crumb left in the wallet and pillion; and lucky it was for Sancho that he had fecured, in a concealed girdle, the duke's crowns and the money he had brought from home; nay, notwithstanding this precaution, those honest gentlemen would have searched and rumbled him in fuch a manner as to have found the eafh, even though it had been hidden between the flefh and the skin, had not they been interrupted by the foonerable arrival of their captain, who feemed to be about four and thirty years of age, of a robust make, middling figure, grave countenance, and brown complexion; he rode a strong horfe, was provided with a coat of mail, and he had flung a pair of piftols with firelocks at each fide of him. Seeing his squires (for fo they call the gentlemen of that profefion) very busy in rifing Sancho Panza, he ordered them to defift; and, as they immediately obeyed his command, the girdle happily escaped. Surprized to fee a lance leaning againft a tree, a fheid lying on the ground, and Don Quixote armed at all points and in manifefl defpondence, exhibiting the moft rueful and melancholy figure that Melancholy herfelf could have formed, he approached the knight, faying, 'Be not fo dejected, honest friend; you have not fallen into the hands of a cruel Osiris, but of thofe of Roque Guinart, who has more of compaffion than cruelty in his defipofition.'

'My dejection,' anfwered the knight, 'does not proceed from my having fallen under thy power, O valiant Roque, whose fame the limits of this earth cannot confine; but from the confciouifnefs of my own neglect, in confequence of which thy foldiers found me unprepared; whereas I am bound by the order of chivalry, which I profess,
I profess, to be always alert and vigilant, and to stand as it were at all times sentry upon myself; and give me leave to tell thee, O renowned Roque! they would not have found it such an easy task to subdue me, had I been on horseback, armed with my lance and shield: for know, I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose exploits are celebrated through this whole terraqueous globe.

Roque Guinart immediately perceived that the knight's infirmity portended more of madness than of valour; and although he had frequently heard him named, he looked upon his achievements as altogether fabulous, and could not believe that such a humour did ever prevail in the heart of man: he was therefore extremely well pleased with this encounter, that he might with his own eyes see immediately before him what he had heard reported afar off. 'Valiant knight,' said he, 'do not vex yourself, or consider your present situation in the light of a misfortune; perhaps, by stumbling in this manner your crooked fate may be made straight; for Heaven, by strange unforeseen windings, which mankind cannot comprehend, is wont to raise the fallen, and enrich the needy.'

Don Quixote's mouth was already open to thank him for his courteous behaviour, when they heard behind them a noise like that of a whole troop of horse, though there was only one, upon which came at full speed a youth who seemed to be about the age of twenty, drest in green damask, laced with gold, long breeches, a loose coat, a hat cocked in the Walloon fashion, with strap waxed boots and spurs; armed with a gold hilted sword and dagger, a small fuil and in his hand, and a canteen of pistols by his side.

Roque hearing the noise, turned about, and was surprised with the sight of this handsome figure, who accosted him in these terms: 'In search of thee, courageous Roque! I came hither, hoping by thy means to find, if not a remedy, at least an alleviation, of my misfortune: and, to keep thee no longer in suspense, as I am certain you never saw me before, know that I am Claudia Geronima, daughter of Simon Forte, who is thy intimate friend, as well as the particular enemy of Clauquel Torrellas, thy in-veterate foe, as being head of the party which thou haft always opposed. This Torrellas, thou knowest, has a son called Don Vincente Torrellas, at least he was, two hours ago, distinguished by that name. I will be as brief as possible in the account of my disaster, and explain the occasion of it in a few words. That youth happened to see me, and counted my good graces; I listened to his addresses, and gave him my heart, without the knowledge of my father; for there is no woman whatsoever so refrained and meued up, but she will find a time to execute and gratify her irresistible desires. In a word, he promised to be my husband, I consented to become his wife, and this was the farthest extent of our correspondence. Yesterday I was informed, that, forgetting this obligation, he intended to marry another woman, and that this morning he had set out to celebrate his nuptials. My brain was disturbed, and my indignation aroused to such a degree by these fatal tidings, that, taking the advantage of my father's absence, I disguised myself in this apparel, pursued a horseback my pernicious lover, whom, having overtaken about a league from this place, I, without staying to make complaints, or hear apologies, discharged upon him this fuil and these two pistolls; so that, I believe, he has more than a brace of bullets in his body: thus I opened a gate through which my honour, though bathed in his blood, may escape, and left him in the hands of his servants, who neither could nor professed to exert themselves in his defence. Thence I came in quest of thee, to beg that thou wilt conduct me safely to France, where I have relations; and, at the same time, promise to defend my father from the numerous kindred of Don Vincente, who may otherwise sacrifice him to their insatiable revenge.'

Roque was struck with admiration at the gallantry, gay appearance, gentle mien, and adventure of the beauteous Claudia, to whom he replied, 'Come, Madam, let us first see whether or not your enemy is actually dead, and then we will consider about the most proper measures to be taken in your behalf.' Here Don Quixote, who had listened
listened with great attention to Claudia's address, and Roque's reply, interposing in the conversation, exclaimed, "No man has any occasion to give himself the least trouble about the defence of this lady, which I take upon my own shoulders. Give me my horse and my arms, and stay where you are; I will go in quest of the gentleman, and dead or alive compel him to perform the promise he hath made to you, which, if I cannot perform, I will die in the attempt."'}—"Who doubts that?" cried Sancho; 'adad! my matter has an excellent hand at match-making; a few days ago, he compelled another person who likewise refused to keep his word with a young woman; and if those plaguy enchanters who persecute him to much, had not transfigured the gallant into a lacquey, that very hour, She that was a maid before, would have been a maid no more."

Roque, whose attention was engrossed by the adventure of the beautiful Claudia, paid very little regard to what was said either by the matter of the man; but ordering his squires to restore the spoils of Dapple to Sancho, and retire to the place appointed for their quarters that night, he set out with Claudia, in great haste, to reconnoitre the situation of the dead or wounded Don Vincente. When they arrived at the spot where he had been overtaken by the young lady, they found nothing but some recent blood; but, casting their eyes around, they discovered some people on the side of a hill, and confounded they could be no other than the servants of Don Vincente carrying their master to a proper place, where he might be cured, if alive, or buried, if dead. Their supposition was just; and spurring up their horses, they soon overtook the unhappy cavalier, whom they found in the arms of his attendants, whom he entreated, 'with a faint and languid voice, to let him die where he was; for the pain of his wounds would not suffer him to proceed farther. Then Claudia and Roque approached him, to the great terror of his servants, who stood aghast at sight of this famous free-booter; but Claudia was greatly disturbed at the melancholy situation of Don Vincente; and agitated by the conflicting passions of tenderness and resentment, took him by the hand, saying, 'Hadst thou given me this of thy own accord, conformable to the mutual promise subsisting between us, thou wouldest never have been in this condition.'

The wounded cavalier opened his eyes, which were almost shut for ever, and recognizing Claudia, 'I plainly perceive,' said he, 'most beautiful and mild young lady, that I owe my death to your hand; a punishment altogether unmerited and unsuited to my inclinations, which, as well as my conduct, were, in regard to your person, altogether void of offence.'—'What?" cried Claudia, 'is it not true, that you, this morning, intended to marry Leonora, daughter of the rich Balvafro?"—No, surely," replied Don Vincente; 'my evil genius must have alarmed you with such information, that, your jealousy being inflamed, you might deprive me of life, which, as I leave it in your arms, and your embraces, I consider as happily lost; and, that you may be convinced of my sincerity, give me your hand, and, if you please, receive me for your husband, this being the only satisfaction I can make for the offence I was supposed to have given,' Accordingly, Claudia and he joined hands and hearts together, in such a manner that the fainted away upon his bloody breast, and he sunk into a mortal paroxysm.

Roque being confounded and perplexed, the servants ran for water which they sprinkled upon their faces, and Claudia recovered from her swoon; but this was not the case with her unhappy lover, who had already breathed his last. The young lady, perceiving her beloved husband was no more, rent her hair with her groans, wounded the heavens with her lamentation, tore her locks and scattered them to the winds, and disfigured her face with her own tears, exhibiting all the marks of the most severe grief that ever took possession of an afflicted bosom. 'O cruel and unconfident woman!' she cried; 'how easily would thou provoked to execute such dire revenge! O furious jealousy! to what dire despair dost thou conduct all those who give thee harbour in their breasts! O my dear husband!"
husband! whose unhappy fate, in being mine, hath made thy marriage-bed thy grave!"

Such were the melancholy exclamations of Clauda, which brought water-into the eyes of Roque, who had seldom or never shed tears before; their servants wept bitterly; the young lady swooned almost at every step, and this whole circuit seemed to be the scene of sorrow, and field of misfortune. At length Roque Guimard ordered the servants to carry their master's body to his father's country-fort, which was hard by, that it might be buried according to the old gentleman's directions; and Clauda expressed her desire of retiring to a certain monastery, the abbeys of which was her aunt, where she intended to finish her life, in company of a better and more eternal husband. Roque applauded her design, and offered to conduct her to the place, promising, at the same time, to defend her father from the kindred of Don Vincente, and all the world, should they conspire against his peace. She would by no means avail herself of his attendance; but, thanking him for his obliging offers in the most courteous terms he could use, took her leave of him, shedding a torrent of tears; the servants of Don Vincente carried off the body, Roque returned to his gang; and this ended the amour of Clauda Geronima; a catastrophe not to be wondered at, when we consider that the web of her melancholy fate was woven by the baleful and invincible force of jealousy.

Roque Guimard found his squires in the place where he had ordered them to take up their night's lodging, and in the midst of them Don Quixote upon Rozinante, exhorting them in a long harangue, to quit that way of life, so dangerous both to soul and body; but as the greatest part of them were Gascons, a brutal and disorderly sort of people, the knight's arguments made but little impression. The chief arriving, asked Sancho Panza if the men had restored the furniture and effects they had taken from Dapple; and the squire replied in the affirmative, excepting, however, three night-caps worth as many royal cities. "What the devil does the fellow say!" cried one of the gang; "here they are, and any body, may be they would not fell for three rials."

"True," said Don Quixote; "but my squire values them at that rate, on account of the perfon of whom I received them in a present." Roque commanded the man to restore them instantly; then, forming his people into a line, gave orders for bringing before them all the clothes, jewels, money, and every thing they had acquired by robbery since the last partition; then, making a short valuation, and reducing the indivisibles into cash, he shared the whole among his company, with such equity and discretion, that in the most minute article, he neither exceeded nor fell short of distributive justice.

Having made this partition, with which every individual was perfectly well satisfied and contented, Roque turning to Don Quixote, "If we did not observe this punctuality," said he, "there would be no living among such a crew." To this declaration Sancho replied, "From what I have seen, I find justice so excellent in itself, that the practice of it is necessary even among thieves."

One of the squires overhearing the remark, lifted up the butt-end of his musket, with which, in all probability, he would have shattered Sancho's skull, had not the general commanded him to desist; while Panza, trembling in every limb, resolved never to open his lips again so long as he should be among such ruffians.

About this time arrived one of the gang, who was placed sentinel on the road to reconnoitre travellers, and bring intelligence; and riding up to their chief, "Signior," said he, "not far from hence, there is a large company of people travelling to Barcelona."--"Have you perceived," answered Roque, "whether they are such as we seek, or such as are in quest of us." When the squire replied that they were such as he sought; "Set out, then, all together," said he, "and bring the whole company hither, without suffering one to escape."

This whole gang departed accordingly, leaving their chief alone with Don Quixote and Sancho, to wait the issue of their expedition; and during this interval, Roque addressing himself to the knight, "This life of ours," said he, "must appear very strange to Don Quixote, exposed as it is to infinite adventures and incidents replete with danger;"
danger; and, indeed, I do not wonder that it should appear in that light; for I must know there can be no situation so full of terror and disquiet as that in which I live, and into which I was misled by the desire of revenge, which is often powerful enough to disturb the most philosophick breast.

I am naturally benevolent and compassionate; but, as I have already observed, the desire of revenging an injury which I received, hath overthrown all my virtuous inclinations in such a manner, that I perforce in this career, maugre and in despite of my own understanding; and, as deep calleth unto deep, and sin unto sin, different schemes of revenge are so linked together, that I undertake not only my own, but also those of other people; yet, by the blessing of God, although I find myself thus involved in a labyrinth of confusion, I have not lost the hope of being, one day, happily extricated from all my troubles.

Don Quixote was surprised to hear Roque talk so sensibly and with such moderation; for he imagined, that among those who were in the daily practice of assailing, robbing, and murdering their fellow-creatures, there could not surely be one single person of sense and reflection. 'Signior Roque,' said he, 'the beginning of health is the knowledge of the disease, and the patient's desire to comply with the physician's prescription. You are now in the diseased condition, sensible of your infirmity, and Heaven, or rather God himself, who is the great physician, will apply those medicines which are proper for the cure of your distemper; but these remedies are wont to operate slowly, not in a sudden miraculous manner; and sensible sinners are much more likely to recover, than delinquents of little understanding. Now, as your discourse evinces your discretion, be of good cheer, and courageously wait for the perfect recovery of your confidence. If you are in earnest inclined to quit this road, and enter at once into that which leads to salvation, come along with me and learn to be a knight-errant, in which capacity you will undergo such toils and disfaters as will be deemed sufficient penance, and exclude you to Heaven in the turning of two balls.'

Roque could not help smiling at Don Quixote's advice; but changing the conversation, he recounted the tragical adventure of Claudia Geronima, at which Sancho was exceedingly grieved; for he had been hugely pleased with the beauty, vivacity, and demeanor of the young lady.

About this time they were joined by the squires of the booty, who brought along with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by six servants, partly mounted, and partly footmen, together with two muleteers, who waited upon the gentlemen. These came all in a troop surrounded by the squires, and universal silence prevailed among the victors and the vanquished; both sides expelling, with resignation, the commands of the great Roque Quixart, who, approaching the gentlemen, asked who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had.

To these interrogations one of them replied, 'Signior, we are captains of the Spanish infantry, our companies are in Naples; our intention is to embark on board of four gallys, which, they say, are now in the harbour of Barcelona, ready to sail for Sicily; and our funds amount to two or three hundred crowns, with the possession of which we thought ourselves rich and happy, considering the narrow appointments of a solder, which will not permit him to heap up a great deal of wealth.'

Then Roque putting the same questions to the pilgrims, they answered, that their design was to embark for Italy, in order to visit Rome; and that, between both, they could matter about sixty rials. He likewise desired to know the quality of those who were in the coach, the place to which they were going, and the state of their finances. In these particulars he was satisfied by one of the horsemen, who said, 'The company in the coach consists of my Lady Donna Guionde de Quiones, wife to the regent of the vicariate of Naples, her little daughter a damsel, and a duenna; I am one of the six servants who attend them, and her ladyship's cash may amount to six hundred crowns.' At that rate, then, replied the mighty Roques, here are nine hundred crowns and sixty rials; I have sixty soldiers; lee what
what each man's share will come to, for I am but an indifferent arithme-
tician." The robbers hearing this de-
cision, cried aloud, "Long life to Roque Guinart, and confusion to the knives who endeavour to effect his ruin!"

The captains exhibited evident marks of affliction, my lady regent assumed a very sorrowful countenance, and the pilgrims did not at all rejoice at this confirmation of their effects. Although Roque kept them for some time in sus-
pense, he had no mind to protract their melacholy, which was plainly per-
civable a gunshot off; but, turning to the captains, "Gentlemen," said he, "be so good as to lend me sixty crowns, and my lady regent will favour me with fourscore, in order to satisfy my squadron; you know, The abbot must not want, who for his bread doth chant; then you may procure your journey without fear or molestation, by virtue of a safe conduct I will grant; in consequence of which, you will be exempted from plunder, in case you should fall in with any other of those squadrons which I have posted up and down in different divi-
sions; for it is not my intention to aggrieve either soldiers or ladies, es-
tially ladies of quality."

Infinite and well turned were the compliments in which the captains ac-
nowledged their obligation to Roque for his politeness and liberality, for such they accounted it, in leaving them possesse of their own money. My Lady Donna Guinom de Quiones would have thrown herself from the coach, in order to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque; but he would by no means accept such marks of sub-
mission; on the contrary, he begged pardon for the injury which he was compelled to do them, in compliance with the precise duty of his wicked pro-
fection. The lady ordered her servant to pay instantly the eighty crowns which were demanded; the captains had already disbursed fourscore; and the pilgrims were going to surrender their miserable pittance, when Roque desired them to desist, and turning to his gang, "Of these crowns," said he, "two shall fall to the share of each man and then there will be an overplus of twenty, one half of which I give to the pilgrims, and the other ten to this honest squire, that he may make a favourable report of the adventure."

After this decision, he took pen, ink, and paper, with which he was always provided, and writing a safe conduct di-
rected to the chiefs of his squadrons, gave it to the company, whom he courteously dismissed, and they proceeded on their journey, stuck with admiration at his noble demeanour, gallant disposition, and strange conduct, looking upon him rather as an Alexander the Great, than a notorious robber. One of the squires, displeased at the booty, said in his Ca-
talonic dialect, "This captain of ours is fitter for praying than praying; if henceforth he has a mind to shew his generosity, let it be from his own pu$r, and not what is ours by right of conquest."

The unhappy wretch did not speak so softly, but that he was overheard by Roque, who instantly unheathing his sword, cleft his head almost in two, saying, "Thus I chastise mutiny and presumption." All the rest of the gang were terrified at this execution, and not one of them durst open his lips, so much were they over-awed by the character of their chief.

As for Roque, he went aside and wrote a letter to a friend at Barcelona, giving him to understand how he had met with the famous Don Quixote de La Mancha, that knight-errant whose exploits were in every body's mouth; and, he assured him, that the adventurer was the most agreeable and understand-
ing man in the whole world; he like-
wise gave him notice, that in four days from the date of the letter, on the feast of St. John, the said knight-errant would appear on the beach of the city, armed cap-a-pe, mounted on Rozinante, and accompanied by his squire Sancho upon an ass. He, there-
fore, desired his correspondent to com-
municate this intelligence to his friends the Nearis, that they might enjoy the character of Don Quixote, and wished his enemies the Cadell might not par-
take of the diversion. But that was a vain desire, because the mixture of mad-
ness and discretion in the knight, and the pleasurities of his squire, were such as could not fail to yield entertainment to the whole world in general.

This letter was dispatched by one of his squires; who, disguising himself in the
the habit of a peasant, entered Barce-

lona, and delivered it according to the
direction.

C H A P. IX.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIX-
OTE ON HIS ENTRANCE INTO
BARCELONA—WITH OTHER CIR-
CUMSTANCES THAT PARTAKE
MORE OF TRUTH THAN OF DIS-
CRETION.

THREE days and three nights

did Don Quixote remain with
Roque, and had he sailed as many hun-
dred years, he would not have wanted
subject for enquiry and admiration at
their way of life; they lodged in one
place, dined in another; sometimes
they fled from they knew not what,
sometimes waited for they knew not
whom. They slept standing, and even
that slumber was often interrupted;
they shifted from place to place; in a
word, their whole time was spent in
appointing spies, examining sentinels,
and blowing matches for their mu-
quets, though they had but few; for
they chiefly used firelocks. As for
Roque, he passed the night by himself,
in private haunts and places concealed
even from the knowledge of his own
gang; for the repeated proclamations
shouted by the viceroy of Barcelona,
setting a price upon his head, had render-
ed him restless, diffident, and fearful;
so that he durst not confide in any per-
son whatever, being apprehensive that
even his own followers would either
murder or deliver him up to justice; a
life, of all others, assuredly the most
tirefome and miserable! At length, this
renowned freebooter, accompanied by
Don Quixote and Sancho, and attend-
ed by six of his own squires, set out for
Barcelona, through unenfranchised roads,
short cuts, and private paths, and ar-
ived upon the strand, after it was
dark, on the eve of St. John.

Here Roque, embracing Don Quixote,
and giving to Sancho the ten crowns,
which, though promised, had not hitherto been paid; took his leave and
returned to his station, after mutual
professions of friendship that passed be-
tween him and our hero, who resolved
to sit on horseback as he was till day,
which was not far off. Accordingly,
they had not tarried long in this situ-
ation, when Aurora disclosed her rosy
face through the balconies of the cast,
infusing vigour and seeming joy into
every plant and flower, instead of gra-
tifying the ear, which, however, was
also that instant regaled with the sound
of waists and kettle-drums, together
with the noise of morrice drums, the
cratter of hooves upon the pavement,
and the repetition of 'Clear the way!'
pronounced by the couriers who came
forth from the city. Aurora vanished
before the sun; who, with a counte-
nance ample as a target, gradually
rode from below the horizon; then
Don Quixote and Sancho, extending
their view all around, perceived the sea,
which they had never before beheld,
and which seemed to be infinitely vast,
and abundantly more spacious than even
the lakes of Ruydara, which they had
seen in La Mancha; they likewise be-
held the galleys in the road, which,
when their awnings were unfurled, dis-
played a glorious fight of pendants,
flags, and fireammers, that was notonned in
the wind, and killed and bruished the
surface of the deep; while they were
surrounded with clarions, trumpets,
and other sorts of musick, which filled
the air, for many leagues around, with
sweet and martial accents. Now they
began to move, and forming themselves
into line of battle, exhibited the re-
presentation of a naval fight upon the
tranquil bosom of the sea. At the
same time, a mock skirmish was acted
on the shore, by a great number of gen-
tlemen, mounted on beautiful horse,
who came forth from the city, in gay
attire, with splendid liversies. The sol-
diers of the galleys discharged an in-
nite number of fire arms, which were
answerfed from the wall and forts of the
sea; and to the great guns, which
seemed to rend the air with their tre-
mendous sound, the midship cannons
of the galleys made a suitable reply;
the joy that resounded on board, the
pleasure that appeared on shore, together
with the serenity of the air, which was
sometimes disturbed by the smoke of
the artillery, seemed to influe and en-
gender a sudden flow of spirits and de-
light in every breast. As for Sancho,
he could not conceive how those great
hulks could use such a number of feet
in moving through the sea.

About this time, the cavaliers so
richly caparisoned, crying, hallooing,
and shouting, in the Moorsill manner, came riding up to the place where Don Quixote sat on horseback, overwhelmed with surprise and astonishment; and one of their number, who had been apprized by Roque, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Welcome to our city, thou mirror, lanthorn, planet, and polar star, of all chivalry in its utmost extent! Welcome, valorous Don Quixote de La Mancha, not the false, fictitious, and apocryphal adventurer, lately in spurious history described; but the real, legal, and royal knight recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, the flower of historians." Don Quixote answered not a word; nor did the cavaliers wait for his reply; but, with their followers, began to wheel and turn, and curvet in a circle round the knight; who, addressing himself to Sancho, "As these people know us so well," said he, "I will lay a wager they have read our history, and even that of the Arragonian, which hath been lately printed." The gentleman who had at first accosted him returning, renewed his address in these words: "Signior Don Quixote, he so good as to go along with us, who are all the intimate friends and humble servants of Roque Guinart." To this entreaty the knight replied, "If courteys engenders courtesys, yours, Signior Cavaller, is the daughter, or, at least, nearly allied to that which I experienced in the gallant Roque. Conduct me whither you please to go; my will shall, in all respects, be conformable to yours, and I should be proud if you would employ it in your service." The gentleman answered this compliment with expressions equally polite; and all his companions surrounding the knight in a body, they, to the music of the waists and kettle-drums, conducted him to the city, his entrance into which was attended with a small misfortune. That mischief, from which all mischief is produced, ordained, that two bold and impudent boys, more mischievous than mischief itself, should squeeze themselves through the crowd, and approaching Rozinante and Dapple, clap a handful of force under the tail of each: the poor animals, feeling the severity of this new kind of furs, augmented the pain, by pressing their tails more close-ly to their buttocks; so that, after a thousand plunges, they came with their riders to the ground, to the uninter-able flame and indigation of Don Quixote; who, with great dispatch, delivered the posterior of his companion from this disagreeable plumage; while Sancho performed the same kind office for his friend Dapple.

The gentlemen would have willingly chastified the boys for their presumption; but it was not in their power to give the strangers that satisfaction; for, they had no sooner executed their purpose, than they concealed themselves among the crowd of above a thousand youngsters who followed the cavalcade: so that Don Quixote and Sancho were obliged to pocket the affront; and re-mounting their heads, proceeded with the same music and acclamation to the hose of their conductor, which was large and magnificent, and in all respects suitable to the rank of an opulent cavalier. Here, then, we shall leave him for the present; for such is the will of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

CHAPTER X.
CONTAINING THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED HEAD—WITH OTHER TRIVIAL INCIDENTS, WHICH, HOWEVER, MUST NOT BE OMITTED.

Don Quixote's landlord was called Don Antonio Moreno, a wealthy gentleman of good understanding, who loved a joke in a fair and good-humoured way; so that finding our knight safely housed under his roof, he began to contrive means for extracting diversion from the madness of his guests, without prejudice to his person; for those are no jests that give pain; nor is that pastime to be indulged which tends to the detriment of a fellow-creature. His first step was to unarm Don Quixote, and in that stratagem doubtless, which we have already painted and described, expose him to publick view in a balcony that jetted out into one of the chief streets in the city, where he was surveyed by the people and the children, who gazed upon him as if he had been a monkey or baboon. While he stood in this situation, the gentlemen with the rich live-
ries performed their courses before him, as if for his sake only, and not in order to celebrate the festival, they had provided all their finery; and Sancho was ravished with the thoughts of having so luckily found, without knowing how or wherewith, another wedding of Camacho, another house like that of Don Diego de Miranda, and another place equal to the duke's cattle, where he had been so hospitably entertained.

Don Antonio had that day invited some friends to dinner, and all of them paid particular respect to Don Quixote, whom they treated as a renowned knight-errant, a circumstance that elevated his vanity to such a pitch, that he could scarce contain his satisfaction; and Sancho's conceits flowed so fast and humourous, that all the servants of the family, and all who heard his fallacies, seemed to hang upon his lips. While he waited at table, Don Antonio accosting him, 'Honest Sancho,' said he, 'we are informed you are such a lover of fowls and balls of forced meat, that, when you can eat no longer, you pocket what remains for next day.'—'No, Signior,' answered Sancho, 'that is not the case, and your worship must have been missethought; I am a cleanly squire, and no such filthy glutton; for my master, here present, knows very well, that we have often passed eight whole days, without any other sufficiency than a handful of nuts or acorns. True it is, If ever the heir is offered, the tether is at hand; my meaning is, I eat what I get, and ride the ford as I find it*. If, therefore, any person whatever hath said that I am an exceeding glutton and foul feeder, your worship may take it for granted that he is in a mistake; and I would tell him my mind in another manner, if it was not for the respect I bear to the honourable beards of this company.'—Affirmed,' said Don Quixote, 'Sancho's cleanliness, and moderation in eating, might be inscribed and engraved on tablets of brass, for an everlasting memorial and example to succeeding ages. True it is, when very hungry, he may seem to be a little voracious; for he eats with precipitation, chewing with both fles of his jaws; but cleanliness he punctually maintains; and, while a governor, learned to eat to delicately, that he took up grapes, and even the grains of a pomegranate, with a fork.'—'How!' cried Don Antonio, 'hath Sancho been a governor?—'Yes, sure,' replied the squire; 'and that of an island called Barataria, which I governed according to my own will and pleasure, for the space of ten days, during which I left my natural rest, and learned to despise all the governments upon earth: I, therefore, fled from it as I would fly from the devil, and tumbled into a cavern, from whence, though I gave myself up as a dead man, I was brought up alive by a perfect miracle.' Then Don Quixote gave them a circumstantial account of Sancho's government, which afforded extraordinary entertainment to the whole audience.

Dinner being ended, and the table uncovered, Don Antonio took our hero by the hand, and conducted him into a private apartment, where there was no furniture but a table, that seemed to be of jasper, supported by one foot of the same substance; and upon this table was placed a bust of bronze, from the breast upwards, representing a head of one of the Roman emperors: Don Antonio, after having traversed the room with his guest, and more than once walked round the table, 'Signior Don Quixote,' said he, 'now that I am assured no person overhears us, as nobody listens, and the door is bolted, I will impart to your worship one of the rarest adventures, or rather one of the greatest rarities, that ever was known; on condition, however, that you will deposit the secret in the most hidden recesses of your heart.'—'I swear to the condition,' answered Don Quixote: 'and, for the greater security, will put a tombstone over whatever you shall communicate; for, know, Signior Don Antonio,' (by this time he had learned his name), 'your worship is talking to one, who, though he has ears to hear, has never a tongue to tattle; so that you may securely transcribe the contents of your own breast into mine, and take it for granted, you have ingulphed them in the abyss of silence.'—'On
the faith of that promise," replied Don Antonio, "I will excite your worship's admiration with what you shall see and hear; and I, myself, will enjoy some alleviation of the pain I have felt from having no person to whom I could communicate the secret, which is not to be trusted to every body's discretion." Don Quixote waited with impatience and surpize to see the result of this prelude; when his entertainer, taking him by the hand, made him feel all around the buff, the table, and the jasper foot upon which it was supported; then accosting him with great solemnity of aspect: "This buff, Signior Don Quixote," said he, "was made and contrived by one of the greatest enchanters and necromancers that ever the world produced. He was, I think, a native of Poland, and disciple of the famous Escotillo, of whose knowledge such wonders are reported. As he chanced to be in this part of the world, I took him into my house, where, in consideration of a thousand crowns which I paid, he wrought this head, in which is centered the surpizing power and virtue of answering every question communicated to its ear. The master performed certain rites, eredled schemes, confuded the stars, and carefully observed the lucky and unlucky minutes, until, at length, he brought it to that perfection which we shall perceive to-morrow; for on Fridays it is mute, and this being Friday, we must wait till another day: in the mean time, your worship may consider and prepare your questions, which I know by experience it will truly answer." Don Quixote was confounded and astonished at this property and virtue of the head, and indeed, almost tempted to disbelieve Don Antonio's account; but, seeing how little time was required to make the experiment, he would not mention his incredulity; but, in very polite terms, thanked his entertainer for having entrusted him with such an important secret. They accordingly quitted the apartment, and Don Antonio having locked the door, returned to the rest of the company, who were highly entertained with Sancho's recapitulation of many adventures and incidents to which his master had been exposed.

The same evening, they persuaded Don Quixote to make a progress along the streets-with them, not in his armour, but in a loose coat of tawny-coloured cloth, which would have made ice itself sweat at that season; and, in the mean time, they directed their servants to amuse Sancho within doors, that he might not come forth and spoil their diversion. The knight was not mounted on Rozinante, but accommodated with an ambling mule, gaily caparisoned; and, upon the back of his coat or cloak, they, without his knowledge, pinned a parchment inscribed in large letters, "This is Don Quixote de la Mancha." The proceeding no sooner began, than this scroll attracted the eyes of the people; and, when they read it aloud, the knight was astonished to find himself known, and hear his name repeated by all the spectators. He, therefore, turning to Don Antonio, who rode by his side, "Great," said he, "is the prerogative that centers in knight-errantry, the professors of which are known and celebrated through all the corners of the earth: take notice, Signior Don Antonio, how my name is repeated by the very boys who never saw me before."--It is even so, Signior Don Quixote," replied Antonio; "for, as light cannot be shut up and concealed, so neither can virtue remain unknown; and, that which is acquired by the profession of arms, shines with inferior splendor over all other acquisitions."

While our knight thus proceeded amidst the acclamation of the crowd, a certain Cautlian happened to pass, and reading the scroll, exclaimed aloud:

* This was Michael Scot, who lived in the thirteenth century, and was such an adept in medicine, mathematicks, chemistry, alchemy, and other branches of natural knowledge, that the vulgar looked upon him as a wizard or magician. But as this philosopher died in 1297, and this conversation between Don Antonio and our knight must have happened after the year 1605, when the first part of Don Quixote was licensed, how could the disciple of Scot be in the house of Don Antonio? Yet this anachronism might easily pass upon Don Quixote, as it related to matters of enchantment.
Now, the devil take thee, Don Quixote de la Mancha! how hast thou made shift to come so far without expiring under some of those infinite drubbings which thy ribs have received? A madman thou surely art: and if the defect of thine understanding affected thyself only, and was confined within the gates of thy own madness, the misfortune would be the smaller; but thy frenzy is of such a peculiar nature as to turn the brains of all those with whom thou hast any commerce or communication; witness these gentlemen by whom thou art now accompanied. Return to your own house, Mr. Goofe-cap, mind your family-concerns; look after your wife and children; and discard these vain maggots, which have eaten and bowed into thy brain, and skimmed off the very cream of your understanding. —

"Hark ye, brother," said Don Antonio, "go about your business; and do not pretend to offer your advice to those who went none of your counsel; Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha is renowned for wisdom, and we who accompany him are not so mad as you may imagine. Virtue ought to be honoured wheresoever it is found: therefore be gone with a vengeance; and seek not to meddle in those affairs with which you have no concern." — "More God! your worship is in the right," replied the Caillian: advising that honest man is kicking against the pricks. Nevertheless, I am extremely sorry that the good senfe, which, they say, this madman displays in some things, should be upprofitably wasted through the canal of his knight-errantry: and may that vengeance which your worship impregnated, overtake me and all my posterity, if, from this day forwards, I give advice to any person whatever, asked, or unasked, even though I should live to the age of Methuselah! So saying, this counsellor went away, and the procession went on; but the throng was so great, occasioned by the boys and other idle people who pressed in to read the scroll, that Don Antonio was fain to take it off, on pretence of freeing the knight from some other annoyance.

In the twilight they returned to the house of Don Antonio, where they found a ball prepared by his lady, who was a woman of birth, beauty, good humour, and discretion; and had invited a number of friends to come and honour her guest, and enjoy the strange peculiarities of his madness: they accordingly came, and after supper, at which they were entertained in a very splendid manner, the ball began about ten o'clock. Among the company were two ladies who had a turn for satire, accompanied with a great deal of humour; and who, though persons of unblemished honour, indulged themselves with uncommon freedom of behaviour, in order to keep up the spirit of the diversion, that it might not flag. This pair of female waggs perfused with incredible eagerness in dancing with Don Quixote, until not only his body, but even his very soul, seemed fainting with fatigue; and nothing could be more ludicrous than the figure of the knight, so long, so lean, so yellow, capering about in a frighten'd doublet, with an air unpeckably awkward, and legs that were never designed for such exercise. The young ladies affected to court his good graces by stealth; and he privately treated their advances with disdain, until, finding them become more and more pressing, he pronounced aloud, "Fagate partes adversae! disturb not my repose, ye unwelcome thoughts! avault, ladies, with your unruly desires; for the who is queen of mine, the peers left. Dulcinea del Tobofo, will not consent that I should surrender or be subject to any other than her own!"

So saying, he sat down upon the floor in the middle of the hall, quite exhausted and demolished with the violent exercise he had undergone; so that Don Antonio gave orders for his being carried forthwith to bed; and the first person who touched him in obedience to this order, was his own figure Sancho Panza; who, as he endeavoured to raise him upon his legs, could not help reprehending him in these words:

"What a plague tempted your worstrip to fall a capering? Did you suppose every valiant man was as nimble as an harlequin, or that all knights-errant must needs be maffily dancers? If that was your opinion, I say you were much deceived: for these be men who would rather un- der take to play a giant, than to cut a caper,
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caper. Had it been the shoe-flapping horn-pipe, I could have supplied your place; for I flap like a jerfaucon; but as for your figured dances, I know not a flitch of the matter.' With this address Sancho raised a laugh from the assembly, and his master from the floor, and carrying the knight to bed, covered him up very warm, that he might sweat out the cold caught in dancing.

Next day Don Antonio thought proper to try the experiment of the enchanted head, and for this purpose entered the apartment, accompanied by Don Quixote, Sancho, a couple of friends, with our hero's two waggish partners, who had flaid all night with Antonio's lady. The door being fast bolted, he explained the property of the bust, after having laid injunctions on the company to keep the secret, and declared this was the day on which he intended to make the first trial of the virtue contained in the enchanted head. Indeed, except his two friends, no other person knew the mystery; and if they had not been previously informed by Don Antonio, they would certainly have shared in the fame admiration which necessarily seized the rest who were present at the execution of a scheme so artfully contrived.

The first who approached the ear of this enchanted head was Don Antonio himself, who said in a low voice, but so as to be overheard by all present, 'Tell me, O head, by thy inherent virtue, what are my present thoughts?' To this interrogation the head, without moving it's lips, replied in a clear and distinct voice, which was heard by the whole company, 'I do not pretend to investigate the thoughts.' Those who knew not the plot were confounded at hearing this answer, as they plainly perceived there was not a living soul under the table or in the whole apartment to utter this reply. Don Antonio addressing himself again to it, asked, 'How many persons are here in company?' and was answered in the same key, 'You and your wife, two friends of yours, and two of her companions, with a famous knight called Don Quixote de La Mancha, and his squire Sancho Panza by name.' Here was fresh amazement! here was their hair standing on end with affright; while, Don Antonio, flapping aside from the table, said, 'This is enough to convince me that I have not been deceived by the person of whom I purchased thee; thou fage, speaking, oracular, and admirable head! Let some other person go and question it at will.'

As women are usually very curious and impatient, the next who approached was one of the two ladies, and her question was this: 'Tell me, O head, what shall I do to be extremely beautiful? She received for answer, 'Be extremely virtuous;' and replied, 'I ask no more.' Then her companion advanced, saying, 'I want to know, fagacious head, whether or not I am fondly beloved by my husband?' and she was answered, 'That you will learn by observing his behaviour.' The married lady retired, observing that it required no magic to solve that question; for, in effect, an husband's behaviour to his wife will always declare the state of his affection. The third person that approached the table was one of Don Antonio's friends, who asked, 'What am I?' and when the voice answered, 'Thou knowest best,' he replied, 'That is not the purport of my question; I desire thou wilt tell me if thou knowest my name?'—'Yes,' said the oracle; 'I know thou art Don Pedro Noriez.'—'Then I am satisfied,' answered Don Pedro; for that answer is sufficient to convince me, O head, that thou knowest every thing.' Then he withdrew, and was succeeded by the other gentleman who, advancing to the table, 'Tell me, O head,' said he, 'the wish of my eldest son?—'I have already owned that I cannot dive into the thoughts of men, said the voice; 'nevertheless, I will tell thee, that the wish of thy son is to bury his father.'—'That is indeed his wish,' replied the cavalier; 'I see it with my eye, I touch it with my finger, and do not chuse to ask another question.' Don Antonio's lady

* But in this very chapter he has already told Don Quixote, that he knew the virtue of the head from experience.

† Antonio's wife must have been here before the others entered: for she is not in the list of those who went in with her husband,
approached, saying, "I know not how to interrogate thee, O head; but I should be glad to know if I shall long enjoy my good husband?"—"Yes, you will," replied the voice; "his healthy constitution, and moderate way of life, promise a long succession of years and a good old age, of which many men depair themselves by their own intemperance."

Don Quixote now took his turn, and addressing himself to the bulb, "Tell me, whatever thou art," said he, "is my account of what befal me in the case of Montesinos really fact, or only the illusion of a dream? Will the flagellation of my squire Sancho be certainly accomplished? and will the disinchantment of Dulcinea take effect?"—"With respect to the cause," replied the oracle, "much may be said; the adventure partakes both of truth and illusion. The flagellation of Sancho will proceed slowly, but Dulcinea will be disinchanted in proceeds of time."—"And that is all I desire to know," cried the knight; "for in the disinchantment of Dulcinea, I shall reckon all my wishes at once happily fulfilled."

The last interrogator was Sancho; who, approaching the table, "Pray, good Mr. Head," said he, "shall I peradventure obtain another government? shall I ever rise above the humble station of a squire? and lastly, shall I ever see again my wife and children?" To these questions he received these answers: "If it be thy fate to return to thy own house, thou wilt govern thy family, and see thy wife, and children; and in ceasing to be a squire,"—"Pore God! an excellent的回答!" cried Sancho; "that I could have foretold myself, and the prophet Jeremiah could have said no more."—"What answer would you have, you head?" said Don Quixote; "is it not sufficient that the responses delivered by the head, correspond with the questions you have asked?"—"It shall foliage," replied the figure; "but I wish it had explained itself a little more fully, and told me more of my fortune."

Thus ended the questions and answers, but not the admiration of the whole company; except Antonio's two friends, who had been let into the secret; which Cid Hamet Benengeli will now explain, that the world may not be kept longer in suspense, or imagine that any necromantick talisman or extraordinary mystery was contained in this wonderful bulb. He gives us, therefore, to understand, that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of such another head which he had seen at Madrid, contrived by a statue, ordered this to be made in his own house for his private amusement, and with a view to surprize the vulgar; and in this manner was the whole fabricated. The table was of wood painted and varnished like Jasper, and the foot that supported it of the same materials, carved into the resemblance of four eagles talons, which kept it firm and steady in its position. The head formed from the medal of one of the Roman emperors, and covered with a copper colour, was hollow, as well as the table, in which it was so nicely fixed, that no eye could perceive the joining; the foot was likewise hollow, and answered to the neck and breach of the bulb; and the whole corresponded with another chamber below, by means of a concealed tin pipe which passed through the bulb, the table, and the foot. In this lower apartment, communicating with that of the enchanted head, did the person who uttered the responses fix his mouth to the pipe, so as that the voice ascended and descended in diffuse and articulate sounds, and it was impossible for any person to discover the deception. The respondent was Antonio's nephew, a student of acute parts, and a well-cultivated understanding, who, being previously informed by his uncle of the name and names of the persons whom he intended to introduce into the chamber of the enchanted head, was enabled to answer the first question with great facility and precision; and to the rest he replied by conjectures which were equally ingenious and discreet.

Cid Hamet moreover relates, that for ten or twelve days the virtue of this wonderful machine continued in full force; but a report diffusing itself through the city, that Don Antonio had in his house an enchanted head, which could answer all manner of questions, he began to be afraid that these tidings might reach the ears of the vigilant council of our faith; for, which reason he explained the whole affair
affair to the fathers of the inquisition, who forbade him to proceed with the deception, and gave orders that the head should be broke in pieces, lest it should give umbrage to the superfluous vulgar; but, in the opinion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, it passed for a head that was really enchanted and oracular; though it had given more satisfaction to the knight than the squire.

The gentlemen of the city, in compliance to Don Antonio, and, for the entertainment of Don Quixote, whom they wanted to furnish with an opportunity of discovering his diverting follies, appointed a running at the ring to be performed in six days; but this was prevented by an incident which will be explained in the sequel. Meanwhile, the knight was detribus of going out and viewing the city at leisure, and a-foot; fearing that, should he appear on horseback, he would again be persecuted by the boys and vulgar. He accordingly went forth, attended by Sancho, and two of Antonio's servants, whom their master had chosen for that purpose; and chancing to lift up his eyes in passing through one of the streets, he saw inscribed over a gate, in capital letters, 'This is a painting-houfe,' a circumstance which gave him uncommon satisfaction, as hitherto he had never seen a painting-pref, and longed much to know something of that art: he therefore entered the house with all his train, and few people calling off in one part, correcting in another, composing in a third, revising in a fourth, and, in short, the whole economy of a large printing-house. Going up to one box, he asked what was doing; and being informed by the workmen, expressed his admiration, and proceeded to a second. Among others, he went up to one, and putting the same question, the workman replied, 'Signior, that there gentleman,' pointing to a grave person of a very prepossessing appearance, 'has translated a book from the Tufcan into the Caftilian language, and I am now composiiing it for the press.'—"What is the name of the book?" said Don Quixote. 'Signior,' answered the author, 'the book in the original is called, Le Bagatelle.'—And what is the significa-
DON QUIXOTE.

feet our two famous translators, Doctor Chriiftoval de Figueoai, in Paftor Fido, and Don Juan de Xaurugii in Aminta, two pieces they have fo happily executed, as to render it doubtful which is the original and which the translation: but pray, Signior, is this book printed on your own account, or have you fold the copy to a bookseller?—" I publish it on my own account," replied the author, and expect to gain a thousand ducats at leat upon the first impression, of which there will be two thousand copies, that will fetch six rials a piece in the turning of a straw."—" That is a very clear and comfortable reckoning," answered Don Quixote; but you seem to be very little acquainted with the outgoing and the incomings, the schemes, conspiracies, and cabals of booksellers: when you find your book burdened with two thousand copies, I give you my word both your mind and body will be terribly fatigued; especially if the books should be harsh, or a little deficient in point of spirit."—" What! said the author, ' your worship thinks, then, I ought to offer my performance to a bookseller, who would give me three maravedís for the copy, and in- fit upon it that he had done me a fa- vour into the bargain? I do not publish with a view to acquire reputation in the world, where, thank Heaven, I am already well known by my works; I print for profit, without which, re- putation is not worth a doit."—" God fend you good luck, Signior," an- swered the knight; who, advancing to another box, where he saw the corrector employed on the sheet of a book, in- titled, 'The Light of the Soul';—" Aye," said he, ' there are the books that ought to be printed; for, al- though there is already a pretty large number of this kind in print, nume- rous are the sinners for whose use they are intended; and for such multitudes who are in darkness, an infinite num- ber of lights is required." He proceeded in his enquiry, and when he asked another corrector the name of a book on which he saw him at work, he un- derstood it was the second part of The Sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by a certain person a-native of Tordeñlas. ' I have heard of this performance,' said the knight; ' and really, in my confidence, thought it was long before this time burned into ashes, or pounded into dust, for the impertinence it contains; but, as we say of hogs, ' Martinmas will come in due season'."— Works of imagination are the more useful and entertaining the nearer they approach to truth, and the more probability they contain; and even history is valued according to it's truth and authenti- city.

So saying, he quitted the printing- house with some marks of displeasure; and that same day, Don Antonio pro- posed that he should go on board, and see the galleys in the road; a proposal which was extremely agreeable to Sancho, who had never seen the inside of a galley in the whole course of his life; and he sent a message to inform the commander of his intention to visit him in the evening, with his guest the re- knowned Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose name and person were already well known to this commander and all the citizens of Barcelona. What pass- ed during this visit, will be related in the following chapter.

C H A P. XI.

OF THE MISFORTUNE WHICH BEFEL SANCHO PANZA ON BOARD OF THE GALLEYS, AND THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MOOR.

MANIFOLD and profound were the self-deliverations of Don Quixote on the rejynape of the in- chantcd head, without his being able to discover the deceit; and the refult of all his reflections was the promise of Dulcinea's being disenchanted, on which he reproved himself with the moft im- plicit confidence. This was the goal of all his thoughts, and he rejoiced, in full assurance of seeing it suddenly accomplished. As for Sancho, al- though he abhorred the office of a go- vernor, as we have already observed, he could not help wishing for another opportunity of issuing out orders and giving them obeyed; a misfortune which

* About Martinmas they killed the hogs designed for bacon.
never fails to attend the exertion of power, even though founded on mock authority.

In a word, that very evening his landlord Don Antonio Moreno, and his two friends, went on board of the galleys with Don Quixote and Sancho; and the commodore being apprised of the visit intended by two such famous personages, no sooner perceived them coming towards the sea-side, than he ordered the awnings to be struck and the musician to play; the barge was hoisted out, covered with rich carpets, and furnished with velvet cushions, and the minute Don Quixote embarked, the cannon a-midships of the captain-galley was discharged, and the others followed her example. When the knight ascended the accommodation-ladder, on the starboard side, the whole crew saluted him with three cheers, a compliment usually paid to perons of the first quality; and the general, for by this name we shall henceforth call him, who was a noble Valentinian, presented his hand, and embracing Don Quixote, said:—This day, Sir, I will mark with a white stone, as one of the happiest I shall ever enjoy, on account of seeing the renowned Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, in whom the whole worth of knight-errantry is ciphered and concentrated. No less courteous and polite was the reply of Don Quixote, who rejoiced above measure at seeing himself treated with such respect. The whole company having ascended the poop, which was very gaily ornamented, and seated themselves on benches, the boatswain repaired to the gangway, and making a signal with his whistle for all the slaves to pipe up, was obeyed in an instant, to the no small disadvantage of Sancho, who was terrified at the sight of so many naked backs; nor did his apprehension abate, when he saw the awning stretched with such incredible dispatch, that he thought all the devils in hell had assisted in the operation. Yet this was nothing but cakes and gingerbread to what I am going to relate.

The squire sat upon the stern, close by the aftermost rower on the starboard side; who, in consequence of the previous instructions he had received, lifted up Sancho in his arms, and while the whole crew of slaves stood up, alert with the prospect of the joke, told him like a tennis-ball to his fellow, who in the same manner committed him to a third; and thus he was handed forwards on the starboard side, from slave to slave, and bench to bench, with such expedition, that poor Panza lost his eye-sight entirely, and firmly believed himself in the possession of the lands: nor did they debit from this exercise, until he was reconveyed by the larboard-side to the poop, where this miserable object lay bruised, breathless, and covered with a cold sweat, and in such perturbation of spirits that he scarce knew what he had undergone.

Don Quixote seeing Sancho flying in that manner without wings, asked the general, if it was a ceremony practised upon every passenger at his first going on board; for, in that case, as he himself did not intend to make profession of a seafaring life, he had no ambition to perform such an exercise; and he vowed to God, if any man should attempt to seize him, as a fit subject for flying, he would spurn his soul out of his body; in confirmation of which resolve, he started up, and laying his hand upon his sword, put himself in a posture of defence.

At that instant the awning was furled, and the main-yard lowered with such a terrible noise, that Sancho imagined the heavens were tore off their hinges and tumbling down upon his head, which he withstood and withstood between his legs in an agony of terror; nor was all serene in the breast of Don Quixote; who, while his legs trembled under him, shrugged up his shoulders, and changed colour. The crew having hoisted the main-yard, with the same expedition and noise which were made in it's descent; while they themselves continued as silent as if they had been altogether without breath or utterance, the boatswain piped all hands to weigh anchor, and leaping into the middle of the gangway, began to ply their shoulders with the sputtle-jack, or bull's-pizzle, and the galley by little and little stood out to sea.

Sancho beholding such a huge body, moved by so many painted feet, for such he took the oars to be, said within himself, This, indeed, is really chantage; but what my master takes for it is no such matter. What have these miserable wretches done to be scourged in this manner? and I won-
Don Quixote perceiving with what attention the squire observed every circumstance, "Friend Sancho," said he, "with what facility and dispatch might you now, if you please, strip yourself from the middle upwards, and taking your place among these gentlemen, finish at once the discomfiture of Dulcinea; for, amidst the distress of so much good company, you would hardly be sensible of bodily pain: and who knows, but the fage Merlin would reckon each of these stripes, which are bestowed with goodwill, equivalent to ten of these, which, at the long run, you must receive from your own hand." The general had just opened his mouth to enquire about the nature of this flagellation, and Dulcinea's discomfiture, when a mariner came and told him, that the fort of Munjuy had made signal of a rowing bark upon the coast, to the westward. He no sooner received this intelligence, than advancing into a gang-way, "Pull away, my lads!" cried he, "let not this corner fair brigantine escape; for certainly she must be a vessel belonging to Algiers which the caitle has discovered."

The other three galleys ranging alongside of the admiral to receive orders, the general directed that two of them should stand out to sea, and the other keep along shore, so that the Algerines should not escape. The slaves immediately began to ply their oars, which impelled the galleys with such velocity, that they seemed to fly; while the two that put to sea, at the distance of two miles, discovered a bark, which, from the view, they judged to have fourteen or fifteen banks, and their conjecture was right. This vessel no sooner descried the galleys, than she made the best of her way, in hope of being able to escape by her nimbleness; but she was baffled in this expectation; for the admiral being one of the twisdest galleys that ever failed, came up with her apace, and the captain of the brigantine perceiving plainly that he could not escape, defied the rowers to quit their oars and strike, that he might not by his obstinacy incense the officer who commanded the galleys: but fate, which conducted their affairs in another manner, ordained, that even after the admiral was within hearing, and ordered them to strike, two Toraquis, that is, a couple of drunken Turks, belonging to the brigantine, discharged two firlocks, which killed as many soldiers who chanced to be in the head of the galley; an incident which was no sooner perceived by the general, than he swore he would not leave one person alive in the brigantine, which he ordered his people to board with all expedition; nevertheless, he, for the present, escaped under the oars, and the galley had such way, that she shot a-head to a good distance, so that the people on board the chase, seeing themselves in danger of being destroyed, hoisted their sails and put before the wind, while the galley tacked and pursuéd with all her force of canvas and oars. The diligence and dexterity of the Algerines did not turn out so much to their advantage, as their presumption conduced to their prejudice; for, the admiral running alongside, grappled with the brigantine, and took the whole crew prisoners. The other two galleys came up, and all returned with the prize to the road, while a great concourse of people float on the beach, to see the contents of the ship they had taken. The general anchored close by the shore, and understanding the viceroy of the city was among the spectators, he ordered the barge to be hoist out to fetch him on board, and commanded the yard to be lowered for the convenience of hanging the master of the brigantine, and the other Turks he had taken, to the number of thirty-five, all stout young fellows, and mufli Turkish musqueteers. When he asked who commanded the brigantine, one of the prisoners, who was afterwards known to be a Spanish renegade, answered in Castilian, 'There young man is our master,' pointing to one of the most beautiful and genteel youths that human imagination can conceive, whole age to all appearance was under twenty. 'Ill-advised dog,' said the general, 'what induced thee to kill my soldiers, when thou sawest it was impossible to escape? Is that the respect which is due to admiral galleys?"
lies? Dost thou not know, that rash

men is not valour, and that doubtful

hopes ought to make men resolute.

but not desperate?"

The Moor was about to reply, but
the general could not at that time hear
his answer, because he was obliged to go
and receive the viceroy, who had just
entered the galley, with some of his own
servants, and a few other persons. 'Ge-
neral,' said this nobleman; 'you have
had a fine chance.'—'Aye, so fine,' re-
plied the other, 'that your excellency
shall see it presently hoisted up at the
yard-arm.'—'For what reason?' said
the viceroy. 'I mean, the matter of
the brigantine and his crew,' answered
the commodore, 'who have, against all
law, reason, and custom of war, killed
two of the best soldiers that ever served
on board; so that I have sworn to
hang all the prisoners, especially this
youth who was their captain,' point-
ing to the handsome Moor; who, by
this time, waited for execution, with
his hands tied, and a rope about his
neck.

The viceroy, surveying this unhappy
prisoner, (whose beauty, gentleness, and
humbility, served him instead of a
recommendation) was seized with the
desire of saving his life, and approach-
ing him, 'Tell me, confair,' said he,
'art thou a Turk, Moor, or Renegado?'
To this question the youth answered,
in the Catalan tongue, 'I am neither
Turk, Moor, or Renegado.'—'Then,
what art thou?' refined the viceroy.
A Christian woman,' replied the cap-
tive. 'A Christian woman,' cried the
viceroy, 'in such distress and situation!
this is a circumstance more worthy of
admiration than of credit.'—Gent-
lemen,' said the youth, 'be so good
as to suspend my execution, until I
shall have recounted the particulars
of my story; and that small delay
will not much retard the accomplish-
ment of your revenge.' What heart
could be so obdurate as not to relent at
this address? for fear at last, as to hear
the story of the afflicted youth? The
general, accordingly, told him he might
proceed with his relation, but by no
means expect pardon for the crime of
which he was convicted. With this per-
mision he began in these terms:
'I was born of that nation, more
unfortunate than wife, which hath
been lately overwhelmed by a sea of
trouble: in other words, my parents
were Moors; and, in the torrent of
their misfortune, I was carried
by two uncles into Barbary, not-
withstanding my professing myself a
Christian; not one of those impostors,
who are so only in appearance, but a
true and faithful Roman catholic.'
This declaration did not avail me
with those who had the charge of our
miserable expedition; nor was it be-
lieved by my uncles, who, on the
contrary, supposing it no more than
a lie, and expedient, by which I
thought to obtain permission to re-
main in my native country, hurried
me along with them in a forcible
manner. My mother was a Christian,
and my father a prudent man of the
same religion: I sucked in the ca-
tholic faith when an infant at the
breast, and was trained up in the
ways of virtue; nor do I think I
have ever given the least marks of
Mahometanism, either in word or
deed. In equal pace with my virtue,
(for I really think my life was vir-
tuous) my beauty, such as it is, hath
ever walked; and notwithstanding
the extraordinary refuge in which I
lived, concealed from public view,
it was my fate to be seen by a young
cavalier, called Don Gregorio, eldest
son of a gentleman who had an estate
in our neighbourhood. How he be-
came desperately enamoured of me,
and how I grew fond of him to dis-
traction, it would be tedious to re-
late, confiding in my present situation,
standing as I am, with the fatal cord
between my tongue and throat: I
shall therefore only observe, that
Don Gregorio resolved to accompany
me in my exile, and actually mingled
with those Moors who joined us in
different places, without being dis-
covered; for he spoke the language
perfectly well. Nay, in the course of
our voyage, he introduced himself
into the friendship of my two uncles,
with whom I travelled; for my father,
who was a man of prudence and
foresight, no sooner heard the first
mandate for our expulsion, than he
went abroad to foreign kingdoms in
quest of an asylum for his family,
leaving a large quantity of pearls,
valuable jewels, with some money, in
trufadoes and doubloons of gold,
concealed and interred in a certain
place,
place, to which I alone was privy; and laying strong injunctions upon me to avoid touching this treasure, in case we should be exiled before his return. I obeyed his commands in this particular, and as I have already observed, felt safe with my uncles, relations, and friends, for Barbary; and the place in which we settled was Algiers, whereas we might as well have taken up our habitation in hell itself. The king hearing of my beauty, and the report of my wealth, which was partly fortunate for my designs, ordered me to be brought before him, and asked from what part of Spain I had come, and what money and jewels I had brought to Barbary. I told him the place of my nativity, and gave him to understand that the money and jewels were buried underground; but that I should easily recover the whole hoard, provided I could return alone for that purpose. This information I gave, that he might be more blinded by his own aversion than my beauty; but, during the conversation, a person told him that I was accompanied in my voyage by one of the most beautiful and genteel youths that ever was seen. I immediately understood that this was no other than Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty far exceeds the fairest that ever was extolled; and was exceedingly afflicted at the prospect of danger to which the deat youth might be exposed; for, among those barbarous Turks, a boy or handsome youth is more prized and esteemed than any woman, let her be never so beautiful.

The king forthwith ordered his people to bring Don Gregorio into his presence, and in the mean time asked me if his person actually corresponded with this report. Then I, as inspired by Heaven, answered in the affirmative; though at the same time I assured him, it was no youth, but a woman like myself; and begged leave to go and die for her in nature entire, which would shew her beauty to the best advantage, and enable her to appear in his presence with less confusion. He said I might go, in good time, and that some other day he would concert measures for my return into Spain, to bring off the hidden treasure. Thus dismissed, I went and explained to Don Gaspar the risque he would run in appearing as a man, and dressing him in the habit of a Moorish woman, accompanied him that same evening to the presence of the king, who was feasted with admiration at sight of her beauty, and resolved to keep her for a present to the Grand Signior. In order to avoid the danger to which this young creature might be exposed in his feragho, from his own inordinate desires, he ordered her to be lodged, quartered, and attended, in the house of some Moorish ladies, whether she was immediately conveyed; and what we both felt at parting, for I cannot deny that I love him tenderly, I leave to the consideration of lovers who have experienced such a cruel separation.

The king afterwards contrived a scheme for my returning to Spain in this brigantine, accompanied by two native Turks, the very persons who killed your soldiers, and that Spanish renegade, (pointing to him whose face first) who I know is a Christian in his heart, and is much more desirous of remaining in Spain than of returning to Barbary; the rest of the crew are Moors and Turks, whom we engaged as rowers. The two insolent and rapacious Turks, without minding the order they received to land the renegade and me in the habit of Christians, with which we were provided, on the first part of Spain they could make, resolved previously to scour the coast, with a view to take prizes, fearing that should they set us on shore beforehand, we might meet with some accident which would oblige us to discover that there was a courier on the coast, and they of consequence run the risk of being taken by the galleys. At night we deferred this road, though we did not perceive the four galleys, and being discovered, were taken as you see. In a word, Don Gregorio remains in the habit of a woman among the Moorish ladies, at the imminent hazard of his life, and here I stand fettered and manacled, in expectation, or rather in fear, of losing that excellence of which I am already tired.

This, Signior, is the end of my lamentable story, which is equally true and unfortunate; and all I beg of you is, that I may die like a Christian, decrying, as I have already observed, I
have in no shape been guilty of the fault; which hath been charged upon our unhappy nation!

So saying, the flood silent, her lovely eyes impressed with tears, which few of the spectators could behold unmoved; and the viceroy, whose disposition was humane and compassionate, unable to speak, advanced to the place, and with his own hands released those of the beautiful Moor.

While this Christian Moor related her peregrinations, an ancient pilgrim who had followed the viceroy into the gallery, kept his eyes close fixed upon her countenance, and her story was no sooner finished than he threw himself at her feet, which he bathed with his tears, while in accents interrupted with a thousand sighs and groans, he exclaimed, 'O, Anna Felix! my unhappy daughter; I am thy father Ricote, who have returned in search of thee to Spain, because I could not live without thee, who art dear to my affection even as my own soul!'

At these words, Sancho opened his eyes, and raised his head, which he had hitherto hung in manifest dependence, reflecting upon the disgrace of his flying adventure; and looking at the pilgrim, recognized that same Ricote whom he had encountered the very day on which he quitted his government: he likewise recollected the features of his daughter, who being by this time unbound, mingled her tears with those of her father, whom she tenderly embraced; and then the old man, addressing himself to the viceroy and general, 'My lords,' said he, 'this is my daughter; not to happy in the incidents of her life, as in her name, which is Anna Felix, with the addition of Ricote, as famous for her beauty as for her father's wealth. I left my country in quest of a place where we should be received and hospitably entertained; and having found such an asylum in Germany, I returned as a pilgrim in the company of some people of that nation, hoping to find my daughter, and fetch away the wealth which I had buried in the earth: my daughter was gone, but I recovered my hoard, which is in my possession; and now, by this strange vicissitude which you have seen, I have retrieved that treasure which is the chief object of my affection, I mean, my beloved daughter. If our innocence and mutual tears can have influence enough upon your integrity and justice, to open the gates of mercy, O let it prevail in favour of us, who never offended you even in thought, nor in any shape corresponded with the designs of our people, who have been justly expelled.'

Here Sancho interposing, 'I am very well acquainted with Ricote,' said he, 'and know all he has said about his daughter Anna Felix to be true; but with respect to that other truth of his comings and goings, and his good or evil designs, I neither meddle nor make. Every person presents expressed admiration at this strange incident; and the general turning to the daughter, 'Every tear you let fall,' said he, 'confires in preventing the performance of my oath. Live, beauteous Anna Felix, the term of your life prescribed by Heaven; and let those insolent and presumptuous wretches suffer punishment for the crimes they have committed.'

So saying, he ordered the two Turks, who had killed his soldiers, to be hanged at the yard's arm; but the viceroy earnestly entreated him to spare their lives, as their crime was rather the effect of madness than of preconcerted design. The general granted his request, especially as he did not think it commendable to execute revenge in cold blood.

Then they began to contrive some method for extirpating Don Galpar Gregorio from the danger in which he was involved; and Ricote offered to the value of above two thousand ducats, which he had about him in pearls and jewels, to any person who could effect his deliverance. Many schemes were projected; but none of them seemed so feasible as that which was presented by the fore-mentioned Spanish renegado, who offered to return to Algiers in some small bark of about six banks, manned with Christians, as he knew where, how, and when he might land with safety, and was well acquainted with the house in which Don Galpar remained. The general and the viceroy were dubious of the renegado, and scrupled to trust him with the command of Christian rowers; but Anna Felix was satisfied of his integrity, and her father said he would engage to ransom them,
them, should they chance to be taken and enslaved.

Matters being settled on this footing, the vicerey went ashore, after having laid strong injunctons on Don Antonio Moreno, who had invited the Moorish beauty and her father to his house, to make much of his guests, and command whatever his own palace could afford for their entertainment. Such was the charity and benevolence which Anna's beauty had infused into his heart!

CHAP. XII.

GIVING THE DETAIL OF AN ADVENTURE WHICH GAVE DON QUIXOTE MORE MORTIFICATION THAN HE HAD RECEIVED FROM ALL THE MISFORTUNES WHICH HAD HITHERTObefallen him.

Don Antonio's lady, as the history relates, was extremely pleased at the sight of Anna Felix, whom she received with great cordiality, equally enamoured of her beauty and discretion; for, indeed, the Moor excelled in both; and here she was visited by all the people of fashion in town, as if by toll of bell. As for Don Quixote, he gave Antonio to understand, that in his opinion, the plan they had formed for the deliverance of Don Gregorio was more dangerous than expedient; and that it would be much more effectual to let him on shore in Barbary, with his arms and horse; in which case he would bring home the young gentleman in despair of the whole Moorish race, as heretofore Don Gayferos had delivered his wife, Melisandra. Sancho, hearing this proposal, 'Consider,' said he, that Signor Don Gayferos delivered his wife from captivity on the main land, and carried her off to France through the high road; but, in this case, even granting we should have the good luck to release Don Gregorio from his confinement, we shall not be able to convey him hither to Spain, because the sea is between us and Barbary.'—'There's a remedy for all things but death,' replied the knight: 'for, if there is a bark by the shore, we can go aboard, in opposition to the whole universe.'—'Your worship describes it a very easy matter,' said the squire: 'but, between Said and Done, a long race may be run; and, for my part, I would fly to the offer of the renegade, who seems to be a very honest person, and a man of compassionate bowels.' Don Antonio said, that if the renegade should fail in his undertaking, they would certainly find some means for transporting the great Don Quixote to Barbary; and in two days the renegade departed in a light bark with fix oars on a ride, manned with a crew of approved valour. In two days after her departure the galleys likewise set sail for the Levant, after the general had begged and obtained the vicerey's promise to let him know the successe of the scheme they had contrived for the deliverance of Don Gregorio, together with the fate of the lovely Anna Felix.

One morning, Don Quixote rode forth upon the strand, completely armed; for he often observed, arms were his ornaments, and fighting his diversion, and he never cared to appear in any other dress; and as he pranced along, he saw coming towards him a knight, likewise armed cap-a-pie, having a full moon painted on his shield. This apparition was no sooner within hearing, than he addressed his discourse to Don Quixote, pronouncing aloud, Renowned cavalier, never enough applauded Don Quixote de La Mancha, I, the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of exploits, may, peradventure, recital to your remembrance, am come with hostile intent to prove the force of thine arm; to convince and compel thee to own that my mistress, whatsoever she is, exceeds in beauty thy Dulcinea del Toboso, beyond all comparison; which truth, if thou wilt fairly and fully confess, thou wilt avoid thy own death, and spare me the trouble of being thy executioner; but shouldst thou presume to engage with me in single combat, and he over- come, all the satisfaction I demand is, that thou wilt lay aside thine arms, desist from travelling in quest of adventures, and quitting the field, retire to thine own habitation,
where thou shalt continue a whole year, without drawing a sword, in comfortable peace and profitable tranquility, which may tend to the augmentation of thy fortune, and the salvation of thy precious soul. On the other hand, if it be my fate to be vanquished, my life shall exist at thy discretion; thine shall be the spoils of all my arms and horse, and to thee shall be transferred all the fame of my achieveiments: confider which of these alternatives thou wilt chuse, and answer me on the spot; for, on this very day, the affair must be dispatched and determined.

Don Quixote was abominably and confounded, as well at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon, as at the caufe of his defiance; and, after a short pause of recollection, replied with a solemn tone, and countenance severe, 'Sir Knight of the White Moon, whose exploits have not as yet reached mine ear, I dare say you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, had you enjoyed that happiness, I know you would not have dreamed of making such a rash demand: one glimpse of her would have undeceived you perfectly, and plainly demonstrated, that there never was, or will be, beauty comparable to that which the possiblès. I, therefore, without giving you the lye, but only affirning that you are egregiously mistaken, accept of your defiance on the conditions you have proposed, and will fight you forthwith, before the day you have pitched upon shall be elapsed; with this exception, however, that I will by no means adopt the fame of your exploits; because I know not how, where, or wherefore they were achieved, and am content with my own, such as they are: chuse your ground therefore, and I will take my share of the field; and let St. Peter blest what God shall bellow.'

The Knight of the White Moon being discovered from the city, and seen talking with Don Quixote, notice was given to the viceroy; who, supposing it was some new adventure contrived by Don Antonio Moreno, or some other gentleman of the town, went down to the strand, accompanied by the said Don Antonio, and a number of other cavaliers, and reached the spot just as Don Quixote wheeled about on Rozinante to measure his distance. Seeing both parties ready for returning to the encounter, he placed himself in the middle between them, and demanded the caufe that induced them so suddenly to engage in single combat. The Knight of the White Moon answered, that it was the precedence of beauty; and briefly repeated his proposal to Don Quixote, with the mutual acceptance of the conditions proposed. Then the viceroy taking Don Antonio aside, asked if he knew this Knight of the White Moon; and if this was a joke which he intended to perpetrate upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio assured him that he knew not the stranger, nor could guess whether the challenge was given in jest or earnest. He was a little perplexed, and dubious whether or not he should allow the battle to be fought; but, as he could not conceive it to be any thing else than a preconcerted joke, he retired, saying, 'Valiant knights, seeing there is no other remedy, but you must confede or die; and Signior Don Quixote perish in denying what you, of the White Moon, presume to affirm; I leave you to your fate, and God stand by the righteous.'

The stranger, in very polite terms, and well-selected phrase, thanked the viceroy for the permission he had granted; and his example was, in this particular, followed by Don Quixote, who, having recommended himself heartily to Heaven and his Dulcinea, according to his usual practice when he engaged in any combat, turned about to take a little more ground, in imitation of his antagonist; then, without receiving a signal for engaging, either by sound of trumpet, or any other instrument, both parties wheeled about at the same instant. The Knight of the White Moon having the flatter horse, coming up with his adversary, before this last had run one third of his career, lifting up his lance purposely that he might not wound Don Quixote, whom, however, he encountered with such an irresistible shock, that both he and Rozinante came to the ground with a very dangerous fall: the victor instantly sprang upon him, and clapping his lance to his vizer, 'Knight,' said he, 'you are ravished,'
DON QUICHOTE.

quished, and a dead man, unless you acknowledge the terms of the "defiance." To this address the battered and astonished Don Quixote, without lifting up his beaver, replied in a languid tone and feeble voice, that seemed to issue from a tomb, "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth; and, as it is not reasonable that my weakness should discredit this truth, make use of your weapon, knight, and instantly deprive me of life, as you have already divested me of honour."—By no means," said he of the White Moon: let the fame of my Lady Dulcinea's beauty flourish in full perfection; all the satisfaction I ask is, that the great Don Quixote shall retire to his own house, and there abide for the space of one year, or during the term which I shall prescribe, according to the articles agreed upon before we engaged.

This whole dialogue was overheard by the viceroy, Don Antonio, and a number of other people who were present, and they were also witnesses of the answer made by Don Quixote, who said, that as the victor had demanded nothing to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would comply with his proposal like a true and punctual knight.

He of the White Moon hearing his declaration, turning his horse, and bowing courteously to the viceroy, entered the city at an half gallop, whither he was followed by Don Antonio, at the desire of the viceroy, who entreated him to make enquiry, and obtain satisfactory information concerning this romantick stranger. In the mean time, they raised up Don Quixote; and uncovering his face, found him pale as death, and his forehead bedewed with a cold sweat, while Rozinante lay motionless, from the rough treatment he had received. As for Sancho, he was too overwhelmed with sorrow and vexation, that he knew not what to say or do: this unlucky incident seemed to be a dream, and he looked upon the whole scene as a matter of enchanted. Seeing his lord and master overcome, and obliged to lay aside his arms for the space of a whole year, he imagined the splendor of his exploits was eclipsed, and all those fair hopes, produced from his late promise, dispersed in the air, as

smoke is dissipated by the wind, in a word, he was afraid that Rozinante was maimed for ever, and his master's bones dislocated; and even thought it would be a great mercy if he was not in a worse condition.

Finally, the viceroy ordered his people to bring a sedan, in which the knight was carried to the city, accompanied by that nobleman, who longed very much to know who this Knight of the White Moon was, by whom Don Quixote had been left in such a cruel dilemma.

C H A P. XIII.

WHICH DISCOVERS WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON WAS, AND GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE DELIVERANCE OF DON GREGGIO—WITH OTHER INCIDENTS.

DON Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon, who was also accompanied, and even perfecuted by a number of boys, until they had halted him in one of the city inns, which was at the same time entered by Don Antonio, who burned with impatience to know what he was; and, without ceremony, intruded himself into the apartment to which the stranger retired, with his squire, to be unarmed. He of the White Moon, perceiving how much the gentleman's curiosity was inflamed, and that he was resolved to fell cloe by him until it should be satisfied, "Signior," said he, "I am not ignorant that you are come hither on purpose to know who I am; and as there is no reason why I should refuse you that satisfaction, I will, while my servant is employed in taking off my armour, explain the whole mystery, without the least reserve: you must know, then, Signior, that I am called the Batchelor Sampion Carraesco, a townsman of Don Quixote de La Mancha, whole madmen and extravagance has given great concern to all his acquaintance, and to me in particular. Believing that his recovery would depend upon his living quietly at his own habitation, I projected a scheme for compelling him to stay at home; and, about three months ago,falling forth upon the highway,
highway, as a knight-errant, assum-'
ing the appellation of the Knight of
the Mirrors, fully resolved to engage
and vanquish Don Quixote, without
hurting him dangerously, after I
should have established, as the condi-
tion of our combat, that the van-
quishèd should be at the discretion of
the victor; and, as I deemed him
already conquered, my intention was
to demand that he should return to
his own house, from which he should
not stir for the space of one year, in
which time I hoped his cure might
be effected. But fate ordained things
in another manner; I was conquered
and overthrown, and my design en-
tirely frustrated; he proceeded in quest
of new adventures, and I returned
vanquished, affained, and sorely
bruised by the dangerous fall I had
sustained in battle: nevertheless, I
did not lay aside the design of return-
ing in quest of him to overthor him
in my turn, and you have this day
seen my intention succeed; for he
is so punctual in observing the ordi-
nances of chivalry, that he will,
doubtless, perform his promise in
complying with my demand. This,
Signior, is an account of the whole
affair: nor have I omitted one cir-
sumstance; and I beg you will not
discover and disclose to Don Quixote
who I am, that my Christian intention
may take effect, and the poor gentle-
man retrieve his judgement, which
would be altogether excellent, were
he once abandoned by those mad
notions of chivalry.—' God forgive
you, Signior,' cried Don Antonio,
for the injury you have done the
world, in seeking to restore to his
senses the most agreeable madman
that ever lived! Do not you perceive,
Signior, that the benefit resulting
from the cure of Don Quixote will
never counterbalance the pleasure
produced by his extravagances? But,
I imagine, all the care and industry
of Signior Batchelor will hardly be
sufficient to effect the recovery of a
man who is so thoroughly mad, and,
if it was no breach of charity, I
would say, May Don Quixote never
be cured; for, in his recovery, we
not only lose his own diverting
flights, but also those of his squire
Sancho Panza; and any of these
concepts are such as might convert
'Melancholy herself into merriment
and laughter: nevertheless, I shall
put a seal upon my lips, and say no-
thing, that I may see whether or not
I shall judge aright, in supposing that
the diligence of Signior Carrasco will
not answer his expectation.' The
batchelor answered, that all things con-
considered, the business was already in
a fair way; and, he did not doubt, would
be blessed with a prosperous issue.
Don Antonio having made a tender of
his services, and taken his leave, Samp-
on ordered his arms to be fastened
upon a mule; then mounting the horse
on which he engaged Don Quixote, he
quitted the city the same day, on his
return to his own country, in which
he arrived without having met with
any incident worthy of being recorded
in this authentic history. Don An-
tonio made the viceroy acquainted with
all the particulars he had learned from
Carrasco, which afforded no great plea-
ure to that nobleman, as the retire-
ment of Don Quixote would destroy all
that entertainment enjoyed by those who
had the opportunity of observing his
madness.

Six whole days did Don Quixote lie
a-bed, penive, melancholy, mauled,
and meagre, revolving in his imagi-
nation, and meditating incessantly on
the unfortunate incident of his overthrow;
notwithstanding the complaints of
Sancho, who, among other arguments
of comfort, exhorted his worship to
hold up his head, and dispel his for-
row, if possible. 'Your worship,' said
he, 'has reason to thank God, that,
though you are overthrown, your
ribs are still whole; you know that,
in those matters, we must take as
well as give; and where there are
hooks we do not always find bacon—
A fig for the physician, seeing we
do not want his help in the cure
of this distemper; let us return to
our habitation, and leave off travel-
ling about in quest of adventures,
through lands and countries un-
known; nay, if we rightly consider
the case, I am the greatest lover,
though your worship is the most
roughly handled; for though, when
I quitted the government, I likewise
quitted all thought of governing, I
did not give up the desire of being
a count, which will never be fulfilled
if your worship should renounce your
4 B
design of being a king, and quit the
ercise of chivalry; in that case all
my hopes must vanish into smoke.'—
Peace, Sancho,' said the disconsolate
knight; 'the term of my penance and
retirement will not exceed a year, at
the end of which I will return to the
honourable duties of my profession,
and then we shall find kingdoms to
conquer and countships to betray.'—
The Lord give ear, and my sin never
hear!' cried Sancho: 'and I have al-
ways heard it said, that righteous hope
is better than unjust possession.'

Their conversation was interrupted
by Don Antonio; who, entering the
apartment with marks of infinite satis-
faction, exclaimed— 'Money for my
good news, Signior Don Quixote:
Don Gregorio, and the renegade
who undertook his deliverance, are
now in the road—in the road! they
are, by this time, in the viceroy's
palace, and will be here in an in-
stant.' The knight was a little re-
vived by these tidings, and replied—
In truth, I was going to say, I should
have been glad to hear that the
scheme had not succeeded, so that I
should have been obliged to cross
over into Barbary, where I would,
by the strength of my arm, have
given liberty not only to Don Gre-
gorio, but also to all the Christian
captives in Algiers—but what am
I saying, miserable caitiff? am not I
vanquished? am not I overthrown?
am not I excluded from the exercise
of arms for the space of a whole
year? therefore, then, promise what I
cannot perform? wherefore praise my
own valour, when I am fitter for
handling a distaff than for wielding
a sword?'— 'No more of that, good
Signior,' replied the squire; 'Let the
men live though he has the pip: To
day for thee, and to-morrow for me:
as to to those matters of encounters and
dry battlings, they are not to be
minded; for he that falls to-day
may rise to-morrow, if he does not
chuse to lie a-bed; I mean, if he does
not chuse to despair, without endea-
vouring to recover fresh spirits for fresh
adventures. Get up, therefore, I be-
seek your worship, and receive Don
Gregorio; for the people are in such an
uproar, that by this time he must be
in the house.'

This was really the case: Don Gre-
gorio and the renegade having given the
viceroy an account of the voyage and
success of the undertaking, the young
gentleman, impatient to see his dear
Anna Felix, was come with his de-
liverer to the house of Don Antonio;
and although Don Gregorio was in
woman's apparel when they delivered
him from Algiers, he had exchanged
it in the vessel with another captive by
whom he was accompanied; but, in
any dress whatever, his appearance
was such as commanded friendship,
service, and esteem; for he was ex-
ceedingly beautiful, and seemingly not
above seventeen or eighteen years of
age. Ricote and his daughter went
forth to receive him; the father with
tears of joy, and Anna with the most
modest deportment: nor did this fair
couple embrace one another; for, where
genuine love prevails, such freedom of
behaviour is seldom indulged. The
beauty of Don Gregorio and his mis-
tresses excited the admiration of all the
spectators; while silence spoke for the
lovers themselves, and their eyes per-
forming the office of the tongue, dis-
closed the joy of their virtuous thoughts.

The renegade recounted the fatigues
and means he had used for the deliver-
ance of the youth; who likewise en-
tertained the company with a detail
of the dangers and difficulties to which he
was exposed among the women with
whom he had been left; and this talk
he performed not with diffused prolixity,
but in elegant and concise terms, which
plainly proved that his differentiation far ex-
ceeded his years. Finally, Ricote li-
berally rewarded the rowers and the re-
negado, who re-united and re-incorpo-
rated himself with the church, and from
a rotten member, became fair and found,
by dint of mortification and sincere re-
pentance.

Two days after the arrival of Don Gregorio, the viceroy consulted with
Don Antonio about the means of ob-
taining permission for Anna Felix and
her father to reside in Spain, as they
were persuaded that no inconvenience
could arise from such indulgence to
a daughter who was so perfectly a Chris-
tian, and a father so righteously dis-
posed. Don Antonio offered to nego-
ciate this affair at court, whither he
was precociously called by his own occa-
sions; observing, that by dint of in-
terest and presents many difficulties are
removed.
The hour of Antonio’s departure arrived; and, in two days, was followed by that of Don Quixote, whose fall would not permit him to travel before that time. The parting of the lovers was attended with weeping, sighing, sobbing, and swooning; and Ricote offered to accommodate Don Gregorio with a thousand crowns; but the young gentleman would take but five, which he borrowed of Don Antonio, promising to repay them at court. Thus they set out together for Madrid; and soon after, as we have already observed, Don Quixote and Sancho departed from Barcelona; the knight unarmed, in a travelling dress, and the squire trudging a-foot, because Dapple carried the armour of his master.

**Chapter XIV.**

**TREATING OF THAT WHICH WILL BE SEEN BY HIM WHO READS, AND KNOWN BY HIM WHO READS IT READ.**

Don Quixote, in leaving Barcelona, turned about to survey the fatal spot in which he had fallen, and thus exclaimed: ‘Here Troy once stood! here, by misfortune, not by cowardice, was I despoiled of all the glory I had acquired! Here did I feel the vicissitudes of fortune! here all my achievements were eclipsed! and, finally, here fell my fortune, never more to rise!’ Sancho hearing this effusion, ‘Signior,’ said he, ‘it is the part of a valiant man to bear with patience his sufferings and adversity, as well as to enjoy his prosperity with good humour. I judge from my own feeling; for, if I was merry when a governor, I am not melancholy now that I am a poor squire travelling a-foot; and I have often heard, that she we call Fortune is a drunken, fickle female, and so blind withal, that she sees not what she does, and knows not whom she is abusing, or whom exalting.’ — ‘Sancho,’ answered the knight, ‘thou art very philosophical, and hast spoke with great discretion, which I know not where thou hast learned; I can tell thee, however, there is no such thing as fortune in the whole world; nor do those things which happen,
whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but solely from the particular providence of Heaven; and hence comes the usual saying, 'That every man is the maker of his own fortune.' I at least have been the maker of mine, though not with sufficient prudence, and therefore my prefumptuous hopes miscarried. I ought to have considered that Rosinante's weaknesses could not 'pit the weight and magnitude of my adversary's horse; in a word, I tried my fortune, did what I could, found myself vanquished and overthrown, and though I lost mine honour, I neither did nor can forfeit my integrity, and the merit of fulfilling my promise while I was a knight-errant valiant and intrepid, my hand and my performance gave credit to my exploits; and now that I am no more than a pedestrian squire, my word shall be confirmed by the accomplishment of my promise. Make haste, then, friend Sancho, let us return to our own country, and pass the year of our probation, and during that term of confinement acquire fresh vigour and virtue, to resume the never by me forgotten exercice of arms.'—Signior,' answered the squire, 'the pastime of trudging a-foot is not quite so pleasant, as to move and intrigue me to travel a great pace; let us leave these arms of yours, hanging like a mule-scarf on some tree; and then, occupying the back of Dapple, with my feet no longer in the mire, we may travel just as your worship shall desire or demand; but, to think that I can make long marches a-foot, is a vain supposition.'—'Thou art in the right, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'let my arms be suspended in form of a trophy; and beneath, or around them, we will engrave upon the tree, an inscription like that which appeared under the armour of Orlando —

"Let him alone these arms displace,
Who dares Orlando's fury face." 

'A most excellent device!' cried the squire; 'and if it were not that we should feel the want of him in our journey, it would not be amiss to hang up Rosinante at the same time.'—

'Nevertheless,' replied Don Quixote, 'neither Rosinante nor my arms will I suffer to be hung up; for it shall never be said of me, that a good service met with a bad remuneration.—Your worship talks very much to the purpose,' said Sancho; 'for according to the opinion of wise men, The pannell ought not to suffer for the fault of the ass; and since your worship alone was to blame for the bad success of the last adventure, you ought to punish yourself only, and not vent your indignation upon your bloody and already rusted arms, or upon the meekness of Rosinante, or, lastly, upon the tenderness of my feet, in defiring them to walk at a pace which they cannot maintain.'

In this conversation, and other such discourse, they passed that whole day and the next four, without meeting with any incident that could interrupt their journey; on the fifth, which was a holiday, they entered a village where they saw a number of people making merry at the gate of an inn; and when Don Quixote approached, a countryman exclaimed, 'One of these gentle men travellers, who are unacquainted with the parties, shall decide our wager.' The knight affuring them he would give his opinion freely and honestly, as soon as he should be informed of the matter, the peasant replied, 'Worthy Signior, this here is the cafe: One of our townsmen, who is so fat and bulky that he weighs little less than three hundred weight, has challenged one of his neighbours, a thin creature, not half so heavy, to run with him one hundred yards with equal weight. The match was accordingly made; but when the challenger was asked how the weight of both should be made equal, he instantly on the other's carrying the difference in bars of iron, by which means, Limberhead would be upon a footing with Loggerhead. — By no means,' cried Sancho, interpolating before his master could answer one word, 'to me, who have been lately a governor and a judge; as all the world knows, it belongs to relieve these doubts, and give my opinion in every dispute.'—Speak, then, in happy time, friend Sancho,' said the knight, for my judgment is so confused and disturbed, that I am hardly fit to throw crumbs to a cat.' With this
this permission, Sancho addressing himself to the peafants, who had assembled around him, and waited his decision with open mouths, 'Brothers,' said he, 'the demand of Loggerhead will not hold water, and is indeed without the least shadow of justice; for if what all the world says be true, namely, that the challenged party has the choice of the weapons, it is not reasonablc that the said Loggerhead should pretend to chufe such arms as will encumber his adversary, and secure the victory to himself; it is therefore my opinion, that Loggerhead, the challenger, shall scrape, have, pare, polish, flice, and take away, one hundred and fifty pounds weight of his own individual flesh from different parts of his body, according to his own fancy and convenienc.e; so that, leaving the other moiety, which will be sufficient to counterbalance his antagonist, the parties may run with equal advantage.'—'Fore God!' cried one of the countrymen, hearing this wise decision, the gentleman has spoken like a faint, and given sentence like a canon; but, sure I am, Loggerhead will not part with an ounce, much less one hundred and fifty pounds of his flesh.'—The best part of the joke,' replied another peafant, 'is, that the match cannot be run; for Limberham will not touch a bar of iron, and Loggerhead will not pare himself; let us therefore spend the half of the money in treating these gentlemen at the tavern with some of the best wine; and, when it rains, let the flower fall upon my cloak.'—Gentlemen,' said Don Quixote, 'I thank you for your invitation, but I really cannot tarry a moment; for melancholy thoughts and unlucky adventures oblige me to appear uncivil on this occasion, and to travel faster than the ordinary pace.' So saying, he clapped flpurs to Rozinante, and set on; leaving them alljournal in consequence of having seen and observed the strange figure of the matter, and the sagacity of the servant, for such they supposed Sancho to be. One of them could not help saying, 'If the servant is so wise, what must the matter be? I'll lay a wager if they go to study at Salamanca, they will in a trice be created alcaides of the court; for it is nothing but children's play, studying and poring, and having interest and good luck: and when a man thinks least about the matter, he finds himself with a white rod in his hand, or a mitre upon his head.'

That night our adventurer and his squire pulled in the middle of an open field, under the spacious cope of heaven, and next day, proceeding on their journey, they saw coming towards them a man on foot, with a javelin or halftpike in his hand, and a wallet on his back; circumstances from which they judged he was a poet or courier. As he advanced he quickened his pace, and running to Don Quixote, embraced his right thigh, for he could reach no higher, exclaiming, with marks of extraordinary satisfaction, 'O my good Signior Don Quixote! how will the heart of my lord duke be rejoiced when he knows your worship is returning to his castle, where he still continues with my lady duchess!'—'Friend,' said the knight, 'I do not recollect your features, nor do I know who you are, unless you will be pleased to tell me.'—Signior Don Quixote,' replied the courier, 'I am my lord duke's lacquey Tofiols, who refused to fight with your worship concerning the marriage of the duchess's daughter.'—God in heaven protect me!' cried the knight, 'is it possible that you are he whom my enemies the enchanters transformed into that same lacquey you mention, to deprive me of the glory of that combat?'—No more of that, worthy Signior,' replied the poet; 'there was no enchantment in the cafe, nor any sort of transformation; I was as much the lacquey Tofiols when I entered the lifts, as when I left them. I thought the girl handsome, and therefore would have married her without fighting, but the event did not answer my expectation. Your worship was no sooner gone from the castle, than my lord duke ordered me to be severely bastinado'd, for having contradicted the instructions he had given me before I entered the lifts; and this is the upshot of the whole affair: the girl is by this time a nun; Donna Rodriguez is gone back to Castile.
OF THE RESOLUTION WHICH DON QUIXOTE TOOK TO BECOME A SHEPHERD, AND LEAD A PASTORAL LIFE UNTIL THE TERM OF HIS CONFINEMENT SHOULD BE ELAPSED—WITH OTHER INCIDENTS TRULY ENTERTAINING.

If Don Quixote was perplexed with cogitation before his overthrow, much more was he fatigued by his own thoughts after his late misfortune. Under the shade of a tree, as we have already observed, did he remain, and there he was stung with reflections that swarmed like flies about honey; some dwelling upon the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and others revolving plans for the life he was to lead in his compulusive retirement. When Sancho joined him, and began to expatiate upon the liberal disposition of Tofilos,  'Is it possible, O Sancho,' said the knight, 'that thou still believest a man to be the individual lacquey? One would think thou hadst forgot that thy own eyes have seen Dulcinea converted and transformed into a country wench, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the Bachelor Carrasco, by the wicked arts of those enchanters who perfecute my virtue. But, tell me now, didst thou ask Tofilos how Providence hath disposed of Altifidora? Ha! ha! the bewailed my absence, or already configned to oblivion those amorous thoughts by which she was tormented during my residence at the castle?—My thoughts,' answered Sancho, 'were not such as allowed me to ask thse childlike questions. Body! O me! Signior, is your worship at present in a condition to enquire about other people's thoughts, especially those you call amorous?'—Sancho,' said the knight, 'you must consider there is a wide difference between the faginations of love, and those of gratitude: a gentleman may very well be insensible to love; but, strictly speaking, he can never be ungrateful. Altifidora, in all appearance, loved me to distraction; she, as thou very well knowest, made me a present of three night-caps; she bewailed
my departure, loaded me with curses and reproach; and, in spite of maid-
en shame, complained of me in pub-
llick; undoubted proofs of my being
the object of her adoration; for the
inflation of lovers usually vents it-
self in maledictions. I had no hopes
to give, nor treasures to offer; all my
affections are yielded to Dulcinea; and
the treasures of knights-errant are like
those of the fairies, altogether phantom
and illusion: all, therefore, that I can
return, is a kind remembrance, with-
out prejudice, however, to the memory
of Dulcinea, who is greatly aggrieved
by thy remissness in delaying to
courage and chastise that flesh which
I hope will be a prey to the wolves;
seeing thou seemest more inclined to
refute it for the worms, than to use
it in behalf of that poor distressed
lady."— Signior, answered the
squire, "if the truth must be told, I
cannot persuade myself that the
whipping of my posterior can have
any effect in disenchating those
who are enchanted, no more than if
we should anoint the thins to cure the
head-ache; at least, I will venture to
swear that in all the histories your
worship has read concerning knight-
errantry, you have never found that
any person was disenchanted by such a
whipping: but be that as it may, I
will lay it on when I have time, con-
venience, and inclination, to make free
with my own flesh."— God grant
thou mayest," said Don Quixote; "and
Heaven give thee grace to understand
and be sensible of the obligation thou
hast under, to affliit my mistresses; who,
as thou art mine, is thine also." With
such conversation they amused
themselves in travelling, until they ar-
riv'd at the very spot where they had
been overturned by the bulls; when
Don Quixote recognizing the ground,
"This is the meadow," said he, "where
we met the gay shepherdesses and
gallant swains, who sought to renew
and re-act the pastoral Arcadia, a
project equally original and in-
vious; in imitation of which, should
thou approve of the scheme, we will
assume the garb and employment of
shepherds during the term of our
retirement. I will purchase some sheep,
together with all the necessary im-
plements of a pastoral life, and taking
the name of Quixotz, while thou
shalt bear that of the swain Pancino;
we will stroll about through moun-
tains, woods, and meadows, singing
here, lamenting there, drinking liquid
chrysalt from the gild springs, the
limpid rills, and mighty rivers. The
lofty oaks will shed upon us abundance
of their delightful fruit; the trunks of
hardest cork trees will yield us seats;
the willows will afford us shade; the
role perfume; the extended meadow,
carpets of a thousand dyes; the pure
serenity of air will give us breath; the
moon and stars will grant us light in
spite of darkness; our singing will in-
spire delight; our lamentations, mirth;
Apollo, verses; and Love himself,
conceits to render us immortal and re-
owned, not only in the present age,
but also to the latest polterity.—
Odds tens! cried Sancho, "such a
life will square, aye, and be the very
corner-stone of my wishes: the
Batchelor Sampson Carracon and
Mister Nicholas the barber, as soon
as they have a glimpse of it, will with
join us in the scheme, and turn shep-
herds for our company; and God grant
that the curate himself may not take it
in his head to enter the field; for he is
a merry companion, and a great friend
to good fellowship."— Thou hast a
very good notion," said the knight;
and if the batchelor shall be inclined to
join our pastoral association, as he
doubtless will, he may take the ap-
pellation of the shepherd Sancionino,
or of the swain Carracon: Nicholas
the barber may be called Niculolo,
as old Boccan called himself Neu-
orofo: and as for the curate, I
know not what title we can confer
upon him, except some derivative from
his own name, such as the shepherd
Coriambro. For the nympha of
whom we must be enamou'red, there
is plenty of names to choose; but
seeing that of my mistresses will suit
as well with a shepherdesse as with a
princesse, I need not give myself the
trouble to invent any other that
might be more proper; as for thee,
Sancho, thou mayest give thy mistresses
what appellation will please thy
own fancy."— I have no intention,"
replied the squire, "to give her any
other
other than that of Teresa, which
will fit her fastness to an hair, as well
as be agreeable to her own name Te-
refa; especially as in celebrating her
in verie, I shall disclose my chaste
defires, without going in search of
fine bread in a neighbour's house;
the curate would be in the wrong to
chuse a shepherdess, because he ought
to set a good example to his flock;
and as for the batchelor, if he has
any such inclination, Let him pleafe
his own soul, without lett or con-
troul.

"Good Heaven! friend Sancho," said
Don Quixote, "what a life shall we
lead! how will our cars be regaled
with pipes and bagpipes of Zumora,
tambourings, timbrels, and rebecks!
and if these different kinds of musique
be reinforced with the sound of the
albogues, we shall have a full concert
of all the pastoral intruments."

"And pray what are the albogues?" said Sancho, "I never saw nor heard
them named before, in the whole course
of my life."—"Albogues," answered
the knight, "are plates of brass refem-
bling candlesticks, the hollow parts of
which being clappered together produce
a sound, if not ravishing or harmoni-
ous, at least not disagreeable nor un-
suitable to the rusticity of the bagpipe
and tabor. The name of albogues is
Moorish, as are all the words in our
language beginning with al; for ex-
ample, almocaca, almocar, albonbra,
alguzuki, alhucina, almacen, alhozna,
and a few others; and we have only
three Moorish words ending in i: if
namely, boregei, zaqicamis, and
marawodi; as for albetti and afterri,
they are known to be Arabick, as well
from their beginning with al, as for
their ending in i: these observations
I have made, by the bye, in confe-
quence of having mentioned albogues,
which recalled them to my remem-
brance. But, to return to our scheme,
nothing will conduce so much to the
perfection of it, as my having a ta-
ten for verification, as thou very well
knowest, and the batchelor's being
an excellent poet. Of the curate I
shall say no king; though I would
lay a good wager that his collars and
points are truly poetical: and that
Master Nicholas is in the same fa-
shion I do not at all doubt; for peo-
ple of his profession are famous for
making ballads and playing on the
guitar. For my own part, I will
complain of absence; thou wilt ex-
tol the confinacy of thy own love;
the swain Caracelon will lament the
dilpaim of his milkrets; the curate
Curiambro chuse his own subjeft; and
every thing proceed in such a manner
as to fulfil the warmefl wishes.

"To this effusion Sancho replied, 'Ve-
rily, Signior, I am such an unlucky
wrench, that I am afraid the time
will never come when I shall fee my
self in that blessed occupation. O
what delicate wooden spoons shall I
make when I am a shepherd! O what
crumbs and cream shall I devour!
O what garlands and pastoral nick-
nacks shall I contrive! and though
these may not, perhaps, add much to
my reputation for wisdom, they will
not fail to convince the world of my
ingenuity. My daughter Sanchica
shall bring our visluals to the fold;
but 'ware mischief! the wench is
buxom, and there are some shepherds
more knavish than simple; I would
not have her come out for wool and go
home thorn. These same amours, and
unruly desires, are gratified in the open
field as well as in the city chamber,
in a shepherd's cot as well as in a royal
palace. The sin will cease when the
temptation is removed; The heart will
not grieve for what the eye does not
perceive; and, What prayers ne'er can
gain, a leap from a hedge will obtain."

No more of your proverbs, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "any one of those
whom I repeated is sufficient to ex-
plain thy meaning; and I have often
exhorted thee to be less prodigial
of old saws, and keep them more
under command; but, I see, it is
like preaching to the deaf: and My
mother whispers me, and I scourge the
top."—"Under correction," answered
the squire, "your worship, methinks,
is like the frying-pan which called
to the pot, "Avant black-a-moor,
avant!" Even in the very act of re-
buking me, for uttering proverbs,
your worship string's them together
in pairs."—"But, then, you must
consider, Sancho," said Don Quix-
爵, "that when I use them, they are
reasonably
feasonably brought in, and fit the purpose as the ring fits the finger: whereas, by thee, they are not brought in, but lugged in, as it were, by the head and shoulders. If my memory fails me not, I have formerly told thee, that proverbs are short sentences extracted from the experience and speculation of ancient fages; and a proverb unfeasonably introduced, is rather an absurdity than a judicious apothegm. But let us quit the subject, and, as the day is already spent, retire from the highway to some place where we may pass the night; for God alone knows what will be to-morrow.

They accordingly retired to a grove, where they made a late and very indifferent supper, to the no small mortification of Sancho, who usefully reflected upon the meagre commons of chivalry, so uncomfortably dished among woods and mountains; though his imagination was also regaled with the remembrance of that abundance which he had enjoyed at the castle, as well as at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and in the houses of Don Diego de Miranda, and Don Antonio de Moreno; but, finally, considering it could not be always day, or always night, he resolved, for the present, to sleep, while his matter indulged his contemplations awake.

C H A P. XVI.

OF THE BRISTLY ADVENTURE IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE WAS INVOLVED.

The night was a little dark; for, although the moon was in the heavens, she was invisible to the people of our hemisphere, Madam Diana having taken a trip to the Antipodes, and left our mountains obumbrated and our valleys obscured.

Don Quixote, in compliance with nature, enjoyed his first sleep without indulging himself in a second, quite contrary to the practice of Sancho, who never defined a second, because the first always lasted from night till morning; a sure sign of little care, and an excellent constitution. As for the knight, his cares interfered so much with his repose, that he weakened his squire, to whom he said, 'I am amazed, Sancho, at the indifference of thy disposition, and imagine thou art made of marble or obdurate brass, insensible of sentiment or emotion. I watch whilfe thou art snoring; I weep whilfe thou art sighing; I faint with fasting, whilfe thou art overloaded and out of breath with eating! It is the province of a good servant to sympathize with his master's pain, and to share his anguish, even for the sake of decorum. Observe the serenity of the sky and the solitude of the place, which invite us to make an intermission in our repose. I conjure thee, by thy life, to rise and go aside to some proper place, where, with good will and grateful inclination, thou mayest conveniently inflict upon thyself three or four hundred stripes, on account of Dulcinea's inchantment; and this favour I humbly request, without any intention to try again the strength of thine arms, which I know to be heavy and robust; after the performance of that task, we will pass the remainder of the night in harmony; I, in singing the torments of abstinence, and thou, in chanting the constancy of thy passion; and thus will we begin the pastoral life which we are to lead at our own village.'—Signior, answered the squire, 'I am no monk, to rise and discipline my flesh in the middle of the night; nor do I think the extremity of pain is such a provocative to mirth; I therefore desire your worship will let me take out my nap, without preying me farther to scourge myself; left I should grow desperate, and solemnly swear never to whip the nap of my garment, much less an hair of my lkin.'—'Soul of a savage! flinty-hearted squire!' cried Don Quixote: 'O ill-betowed bread! O ill-required benefits, intended or conferred! By my means wait thou created governor; and through me alone dost thou now enjoy the near prospect of being a count, or something else of equal title; nor will the accomplishment of thy wishes be regarded longer than the term of one fleeting year; for, Post tenebras spero lucem.'—'Your conclusion,' said Sancho, 'I do not understand; but well I know, that while I sleep, I am troubled neither with fear nor hope.'
over them in a twinkling, demolished the barricades of the squire, and trampled down not only the matter, but also his steed Rozinaute; the throning, the grunting, and the hurry of those unclean animals, throwing every thing in confusion, and strewing the matter and the man, the horse and the afs, the pannel and the armour, along the ground. Sancho, getting up as well as he could, demanded his matter's sword, in order to sacrifice half a dozen of those discourteous gentleman porkers; for by this time he had discovered what they were; but the knight refused to grant his request, saying, 'Let them pass, friend Sancho; this affront is the punishment of my crime; and the just chastisement of Heaven inflicted upon a vanquished knight, is, that he shall be devoured by dogs, flung by wolves, and trampled upon by swine.' At that rate, then, replied the squire, 'the chastisement which Heaven inflicts upon faintors of vanquished knights, is, that they shall be bitten by fleas, devoured by lice, and afocked by famine: if we squire were sons of the knights we serve, or even their near relatives, it would be no great wonder if the punishment of our faults should overtake us to the fourth generation; but what affinity is there between the Pansas and the Quixotes? At present let us put things to rights again, so that we may sleep out the remainder of the night, and we shall be in better plight when God sends us a new day.'—Enjoy thy repose,' said Don Quixote; thou walst born to sleep and I to watch; and during the little of night that remains, I will give my thoughts the rein, and cool the furnace of my reflections with a short madrigal, which I have this evening, unknown to thee, composed in my own mind.'—In my opinion, answered the squire, 'your thoughts could not be very troublesome and unruly, if they gave you leisure to make couples; but, however, your worship may couple as many as you please, and I will sleep as much as I can.' So saying, he chose his ground, on which he huddled himself up, and enjoyed a most profound sleep, which received no interruption from the remembrance of debt, surety, or any
any other grievance. As for Don Quixote, he leaned against a beech or cork-tree; for Cid Hamet Benengeli has not distinguished the genus; and, to the music of his own sighs, sung the following stanzas.

I.

\[\text{O Cruel love! when I endure}\
\text{The dreadful vengeance of thy bow,}\
\text{If fly to death, the only cure}\
\text{For such immensity of woe.}\]

II.

\[\text{But, when I touch the peaceful goal,}\
\text{That port Secure from forms of strife,}\
\text{The sight revives my drooping soul}\
\text{I cannot enter for my life!}\]

III.

\[\text{Thus life exhausts my vital flame,}\
\text{But death still keeps the spark alive;}\
\text{O wondrous fate! unknown to fame!}\
\text{That life should kill, and death revive,}\]

Every verse he accompanied with a multitude of sighs and a torrent of tears, as if his heart had been transfixed with grief for his overthrow and the absence of Dulcinea. In this situation he was found by the day, when Phoebus darting his rays into Sancho's eyes, the squire awoke, yawned, turned, stretched his lazy limbs, and surveying the havoc which the swine had made in his store, he bitterly cursed the whole herd; aye, and even went farther with his maldejections.

Then the two proceeded in their journey; and, towards the close of the afternoon, descried about ten men on horseback, and half that number on foot, advancing towards them; a sight which made the knight's heart throb with surmise, and the squire's with terror; for this company was armed with lance and target, and approached in a very hostile manner. Don Quixote turning to his squire, 'Sancho,' said he, 'if I could now exercise my arms, and my hands were not tied by a folem promiss, I would look upon that machine, which comes upon us, with contempt, as so much cake and gingerbread; but, perhaps, it may be something else than we apprehend.' He had scarce pronounced these words, when the horsemen coming up, and couching their lances, surrounded him in a trice; then clapping the points of their weapons to his back and breast, seemed to threaten immediate death and destruction; while one of those on foot, laying his finger on his mouth, as a signal for him to be silent, seized Rozinnante's bridle, and led him out of the highway. The rest of the footpads drove Sancho and Dapple before them, and, while a wonderful silence prevailed, followed the knight, who attempted twice or thrice to ask whether they conducted him, and what they wanted; but scarce had he began to move his lips when they threatened to flut them for ever with the points of their spears. The same menaces were practised upon Sancho, who no sooner expressed a desire to be talking, than he was pricked in the posteriors with a goad by one of his attendants; and Dapple met with the same fate, as if he too had made a motion to speak, like his master.

As night approached they quickened their pace, and the terrors of the captives increased in proportion as the darkness deepened, especially as their guard pronounced from time to time, 'Dispatch, ye Troglodytes! silence, ye Barbarians! now ye shall suffer, ye Antipopaghi! not a word of complaint, ye Scythians! open not your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemuses! ye carnivorous lions and beasts of prey.' With these and other such appellations, they tormented the ears of the miserable master and the forlorn Sancho, who said within himself, 'Draggle doits! Barber Ann! Henry puff a Jay! City hens! and Paulina-mouses! these are fine names with a vengeance! I'm afraid this is a bad wind for winnowing our corn! the mischief comes upon us altogether, like drubbing to a dog; and I with this misventrous adventure, that threatens so diffmally, may end in nothing worse!' As for Don Quixote, he was utterly astonished and confounded; nor could he, with all his reflection, comprehend the meaning of his own captivity, and those reproachful terms, from which he could only conclude, that no good but a great deal of mischief was to be expected. In this state of anxious suspense he continued till about an hour after it was dark, when they arrived at a castle; which the knight immediately recognizing to be the duke's habitation, where he had so lately resided, 'Good Heaven!' cried
he, 'where will this adventure end! surely this is the dwelling place of politeness and hospitality; but to those who are vanquished, good is converted into bad, and bad to worse.' This ejaculation he uttered as they entered the court of the castle, which was decorated in a strange manner that increased their admiration, and redoubled their fear, as will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

OF THE MOST SINGULAR AND STRANGEST ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF THIS SUBLIME HISTORY.

The horsemen alighting, with the assistance of those who were on foot, snatched up the bodies of Don Quixote and Sancho, and carried them hastily into the court of the castle, round which above a hundred flaming torches were placed, and the corridors of the court were illuminated by five hundred tapers, flaming with such a blaze, that, in spite of the night, which was dark, there was no want of the day. In the middle of the court appeared a monument raised about two yards from the ground, and covered with a spacious canopy of black velvet; and, upon the steps that led up to it, above a hundred tapers of virgin wax stood burning in silver candlesticks. On the tomb lay the body of a young damsels, whose beauty was such as rendered death itself beautiful; her head was raised on a cushion of brocade, and crowned with a garland of various odoriferous flowers; and in her hands, that were crossed upon her breast, appeared a bough of green victorious palm. On one side of the court was erected a theatre, on which were seated two personages, whom their crowns and sceptres declared to be either real or fictitious kings; and hard by the theatre, which was furnished with steps, two other chairs, upon which Don Quixote and Sancho were seated by their captors, who still maintained their former silence, the observance of which they likewise recommended, by signs, to our hero and his squire; though these injunctions were altogether superfluous; for their astonishment at what they saw, had effectually tied their tongues; and, indeed, how could they help being astonished at sight of this apparatus! considering, too, that by this time the knight had discovered the dead body on the tomb to be no other than the beautiful Alisidora? At this juncture, two noble personages, with a numerous retinue, ascended the theatre, and seated themselves in magnificent chairs, hard by the figures that were crowned; then Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving the new comers to be their former entertainers, the duke and duchesses, rose up and bowed with great veneration, and their graces, rising also, returned the compliment with a slight inclination of the head. And now an officer crossing the court, and approaching Sancho, threw over him a robe of black buckram, painted all over with flames of fire; at the same time pulling off his cap, he put upon his head one of those pasteboard mitres which are worn by the penitents of the holy office; and in a whisper advised him to keep his lips fast closed together, unless he had a mind to be gagged or put to death without mercy. Sancho surveyed himself from head to foot, and saw his robe in flames; but as they did not burn, he valued them not as a farthing; then he took off his mitre, and perceiving it figured with pictures of fiends, set it on his head again, saying to himself, 'As the flames do not burn, and the fiends do not fly away, with me, I am very well satisfied.' Don Quixote likewise surveyed the squire; and, although his reflection was still disturbed with fear and suspense, could not help finding at the ludicrous figure.

Sancho being thus equipped, a low yet agreeable sound of flutes seemed to issue from beneath the tomb, and being uninterrupted by any human voice, for here silence itself kept silence, produced a very soft and pleasing melody. Then all of a sudden, a beautiful youth, in a Roman habit, appeared close by the cushion on which the seemingly dead body repose, and to the sound of the harp on which he himself played, with a sweet harmonious voice he sung the two following stanzas—
I.

Till fair Altifidora, slain

By Quixote's cruelty; return;
And all th' enchanted female train
Her hapless fate in fackcloth mourn;
'Until duennas clad in baize
Appear in presence of her grace;
I'll celebrate the nymph in lays
That would not shame the bard of

Thrace.

II.

Nor shall thy beauty fade unfung,
When life forfakes my gilded veins;
My clay-cold lips and frozen tongue,
In death shall raise immortal strains.
My soul when freed from cumbrous clay,
Her flight o'er Stygian waves shall take;
And while on Lethe's banks I stray,
My song shall charm th' oblivion lake.

Here he was interrupted by one of the two pretended kings; who said—

Enough, divine forget! it would be an infinite task to describe the death and beauties of the peerles Altifidora, not dead as the ignorant world imagines, but alive in the voice of fame, and in the rênance which Sancho Panza here present must undergo, in order to restore her to the light she has lost; and therefore, O Rhadamanthus! who sittest with me in judgment, within the gloomy caverns of Lethe, as thou art intimately acquainted with all the determinations of the infernal fates, touching the revival of this damfél, relate and declare them without loss of time, that we may no longer delay that happiness which we expect from her recovery.

Scarce had Minos pronounced these words, when his fellow-judge and companion Rhadamanthus stood up, saying— So hol ye ministers of this house, high and low, great and small, come hither one by one, and mark the face, the arms, and loins of Sancho, with two dozen of tweaks, one dozen of pinches, and half a dozen pricks with a pin; for upon this execution depends the revival of Altifidora.' Sancho Panza hearing this sentence, broke silence, and exclaimed aloud— I vow to God, I will sooner turn Turk, than allow my face to be marked or my flesh to be handled in any such manner. Body o'me! what has the pinching of my face to do with the resurrection of that damfél. The old woman has got a liquorift tooth, forsooth, and she is still licking her fingers. Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be scourged for the disenchantment of her ladyship: Altifidora is dead by the hand of God, and in order to bring her to life, I must suffer two dozen of tweaks, my body must be pinched into a fieve with large pins, and my arms pinched into all the colours of the rainbow! Such jokes may pass upon a brother-in-law; but I am an old dog, and will not be coaxed with a crust.'—Then thou shalt die,' cried Rhadamanthus with an audible voice. 'Tame that savage heart of thine, thou tyger; humble thyself, thou proud Nimrod! suffer and be silent. We ask not impossibilities, and therefore thou must not pretend to examine the difficulties of this affair: tweaked thou shalt be; pinched shalt thou find thyself, and pinched until thy groans declare thine anguish. So be it, ye ministers! execute my command, or by the faith of an honest man, you shall fee for what you were born.'

In consequence of this summons, six duennas came walking through the court yard in procession, one by one, the four first with spectacles, and each with her right-arm raised, about four inches of the wrist being bared according to the present fashion, that the hand may seem the larger. Sancho no sooner beheld these marons, than he began to bellow like a bull; exclaiming— I might have allowed myself to be handled by all the world besides, but that duennas should touch me I will by no means consent! they mayคลaw my face, as my master was ferved in this very castle; they may run me through the guts with daggers of steel; they may tear the flesh off my arms with red-hot pincers; all these tortures will I bear patiently, for the service of thee noble persons: but I say again, the devil shall fly away with me before I suffer a duenna to lay a finger on my carcass! Then Don Quixote addressing himself to Sancho, broke silence in these terms— Expect thy patience, my son, for the satisfaction of these noble personages, and give thanks to Heaven, which hath induced thy person with such virtues, that by the martyrdom of thy flesh, the enchanted are delivered from enchantment, and even the dead revived.'
By this time the duennas had surrounded Sancho; who, being softened and perjured, feated himself in a proper posture, and held out his face and beard to the first, who treated him with a well-planted twitch, and then dropped a profound curtsey.

'Lefs courtely, ' Lefs anointing, good Madam Duenna,' cried the squire; ' for, by the Lord, ' your fingers smack of vinegar!' In a word, he was tweaked by all the duennas, and pinched by a great number of other persons belonging to the family; but what he could by no means be brought to endure, was the puncture with pins, which they no sooner began to perform, than starting up in a rage, and seizing a lighted torch that stood near him, he assaulted the duennas, and all the rest of his executioners, crying—

'Avay, ye ministers of hell! I am not made of brass, to be inenfible to such torture.' At this instant, Altifidora, who must have been tired with lying so long upon her back, turned herself on one side; and this motion was no sooner perceived by the spectators, than all of them exclaimed, as if with one voice,

'Altifidora moves! Altifidora lives!' Then Rhadamanthus directed Sancho to lay aside his indignation, seeing the intended aim was already accomplished.

Don Quixote seeing Altifidora stirring, fell upon his knees before Sancho, saying—'Now is the time, dear fon of my bowels, and no longer my squire! now is the time to inflict upon thyself some of those stitches thou art obliged to undergo for the diabolical state of Dulcinea. This, I say, is the time, when thy virtue is seafoned, and of efficacy sufficient to perform the cure which we expect from thy compliance.' To this apostrophe the squire replied—'This is real upon real, and not honey upon pancakes: scouring, to be sure, is a very agreeable defert to a diet of twitches, pinches, and pin-prickings. There is no more to be done, but to take and tie a great stone about my neck, and tells me into a well; it will be much better for me to die at once, than to be always the wedding-heifer, to remedy the misfortunes of other people: either let me live in peace, or, before God, all shallour, fall or not fall.'

By this time Altifidora sat upright on the tomb, and at that instant the waits beginning to play, were accompanied by the usulck of flutes, and the voices of all the spectators, who acclaimed—'Live Altifidora! Altifidora live!' The duke and duchess, together with Minos and Rhadamanthus, rising from their seats, and being joined by Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive this young lady, and help her in descending from the tomb; while they were thus employed, she assumed a languid and fainting air, and inclining her head towards the duke and duchess and the two kings, started a side-long glance to Don Quixote, saying—'God forgive thee, unrelenting knight! by thy cruelty I have been doomed to remain, as I believe, above a thousand years in the other world! but as for thee, thou most compassionate squire that this wide earth contains! I thank thee kindly for that life I now enjoy. From this day, friend Sancho, thou mayest command fix of my shits to be converted into shirts for thy own body; and if they are not quite whole, at least they are white and clean.' Sancho thanked her for the present, with mitre in hand and knee on ground; and when the duke ordered his page to take away those badges of diffidence, and restore his own cap and coat, the squire entreated his grace to let him keep the miter and the flaming robe, and carry them to his own country, as a mark and memorial of this incredible adventure. To this supplication the duchess replied, that he might keep these testimonials, for he knew how much she was his friend.

The duke ordered the court to be cleared, the company to retire to their several chambers, and the knight and squire to be conducted to the apartments, which they had formerly occupied.

C H A P. XVIII.

WHICH FOLLOWS THE PRECEDING, AND TREATS OF MATTERS THAT MUST BE DISCLOSED, IN ORDER TO MAKE THE HISTORY THE MORE INTELLIGIBLE AND DISTINCT.

SANCHO slept that night in a straw bed in the apartment of Don Quixote; a circumstance which he would
would have waved, if possible, because he well knew his matter would keep him awake with questions and replies, and he was not at all in a talkative humour; for the pain of his past sufferings kept them still present in his fancy, depriving his tongue of its usual freedom; and he would have much rather slept alone in a hut, than in the richest chamber thus accompanied. His apprehension was so true, and his suspicions so just, that scarce had his matter committed his body to the bed, when he accosted the squire in these words:  

"What is thy opinion, Sancho, of this night's adventure? Great and powerful is the force of amorous disdain; as thou hast been with thy own eyes. Altḯ́́ñora dead—not by shaft, or sword, or warlike instrument, or mortal poison, but solely by the reflection of that rigour and disdain with which I have always treated her advances.'

"She might have died in good time, when and how the thought proper, cried Sancho, 'and left me in quiet at my own house, seeing I never treated her either with love or disdain in the whole course of my life; for my own part, I neither know, nor can I conceive, as I have formerly observed, what the health or life of such a whimsical girl as Altḯ́́ñora has to do with the martyrdom of Sancho Panza; but now at length I can clearly and distinctly perceive, that this world actually abounds with incantations and enchantments, from which I pray God may deliver me, since I cannot deliver myself! in the mean time, I humbly beseech your worship to let me sleep, without farther question, if you have not a mind to see me throw myself out of the window."—'Sleep, then, friend Sancho,' said the knight, 'if thou canst enjoy the benefit of slumber after the pinching, twitching, and prickling thou hast undergone.'—'No pain is comparable to that of the twitching,' replied the squire; 'for no other reason, but because it was inflicted by duenas, whom God in heaven confound! I again treat your worship to leave me to my repose, for sleep is a remedy for those miseries which we feel when awake.'

"But it so,' said the knight, 'and the Lord make thy sleep refreshing!'

While these two are left to their repose, Cid Hamet, author of this sublime history, takes occasion to explain the motives that induced the duke and duècheis to raise the edifice of the adventure above related. He says, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco still remembering how, as Knight of the Mirrors, he had been vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, and his whole design blasted and defaced by that unlucky fall and defeat, he resolved to try his fortune once more, in hope of meeting with better success; and learning where the knight was, from the information of the page who carried the letter and the present to Sancho's wife Terefa Panza, he purchased a new suit of armour and a horse, ordered a white moon to be painted on his shield, and fastened the whole cargo on the back of an he-mule, which was conducted by a certain ploughman, and not by his old squire Don Cessal, left he should be known by Sancho or Don Quixote. With this equipage he set out for the duke's castle, where he was informed of the knight's motions and route, together with his intention to assist at the tournament in Saragossa. His grace likewise gave him an account of the jokes they had executed upon our adventurer, with the contrivance of Dulcinea's disfancment, to be effected at the expense of Sancho's posteriors. Nor did he forget to relate the trick which Sancho had practised on his matter, in making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country-wench; as also how my lady duècheis had persuaded the squire that Dulcinea was really and truly enchanted and transformed, and he himself the person that was mistaken and deceived: particulars which afforded abundance of mirth to the bachelor, who could not help admiring afresh the mixture of archness and simplicity in Sancho, as well as the unaccountable madness of Don Quixote. The duke begged he would return that way and communicate his successes, whether he should be vanquished or victor. Sampson, having promised to comply with his request, set out in quest of our knight; and, as he did not find him in Saragossa, proceeded to Barcelona, where he met with the adventure we have already related in it's proper place; then he returned to the duke's castle, where he gave an account of the whole engagement, and the conditions of the combat.
bat: in consequence of which Don Quixote was already on his return, to fullfil, like a worthy knight-errant, the promise he had made to reside at his own habitation for the term of one year, during which, the squire said, he might possibly be cured of his madness. He declared this was his sole motive for disguising himself in such a manner, as it was a thousand pities that a gentleman of Don Quixote's excellent understanding should continue under the influence of such infatuation. He accordingly took his leave of the duke, and returned to his own country, in full hope that the knight was not far behind.

From this information, his grace took the opportunity to convey this last adventure, so much was he delighted with the behaviour of Sancho and Don Quixote. He ordered a great number of his people on horse-back, and a foot, to scour the country far and near, and a patrol through every road by which it was thought the knight could possibly return, with orders to bring him to the castle, either by fair means or foul. Accordingly, when they found him, they gave notice to his grace, who having already pre-concerted what was to be done, no sooner heard of his coming than he directed that the torches and tapers should be lighted around the court, and Altifidora placed upon the tomb, together with all the apparatus already described; which was so naturally and successfully executed, that it differed very little from the real truth. Nay, Cid Ramon moreover observes, that he looked upon the jokers to be as mad as those who were jugged; and the duke and duchess to be within two fingers-breadth of lunacy, seeing they placed such happiness in playing pranks upon two confirmed madmen, one of whom the new day found sleeping at full shore, and the other watching over his disaffected thoughts, and very impatient to quit his couch; for, whether vanquished or victor, Don Quixote never took pleasure in laughing on the lazy down.

It was now that Altifidora, who in the knight's opinion had returned from death, in compliance with the humour of her lord and lady, entered his apartment, crowned with the same garland she had worn on the tomb, clad in a robe of white taffety powdered with flowers of gold, her hair flowing loose upon her shoulders, and supporting herself upon a staff of fine polished black ebony. This apparition discomfited our hero to such a degree, that he shrank within his nest in silent confusion, and almost covered himself wholly with the sheets, fully determined against making any return of compliment. Meanwhile, Altifidora sitting down upon a chair, at his bed's head, heaved a profound sigh, and thus addressed herself to him, in a faint and tender tone—' When women of fashion, and damfels of reserve, trample upon honour, and give their tongues the liberty to break through all inconveniences, so as to divulge the secrets which their hearts conceal, their condition must be desperate indeed. I am one of these, Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha; sorely hampered, vanquished, and enamoured; but withal so patient and modest, that my soul broke through my silence, and I told my life: in consequence of thy rigour, O fiercely-hearted knight! more deaf than marble to my complaints, have I been dead for two days, or at least supposed to be dead by those who saw me; and if love, in pity to my fate, had not deposited a remedy in the tortures of that worthy figure, I should have remained for ever in the other world.'—'Love,' said Sancho, might as well have deposited the remedy in the tortures of my aff, and I should have thanked him for it heartily; but pray, Madam, tell me, so may Heaven send you a kinder lover than my master, what did you see in the other world? What is going forward in hell? for surely those who die in despair must go to that bating-place.'—'To tell you the truth,' answered Altifidora, 'I could not be quite dead, seeing I did not enter the infernal regions; for, had I been once fairly introduced, I could not have left the place again, whatever inclination I might have had to return. The truth is, I went no further than the gate, where I saw about a dozen devils playing at tennis, in their drawers and doublets, having bands edged with Flanders lace, and ruffles of the same at their wrists, which were naked to the length of four inches, in order to enlarge the appearance.
The peace of their hands, in which they wielded rackets of fire: but what I chiefly admired was, that instead of balls, they made use of books, which seemed to be filled with wind and frocks; a circumstance equally new and surprising! and yet there was another particular which still increased my astonishment; for, whereas among the gamesters of this world, it is natural for the winners to be merry, and for the losers to be sad; in that diabolical pastime, all the players growled and grumbled, and curied one another.—That is not to be wondered at," replied the squire; "for the devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be content."—That must certainly be the case," answered Altisidora; "but there was likewise another peculiarity at which I wonder, I mean, at which I then wondered; namely, that after the first toils, the ball was useless, and could not be used a second time; so that they whirled them away, new and old, in a marvellous manner. On one of these, which was finely gilt and lettered, they bestowed such a violent stroke, that the guts flew out in scattered leaves. "What book is that?" said one devil to his fellow. The other answered, that it was the second part of the history of Don Quixote de La Mancha, composed not by the original author Cid Hamet, but by an Arragonian, who calls himself a native of Tordefillas. "Away with it!" cried the first, "plunge it into the lowest abyss of hell, that mine eyes may never behold it again."—"What, is it so bad?" said the second. "So very bad," replied the other, "that if I myself had endeavoured to make it worse, it would not have been in my power." They proceeded with their play, driving about the unfortunate books; and I hearing them mention Don Quixote, whom I love and adore, endeavoured to retain the vision in my memory."—A vision it must have been, without all doubt," said Don Quixote; "for there is no other I in the whole world; and as for that history, it is banded from hand to hand, without finding a resting-place, and every body has a filling at the author: nor am I in the least mortified to hear that I wander like a fantaltick shadow through the dark abodes of hell, as well as through the enlightened mansions of this globe, as I am not the person recorded in that history; which, were it elegant, faithful, and authentick, would live for ages; but, being false and excreable, as it is, there will be no great distance between its birth and burial.

Altisidora was going to proceed with her lamentations, when she was prevented by the knight; who said, with great solemnity, "I have often told you, Madame, that I am sorry you have placed your affection upon me, who can make no other return than that of gratitude and thanks; I was born for Dulcinea del Toboso; and the Fates, if such there be, have condescended for her service; so that to imagine any other beauty shall ever occupy the place which the poetesses in my heart, is to suppose a more impossibility. Let this declaration, therefore, undeceive and prevail upon you to retire within the limits of virtue and decorum, seeing no man is obliged to perform impossibilities." Altisidora, in consequence of this repulse, assumed an air of indignation, and in an affected transport of rage, exclaimed, "How now, Don Stockfish! soul of a mortal! stone of a date! more positive and obdurate than a courted peafant when his harrow hath chanced to hit the mark, by the Lord! if I once fall upon you, I will tear your eyes out. Hark ye, Don Beaten-and-cudgelled, are you such a wifeacre as to suppose I died for love of you? All you have seen this last night was a pure fiction; for I am not the woman to have a finger ache, much less to die for such a camel."—O my conscience! I believe what you say," cried Sancho; "that of dying for love is a most ridiculous affair; your lovers, indeed, may easily say they are dying; but that they will actually give up the ghost, Judas may believe it for me.

During this conversation, the musician and poet, who had sung the two stanzas which we have already repeated, came into the apartment, and made a profound bow to Don Quixote, saying, "Sir Knight, I beg you will effeem and reckon me among the number of your most humble servants; for many days are elapsed since I have conceived the warmest affection for your
person, from the fame of your character and achievements.' When
Don Quixote desired to know who he was, that he might respect him accord-
ing to his merit, he answered, that he was the musician and panegyrist of the
preceding night. 'Assuredly, your voice is extremely sweet,' said the
knight; 'but, methinks, the verses you sung were not much to the purpose;
for what affinity is there between the stanzas of Garcilaffo and the death of
this young lady?—Your worship must not wonder at that impropriety,'
anwered the musician; 'it is a common practice among the beardless poets of
this age to write what they will, and steal from whom they please to pillage,
whether it be or be not to the purpose; and every absurdity that occurs in
their singing or writing, they attribute to the licentia poetica.'

Don Quixote's reply was prevented by the entrance of the duke and duchess,
who came to visit him in his chamber, and a long diverting conversation ensued,
in the course of which Sancho uttered so many humorous fallacies, and satirical jokes, that their graces admired anew the mixture of his acuteness and simplicity. As for
the knight, he humbly requested that he might be allowed to depart that very
day, as it was much more proper that vanquished knights, like him, should
live in hog-sties than in tumtuous palaces. They graciously complied with his request; and when the duchess enquired if Altisidora had, as yet, acquired her good graces, 'Your grace must know,' said he, 'that dam-
fell's distemper wholly proceeds from idlenefs, which may be easily cured
by continual and decent occupation: she tells me it is the fashion in hell to
wear lace, and as she knows how to make it, let the work never be out of
her hand, which being employed in moving the bobbins, the idea or ideas of what she loves will no longer move in her imagination; and this is the truth, the subsistence of my opinion, and the marrow of my ad-
vice.'—'Aye, and of mine too,' cried Sancho; 'for never in my born days
did I know a lace-maker die for love: the thoughts of girls employed at
that work, run more upon the finishing of their tasks than upon the idle
fancies of love; and, for myself, I
monstrated in the resurrection of Altifidora, though he had some scruples in perusing himself that the enamoured damsel was actually dead. As for Sancho, he felt no fort of pleasure; but, on the contrary, was much mortified to find that Altifidora had failed in performing her promise touching the present of the shifts; and his imagination dwelling upon this circumstance, he said to his master—

"Truly, Signior, I must certainly be the most unfortunate physician that ever lived upon the earth, in which there are many leeches, who, though they kill their patients, infift upon being paid for their trouble, which, by the bye, is no more than writing and figuring a list of medicines upon a scrap of paper; for the apothecary makes up the prescription, and to the farce is added; whereas, I receive not a doit, though I cure other people's maladies at the expense of pinches, twitches, pin-pricks, latches, and drops of blood; but, I vow to God! if any other patient is put into my hands, they shall be well appointed before I undertake the cure; for, The abbot chants but to supply his wants: and I cannot believe that Heaven hath bestowed such virtue upon me, in order that I should throw it away upon the underving."— "Thou art in the right, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; and Altifidora is much to blame in having withheld the promised shifts, although thy virtue is gratis data, without having put thee to the trouble of studying aught but the art of enduring personal toil; for my own part, I can say, that it thou hadst demanded payment for the dis-enchancing stripes, I should have allowed it to thy own satisfaction; though I know not how such hire might interfere with the cure; and I should not wish that the premium might impede the effect of the medicine: nevertheless, I do not think the experiment could be attended with any bad consequence. Consider, Sancho, what thou wouldst have; then proceed to the flagellation, and pay thyself fairly out of my money, which is in thy own hands."

At this proposal, the squire opened his eyes and ears a full span, and resolving in his heart to scrounge himself with good will, answered in these words— "Aye, now, Signior, I find myself extremely well disposed to comply with your worship's desire, since my compliance will be attended with some profit; and, I own, my regard for my poor wife and children makes me seem a little selfish.— "Pray what will your worship chuse to give for every stipe?"— "Were I to pay thee, Sancho," said the knight, according to the greatness of thy deserts, and the quality of the cure, the bank of Venice and mines of Potosí would not afford a sufficient recompence; but, see how much of my money thou hast got, and set thy own price upon every lafla."— "The number of stripes to be given," answered the squire, amounts to three thousand three hundred and odd: of these I have received about five, which shall stand for the odd; so that three thousand three hundred remain. Now, if we value each lafla at a quarter of a rial, and I would not hate a doit, though the whole world should desire me, the sum will be three thousand three hundred quartillos; the three thousand quartillos make fifteen hundred half-rials, which are equal to seven hundred and fifty rials, and the other three hundred quartillos make one hundred and fifty half-rials, which are equal to seventy five rials, and these being added to the former seven hundred and fifty, the whole reckoning amounts to eight hundred and twenty five rials. These I will deduct from your cash that is in my hands, and then I will return to my own house, rich and satisfied, though well scourged; for, We cannot catch trouts without wetting our clouts: and I will say no more upon the subject."— "O blessed Sancho! O lovely Sancho!" cried Don Quixote; Dulcinea and I will be bound to serve thee all the days that Heaven shall permit us to live; provided, she shall retrieve her loft form: and, in this hope, we cannot possibly be mistaken; her misfortune will prove fortunate, and my overthrow a most happy triumph. And now, Sancho, consider when thou wilt begin this discipline; towards the speedy performance of which, I add another hundred rials."— "When?" replied the
the iquire; 'this very night, without fail: if your worship will take care to chafe our lodging in the open field, I will take care to open my own car-
cale.' 

At length the night arrived, after it had been impatiently expected by Don Quixote, who thought the wheels of Apollo's car had broken down, and that the day was extended to an unusual length; like those lovers whose desires ever outstrip the career of time. 

In the evening, they betook themselves to the covert of some pleasant trees at a little distance from the highway, and vacating the saddle of Rozinante, and the pannel of the asf, sat down together upon the grafs, and supped upon the store contained in the wallet of Sancho; who, forming a strong and flexible scourge with Dapple's halter, retired into a tuft of beesches about twenty pieces from his master. The knight seeing him withdraw to brisk and resolute—' Beware, friend Sancho,' said he, 'of scourging thyself to pieces; perform thy discipline at leisure; let the stripes follow one another in regular succession, and do not run to fast as to be out of breath in the middle of thy career; I mean, do not lay thyself so severely, as to destroy thy own life before the number be completed; and, that thou mayest not lose it by a card too many, or too few, I will stand aside and count the stripes upon my rofary. Mayest thou enjoy the protection of Heaven, which thy Christian intent forfcibly deserves! '

A good paymaster needs no bail,' answered the iquire: 'I intend to scourge myself in such a manner as will mortify my flesh, without any hazard of my life; for, in that medium, the substance of the miracle must confift.' He forthwith stripped his fel down to the waist upwards, and latching the scourge, began to whap himself, while his master reckoned the stripes. About half a dozen or eight lashes had Sancho bestowed upon himself, when he found his voice very expensive, and the reward dog cheap; and suspending the instrument, told the knight he had been deceived, and claimed the benefit of an appeal; for every one of those stripes was worth half a real instead of a quartillo. 'Proceed, friend Sancho, without dif-

may,' replied Don Quixote, 'and I will double the allowance.' At that rate, replied the iquire, 'to it again, by the grace of God, and let it rain lashes.' But, the cunning knave no longer made application to his own shoulders, in lieu of which he began to scourge the trees, venting between whiles such difmal groans as seemed to tear his very soul up by the roots. The knight, from the tenderness of his own disposition, being apprehensive that he would actually put an end to his life, and of consequence defeat the purpose of his flagellation by his imprudence, exclaimed—'I conjure thee, by thy life, friend Sancho, to let the business rest where it now stands: the medicine seems to have a very rough operation, and it will be better to proceed leisurely; for Zamora was not taken in one hour. Above a thousand stripes hast thou already inflicted upon thyself, if my reckoning is just, and these shall suffice for the present; for, if I may use a vulgar expression, Though the load must lie over the asf, he must not be overloaded.'—'No, no, Signior,' replied Sancho, 'they shall never say of me, When money's paid before it's due, a broken limb will straight ensue. Pray stand aside a little, Signior, and let me lay on another thousand, if you please: two such bouts will perform the bargain, and leave something to boot.'—'Since thou find'st thyself in such an excellent frame and disposition,' said the knight, 'Heaven protect thee; fix to the stuff, and I shall with-draw.' Sancho, refuming his talk and reckoning, had already disbarked a number of trees, with the rigorous application of his scourge; when, be-lowng a dreadful stroke upon an unfortunate beesch, he exclaimed with great vociferation—'Here, Sampfon, shalt thou die, with all thine abettors.' Don Quixote hearing this dismal ejaculation, and the terrible sound of the stroke, ran up to the spot, and seizing the twisted halter that Sancho used instead of a bull's pizzle—'Fate,' said he, 'friend Sancho, will not permit that for my pleasure thou shouldest lose that life on which the futureance of thy wife and family must depend. Dulcinea shall wait for a more favourable conjuncture; and I will con-
tain myself within the limits of the nearest hope, until thou shalt recover new strength to conclude this affair to the satisfaction of all parties."—

Since your worship is so inclined," answered the squire, "to be in happy time; and pray, good Signior, throw your cloak about my shoulders; for I am all in a sweat, and would not willingly catch cold, which is so often the case with new disciplinates." The knight, in compliance with this request, stripped himself of his upper garment, with which he covered up Sancho, who slept until he was wakened by the fun; then they proceeded on their journey, which, for that day, did not exceed three leagues.

They alighted at an inn; for such it was acknowledged by Don Quixote, who did not, as usual, suppose it a castle furnished with a secco, turrets, portcullises, and draw-bridges: indeed, since his defeat, he had talked with more sanity on all subjects, as will presently appear. He was shewn into a low apartment, hung with old painted ferge, instead of tapestry, such as is used in country places, in one piece of which some wretched hand had drawn the rape of Helen, who was carried off from Menelaus by his presumptuous guest; and in another was represented the story of Dió e Áeneas, the unhappy queen standing upon a lofty tower, making signals with a white sheet to her fugitive lover, who, in a frigate or brigantine, was flying from her coast. He observed, of these two history pieces, that Helen showed no marks of compulsion; but rather exhibited her satisfaction in a roguish smile; whereas, from the eyes of the beautiful Dió, tears as big as walnuts seemed to fall. Don Quixote having considered both pictures, "These two ladies," said he, "were most unfortunate, because they did not live in this our age; and I, above all men unhappy, because I did not live in theirs. Had I encountered these gentlemen, Troy had never been burnt, nor Carthage laid in ruins; for, by killing Paris only, I should have prevented such disasters."—"I'll lay a wager," said Sancho, "that in a very little time, every cook's cellar, tavern, inn, and barber's shop in the kingdom, will be ornamented with pictures containing the history of our achievements; but I should be glad to see them painted by a better workman than him who made these daubings."—Thou art in the right," replied Don Quixote; he that painted these pieces is just such another as Orbanesi, a painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he was about, answered, "Just as it happens;" and if he chanced to represent a cock, he wrote under it, "This is a cock," that it might not be mistaken for a fox. Such a person, I suppose, is that same painter or author, for it is the same thing, who uttered into the world the lately published history of the new Don Quixote: for he has painted or described whatever came uppermost; or, perhaps, he resembles an old court poet called Mauleon, who pretended to answer every question extempore; and being one day asked the meaning of Òdem del Deo, replied, "De donde diere." But, waving this subject, tell me, Sancho, if thou art resolved to take the other turn to-night, and whether thou wilt chuse to go to work under a humble roof, or beneath the high con-
nary of Heaven?—"Fore God! Signior," replied the squire, "as to what I intend to take, it matters not much, whether it be taken within doors or without: nevertheless, I should chuse to go to work among trees; for they seem to accompany and affliit me wonderfully in bearing the brunt of the application."—But it must not be so at present, friend Sancho," answered the knight; in order to recruit your strength, the execution shall be postponed until we arrive at our own village, which we shall reach the day after to-morrow, at farthest." Sancho said he might take his own way; though he himself should be glad to dispatch the business now he was warm, and while the mill was a going; "For, Delay breeds dan-
ger; and We ought still to be doing while to God we are doing. I will give thee, is good; but, Here, take it, is bet-
ter. A sparrow in hand is worth an eagle on wing."—No more proverbs, Sancho, for the love of God! cried
GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF DON QUIXOTE'S ARRIVAL AT HIS OWN HABITATION.

THAT whole day Don Quixote and Sancho tarried at the inn, waiting for night, during which the one intended to finish his whipping task in the open field, and the other hoped to see the accomplishment of that discipline on which depended the accomplishment of his desire. In the mean time, a gentleman on horsetack arrived at the door, attended by three or four servants, one of whom said to him who seemed to be the master, ‘Signior Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship may pass the afternoon in this house; the lodging seems to be cool and cleanly.’ Don Quixote hearing this address, ‘Mark ye, Sancho,’ said he, ‘when I glanced over the second part of my history, I am very much mistaken, if I did not perceive, as I turned over the leaves, this very name of Don Alvaro Tarfe.’ ‘Very likely,’ replied the squire; ‘first let him alight, and then we can ask questions.’ Accordingly the traveller having alighted, was conducted by the landlord into a room that fronted the knight’s apartment, and was ornamented with the same kind of paintings which we have already described. This new-comer cavalier, laying aside his upper garment, came out into the porch, which was cool and spacious, where seeing Don Quixote walking backwards and forwards for the benefit of the air, he saluted in a courteous manner, which way his worship was travelling. ‘The knight told him he was going to the place of his nativity, which was a village in the neighbourhood; and, in his turn, expressed a desire of knowing the direction of the stranger’s course. ‘Signior,’ said the cavalier, ‘I am travelling to Grenada, which is my native country.’ — And a good country it is,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘but will your worship be so good as to tell me your name, which I believe is of more importance to me to know, than I can well explain.’ — ‘My name,’ said the stranger, ‘is Don Alvaro Tarfe.’ — Without doubt, then,’ replied the knight, you must be the gentleman mentioned in the second part of the history of Don Quixote de La Mancha, lately printed and published by a modern author. — The very same,’ answered the cavalier: ‘Don Quixote, the principal character of that history, was an intimate acquaintance of mine; I brought him from his own habitation; at least I persuaded him to affix at the tournament of Saragossa, whither I was going, and where I really and truly did him signal services; and particularly saved his back from being very roughly handled by the hangman, for his excessive impudence and knavery. — And pray, Signior Don Alvaro, is there any resemblance between me and that Don Quixote whom your worship mentions?’ said the knight. ‘No, surely, none at all,’ replied the stranger. ‘Is not that Don Quixote attended by a squire, called Sancho Panza?’ returned our hero. ‘Yes, he is,’ answered the other; and although he was reported to be a very humorous companion, I never heard him utter one merry conceit. — That I can very well believe,’ said Sancho, mingling in the discourse; it is not every body that can utter conceits; and that same Sancho, whom your worship mentions, must be a very great knave, and indeed both fool and knave; for I am the true Sancho Panza, who have as many conceits as there are drops of rain. If your worship will but try the experiment, and keep me company for a year or so, you will see them fall from me at every step; nay, they are so merry and so numerous, that very often when I myself know not what I have said, they make all the hearers burst their sides with laughing; and the true Don Quixote de La Mancha, the renown’d, the valiant, the sage, the enamoured knight, the undoer of wrongs,
the tutor of wards and orphans, the
protector of widows, the destroyer of
maids, who owns no other mis-
trels than the peerless Dulcinea del
Toboso, is my matter, this very gen-
tleman here present: every other Don
Quixote, and every other Sancho
whatsoever, is no better than a dream
or delusion."—Before God! I am
of the same opinion," replied Don Al-
varo; "for, truly, my good friend,
you have uttered more puerility in
these few sentences you have spoke,
than ever I knew come from the
month of the other Sancho Panza,
though he was an eternal babbler;
he was much more of a gouton than
an orator, and rather idiotical than
humerous. Indeed, I am fully per-
suaded, that those enchanters who
molest the good Don Quixote, have
been pleased to persecute me with the
bad Don Quixote: and yet I know
not what to say; for I can take my
oath that I left him at Toledo in the
nuncio's house, under the care of
surgeons; and now, another Don
Quixote starts up in his place, though
of a very different character and com-
plication! — I know not whether or
not I am the good Don Quixote," re-
plied the knight; "but, I will venture
to say, I am not the bad Don Quixote;
and, as a proof of what I allege, my
good Signior Don Alvaro Tarfe,
your worship must know, that in the
whole course of my life I never was
at Saragossa; on the contrary, having
been informed, that the fantastical
Don Quixote had been present at the
tournament of that city, I would not
set foot within it's walls, that I might
demonstrate his imposture to the sa-
tisfaction of the whole world: I,
therefore, openly repaired to Barce-
lona, that repository of politeness,
that asylum of strangers, that hospi-
tal of the poor, that native place of
gallantry, that avenging tribunal of
the injured, that agreeable scene of
unhaken friendship, unparalleled both
in beauty and situation! and although
certain adventures which there befell
me did not so much contribute to my
satisfaction, but, on the contrary, con-
duced to my unspeakable distress, I
bear my fate without repining, and
count myself happy in having seen
that celebrated place: finally, Sig-
nior Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am the
real Don Quixote de La Mancha, so
well known to fame, and not that
wretched impostor who has thought
proper to usurp my name, end deck
himself with the spoils of my reputa-
tion. I must therefore entreat your
worship, as you value yourself on the
character of a gentleman, to make a
declaration before the alcalde of the
place: importing, that, before this
day, you never saw me in the whole
course of your life; and that I am not
the Don Quixote described in the se-
cond part, nor this Sancho Panza the
squire whom your worship knew in
his service."—With all my hearts,"
said Don Alvaro; "and yet I cannot
help being astonished to see two Don
Quixotes, and two Sancho's, at the
same time, so similar in name, and so
unlike in character; so that I say
again, and even affirm, that I have
not really seen that which I thought
I had seen, nor met with those in-
cidents in which I supposed myself
concerned."—Doubtless," cried San-
cho, "your worship must be enchanted,
like my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso;
and would to God your delusion
depended up on my undergoing another
tale of three thousand three hundred
ladies, such as I have undertaken in
her favour; I would lay them on
without interest or deduction." When
Don Alvaro said he did not understand
what he meant by ladies, the squire an-
swered it was a long story, which, how-
ever, he would relate to him should
they chance to travel the same road.
Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined
together; and the alcalde of the town
chancing to enter the inn with a feri-
vener, our hero demanded, by a formal
petition, that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the
gentleman there present, should depose
before his worship, that he was not ac-
quainted with him, Don Quixote there
present also; and that he said Don
Quixote was not the person described in
a certain history, intitled, The second
part of Don Quixote de La Mancha;
composed by one Avellanada, native of
Tordeñillas. In a word, the alcalde
proceeded in form; the deposition was
drawn up in the thongest terms, and the
knights and squire were as much
rejoiced as if this certificare had been of
the utmost consequence to their identity,
and as if the difference between the two
Quixotes and Sanchos would not have
plainly appeared from their words and
actions.

Many compliments and proffers of
service passed between Don Alvaro and
Don Quixote; and our great Manchegan
gave fuch proofs of discretion as un-
deceived Don Alvaro, who perfuaded
himself that he was certainly inchantment,
feeling he had felt, as it were with his
hand, two fuch contrary Don Quixotes.
In the evening they departed from the
village, and travelled together about
half a league, until they found the high-
way divided into two roads, one of
which led to the habitation of Don
Quixote, and Don Alvaro's journey lay
through the other: yet, in that fmall
pace, the knight recounted the misfor-
tune of his overthrow, together with
Dulcinea's inchantment, and the re-
medy propofed; fo as to excite anew
the admiration of the stranger; who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho,
took his leave, and proceeded on his
own affairs; while our knight jogged
on at an easy pace, and pafted the night
in a grove of trees in order to give
Sancho an opportunity to perform his
penance, which he accomplished as be-
fore, at the expence of the beeches,
and not of his own fhouders; these he
defended with fuch care, that they felt
not even the whiff of any fhripf fuf-
cient to difplace a fly. The credulous
knight left not one in his reckoning of
the ladies; which including thole of
the preceding night, amounted to three
thousand and twenty-nine: the fun
seemed to rise early on purpose to
bofh this facrifice, and to light our ad-
venturer on his way, which he proce-
cuted, confenting with Sancho upon the
miffake and deception of Don Alvaro,
and his own prevailence of mind in ob-
taining fuch an authentic testimonial
before the juftice.

The whole day and night they tra-
velled without encountering any adven-
ture worthy of record, except that, in
the dark, Sancho finished his discipline,
to the unfpakeable fatisfaction of the
knight, who waited with impatience
for the day, in hope of finding his
mistrefs Dulcinea disenchanted upon
the road; indeed, he was fo much en-
graffed by this notion, that he went up
to every woman he met in the remain-
ning part of his journey, to fee if she
was not Dulcinea del Tobofo; infalli-
bly perfuaded that there could be no
deciet in the promises of Merlin.
While he indulged these reflections and
defires, they afcended a rising ground,
from whence they defired their own
village; which Sancho no sooner per-
ceived, than he fell upon his knees,
saying, ' Open thine eyes, beloved
country! and behold the return of thy
bon Sancho Panza; who, though not
very rich in coin, is well stored with
latches: open thine arms at the fame
time, and receive thy fon Don Quix-
^ote; who, though vanquished by a
ftranger's hand, returns the victor of
himself; and that, as he hath ofien
told me, is the greatest conquest
which can be defired. With regard
to my own fate, I have money in my
purse; for, though the stripes fell
thick and heavy, I was rewarded like
a gentleman.—' Leave thefe foolif-
tries,' faid the knight, ' and let us
go directly home, where we will in-
dulge our imagination with free
scope, in contriving the scheme of
pastoral felicity which we intend to
enjoy.'

They accordingly defcended the hill
and made the best of their way to their
own village.

C H A P. XXI.

OF THE OMEMS THAT OCCURRED
TO DON QUIXOTE WHEN HE
ENTERED THE VILLAGE—WITH
OTHER INCIDENTS WHICH
A-DORN AND AUTHENTICATE THIS
SUBLIME HISTORY.

O IN Hamet relates, that Don Quix-
one, as he entered the village,
perceived two boys quarrelling on a
threshing-floor, and heard the one say
to his antagonist, ' Struggle thy fill,
" Periquillo, thou fhalt never fee it in
all the days of thy life.' These
words no sooner reached the knight's
ears, than turning to his squire, ' Friend
Sancho,' faid he, ' didst not thou
mark what the boy faid? ' Thou
" fhalt never fee it in all the days of
" thy life.'—' And what signifies
" what the boy fays?' anfwered
the squire. ' What!' replied the knight,
'doft thou not perceive that thefe
words, applied to my concerns, 'I-

"nify, that I shall never behold Dul-
cinea?" Sancho was just going to
answer, when he was prevented by
the sight of an hare, which being pursued
by a number of greyhounds and hunt-
ers, came running through the field
and squatted down in a fright under
Dapple; the squire immediately seized
it from the dogs, by seizing and pre-
senting it to his master, who said, "Ma-
lum fugitum, malum fugitum! the hare
flies, the hounds pursue, and Dulcinea
does not appear;—'That is a strange
fancy in your worship!' replied the
squire; 'let us, for example, suppose it
Dulcinea del Tobolo, and thee pur-
slung hounds the felonious intruders
who have transformed her into a
country-wench; the flies, I catch and
deliver her to your worship, who hold
and fondle her in your arms; what
bad sign is that? or what ill omen
can be conjured from such a circum-
stance?" At this juncture the two
boys who had been quarrelling, came
up to see the hare; and Sancho having
asked the cause of their quarrel, was
anwered by him who said, 'Thon
shall never see it in all the days of
thy life,' that he had taken a cage
full of crickets from the other boy,
which he did not intend to restore
in the whole course of his life. In
consequence of this information, the squire
pulled out of his pocket four farthings,
and gave them to the boy for the cage,
which he put into the hands of Don
Quixote, saying, 'Behold, Signior, the
wreck and destruction of those omens,
which I (though a fool) imagine have
no more to do with our affairs than
last year's clouds; and if I right re-
member, I have heard the curate of
our parish obserue, that no Carilnian
of common sense ought to mind such
childish trifles; nay, even your wor-
ship made the same remark some time
ago, and told me those Christians
were actually mad who put any faith
in omens; and therefore we have no
occasion to make a tumbling-block
of this accident: but let us proceed,
and enter the town—a God's name.'

The hunters coming up, demanded
the hare which was delivered to them
by our knight, who jogging on with
his squire, perceived the curate and
bachelor Carrasco butty at their devo-
tion, in a little meadow that skirted the
town. Now the reader must know
that Sancho Panza had, over the bonet
of armour carried by Dapple, thrown
by way ofumper-cloth, the buckram
robe painted with flames of fire, which
he had worn in the duke's castle on the
night of Altifarida's resurrection; and
he, at the same time, had fixed the mitre
upon the head of the afs, which, thus
adorned, exhibited the strangest trans-
formation that any beast of burden in
the world had ever undergone. Our
adventurers were immediately recog-
nized by the curate and bachelor, who
ran to receive them with open arms;
when Don Quixote alighting, embraced
them with great cordiality; and the
boys, who are quick-sighted as lynxes,
defying the mitre of the afs, came run-
ning in crowds to behold this new spec-
tacle, crying to one another, 'Come
along, boys, and see Sancho Panza's
Dapple, as fine as a May-morning',
and Rozinante more lean than ever.'

In a word, they entered the town,
surrounded with boys, and accom-
panied by the curate and bachelor,
who attended them to the knight's
house, at the gate of which they
found the niece and housekeeper,
already apprized of his arrival. The
same intimation, neither more nor less,
had been given to Sancho's spouse, Te-
refa Panza, who came running to see
her husband, half naked, with her hair
hanging about her ears, and her daugh-
ter Sanchica in her hand; but, seeing
he was not so gayly equipped as the
thought a governor should be, 'Hay-
day, husband!' cried the, 'you come
home a-foot, and seem to be quite
founded, and look more like a go-
vernor of hogs, than a ruler of men.
'Hold your tongue, Terefa,' replied the
squire; 'you will often find books
where there is no bacon; let us e'en
trudge home, where I will tell thee
wonders: I have money in my purse,
and that's the one thing needful
earned by my own industry, without
prejudice to any person whatsoever.'
'Do you bring home the money,
good husband,' said Terefa, 'and let
it be earned here or there, or got in
what shape you please, I give myself

In the original, 'as fine as Mingon,' who was a bad poet, and tawdry beau, cotem-
porary with Cervantes.
no trouble about the matter; I am sure, in getting it, you have intro
duced a new fashion into the world." Sanchica embraced her father, and asked if he had brought any thing for her, who had expected him as impa
tiently as if he had been May-dew: then taking hold of his girdle with one hand, and leading Dapple with the other, while her mother held him by the *\footnote{the knight said, he would call himself: the Shepherd Quixotia, the batchelor should be distinguished by the name of the swain Carralcon, the curate he de
ominated Curiambro, and the squire, Pancino. They were confounded at this new species of madness; but, left he should once more forfake his habi
tation to follow his new chivalries, and in hope that he might possibly be cured during the year of his confinement, they seemingly assented to this new propo
sal, extolled his madness as the very essence of discretion, and promised to be his companions in the exercise he had planned. * All the world knows that I am a celebrated poet," said Samp
fon Carrasco, * and at every turn I shall compose verses, pastoral, or courtly sonnets, or such as will be
answer the purpose of entertaining us in the fields through which we
shall rove; but there is one circun-
stance, gentlemen, which we must
by no means neglect; and that is,
every man shall chuse a name for the
shepherd's he intends to celebrate,
and inscribe and engrave it on every
tree, let it be never so hard, accord
ing to the constant practice of en-
moured swains." * A very seasonable
suggestion," answered Don Quixote:
but, although I am at liberty to
chuse a fictitious name, I shall not
employ my invention for that pur
pose, while there is such a person as
the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the
 glory of these banks! the ornament
of these meadows! the support of
beauty! the cream of all gentility!
and, finally, the subject that suits all
praise, how hyperbolical ever it may
be. * Very true," said the curate;
but we must put up with nymphs of
an inferior rank; who, though they
will not square, may corner with our
desires. * * And should we be at a
loss," added Sampson Carrasco, * we
will borrow names that abound in
printed books, such as Phillis, Ama
yllis, Diana, Florida, Galatea, and
Belisarda; which, as they are pub-
lickly sold, we may purchase and ap
propriate to our own use. If, for
example, my mistrees, or rather
shepherd's, be called Ann, I will
celebrate her under the name of An
na; if her name is Frances, the shall
be called Francenia; if Lucia, the
shall be known by the appellation of
Lucinda; in the same manner shall
other names be metamorphosed; and
if Sancho Panza is inclined to be
one of our fraternity, he may ce
lebrate his wife Teresia Panza, under
the name of Tereflyana." Don Quix
ote could not help smiling at this trans
formation; and the curate, in very
high terms, applauded his honourable
and virtuous resolution, promising anew to spend in his company all the
time he could spare from his indiffen
sible obligations. And now they took
leave of the knight; after having ad
vised and entreated him to have a re
send care of his health, and comfort his
flomach with something good and sub
stantial. The
The niece and housekeeper having by accident overheard this conversation, entered the apartment as soon as the curate and bachelor were gone; and the former, addressing herself to Don Quixote, 'Uncle,' said she, 'what is the meaning of all this! Now that we thought you was returned to stay at home, and lead a quiet and honourable life in your own house; you want to re-entangle yourself in new labyrinths, and turn a poor shepherd. Thou canst with a crook, and with a scrip thou wilt go, as the saying is; for, in good faith, the straw is too old to make pipes of.'

—'And does your worship think,' added the housekeeper, 'that you can stay in the field, during the heats of summer, and the frosts of winter, to hear the howling of wolves! no, truly, that is the office and employment of robust cowards, tainted by the weather, and brought up to the business, even from their cradling blankets and swaddling cloths; and, weighing one evil against another, you had better till be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Consider, Signior, and take my advice, which I do not give from a full stomach, but fresh and fasting, with fifty good years over my head: stay at home in your own house, look after your estate, go frequently to confession, be good to the poor, and let my conscience answer for the rest.' —'Hold your peace, my good children,' answered Don Quixote; 'I know my own duty, and what I have to do; meanwhile carry me to bed, for methinks I am not very well; and be assured, that whether I continue knight-errant or turn shepherd, you may depend upon my good offices and assistance, as you shall find by experience.'

Comforted by this declaration, the good souls (for so they were, without doubt) carried the knight to bed, where they presented him with viandas, and cherish him with all possible care.}

C H A P. XXII.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF DON QUIXOTE'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

As nothing human is eternal, but every sublunary object, especially the life of man, is always declining from its origin to its decay; and Don Quixote had no particular privilege from Heaven, exempting him from the common fate, the end and period of his existence arrived, when he least expected it's approach. Either in consequence of the melancholy produced by his overthrow, or by the particular dispensions of Heaven, he was seized with a calenture which detained him in bed for the space of six days; during which he was often visited by his friends, the curate, bachelor, and barber, and his good squire Sancho Panza never strived from his bedside. These gentlemen, supposing his distemper proceeded from the chagrin inspired by his overthrow, and the disappointment of his hope, concerning the liberty and disfranchisement of Dulcinea, endeavoured by all possible means to exaltize his spirits. The bachelor exhorted him to cheer up his heart, and forfake his couch, that they might begin their pastoral exercise, towards which he had already composed an elegy which would disgrace all the pastorals that ever Sanazarius wrote. He likewise gave him to understand, that he had purchased with his own money from an herdsman of Quintanar, two famous dogs called Barcino and Butron; to defend their flock from the wolves. All these consolations, however, could not dispel the melancholy of Don Quixote; so that his friends called a physician, who having felt his pulse, made a very doubtful prognostick; saying, happen what would, they ought to provide for the health of his soul, as that of his body was in imminent danger; and he gave it as his opinion, that the poor gentleman was overwhelmed with melancholy and vexation. The knight heard this sentence with the most heroic composure; but that was not the case with his housekeeper, niece, and squire, who began to weep and wail most bitterly, as if they had already seen him deprived of life.

Don Quixote finding himself inclined to slumber, desired he might be left alone; and the company retiring, he is said to have slept six hours at a stretch; so that the housekeeper and niece began to fear he would never awake. Nevertheless, he awoke at the expiration of the aforesaid time, and exclaimed aloud, 'Praised be the Almighty God, for the great benefit I have
have received from his bounty! His
certainties know no bounds; nor are
they abridged or impeded by the
transgressions of man.' The niece,
who listened attentively, hearing this
ejaculation, more sensible and connect-
ted than any thing he had uttered since
the beginning of his illness; 'Uncle,'
said she, 'what do you mean? Has
any thing new befallen us? What
mercies and transgressions are these
you mention?—' Mercies,' replied
the knight, 'which Heaven hath this
instant been pleased to vouchsafe un-
to me, notwithstanding the heinous-
ness of my transgressions. I now
enjoy my judgment undisturbed, and
cleared from those dark shadows of
ignorance, in which my understand-
ing hath been involved, by the per-
nicious and incessant reading of those
detractable books of chivalry. I am
now sensible of the folly and folly
they contain; and nothing gives me
concern, but that this conviction
comes too late to give me time suf-
cient to make amends, by reading
others, which would enlighten my
soul. I feel myself, cousin, at the
point of death; and I would not
undergo that great change, in such
a manner as to entail the imputation
of madness on my memory; for,
though I have acted as a madman, I
should not wish to confirm the char-
acter, by my behaviour in the last
moments of my life. Be so good,
my dear child, as to fend for my
worthy friend the curate, the batch-
elor Samp'bn Cartafio, and master
Nicholas the barber; for I want to
confess, and make my will.'

The accidental arrival of these three,
saved her the trouble of sending a message
to each in particular; and Don Quixote
seeing them enter, 'Good gentlemen,'
said he, 'congratulate and rejoice with
me, upon my being no longer Don
Quixote de La Mancha, but plain
Alonzo Quixano, surnamed The Good,
on account of the innocence of my
life and conversation. I am now an
enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the
whole infinite tribe of his descend-
ants; now are all the profane histo-
ries of knight errantry odious to my
reflection; now I am sensible of my
own madness, and the danger into
which I have been precipitated by
reading such absurdities, which I,
from dear-bought experience, abomi-
nate and abhor.' The three friends,
hearing this declamation, believed he was
certainly seized with some new species
of madness; and, on this supplication,
Sampfon replied, 'Now, Signior Don
Quixote, when we have received the
news of my Lady Dulcinea's being
disenchanted, do you talk at this rate?
When we are on the point of becom-
ing shepherds, that we may pass away
our time happily in singing, like so
many princes, has your worship taken
the resolution to turn hermit? No
more of that, I beseech you; recol-
left your spirits, and leave off talking
such idle stories!'— Those which I
have hitherto believed, have, indeed,
realized my misfortune, said the
knight; 'but, with the assistance of
Heaven, I hope my death will turn
them to my advantage.—Gentle-
men, I feel myself hastening to the
goal of life; and therefore, jilting
apart, let me have the benefit of a
graciously confessor, and fend for a no-
tary to write my will; for in such ex-
tremities, a man must not trust with
his own soul: I entreat you, then, to
call a notary; and, in the mean time,
I will confess myself to Mr. Curate.'
They looked at one another, surprized
at this discourse; and, though still du-
bious, resolved to comply with his de-
sire; they considered this sudden and
easy transition from madness to sanity,
as a certain signal of his approaching
death; for to those expressions already
rehearsed, he added a great number of
rational, so christian and well-connec-
ted, as to dispel the doubts of all pre-
sent, who were now firmly persuaded,
that he had retrieved the right use of
his intellects. The curate having dis-
misfl the company, confessed the peni-
tent; while the batchelor went in quest
of the notary, with whom he in a little
time returned, accompanied also by Sancho, who having received an ac-
count of his master's condition, and
finding the niece and housekeeper in
tears, began to pucker up his face, and
open the flood-gates of his eyes.

Confession being ended, the curate
came forth, saying, 'The good Alonzo
Quixano is really dying, and with-
out all doubt restored to his senses;
we may now go and see the will at-
tested.' Their tidings gave a ter-
rible stab to the overcharged hearts of
the two ladies and his faithful squire, whose eyes overflowed with weeping, and whose bosoms had well-nigh burst with a thousand fighs and groans; for, indeed, it must be owned, as we have somewhere observed, that whether in the character of Alonzo Quixano the Good, or in the capacity of Don Quixote de La Mancha, the poor gentleman had always exhibited marks of a peaceable temper and agreeable demeanour, for which he was beloved, not only by his own family, but also by all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The notary entering the apartment with the rest of the company, wrote the preamble of the will, in which Don Quixote disposed of his soul in all the necessary Christian forms: then proceeding to the legacies, he said, "Item, whereas Sancho Panza, whom, in my madness, I made my squire, has in his hands a certain sum of money for my use; and as divers accounts, disbursements, and pecuniary transactions have passed between us; it is my will, that he shall not be charged or brought to account for the said money; but, if there be any overplus, after he has deducted the payment of what I owe him, the said overplus, which must be a mere trifle, shall be his own, and much good may it do him! and as, during my disorder, I contributed to his being made governor of an island, I would now, while I enjoy my perfect senses, confer upon him, were it in my power, a whole kingdom; which he richly deserves for the innocency of his heart, and the fidelity of his service." Then turning to the disconsolate squire, "Forgive me, friend," said he, "for having been the cause of thy appearing in the eye of the world a madman, like myself; by drawing thee into my own erroneous notions, concerning the existence and adventures of knights-errant."—"A lack-a-day, dear Sir! cried Sancho, blubbering, I do not die; take my advice, and live many years upon the face of theearth; for the greatest madness a man can be guilty of in this life, is to let himself die outright, without being slain by any person whatever, or destroyed by any other weapon than the hands of melancholy. Hark ye, Signior! hang aloft! get up, and let us take the field in shepherds apparel, according to our agreement; who knows, but behind some bush we may find my Lady Dulcinea disenchanted, and a comely fight for to see? If you take your overthrow so much to heart, lay the blame at my door, and say you were vanquished by my carelessness, in girting Rozinante; besides, your worship must have read in your books of chivalry, that it was common for one knight to unhorse another, and for him who was vanquished to-day, to be victor to-morrow."—"Very true," said Sampson; "honestly Sancho seems to be very well informed of these matters."—"Gentlemen," replied the knight, "let us proceed fair and softly, without looking for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad; but now am in my right senses. I was Don Quixote de La Mancha; but now, as I have already observed, I am Alonzo Quixano the Good: and I hope, I shall, by my veracity and repentance, recover that degree of your esteem, which I formerly enjoyed. So let Mr. Notary proceed."

"Item, I bequeath my whole estate, real and personal, to my niece Antonia Quixano here present, after deducting what shall be sufficient for the payment of my debts and legacies; and it is my will, that from the frst of the money thence arising, the wages due to my housekeeper shall be paid, together with twenty ducats for a suit of mourning; and I appoint Mr. Curate, and Mr. Batchelor Sampson Carrafo, here present, my executors. Item, It is my will, that if my niece Antonia Quixano inclines to marriage, she shall not wed any man until she is fully satisfied, from previous information, that he is an utter stranger to books of chivalry; or, if she finds he is addicted to this kind of reading, and marries him nevertheless, she shall forfeit the whole legacy, which my executors may, in that case, dispose of in pious uses. Item, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, if perchance they should become acquainted with a certain author, who composed and published an history, entitled, "The Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote de La Mancha;" that they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to forgive me for having been the innocent cause of his writing such a number of absurdities as
that performance contains; for I quit
this life with some scruples of con-
science arising from that considera-
tion. The will being thus conclu-
ded, he was seized with a fainting-fit,
and stretched himself at full length in
the bed; so that all the company were
alarmed, and ran to his assistance.
During three days which he lived af-
ter the will was signed and sealed,
he frequently fainted, and the whole
family was in confusion: nevertheless,
the niece eat her victuals, the house-
keeper drank to the repose of his soul,
and even Sancho cherished his little
carcass; for the prospect of succession
either diffused or moderated that afflic-
tion which an heir ought to feel at the
death of the testator.

At last Don Quixote expired; after
having received all the sacraments, and
in the fonorous terms, pathetically
enforced, expressed his abomination
against all books of chivalry; and the
notary observed, that in all the books
of that kind which he had perused, he
had never read of any knight-errant
who died quietly in his bed, as a good
Christian, like Don Quixote; who,
amidst the tears and lamentations of
all present, gave up the ghost, or in
other words, departed this life. The
curate was no sooner certified of his
decease, than he defined the notary to
make a testimonial, declaring, that
Alonzo Quixano the Good, commonly
called Don Quixote de La Mancha, had
taken his departure from this life, and
died of a natural death; that no other
author, different from Cid Hamet Be-
vengeli, should falsely pretend to raise
him from the dead, and write endless
histories of his achievements.

This was the end of the sage Hi-
dalgo de La Mancha, whose native
place Cid Hamet would not punctually
describe, because he wished that all the
towns and villages of that province
should contend for the honour of hav-
ing given him birth, as the seven cities
of Greece contended for Homer. We
shall here omit the lamentations of the
housekeeper, niece, and squire, together
with all the epitaphs, except the fol-
lowing, by Sampson Carrasco.

Here lies a cavalier of fame,
Who in dauntless courage soar'd to high,
That death, which can the boldest tame,
He scorn'd to flutter or to fly.
A constant bugbear to the bad,
His might the world in arms defy'd;
And in his life though counted mad,
He in his perfect senses dy'd.

The sagacious Cid Hamet addressing
himself to his pen, " And now, my
'slander quill," said he, "whether cun-
ningly cut, or unskillfully formed,
it boots not much; here, from this
rack, suspended by a wire, shalt thou
enjoy repose, and live to future ages,
if no presumptuous and wicked hand
shall take thee down, in order to pro-
fane thee in compiling idle histories.
But ere such inoffent fingers can
touch thine hallowed plume, accord,
and warn them, if thou canst, in words
like these:

"Caitiff, forbear! — Illustrious prince, let
"none
"Attempt th' emprise reserv'd for me
"alone."

"For me alone was Don Quixote born,
"and I produced for him; he to act,
"and I to record: in a word, we were
determined for each other, manly and
in deslight of that fictitious Torde-
filian author, who has prelum'd, or
may presume, to write with his coarse,
awkward offrich quill, the achieve-
ments of my valiant knight; a bur-
den too heavy for his weak shoulders,
and an undertaking too great for his
frozen genius. Advise him, therefore,
if ever thou shoul'dst chance to
be in his company, to let the weawed
and mouldering bones of Don Quix-
ote rest in the grave, without seeking
to carry him into Old Caftle-1, in
opposition to all the prerogatives of
death; or to drag him from his tomb,
where he really and truly lies ex-
tended at full length, and ut-
terly incapable of making a third
fally: for all the exploits performed
by the whole tribe of knights-errant
are sufficiently ridiculed by the two
expeditions he has already made, so
much to the satisfaction and enter-

* Lines probably taken from some old ballad or romance.
† The author of the Second Part hinted, in his preface, a design of bringing his hero
into the field again, in Old Caftle-1.
tainment, not only of Spain, but also of every foreign nation to which the fame of his adventures hath been conveyed. In so doing, thou wilt conform to thy Christian profession of doing good to those who would do thee harm; and I shall rest satisfied and perfectly well pleased, in seeing myself the first author who fully enjoyed the fruit of his writings in the success of his design: for mine was no other than to inspire mankind with an abhorrence of the false and improbable stories recounted in books of chivalry, which are already shaken by the adventures of my true and genuine Don Quixote, and in a little time will certainly sink into oblivion.

F I N I S.