



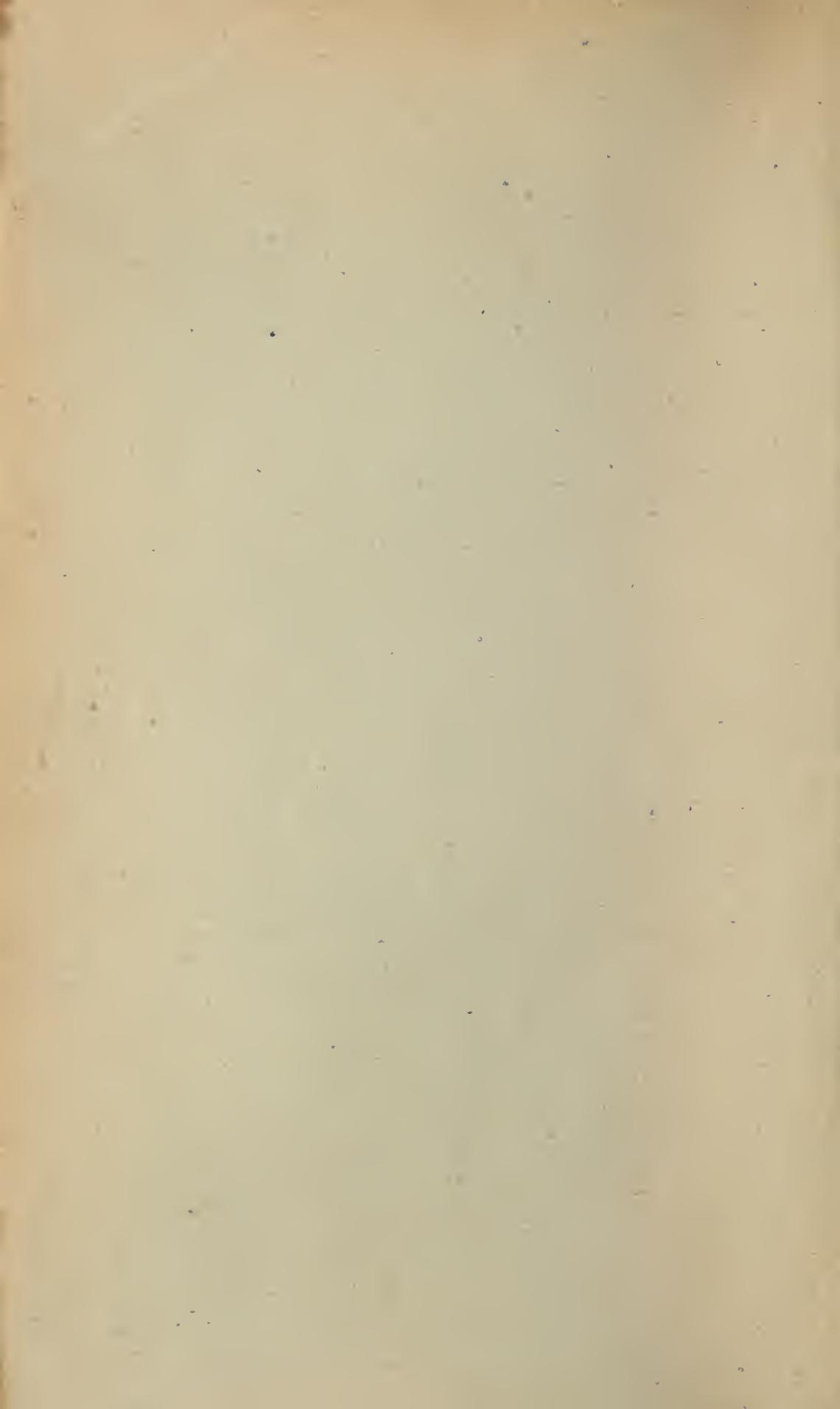
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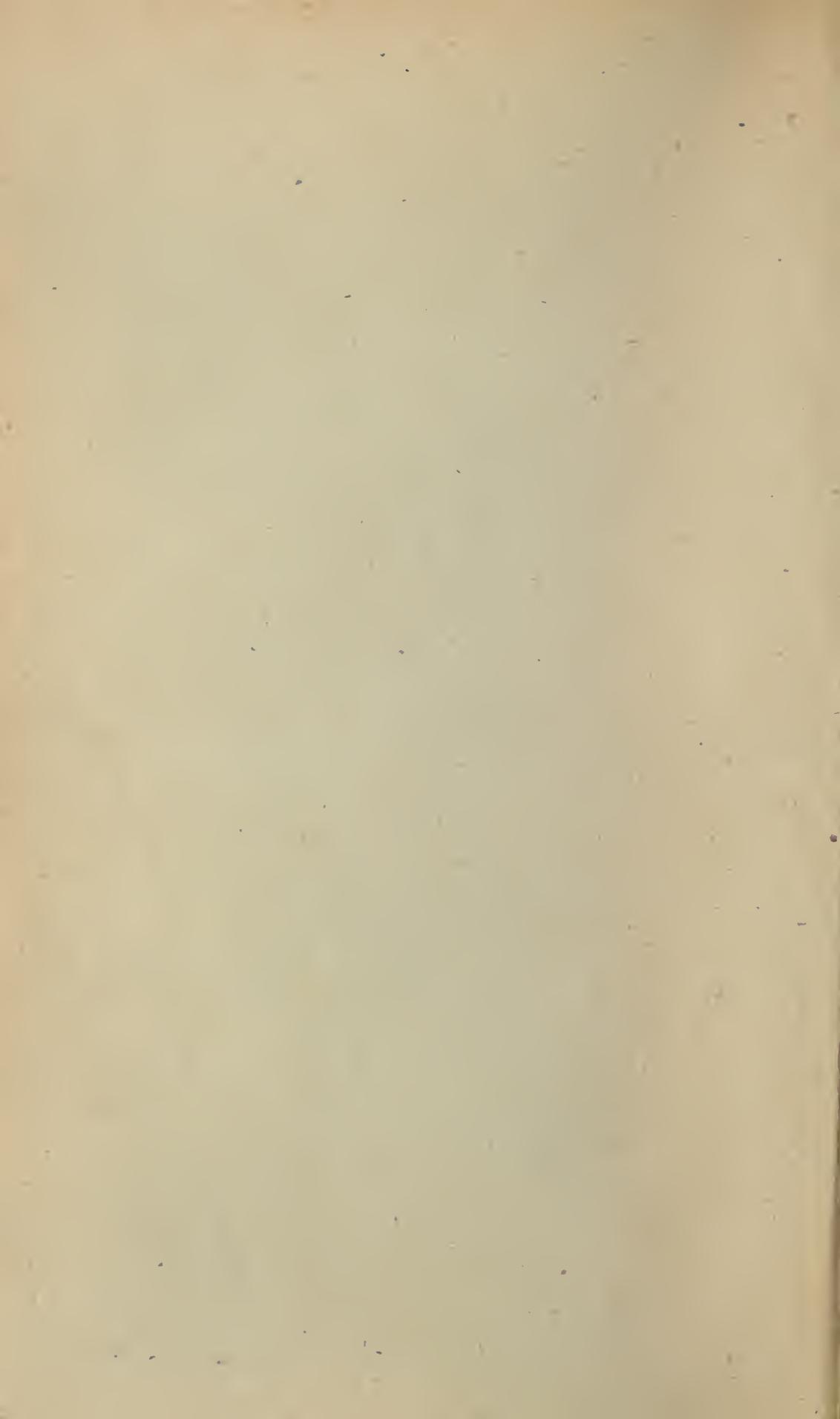
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CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ADVENTURES

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN SPANISH,

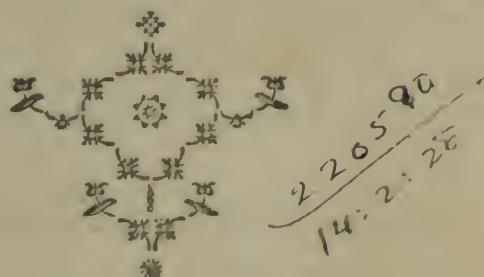
BY THE LICENTIATE

ALONZO FERNANDEZ DE AVELLANEDA,
etc.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY WILLIAM AUGUSTUS YARDLEY, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



L O N D O N:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster Row.
M DCC LXXXIV.

TRANSLATOR's PREFACE!

IN the following pages the publick are presented with that Continuation of the History of Don Quixote, which is so frequently mentioned and reviled in the Second Part of the Knight's Adventures by Cervantes. How far this contumely is just, or how much of it may be attributed to other motives than those of dispassionate criticism, the generality of readers have hitherto had little opportunity of deciding. To many of them (and those, too, conversant enough with the Quixote of Cervantes) the existence of Avellaneda's work has probably been unknown: and the disadvantage they must have laboured under from the want of it, is too obvious to enlarge upon; since, without it, Cervantes himself frequently appears (like the doughty hero of his tale) combating a phantom of his own heated imagination. It has therefore always astonished me to observe, that, whilst a long succession of translators and printers seem to have vied with each other in improving and multiplying editions of Cervantes's Don Quixote in English, this Continuation by Avellaneda has never been more than once rendered into our language. The translation is now not very easily to be met with; and, when found, is dissatisfactory in point of style. If, by those who are acquainted with it, the present attempt shall be judged to possess some superiority in that particular, I shall esteem my labour sufficiently rewarded. With regard to Avellaneda, truth requires me to declare, that neither of the translations stand in the first degree of relationship: they are both copies from the French*. This circumstance is honestly avowed by Captain Stevens†, my predecessor in the undertaking; and the plea which he alledges in excuse for his conduct, will not, I hope, be condemned as frivolous, when applied to mine. In his preface, the Spanish original of Avellaneda is asserted to be scarce even in Spain; and my own enquiries all concur in confirming this assertion. 'In England,' adds he, 'it perhaps was never seen; at least, that I can hear of.'—I have, indeed, been somewhat more fortunate; I once obtained possession, for a few hours only, of the Spanish original: and I then discovered that the anonymous French translator had in some places rendered his author very paraphrastically. One story in the French, which I had noticed with more particular attention, as it is introduced by Mr. Pope in his Essay of Criticism‡, I searched for in the Spanish original;

* The earliest edition of the French translation that I have met with, was printed at Amsterdam in the year 1705.

† I apprehend this Captain Stevens to be the person who translated from the Spanish a History of the Discovery and Conquest of India by the Portuguese; an edition of which translation was published in 1695, in three volumes octavo.

‡ The story above alluded to is to be found in Book III. Chapter 10. of this work; and is told by Pope as follows.

' Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
' A certain bard encountering on th' way,
' Did, as'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
' As ever could Dornit of the Grecian barge;

nal; but searched in vain. Such a discovery of interpolation in the Frenchman, at first almost determined me to commit to the flames the present translation from him, in which I had then made considerable progress, and (as the procurement of a copy of the Spanish original remained a hopeless speculation) to surrender my design to utter oblivion. As soon, however, as the vexation of disappointment had subsided, my cooler reason could not help acknowledging, that light, though faint or refracted, was preferable to absolute darkness; that to see, though through a medium somewhat distorted, was still better than to be blind; and that, upon any subject whatsoever, the best evidence that the circumstances would admit of, was always desirable. I therefore returned again to my work: how far I have been wise in judgment, or successful in execution, it remains with a candid publick to determine. My sole motive for undertaking it was the desire of rendering accessible and amusive, an author, whose connection with Cervantes, had he no other claim to immortality, seems to require that his book should not be forgotten. I will not affront the observation of my readers, by pointing out the various passages in which he is alluded to in the second part of that author's *Don Quixote*; but I cannot forbear requesting they will refer to Book IV. Chapters 7. and 20. which will be found particularly relative and striking. In the mean time, I must crave leave to remark, that if I may be suffered to indulge any confidence in my own judgment, or in the concurrent decisions of several literary friends; the intrinsick merit of Avellaneda, at least as he appears under the hands of his French paraphraſt, is alone sufficient to recommend him to notice. Who this paraphraſt was, I confess I am in some degree doubtful. Dr. Warton, in his *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, Vol. I. page 144, Edit. 1772, mentioning the story of *Don Quixote* which that poet has introduced in his *Essay of Criticism*, informs us, that the incident is taken from the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, first written by Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, and afterwards translated, or rather imitated and new-modelled, by no less an author than the celebrated Le Sage. ‘The book,’ continues he, ‘is not so contemptible as some authors insinuate; it was well received in France, and abounds in many strokes of humour and character worthy Cervantes himself.’ Dr. Warton then proceeds to relate at length the latter part of the dialogue between *Don Quixote* and the scholar, for which he refers us, in a note, to ‘Continuation of Hist. of *Don Quixote*, B. III. Ch. 10.’ and, according to this reference, it will be found in Captain Stevens’s translation before-mentioned. It is evident, then, that Dr. Warton considered the French book from which the present work is translated, as the production of Le Sage; and yet, notwithstanding

-
- ‘ Concluding all were desp’rate sots and fools,
 - ‘ Who durst depart from Aristotle’s rules.
 - ‘ Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
 - ‘ Produc’d his play, and begg’d the knight’s advice;
 - ‘ Made him observe the subject and the plot,
 - ‘ The manners, passions, unities, what not?
 - ‘ All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 - ‘ Were but a combat in the lists left out.
 - ‘ “What! leave the combat out?” exclaims the knight.
 - ‘ “Yes, or we must renounce the stagirite.”
 - ‘ “Not so, by Heav’n!” he answers in a rage;
 - ‘ “Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage.”
 - ‘ “So vast a throng the stage can ne’er contain.”
 - ‘ “Then byld a new, or act it in a plain.”

the deference always due to such an authority, I have some reasons for doubting in the case before us*. Thus much, however, is universally allowed—that Le Sage actually wrote, or at least has always been reputed to have written, a history in French of the adventures of Don Quixote: I believe, also, that it was the first production of his pen. Le Sage, as Dr. Warton informs us, generally took his plans from the Spanish writers, the manners of which nation he has well imitated. Le Diable Boiteux was drawn from the Diabolo Cojuelo of Guevara; his Gil Blas from Don Gusman d'Alfarache. Le Sage made a journey into Spain to acquaint himself with the Spanish customs. He is a natural writer, of true humour. He died in a little house near Paris, where he supported himself by writing, in the year 1747. He had been deaf ten years.

Having thus laid before my readers such imperfect intelligence concerning Avellaneda and his translators, as it has been in my power to procure, I shall now proceed to communicate some additional notices relative to the present subject.

It is well known, that the First Part of Don Quixote's History, by Cervantes, was published at Madrid in the year 1605. In 1614, Avellaneda put forth his Continuation; and in 1615, appeared the Second Part of Cervantes. These are the dates of the original Spanish Don Quixotes. But the French nation, never satisfied (as it should seem) with harassing the unfortunate knight-errant, have presumed, in defiance of the prohibition issued by Cervantes at the close of his work, to drag the mouldering warrior from his tomb, and compel him to set forth in pursuit of new mischances and rib-roastings. I have seen a *Histoire de l'admirable Don Quichotte de la Manche*, in six volumes duodecimo, the purport of which is as follows. The first four volumes contain a translation (not in all parts faithful to the original) of Cervantes's Don Quixote, as far as the last chapter. The close of that chapter is altered; and the translator, instead of suffering his hero to die in peace, informs us, that he recovered from his illness, and returned so perfectly to his right senses, that one would suppose he had been crazy for no other purpose but to evince the danger of indulging one's self in the study of books of chivalry. The fifth volume opens with telling us, that another Arab, called Zulema, (and, since his baptism, Henriquez de la Torre) having discovered that Don Quixote had fallen again into his former extravagances, determined to continue the history of his adventures. That he had made considerable progress, when he took it into his head to go to the Indies. Being unwilling, however, that the work should remain unfinished, he committed his papers to a friend, requesting him to add thereto such farther account as he could procure of Don Quixote's achievements; so as to finish the work against his return. The beginning of the sixth volume acquaints us, that Henriquez dying on his passage from the Indies, Cid Ruy Gomez, the person to whom he had entrusted his papers, omitted to pub-

* The loose paraphrastical manner in which the French book is rendered from the Spanish, is, however, a strong internal evidence of the hand of Le Sage. How little Le Sage scrupled taking liberties of this sort wth his author, is sufficiently evinced by his *Roland L'Amoreux*; a prose translation, published in 1716, of the *Orlando Innamorato*. In this work he has indulged himself in most unwarrantable licence; not only changing the order of the incidents, but very often altering the fable, retouching from the Italian, and adding circumstances of his own invention. See *Preface to Hoole's Ariosto*.

lish them. That Ruy Gomez dying also, the History of Don Quixote's Achievements fell at last into the hands of a Spanish valet, who attended his master in the train of Philip V. of Spain. By this valet it was sold to a French gentleman attendant upon Philip, and from him procured, upon promise to translate it into the French language, by the anonymous editor of the work. At the close of the sixth volume, Don Quixote dies with the sentiments of a good Christian.

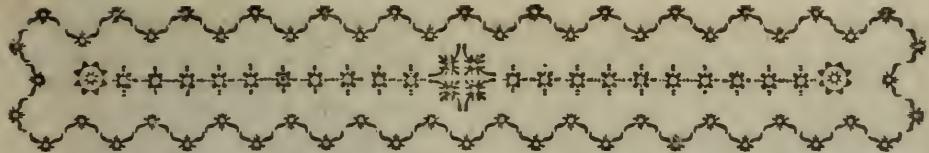
Still I have more torment in store for the persecuted Knight of La Mancha. Besides the work just mentioned, I am in possession of six volumes of Suite Nouvelle et Veritable de L'Histoire, &c. de Don Quichotte de la Mancha; traduite d'un Manuscrit Espagnol de Cid Hamet Benengely, son véritable Historien. The preface to this work is said to consist of extracts from the Letters of Carasço and Benengeli, explaining the whole progres of Don Quixote's history from beginning to end, and furnishing information also respecting the ensuing Nouvelle Suite of his adventures. The author, after dragging the wretched knight through five volumes, at the end of the fifth informs us, that he renders up his spirit, together with a dose of his own precious Balsam of Fier-à-bras, which had been in vain administered to him in the agonies of death. The sixth volume of this Nouvelle Suite contains the exaltation of Sancho Panza to the post of Alcalde of Blandande; his abdication of that office; his return home to his wife; and his final determination to renounce governments and dignities for ever.

By this time, I fear, I have exhausted my reader's patience on the subject of the French Don Quixotes. I was willing, however, to accumulate in this preface whatever I conceived might be connected with, or illustrative of, the work I had undertaken. I have endeavoured to prevent mistake by discrimination; and, if unable to produce the substance, I have at least served to point out the shadow. That the present attempt may stimulate some possessor of the original Spanish work to favour the publick with a genuine and critical translation of the rival of Cervantes, is the sincere wish of my heart: its accomplishment would be the most satisfactory reward of my labours.

W. A. YARDLEY.

P. S. Since the above was written, I have met with the second volume of an edition of Ayllaneda in English, printed for Paul Vaillant in 1745. It is said in the title-page to be 'Now first translated from the original Spanish, by Mr. Baker.' That this assertion contains more of impudence than of truth, I need little scruple in affirming; since I find, upon examination, that the work is Captain Stevens's Translation from the French, literally reprinted; and the curious cuts (in truth they deserve that epithet) with which it is said to be illustrated, are copies from the same book. Mr. Baker's book made a second appearance in 1760, for T. Warcus, Fleet Street.

AVELLANEDA^s



AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION
OF THE
HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS
OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

C H A P. I.

WHICH MENTIONS ANOTHER ARA-
BIAN BESIDES BENENGLI, AND
TREATS OF THE SUCCESS OF DON
QUIXOTE'S IMPRISONMENT IN
THE CAGE.

THE sage Alisolan, an historian of equal veracity with Cid Hamet Benengely, relates in his memoirs, that the Moors, from whom he was descended, having been expelled the kingdom of Arragon, he accidentally found certain annals, written in the Arabian language, which contained the third sally made by the invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from his village of Argamasilla, in order to be present at the tournament which was soon after to be held in the city of Saragossa. The relation he gives us is as follows.

Don Quixote having been conveyed home in the cage by the kind care of Peter Perez the curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, was closely confined to his chamber with a chain at his heels. He was there daily plied with strong broths and cordial liquors, in which,

questionless, there was a sufficient portion of hellebore; and, in short, nothing was spared that might conduce to restore him to his reason. The poor gentleman was himself well disposed; for he so much dreaded relapsing into his madness, that he never ceased pressing his niece Magdalen to find him out some excellent book, which might employ and divert him during the seven hundred years continuance of his enchantment. She gave him, by the curate's direction, Villegas's *Flos Sanctorum*; the Gospels of the Year; and the Sinner's Guide, by Father Louis of Granada. The reading of these books insensibly blotted out all the ideas he had conceived of knight-errantry, so that in six months time he seemed to be perfectly recovered. Then was his chain taken off, he was no longer locked up in his chamber, but was allowed the liberty of going to church, where he heard mass; and was so attentive to his curate's lectures, that all people were very much edified at it. In short, Mr. Martin Quixada (for he was now no longer called Don Quixote) was looked upon as a man perfectly restored to his wits, and all men blessed Heaven for it. However, none as yet durst talk to him of any thing that might seem to have relation to his former madness;

madness; which indeed was a great argument of their discretion: though it must be owned that the pleasant companions of the village made amends for this caution by diverting themselves with his adventures in his absence. It happened about this time, that the great heat of the weather cast his niece into such a fever as the physicians call *Ephemera*; which, though it generally lasts but a day, very often proves dangerous; and, to be brief, poor Magdalén died of it. Don Quixote could not but be much concerned at her death, notwithstanding it was worth to him eight hundred ducats as her heir; but having still a good old house-keeper, who was an excellent housewife, and took great care of him, the trouble wore off insensibly.

One holiday, after dinner, as he sat in his chamber, reading the lives of saints, his old squire Sancho Panza came to visit him, as he was wont to do frequently at other times. ‘Are you there, my friend?’ said Don Quixote; ‘you come very opportunely to hear the life of a great man.’—‘By no means, Sir,’ replied Sancho; ‘I will not enquire into other men’s lives and conversation, for that is an unlawful curiosity. Every man must mind his own business, without concerning himself with other people’s matters.’—‘What simplicity!’ exclaimed Don Quixote: ‘the book which I design to read to you is holy, and for your improvement. Draw a chair, that you may listen to me more at your ease.’—‘What book is it that lies before you?’ said Sancho; ‘is it not some book of knight-errantry?’—‘No,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘it is the *Flos Sanctorum*.’—‘And pray who was that *Sanctorum*? quoth the squire. ‘Was he a king, or was he one of those giants that were converted into windmills last year?’—‘What a silly fellow thou art,’ answered Don Quixote. ‘This book contains the lives of saints: such, for instance, as St. Lawrence, who was broiled on a gridiron; St. Bartholomew, who was flayed; and so of all other saints, whether martyrs or confessors, whose festivals are kept by the church.’—‘As God shall save me,’ said Sancho, interrupting him, ‘I believe you design to become a saint-errant, to gain the terrestrial paradise. But pray, tell

me, Sir, when St. Bartholomew was flayed, and St. Lawrence broiled, were they dead or alive?’—‘Both of them alive,’ answered Don Quixote. ‘Heaven preserve me!’ exclaimed the squire; ‘that’s ten times worse than tossing in a blanket. Hang me if ever I follow the example of your saints! As far as mumbling over the Creed and Lord’s Prayer half a score times on my knees, I’ll not be outdone by e'er a capuchin of them all; but for being roasted, or broiled alive, I am your humble servant; my talent does not lie that way.’—‘Enough of that!’ quoth Don Quixote: ‘let us read the life of St. Bernard, whose festival is kept to-day.’ Though the honest gentleman had read one half of it before, yet was he so complaisant as to begin it again; and, at every leaf he turned over, he made such judicious comments upon the text, that the best moral philosopher would have been puzzled to outdo him. This, though for the most part it was but labour lost on Sancho, so far moved him, that he cried out, ‘Let me die, if you do not preach as well as the curate, when he makes a sermon for the tithes! But now you talk of St. Bernard, I remember, that last Sunday, Peter Alonso’s son, that goes to school, read a book to us under the tree by the mill. By'r lady 'tis the finest book! Oh 'tis quite another thing than your *Flos Sanctorum*. In the first place, before you read a word, just at the beginning of the book, you see a knight on horseback, who with a sword broader than my hand strikes a rock, and cleaves it asunder.’—‘I know who that is,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘it is Don Florisbran of Candaria, a most worthy knight. Besides, that book mentions several other valiant knights; as, the Admiral of Quasia, Palmerin de Olivia, Blastridas of the Tower, the dreadful Giant Maleorto, of Brandanquia, and the famous enchantresses Zuldaria and Dalphadea.’—‘Right,’ quoth Sancho; ‘and the book says, that those two enchantresses carried away I know not what king, I know not how, into I know not what castle.’—‘It is the castle of Azefaros,’ said Don Quixote. ‘But Peter Alonso’s son must certainly have stolen that book from me.’—‘If so,’ quoth the squire, ‘he shall not

' not enjoy it long, for I will take my turn, and steal it from him; and will bring it you next Sunday, that we may read it instead of your Flos Sanc-torum: nothing pleases me like the stories of those ancient knights, who at one stroke would cut both man and horse in two.'—' You will do me a pleasure,' replied Don Quixote, ' if you can bring it me again; but pray let it be done so privately that nobody may know of it.'—' Let me alone for that!' answered the squire; till then, Sir, I wish you well: I must go to my wife, who perhaps may want me.' Sancho being gone, Don Quixote's head began to be much agitated with those things that had laid buried, and were now revived in his memory. He put by the Flos Sanctorum; and, walking about the room in a disorderly manner, began to recal into his disturbed imagination all the former ideas of his knight-errantry: however, as much discomposed as he was, hearing the bell ring for vespers, he took his cloak and his beads, and went away to church.

C H A P. II.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S RELAPSE.

NOtwithstanding Mr. Martin Quixada was greatly discomposed by what had happened, yet he did not discover it in his behaviour; and he might by degrees have recovered his peace of mind, had not Sancho distracted him again the next Sunday. That visit put him past all recovery; for the moment Don Quixote took into his hands the History of Don Florisbran of Canda-ria, the very picture of that armed knight overthrew all his reason, and made him as mad as ever. ' Sancho,' said he to his squire, ' the book you have brought me, without all doubt, contains most wonderful feats of chivalry; but it is much better that we endeavour to imitate, and, if possible, to outdo them, than to spend our time in reading them. We have already sacrificed several months to a criminal inactive course of life, and omitted the exercise of those duties

' incumbent on us; on me as a knight-errant, and on you as a faithful squire. It behoves us, my friend, to return to our employment, which will be very pleasing to God, and beneficial to the world; since we shall deliver the earth from those immense and haughty giants, who, against all right and reason, do insult both knights and ladies. Thus shall we revive the fame of our ancestors, and purchase infinite glory for ourselves and our posterity. This it is, my son, will make us rich for ever. We go to conquer kingdoms for ourselves and for our friends.'—' Fair and softly,' quoth Sancho, interrupting him: ' it is no such easy matter to catch them. Pray, good Sir, do not buzz your chivalry any more in my ears: you promised me, last year, that you would make me a king, or governor of some considerable country; my wife an admiral; and my children princes. And what is come of it? I am still but poor Sancho Panza; and all governments shun me as if I had the plague. Let us talk no more of it, good master Don Quixote; let us both keep ourselves well whilst we are well; and let those fools be beaten who make it their business to look for it. The Yangue-sians*, God be praised, did so curry my sides that they left no itching in them. Besides, it cost me my dapple; and when the mule is dead, the physician must travel a foot.'—' As for that, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, ' we will be better provided this year to perform the duties of our profession than we were the last. I will buy you a bigger ass than that which was stolen from you, and we will take along with us provisions, money, and linen; for, to say the truth, I have observed that those are very necessary precautions.'—' Upon these terms,' said the squire, and provided you pay me my wages every month, I am at your service: I will return with you to the exercise of chivalry. Give me but the money, and I will away immediately to my gossip Thomas Cracial, who has a stately ass to sell, and we will set out to-morrow.'—' I am pleased to see

* The Yanguesians are carriers of Galicia.

† In Spain the physician sits on mules.

' you so eager,' answered Don Quixote, ' and I take it for a good omen: but we cannot be quite so expeditious, my friend; I must first provide me with arms, for I know not what is become of mine. Besides, that our sally may prove the more auspicious, I must send you to the Princess Dulcinea, to inform her from me, that I am going to seek new adventures. Were not that cruel enemy of my repose the most hard-hearted princess in the world, I would go and prostrate myself in her presence, and make a tender to her celestial beauty of all the heroick actions my courage is about to undertake; but so unparalleled is her rigour, that she will not permit me to be blessed with her ravishing sight, till I have by my infinite achievements obliterated the memory of the exploits of the most famous knights-errant, and even of Hercules himself: and therefore I think fit, my friend, that you go this very day to that adorable inhuman creature. Describe to her the excess of my amorous pain, in such a lively manner as may move her compassion: in short, speak to her so feelingly, that your relation may touch her heart; and be sure to remember all she says to you, that you may repeat it to me word for word.'—' Nay, as for matter of talking,' quoth Sancho, 'I defy a lawyer to outdo me: I will answer for it, and will not fail to make it good. There is but one thing that troubles me; and that is, to know what I shall say to her.'—' You shall say,' replied Don Quixote, 'that her most humble slave, the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, is still ready to expose himself for her sake to the most dreadful dangers; and that he conjures her sovereign beauty not to forsake him when he shall invoke her in his adventures.'—' Enough, Sir,' answered the squire; ' I shall well enough remember what I can of those words.'—' Let us hear, I pray you,' said Don Quixote, ' whether you can repeat them well: deliver yourself to me as if I were the Princess Dulcinea.'—' That is very pleasant,' quoth Sancho: ' how would you have me take you for the Lady Dulcinea, when you are my master Don Quix-

ote?'—' Why, numscull,' replied the knight, ' cannot you, whilst you talk to me, imagine you are speaking to Dulcinea?'—' No, by my grandame's soul, can't I!' answered the squire; ' for when I talk to you, I know very well I do not talk to another: and, again, I am positive that you are my master Don Quixote.'—' What a blockhead you are!' quoth the knight: ' peasants are generally sharp and malicious; but, for your part, it must be owned your simplicity is not to be matched. It is better that I write to my amiable queen, and that you carry her my letter; for you would entertain her with some foolish discourse.'—' Some foolish discourse!' replied the squire: ' no, indeed! God be praised, I have as much wit as another in my understanding; and you must not think to persuade me that the moon is made of green cheese.' However, Don Quixote, resolving not to trust to Sancho's memory, went into his closet, took pen, ink, and paper; and, after long pausing and deliberation, at length compoised an epistle in a style incomparably singular. Before he would write it out fair, he read it to his squire, who cried out in a transport, ' By the Lord, a most curious letter! a schoolmaster would scarce write a better. It is a bow-shot beyond that you sent Madam Dulcinea from the Black Mountain. I understand some few words of that, but I can make nothing at all of this, with a pox to it! Give it me, and I will be gone immediately with it to Toboso; and this very night will bring you a good or a bad answer.' Don Quixote read his letter over and over several times, then transcribed it fairly; and, delivering it to his squire, said to him, ' Take it, my son, and go see that heavenly wonder, who has the supreme disposal of my destiny. Farewel! I expect your return with impatience. May the Heavens grant that you bring back a favourable answer!' A few minutes after Sancho was gone, one of the alcaldes* of the town came to call upon Don Quixote, and carried him to the market-place, or square; where they found the curate, the barber, and other men of note of

* An inferior minister of justice among the Spaniards.

the place, in a little ring. Whilst they stood there discoursing, they espied coming up towards them four gentlemen, attended by several pages and by twelve grooms leading as many horses, with rich furniture. They all beheld this stately cavalcade with attention; and the curate, turning to Don Quixote, inscreetly (contrary to his custom) said to him—‘ Tell us the truth, Mr.

‘ Quixada, if you had seen these cavaliers arrive here six months ago with this equipage would it not have puzzled you? You would have imagined that those gentlemen were no less than the four immense giants, keepers of Braniforan, the enchanter’s castle, and that they were come abroad to steal away some princess of high renown.’ Though these words were such as might have moved Don Quixote to some extravagant action, considering his brains were already in a ferment, yet he answered very discreetly—‘ Mr. Curate, if you please, let us lay aside raillery; and let us rather go up to those gentlemen, who stop in the village: let us know who they are and what they look for.’ His advice was followed; all the company drew near the gentlemen; and, after the usual salutations, the curate very courteously asked them who they were, and whether they designed to lie in the village. ‘ Master Licentiate,’ replied one of them, ‘ we are gentlemen of Granada, who are going to the tilting at Saragossa: our design was to have travelled two leagues farther, but our servants and horses were so tired, that we thought to rest them here; and we must desire you to give us leave, though it were but to lie in your church, rather than oblige us to go any farther. — ‘ Well, gentlemen,’ said the curate, ‘ since there is no inn in this place fit to entertain so many, I will take care to lodge you myself: the two alcaldes shall each of them take one gentleman and his followers, and Mr. Quixada and I will take care of the other two. You will not be treated, gentlemen, suitable to your quality, nor as we could wish; but it shall be with a great deal of goodwill and affection.’ The curate having thus ordered their lodging, every man carried his guests home, the gentlemen having first agreed amongst themselves that they would set out very early

in the morning, to avoid the great heat of the weather.

C H A P. III.

HOW DON QUIXOTE ENTERTAINED HIS GUEST, AND OF THE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

DON Quixote having conducted his gentleman to his house, ordered his housekeeper to make supper ready, and not to spare the poultry; with which, as good luck would have it, he was then well stored. Whilst supper was dressing, his guest and he were taking the fresh air in the court before the house. Don Quixote being desirous to know his name, asked his family, and why he came from so remote a part to the tilting of Saragossa. The gentleman answered, that his name was Don Alvaro Tarfe; that he was descended from the ancient family of the Tarfes, a race of noble Moors in Granada, nearly allied to their first kings. ‘ You know,’ said he, ‘ what account there is in history of these affairs, and how all the Ahencerrages, the Zegrís, the Gómezs, the Maças, and other noble families of Granada, embraced the Christian religion, and remained in Spain, after the Catholick King Ferdinand had conquered that flourishing kingdom. As for the motive of my journey, I must confess it is love. A lady, whom I admire, chuses that I should be present at the tilting at Saragossa, as her knight; and to please her I go thither, to contend for the prize which is to reward the conqueror.’ — ‘ I wish you may succeed,’ said Don Quixote. ‘ However, though Fortune, which disposes of events, should not prove favourable, you will still have the satisfaction of approving yourself a faithful lover, performing all that in you lies for the honour of your lady. Be so kind as to give me an account of that most excellent person’s rare qualities, and of the principal adventures of her life.’ — ‘ It would take up more time than I shall stay here,’ replied Don Alvaro, to satisfy your curiosity. I can only tell you, that my mistress is in the sixteenth year of her age, and that she is counted the greatest beauty in Andalucia.

‘ dalusia. It is true, she is of the smaller size; but—’ ‘ That is pity,’ said Don Quixote, interrupting him; ‘ for Aristotle says that a woman, to be perfect, must be large.’—‘ With Aritotle’s leave,’ replied the Granadine, smiling, ‘ I am not of his opinion in that particular, no more than in many others. I admire nature as much in it’s small as in it’s greatest works. Precious stones are small; and the eyes, which are the most beautiful and most moving parts of human bodies, are the least.’—‘ You are in the right,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘ yet you cannot deny, that tall, well-proportioned women, have a more noble and majestick air than the others.’ This debate concerning the size of women held them till one of Tarfe’s pages was sent by the house-keeper to acquaint them that supper was ready: then Don Quixote led his guest into the room where the cloth was laid, and both sat down to table. During the supper, Don Quixote fell into a deep reverie: one while he would sit with the viuals in his mouth, gazing earnestly on the cloth, without so much as winking; another time, Don Alvaro asking him whether he was married, he answered—that Rozinante was the best horse Cordova ever produced. The Granadine being much surprized at this extraordinary distraction of thought, was desirous to know the cause of it after supper. ‘ Mr. Quixada,’ said he to him, ‘ if you will give me leave to be free with you, I must declare that you seemed to me just now so wholly absent, and absorbed in thought, that I have reason to believe you have some discontent upon you: if so, I beseech you do not hide it from me, and I will alleviate your trouble, if it be in my power. Grief, when confined, and, as it were, shut up in the heart, has always violent effects; whereas, by communicating it to a friend who will bear part, it is diminished and dissipated.’—‘ I am obliged to you, Don Alvaro,’ answered Don Quixote, very formally; ‘ and I wish I could serve you in return for your generosity. But be not surprized at having seen me discomposed: it is not easy for

us, who gloriously profess knight-errantry, who daily engage with giants or enchanters, with Endriagues* or rhinoceroses, for the purpose of disenchanting princesses, and redressing wrongs; it is not easy for us, I say, to keep down our thoughts, filled with all these ideas, from soaring aloft.’

Tarfe was astonished to hear Don Quixote talk so wildly; he conjectured the poor gentleman was not sound in his intellects; and, to be the more fully convinced of what he fancied, he said to him—‘ For all this, Mr. Quixada, I do not comprehend what it was that so wholly took up your thoughts at supper.’—‘ Though it does not well become knights to reveal such secrets,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ nevertheless, since you are a gentleman, and subject, as well as myself, to the God of Love, I will not conceal from you the troubles of my soul. The incomparable prince who has captivated my liberty seems insensible to my passion; and yet, Don Alvaro, I protest, before God and man, that I have never transgressed the laws of chivalry: I have ever strictly followed the examples set before me by those ancient and primitive knights-errant, the invincible Amadis of Gaul, his son Esplandian, Palmerin de Oliva, the Knight of the Sun, Tablantes of Richemont, Don Belianis of Greece, and, in short, by all others who have had the honour to profess the sacred order of knight-errantry.’ Don Alvaro, who had a quick apprehension, hearing this extravagant discourse, found immediately how the matter stood: he perceived that his host had given himself too much to reading books of chivalry; and, resolving to divert himself, he said to him—‘ Pray, Mr. Quixada, is the lady whom you adore, of this country? for you being a person so judiciously nice, she who had qualifications to charm you must be at least another Diana of Ephesus.’—‘ She surpasses in beauty,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ not only Diana of Ephesus, and Polixena of Troy, but even Dido of Carthage, and Doralice of Granada. Her eyes and her com-

* Endriague is the name of a most dreadful monster, slain by Amadis de Gaule, who at that time had assumed the title of the Knight of the Green Sword.—See Amadis de Gaule, Book I.I. Chap. 10.

plexion are like the rising sun, and the natural red on her cheeks resembles a rose when it is new blown; her teeth are of ivory, her lips of coral, and her neck is whiter than alabaster: her name is the Princess Dulcinea del Toboso; and mine, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect.' With much difficulty did Don Alvaro restrain himself from laughing, when he heard the appellation Don Quixote had made choice of; an appellation he highly approved, as being so happily descriptive of the original. 'It is that princess,' continued our hero, 'who gives life to my thoughts, who raises my imagination, and causes those distractions which make me so much a stranger to myself. I quitted my house and country, to perform a thousand glorious undertakings abroad for her honour; and I sent to her all the fierce giants and unparalleled knights I encountered, having conquered and reduced them to submission. And yet, would you believe it, Don Alvaro? notwithstanding such unheard-of services, she is to me more cruel than an African lioness, or an Hyrcanian tiger: she receives my passionate letters with disdain, or rather with horror. I have made speeches to her longer than those of St. Catharine to the senate of Rome: I composed verses for her more tender than Petrarch's to his beloved Laura; and poems more sublime than those of Homer or Virgil, and more full of digressions than Lucan's Pharsalia. I have this very day sent her a letter replete with the most respectful expression; and I expect no other return but an answer teeming with rigour and disdain.' No sooner had he spoken these words than he saw his squire. 'Well, Sancho,' said he to him, 'what news do you bring me from my infanta? Am I to live, or must I die?'—'Sir,' replied the squire, 'here is a letter she got the sexton of Toboso to write for her, and which she ordered me to deliver to you.'—'A letter from her!' quoth Don Quixote, transported with joy; 'What a mighty favour! Good God! is she at length grown sensible to my love?'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'read the letter first; perhaps you have no such great cause to rejoice.'—'Be pleased, I beseech you, Don Alvaro,'

said our knight, 'to give me leave to read this note, and satisfy the impatience I am under to know my doom.' This said, he kissed the letter, opened it, and, after having read it to himself, cried out, 'O Heavens! can I receive such an answer without dying for grief? Never did lady send such an unworthy threat to a knight! Did the Infanta Oliva ever use the Prince of Portugal thus, though she had so great an aversion to him?'—'What! Don Quixote,' said Don Alvaro, 'can the Infanta Dulcinea del Toboso despise you, when there is no princess in the world but would look upon it as an honour to be favoured with your love?'—'Do you judge of it,' answered Don Quixote; 'hear what that inhuman creature writes to me.' He then read to Don Alvaro Dulcinea's letter; which was as follows.

TO MARTIN QUIXADA THE BRAINLESS.

'IT is long since my brothers ought to have treated you with a good cudgelling, in return for all the impudent letters you have sent me. Had they been at home when that old fool Sancho Panza brought me your last, he had not gone away with all his ribs whole; but patience for that—if ever he comes hither again, he shall pay for it all together. And as for you, Mr. Martin, I would have you to take notice, that if ever, for the future, you call me Dulcinea del Toboso, and entitle me Queen, Infanta, or Empress, you may have cause to repent having given me those Shrove-tide names the last day you have to live. Let it known to you, that by sea and by land my name is Aldonza Lorenzo, alias Nogales.'

'By this abusive letter, you may judge, Don Alvaro, did Don Quixote, whether I have not reason to complain of the unparalleled ingratitude of Dulcinea.'—'O the jester cried Sancho. 'Mind me, good Sir; I wish I may be troubled with the same as long as I live, if my master has not performed more acts of chivalry, by day and by night, for that jilt, than any other would have done for a lady-abbot.' But what a pox

' need he trouble himself? He who has
 ' garlick eats it with his bread; he
 ' that has none must be content without
 ' it. Between friends, my master Don
 ' Quixote is too patient. If, instead
 ' of writing to that brazen-face, he had
 ' sent her by the post, or any other way,
 ' half a score good kicks in the guts, she
 ' would never have been so squeamish.
 ' I am well acquainted with that sort
 ' of cattle; if you give them their way,
 ' they will shew no mercy. If a man
 ' turns sheep, the wolves will devour
 ' him; if he takes a cuff on the ear, he
 ' shall have two, and so-forth. I would
 ' fain see them put their tricks upon
 ' me: but, egad! they are not such
 ' fools; I can fence with my foot as
 ' well as brother Jerome's mule, when
 ' I have my Sunday shoes on full of
 ' hob-nails. If Dulcinea had made
 ' her two brothers, Basil and Bertrand
 ' Nogales, beat me, it had been the
 ' dearest beating they ever bestowed in
 ' their days.' Sancho's hand was too
 much in to stop here; and Don Quix-
 ote was fain to bid him hold his peace;
 but all would not do. 'I must tell you,'
 continued he, ' how that toad served
 ' me one day, when I carried her an-
 ' other letter from my master. I found
 ' her in the stable, filling a pannier of
 ' dung; and no sooner did I open my
 ' mouth to tell her that my master Don
 ' Quixote most humbly kissed her
 ' hands, but she saluted me with a
 ' shovelful, steeped in horse-piss, across
 ' the face. My beard being that day,
 ' unfortunately for me, thicker than
 ' Master Nicholas the barber's brush,
 ' the filth stuck to it like pitch.'—' In
 ' good truth,' said Don Alvaro, smil-
 ing, ' that was an ill reward, my
 ' friend, for carrying the letter. Dul-
 ' cinea, as far as I can perceive, does
 ' not follow the examples set her by the
 ' ancient heroines of chivalry, who
 ' loaded those squires with presents who
 ' brought them love-letters.'—' Love-
 ' letters!' quoth Sancho; ' on my con-
 ' science, if a cardinal's squire should
 ' carry her an ass's burden of them,
 ' she would not so much as thank him.
 ' You never beheld such a four face as
 ' our lady makes when a letter is de-
 ' livered to her: a body would think
 ' she was eating crabs; and may the
 ' devil blow his bellows in the poop of
 ' her!'—' Hold, Sancho!' cried Don

Quixote, ' do not curse that princess:
 ' ingrate, unjust, and barbarous as she
 ' is, still I adore her. Think she is the
 ' sovereign over my will, and respect
 ' what I love.'—' In truth, worthy Don
 ' Quixote,' said the Granadine, ' I can-
 ' not but be amazed. I confess your
 ' infanta's stile is harsh: but have not
 ' you, perhaps through inadvertency,
 ' given her some cause of offence? Ex-
 ' aminate yourself well; perhaps you
 ' have, without reflecting on it, im-
 ' serted in your letter of this day some
 ' word which she may have taken in a
 ' wrong sense: you know that some-
 ' times happens among ladies.'—' No,
 ' Don Alvaro,' replied Don Quixote,
 ' there is nothing in that letter which
 ' could give her cause of offence; and,
 ' to convince you it is so, I will this
 ' moment shew you the foul copy.'—
 He went immediately, and brought it
 out of his closet; and, sitting down
 again, read distinctly, in a grave tone,
 these following words.

' TO THE MATCHLESS PRINCESS
 ' DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

' WOULD the faithful love which
 ' boils over in the veins of this
 ' your slave, O ungrateful fair! permit
 ' me to be angry to rebellion against
 ' your perfection and absolute empire,
 ' I should soon by oblivion take revenge
 ' of the contempt with which you treat
 ' my scorching flames! But perhaps
 ' you, my sweet enemy, imagine that I
 ' never exercise my thoughts in any
 ' thing but undoing of wrongs, and
 ' punishing of felons; yet, though
 ' every day I have employed my body
 ' against outrageous giants, and have
 ' often shed the blood of such monsters,
 ' my thought, which is so nimble-
 ' winged, hath nevertheless not for-
 ' borne joyfully to call to mind your
 ' most admirable endowments, and
 ' that it was captivated by the most ex-
 ' cellent lady among the queens of
 ' high rank. However, O noble prin-
 ' cess, be pleased to receive me to mercy,
 ' if I have committed any discourtesy
 ' towards your high majesty and royal
 ' beauty: and I may well deserve it;
 ' for through love all faults are par-
 ' donable. This is the favour humbly
 ' sued for to your imperial perfections,

' by

* by him who is so much yours till his
departure out of this world; the
Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect—

* DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.*

'In good truth,' said Don Alvaro, smiling, 'I never saw any thing more exquisite than that letter: it is so good, that it might verily pass for an epistle written in days of yore by Sancho, King of Leon, to the noble lady Ximena Gomez, when the famous Cid Ruy Diaz comforted her in his absence*. But how comes it, Don Quixote, that, being so polite and elegant in your discourse, you wrote to your infanta in that stile, which, as you well know, is now quite out of date?'—'I will tell you the reason,' said Don Quixote; 'I did it to try whether, in imitating the stile of our ancient knights, I could bow the inflexible Dulcinea, and soften that heart of adamant, whose hardness my common expressions only serve to increase.'—'And why,' quoth the Granadine, 'did you take the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect?'—'As for that,' quoth Sancho, 'you must excuse him, for it was I that gave it him; and, to deal plainly, it does not misbecome him.'—'I took the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect,' said Don Quixote, 'because my absence from my sovereign lady made me sorrowful to excess; and in it I imitated Amadis, who took the name of Beltenebros †.'

Tarfe seemed concerned at Don Quixote's afflictions; and said to him, 'Politely that letter is very full of respect; and I cannot conceive what should set Dulcinea so unreasonably against you, or why she thus abuseth a knight of your worth.' Then changing the discourse, he said—'Being to let out to-morrow before day, to avoid the heat, I would willingly go to bed, with your leave.' Don Quixote answered, he might use his pleasure; and went out to fetch some sweetmeats to treat his

guest before he went to bed. The Granadine drawing near to the bed, which was made for him in the chamber they were then in, called two of his pages to undress him: but Sancho, fearing to lose the privileges of a squire, would not suffer any but himself to do that service; which so pleased Don Alvaro, that, holding out his leg to have the boot drawn off, he said, 'Go to, then, my friend, since your good-will is such, draw steadily; for it will be a great honour to me to be able to boast I was unbooted by one of the most famous squires of knight-errantry.'—'Give me leave, Don Alvaro,' quoth Sancho, 'I do really believe I am as good as another; and though I have not the title of Don, yet my father had.'—'How so!' said Tarfe. 'If your father bore that title of honour, have you degenerated from it?'—'No, Sir,' replied Sancho; 'but my father placed that honourable title as best pleased him; and, instead of placing it before his name, as you gentlemen do, he put it after, or behind.'—'Then his name,' said the Granadine, 'was Francis Don, John Don, or Martin Don?'—'You have not hit it yet, Sir,' answered the squire; 'his name was Peter Remendon ‡.' Don Alvaro could not forbear laughing at this dull piece of wit; and asked Sancho whether his father was yet living. 'No, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'he died of kibed heels ten years ago.'—'Of kibed heels!' cried the Granadine, laughing; 'he is the first man I ever heard of that died of such a distemper.'—'God take me, Don Alvaro,' cried the squire, 'may not every man die of the distemper that pleases him best!' Don Alvaro and his pages were still furnished with new subject of laughter when Don Quixote returned, followed by his housekeeper, bringing a plate of dry sweetmeats, and a flask of white wine; but Tarfe would accept of none. 'I dare not eat,' said he, 'for I never eat between meals but I suffer for it. I have often made the

* An old story in Spain, of which there are ridiculous ballads.

† Amadis de Gaule, (Book II. Chap. 6.) being in disgrace with Oriana, his mistress, withdrew to the habitation of a very old hermit, from whom he received, at his own request, the name of Beltenebros; which may be interpreted the Beautiful Obscure; or, as it is rendered in the English translation of the first four books of Amadis de Gaule, Edit. 1619, The Fair Unknown.

‡ Remondon, in Spanish, is a butcher, or cobler.

• experiment on myself of the aphorism
• of Avicen, or Galen, that to eat before
• the last nourishment taken be digested,
• is prejudicial to health.'—' Well,'
cried Sancho, 'there is never a villain
nor a Gilian of them worth a straw :
I would no more forbear eating when
I had got a bit in my hand, than I
would spitting when I have occasion,
though those fellows should jabber
more Latin to me than there is in the
A, B, C.'—' You are in the right,
friend Sancho,' quoth Don Alvaro;
and, with your master's leave, you
must take this bit from me.' This
said, he took up a preserved pear on the
point of the knife, and gave it him.—
' Pray excuse me, Sir,' said the squire;
these dainties do me harm when the
quantity is too small.' He took it,
however, and eat it, notwithstanding.
Don Quixote then wished a good-night
to his guest, who retired to bed imme-
diately.

C H A P. IV.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S MIGHTY PRO-
JECTS AND DESIGNS, WHICH
WERE ALL APPROVED BY HIS
SQUIRE.

DON Quixote having quitted Don Alvaro's chamber, led Sancho into another, where he said to him, ' Stay here, my friend, and lie with me this night; I have an affair of the greatest moment to communicate to you.'—' Hold a little, Sir,' replied the squire; ' I must first take one turn in the kitchen, for I have not had my supper yet; and I am like the cuckow, I cannot sing till my belly is full.'—' Go down then to supper,' said Don Quixote; ' and come to me again instantly.'—' Sir,' quoth Sancho, ' I will put in double bits to have done the sooner; I will be with you in a very little time, and perhaps sooner than I could wish myself; for I am much afraid that Don Alvaro's servants have not left me much to do.' This said, he went down into the kitchen; and Don Quixote went to bed to wait his return. The house-keeper had killed so many fowls, that there was enough to satisfy Sancho: she set before him all that was left of the supper, and he crammed himself

up to his throat; then returning, in a good humour, to his master's chamber, ' So now, Sir,' said he, ' we may talk about business. I am now fit to give advice, for I am as full as a tick.'—' Shut the door,' quoth Don Quixote; ' and come to bed to me.' The squire stripped without any ceremony; and his master having him by his side, spoke to him as follows. ' Friend Sancho, I have one of the greatest designs in hand that ever occupied the thoughts of a knight-errant; but, before I acquaint you with it, it will be convenient I put some questions to you, which I did not think fit to ask before Don Alvaro. How did Dulcinea look when she received my letter? Did she read it?'—' No, Sir,' answered the squire; ' but she caused it to be read.'—' And did she not express any token of satisfaction?' replied Don Quixote. ' I beg your pardon,' quoth Sancho; ' she laughed like a mad woman, till her sides shook again.'—' She is a very reserved princess,' said the knight. ' And how do we know that it was not the better to conceal the tender affection she has for me, that she counterfeited so much rigour, and wrote to me in such a harsh manner? But in short, since a heart that is full of love cannot but betray itself, did she not, when she dismissest you, let slip some word that might cherish my love? Did not some obliging expression escape her against her will?'—' Yes, indeed, Sir,' replied the squire; ' she spoke words enough: she told me that you and I were the two greatest madmen in all this country of La Mancha; besides, I don't know how much more, which I am sorry I did not remember, to have told it you again word for word, as you commanded me.'—' Nay, that is too much!' cried Don Quixote; ' I begin to open my eyes; I perceive the haughty one despises me, and that I impose upon myself when I give a favourable construction to her cruelty. It is decreed! I must set myself free from her unworthy bands; I say unworthy bands, because never princess threatened to cudgel a knight-errant. This way of proceeding is abusive: for knights to be hated is tolerable; let it pass, they are not therefore the less amorous or faithful;

faithful; but they must not endure to be despised. I will therefore obliterate the memory of Dulcinea; the resolution is fixed; and this is one of the great designs I had to acquaint you with!—‘Faith and troth,’ quoth Sancho, ‘I am glad at my heart that Madam Dulcinea is no longer one of us, for her having taken so much pains to daub me in her stable. May I never get my government, if she does not one time or other bite her nails for madness, when she hears you are a king, and I a governor; and that it is her own fault she is not an empress, and her two brothers princes! who are now never like to be any thing but poor labouring fellows. God knows how they will curry her hide for having behaved herself so like a sow towards you, instead of receiving your letters like a gentlewoman, and granting you all knightly favours you desired. Oh, how mad she will be! but then it will be a day after the fair: after meat, mustard; and like sending for the doctor when the patient is dead. And when a man has scalded his throat and guts, it is too late to blow.’—‘That is not all neither, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote; ‘I have another project in my head, which I am pleased to take your advice in.’—‘Be quick, then, Sir,’ quoth the squire; ‘for I perceive, by the many and powerful wanblings of my brain, that I shall soon fall asleep.’—‘I have understood,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘that there is to be a solemn tilting at Saragossa very speedily. We must not by any means let slip so favourable an opportunity; and I design tomorrow to take measures for providing myself with new arms, that we may set forward immediately.’ Sancho told his master he was ready to follow him through the world; which so pleased Don Quixote, that he embraced him for joy, though the squire was too far overcome with sleep to be duly sensible of it. However, the knight, who did not perceive this, held on his discourse in the following manner. ‘Then we will go to Saragossa, where I shall win the first prize at the jousts; and since that ingrate Dulcinea has repaid my constancy with contempt, I will seek some other lady who will better requite my services. Perhaps you

will say I ought to make a scruple of changing my mistress; but to that, my friend, I answer, that the Knight of the Sun forsook Claridiana for the Princess Landabrides, though he had not the least cause to complain of her. And that I may find a person worthy of such a knight as I am, I design to repair to the court of Spain, where my reputation has already made me known. The beautiful princesses, who compose the queen’s court, charmed with my mien and reputation, will vie with one another to make conquest of my heart; but I will not submit it to the disposal of any but of her who shall give me the greatest testimonies of her love, either by endeavouring to dress herself to please me, or by the passionate letters, the scarfs, the bracelets, and other magnificent presents, she will bestow upon me. The court knights, and particularly those of the Golden Fleece, envious of my honour and good fortune, will use a thousand artifices to lessen me in the king’s opinion: I will demand satisfaction of them; and, having killed or disarmed them all in the presence of the king and court, I shall certainly gain the reputation of being the best knight in the world. What do you think of my resolution?’ He held his peace a while to hear his squire’s answer; but finding he was asleep, he jogged him with his elbow, saying, ‘Hey, my friend! give ear to me, I conjure you.’—‘You are in the right, Sir,’ cried Sancho, betwixt sleeping and waking; ‘all that mob of giants is only fit to be hanged, and it is well done to lay them on.’—‘Heaven confound thee and thy giants!’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘I am working my brains to beat into your head that which, under God, most behoves you and me in this world, and you sleep like a dormouse.’—‘Good Sir,’ said the squire, ‘he pleased to let me sleep, and I will allow all that you have before said, or shall hereafter say to me, to be good and true.’—‘By the living God,’ answered the knight, ‘it is none of the least misfortunes to be forced to communicate important affairs to such a clown as you are! Well sleep on, poor wretch! and be for ever a slave to your senses: for my part, I will not deliver myself up to the arms of slumber,

slumber, till I have imprinted in my imagination the means I am to use to win the first prize at the jousts. I will imitate the wise architect; who, before he puts hand to the work, first contrives and disposes in his fancy all the parts of the structure he intends to raise.' In this employment Don Quixote spent the greatest part of the night: he represented to himself, by the force of his distracted imagination, all that was to happen to him at the tilting. Sometimes he talked to the knights he was to run against; another while he demanded of the judges of the field the prize he had deserved. Then having, in most humble and grave manner, saluted a lady, whom he conceived most beautiful, and most richly adorned, sitting in a balcony, he gracefully presented her, on the point of his lance, as he sat on horseback, the jewel he had won as her knight. At length, sleep overcoming his lenses, for awhile dispelled all those extravagant ideas which his distracted notion of knight-errantry had formed in his fancy.

An hour before day somebody knocked hard at the door of the house. The knight awaked; and having, not without much calling and shaking, rouzed his squire, he bade him rise and see what was the matter. Sancho got up, though not without cursing those who broke his rest. He found the curate, and the two alcaldes, who came to call up Don Alvaro, that he might set out in the cool of the morning with the other gentlemen of Granada, as had been agreed among them the night before. That done, the curate and alcaldes returned home to give their guests some breakfast, who were after that to come and take up Tarfe in their way. All persons were presently up in Don Quixote's house; and, whilst the stranger's servants packed up all things to be gone, the housekeeper and Sancho made ready the breakfast. In the mean while, the Granadine, having dressed himself, said to Don Quixote, who came into his chamber to bid him good-morrow, 'Sir Knight, I have a favour to beg of you; I am informed one of my horses is lame, and cannot carry the least weight, which will oblige me to leave here such part of my equipage as is most cumbersome, and not absolutely necessary. Among other things, I have a suit of armour

wrought at Milan, which I do not much care to carry to Saragossa; for, besides that it is more fit to run at the ring than for tilting, I have another suit, which I set a greater value upon. I desire, therefore, that you will order it to be laid up safe for me in your house till my return.' He had no sooner spoken these words but two of his servants brought in a great trunk, and placed it at Don Quixote's feet; who, having had the curiosity to view the whole suit of armour, piece by piece, was in an ecstasy of joy at so agreeable a spectacle. The armour was compleat, back and breast, gorge, head-piece, greaves, gauntlets, arms, and knees; in short, nothing was wanting. Our knight, whose fancy travelled far in a short time, presently conceived what excellent use he could make of so rich a trust; and being possessed with this imagination, he said to the Granadine, with a cheerful countenance—'I hope, Don Alvaro, you will not have cause to repent entrusting me with so precious a treasure.' Then he asked what sort of equipage he would appear in at the tilting, what liveries he would give, and what device he would bear. To all which Tarfe answered him precisely, without imagining in the least what strange projects his curious examiner had in his head. Whilst they were putting up the armour into the trunk, Sancho came in, saying, 'Don Alvaro Tarfe may be pleased to come and sit down to table, for I have taken care to get breakfast ready.'—'Say you so, friend Sancho?' quoth the Granadine: 'I perceive you are a man of dispatch. But is your stomach come to you so early in the morning?'—'As for that,' replied Sancho, 'you need not question it; and it deserves to be recorded in the parish register; for, in spite of the devil and all his works, my stomach is so good, that I never remember rising full crammed from table in all my life-time; unless it were a twelvemonth ago, when my uncle James Alonzo, being steward of the brotherhood of the Rosary, employed me to distribute the dole of bread and cheese: that day, Sir, I must confess I was forced to let out two holes of my girdle.'—'God continue your good appetite!' answered Don Alvaro; 'I would give a great

' great deal to have such a sound constitution of body.' Tarfe had scarce eat a bit when the other Granadine gentlemen came in; and day beginning to appear, he mounted his horse, after returning thanks to Don Quixote for his courteous entertainment. But our knight thinking himself obliged by all the rules of chivalry, as well errant as sedentary, to bear them company some part of the way, caused Rozinante to be brought out of the stable, ready saddled and bridled; and, placing him before Don Alvaro, ' Behold,' says he, ' the finest horse you ever heard of: ' Bucephalus, Alfano, Sayan, Rapieca, Bayard, Cornelius, and Pegasus ' himself, were not to compare to him.' — ' I believe so, since you say it,' replied Tarfe smiling, after viewing the skeleton beast with astonishment; ' but in truth, good Sir Don Quixote, by his looks, a man would never believe what you say of him.' Most certain it is, that Rozinante, being prodigiously tall and long, and withal so lean that one might have shot straws through him, did not seem entirely to deserve the eulogy of his master. To conclude, the Granadines set forwards; and when they had rode about a quarter of a league, they entreated Don Quixote not to give himself the trouble of going any farther. There passed betwixt them some little courteous contest; but at length the most obliging knight of La Mancha gave way to the pressing instances of the strangers, and returned to his village.

C H A P. V.

OF THE FIRST USE DON QUIXOTE MADE OF THE ARMOUR HE HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH BY DON ALVARO.

AS soon as Don Quixote came home, he sent for Sancho, who was just then got to his own house. The squire came running very readily upon his master's orders; who imminently double-locked his chamber-door, that nobody might interrupt him. ' Rejoice, my son,' said our knight; ' I have an agreeable piece of news to tell you: we may make our sally when we please, for I have met with a suit of armour already.' — ' Pray where is it'

said the squire. ' In that trunk,' replied Don Quixote, shewing him that in which Don Alvaro's armour lay. ' Sir,' quoth Sancho, ' I doubt you know not what you say; we must not suffer ourselves to be tempted by other men's goods: that trunk is none of yours; it belongs to Don Alvaro Tarfe.' — ' That's your mistake,' answered Don Quixote: ' I must discover all the mystery to you, my friend. These arms are enchanted; and it is the wise Alquife, my protector, who sent them to me privately last night by Don Alvaro Tarfe, that I may go to the tilting at Saragossa, and there win the most valuable prize. This is a common practice of enchanters, when they will not personally shew themselves to the knights they favour: it was thus, and by the hands of the Infanta Imperia, that the wife Belonia sent armour to her favourite Don Belianis, when he undertook to fight for the Duchess of Isperia, whom the great Cham of Tartary would have caused to be burnt. Be not, therefore, so silly as to believe this armour belongs to Don Alvaro; it belongs to none but me; and I tell you it is a present the wise Alquife sends me by him.' — ' If so,' said Sancho, ' let us examine this same armour a little, since the key is still in the trunk.' Don Quixote instantly opened it, and took out the armour. The squire, seeing it very highly polished, and adorned all over with flowers, trophies, and other delicate engravings, after the Milanese manner, concluded it must be all of beaten silver; and in rapture cried out, ' By the Lord, my dear master Don Quixote, that choice armour did doubtless belong to him that first laid the foundation of the Tower of Babel! If it were mine, I would cut it all out into curious shining pieces of eight, such as are current at this time.' Having so said, he took up the head-piece; and, having viewed it attentively, went on, saying, ' By the sacred beard of Pontius Pilate, this silver cap were fit for an archdeacon! and if the brim were but two fingers broader, the king himself might wear it. The curate had best put it on at the procession of the Rosary: this rare cap, and his fine brocade cope, will make him outshine the sun-dial. By my father's ghost, D

I will

' I will lay a wager this armour is worth above sixty thousand millions! But tell me, pray, Sir, who was it that made it? Was it the wife old thief himself? or did it come into the world ready-made?'—' How silly you are!' replied Don Quixote: ' the wise Alquife may very likely have been the workman; for doubtless it could not be wrought but by some great enchanter. And when I examine the exquisite workmanship of it, methinks I see the beautiful armour of Achilles, which Homer says was made by Vulcan, the infernal blacksmith, at the request of the goddess Thetis.'—' A plague rot him,' cried Sancho, ' for a cursed black-smith, that works at the devil's forge! I will go to his shop to get him to mend my ploughshare; but let him stay awhile, with a pox to him!'—' It must be confessed,' quoth Don Quixote, without regarding what his squire said, he was so taken up with his own notions, ' that this is admirable armour. I am resolved, my son, to try it immediately; help me on with it.'—' By my faith,' said Sancho, at every piece of armour he put on, ' these plates of silver delight my eyes; they look like a glittering piece of church stuff!' But, above all, the gauntlets pleased him; he could never sufficiently admire them; and declared, if he had the like, he should never want gloves as long as he lived. Don Quixote now, seeing himself in armour cap-a-pie, began to swell with pride and exultation. ' Well, Sancho!' said he, in a louder tone than ordinary, ' what think you of this armour? Does it not add new dignity to my gallant demeanor? Tell me, do you think the genteel Don Seraphin of Spain, whom none could behold without admiring, had so fine an air as I have?' Whilst he uttered these words, he paraded pompously about the apartment with a stately step and elevated deportment; sometimes he stamped on the ground like one in a passion; sometimes he lifted his arms as if he threatened; then would he move five or six paces hastily; presently he stopped all on a sudden; and, at last, his extravagant ideas working with increased violence, transported him into a perfect phrenzy. He drew his sword; and, gazing on Sancho with a wild and ferocious aspect—

' Stay! thou devouring dragon!' ext. claimed he to him, in a tone that might have frightened all the Sanchos in Spain out of their senses; ' thou dreadful monster of Lybia; thou infernal basilisk! stay, and thou shalt feel the wonderful force of my arm! Thou shalt see whether with one stroke of my redoubtable sword I cannot cut asunder, not only thy venomous and monstrous figure, but even the two sturdiest giants that ever the haughty and enormous race produced!' This said, he advanced towards the amazed and terrified squire; who, perceiving him make towards him in that outrageous manner, sheltered himself behind the bed, which being fortunately at a distance from the wall, gave him opportunity of avoiding the first assault of his master. Still the raving knight did not recover himself from his phrenzy; he vapoured about the room like a demoniac, flourishing his sword round his head with such skill and agility, that the most active gladiator could not have outdone him. He laid about him to the right and to the left, back-stroke and fore-stroke, slashing all that stood in his way, cutting the hangings and other goods in a most dismal manner; but, above all, the bed-curtains and coverlid were hewn to tatters in an instant. ' Thou proud giant!' cried he to the quaking and miserable Sancho; ' thou haughty animal! thy last hour is now come; thou shalt now satisfy the Divine Vengeance for all the ills thou hast done in this world!'

As he thus cried out, he made such a home-thrust, that had the bed been a little narrower, or had not the curtains in some degree broken the force of the push, there infallibly had been an end of the faithullest of all squires. The poor wretch did not spare his voice in this most imminent danger: he roared loud, and hideously; and squeezed himself up against the wall as flat as a flounder, to avoid the fatal blade of his master. Happy had it been for him to have possessed the strength of Samson, that so he might have driven back the wall a pike's length! Still he bawled out, as loud as he could stretch his throat—' Alas! my dear lord and master! by all the miseries the devil brought upon holy Job; by the wounds of master St. Lazarus; by the holy arrows of Sir Saint Seba-

tian;



VELLADAS PINTORES

tian; I conjure you have compassion on my poor sinful soul!' These words, instead of appeasing Don Quixote, seemed rather to confirm him in his folly, and to encourage him the more to pursue a revenge which he thought necessary for the publick safety, honourable to knight-errantry, and meritorious towards purchasing Heaven. 'Ah, subtle serpent!' replied he in the same haughty tone, ' thou crawlst at present, and hopest to appease my wrath with humble expressions; but thou art deceived! thou shalt not impose on me by thy fraudulent supplications! Deliver, deliver up, I say, thou lustful monster! all the princesses, whom, contrary to all right and reason, thou detainest in thy castle, that harbour of robbers like thyself! Restore, thou infamous thief! the immense treasures thou hast stolen; set free the knights thou hast kept enchanted for so many ages; and surrender up to my hands the wicked enchantress that has been the occasion of so much mischief!'—'Good master Don Quixote!' cried the squire, recollect, for the love of God, that I am neither knight nor princess; nor much less that cursed enchantress you talk of: I am poor Sancho Panza, your neighbour and your faithful squire, and husband to honest Mary Gutierrez, whom you have above half made a widow by putting me in such a fright. Ah! ill luck on her that bore me!'—'If then you will have me give over pursuing you,' quoth Don Quixote, 'cause the empress I demand of you to be forthcoming immediately; but let her be brought safe and sound, pure and unspotted, and I will receive thy haughty figure to mercy, after thou shalt have owned thyself vanquished. Wilt thou perform this, thou arrogant monster?'—'I will, in the name of all the devils in hell!' quoth Sancho; but open the door for me first, and put up that cursed sword which pierces me with fear, and I will instantly bring you hither not only all the princesses you require, but even Annas and Caiphas, if you desire it.' This promise laid the storm; and our knight returned his sword to the scabbard with as much gravity and deliberation as if nothing extraordinary had been done, yet bathed in sweat,

and very much tired by the terrible blows he had bestowed upon the bed and furniture, during his conflict with the imaginary giant. Sancho, having somewhat recovered himself, crept out from behind the bed, pale and ghastly, and his eyes still flowing with tears. He cast himself at his master's feet, and with a weak and feeble voice exclaimed—'Sir Knight Errant, I own myself vanquished, and beg of you to forgive me, and I will never return to this place again!' Don Quixote gravely gave him his hand to kiss in token of forgiveness, repeating a Latin verse he was often wont to make use of—

'Parcere prostratis docuit nos ira leonis.'

• The lion teaches us to spare the fallen. •

'I will receive thee to mercy, giant,' continued the knight, 'in imitation of some ancient knights, whose example I design to follow; but it must be upon condition that thou shalt thoroughly amend thy life, and shalt be ready to do all service to young damsels, according to the rules of ancient chivalry; ceasing to commit any outrage against them, and righting all wrongs to the utmost of thy power.'—'I do vow and promise so to do,' replied Sancho, 'with all my soul; and do offer the curate to be my security for performance, who I am sure will be bound for me upon this occasion: but that there may be no mistake, your worship will be pleased to tell me, whether, when you oblige me to set right all that is wrong, you suppose that clause to include the licentiate Peter Garcia, prior of Toboso; who, having a club-foot, is in that part not right naturally: for, to deal plainly with you, good Sir, it is God that made him so, and I will not concern myself with it.'

These words removed the cloud from the eyes of Don Quixote; who, being at length come to himself, easily concluded, that, after the scene he had been acting, Sancho would have no great relish for the profession; and therefore, resolving to turn it all into raillery, he said to him, in a pleasant tone, and smiling, 'Well, what think you of all this, my son? Is not the man who could give you such a proof of his courage

' in a chamber locked up—is not he, I say, able to overthrow a multitude of enemies, though ever so brave, in open field?'—' By my troth,' quoth Sancho, ' all I can say to you is, that if you design to give me such proofs as these often, I have done with the calling. You may from this time provide yourself another squire: no wages, no ass, no equipage, shall draw me along; I leave it all to you!'—' Enough, friend!' answered Don Quixote; ' all that I did was only to shew you my courage and activity.'—' Well, well,' replied Sancho, ' you make a pretty business of it, by my troth! What is past, is past; but, pray, why did you make those thrusts and cuts so home, that they grated upon my very ears?'—' I have not hurt you,' rejoined Don Quixote; ' and I took a great deal of care to avoid it. Once more I tell you, all this is but mere pastime, which you ought not to take ill in the least.'—' Let it pass, then, for once,' said the squire: ' but come no more there; for, by the Lord Harry, I do not like such pastime!'—' Talk no more of it,' quoth Don Quixote; ' but help to disarm me, and let us think of nothing but our expedition.' Sancho being thus reconciled, they began to lay the project of their sally; and it was soon settled, that the eight hundred ducats which Don Quixote inherited from his niece Magdalen, should be appropriated to that purpose; that Thomas Cacial's ass should be bought with part of it that very day; and that all the rest should be put up in a cloak-bag, with some linen. This was accordingly put in execution to a tittle, as our Arabian historian relates it. Sancho bought his master's ass, and came the next day to Don Quixote to acquaint him with it. ' I come to tell you, Sir,' said he, ' that I have the finest ass betwixt this and Salamanca: you need but hear him bray to be convinced. Oh, the rogue will perform the drudgery of chivalry most compleatly! I long to be upon him.'—' You shall not be detained long,' quoth Don Quixote; ' for I design to set out this night. We have nothing to do now but to prepare all things for it: and we shall meet with no hindrance, because we are alone; for my housekeeper is gone to wash linen at the pond of Toboso.

' Now let us examine whether Rozinante be in good plight, and want nothing: then will we search all the house to see if we can find the lance and the buckler I had last year. If we do not find them, we cannot miss of something to make others.'—' With submission to your better judgment,' said the squire, ' I think we had best begin by searching the house; and if we happen to find your last year's lance and target, we will then carry Rozinante a measure of barley; we will saddle him, and all under one make him just ready to set out, which will put us in some forwardness.'—' No great matter,' replied Don Quixote; ' but, since you will have it so, I am content; let us search the house out of hand.' They went directly, therefore, into the kitchen; where Sancho espying a broom, laid hold of it; and having viewed it well, ' Sir,' said he to his master, ' I have a thought come into my head: by my troth, I believe this is your lance; without doubt your lady housekeeper has made a broomstick of it.'—' I should be loth to swear for her,' answered Don Quixote; ' the poor housekeeper knows not the value of such things; and, besides, she is so ill affected to knights-errant, that she is likely enough to have put one of the most glorious instruments of chivalry to that vile use.'—' Well, Sir,' quoth the squire, ' where the needle is lost, there it is found. If Madam Housekeeper has made a broomstick of a lance, why may not we make a lance of a broomstick? Nothing is easier; it is only kicking off the broom, and fastening a spear at the end of the staff.'—' You are in the right,' said Don Quixote; ' and I have a sharp piece of iron in my chamber, which will be fit for the purpose.'—' Good,' quoth Sancho; ' if so, we want nothing but a buckler, and we are in the field. Let us look about narrowly, and perhaps we may meet with it.' From the kitchen they went into a room where the housekeeper lay; and there they left no place unsearched: nor did they lose their labour; for our knight espying an old great brass-plate, on which they used to dry linen, on the top of a cupboard, which had been thrown there because the foot was broke off and the plate bruised and battered, ' Ah! what

‘ what is this?’ cried he. ‘ What a miracle, Sancho! I espy on that cup-board the most precious buckler in the world!’ Having spoken these words, he mounted upon a chair to reach the brass-plate; and as soon as he had it in his hands, ‘ O wise Alquife!’ exclaimed he, ‘ how much is Don Quixote de la Mancha obliged to you! How shall I able to acknowledge such favour?—Son Sancho, admire what this great enchanter, my protector, does for me! He is not satisfied with sending me enchanted armour, but to that present he adds this wonderful buckler, which is the same the matchless Emperor Bendanazar formerly bore.’—‘ Sir,’ replied the squire, shaking his head, ‘ I can assure you that is none of the buckler you talk of; for it is an old rusty brass-plate to dry linen on.’—‘ I grant it is like one,’ rejoined Don Quixote; ‘ and it is that which deceives you. So you took Mambrino’s helmet for a barber’s bason, because it was like a bason*. You give too much credit to outward appearances: but you may rely on me; knights are never imposed upon. You must understand, friend, that Bendanazar had three things which made him invincible, and by means whereof he conquered the empires of Babylon, of Persia, and of Tiehizond. The first of them was a ring †, whose virtue was such, that the person who wore it could not be enchanted; the second was a sword, which at one stroke, and without any labour, would cut in pieces the best-tempered armour; and, lastly, the third was this wonderful buckler you see here, which is impenetrable, and would resist even a thunderbolt!—Heaven be praised, Sir!’ said Sancho; in truth, it was well done of you to tell me all this; for the devil take him that would ever have imagined that target to be any other than an old brass-plate to dry linen on, which

I should not have thought worth picking off the ground. Would to God we had the ring and the good sword of that Bendanazar! But if we cannot have all, we must be satisfied with what we have. The bachelor Sampson Carrasco was in the right, the other day, when he said that all men could not be popes, nor archdeacons; and that, so he had but a good mitre and crozier, he cared for no more.’

Don Quixote was overjoyed that he was master of a buckler whose excellency he was so well acquainted with; yet he found one objection against it, and was a long while before he could contrive how to render it serviceable; for it had no ring within to hold it on the arm: however, being ingenious, he at length devised a remedy. He made two holes through it, and fastened in them a great leather thong, which had formerly served him for a girdle. The squire perceiving that his master had pierced the buckler, said to him, ‘ Ho, Sir! did not you say this target was not to be pierced? I perceive there is no duty laid upon lying.’—‘ Do not wonder at that,’ replied Don Quixote; for the great magician who made it, enchanted it after such a manner, that the knights who are possessed of it may make what they please of it; whereas in battle it cannot be pierced or cut, or broken, as you may plainly see by these dreadful blows that have fallen upon it, and which have only made a small impression on it.’ As he said this, he shewed him the many bruises there were on the brass plate. When the knight had fitted his shield and lance, he went out with Sancho to the bin where the barley lay, and taking out a double measure, carried it to the stable. Rozinante, who had a good nose, soon smelt it, and began to neigh; which Don Quixote looked upon as an undoubted good omen of the success of his folly. They saddled that excellent horse, and had leisure to prepare all

* In an old romance in Ottava Rima, entitled *Innamoramento di Rinaldo*, is a long account of a Pagan king, named Mambrino, who comes against Charlemain and the Christians with a vast army. He is at last killed by Rinaldo; but no particular mention is made of his helmet.—For the account of the Barber’s Bason, which Don Quixote takes possession of as the helmet of Mambrino, see Cervantes. In the first book of Ariosto’s *Orlando Furioso*, Mambrino’s helmet is mentioned as being worn by Rinaldo.

† This ring of Bendanazar’s, or (as his name is spelt in an English translation of the Romance of Beliani) Brandezar, was won from him by Don Belianis, who slew the emperor in a dreadful combat; but it does not appear in the above-named translation, that this ring had any thing to do with Brandezar’s conquest of Babylon, &c.

things for their departure before the housekeeper returned; who, not dreaming that any thing was in agitation, retired to bed peaceably, as she was wont. Don Quixote, taking the advantage of her first sleep, armed himself, and went down, without making the least noise, into the court, opened the street-door to let in Sancho, as had been agreed between them; and, taking Rozinante out of the stable, they both left the village.

C H A P. VI.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S THIRD SALLY;
OF THE NEW APPELLATION HE
MADE CHOICE OF; AND OF HIS
FIRST ADVENTURE.

IT was towards the latter end of August, at least five hours before break of day, when the famous knight of La Mancha set forth from the village of Argamasilla, mounted on Rozinante, and fearfully equipped with the armour of the Granadine. In his right-hand he grasped his lance, and on his left-arm he bore the inestimable buckler of Bendanazar: his matchless squire followed him on his new ass, with his portmanteau behind him, and a wallet stored with provision. They rode without speaking a considerable time; when Don Quixote at length broke silence—“ You see,” said he, “ my son, how favourable all things seem to our design: the moon lights us with all her borrowed rays; and we have as yet seen nothing which we can interpret to be an ill omen.”—“ All is well hitherto,” quoth the squire; “ but I am very much afraid, lest to-morrow Master Nicholas and the curate, missing us in the village, should pursue us with all their retinue; and if once they catch us, beware of the cage, good Sir Don Quixote; you are well acquainted with every inch of it. By the Lord, the relapse would be worse than the disease itself!”—“ O thou cowardly and perfidious barber! cried our hero; “ I could find in my heart to go back to the village to challenge, man to man, all the barbers, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, in the world; as also all the curates, archdeacons, canons, and chanters, of the Greek and Latin

church. Is it possible, friend, you should make so small account of my valour, as to think I can be afraid of such weak enemies? Could you bring more lions than Africa contains in its vast compass, more tygers than Hyrcania produces, and more monsters than the desert Lybia can breed on its burning sands, for me to engage them all, you should see your undaunted master deliver himself up to the most dreadful dangers with such resolution, that you could not but compare him to Alexander the Great! And you would be in the right for so doing: for I will lay a wager, and it is past all dispute, that if my breast were opened, my heart would be found hairy, as was that valiant king's. Do not therefore give ear, my son, to the suggestions of that base fear; and from this time think of nothing but the honour that waits me at Saragossa, part of which will redound upon you: but for the fulfilling, in all points, the statutes and ordinances of ancient chivalry, I must adorn this buckler, which is infinitely better tempered than that of Atlas, with some ingenious device; and it being convenient that every device should express the inward sentiments of the knight's heart who appears at the tilting, I will therefore cause two damsels, ravishingly beautiful, to be painted on my shield; and they shall be deeply in love with my genteel mien and courage. On the top shall be placed the God of Love, who, extending his arms with his bended bow, shall level all his arrows at me; but I will appear unconcerned at his threats, receiving his arrows on my shield, and they shall drop, without doing execution, at my feet; at the bottom of the buckler shall be these words, “ The Loveless Knight!”—Upon my life, Sir, quoth Sancho, it is a rare device, and the name fits it well! I find by my hand we shall do well enough without a mistress; and we shall live the longer for it, for I have often heard the barber say that is the way to be long-lived.”

Such was the discourse between our adventurers, who rode on all the rest of the night, and most part of the day, without resting: but now the squire, who was not so indefatigable as his master, was upon the point of beginning to

to rail against knight-errantry, when they discovered an inn at a good distance from them. ‘ God be praised! ’ cried Sancho, ‘ I espy a good likely inn, where we may pass the night; and to-morrow we will prosecute our journey merrily.’ Don Quixote, who was then in the vein of taking inns for castles, looking on this, said—‘ Upon the word of a knight, that is one of the strongest castles in all Spain! I scarce think there is such another in all Lembardy! ’—‘ Pray, Sir,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ take heed what you say. Me thinks you are too rash in swearing by your knighthood. Perhaps that which to you looks like a castle, and to me like an inn, may more likely be the one than the other.’—‘ I tell you it is a castle,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ and a wonderful piece of architecture! How regular it is, and how advantageously seated! Do not you see its lofty towers and its battlements, its great draw-bridge, and the two fierce griffins that guard the entrance?’ Sancho opened his eyes as wide as he could stare, the better to discover the towers and the griffins; and it was none of his fault if he saw them not. ‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ you will make me mad: that house has neither towers nor griffins; and all I can say of it is, that if this be not an inn, there never was an inn in this world.’—The knight stiffly maintained the contrary; and, whilst they were thus contending, two men on foot passed by them. The squire asked them whether the house he saw was an inn, or a castle: they answered, it was an inn, and known in that country by the name of ‘ The Inn of the Hangdog;’ because formerly the innkeeper had been hanged for murdering a passenger that lay in his house. ‘ It is false,’ cried Don Quixote, sternly. ‘ Away! and evil go with you, base scoundrels that ye are! thus to take away the Constable’s reputation, who has always been looked upon among us as a worthy and honest knight! As for that castle, I maintain it is no inn; it is a castle, in spite of you, and all others that shall think the contrary.’ The two travellers were no less surprised at these words, than at the strange figure of him who pronounced them: but seeing him so wrathful, they would not venture to contradict him; and so went on their

way, not knowing what to think of this encounter. When Don Quixote was within musket-shot of the inn, he stopped, and said to his squire—‘ Friend Sancho, we must not engage here rashly: let us join prudence with valour; and, since you serve me in the quality of a squire, it belongs to you to go and view the place. Draw, therefore, as near as conveniently you can to that castle, and view it exactly, that you may be able to make a just report of all things to me: take by your eye nicely the breadth and depth of the ditch. Observe well the situation and manner of the gates, the draw-bridges, the turnpikes, the towers and turrets, the platforms, the covert-way, the counterscarp, the parapets, the caponniers, the redoubts, the gabions, and the corps-de-guard; but, above all, enquire what ammunition they have, and how many years provision; whether they have water in their cisterns; and, in short, what sort of people, and what numbers they are, that defend so important a fortress.’—‘ Hey-day!’ said Sancho, interrupting him, ‘ where the devil do you find all that stuff? Why you will make me as mad as a March-hare! We have here an inn at hand, and may go into it this minute, and eat and drink for our money without quarrelling or fighting with anybody; and you would have me to go find out bridges, ditches, towers, and all the rest of that confounded bead-roll you have just now run over. If the innkeeper sees me rounding his house, he will fancy I design to steal his hens, and will come out and break my bones for me. For God’s sake, Sir, let us not play the devil in inns, lest we meet with more blanket-tossers and enchanters in them! Let us not run ourselves into mischief when we are well; and since we can walk dry-shod, why should we wet our feet?’—‘ Do what I bid you,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ and talk no more. Be docile, and let your valour be accompanied by a ready and exact obedience: it is that, my son, which has rendered the Spaniards so formidable; and it is no wonder; for the subalterns being obedient to their superiors, all things are performed orderly and regularly, which makes them more staunch and solid; whereas

other nations, not observing such strict discipline, which is the key to success, are easily broken and routed.'—' Well, Sir,' said the squire, ' I will obey you; or else we should never have done. Dapple and I will go put your orders in execution; Rozinante and you may follow us gently: but I must tell you, that if I find none of all that you have said, I will enter the inn without farther ceremony, and will there give orders for our supper; for, by my faith, my guts are so empty, that they twist again for mere hunger!' Having so said, he clapped his heels to his ass's sides, and soon got to the inn. There he looked all about him; and seeing nothing but a plain house, and a sign to it—' I knew well enough,' said he to himself, in a transport of joy, ' that this house was a good inn, an heavenly inn, and more useful than all the castles in Spain!' This said, he went up to the door, and asked the innkeeper whether he had entertainment. ' I have,' quoth the host, who was a pleasant fellow; ' your ass and you shall be treated like princes.' Upon this fair promise Sancho alighted; and, taking off his portmanteau, desired the landlord to lock it up for him. Then enquiring what there was to eat, he was told there was an excellent cabbage soup; and, if that was not enough, they would lay down a curious young rabbit. Sancho gave two skips in the air when he heard that blessed soup mentioned; and, hoping to stuff his carcase with it, he led his Dapple to the stable, and whilst he was giving him straw and barley, and ordering some for Rozinante, Don Quixote came up to the house.

The innkeeper and some travellers, who were then standing at the door, spying so extraordinary a phantom in armour, imagined they beheld some figure cut out of old tapestry. They viewed him attentively from head to foot; whilst he, casting a side glance upon them, and looking very gravely, passed by without stopping, or speaking one word. He rounded the inn, examined the wall nicely, and measured its height with his lance in several places. At length, having thoroughly traversed the whole building, and arrived at the door again, he then stopped, and raising himself fiercely on his stirrups—' In-defatigable governor!' said he, with

a dreadful voice—' and you, redoubted knights! who watch day and night to guard this place you have been entrusted with—behold here the Loveless Knight! I do summon and require you to deliver to me instantly, and without the least reply, my faithful squire; whom you, contrary to the laws of good chivalry, have taken by treachery, or by the fatal art of the old sorceress who affords you her black assistance. It is an excess of courtesy towards you which inclines me to demand him by words, when it is in my power to right myself by force of arms. Restore him to me, then, unless you will have me put you all to the sword, and raze this impregnable castle to the ground! But restore him to me safe and sound, pure and unspotted, as also all the knights and damsels whom your unheard-of cruelty has immured in deep dungeons. If not, come out all together against me, not unarmed as I see you are now, but with your best-tempered arms, and your lances of hard ash which you brandish in so dreadful a manner! Mount your swiftest coursers, and all at once assail me! Here I expect you, to chastise your boldness!' Whilst he thus spoke, he was forced every moment to tug with might and main the bridle of Rozinante, whom with much difficulty he restrained from entering a stable which the poor beast found himself near to, and laboured hard to take possession of. The pretended defenders of the castle were much surprized at the knight's discourse; and perceiving that, in pursuance of his challenge, he endeavoured to provoke them to the combat, calling them slaves and cowards, the innkeeper undertook to answer him, and said—' Sir Knight, here is no castle that I know of, nor any knights to defend it. All our strength is in our wine, which is so brisk that it will not only knock a man down, but will make him say as much or more than we have heard from your worship. I solemnly assure you that we have no squire shut up in our inn. If you have a mind to take up your lodging in it, why do not you alight. We will treat you handsomely; and, if you have a fancy to it, we will furnish you with a brisk Galician lass to pull off your stockings, and she is as ready

' to perform as to tender her service.' These courteous offers did not satisfy our Loveless Knight. ' I vow,' cried he, ' by the sacred order of knight-errantry, that unless this minute you deliver up to me the flower of trusty squires, and that Galician princefs you talk of, you shall all perish by my sword!' As Don Quixote was not a man that would vent his threats in vain, it is impossible to say what might have happened, if Sancho, hearing the altercation, had not stepped out to pacify his master. He ran to him; and, laying hold of his bridle—' The noble Don Quixote,' said he, ' is welcome! He may safely come in. As soon as ever they beheld me, they all submitted themselves. Alight, then, Sir,' continued he; ' they are all our friends, and only wait to treat us with such a cabbage soup as St. Christopher himself would be glad to meet with; and which I think it long till I am engaged w th !'—' But, my son,' said Don Quixote, ' has nobody wronged you? Tell me ingenuously? I am ready to revenge your quarrel.'—' No, no, Sir,' replied the squire; ' nobody in this house has touched the tip of my finger, and all my limbs are as sound as when I came out of my mother's belly.'—' If so,' quoth Don Quixote, ' take this buckler in one hand, and with the other hold my stirrup till I alight.' Our knight being dismounted, went into the house; and Sancho led Rozinante to the stable. Whatever the host could say to him, Don Quixote would not unarm; alledging that, among Pagans, it was not good to be too secure. He only took off his head-piece, and sat down to table merely out of complaisance. The soup and the rabbit were served up. He scarce meddled with them, though he had not eaten a bit the whole day; and spent all supper-time in exhibiting the dignity and haughtiness of a knight-errant. As for his squire, he was more complaisant to his entertainment; for, after devouring all the soup, he swallowed down above three pounds of beef and mutton, and all the rabbit, besides two bottles of white wine, which he drank to the last drop.

After supper, the innkeeper led Don Quixote into a handsome apartment. Sancho unarmed his master, and then went out to lead Rozinante and Dapple

to water, and give them another measure of barley and straw. Whilst he was in the stable, the Galician maid, whose good-nature the host had not commended without cause, went into Don Quixote's chamber, and accosting him with more impudence than good grace, said to him—' Sir Knight, I come to know of you whether you have any need of me. Though my complexion is a little brown, yet I am not dirty. Tell me, then, shall I pull off your stockings? I am very ambitious of serving you; for I never saw any thing so like a rogue I was once in love with, as you are. But no more of him; what is past is gone. It was a damned dog of a captain, who stole me away from my father's house, promising to marry me; but, as yet, he has not been so good as his word; and the scoundrel was gone in the morning with all my cloaths and jewels.' As the pretended damsels uttered these words, she burst into tears; and, immediately resuming her speech, said—' Sir Knight, though you see I am servant to an honest innkeeper, yet I am a damsels and a maid of honour. But, unhappy orphan that I am, I am left alone and in want; without hopes of any relief but what I must expect from Heaven, and from the generosity of the knight that now hears me. Would to God some good Christian would revenge my wrongs, and pierce the heart of the traitor that deceived my unsuspecting innocence!'—

—' Most beautiful princess,' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting her eagerly, ' leave that to me. It is the duty of knights-errant to right such wrongs as those; and I swear, by the order of knighthood which I profess, that, after the tilting at Saragossa, at which I cannot avoid being present, I will punish that perfidious man who has so basely forsaken you! To-morrow you shall mount your white palfrey; and, covering your beautiful countenance with a veil, that the affliction which causes your tears to flow may not appear, you shall go with me, if you please, to the royal tilting at Saragossa, attended by your faithful dwarf. Do not make any longer stay here, most charming virgin! retire to your apartment, to taste the sweet repose of the night on that happy bed which alone enjoys the blessing of holding

‘ holding your tender limbs, and rely
‘ on a word which cannot fail.’ The
Galician wench, finding herself dis-
missed with such singular expressions,
presently concluded that Don Quixote
was a different sort of being from the
muleteers that used to travel that road.
But her design being to draw a few rials*
from him; and perceiving that the story
of the captain had not succeeded as she
expected, she immediately altered her
method. ‘ Sir Knight,’ said she, ‘ if
you have any kindness for me, I be-
seech you to lend me two or three
rials, because I am in great need;
for yesterday, as I was washing the
dishes, I had the misfortune to break
two curious earthen plates; and my
master swears he will break my bones,
if I do not pay for them.’—‘ Fear
nothing, my princess,’ replied Don
Quixote very gravely; ‘ the audacious
man that dares touch you, shall touch
me in the apples of my eyes.’—‘ I
am much obliged to you, good Sir,’
quoth the wench; ‘ and I should be
much more so, if you would be pleased
to give me the two rials I ask. That
will save me the beating my master
has promised me; and he is the most
punctual man in the world at keep-
ing such promises.’—‘ How, two
rials,’ said Don Quixote; ‘ I’ll sooner
give you two hundred ducats, nay
three hundred, if you want them.’
The wench, who looked no higher than
two rials, supposing by his offer she
should easily have them, drew near to the
knight, without any ceremony, to re-
quite him with a hug; but Don Quix-
ote, like another Joseph, started up in
terror at the danger this amorous inn-
keeping wife of Potiphar was like to
bring him into. ‘ I have never read,’
quoth he in great disorder, ‘ that any
knight-errant, of those I intend to
imitate, gave way, upon the like oc-
casion, to any dishonest action.’ This
said, he called upon his faithful squire
to come to the relief of his virtue, which
was attacked so dangerously. ‘ San-
cho! Sancho!’ cried he, ‘ bring me
our portmanteau.’

The squire, who was then talking
with the landlord, running up—‘ Open
that portmanteau,’ said the knight,
and giye this beautiful infanta two
hundred ducats. We shall be no

losers by it, my son; for when I shall
have taken revenge of an outrage done
to her, she will not only return us
that sum, but she will give you part
of the jewels and precious stones a
discourteous knight has ungraciously
robbed her of.’ The sparing squire
hearing such an extravagant order,
thought his very soul was going to be
torn from him. ‘ What do you talk of
two hundred ducats?’ quoth he in a
furly manner. ‘ Is it not much easier
to give this impudent baggage two
hundred kicks in the guts? By the
giant Goljah’s ears, I’ll give no such
sum! Does the brazen jilt think her
strumpet’s face, and her tanned hide,
are worth half that money? Was it
not she that asked me just now in the
stable to give her a groat. Oh, the
jade! As I hope to live, Sir, if I
lay hold of her hair, I’ll make her
skip down all the stairs at once!’
When the wench saw Sancho in such a
rage, she drew him aside, and said to
him—‘ My dear friend, your master
only bids you give me two rials, and
I desire no more; for I am sensible
enough there is no thinking of two
hundred ducats.’ The knight of La
Mancha was not a little surprized to
see his squire treat a princess with so
much familiarity. ‘ Sancho,’ said he
to him, ‘ do what I bid you immediate-
ly, and let me hear no more of you.
We will set out to-morrow with the
infanta, to conduct her back into her
country, where we shall be repaid
with interest.’ The squire perceiv-
ing he must submit, said to his master,
‘ Well, Sir, I’ll retire and pay her
that money below stairs at my lea-
sure.—Let us go, Madam Infanta.
Will you please to walk down, and
help me to carry this portmanteau?
I’ll pay you immediately.’ As silly
as Sancho was, he had more wit than
to obey his master. He gave the wench
but a groat, swearing he would beat
her like stock-fish, if she did not tell
Don Quixote she had received two
hundred ducats. To which the fly
gipsy made answer—‘ I am very well
satisfied with this groat, master squire;
and I wish you good night.’ The
innkeeper took the wench into the
kitchen; and Sancho went to bed on a
quilt they had laid for him upon two

* The Rial Plate is a Spanish coin worth about sixpence; but the Rial Bass is only worth a groat.

rules pannels, making a pillow of the dearly-beloved portmanteau which he had so lately preserved from being embowelled by the extravagance of his master.

The first thing he did the next morning, was to give straw and barley to Rozinante and the as. Then he caused a good piece of lamb, or mutton, (for none but the innkeeper could decide which it was) to be laid to the fire. That done, he went up to his master's chamber to awake him. The poor knight was but then got to sleep; he had not been able to close his eyes all night, his head was so full of the tilting, and of the revenge he was to take on the perfidious captain. He was so discomposed with these whimsies that, awaking in a consternation when his squire called him, he cried out—‘ O thou disloyal knight! who, after breaking thy plighted faith, art not ashamed to see the light of the sun! behold here the avenger of the Prince of Galicia!’—‘ Do not put yourself into a passion, good Sir,’ answered Sancho; ‘ the princess is well paid, and kisses your errant worship’s hands. Rise quickly, for breakfast will soon be ready.’—‘ I am resolved to set out immediately,’ said Don Quixote, getting up; ‘ for I think it long till I am at Saragossa. Hie me on with my armour, and let us stay here no longer.’ As soon as he was armed, he went down into the kitchen, where he took two or three mouthfuls standing; and then causing Rozinante to be brought out, vaulted gracefully into the saddle; and, raising his voice, said to the innkeeper, and other standers by—‘ Generous Castellano—and you, valiant knights of this forest—consider whether I can do you any service.’—‘ Sir Knight,’ answered the host, ‘ we want nothing at present, God be praised, but that you order your squire to pay for your meat, and the straw and barley for your beasts.’—‘ Friend,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘ pray, with your leave, where did you ever read, that Constables, who have had the good fortune to enthrone knights errant in their castles, made them pay for their entertainment?’—‘ Every man has his way,’ quoth the innkeeper; ‘ and my method is, not to lodge any man for nothing.’—‘ Well,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ since you will be taken for an innkeeper,

what is it you demand?’—‘ Fourteen rials,’ quoth the host. ‘ Enough,’ replied the knight; and ordered Sancho to pay him: but, at the same time, spying the Galician wench with a broom in her hand, he cried out—‘ O sovereign infanta, here am I ready to undergo all hazards in performing the promise I made to you. I burn with impatience till I restore you to all your rights, and bring you back to your illustrious parents; whose eyes, since they saw you, are become inexhausted fountains of tears. Grieved am I to the heart to see so worthy a princess in the habit of a servant of an inn, and sweeping the house of such infamous wretches as these are. Mount, then, your palfrey immediately; or, if ill fortune has deprived you of it, make use of my squire’s indefatigable steed, and come along with us to Saragossa.’ The innkeeper, who was apt to take what he heard in the worst sense, fancying by this talk that our knight had a mind to debauch his servant, and that she was consenting to it, grew angry; and, calling out to the girl—‘ How now, impudence!’ said he, ‘ do you dare to put tricks upon me? By the Lord, I’ll make you repent your intrigue with this madman! May never barber’s basin come near my beard, if you do not pay for this! Away, you slut! go wash your dishes, and leave off your lewd intrigues with that crack-brained fellow.’ The Galician, relying on her innocence, would have cleared herself; but the furious innkeeper, not giving her time, stopped her mouth with a sound cuff on the face, accompanied by half a score good kicks, which overthrew the princess almost crippled.

O ye Heavens! what a spectacle was this for the Knight of La Mancha! To what a paroxysm of passion did not this dismal sight transport him! Achilles, when he ran to revenge the death of Patroclus; the god Mars, when he saw the blood run from the goddess Cytherea; were not half so exasperated or frantic. To delineate the dreadful aspect of Don Quixote at that moment, would require a pen dipp’d in the infernal streams of Tartarus. He instantly unsheathed his sword, and raising himself in his stirrup, at least half a foot higher than ordinary, addressed himself to the innkeeper with a voice like that of

Mars when he agitates the mountains of Thrace—‘ O thou rash knight! ’ quoth he, ‘ who hast dared presume in my presence to insult the most noble lady in all Spain, do not think so hei- ‘ nous a crime shall go unpunished! ’ Thus saying, he spurred Rozinante fiercely forward upon the constable of the castle, who thought of nothing less than this invasion; and, whirling round his blade in the air, discharged such a formidable blow on the seat of his antagonist’s understanding, that had not the thickness of his hat caused it to glance aside, the kitchen-princess had been compleatly revenged of the knight of the inn. The cruel blade, however, grazed his skull, mowed down one side of his hair, and carried away a small piece of his ear. The blood streaming from the wound, alarmed all the inn, and every man laid hold of the weapon that first presented itself. The innkeeper ran into the kitchen roaring like a bull; and, seizing the longest spit he was master of, breathed nothing but speedy revenge. In the mean while, Don Quixote, contrary to his custom, had very discreetly withdrawn to a little distance, the better to stand the fierce attack which he expected to be made upon him. The inn was seated on a rising ground, and about a stone’s throw from it was a large meadow; in the midst of that meadow the courageous avenger of insulted beauties thought fit to encamp. There he cried aloud, ‘ War! war! ’ obliging Rozinante to traverse the ground every way in a most awkward manner, and fiercely brandishing his sword; for Sancho was left behind in the inn with his lance and target. The judicious squire, perceiving that, as the matter stood, he was in danger at least of being tossed in a blanket a second time, laboured all that in him lay to still the storm: but the host, who had thrown aside his spit, upon seeing his enemy at such a distance, called for his gun; and if by good luck his wife had not thought of hiding it, our knight had then certainly ended his days and his adventures. The hostess, and all the passengers, represented to the innkeeper that he was going to kill a madman; and that, since his wound was not dangerous, he ought rather to let him go to the devil. Sancho put in to back all that was said; and made not the least

exception against all the qualifications they assigned his master; perceiving that it was the only way to quell the disturbance. He paid the fourteen reals to a doit, and then took leave of the innkeeper, his wife, and all their company; making them a thousand legs, and using all manner of civility to pacify their resentment; this done, drawing his ass after him by the halter with one hand, and carrying the lance and buckler in the other, he hastened with all speed to his master in the meadow. ‘ Good God, Sir! ’ said he, coming up to him, ‘ was it wisely done of you to hazard your carcass for a wench ten times uglier than Pontius Pilate’s maid? On my word you have escaped a scowring: had the innkeeper found his gun, you had gone away with a brace of bullets in your guts; and all your fine armour would not have saved you, though it had been lined in velvet to boot.’—‘ Tell me, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ how strong is the enemy. Do they march in platoons like advanced bodies, or in battalions? Have they a great train of artillery, many curassiers and pikemen? Are there many archers among them? Are they veteran troops, or new levies? Are they well paid? Is there either plague or famine in their camp? Who is it commands in chief? What general officers have they? Inform me what numbers there are of English, Germans, Swiss, Spaniards, Flemings, French, and Italians? Tell me quickly, that we may provide for our defence. Let us draw lines in this meadow; let us dig ditches, and throw up trenches; let us raise bastions and redoubts; let us cover ourselves with curtins and palisadoes: let us secure ourselves, my son.’—‘ Mercy on me! ’ cried Sancho, ‘ where are we now? Consider, for God’s sake, good master Don Quixote, that here is nothing of all that you talk of: all about is as smooth as my hand. And since Heaven has rescued us out of the innkeeper’s clutches, let us fly from his inn, as one would from the whale of Jonas.’—‘ Aye, but, friend,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘ shall we leave the princess in the hands of her enemies? We ought to return to the castle to deliver her from them, and to

' to chaffise that clown of a Castellain
' who has been so base as to make
' himself an innkeeper, contrary to all
' the laws of chivalry.' — ' Ads my
' life, Sir!' quoth Sancho, ' have not
' you punished him sufficiently, since it
' costs him an ear?' — ' But you do not
' consider,' replied Don Quixote, ' that
' I cannot fly without disgracing my-
' self.' — ' Very good!' answered the
squire; ' that is a pretty story. Have
not I often heard you say that a
knight must be courageous, but not
rash?' — ' It is true,' quoth Don
Quixote, ' and you now put me in
mind of it seasonably; for I am sen-
sible my valour carries me a little too
far at this time. It is reasonable to
give way to numbers, and not run
into dangers unadvisedly. A good
retreat is equal to a victory: what is
delayed is not lost. When we return
from Saragossa we shall find means
to relieve the Princess of Galicia;
therefore I consent that we retire,
provided we do it in good order, and
in such manner as may not in the
least look like flying, for fear has no
power over my heart: and that none
may be ignorant of it, I here so-
lemnly declare that I retire, but that
I do not fly!' Having spoke these
words, he rode out of the meadow with
a fierce and martial countenance, and
took the road towards Ariza, followed
by his courageous squire, who every
moment looked behind him, believing
the furious Castellain was at his heels.

C H A P. VII.

OF THE STRANGE AND DANGEROUS
COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN Sancho lost sight of the
inn, he fell again into his usual
good-humour, which the fear of tossing
in a blanket had with reason suspended.
' So, Sir,' said he to his master, ' are
you resolved in earnest never more to
think of Madam Dulcinea, nor to
perform any acts of chivalry for her?' —
' There is no doubt to be made of
it,' answered Don Quixote; ' for she
has worn out my constancy. I own
her no longer for my mistress; and it
being my will from this time forward
to be called The Loveless Knight, it
is proper that I merit that name by

' some remarkable action.' To this
effect, as soon as he came into Ariza,
he wrote a challenge, which Sancho
affixed to one of the pillars or columns
of the great square, or market-place,
the contents whereof were as follows:
That any knight whatsoever, whether
errant, or sedentary, who would main-
tain that the ladies deserved to be be-
loved, spoke falsely; and that he would
make him own the contrary by force of
arms, either man to man, or ten to ten;
that it was true that, according to the
laws of chivalry, there was no refusing
to defend them, and to revenge the
outrages committed against them; and
that it was also lawful to make use of
them for procreation, provided it was
under the indissoluble knot of mat-
rimony. That the unheard-of ingratia-
tude of the matchless infanta the re-
nowned Dulcinea del Toboso, was a
sufficient proof of this undeniable
truth. The challenge was subscribed,
' The Loveless Knight.' All the peo-
ple of Ariza laughed heartily at this
challenge; but no man so far concerning
himself as to engage in the fair-
sex's quarrel, the Loveless Knight left
the place, after causing the ingenious
device he had contrived to be painted
on his shield.

When he came near Ateca, a large
open town in the neighbourhood of Ca-
latayud, he espied, and at the same time
shewed to his squire, a little hovel cov-
ered with thatch in the midst of a field
of melons, at the door of which stood
a country-fellow who watched the mel-
ons, with a long bill in his hand. He
gazed steadily on him, and then said to
Sancho — ' Let us halt, my son; if I am
not much mistaken, here is one of the
greatest adventures we can meet with:
you see that redoubted warrior, who
stands at the gate of that mighty cat-
tle with a lance, or a javelin, in his
hand; that is one of the most cele-
brated knights you ever heard of.' —
' Good again!' quoth Sancho; ' one
day one mistake, and the next day
another. In short, Sir, either you
are dim-sighted, or I am not the flow-
er of errant-squires. the man you
shew me there is a country-fellow
guarding his field of melons; and he
is in the right, for there are people
continually travelling this great road
to Saragossa, who might make bold
to step into his field and refresh them-
selves

'selves with his fruit.'—'Aye, Sancho,' replied the knight, altogether wrapt in his imagination, 'it is the famous Count of Angiers, the most renowned of all the Paladins* of France; it is Orlando Furioso.'—'I tell you once again, Sir,' said the squire, 'that it is an honest countryman who is guarding his melons, and looks no more like a count than I do.'—'Surely I know better than you what he looks like,' answered Don Quixote: 'that prince, as the most authentic book, called *The Mirror of Chivalry*, informs us, was enchanted by a Moor; who, by his wonderful art, brought him into that fortress you see, to defend the entrance of it against any mortal whatsoever. It is this same Orlando, who, transported with jealous rage, because Medoro, a young Moor of Agramante's army, had stolen away his mistress the beautiful Angelica, tore up the tallest trees by the roots †. So that, my dear child, I can this day say, as once the great conqueror of Asia did, that I have at length met with a danger worthy of me: I will not therefore go any farther till I have tried this adventure, since my good fortune has thrown it in my way.' Sancho, who hoped to have diverted his master from that dangerous enterprise by his usual discretion, replied—

'It is my opinion, Sir, that we go forthwith into the village, and that we do not meddle with that Orlando, who has done us no harm; for if the holy brotherhood ‡ once lays hold of us, we shall most certainly be sent to the gallies, and be kept there till the grey hairs grow out at the calves of our legs.'—'Ah, Sancho,' replied the knight, 'how ill you relish adventures! What would become of us if I should follow your timorous advice? I should shun all opportunities of acquiring honour, and should become the scandal of knight-errantry. Islands and empires are not to be

gained after that manner. My friend, if you would have me make your fortune for you, rouze up your courage, and shew yourself worthy of the post you may expect from my valour.'—'Well, Sir,' quoth the squire, 'since it is absolutely necessary, for the gaining of kingdoms, to murder that poor melon-keeper, I will oppose it no longer; you may even put your hand to the plough. Since I am among wolves, I must howl as well as they. It is true, Orlando has done us no wrong; but why should he stand in our way. When it rains, unhappy they who stand under the spouts.'—'Now that Paladin's body being rendered invulnerable by enchantment,' said Don Quixote, 'and there being no possibility of wounding him anywhere but on the sole of the foot, you may plainly see I am going to encounter the greatest danger that ever knight-errant was in. I must therefore recommend one thing to you: do you perform the duty of a faithful squire. Apply yourself to the god of battles; and beg, in the most fervent manner your zeal shall suggest, that I may come off conqueror in this combat: but if he shall dispose otherwise, if I fall under the irresistible force of the Count of Angiers; if I perish, do not fail to carry me back to my house at Argamasilla, thus arrayed as I am in the beautiful armour of my great friend Alquife; provided that Orlando, pleased with its goodness, and finding his own battered by the weight of my strokes, does not take it away, as formerly the haughty Ferrau || took away that which belonged to the beauteous Angelica's brother. This is not all neither; you shall cause me, in all my armour, and in a fierce posture, to be seated on a great chair of black cloth; and remember, that I will have my excellent sword in my hand, as the Cid Ruy Diaz § had; to the end that if any audacious Moor attempts to

* Paladin was a title of honour given by Charlemagne to his twelve peers. See Preface to Hoole's Ariosto.

† See the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto.

‡ The Santa Hermandad, or Holy Brotherhood, is an ancient institution in Spain, consisting of men enrolled from all parts, whose business it is to apprehend robbers and felons.

|| See the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto. Book I.

§ Ruy Diaz was a great Spanish general against the Moors, of whom many fables are told; and, among the rest, that he sat in a chair after his death several years, with his sword in his hand, and a Jew coming to pull him by the beard, he struck him. The Moors gave him the title of Cid, which in Arabick signifies Lord.

' pull me by the beard, as a Jew did
that brave defender of the faith, I
may, like him, take my revenge im-
mediately.'

Sancho could not forbear shedding tears, when he heard the knight talk after this rate. ' Ah, my good master !' cried he, ' I conjure you by Noah's ark, and by all the beasts in it, not to meddle with this Orlando ! Should you cut off one of his ears, yet you would not have an ear the more.' Thus speaking, as one who loved his master entirely, and who was sensible that if he lost him all his hopes would vanish, he fell into such a fit of sighing and sobbing, that it was dismal to behold him. ' Alas !' said he, in a sorrowful tone, ' what need was there that I, unhappy wretch as I am ! should come to serve your worship as your squire for so short a time ? Should your worship have the luck to perish in this cursed battle, tell me what will become of your poor squire in these Indies, so remote from his own country ? What will become of the poor forsaken damsels ? They will have no protector left them. Who will defend them against the giants ? Who will do and undo all wrongs ? There is an end of all ; and knight-errantry is gone to the dogs. Why did not I die last year at the hands of the Yankees ?—' Do not weep, my friend,' interrupted Don Quixote; ' I am not dead yet. Have not all knights been in the same danger I am in ? And yet how many of them ended their days in peace, in their ancient seats, with their wives and children about them. Yet, since I may cease to live this day, and since I am ignorant what fate is reserved for me, what is said, is said. If I die, you shall punctually perform what I have ordered.' Having spoken these words, he gave Sancho his hand to kiss, and spurred on towards the field of melons.

Rozinante, who was so spent with hunger and weariness, that he could scarcely stand, stopped, regardless of the spur, to regale himself, at every turn, with the leaves of the hedges that grew beside the way. In vain did his master upbraid him for not performing to his satisfaction the duties of knight-errantry : the poor beast moved

never the faster. At length, however, they reached the fatal field; and Don Quixote, having now entered it, made directly towards the cottage. The imaginary Orlando, as soon as he beheld him, cried out with might and main, that if he did not speedily retire, he might have cause to repent it; but the knight still advanced. When he was come within forty or fifty paces of the peasant, he stopped; and, brandishing his lance with a martial air, spoke to him in this manner—' Most valiant Count of Angiers, whose exploits have been sung to such melodious lays by the prince of poets, the divine Ariosto, this day I am to try with you the wonderful force of my arm ; a day memorable in knight-errantry ! At this time, fierce Paladin, it shall not avail you to have your whole body enchanted and invulnerable; for I, by thrusting a long pin up the sole of your foot, will give unto you your death's wound. Reflect, great warrior, on the various fortunes of heroes ! Thy proud head, which was the terror of the Saracen camp, and whose angry looks no mortal till this day could bear, shall be cut off by my sharp and dreadful sword, after a long and tedious combat, and then borne away on the point of my lance to the tilting at Saragossa : nor shall the army of the Emperor Charlemagne be able to deliver you out of my hands. Nothing shall save you; the valour of your cousin Rinaldo of Montalban, the efforts of Montesinos, of the Marquis Olivier, and of the genteel Astolphus of England, shall not guard you from my strokes : your two cousins, Grifon the white, and Aquilan the black, and the enchantments of the subtle Maugis of Aigren, shall nothing avail you. Come, then, renowned Frenchman, I make use of no fraud against you ; I come not to destroy you attended by a numerous army, like Bernard del Carpio and the Moorish king Marsilius of Arragon : I am but a single Spaniard with my horse and arms. What is it detains you ?—Advance ! Let not cowardice have any power over such a heart as yours ; and if you cannot avoid the sad fate which threatens you, yet at least preserve your ancient glory from the tongue

C H A P. VIII.

OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS DON QUIXOTE SAID TO HIS SQUIRE; AND HOW THAT CURIOUS DISCOURSE WAS INTERRUPTED.

' of slander.' Here our knight paused a while, imagining what he had said would be sufficient to persuade Orlando that he ought to prefer a glorious death, though certain, before an infamous life. But the peasant continuing silent, as not knowing what to answer, Don Quixote proceeded in the following manner. ' Tell me, O warlike Orlando! whence comes this heaviness, which renders you so unlike yourself? Is it a time to stand idle, when you hear yourself challenged to the fight? Draw near, great Paladin, mount your trusty and swift Brigliadoro*. But I remember,' continued our knight, ' that the Moorish enchanter, who posted you here to guard his castle, left you no horse: I will therefore alight from mine; for it shall not be said that I fought you at an advantage.' This said, he alighted. ' Courage, courage!' cried Sancho, at a great distance; ' courage, master Don Quixote! fall on courageously! I help you at this distance, praying for you like a madman. I have already twice said the *De Profundis* for your undertaking!' The melon-keeper seeing Don Quixote approach, covering himself with his shield, and brandishing his lance in such manner as made him believe he could have no other design than to kill him, (which was the only idea he could affix to the strange harangue he had just heard) called loudly to him not to advance. Finding this warning utterly disregarded, he laid down his bill-hook; and, picking up a smooth round pebble, instantly fitted it to his sling, and hurled it with all his force at the valorous Manchegan. By good fortune, the enchanted target being composed of brass, was proof against the stone, which fell down at his feet, without execution; but the Count of Angiers soon catching up a second pebble larger than the former, discharged it with redoubled might against the breast of the unfortunate Don Quixote: his armour rang like a bell, and he dropped senseless upon a bed of melons. The slinger, upon this, apprehending he had killed his man, fled towards the town immediately.

* Brigliadoro, which signifies Bridle of Gold, is the name given to Orlando Furioso's horse, in the poem of Ariosto.

port him and his armour: but when he came to the door, he stopped short, and, seeming to be mightily astonished, cried out—‘ What is it I see? I find nothing here but a poor cottage! The magnificent palace, which but now appeared to me, is vanished! ’—‘ As for my part,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ I am not deceived in the least; for, from first to last, this cottage seemed to me no more than a cottage; and I am glad that once in your life you will grant you took a pig for a dog.’—‘ I grant nothing,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘ every man sees after his own manner. It is no wonder that you, who are but a peasant, can see things but like a peasant; but I, who am knighted, and consequently see things as they really are, have cause to be surprised at finding nothing here but a little hut.’—‘ Sir,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ I am of opinion it is better for us to go into the cottage to rest us, than to stand here arguing whether I ought to see like a peasant or like a knight; and when we are there, we may eat of the melons, if we please, since they are in our power.’—‘ I consent, my friend,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ for I am sorely bruised, and it is my courage that supports me more than my strength.’

Thus saying, they went into the cottage; and Sancho, having seated his master in a wicker-chair in the easiest posture he was able, went and unbridled Rozinante, and took off Dapple’s pannier; and, leaving the two beasts to range at discretion in the melon-ground, returned to his master, bringing the portmanteau and pannier on his back, and Rozinante’s bridle in his hand. ‘ Ah, Sancho!’ said Don Quixote to him, ‘ I do not wonder now that I find neither knight nor ladies here: I see into the mystery; I have discovered the deception. That malignant Moorish enchanter whom I told you of, ten thousand times more crafty than Atlas the magician, knowing that all his conjuration could not defend the Count of Angiers against my prowess, nor exclude me from his magnificent castle, what has he done to disappoint me? He has carried away the Paladin, and transported him and his castle, by the hands of his familiar devils, to the top of the highest mountain of Armenia, near

Noah’s Ark; and has left nothing here but a wretched hut to deceive our eyes and understandings. But I am not so easily imposed upon: for, as soon as ever I have won the prize at the tilting we will go into Armenia; we will clamber up even to the summit of that high mountain; we will besiege the enchanter’s castle; and when we have made ourselves masters of it by killing Orlando, we will set free the great Cham of Tartary, the two princesses his daughters, his bastard, his uncle, and his sister, whom the false necromancer keeps there enchanted.’—‘ Aye, Sir!’ quoth the squire, ‘ but if that Orlando Furioso guards the castle-gate with his staff that has a spear at the end of it, and his devilish sling, I declare to you I will not come within an hundred leagues of him.’—‘ Let not that trouble you,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘ I will take care that he shall not hurt you; and, to do you honour, it is my will that you kill him, by running a long pin into the sole of his foot when I have him under me.’—‘ Then you must be sure,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ to hold him so fast that he can stir neither hand nor foot.’—‘ I will grasp him so hard,’ said the knight, ‘ that he shall not be able to breathe.’—‘ If so,’ answered the squire, ‘ we shall be very unlucky if we do not compass our design. By Jove, I will clap my four fingers and my thumb to it, and I’ll thrust the pin up to his guts! But, Sir,’ continued he, ‘ I have a thought just come into my head: I would fain know why that Moorish necromancer enchanted the bastard of Tartary?’—‘ Why?’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ I will tell you; for I know all the sequel of the story. The enchanter fell in love with the great Cham of Tartary’s younger daughter: that princess, who was as beautiful as the sun, was called Guenipea. She was thought to be daughter to Charlemagne; and there was reason to believe it: for that prince, in his younger day, going abroad to seek adventures, like a knight errant as he was, the great Cham’s wife seeing him, fell in love; and the history tells us that the matchless Guenipea was the fruit of their tender affections. However it was, the Moorish enchanter used all the methods gene-

rally practised by lovers to please their mistresses, to gain that princess's affection; but Guenipea, who hated him mortally because he was red-haired, made such harsh returns to his courtship, that the Moor, despairing ever to gain her love by his addresses, had recourse to the secrets of his art: but enchantments, as you well know, having no power over the affections, and the princess requiting all his love with hatred, he resolved to steal her and all her family. To that end, he caused his demons in one night to build the palace you saw but a moment ago in this melon field, and in it he shut up the great Cham and his family. But you will ask, and it will be an ingenious question, what reason the enchanter had to build a castle upon such a great road; for I agree with you, that magicians generally seat them in desarts, on the top of some steep rock in the midst of the sea, or in the most secret part of a close forest: I will inform you, therefore, what private motives influenced the Moor on this occasion. His intention being to humour the Princess Guenipea, and to make her confinement as easy as possible, he caused the castle to be built in this field, well knowing the princess was such a lover of melons, that she could not live without them: in short, Sancho, Guenipea is passionately fond of them; and I think I have read that her stars seem to foretel she shall die of a surfeit of melons.'—'Lord, how I pity Guenipea!' cried Sancho, 'for being now cooped up on that high mountain of vermin; where, I fancy, there are no more melons than in the pond of Toboso. But, Sir, now you talk of the melons, let us taste a little of those that grow in this ground. Since you have gained the field of battle, we had as good reap the fruit of our victory.' Having so said, he went and gathered two melons, which he chose by making an incision in them; and returned with a joyful heart and smiling countenance. He gave his master some slices of them, who eat very little; for his part, he laid about him as fast as he could swallow: but in the height of his jollity the Count of Angiers returned with three lusty fellows of the town; and seeing Rozi-

nante and Dapple living at discretion in the melon-ground, breaking the hedges, eating some of the melons, and trampling on the rest, they rushed into the cottage, cursing and swearing, and presently rang a dismal peal of bastinadoes upon the bones of our adventurers. Don Quixote, who had unfortunately taken off his head-piece, to be the more at ease, received, among the rest, such a knock on the scull, as brought him senseless to the ground. A still sorer portion of cudgelling fell to the lot of the squire; who, having no armour to break the fury of the blows, lost nothing of the good-will with which they were laid on. This sharp piece of service being over, the Paladin and his companions, not at all concerned for the wounded men, whom they left speechless in the hovel, returned to Ateca; taking Rozinante and Dapple along with them, in satisfaction for the damage that had been done in the melon-field.

C H A P. IX.

OF THE GREAT SORROW AND AFFLITION DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO ENDURED FOR THE LOSS OF ROZINANTE AND DAPPLE—AND HOW THEY WERE ENTERTAINED BY MASTER VALENTIN, A CANON OF ATECA.

ALL this while Don Quixote and his squire lay entranced on the ground. At length Sancho coming to himself, and feeling his bones ache with the bruises he had received, cried out in an angry, whining tone—' Well, Sir Loveless, or rather Brainless Knight, will you believe me another time? I have advised you, over and over again, to go about your business and wrong nobody; and I could never prevail upon your dogged disposition. Chew now upon these apples of affliction; and God grant that half a score more of those Jews you talked of do not come to make an end of us if we stay here any longer. Lift up your head a little, if you can, brave knight! and you'll find it so full of bunches, that you'll have more reason than ever to call yourself the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect.'

Dox

Don Quixote, at these words, raised his head, and exclaimed, ' King Sancho! King Sancho*! you cannot, however, say that I did not forewarn you a traitor would come out of Zamora during the siege, to surprize you.'—' A curse on the spirit of antichrist!' cried Sancho in a rage; ' our souls are just ready to skip out of our mouths, and you are muttering the story of King Sancho! You had better sing the Swan's Hymn †, methinks. For St. Apollonia's sake, let us go home and look out for a surgeon to plaster our bodies all over!'—' You must understand, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, ' that the traitor who has brought me into this condition is the perfidious Bellido d'Olfos ‡, the lawful son of Oifos de Beilido.'—' The plague confound him, and all his race to the seventh generation!' said the squire. ' Haste away to Zamora,' continued the knight; ' and when you are near the city, you will discover at a distance the good old man Arias Gonzalez, standing betwixt two battlements; in whose presence you shall change your name, and take that of Don Diego de Lara §: then uttering the same words that Don Bermudo's son made use of, you shall charge with treason, and shall challenge, all the knights, squires, women, and children; and, in a word, all the town. Then shall you kill all the sons of Arias Gonzalez, and of Peter Arias.'—' Blessed Virgin, and Mother of God!' cried Sancho, ' we are in a fine condition, I warrant you! Here have four great over grown hang-dogs of melon keep-ers, been pounding me to a mummy with their cudgels, and you would have me go to Zamora, to renounce my baptism, and to challenge all the town, that an hundred thousand millions of men may come out of the city and devour me with a grain of salt. It is better for us to rise, if we are able, and go get ourselves dress'd in the next town.' This said, exerting the feeble remains of his strength, he raised himself from

the ground; and Don Quixote, taking his hand, with much difficulty did the like. But when, upon their quitting the hut, they cast their eyes round the melon field, without being able to descry either Dapple or Rozinante, then was it that they perceived, in it's full extent, the implacable enmity of the Moorish enchanter. Don Quixote was grieved to his soul; and Sancho, yet more impatient than his master, was nearly beside himself. ' Alas, my dear Dapple!' quoth he, blubbering most bitterly, ' we have been too soon parted! Oh, my ass, the delight of my soul, the light of my eyes, and the charming object of my thoughts! Who are the robbers that unmercifully drove you away? you, who for your long ears might be dean of the asses! We two understood one another, like two foster-brothers! When I carried your barley into the stable, you made as harmonious musick as the barber does when he goes at night to play on his guittar and sing under Joan's window.'—' Friend Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, ' what does it avail you thus to torment yourself? Have not I lost the best horse in the world?'—' Body o' me!' replied Sancho sourly, ' I do not forbid you to lament your horse; let me bewail my ass, then!'—' I tell you once more, my son,' answered Don Quixote, ' you ought to take comfort after this loss, though he were lineally descended even from the ass of Balaam. It is a weakness to be inconsolable for losses. If they are irreparable, reason should make us bear them with resolution. If they may be repaired, why should we let sorrow overwhelm us? I will make strict search after Rozinante and Dapple; and if it does not succeed, we have still our portmanteau to relieve us. We'll buy another horse, and another ass; and thus we'll disappoint the magician, who thought he should prevent my appearing at the tilting at Saragossa, by causing my horse to be stolen. In the meanwhile, you must carry the portmanteau and the

* Sancho the First, King of Castile, was murdered at the siege of Zamora, by a villain who pretended to desert to him from that place.

† The swan is said by the poets to sing just before it's death.

‡ Bellido d Olfos is the traitor who killed King Sancho at Zamora.

§ An old romantick story in ballads, that this Lara challenged all the city of Zamora for the murder of King Sancho.

' pannel on your back, as far as that town, where we will rest ourselves.' The hope Sancho conceived that he should once more obtain sight of his dear Dapple, mitigated his tribulation; and, though his body was bruised all over, he took up the pannel and portmanteau, contriving it so that the crupper of the pannel hung over his mouth.

As soon as they entered Ateca, a crowd of boys and idle people gathered round them, and attended them shouting to the great square. The magistrates, and some of the canons of the church, were walking there at that time. They were astonished to see Don Quixote in that uneasy equipage, and his squire laden with the pannel, the crupper of which bridled up his nose. The scene seeming at once both comical and serious, they knew not whether to laugh at, or commiserate them. But Don Quixote finding himself in the midst of such a numerous assembly, which seemed not to have eyes enough to gaze on him; and being moved with a just resentment against the ravishers of Rozinante, addressed the audience as follows, particularly fixing his eyes on the magistrates and churchmen—

' Are not you ashamed, gentlemen,' cried he, ' to allow of robbers among you; who, to please my enemy the Moorish enchanter, have by surprize deprived me of my indefatigable courser, and my squire of his excellent steed! Order what has been stolen from us to be restored immediately; and let those audacious persons who have wounded us, because they caught us on foot and defenceless, be delivered up to us on discretion: otherwise I must look upon you all as traitors, or as accessaries to treason; and as such I defy and challenge you all, either man to man, or all of you at once, against me singly!' This extravagant harangue did not fail to excite the laughter of the audience; and one of the churchmen, taking some of the others aside, said to them—

' Gentlemen, I suspect this strange person's age must be the very Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history we have lately read for our diversion. You shall see I am not mistaken.' Thus saying, he went up to Don Quixote, and accosted him as follows—

' Sir Knight-errant, (for by your noble

mien, and by your armour, we guess you are of that order) are not you, I pray, that incomparable knight of La Mancha, whose unheard-of exploits resound in all parts? In a word, are not you the heroick Don Quixote?'—

' Yes, I am he,' replied the knight very gravely; ' and I will make those villains who have stolen Rozinante, fully sensible that their base contrivances against me will not be tolerated!'—

' Good Sir Don Quixote,' answered the canon, ' we have here too great a veneration for knights-errant, and especially for you, to suffer you to be wronged in the smallest particular. We will do you justice for the injury you have received; and will not only take care that what you have lost shall be restored; but if you know the men that have abused you, assure yourself we will cause them to be most severely punished.'

' As for him that I fought with,' said Don Quixote, ' I know well enough where he is; and he shall soon hear from me. But the villain that wounded me treacherously was Bellido d'Ollos.'—

' No, no!' cried Sancho interrupting him, and putting aside the crupper which stopped his mouth; ' hear me, gentlemen! He that knocked down my master, with a stone cast out of a sling, is an arch knave that guards a field of melons hard by here. A brawny-backed fellow, who squints, and has turn-up whiskers. It is that dog, whom Heaven confound! who came with other madmen and beat all our bones to a jelly; and when they had mauled us to death, carried away Rozinante and my ass, God knows whither!' Master Valentin (for that was the name of the canon who spoke to them) being naturally very charitable, and believing Don Quixote stood in need of some relief, said to him—

' Sir Knight, all that has been stolen from you shall be restored: in the mean time, I beseech you, do me the honour to repair to my house with your squire.' Sancho pressed his master to accept of the offer, and Master Valentin carried them home.

The first thing that the good churchman did, was to send for the surgeon of the town to search the wound the knight had received in his head, which fortunately did not prove dangerous. Whilst the surgeon was making some lint,

lint, and taking out his implements for the first dressing, Don Quixote looking earnestly upon him, said—‘ In truth, ‘ Master Elizabeth*, my dear friend, ‘ I am overjoyed that I am this day ‘ fallen into your skilful hands; for I ‘ remember to have read, that you ‘ know how to apply such sovereign ‘ medicines to the wounds of knights- ‘ errant, that Averroes, Avicen, and ‘ Galen, were scarce worthy to be your ‘ apprentices. But I pray you, tell ‘ me whether my wounds are mortal? ‘ for if they are, I cannot, by the ‘ laws of chivalry, consent to their ‘ being dressed till I have had full re- ‘ venge for Bellido’s treachery.’ The surgeon, not knowing what answer to make to this non-sense, looked upon Master Valentin; who, on his side, was hardly less astonished. Fearing, however, that too much talking and earnestness might throw Don Quixote into a fever, and render his wound dangerous, he continued dressing without speaking a word; except assuring him that in a few days he would be perfectly recovered. After the dressing, the canon sent every person out of the apartment, leaving Don Quixote to repose himself on a very good bed. Sancho, who held the candle during the operation, and had not spoken a word the whole time, was bursting to make amends for such a long silence, by setting his tongue at liberty again. No sooner, therefore, was he out of the room, but he said to Master Valentin—‘ By my faith, Master Licentiate, my ribs smart cruelly. That Bellido, since it must be Bellido, was no kinder to me than to my master; he has left no part sound about me but my stomach: and, by the Lord, had he spoiled that, as he has done all other parts of me, I should wish all the Bellidos in the world at the devil! And therefore I beg of you, Master Licentiate, that you will order the cloth to be laid immediately, that I may exercise my jaws a little; for I have more need of that at present than of picking my teeth.’—‘ But, friend,’

quoth the canon, ‘ we must see whether you are not wounded also, before Master Elizabeth is gone: you need only speak, and he’ll make two incisions for one.’—‘ Oh, by my conscience, I have done with him!’ answered the squire; ‘ all these surgeons wish for nothing but wounds and sores. Let them alone, they will thrust their lancet into your head without any ceremony, as if it were to pull maggots out. God be praised! I am not wounded; and I can better be without lint this bout, than without bread and liquor.’ The canon, upon this, ordered him some supper; and, having sent out to enquire after the pretended Bellido and his companions, who were easily found, procured the restoration of Rozinante and Dapple. Sancho seeing them, ran hastily out of the porch where he was at supper, and coming up to his ass, embraced him with all the tenderness of a lover to his mistress. ‘ Welcome, my dear Dapple!’ cried he. ‘ I wish you joy! Tell me, how have you been used during my absence? Has that great ill looking fellow Orlando given thee straw and barley enough toumble? Oh, the drunken dog! Oh, the splay-footed rogue! May it please St. Nicolina, my godmother’s patroness, that I may see him hanged an hundred years hence.’ Valentin seeing Sancho joyful at the recovery of his ass, said to him smiling—‘ Master Squire, though you had lost your ass, you ought not to despair; for I would have presented you with a delicate she ass worth at least as much, if not more than he is.’—‘ That cannot be, Master Licentiate,’ replied the squire: my Dapple is worth his weight in gold; and we were made for one another. I understand him by half a word, as well as if I had begotten him. I know whether he asks for barley, or whether he would be carried to water. In short, I can say no more, but that I know him better than you do your father.’—‘ Then you understand the language of the asses,’

* Master Elizabeth is a very skilful surgeon belonging to the Lady Grasinda: by her he is despatched to attend upon Amadis de Gaulle, who at that time travelled under the title of the Knight of the Green Sword. Soon after, being cast away upon the Devil’s Island, Amadis slay a heathen monster, named Lutinicus (not unlike the dragon conquered by Spenser’s Red-crozier knight) and in the heat of the combat received in that combat, which were many and dangerous, by Master Elizabeth. Amadis de Gaulle, Book 3. Chapters 9 and 10.

said Valentin. ‘ As well as any licentiate,’ answered Sancho: ‘ there is not a syllable escapes me.’

C H A P. X.

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HELD WITH MASTER VALENTIN, AND TWO OTHER CANONS; AND WHAT HE SAID WHEN THEY SHEWED HIM THE FIRST PART OF HIS HISTORY.

WHILE Sancho was gone from the clergyman to carry Rozinante and Dapple to the stable, two canons of the great church came to visit their brother Valentin. They asked him how he liked his two guests. ‘ As well as can be,’ replied Valentin; ‘ I can assure you I have now in my house a princely pastime. Don Quixote really seems to me as mad as the historian has represented him; and for Sancho, though he has his senses, his simplicity is such that I do not wonder he consents to all his master’s chimeras. If you have a mind to be diverted, come and dine with me to-morrow. The knight rests at present, and it would be barbarous to disturb him.’ The canons accepted of the invitation; and, as they were taking leave of their brother, Sancho returned from the stable. Valentin stopped him; and, having set his tongue going upon his master’s affairs, the honest squire, who desired no better than to have an audience, acquainted the canons, that Don Quixote, no longer able to bear Dulcinea’s scorn, had changed his name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, for that of the Loveless Knight; and that, under this appellation, he was going to exert his dexterity and valour at the tilting at Saragossa: in short, he told them whatsoever he could recollect of his master’s exploits and adventures. The canons were ready to expire with laughter at every turn; for Sancho’s stile was no less diverting than the follies he related. When they had heard him, they went home; not questioning but they should have good sport the next day. After they were gone, Valentin entered Don Quixote’s room very softly; intending, if he was awake, to make him eat a few new-laid eggs, and drink a glass of wine: but, whether

nature, being exhausted by heating and fatigue, required rest; or whether the bed of a canon possessed in some peculiar degree the powers of somnolency; he found the knight in so profound a sleep, that he left him till the next morning; when Don Quixote arose, greatly refreshed and invigorated.

The canons did not fail coming the next day to dine with Valentin; and when they were all seated at table, they began to discourse of knight-errantry. ‘ It were happy for us,’ said one of the canons, ‘ if there were more knights-errant at this time amongst us; for the world is much more depraved than it was in the days of Amadis de Gaule: and, though there were as many knights in Spain as there are gnats, God forgive me! I believe they would all find employment enough. Injustice reigns everywhere, falsehood prevails, and unreddressed wrongs are infinite. In one place detraction sullies honour, and destroys reputation; in another, orphans are crying for assistance: and I will forfeit my prebendal dignity if there be any thing more frequent than forsaken damsels.’ — ‘ It is true,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘ that, to the shame of this age, knight-errantry is neglected; but it shall not be my fault if that sacred order be not speedily revived; and if all men, whose courage and virtue render them worthy, would follow my example, we should soon see justice done to those orphans and damsels you speak of.’ — ‘ Aye, if they would follow your example,’ answered the canon; ‘ but there’s the point. Pray, where will you find men fit to encounter giants as tall as wind-mills! men bold enough to charge a whole army as if it were but a flock of sheep! Believe me, worthy Don Quixote, your actions will be admired; but I much question whether any body will imitate them.’ Sancho, who waited at table, and now and then drawing near the side-board, took a good draught by stealth; and another time, carrying off the dishes that were served up, suffered nothing to return to the kitchen without tasting it; hearing now his master’s exploits discoursed of, soon put in for a share of the conversation. ‘ Master Licentiate,’ quoth he, interrupting the canon, ‘ you have forgot the best of the story. Is

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the adventure of the fulling-mills but a trifle, d'ye think? Hang me, if I do not fancy I still hear that confounded noise, which made my guts wamble in my belly! Faith and troth, I found, that bout, that my mother's son was in quake-breech fear!— And you made your master smell it,' replied Valentin, smiling. 'I don't deny it,' answered the squire; 'but you know very well, Master Valentin, that, when nature will work, there is no bidding her stay: the shot must fly, or the gun split.' The canons burst out a laughing; and he who had been silent before, said—'For my part, I admire the penance Don Quixote underwent in Sierra Morena* in imitation of Beltenebros!—'And, pray, was not the rescuing of the galley-slaves,' cried Sancho, 'a notable exploit? And the combat with the Biscainer, and the adventure of the Yanguesians? But hold, gentlemen,' continued he, checking himself, 'no more of that, I beseech you; let that never be mentioned; there's a reason for it.'—'Well, friend Sancho,' said Valentin, 'that adventure, for your sake, must be buried in oblivion, as well as that of your tossing in a blanket: and, for my part, whenever I read your master's history over again, (and I keep it very close in my closet) I promise you that, when I come to those scurvy passages, I will turn over the leaf without reading them.'

Don Quixote was amazed to hear that Valentin was in possession of his history. 'Master Licentiate,' said he, 'is it possible that the wise Alquife, who is to record all my actions, has already published those I have performed!'— 'The wise Alquife,' quoth Valentin, 'is not the author of the history I speak of: it is an Arabian writer, whose name, if I mistake not, is Cid Hamet Benengeli.'—'I am not acquainted with that necromancer,' answered Don Quixote: 'but it is no matter; do me the favour to shew me his work.'—'With all my heart, if you desire it,' said Valentin; and, rising from table, he went into his closet, whence he brought a book, which

he delivered to the knight. 'Let us see, pray,' quoth Sancho; 'let us see whether that book mentions me.'— 'You need not question, friend,' said one of the canons; 'for it mentions your ass.'—'My ass!' quoth the squire; 'then it is the ass Ginesillo de Passamonte stole from me; for this ass I have now was not with us last year. Alas, poor infant! he is this year in his noviciate of knight-errantry; but, on my conscience, if he holds on as he begins, he must have a whole history written of him alone.' In the mean while, Don Quixote opened the book; and, while he read, the canons eyed him attentively. He stopped at the first page; where the author, describing him, says, none ravished him so much as the works of Feliciano de Silva, whom he admired for the beautiful perplexity of his expression. How was he transported when he read such amorous complaints as the following!— 'The reason of the unreasonableness which you offer to my reason, does so weaken my reason, that, with all reason, I complain of your beauty. &c.'—'Benengeli,' quoth Don Quixote, shutting the book in a passion, 'is an impostor, or rather a slanderer. I perceive he has compiled this work only to rob me of my honour, that I might be taken for a madman by those who do not know me. He made haste to be before-hand with the wise Alquife, my faithful historian, well knowing that the first impressions are hardly to be defaced. He charges me with being fond of fustian bombast stuff: do you, gentlemen, do me justice; tell me whether my words make good that charge? By this you may discover that ancient historians are to be read with circumspection, and that their censures are no more to be regarded than their praises; since an author dares slander me whilst I am yet living. I declare, I disapprove of Feliciano de Silva's stile; I am not pleased with his impertinent jingle of words: and, Heaven be praised! I am so far from falling short in my judgment in that point, that I flatter myself I have sense enough to find fault with better works than that of Feliciano de Silva;

* Sierra Morena is a chain of mountains in the province of Andalusia in Spain. The name signifies the Brown Mountain.

and I know not but I might make good criticisms even upon Galatea*. I will recite to you a few verses of my own composing; not that I value myself upon being a good poet, but only to convince you that I do not love bombast; for, if I affect it, it must appear in my poems, rather than in my conversation; since you know that poets, giving a loose to their fancies, may easily swerve from their natural strain, and fly into extravagances, if judgment ceases to guide them.' The canons declaring it would be the greatest satisfaction imaginable to hear his verses—' Well, then,' said he, ' hear a Sonnet, which I composed last year, on the Princess Dulcinea's recovery from a fit of sickness.'

SONNET.

AT length, my fair, we gain the victory due!
Death, vanquish'd Death, declines th' unequal strife:
Our vows o'er Fate prevail to spare your life;
And Nature's loveliest work is sav'd in you.

Languid and pale your fading beauties grew!
Languid and pale, they still inspir'd delight:
Your eyes ha'f quench'd in everlasting night,
Reverence at once and streams of sorrow drew!

Those eyes their wonted radiance now impart;
Those heavenly charms with health return again;
But what, alas! returns to my poor heart!
My fair-one's cure scarce mitigates my pain!
Since, if she die, I too for grief depart;
If she survive, I perish by disdain!

' This, I think, may suffice,' continued Don Quixote, ' to convince you, that Benengeli gives a very false account of me.'—' Sir Knight,' said one of the canons, ' your works and your discourse much discredit that Arabian author; yet, after all, he deserves pardon, for though in the first page of his book he does you that wrong, I can assure you that throughout all the rest of his history he does you justice, making you talk like a man of sense.'—' So much the worse,' replied Don Quixote; ' for an author ought to preserve consistency in his characters. Read all Homer's Iliad, and mark whether the character

of Achilles fails in any part. Do not you see the same Achilles who braved Agamemnon, and who chose rather to suffer the conflagration of the Grecian fleet, than to forego his resentment? Do not you see, I say, the same coherence of passion in the answers he returns to good old Priam, who desires he will restore to him the dead body of Hector his son? Thus it is that Homer keeps up all his characters: you will not find that he ever departs from any of them. Ulysses is always crafty; Nestor still continues the oracle of the army: and therefore Benengeli, designing to make me pass for a madman, ought not to make me discourse like a discreet person.'

C H A P. XI.

HOW DON QUIXOTE PARTED WITH MR. VALENTIN; AND HOW SANCHO FOUND ARCHBISHOP TURPIN'S CLUB.

THE canons could not but admire that extravagant medley of folly and judgment which appeared in Don Quixote's discourse; and, being conscientious men, who pitied their neighbours frailties, they cursed in their hearts the pernicious books which had destroyed such an excellent understanding. Sancho, who had stood by and listened to his master with a great deal of attention, perceiving that he had done, said, in his turn, to the canons—' Well, gentlemen, what say you now to my master Don Quixote? I faith you must own he has both rhyme and reason at his fingers ends! Had he been an archbishop, he had made lectures in every corner! Words multiply under his hands; I could listen to him for ever: and when he talks, I fancy I hear a book read! By my faith, I would this very moment give sixpence I have in my pouch, with all my heart, to have words always at command as he has! Ah! what brave stories I would tell the wenches at the bake-house in our village! I love men of sense; I declare it: and if Fortune should so order it that my wife and I should have a son by our holy endeavours, I here

* A work written by Cervantes, and published in the year 1584.

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' make a vow I will send him to learn divinity at Salamanca. But the dog must not think he shall spend his father's means in gaming with other sons of whores like himself, for I will give him more lashes with this girdle I have on, than there are hairs in my venerable beard.' So saying, he took off his girdle, and began to apply it smartly to the legs of the canons, crying out in a passion—' Study, you hang-dog! learn your book, if you design to be a governor after me.'—' Enough, enough, Mr. Sancho!' said one of the canons, holding his arm; 'remember the boy you are whipping is not yet begotten.'—' Well, I will have done, then, for this time,' replied the squire, 'since your wifess are so pleased; and he may thank you for it, for if I am so satisfied for the first fault, he may assure himself he shall pay for all the next he commits.'—' How absurd your behaviour is, Sancho!' said Don Quixote very gravely; 'you have no son yet, and you pretend to whip him already, because he will not go to school.'—' Ah, Sir!' quoth Sancho, 'do not you know that children must be corrected in time; and that if they are humoured when they are little, they grow lazy and wilful? They must understand from their mother's belly that learning is to be whipped into them; for so my father bred me: and if I have any guts in my brains, by my troth! I may thank good banging for it. He let drive at me so unmercifully, that the old curate, who then lived, (God have glory of his good soul!) every time he met me in the street, laying his hand on my head, would say— "If this boy is not beaten to death, he will grow by inches."—' Nay, then, friend Sancho,' quoth Valentin, 'I perceive your old curate was a great prophet.'—' Yes, Sir,' replied the squire; 'I will assure you he was a man of parts. In his younger days he had been at the university of Alcala; and he was so learned, that he could say part of his vespers by heart.' The canons were mightily pleased with Sancho's flights, whom they perceived to be no wiser, but yet jollier, than his master'; and therefore they came every day to Valentin,

where our adventurers still furnished them fresh scenes of diversion.

Don Quixote, finding his wound perfectly cured at the end of eight days, thought he could not make any longer stay there without infringing the laws of chivalry; and therefore the ninth day, after dinner, he said to his host—' I think it is now time that I have your permission to depart for Saragossa: you are very sensible how much that expedition concerns knight-errantry. If fortune proves favourable to my undertakings, I design to send you the chief prize of the tilting, which I now conjure you to accept of: it is the least I can do for one who has taken such care to recover me of my wounds.' The charitable Valentin, who longed to discourse seriously with our adventurer, and to try whether it were not possible to incline that distracted soul to some profitable employment, calling up all his eloquence to his assistance, answered Don Quixote in this manner—' Mr. Quixada, you are free to go when you please; but I beseech you, consider for a moment, how strangely you are misled and deluded! Others would please themselves with humouring your extravagant notions; but, for my part, I know nothing more deplorable, and I think it a duty of my profession to endeavour to remove your blindness. Consider that Amadis de Gaule, Esplandian, and all those other ancient knights, whom your ridiculous books of chivalry make mention of, and whose examples you fondly endeavour to follow, are but imaginary heroes. What historian, what wise author of any nation whatsoever, writes of them as of men that have really had a being! All the actions recorded of them in those fabulous books which have disturbed your understanding, are nothing but lies invented for the amusement of the idle: puerile works, which magistrates ought to prohibit under the severest penalties, since such vain reading conduces only to keep people in ignorance, and make them neglect those things which are profitable and instructive. I think yourself, master Quixada, that it is a mortal sin thus to forsake your house, and neglect your affairs, for

' the sake of rambling about the world like a madman, with that poor peasant whom you have seduced to take part in your extravagances. Cannot you discern, even in the midst of your madness, that you make yourself the sport of great and small, and that you expose the honour of a gentleman to the scorn of the rabble? Under the absurd pretence of righting wrongs which are not committed, you molest travellers upon the publick road; and perhaps, ere long, the Holy Brotherhood may lay hold of you for murdering some innocent creature; and then, without any regard to your distempered imagination, will inflict on you some punishment that may stigmatize your family. Let me entreat you once again, Mr. Quixada, seriously to consider with yourself; put away all those fantastical notions of chivalry; get home as fast as you can, and give your friends and kindred (who deplore your folly) the satisfaction of seeing you once more make the right use of your reason. Read good books; and follow such exercises as may gain you the esteem of all good men. If you are willing to take my advice, I do here promise to bear you company to your own habitation, though it be above forty leagues from hence to Argamasilla; and I will defray all the charge of the journey, that you may be persuaded I have no other design in the counsel I have just given, but to promote your honour, and to take care of your soul.'

As soon as master Valentin had ended, Sancho, who had observed his discourse with great attention, took upon him to speak; and, without rising from his ass's pannel, on which he was then sitting, said—'Indeed, Mr. Licentiate, you are no fool! All you have said to my master Don Quixote is most true; and it is no more than has been told him an hundred thousand millions of times by the curate Peter Peres, master Nicholas the barber, and myself; but, as they say, My mother corrects me, and I laugh

' at her: it is a vile child, that will not mend. You will never rid his mad head of the whim he has taken of going about to look for wrongs, or rather for melon-keepers or muleteers, to beat us like dogs: besides, he every moment takes inns for castles; abuses all we meet, by calling them Renards and Orlandos, and giving them such names the devil himself would not endure. Look ye now, Mr. Valentin, this is matter of fact: but the other day he gave the title of Infanta of Galicia to a nasty wench that came to me in the stable; and offered to commit the seven deadly sins for a groat. Body o'me! he talked to her with more breeding than he would do to the daughter of the Archdeacon of Toledo!'

During all this time, Don Quixote was leaning upon a window, absorbed in a profound reverie; which induced master Valentin to hope that his harangue would produce the desired effect upon him: but, as soon as Sancho ceased speaking, he started up like one that wakes out of a dream; and, looking round upon the canon with indignation, said to him, in a furious manner—'I am astonished, my Lord Arch-bishop Turpin*, that you, being one of the Emperor Charlemagne's chief barons, and allied to the twelve peers of France, should have quitted the noble exercise of chivalry, and given yourself up to such an idle and unprofitable life! The love of knighthood is in me too prevalent to admit of my following such cowardly counsels. No more, then, offend my ears with these frivolous exhortations, but rest satisfied with tamely saying your breviary; since, to the detriment of your former glory, you basely hang up, as an useless weapon, that ponderous and sanctified club, with which you used to beat out the brains of giants, and which has been so fatal to the fiercest warriors in the armies of King Marsilius and Agramante.'—' Ho, ho! Mr. Valentin!' quoth Sancho, interrupting his master and turning to

* The subject of a fabulous history ascribed to Turpin is the exploits of Charlemagne and his peers in the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain. Turpin is said to have been a monk of the eighth century; who, for his knowledge of Latin, his sanctity, and gallant exploits against the Saracens, was preferred to the archbishopric of Rheims by Charlemagne.

the clergyman, ‘you have had a touch at knight-errantry, too, it seems, though you do not boast of it: I will warrant you, then, you are no stranger to cudgelling, and bangs from a sing. By my soul, I am glad of it! He who finds most fault with the mare is the man that buys her.’—‘My son Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘give me my armour presently, and lead out my horse in a moment: let us get out of this palace, which is more dangerous than Armida’s.’—‘You see, master Licentiate,’ quoth Sancho, ‘that your lecture has signified nothing: in short, my master Don Quixote has too much wit to want sense.’—‘Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘time is precious; do what I bid you presently.’ The squire went immediately for his armour; and the knight, having put it on, mounted Rozinante, and abruptly departed; bowing to the archbishop gravely, but without speaking one word, so incensed was he at his cowardice. As for Sancho, when he was seated upon his ass, he said to master Valentin—‘Mr. Licentiate, I thank you for your good cheer; and I pray God to keep you per saeculorum!’—‘You are very learned,’ answered the clergyman; ‘you talk Latin?’—‘Like a canon,’ quoth Sancho; ‘though we have not taken our degrees, as you have done, yet we know a little of every thing as well as you: I could once have read my Cross-cross-low off hand; and if I had minded my godfather, who was churchwarden of our parish, and would have given me learning to help him to make up his accounts, I should have been, by this time, the top of our parish. In short, Mr. Valentin, my town’s name is Argamasilla; and I shall be always there ready to obey your commands, provided it be not against God or the Holy See Apostolick. Farewell! I kiss your hands; and I beseech holy St. Agnes that you may live as long as our grandfather Abraham, from whom we are all descended!’

Having spoken these words, he clapped both his heels to his ass’s sides, and followed his master; but, as he passed through the market-place, he was stopped by some officers of the town, who had a mind to have a little sport with him. ‘Hey! whither are you bound,

‘Sir Knight?’ said one of them.—‘Gentlemen,’ said Sancho, ‘I am no knight as yet; that is not to be done so hastily as you imagine: A man must be apprentice before he can be master; but when that holiday comes, we will be sure to keep it. In the mean time, we are going to the tilting at Saragossa, and from thence we proceed to take griffins nests on the mountain of Vermin.’—‘Good Mr. Squire,’ said another, ‘pray let us partake of the jewels you shall win at the tilting.’—‘As for the jewels,’ answered Sancho, ‘you should have spoke sooner; they are already promised to Master Valentin, who expects them as punctually as he does his four meals a day: but if you will accept of any giants, you shall have them in all sorts of dresses.’ This answer set all the officers a laughing; which the boys of the town observing, they began to shout and make faces, and at the same time saluted the speaker with a volley of peas from their sarbacanes, or pea-shooters. Sancho, not much relishing such a salutation, on this occasion approved himself a worthy squire of the renowned Don Quixote; he put on his ass boldly into the midst of the boys, and laying about with his cudgel to the right and left, soon drove away those that came nearest to offend him: having thus made himself way by his valour, he clapped both his heels to Dapple, and overtook his master; who, seeing him come upon a full trot, and in a heat, said to him—‘What is the matter, my son? you seem disturbed.’—‘The business is over,’ answered the squire; ‘and, God be praised! I had no need of your assistance. The Moorish enchanter had let loose at least an hundred fairies at my heels; but, by the help of this staff, which I accidentally found in Master Valentin’s stable, I drove them all away like flies.’—‘Sancho, Sancho!’ said Don Quixote, with a look and tone of astonishment, ‘let us go on fair and softly. You say you have put to flight the enchanter’s devils with that staff now in your hand.’—‘Yes, Sir,’ replied the squire; ‘for, by being used to chivalry, I gather courage.’—‘By the Lord!’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘it is Archibishop Turpin’s club that you have found; for, in short, my son, no G 2

'cudgel, of any length or thickness
'whatsoever, can put spirits to flight;
'that requires a weapon which has
'been blessed by some minister of the
'holy church.'—'By my faith!' said
Sancho, 'I will not answer for it's be-
ing Archbishop Turpin's club; but
I know it did me service at this time,
and may stand me in stead another.'—
'Ay, child!' quoth Don Quixote,
'it is better than Hercules's club: let
us keep that inestimable weapon very
carefully; it will be of the utmost
use to us: for, although my valour
be supported by a wonderful strength
of body, yet it is of no force against
the powers of hell; whereas, by vir-
tue of a club so sanctified, which
those rebellious spirits cannot with-
stand, we shall easily drive away the
devils and the enchanters.'—'So that
if we had had this good weapon last
year,' said the squire, 'we should
not have been so unmercifully beat-
en.'—'There is no doubt to be made
of it,' replied Don Quixote. 'Since
it is so,' answered Sancho, 'I will
keep it safer than my first shirt.—
'Oh, holy club!' said he, kissing it,
in an happy hour were you found:
when I took you up in Master Valen-

'tin's stable, I would willingly have
changed you for a bit of cheese; but,
by my faith! I will not now take a
dozen of hogs-puddings for you.—
Tell me, pray, Sir,' continued he,
was it not by means of this club that
Master Valentin came to be an arch-
bishop?'—'That may very well be,'
said Don Quixote. 'Body o'me!' re-
plied the squire, 'since it has made an
archbishop, it may as well make a
governor.. Why not? Cannot he
that threads a needle as easily string
a pearl?'—'It is certainly the wise
Alquife,' said Don Quixote, 'that
has conveyed to us such a precious
treasure, to make amends for the
fault of forsaking us the other day
in the melon-field!'—'It is true,'
quoth Sancho, 'that of late he has not
minded where we begged our bread.
He leaves us to stretch the leather
with our teeth: if you tumble in the
mire, there you may stick for him.
By my faith, I believe he only gave
you that armour to get you well
beaten!'—'Say no more, my child,'
said Don Quixote; 'let us not com-
plain of him: we may well forgive
his past neglect, considering the pre-
sent he has made us this day.'

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

AVELLANEDA'S



AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

OF THE DISAGREEABLE ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE MET WITH AS HE ENTERED THE CITY OF SARAGOSSA.

UNFORTUNATE knight of La Mancha! exclaims the sage Alifolan, at the beginning of this chapter; ‘ how little fortune favours your magnanimous undertakings ! You left Argamasilla to gain all the honour of the jousts at Saragossa ! and before you are able to reach the place, the whole ceremony is at an end ! ’ In short, when Don Quixote arrived within a mile of Saragossa, he was informed the tournament was over. This news exceedingly afflicted him ; and though he had in reality no person but himself to thank for losing so fair an opportunity of renown, yet could he not forbear laying all the blame on the Moorish enchanter and Archbishop Turpin. ‘ Those false men,’ said he, ‘ have accelerated the conclusion of the tilting, purposely to deprive me of the prizes ; which, had I once entered the lists, I had assuredly been master of.’ San-

cho also, partaking of his master’s dissatisfaction, murmured much that they had not staid for them. ‘ Oh, the rakes !’ said he, ‘ they were in mighty haste with their lousy tilting ; why did not they put it off till your coming ? There had been much better sport, I’ll warrant them ; for the more fools, the more laughter. What unmannerly people they are, to make so little account of us ! What, do they think you have a scald head, because your scull is bald ? ’ Don Quixote, for his part, compleatly vexed at having missed so splendid an opportunity of displaying himself, when he came to the Aljaferia, which is an ancient palace of the Moorish kings of Saragossa, suddenly halted ; and abundance of people flocking about to have the better view of him, and to ask why he came thus all in armour after the tilting was over, he raised his voice, and spoke these words— ‘ Knights of the city—and knights of this strong castle—give ear to me ! That I may retrieve the honour the enchanters have deprived me of by accelerating the tilting, I publickly challenge all those among you, whom love has made subject to some lady or princess ! and to-morrow you shall bereave yourselves how unfortunate they will prove whom my lance shall reach,

' or who shall encounter the edge of my invincible sword! But, at the same time, I challenge the governor, lord-mayor, aldermen, and all other magistrates of the city; to punish their incivility in not putting off the tilting for my sake!' This said, he spurred on Rozinante towards Saragossa; leaving about fifty or sixty persons, who had listened to him, in marvellous astonishment. ' It is some mad fellow who rides about the country,' said some of them. ' If he is not a fool,' said another, ' he is some scoundrel fit to be picked up by the Holy Brotherhood.' Sancho, not enduring to hear his master spoken ill of, cried out— ' Gentlemen, have a care what you say! you must not prate after this fashion about my master: he is the best knight-errant in our village. I have seen him, with my own eyes, perform such feats of arms, that should I go about to tell you all the story, I should stand in need of the pen of Goliah. It is true, that after fair weather comes rain. The wicked enchanters have sometimes curried our hides; but let them look to that: they shall pay for it, as I am an errant squire.' All who heard him fell a laughing; and admired his harangue as much as they did that of Don Quixote. One of them asking him what countryman he was— ' My master's,' replied Sancho: ' I am of my own village, which is called Argamasilla of La Mancha.'— ' And what is that Argamasilla?' quoth another. ' What is it?' replied Sancho: ' nay, faith, 'tis another guise place than your Saragossa. We have with us little houses with great courts, where there are above an hundred head of cattle: and, God be praised! in our village we have a smith, who out-does Aristotle at sharpening a ploughshare. We want nothing but a clock: but our curate, Mr. Peter Perez, vows we shall have a delicate pair of organs against the next jubilee year.' When he had thus spoken, he would fain have gone after his master; but one of the by-standers stopping him, said— ' Pray, friend, before you leave us, tell us the knight your master's name.'— ' It is,' answered Sancho, ' the great Don Quixote de La

Mancha: but do not mistake him; he is not now called, as he was last year, the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect; his name now is, the Loveless Knight, by reason of the unjust disdain of Madam Dulcinea, alias Aldonza Lorenzo, or Nogales; and my name is Sancho Panza, an honest man, as is said in my village, and husband to Mary Gutierrez; who is so good-natured and fair-conditioned, that she would willingly serve every body.' Having so said, he put on his ass to overtake Don Quixote; which he easily accomplished, Dapple's trot for the most part being little inferior to Rozinante's full speed, whose *ne plus ultra* was a hand-gallop.

Our adventurers at length reached Saragossa, and entered the city at the little gate, Don Quixote very attentively viewing the windows and the streets; while Sancho occupied himself with conjecturing at which of the inns his master would alight; for Rozinante, by natural instinct, stopped wherever he saw a sign; and the knight was fain to make liberal use of the spur-rowels, before he could prevail on him to proceed. As they rode on in this manner, they saw a man approaching them, mounted on an ass, naked from the waist upwards, with a rope about his neck. Another man, who made but an uneasy lacquey, followed him on foot nearer than he could have wished, holding in his hand a large bundle of rods, with which he jerked his back very frequently. They were attended by eight alguaziles*, and above two hundred boys shouting: it is easy to guess, without uncommon penetration, that this was a thief caught in the fact. Our hero, seeing this pitiful spectacle, determined speedily what line of conduct best became his character as a redresser of wrongs. Resolving to put a stop to such injustice, he fiercely took his post in the midst of the street, covered himself with his buckler, and, fixing his lance in the rest against those ministers of felony and treason, (a people outlawed in all ages by knight-errantry) in a threatening tone he cried out to them— ' Ye infamous and outrageous knights! unbind and set free that over-hardy cavalier, whom you have surprized

* Officers of justice in Sp. in,

‘ by your usual wiles; as, full of affliction for his lady's absence or disdain, he repos'd himself, without his armour, on the bank of a purling stream, under the shadow of the green willows! You have not only treacherously taken from him his horse, sword, and lance; but you have stripped him of his cloaths adorned with diamonds and rubies, and now basely carry him to a steep and inaccessible rock, there to immure him in a strong tower, and add one more to the numberless knights, sultans, and emperors, whom you most unjustly detain in those dark and pitiless dungeons! Unbind him, then, instantly! or I shall know how to force you to it, traitors and robbers as ye are!’ The alguaziles, surprized at the appearance of a phantom, armed cap a-pie, uttering such extravagant menaces, knew not what answer to make him. When they first perceived him brandish his formidable lance, they had halted; and now stood gazing at each other without speaking a word. The very executioner, though he had his orders from the supreme court of justice, ceased tormenting the patient; who, benefiting by the voice of this new Orpheus*, found his punishment suspended for some few minutes. At last, a man on horseback, who served as a clerk or notary among the officers of justice, perceiving that so strange a fellow alone stopped all the company, drew near the knight; and said to him—‘ What a pox is all this you prate to us? Stand aside! Are you mad?’ No sooner had he uttered these words, than Don Quixote put back Rozinante to gain more ground; and then advancing furiously upon the bold man who had presumed to use such disrespectful language to a knight-errant, had infallibly run him through with his lance, had not the notary thought it wisest to avoid so rude an encounter by instantly sliding down from his horse. The venturesome knight missing, by this stratagem, the object of his career, was borne against a wall with such violence, by the impetuosity of Rozinante, that rider and steed came to the ground together, miserably disconcerted. In ad-

dition to this misfortune, the lance was shivered into fifty pieces. This complicated danger, however, served but to evince the wonderful presence and self-collection of the resolute Manchegan: he in an instant cleared himself from the partner of his disaster, and what else soever impeded his rising; and, though dexterously bruised by the tumble, rushed forward amongst his astonished adversaries, sword in hand. The alguaziles, not knowing which way to turn themselves, cried aloud—‘ Help! help! We charge all here present, in the king's name, to aid and assist us!’ Several persons that were passing by, came in upon this outcry; and, drawing their swords, hemmed in Don Quixote; who, nothing daunted at the sight of so many enemies, bellowed with a loud voice—‘ St. James!—St. Denis!—my friends and companions—the day is our own!’ and, at the same time, laid about him so dexterously, that many came off with their ears and jaws horribly scarified. At length, however, somebody seizing him behind, got him undermost: then his valour became useless. There was no remedy but submitting to the greater number: in spite of all his efforts, they bound his hands; after which five or six of the alguaziles set him upon his own horse, with his face towards the tail, and conveyed him to prison.

Sancho, who had been an eye witness to all this affair, was wonderfully afflicted when he saw his master carried off in so ignominious a manner; and, following him at a distance, but without discovering that he belonged to him, the poor squire wept bitterly. ‘ A curse on him that does not love me’ said he to himself; ‘ what devil advised me to return again to knight-errantry? A murrain on all islands and governments! Would they were all in the bottom of a well! By St. John's eagle, my master is finely brought to bed! Alas! what will become of me! What shall I do here alone, without any wife or children? Poor father! Is wretch as I am! I shall now be forced to live like an abbot; and have nothing, t' eat but the fowl of the air, and the beasts of the earth!’

* Alluding to the descent of Orpheus into hell, where he pacified the torments of the damned.

Amidst these sorrowful mutterings, he came to the gate of the prison; where, having seen Don Quixote secured, he stood a long while without knowing which way to bestow himself. He heard the people about him say, that the man in armour deserved the severest punishment for offering to hinder the execution of justice. Some thought him worthy of death; but others, more merciful and compassionate, adjudged him only to be disciplined with two hundred lashes.

In the mean while, Don Quixote being conveyed into the prison, was stripped of his armour, and hand-cuffed for the greater security. The gaoler's son attempted to tie a rope about his neck; but the knight, full of disdain at such unworthy usage, lifted up both his hands, which were fastened together, and bestowed on the young man such a sour salutation with his handcuffs, that, although the youth's hat in some measure broke the force, his head did not escape without a contusion. He was about to second his stroke, when the gaoler prevented him by half a dozen good bangs, which made the blood gush from Don Quixote's nose and mouth. The gaoler's servants took his part, though there was no great need of it, and trampled the prisoner under their feet. Not so satisfied, the gaoler and his son went to the judge in criminal causes; and represented the matter so heinously, that, without any farther proof, he ordered the criminal to be immediately whipped in all the markets, and then to be sent back to prison; intending afterwards, in course of law, to examine concerning his motives and accomplices. At the same time that the gaoler came back from the judge, the thief who had been whipped unluckily returned with the alguaziles. The gaoler seeing this, called to the executioner—‘Friend,’ cried he, ‘take down this man; but do not send away your ass, for you must first ring a peal on the back of that drunken sot in armour, who has wounded my son, and attempted to murder the notary.’ Sancho hearing these words, was grieved to the heart; and with much difficulty restrained himself from proclaiming his distresses to the

world, when he saw they were preparing in earnest to lash his master.

C H A P. II.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER DON QUIXOTE'S IMPRISONMENT.

WHILST Sancho was bewailing himself, some gentlemen passed by; who, seeing abundance of people about the prison gate, had the curiosity to ask what was the matter. A young fellow told them the whole story; and as they were listening to him, Sancho drawing near to observe their conversation, which he thought in all probability must concern his master, discovered Don Alvaro Tarfe among them. That Granadine gentleman had not yet left Saragossa, having staid, after the tilting, to contrive among his friends a course at the ring; which diversion they were to entertain the people with the next Sunday. At sight of Don Alvaro, Sancho was well nigh distraught with joy: he immediately leaped down from Dapple, pulled off his cap, and casting himself at his feet, exclaimed—‘O dear, matchless, and compassionate Don Alvaro Tarfe! I conjure you, by St. Luke's ox, to take pity on me and my master Don Quixote, who is in the house of Judas! These wicked people design to bring him out this moment, and to whip him like a pick-pocket, if your worship and good St. Anthony do not prevent it!’ Tarfe soon knew Sancho; and, seeing his distress, easily guessed at the whole adventure. ‘My friend Sancho,’ quoth he, ‘is it possible your master should be in such danger?’—‘By all the fairies in the air it is true!’ answered the squire; ‘and here the ass waits for him*. Good Sir Don Alvaro, go see my master Don Quixote from me, and tell him I kiss his hands; and beg that, if he must needs go whither the alguaziles please to carry him, he at least will not ride the old jade of an ass they have provided, for she is as lean as the last day of Lent, and goes all on one side; but desire him to make use of my ass, who has young

* In Spain, malefactors who are to be whipped, are mounted on an ass, instead of being fastened, as in England, to a cart's tail.

* legs,

‘ legs, and on whom he will look like
‘ St. George a horseback.’

Don Alvaro could not avoid smiling at the ludicrous simplicity of Sancho: perceiving, however, that there was no time to be lost, he enjoined the squire to wait in that same place, whilst himself, with two of his friends, repaired to the prison. On their arrival there, they found the Loveless Knight unmanacled, and ready to sally forth for correction: the blows he had received, and the blood which covered his forlorn countenance, so compleatly disguised him, that, had they not been aware of his situation, they would not have known him to be the Knight of La Mancha. ‘ What do my eyes behold! ’ exclaimed Don Alvaro. ‘ In what a condition do I find you! Alas, good Sir Don Quixote! Shall I here offer all the service my friends and I can render you? I believe at this time my assistance will not be unwelcome.’ Don Quixote knew the Granadine at first sight; and, imagining he had been brought thither by the enchanters that favoured knight-errantry, to deliver him from the imminent danger he was in— ‘ Oh, my good friend Don Alvaro Tarfe! ’ said he very gravely, and smiling at the same time, ‘ you are welcome; yet, notwithstanding your uncommon valour, I own I am surprised to find that you have been able to compass so peerless an adventure; since I, who am the great Spaniard Don Quixote, the invincible Cavellero Desamorado, or Loveless Knight, have fallen under the enchantments of the traitor Arcalaus, brother to the valiant Ardan Canila*, whom I slew

in single combat! Tell me, I beseech you, how got you into this inaccessible castle, into which I have been brought by art magick, together with all these princes you see here stretched out on the straw like so many poor and ignoble wretches? By what art did you chain up the two fierce giants who guarded the stately gate, and waved their massive clubs in the air continually? Finally, by what most fortunate device or contrivance did you lull to sleep the wakeful griffin that watches day and night in the first court, and in his mighty talons will bear up a knight armed at all points to the very clouds? Verily, Don Tarfe of Granada, you are the *ne plus ultra* of chivalry, since you alone have compassed an adventure, which has been before in vain attempted by the Emperor of Constantinople, Esplandian, and the divine Alastaxerea, the very daughter of the God of War! I envy your glory, since by your brave hands, which Arcalaus was incapable of resisting, we shall be all this day delivered from bondage; and his sister Arcabonna, who is no less formidable than himself, shall be shamefully whipped about this castle as a sorceress, notwithstanding the tender love she bears me! — ‘ Noble and puissant Don Quixote! ’ replied Don Alvaro, ‘ I lulled the watchfulness of the griffin as dexterously as the god Mercury himself! I have, besides, chained up the giants, and killed your enemy the enchanter! But all this is insufficient to effect your release: it remains, that I must obtain a favourable answer

* Don Quixote, in this place, takes the liberty of appropriating to himself an achievement which does not belong to him. Ardan Canila, being driven back to the point of a rock, in a desperate combat with Amadis de Gaule, receives so cruel a wound, that, we are told, he fell from the top of the rock down into the sea, and was never after seen.—Amadis de Gaule, Book II. Chap. 19.—‘ This Ardan Canila was descended from the race of giants, born in a province called Canila, the which was in a manner wholly inhabited by such kind of people; notwithstanding, he was somewhat less of body than they, but not in strength. His shoulders were narrow, his neck and breast unreasonably thick, his hands and thighs large, his legs long and crooked, his nostrils wide and loathsome, his lips great, his hair red, and thick bristled in that sort, as very hardly might it be curled: to conclude, he was so beset with freckles and black spots, that his face seemed as though it had been of sundry sorts of flesh; he was of the age of thirty years, or thereabouts, bold and expert in arms, ravenous, spiteful, and as uncourteous as might be; and yet, since he was twenty and five years of age, he never fought with any giant or other knight, either a foot, a horseback, or at wrestling, that was able to resist him, and whom he did not easily overcome. Such was the courtesy, fashion, and gentle behaviour of Ardan Canila.’—The above quotation is taken from Book II. Chap. 19. of the English translation, in folio, of the first four books of Amadis de Gaule, edit. 1619.

from the prophetick statue of brass which is seated upon the marvellous pedestal. Herein consists the greatest difficulty of the adventure: as soon as that speaks, your irons will drop off of themselves; and, till then, no valour, no force, can set you free. I flatter myself I shall succeed, with the assistance of an enchanter who is my friend, and at my request will exert the utmost of his art in your behalf. When that is done, we will cause your amorous sorceress to be whipped, as you desire.'—' Go, then, valiant Don Tarfeyan!' cried Don Quixote; go, and perform these great actions, which Fate has reserved for you, to the glory of knight-errantry! And, in acknowledgment for the important service you design me, I here confer upon you the permission to accompany me in my adventures, which I would not grant to any other knight whatsoever; but you seem to me worthy of this honour: you shall fight by my side till I have conquered the mighty empire of Trebisond, and am married to a beautiful queen of England, by whom I shall have twin sons, who shall at length be born, after innumerable vows, supplications, and tears.' The by-standers hearing Don Quixote talk at this rate, needed no other testimony to convince them of his madness. They all burst into laughter, except Don Alvaro, who still preserved his steadiness of countenance, fearing, doubtless, lest our knight should recall the advantageous grant he had so recently conferred upon him. The adventure of the marvellous pedestal began by this time to admit no delay, as the alguaziles grew very impatient to commence their procession. Don Alvaro persuaded them, however, to postpone it till he had spoke to the judge in behalf of the prisoner; which they durst not refuse to a man of his quality, though eager enough for the speedy scourging of the knight-errant, in revenge for the mischief and consternation he had occasioned. Don Alvaro, who was well acquainted with the nature of that class of people, not chusing to rely entirely on their promises of forbearance, left one of his friends to protect Don Quixote, whilst he, with the other, who was a kinsman to the judge, went to procure his enlargement. Sancho seeing Don Al-

varo come out of the prison, ran to him in great haste, and said very earnestly— ' Well, Sir Don Alvaro, what do all the Jews within? Shall not you get my master out of their clutches?'— ' Friend Sancho,' said he, ' all will be well.' At the same time he ordered one of his pages to take that honest countryman home with him, and treat him handsomely. Sancho, hearing these agreeable injunctions, cried out— ' God reward you, Don Alvaro! but pray take care, if you please, that those wicked Pharisees restore to us poor Rozinante, whom they have hurried away without shewing him a reason for it. Bid them likewise give you the enchanted target; for my master Don Quixote would wish me hanged, if I should not get it for him again; and, by my faith, it cost us thirteen rials painting by an old painter at Ariza, who is as crooked, at least, as the prior of Toboso, and lived in a street I have forgot the name of.'— ' Enough, friend Sancho,' said Don Alvaro; ' leave all that to me; you need only follow that page, who will daintily entertain you.' Sancho followed the page; and Don Alvaro went to the judge, who, as soon as he was acquainted with Don Quixote's insanity, readily gave order for his enlargement, and that he should be delivered, with all that had been taken from him, into the hands of the Granadine. Tarfe lost no time; he returned immediately to the prison, took out the prisoner, and carried him to his lodging in a hired carriage; which passed in the knight's apprehension for the flying-chariot of some magician who was a friend to knight-errantry.

When Don Quixote arrived at Don Alvaro's, he was laid in bed to recruit himself a little with rest; and when it was supper-time, the table was set close to his bed-side, and the meat served up. Some of Tarfe's friends, who were at this entertainment, were much struck with our hero's countenance and conversation; and the Granadine, willing their diversion should be compleat, ordered Sancho to be called in before supper was ended. The honest squire having eat and drank at his discretion, as much, to wit, as would have served four men, was then in most excellent humour: he recited all his master's adventures with his usual simplicity;

city; but when he came to the Princess of Galicia, he fairly owned that he had given her but a groat instead of two hundred ducats. Don Quixote, upon this, in a passion interrupting him—
 ‘ How now, base clown! said he, ‘ do you dare so to impose upon me? Infamous and contemptible mortal! how plain it is that you are but a peasant, and not a knight of noble ancestry, since you treat a princess of such rare worth so unworthily! But I vow, by the glorious order of knighthood I have received, that, in punishment of your sordid avarice, I will give that beautiful infanta the first kingdom I shall conquer, in spite of all the enchanters, curates, barbers, and peasants, like yourself!—‘ Nay, faith, Sir,’ quoth Sancho, interrupting him, ‘ if you had added Susanna’s Two Elders, I should not know how to help myself!—‘ But, Sancho,’ said Don Alvaro, ‘ in good truth, you did not consider what you did. What, a groat, friend! Was ever the like present made to a princess?’—‘ Out upon it! a princess!’ answered Sancho; ‘ she is as much a princess as my Dapple is a pope! Nay, God be praised! we have better skill in princesses than that comes to! As for the Princess Micomicona*, let her pass, a man might be deceived in her—but for this, is it possible, master Don Quixote, that your worship, who is so skilful in phisomy, could not perceive by her rags that she was neither a princess nor an admiral?’—‘ Sancho, Sancho!’ quoth Tarfe, ‘ I doubt me there is some enchantment in that affair! Enchanters are very subtle: they certainly represented the Princess of Galicia to you in a nasty habit, to the intent that Don Quixote, taking her for a servant to an inn, might refuse her his protection. But Heaven, which formed this matchless knight for the comfort of afflicted princesses, gave him also an infallible instinct to discover them, however disguised.’—‘ You are in the right, Don Tarfeyan,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘ the enchanters cannot deceive me in that particular; and, in spite of all their sorcery, the Princess of Galicia is what she is. I own, she appeared to me very ill dressed and ungenteel;

but as soon as she acquainted me with her misfortunes, I plainly perceived how nobly she was descended. But my squire goes no farther than outward appearances; and though he has been forty times convinced of the malignity of enchanters, yet he is never the more upon his guard against them! The poor fool believes nothing but what he sees, without considering that the sight is the sense most easy to be imposed upon.’—‘ Saints and Fathers!’ cried Sancho, ‘ had the enchanters any hand in that matter too?’—‘ There is no doubt to be made of it,’ quoth Don Alvaro. Poor Sancho! you was imposed upon in that affair by the enchanters; and you will be so continually, as long as you believe your own eyes, instead of giving credit to Don Quixote; who, looking upon things as a knight-errant, sees them without any change or disguise.’—‘ By my faith,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ if so, there is no swearing to any thing; for, between us, the Infanta of Galicia is as like a wench at an inn as ever I saw any thing! She is ugly, lame, and crooked; and the smock she wears is as dirty as a dish-clout! But, since she is a princess, let us talk no more of it. Let her mend, and God will bless her. I freely forgive her the cuff she gave me for eating a bit of cheese she had hid in her cupboard.’ The gentlemen rose from table laughing, and went out of the room, that Don Quixote, who stood in need of rest after the laborious adventures he had been engaged in, might endeavour to compose himself. As for Sancho, he was delivered to the servants, who made sport with him, and played him as many pranks as he told ridiculous stories.

C H A P. III.

WHICH CONTAINS SEVERAL THINGS WORTH READING.

THE next morning, Don Alvaro came into our knight’s chamber; and, sitting down by his bed, said to him—‘ How does Don Quixote, the flower of the knights of La Mancha, find himself to-day? I could wish

* Mentioned in the First Part of Cervantes’s Don Quixote, Book IV. Chap. 2.

' some adventure worthy his invincible arm would offer in Aragon. There are frequently very dangerous ones in this kingdom; and I suppose you have been informed that some haughty giants appeared of late at the tilting at Saragossa, to the misfortune of a great number of knights? Why, alas! was not you here present to rid the world of such monsters?'—' My dear friend Don Alvaro,' answered Don Quixote, very disconsolately, ' I am sorry I was not at your tilting: had I been there, the giants had not returned to their own countries with so much honour; but I shall meet with them one time or other, and they shall pay for all!'—' You are in the right,' replied the Granadine; ' but, in the mean while, I must tell you that I have concerted a course at the ring, to be run next Sunday with the principal knights of the city, in which several prizes of value will be conferred on those who shall exhibit the greatest dexterity: and the same persons who presided at the tilting will sit as judges. An infinite number of princesses and infantas, glittering like stars on all sides, will display themselves at the windows and in the balconies. We knights will appear there in our most costly equipage, with devices painted on our bucklers, and on streamers of all sorts of colours: and if you, Sir, condescend to be one of the knights of my troop, I will undertake to furnish you with liveries that shall not disgrace you. Consider, Don Quixote, whether you will be pleased to admit me, by your side, to partake of the honour you cannot fail of gaining?'—' With all my heart, my dear Tarfe!' replied our knight, sitting up in his bed, ' though it were but to make you an eye-witness of the exalted feats I am capable of performing! I ought not to praise myself, it is true; but the wonderful adventures I have finished are so notorious, that modesty is no longer useful!'—' You are in the right,' said the Granadine; ' but lie down, if you please, and I will cause the table to be brought to your bed-side, as it was last night, and we will dine together, with the other knights of our troop: we will talk about the preparations for our course at the ring; and we

' will therein be ruled by your judicious advice, since you are better skilled in those sports than we are.' When he had so said, Don Alvaro went out of the room; and Don Quixote, unable to take any rest after this discourse, began to let his thoughts run upon the purposed solemnity. So full was he of this imagination, that, without considering what he did, he arose, and began to dress himself: in this rapture he paused awhile, having his hose hanging about his heels, and his eyes fixed on the ground; then starting up, and taking a career, he thrust his finger against the wall, and cried out, as loud as he was able—' My lords judges, you see I have borne away the ring! Your excellences will be pleased to order me the prize!' Sancho, hearing his master's exclamation, ran up-stairs, and found him in the situation just described; which, as his shirt unfortunately chanced to be very scanty, prodigiously discomposed the modesty of the squire. ' For the love of God,' quoth he, ' pull up your hose, Sir! Are you not ashamed to exhibit your nudities in so unseemly a fashion?' This remonstrance aroused Don Quixote from his reverie; who, stooping to comply with the exhortation of his squire, displayed to his view, at the same time, a pair of posteriors not remarkable either for plumpness or delicacy. ' Body o'mel' quoth Sancho, ' you have now mended the matter finely, forsooth! You are resolved this day to salute me with all the filthiness the Lord has given you! Dress yourself quickly, and go down into the kitchen; there you will see capons and partridges turning before a good fire, with swingeing ribs and sirloins of beef, which make the spits bend under them as I would bend a rush! There you will see pots, skillets, and stew-pans, pastries, and forced-meats, in such abundance, that it overjoys one to see so much good meat together! To stay my stomach for dinner, I crammed down a good lunch of white bread, and half a turkey the cook gave me, who is a little pleasant bandy-legged fellow! It is true, our good friend Don Alvaro Tarfe's pages make me swallow some spoonfuls of broth so hot, that one half of it comes out at my nose again; but that's no matter, they are wild

wild fellows, who do not grudge what they give. I have drank three pots of a sort of drink they call Malmsey in this country, which is much better than our wine of La Mancha: here they talk of nothing but good cheer and merry-making; and do not you fear they will starve Rozinante, who is, next to you, the flower of chivalry! Dapple and he are so well pleased, and fed, that a little tickling will make them laugh. To deal plainly with you, Sir, these are the true adventures of knight-errantry, and we ought to seek no others.'—'Thou notorious scoundrel!' interrupted Don Quixote: 'it now plainly appears thou art, and never wilt be any other than a mere glutton; that thinkest of nothing but gorging thy belly, like a swine, instead of seeking, as I do, the true glory of knight-errantry!'

By this time, Don Alvaro and four friends he had invited to dinner, came into the room; and Don Quixote, having as yet scarcely compleated the fastening up his breeches, they could not forbear smiling: however, Tarfe, assuming a grave countenance, said—'Why would you get up, Sir Knight? You are not yet well recovered after your last adventure; pray, go to bed again, if you please, and we will dine as we supped last night.' Don Quixote would have excused himself, and put on his cloaths; but the Granadine and his friends, by their entreaties, prevailed with him to go to bed again: as soon as he was there, the table was brought in; and, all being seated, they began to discourse of the excellency and benefit of knight-errantry. It is needless to ask whether Don Quixote did not exert his talent upon this subject; it heated him so far that he acquainted them with all his projects; and declared, without reserve, the mighty feats he intended to perform at Trebifond against Cocklindor of the Red Islands, and against Arsicerabon the giant with the three faces. These extravagant titles, which no fancy less preposterous than that of Don Quixote could ever have invented, threw the guests into such a violent fit of laughter, that our knight, looking sternly on them, said he was ashamed to see men of then worth behave themselves so indiscretely. Don Alvaro, perceiv-

ing he was almost angry, very wisely said to his friends—'Upon my word, gentlemen, it is very plain you are mere novices in knight-errantry, since you are so little acquainted with the incomparable Don Quixote, the very carbuncle of chivalry: if you would be informed what sort of man he is, go ask it of the knights and giants whom he has conquered; or repair to his former mistress the infanta Dulcinea del Toboso. It is not above a fortnight ago, as Sancho has informed me, that he fought with Orlando Furioso, whose head he would have borne away in triumph, after a tedious and bloody conflict, to have exhibited it at our tilting, had not a malicious enchanter carried off that Paladin by the powers of magick.' The guests, feigning great astonishment at what Don Alvaro told them, entreated the knight, in the gravest manner they were able, to pardon their indiscretion: and then, rising from table, they introduced a fresh to-pick, and talked of their course at the ring. Upon this, one of the gentlemen, directing his discourse to Don Quixote, said—'And what liveries will it please the heroick knight of La Mancha to appear with? for we will not deal away all the cards from the best gamester among us. I am of opinion that he should give a green livery, because it is the colour that represents Hope; and none has better reason to promise himself the prize of the course.'—'I fancy,' said another gentleman, 'his livery ought to be of a violet colour, because it represents Indifference, and he is called The Loveless Knight: and I would counsel that some character-istic device against the ladies be painted on his shield.' The third differed in opinion; and advised Don Quixote to adopt a white livery, in token of his extraordinary chastity; and to express, by his device, that no lady in the world had ever yet possessed allurements enough to lead him astray. 'For my part,' said the fourth, 'I think the redoubted knight of La Mancha, who daily kills giants upon giants, ought to appear at the course with black liveries, to apprise all who shall be hardy enough to oppose him, that they must expect to reap no other fruit of their rashness, thin

' than a black and dismal event.' Don Alvaro Tarfe, now taking his turn to speak—' You will permit me, gentle-men,' said he, to own, that I differ in sentiment from you all: Don Quixote being a person most singular, it will not be proper for him to appear like the rest upon this occasion; and, in my judgment, it will better become him to enter the lists like a knight-errant, armed at all points; and, that he may not make use of borrowed armour, I do now present him with a suit; for you must understand, gentlemen, that the suit he now makes use of is curious armour of Milan which I left in his custody at Argamasilla; and, since he has done it the honour to wear it, no knight in the world deserves to put it on: let him therefore keep it, to the glory of knight-errantry; and may it, from this time, become more famous than Sampson's, which was formerly worn by the renowned King Gradassus! But, because it is somewhat tarnished by the vicissitudes of weather, and much more by the blood of so many slaughtered monsters, I will order it to be new polished. As for his device, he needs no other than that which he caused to be painted at Ariza, upon the wonderful buckler he brought hither; which is a present from his great friend the wise Alquife: it has not been yet seen in Saragossa, because he caused it to be covered with a piece of fine taffeta, as was the resplendent buckler of Atlantes*. The ingenious device will be here altogether new; and will inform all mankind what thoughts they are to entertain of The Loveless Knight.' When Don Alvaro had spoken, they all agreed that his contrivance was the most eligible; and Don Quixote was so pleased with it, that he expressed much satisfaction. ' You are in the right, Don Tarfrey-an,' quoth he; ' it is expedient that I appear in armour, because it often happens that at such diversions there

' arrive outrageous giants †, sovereigns of some strange islands, who, according to their custom, reflect on the king's honour, and arrogantly challenge the court knights. As for my armour, my dear Don Alvaro, you are in the wrong, if you think it ever was yours. The wise Alquife never intended it for any person but myself; nevertheless, since, in his profound wisdom, he thought fit to send me that noble present by your hands, at your hands I will receive it as if he had no share in the gift.' Don Alvaro and his friends were never weary of hearing the knight's serious and sublime discourses; which, with Sancho's simplicities, made such a medley as rendered their diversion compleat.

CHAP. IV.

WHICH SHEWS HOW DON QUIXOTE WON THE PRIZE AT THE COURSE OF THE RING.

THE day for running at the ring being now arrived, the gentlemen who were to exhibit made themselves ready, and gave all necessary orders for rendering the sport pleasant and magnificent. On the two sides of the square, two triumphal arches were erected, through which they were to pass to the lists; and on the triumphal arches were engraved several inscriptions in the praise of love. The windows and balconies were adorned with the most beautiful ladies of Saragossa, and of the neighbouring country; whose native charms were heightened by every embellishment of art, and whose sparkling eyes discovered their hopes of receiving the prize at the hands of their lovers. The most distinguished place was appropriated for the reception of the viceroy and his family; after whom the prime nobility of the kingdom were seated, according to their rank and employments. The procession com-

* A magician in Orlando Furioso. See Book II.

† An accident of this sort happens at the jousts held in Constantinople in honour of the nuptials of Prigmaleón, the brave Ethiopian, with Polixena the fair infanta of Greece. In the midst of the diversion, eight giants arrive in the place, who overthrow all in their way. In the end, however, they are all slain by the knights, after a desperate conflict. See The Love and Arms of the Greek Princes, or The Romant of Romants, translated into English for Philip Earl of Pembroke, Vol. II. Chap. XXIX. Edit. 1640.

menced by the judges of the field; who, after having paraded round the place three times, richly clad, and followed by a numerous retinue, took their stations at the end of the course, amidst the sound of trumpets, in a magnificent theatre. Immediately as they were seated, there entered the place twenty cavaliers of graceful demeanour; they were divided into two troops, and marched, by pairs, arrayed in sumptuous liveries, with all the brilliant equipage of a superb and gallant solemnity. And here it is to be lamented, that our Arabian author has omitted to give us, in this place, a minute description of this majestic celebrity: for what reason I cannot divine, unless it be that he was unwilling to lose sight of his hero. He thinks it sufficient to acquaint us, that Don Alvaro, mounted on a fiery dappled courser of Andalusia, whose gorgeous trappings and stately carriage marvellously set off the elegance of his form, was arrayed in a habit of golden tissue, on which a wreath of lilies and roses, twined together, was curiously embroidered. On his shield he had caused to be pourtrayed to the life the hero of La Mancha, with the whole adventure of the criminal and the alguaziles. By the side of Don Alvaro, as his brother in arms, appeared the invincible Don Quixote; who entered the lists with a resolved and martial countenance. He wore his helmet on his head, and was armed at all points, ready to fight all the giants in the world. The multitude, who do not always interpret things in the most favourable manner, set up a loud hooting at the curious appearance of Don Quixote and his peaceable courser. The two troops, passing before the ladies, performed the usual salute of gallantry by shewing off the curvettings and prancing of their horses; in which particular, Rozinante, though untaught, played his part to admiration. When Don Quixote and Don Alvaro arrived before the judges, and had saluted them, the chief of the judges, directing his discourse to the knight, said, with much gravity—‘ Molt famous prince of La Mancha, flower and mirror of knight-errantry! we look upon it as a great favour of fortune that you have

‘ vouchsafed to honour with your presence the diversion we have prepared for the ladies on this day.’ The knight, with no less gravity, replied—‘ Great judge of martial exercises, though this be but mere sport, in comparison of the mighty enterprizes I daily attempt, yet I will not deny you the satisfaction of seeing my dexterity.’ Having so said, he went on with Don Alvaro; who, when he came up to his troop, gave Don Quixote to understand, that he must not run till the last, lest he should deprive the other knights of the hopes of winning any of the prizes; and, since his course must needs be the finest and most pleasing of all, it was fit to reserve it for the last, that the sport might conclude with something extraordinary. Don Quixote could not offer any thing against such plausible reasons; but, drawing off to one side, became a spectator of the diversion.

The trumpets and kettle-drums now struck up amain, and the cavaliers ran their courses; every one in his turn, as had been appointed by lot, shewing admirable skill and dexterity. Don Alvaro was admired above all the rest; he bore away the first prize; and gave good proof that he was descended from the ancient Abencerrages*, who first brought into Spain the custom of tilting and running at the ring, with other noble sports intended for the diversion of the ladies. When they had all run, Don Alvaro went up to Don Quixote, who began to be out of patience; and, leading him to the starting-place, the trumpets gave the signal. Don Quixote clapped his heels to the meagre sides of Rozinante; who, being ready to contribute as much as in him lay to his master’s honour, appeared on this occasion uncommonly nettlesome; and, after he had received about twenty memorandums from the spur, set out with more than ordinary swiftness. But here, alas! let us bewail the mutability of fortune, who delights in destroying, in a moment, the best-grounded hopes. Rozinante had now traversed half the course; he was now near the place where the ring was suspended on high, when his mighty mettle failing, he made a false step, and fell down under his master. This accident set all

the spectators a laughing; and Don Quixote having helped up his horse, returned foaming with anger to the place from whence he set out. Don Alvaro, who was there ready to receive him, said to him—‘ Be not cast down, ‘ Sir Knight, since it was your horse’s fault alone that you did not bear away the ring; your career was beautiful to admiration; and, if you take my advice, you must begin it again before Rozinante cools.’ Don Quixote, without answering one word, set forward the second time; and, being beside himself with passion and concern, missed the ring; but the Grana-dine, who had expected this mishap, rectified it in an instant; for, having followed upon a hand-gallop, he raised himself on his stirrups, and taking off the ring with his hand, clapt it so adroitly upon the point of Don Quixote’s lance, that our knight did not perceive the deception. At the same time he cried out, with a loud voice—‘ Victory! victory! the illustrious Don Quixote, the ornament of knight-errantry, has borne away the ring!’ The knight cast his eyes upon his lance, and seeing the ring there, concluded that he had finished his course with honour; then, turning to Don Alvaro, he said—‘ You see how dangerous it is to be idle; Rozinante, for want of being kept in his wind, has notoriously scandalized me.’—‘ It is true,’ said Don Alvaro, smiling, ‘ but you have made good aims for it, and you must now go up to the judges to demand the prize.’ Don Quixote followed his advice; and advancing before the judges, held out his lance to them, saying—‘ Your lordships may be pleased to look upon this lance; methinks it says enough in my behalf.’ The same judge who had spoken to him before, now undertook for his brethren; and having made fast to the end of his lance half a score great leather points which he had caused to be brought for the purpose, and which were worth about a groat or three pence, he said to him—‘ Invincible knight errant, as a prize for the skill and dexterity you have shewn in your incomparable career, I present you with that precious jewel!

‘ The wife Lirgandus, your friend, brought it from the Indies for you. In short, these wonderful garters are made of the real skin of the Phœnix, that celebrated bird, the only one of his species. And, since you style yourself the Loveless Knight, I would advise you to present them to the lady in this assembly whom you shall judge the most insensible of that passion. But I do order you, upon pain of my displeasure, to come and sup with me to-night with Don Alvaro; and to bring your faithful squire, who alone deserves to be servant to a knight of your worth.’—‘ I return you most humble thanks,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ for the noble present the wife Lirgandus sends me by your equitable hands; and you shall soon perceive how much I value your counsel.’ This said, he turned off to take an exact view of all the windows and balconies about the square. At last he halted at a low window where he saw an old woman between two courtesans, scurvily painted. This was the honourable lady he pitched upon. He drew near; and, resting the end of his lance, with the points hanging at it, on the edge of the window, said to her, in a grave and audible voice—‘ Most wise Urganda the Unknown*, you see here before you the knight, so entirely yours, whom you have so often defended against the wiles of your malignant brother enchanters! In return for these favours, I beseech you to accept, at my hands, of these precious garters, which I have gained with your favourable assistance; and which are made of the very skin of that self-begotten bird, so much celebrated by our poets?’ The wife Urganda and her virtuous companions, wondering at this discourse, and at the present of the leathern points; hearing also the rabble shout continually; discharged a volley of abusive language against the knight, and instantly shut the window. Don Quixote, surprized at this incivility, knew not what to think; and stood silent, as doubting how he should behave himself. Sancho, who was come up to his master in the Square after the course was over, seeing what small account the old woman made of

* Urganda the Unknown is an enchantress in *Amadis de Gaul*, very friendly to Amadis and his companions.

the points, raised his voice, and cried out—‘ O the old branded excommunicate witch! What can she mean by refusing such curious delicate points? Poor jade! what a fool she is! By my father’s soul, if I catch up a stone, I will soon make her open the window: but pray, Sir, let us leave the old hen and her chickens. Give me those points; for these I have to my breeches are almost worn out; and the rest of them will serve in our errantry to mend Dapple’s pannal, and Rozinante’s saddle.’—‘ Take, my son,’ replied Don Quixote in a melancholy mood, (holding down the point of his lance) ‘ take those rare garters, and lay them up carefully. I plainly perceive the wise Urganda is more friendly to my enemies than to me. She has sufficiently convinced me by the ill language I have just heard.’—‘ Od’s my life, Sir!’ quoth Sancho; ‘ as for the ill language, never mind that; for it is all but words, and the wind carries them away. The crow cannot be blacker than his wings: and an old whore’s curses are as good as prayers.’

C H A P. V.

DON QUIXOTE AND TARFE GO TO THE HOUSE OF DON CARLOS TO SUPPER. SANCHO’S GOOD HUMOUR. THE DREADFUL ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE MET WITH IN DON CARLOS’S HOUSE.

NIght drawing on, and all people beginning to repair to their homes, Don Alvaro came up to the Knight of La Mancha and acquainted him that it was time to go to Don

Carlos. ‘ Let us go,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ I am ready to follow you.’ The Granadine would have persuaded him to quit his lance and his buckler, but the knight would not consent; and went away, armed as he was, to Don Carlos’s house. He entered the hall where they expected him, like Amadis de Gaule entering the forbidden chamber of Apollidon *, after having compassed the adventure of the Arch of Loyal Lovers. Don Carlos, then embracing him, said—‘ Welcome, the great Knight of La Mancha, to this house, in which all persons wish him all manner of prosperity. But, good Sir Don Quixote, be pleased to lay aside your arms to refresh yourself after your glorious careers. You may do it here with all the safety imaginable, since you are among your friends.’—‘ To please you,’ replied the knight, ‘ I may lay aside my lance and my shield; but, for the rest of my arms, I beseech you give me leave to retain them. Wherever I am, I never part with them for two reasons. The first is, that by continually wearing these honourable instruments of knight-errantry, I enure my body to them; and they become easy, according to the maxim in philosophy, *Ab affuetis non fit passio*. The other reason is, because a discreet man should be always upon his guard. For I remember to have read in the wonderful book of the adventures of the Knight of the Sun, that the said knight having lost himself one day in a wood, with his friend Oristides the Trojan, they came at last into a certain meadow, where they found ten or twelve savages roasting a stag upon the coals. As they came near, the savages by signs invited them to eat. The knights, who stood in great

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* The adventures above alluded to, are recorded in Book II. Chapter 2. of the romance of Amadis de Gaule. The history of the Arch of Loyal Lovers, &c. is as follows. Apollidon son to a king of Greece, fleeing with his mistress, Grimanela by sea from the court of Rome, is driven upon the Firme Island, which was then inhabited by a mighty giant. Apollidon slays the giant, and assumes the government of the island. Soon after, being summoned to mount the throne of Constantinople, which devolved to him by the death of the emperor his uncle; he establishes in the Firme Island, before his final departure from it, the following system of enchantment. He causes an arch to be made, over which is placed the image of a man firm’d of copper, holding a horn; and on the gate of his palace he erects the portraits of himself and Grimanela. Should any man or woman, who hath forsaken their first love, attempt to pass under the arch, the image shall blow so terribly with flame and stench through his horn, that they shall be thrown down in a swoon before the arch. But should any loyal lover try the adventure, the image shall touch his horn so loosely, and the lover shall pass under the arch without difficulty. With respect to the rich chamber,

' need of such relief, accepted of the offer. They alighted; and having unbridled their horses, that they might graze freely in the meadow, they sat down among the savages who had shewn them so much civility. However, they would not take off their helmets, and only lifted up their beavers; but as soon as they began to eat, the savages treacherously fell upon them, and gave them so many blows on the head with their clubs, that had not the rare temper of the helmets defended them, the two knights had been pounded to death. They fell down senseless; and the savages, believing that they were dead, would have stripped them; but not being used to disarm knights, they were unable to accomplish their purpose. While they were busied in this attempt, Oristides and the Knight of the Sun recovered their senses; and perceiving the danger they were in, leaped up, drew their swords, and charged the savages with such resolution, that they soon made a wonderful havock. No stroke was lost; here tumbled a head, there fell a leg or an arm—' As Don Quixote recounted this sharp expedition, he drew his sword; and, the better to represent the prowess of the Knight of the Sun and his companion, began laying about him so furiously, that the company, justly apprehensive of being mistaken for savages, retreated as far off as they could, making a large ring about him, in the centre whereof he stood. This scene diverted all the assembly; but Don Carlos thinking fit to put an end to it, said to Don Quixote, smiling—' Enough, invincible knight! those savages have long since been destroyed. Let us talk no more of them, I beseech you.' Don Quixote stood still on a sudden, and put up his sword again with such deliberation as was scarcely to be expected from him. Don Carlos then drew near; and taking him by the hand, conducted him into another great

hall, where the table was ready covered; but, before they sat down, Don Alvaro missing Sancho, sent one of his pages to look for him.

Sancho, who had followed his master to Don Carlos's house, took occasion to walk into the kitchen, where he was wonderfully attentive to the preparations for supper. ' Master Sancho,' said the page, ' you are wanted in the supper-room. They will not go to their meal without you. Come and taste of the delicate dishes, and exquisite wines!—' By my faith, Master Page,' quoth the squire, ' those gentlemen take me at a time when I am very ready to oblige them; for I have not put one bit into my belly these three hours!' So saying, he went into the hall. Then taking off his cap with both hands, and making a low reverence to the company—' Gentlemen,' said he, ' God rest your souls for thinking of me!—' How now, Sancho,' said Don Carlos; ' you compliment us as if we were dead; we are still alive and well, God be praised! unless these gentlemen be out of order with the ill entertainment they have.'—' Mother of God!' quoth Sancho, looking at the dishes on the table, ' how can that be? Then these gentlemen would be like a countryman's geese with us, that died of the pip in a pond. This table needs no compliments: I see so many dishes full of ostriches, ragouts, and fricasses, that my mouth waters for joy.'—' Well, my friend,' said Don Carlos, giving him a capon on a plate, ' eat that to whet your stomach: I am told you dispatch those creatures with an extraordinary air.'—' You are not misinformed,' replied the squire; ' and it shall cost you nothing to see the experiment tried.' This said, he asked for bread, and laid about him so vigorously, that the capon vanished in a trice. The pages, who waited at table, were as well pleased to see him as their masters; and therefore took

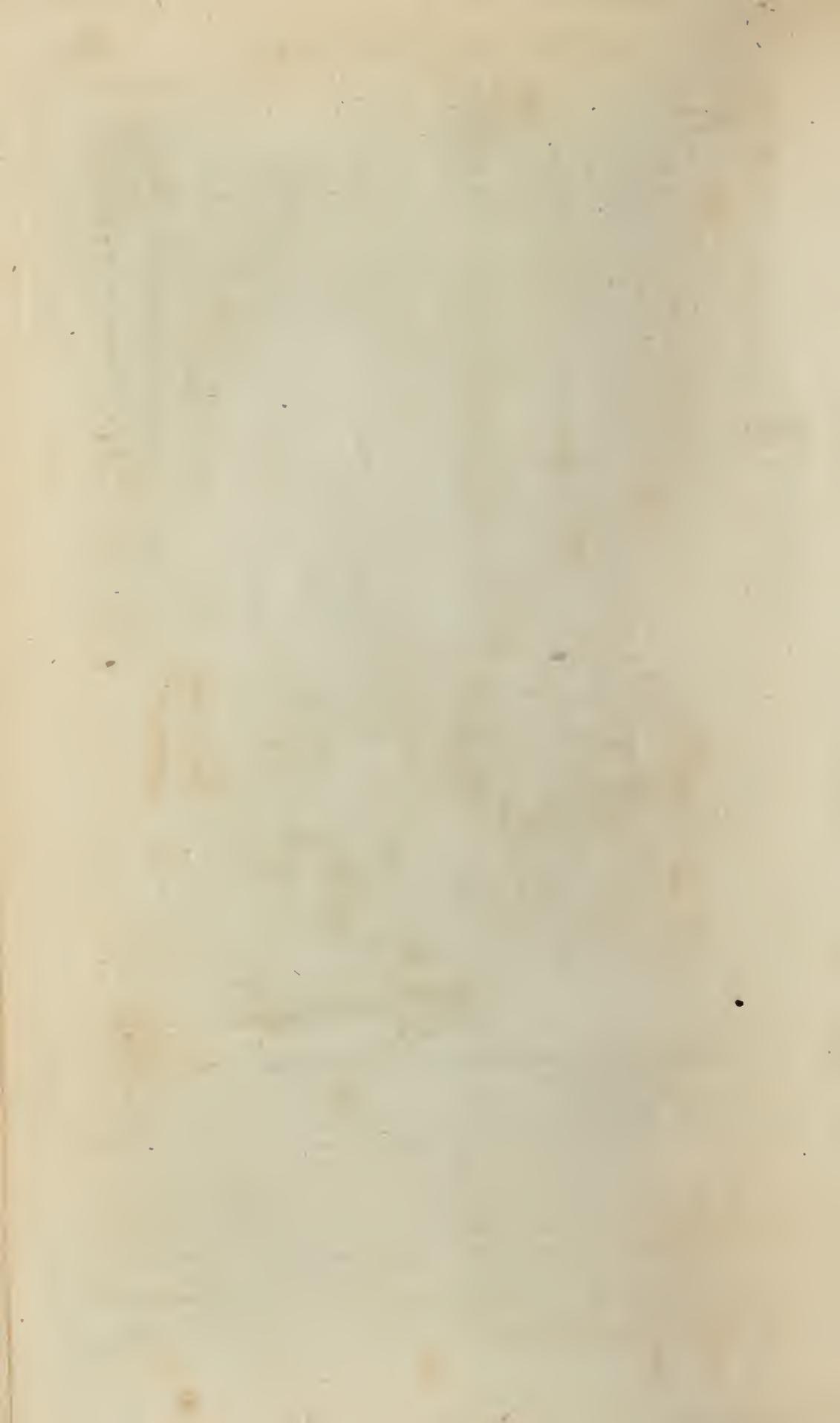
chamber, which had witnessed the fruition of his own and Grimanesa's loves, it is provided, that no male shall enter it, until some man, who shall surpass Apolidon in prowess, shall have first entered the same; and that no female shall enter it, until it has been entered by some woman fairer than Grimanesa. Over the entrance of the chamber is written—' He which shall enter herein, shall exceed Apolidon in arms, and shall succeed him as lord of this country.' The other circumstances of this enchantment, and the penalties which are ordained for the unsuccessful candidates, are too long for a note. Suffice it to say, that Amadis achieves the adventure of the Arch of Loyal Lovers; and succeeding also in that of the Forbidden Chamber, obtains the signioy of the Firme Island.



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care to furnish his plate with all that was left on those they took off the table; and did not fail to fill him wine at every turn. This courtesy put him into such a rare humour, that he could not forbear crying out—‘ In truth, Don Carlos, your pages and you are the very picture of plenty, you make so much of your friends.’—‘ Friend Sancho,’ answered Don Carlos, smiling, ‘ you deserve our love for being so frank and open-hearted; and therefore, in reward of your plain dealing, take this plate of force-meat balls.’—‘ What do you call these balls?’ replied the squire, taking the plate: ‘ I never saw any of them before.’—‘ Taste them, friend Sancho,’ said Don Alvaro, ‘ and give us your opinion.’ Sancho needed not twice bidding; he began to swallow them down, one after another, as if they had been grapes; saying to Don Alvaro—‘ By my troth, Don Alvaro, these balls are pretty baubles; I fancy the children in Limbo play with such balls: when I go home to my own country again, I will sow a peck of them in our garden; and if they come up well, I will sell them at a good rate. All that I am afraid of is, that I shall eat them before they are ripe; but to prevent that, whenever I go near them, my wife shall gag me.’—‘ Your wife!’ said Don Carlos; ‘ then it seems you are married, Sancho! Is your wife handsome?’—‘ Handsome, quotha!’ replied the squire; ‘ I would not change her for the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; whose true name is Aldonza Lorenzo, alias Nogales. It is true, my wife will be fifty-five years old next grass, and the sun has somewhat tanned her face; but for all that she is a woman would puzzle a doctor. She prates like a magpie. The only thing the curate twits her with is, that as soon as ever she has scraped together a groat or fivepence, you may sooner take her by her honour, than hinder her going to John Perez, the vintner in our village, to change her money for the juice of the grape.’—‘ Have you any children?’ said one of the guests. ‘ Body o’ me!’ replied the squire; ‘ why,

what do you think we have done that we should not have any? Yes, indeed, we have. And among the rest we have a little Sancha, who is as cunning as her mother already. Faith and troth she is a dainty-shaped girl, and as wise as a gipsy! As for her beauty, they are best judges of it who say nothing can be more like our curate; and he is the handsomest man in all La Mancha.’ All the company laughed at the squire’s simplicity; and Don Alvaro, observing that he had nothing left to eat, said to him—‘ Friend Sancho, see whether you can find an empty corner in your belly to lay up this plate of white-meat*.’ Sancho took it, saying—‘ Master Tarfe, I thank you; and I hope, by help of God, this shall not be left out.’ Immediately he clapped his hand into the plate, and in one moment all the white meat vanished, except what stuck to his beard.

When supper was over, the master of the feast led his guests to the other end of the hall, and seated them there till the servants had cleared the table; and it being his design that Don Quixote should have all the honour of the entertainment, he placed him between Don Alvaro and himself, and desired Sancho, who that night well deserved the surname of Panza†, to sit down on the ground at the feet of his master: then Don Alvaro began to tax Don Quixote with having been thoughtful during supper-time, not making merry with the rest of the company, or so much as tasting the meat that was set before him. ‘ It is a sign,’ answered Don Carlos, ‘ that Don Quixote did not like the dressing of our meat, and we need not wonder at it: how can the entertainments of private gentlemen, like ourselves, please so curious an appetite as his must needs be? Can he find any thing to relish with him here? he who, after gaining the prize of tournaments, and finishing unheard of adventures, is treated every day in the courts of emperors, sultans, and caliphs, such as those of Trebisond, of Niquea, and of Syconia, all of them so renowned for the delicacy and sumptuousness of

* This white meat is the flesh of fowls bruised, and made into a mass with sugar and other ingredients.

† Panza, in Spanish, signifies Paunch.

' their tables?'—'Pox take me!' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, ' I cannot endure to hear all these hard names and dainty tables you talk of! They that told you all this, Don Carlos; are little better than false knaves and liars. We are not for the most part treated with any thing in our chivalry, but thumps of stones; and if we chance to eat melons, on my conscience they make us pay for sauce! It is true we sometimes meet with good people, such as master Valentin: but Shrovetide comes but once a year; and as for those emperors and caiphases you mention, the devil take him that ever saw any of them, unless it were in my master's head, who is a fool if he does not pitch his tent here for ever.' Don Quixote could not bear with Sancho's impertinence any longer; and, giving him a good kick on the rump—'Thou base scoundrell!' said he to him in a passion, 'will you hold your prating tongue? What evil genius moves thee to trouble this illustrious company with thy follies? —Worthy Don Carlos,' continued he, turning to the master of the house, 'I beseech you to forgive my squire's indiscretion, and rest satisfied that if I have not eaten, it was not for want of relishing the dainties your table was furnished with; but because we knights-errant have always a guard upon ourselves against sensuality: we make use of food only to support nature; and when the emperors, to whose courts fortune is pleased to guide us, are desirous to give us entertainment, we make less account of the dainties served up, than of the honour they do us in admitting us to their tables. In short, we despise a life of ease and pleasure; and whilst we go about to redress wrongs, and to re-establish good order in countries, we consider it as pleasure and luxury to cross barren deserts, to be exposed to the rigour of seasons, and to pass whole days without eating, like Amadis de Gaul*, who lived above three months on the poor rock, without sleeping, or taking the least sustenance. There is another thing yet, Don Carlos, which hindered me partaking of the publick satisfaction; it is, that the wife Urganda, on whose

favour I relied, has very discourteously refus'd the prize with which you rewarded my dexterity; which any person, except herself, would have valued above an empire. This refusal is enough to damp the most undaunted courage; and I confess I am fain to call up all mine to bear up against it. I know not whence her hatred to me can proceed. Some perfidious enchanters must have given her a false character of me, as finding no surer expedient to undermine the very foundation of knight-errantry, than by sowing discord among the most solid supporters of it, and their wise protectress.' Don Quixote would not have stopped here, so much was his heart interested in the subject before him, but that a company of musicians and dancers, whom Don Carlos had sent for to divert the company, then entered the hall.

For two hours there was a delightful concert of vocal and instrumental musick, intermixed with dancing; and this diversion concluded with a grotesque entry of a man clad like a peasant, who danced to admiration. During this performance, Don Carlos asked Sancho aloud, whether he could exhibit the like. The squire, grown heavy and sleepy with the weight of meat he had crammed down, yawning and making the sign of the cross on his mouth with his thumb, answered—' By my hand, Don Carlos, I could cut capers better upon a good straw-bed than in this hall! As for that fellow, who shakes himself as if he were possessed, there is no making any hog's-puddings of him, for I believe he has no guts in his belly.' Sancho's conceit set the company a laughing; but it lasted not long: a dreadful giant suddenly strode into the hall, and struck terror through the whole assembly. His height was little short of twelve feet, and his limbs were proportionably bulky: he was obliged to kneel down to enable him to enter the apartment; and when he raised himself again, his head touched the ceiling. He was clad, after the Persian manner, in a long robe of scarlet cloth; and by his side hung an immense basket-hilted scymetar, which was supported by an iron chain: about his neck he wore a

* When, being in disgrace with Orizna his mistress, he assumed the name of Beltenebros.
val.

vast ruff, and on his head a high cap encircled with the tail-feathers of turkeys, in form of a coronet. As he entered, all the company started up in a fright, and gathered close about Don Quixote, as a flock of sheep gathers about their shepherd, at sight of a wolf: as for the knight of La Mancha, he made it evident that he was born to dispel terror and to embolden timidity. Preserving his temper undauntedly on this dangerous occasion, he cried out, with a resolute voice—‘ Fear nothing, gentlemen! this affair belongs to me: I understand well adventures of this nature; they frequently occur in the palaces of emperors: lay aside your apprehension; and let us hear wherefore this enormous giant presents himself before us.’ The gentlemen being again seated at Don Quixote’s request, the giant, with a hoarse voice, such as is natural to all giants, spoke these words—‘ Princes, pages, and lacquies, here assembled, inform me who among you is The Loveless Knight, formerly The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect?’—‘ I am he, giant!’ replied Don Quixote sternly. ‘ What would you have with me?’—‘ O, ye immortal gods!’ replied the monster, ‘ how shall I requite you, since it is your pleasure that I find in this city what I have been seeking with so much cost and trouble these fourteen hundred years!—Be it known to you, princes and knights, that hear me, that you have here before you the dreadful Bramarbas Iron-sides, puissant emperor of the kingdom of Cyprus, which I conquered from its lawful sovereign by the force of my invincible arm! The fame of the knight Don Quixote’s adventures and wonderful actions has reached my imperial palace; and I must own, there is no place in the world, no town, street, tavern, or stable, where that great bully of knight-errantry is not spoken of. I have left my kingdom to seek him, not being able to endure that so extraordinary a person should live in the world. I design, therefore, to fight him; and, having cut off his head, to carry it to Cyprus, there to nail it up at the gate of my palace; that it may be known I am stronger than he is, and all that shall come after him.—And, therefore, illustrious Don Quixote,

if you feel any unwillingness or dis-inclination to encounter with me, you need only suffer me to sever your head from your shoulders, and that speedily; for I am in haste to return home. There is also another business brings me hither: I have been informed that Don Carlos, the lord of this strong castle, has a young sister, whose beauty is celebrated in all parts; now, it being one of my failings to be fond of all pretty young girls, I design also to carry away that princess with me, and place her in my seraglio; and if Don Carlos shall oppose it, I challenge him, and all here present, to single combat. The King of Cyprus stopping here, all the audience expected with amazement what Don Quixote would answer; when the knight, kneeling down before Don Carlos, said—‘ Great Trebatius, sovereign emperor of Greece, who, in the absence of thy sons, hast taken the name of Don Carlos, to confound the false enchanter who is contriving the ruin of thine empire! grant that I may here supply the place of the invincible Knight of the Sun, and of the valiant Rosiclaire his brother, to whom it would belong of right to chastise the insolence of this monster!’ Don Carlos, who was fain to bite his lips to avoid laughing, graciously held out his hand to the knight; and, raising him up, said—‘ Illustrious Prince of La Mancha! this affair, in reality, concerns us both; to deal plainly with you, I feel myself so terrified by the menaces of Bramarbas, that I cannot avoid giving him the Princess Trebasina my sister, unless you shall order otherwise: do, therefore, as you shall think fit; for whatever you shall decree will be most for our honour.’ Don Quixote, hereupon, advanced towards the giant, and accosted him in these words—‘ Proud and insolent Bramarbas! had not the respect I owe to the emperor, and the other princes here present, restrained my vengeance, thou hadst already received the punishment thou deservedst; but I accept of thy challenge, and I make all the vows usually made upon such occasions by the most renowned knights; and particularly, that I will not lie with the queen till I have laid thy monstrous head at my feet, which I design

' I design shall feed the crows and owls.'—' O, ye immortal gods!' replied the giant, with a dreadful voice, ' must I endure a single man thus to threaten me? I vow by the whiskers of Briarus and Enceladus, my ancestors, that I will not eat my bread on the ground, and that I will not lie down upon the point of my sword, till I have made fast your arms to your shoulders, and fixed your thighs to your haunches*.'—' All these threats,' answered the knight, ' are to no purpose: it shall be decided by combat, which of us twain deserves to be esteemed the prime knight in the world. Go, then, prepare to make good your boasts, and rid the emperor of your odious presence!' Sancho, frightened at the King of Cyprus's vast bulk, could not forbear quaking when he heard these threats; and, getting between him and his master, he cried—' Good master Bramarbas, do not do my master so much harm! I conjure you, by Malchus's holy ear, to leave him all his limbs as God has given them!' It was well for Sancho that Don Quixote had then turned to the Emperor Trebatius to beg that he would be pleased to honour the appointed combat with his presence; for, had he heard his squire talk in this manner, he would not have failed to chastise his cowardice. Bramarbas, drawing near to Don Quixote, and throwing one of his gloves in his face, said—' Knight, take up that little glove of mine, which I give you as a gage that I will expect you to morrow, after dinner, in the Great Square; for I

' never fight till I have eaten and drank heartily.' When he had spoken these words, he went out of the hall in the same manner he had entered it. Don Quixote was so overjoyed to receive a challenge in the usual forms of knight-errantry, that he took no notice of the affront Bramarbas had done him in throwing the glove in his face, but delivered it to Sancho, who, seeing it was above two feet in length, cried out, ' Mother of God, what dreadful hands! Son of a whore, what a cuff he will give!' This adventure being over, Don Carlos ordered flambeaux to be brought to light home the guests, who, after taking leave of one another, returned to their homes; and the history says, they all rested well, except Don Quixote, who had the worst night in the world; as will appear in the following chapter.

C H A P. VI.

WHO THE GIANT BRAMAR BAS WAS,
DON QUIXOTE'S DREAM, AND
THE CONSEQUENCES OF IT.

OUR Arabian author, presuming the reader's curiosity would be excited to know who the giant Bramarbas really was, has not omitted to inform us with respect to that matter. He recites, that Don Carlos and Don Alvaro having borrowed one of those pasteboard giants, clad in long robes, which are carried about the streets of Spain upon great festivals to please the multitude; Don Carlos's secretary, a youth

* This farcical vow is an admirable ridicule of those very absurd ones so frequent in knight-errantry. Some of these heroes restricted themselves from the use of a bed or a table-cloth; others went without some certain piece of their armour; and some carried it so far as to wear their armour night and day, or sentence themselves to shirts of hair and fackcloth, till they had effected their particular purpose. In conformity with this practice, Trompart, Braggadocio's squire, upon being questioned by Archimago concerning his master, returns the following answer.

' He is a great adventurer,' said he,
' That hath his sword through hard assay foregone,
' And now hath vow'd, till he avenged bec
' Of that despight, never to wearen none;
' That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.'

' Spenser's Faerie Queene, Book II. Cant. 3. Stanza 12.

Terrace, also, a Pagan knight in the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, having been reproached with breach of promise by the ghost of Argalia, Angelica's brother, makes a vow never to wear any helmet upon his head, till he shall have gained, in combat, the helmet of Orlando. See Ariosto, Book I.

of a pleasant disposition, played the part of Bramarbas. He held up the pasteboard head on a pole, and spoke through a long tube of tin, the other end of which was brought up to the mouth of the giant; and the better to deceive the Knight of La Mancha and his squire, the lights were placed at such a distance, that the giant's own shadow prevented the detection of his pasteboard face.

Don Quixote's fancy was so full of this adventure, that he could not rest all night; for as soon as he fell asleep, he was waked again by the earnest desire he had to try his strength with the King of Cyprus. However, towards day, sleep overcame him, which yet only served to disorder him the more: for he dreamed that Bramarbas had treacherously stolen into the castle to kill him basely; and, in this consternation, he started up, crying—‘ Stay ‘ traitor! you shall soon find that all ‘ your artifices will not save you from ‘ my sword.’ Thus saying, he clapped on his back and breast-plate upon his shirt; and laying hold of his lance and shield, with his helmet on his head, he searched all the corners of the room, and even under the bed, to find the King of Cyprus; never considering that such a giant as Bramarbas could not very easily be concealed. That done, he rushed down into the hall, and thence into a small room where Sancho, as ill luck would have it, lay in a little bed without curtains. The honest squire had covered himself over head and ears, that the light of the day might not disturb him; and on the pillow lay the King of Cyprus's great glove, which his master had committed to his custody. As soon as Don Quixote espied the glove, he concluded it to be that which remained in the giant's possession; and that, therefore, the man asleep was doubtless his arrogant enemy, who, wearied with scaling the castle, rested there till he could find opportunity to put his design in execution. With this conceit he raised up the butt end of his lance, and discharging a furious blow upon the ribs of his unsuspecting squire, exclaimed—‘ It is thus, cow-‘ ardly Ironsides! it is thus those ‘ men deserve to be treated, who, ‘ having such enemies as I am, do ‘ endeavour treacherously to surprize ‘ them!’ Such an uncourteous shock

was enough to waken the most profound sleeper in the universe. Sancho started, almost stunned with the blow, and roared most pitifully under the blankets; nay, Alisolan assures us, that he began his outcry even before the lance reached him. At length, he looked out to see who it was that handled him so roughly. The knight soon made himself known; for laying aside his lance, which he could not wield conveniently in that narrow compass, he began a vigorous assault with his fists upon Sancho's nose, still crying with a terrible voice—‘ Perfidious ‘ giant! here thou shalt end thy days ‘ in my hands, for having dared to scale ‘ this castle.’ At this fresh attack the squire redoubled his cries; and though he was half crippled already, he threw himself out of the bed, and ran into the hall, crying lustily to his master, who followed him close at the heels—‘ For God's sake, good master Don ‘ Quixote, consider, I have not scaled ‘ this castle! I am Sancho Panza, your ‘ trusty squire!’—‘ That artifice is too ‘ gross!’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ it ‘ will not avail you to conceal your ‘ name! I know very well, traitor! ‘ thou art no other than Bramarbas! ‘ The glove, that lies on the bed, is ‘ proof sufficient!’ The hall was dark in itself, and the window-shutters being closed, Don Quixote could not well distinguish his squire; and therefore, still taking him for Ironsides, notwithstanding all Sancho's protestations to the contrary, he continued the pursuit and verberation, the poor wretch calling more saints to his assistance than are to be found in the legend. The unfortunate squire would fain have flunk away to the hall-door; but the knight still cut him off whosoever he made that way. At last Sancho's cries waked Don Alvaro's servants. They ran out in their shirts to see what was the matter; but their presence, instead of pacifying Don Quixote, served only to heighten his fury: he no sooner saw them, than he fancied they were all giants, brought thither by enchantment to succour Bramarbas, and therefore prepared to engage them all together; but having left his lance in the little room, he was forced to convert his buckler into a weapon of offence; wherewith, throwing some down, bruising others, and tearing shirts on all bands;

hands; he performed such exploits as will be talked of in Saragossa for all ages. Nothing was to be heard but cries and curses against our knight, who hitherto had the better of it; because he being in armour, and his enemies naked and unarm'd, they could not strike him without doing themselves more hurt than their adversary. But at length, his back and breast plates, which were ill buckled on, happening to break loose, they fell off in the scuffle. Then his antagonists assumed fresh courage; and a lusty groom, clasping him in his arms, lifted him up from the ground. Whilst he thus held him in the air, some of the pages turned his shirt over his head, and day beginning to brighten, the knight's posteriors visibly appeared, and received at least a thousand lashes. Nay, it is reported, that Sancho himself, unwilling to lose so good an opportunity of being revenged on his master, had the presumption to exercise his hands on him: but since the discreet squire never boasted of it, the historian does not deliver this as a certainty; for he will not, without good authority, avouch any thing that might be so injurious to the memory of Sancho. However, a terrible peal was most assuredly rung upon the haunches of the knight-errant; and, being in the hands of people who were tickled with the sport, there is no doubt but it would have lasted much longer, had not Don Alvaro come into the hall. He was in his night-gown and slippers, and had his sword under his arm. The first thing he saw, was Don Quixote in the posture he has been represented. The sight was pleasant enough; but he was too good-natured to suffer his servants to carry the jest any farther, and therefore made a sign to the groom to liberate his patient, and to the rest to make their escape. Then drawing his sword, and placing himself by the side of Sancho, he said—‘ Redoubtable Don Quixote, you see Sancho and I are here ready to second you! Down, then, with all the villains that have wronged you! But first tell us who they are, and what they done?’—‘ Don't you see,’ quoth Don Quixote, (who, as good luck would have it, knew the Grana-dine) ‘ that they are all giants! Bramarbas scaled this castle last night, with a design to murder me; but his treason was prevented, for I was pri-

vately informed of it by the wife Lir-gandus. Let us run, then, my dear Don Tarfeyan, let us run after those traitors, and pursue them into the closest woods in Cyprus!’ He was for making good his words, and halstening after the pretended giants, who fled with all the speed they could into their chambers; but Don Alvaro stopping him, said—‘ No, no! believe me, over-valourous Don Quixote! such a vile generation does not deserve that you should take so long a journey in your shirt. Retire to your apartment, and do not appear in publick till we hear what Bramarbas designs. In the mean while, Sancho and I will observe all his motions, and faithfully report them to you. Go, then, and take your rest; for you may at present rest satisfied; since, having put your enemy to flight, he has left his glove behind him, which will remain as a monument of your own valour, and his cowardice, to posterity.’ Don Quixote approving of the advice, re-tired to his chamber; and Don Alvaro, to make sure of him, double-locked the door on the outside, and took away the key. He then went back to look for Sancho; who, having returned again into his little room, was dressing himself, not without swearing and cursing at his master. ‘ Well, Sancho,’ said Tarfe, ‘ how do you find yourself after the battle?’—‘ Very well,’ quoth Sancho; ‘ I have but one rib broken, and all my bones bruised to a jelly! Faith and troth, I am quite weary of all these frolics; and, in short, were it not for fear of losing the good island my master has promised me, knight-errantry might go to the devil for me!’—‘ Then the King of Cyprus has hurt you,’ answered Don Alvaro. ‘ The King of Cyprus, quotha!’ replied the squire; ‘ it was the madman my master, who fancied I was Barrabas, and has beaten me like stock-fish; but he had as good, if he pleases, leave off seeing things like a knight-errant, for I don't at all like his way of seeing. All my comfort is, that his good deeds have been rewarded; his buttocks have been curiously handled by your pages, whom God reward for the good they did in coming to my assistance.’—‘ Friend Sancho,’ said Don Alvaro, ‘ you must not say they were my pages that whip-
ped

' ped Don Quixote; but enchanters in
' the shape of my pages.' — ' Very fine!'
quoth Sancho; ' that is always the bur-
den of the song. We can read but
in one book, and dance the same
dance over again. There is nothing
but enchanters here and there, and
every where. God forgive me! I be-
lieve, in a little time, they will enchant
the very bread in our mouths.' The
Granadine was so well pleased with
Sancho's simplicity, that he took him
up to his chamber with him, to hear
him talk whilst he dressed himself.

C H A P. VII.

WHY AND IN WHAT MANNER THE
KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA LEFT
SARAGOSSA TO GO TO COURT.

AS soon as Don Alvaro was gone into his chamber, Don Carlos's secretary came to him, to acquaint him that his master had received letters from court, which obliged him to repair thither with all speed, to conclude a marriage between his sister and one of the king's prime-ministers. ' I am glad of that, by my faith!' quoth Sancho; ' for then that great flat-foot Barrabas will not have her.' Don Alvaro, taking the secretary aside, told him in his ear, that he should be glad, with all his heart, to bear him company as far as Madrid. ' But,' said he, ' how shall we get rid of our knight-errant? If we take him along with us, he will be sure to stop us by the way with new adventures, which his madness will suggest every day to him.' Then he told the secretary what had happened that morning; and when they had both laughed till they were weary—' I must own,' said he, ' both the master and the man are so diverting, that I would gladly give the court the pleasure of seeing them; but how shall we draw them to Madrid, so that they may not go along with us?' — ' Let me alone for that,' quoth the secretary; ' I will go about it this moment.' He presently took leave of Don Alvaro, as it were to give his master an answer; but, instead of going out of the house, he searched all about to find such things as would make up a very extravagant habiliment: he wrapped himself up in a great black cloak, girt

about him in several places with leather-straps; he made himself an uncouth cap, beset with cocks feathers of various colours, and garnished with abundance of clasps, plates, shells, bits of glass and jet; about his neck he had nine or ten gold, silver, brass, and iron chains, and as many strings of great and small beads, with an infinite number of medals; and over all a prodigious ruff, full of red and green spots and withered leaves; at his side he wore a musket by way of sword, and his fingers were decorated with a profusion of rings; he daubed his face with soot, and made himself a pair of mighty whiskers with ink. In this superb equipage, not unlike the figure of King Melchior, as he is represented on Twelfth-day in country villages, the young secretary sent to desire leave to speak with Don Alvaro; who, in the presence of Sancho, said to him—' Tell me, beautiful stranger, who you are, and what you seek?' — ' I seek,' replied he, ' the invincible Prince of La Mancha, the great Don Quixote, to deliver an embassy of the greatest consequence to him; and I have been informed he dwells in this stately palace.' — ' You have been truly informed,' answered the Granadine; ' and I will conduct you to his apartment.' This said, he conducted the ambassador to Don Quixote's chamber-door; and opening it, very gravely said to Don Quixote, as he went in—' Redoubted Knight of La Mancha! here is an ambassador from I know not what prince, who will not deliver his embassy to any but to you.' — ' Let him come forward,' replied Don Quixote very gravely, and as yet in his shirt; ' whatsoever he has to say, let him speak freely: the law of nations and the dignity of his character are his protection!' — ' Are you, I must take leave to enquire, the Loveless Knight?' said the ambassador, counterfeiting a hoarse and broken voice. ' Yes, I am!' quoth Don Quixote. ' Know, then, great prince,' replied the ambassador, ' that the invulnerable Bramarbas my master, sole Emperor of all the Giants in the world, and most puissant King of Cyprus, and of the adjacent provinces, isles, and meadows, sends you word by me, his most eloquent squire and secretary, Morocco the Smoaky, that a certain

' adventure which happened this night, has obliged him to repair to Madrid immediately; and whereas, to answer the gage he flung in your face last night, you were to have fought him in this city, where he is jealous he should not meet with fair play, he now defies and challenges you anew to fight him in the King of Spain's court, where you have not so many friends, seconds, bastards, and mistresses: he therefore requires you, by me the aforesaid Morocco the Secretary, that you appear at Madrid within forty days at farthest, upon pain of forfeiting the dignity of knighthood, and of losing your reputation among all the princesses of Galicia, and the infantas in all the inns upon the face of the earth. In this famous combat my master will try whether all those mighty things be true which Fame so lavishly reports of you. If, after this solemn challenge, you fail to appear at Madrid, Bramarbas will go even to the empire of the moon, to make known your cowardice: but if, on the contrary, you happen to conquer him, you shall be master and lawful king of our delicious kingdom of Cyprus, where you will have a thousand rich governments to bestow; among the rest, that of the Island of the Force-meat-Balls, which is one of the best of them.'—' I design that for myself,' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, though till then he had given great attention to the ambassador's words; ' but pray tell me, ' Mr. Morocco of the Smoaky Face, is that island of the Balls very far off or no? Whether it is towards Seville or Barcelona, or beyond Rome and Constantinople?'—' If I mistake not,' said the black ambassador, directing his discourse to Sancho, ' you are the most cudgelable squire to the matchless Loyoles's Knight: that Sancho Panza, whose moderation and politeness are every where applauded?'—' Yes, I am he,' quoth Sancho, ' in spite of all envious knaves!'—' I am very glad of it,' answered the ambassador. ' But, worthy Sir Lovelss Knight,' added he, turning to Don Quixote, ' give me my answer quickly; for I have a great way to go before I can overtake my master, who by this time is very far off?'—' Discreet squire,' replied Don Quix-

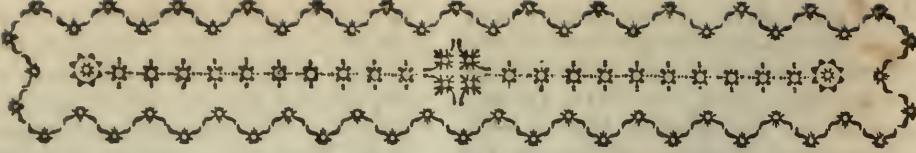
ote, looking sternly, ' tell the haughty Bramarbas, from me, that I accept of the new challenge he sends me, and that he shall see me on the day appointed, in the Great Square of Madrid, as he saw me this morning on the famous bridge of this strong castle. Withdraw; and be thankful to Heaven that the character you bear, as ambassador, protects you from the just indignation I have conceived against your master and all that belong to him! But, before you go, pray inform me what unexpected adventure it is that obliges him to disengage his word?'—' To tell you the truth, Sir Knight,' answered the ambassador, ' it is no adventure, but only a piece of news: he has been informed that Don Carlos, otherwise called the Emperor Trebatius, is tomorrow to conduct his sister the Princess Trebasina to Madrid, to marry her to one of the king's prime-ministers.'—' Nay, by my conscience,' cried Sancho, ' Master Morocco does not lie this bout! for Don Carlos's secretary came, in my presence, to bring Don Alvaro Tarfe that good news: and God be praised for having delivered the princess out of that scoundrel Barrabbas's clutches! A pretty dog to have such a dainty bit; but he may now go whistle after her!'—' This news,' replied the giant's squire, threw my master into an unparalleled fury; for he is of a very amorous disposition: when he has once set his mind upon a young maid, it is a hard matter to get her from him; and he has vowed, by the Thirteen Swifs Cantons, that if the Princess Trebasina is married to the minister she is designed for, he will incapacitate her husband and all the barons in the court of Spain!'—' I will take care to hinder him!' answered Don Quixote in a heat; ' bid him have a care of harping upon that string, or I shall deal with him! I here take under my protection not only the Princess Trebasina and her lawful husband, but also all the court barons.' The King of Cyprus's squire durst make no return to those words; but departed, making our knight so profound an obeisance, that the top of his cap touched the ground. He was scarce gone out of the chamber before Sancho ran after him, saying—' Master Morocco! a word

' a word with you, if you please: pray tell me whether the governor of that island is subterraneous lord of all the Force-meat-Balls?'—' Yes, friend,' replied the ambassador; ' he is sovereign lord of them; but he is to eat an hundred of them every morning for his breakfast: that is the greatest sanction of his government!'—' God for ever bless you!' quoth Sancho; ' I submit to that duty with all my heart; and I will certainly perform it, though I burst!' This said, he returned into his master's chamber; and the secretary went away to wash and dress himself.

After receiving this embassy, Don Quixote thought of nothing but setting out for Madrid. He apprized Don Alvaro that he could not in honour stay one moment longer in Saragossa; that he was going in pursuit of this haughty enemy, who had conceived such outrageous designs against all the barons and baronesses of Spain. ' Dispense with me,' continued he, ' from returning you tedious thanks for all the obligations I have received from your friendship; but be assured of the assistance of my invincible arm against all who shall attempt to offend you.' Then directing his discourse to his squire—' Away, Sancho!' said he; ' get ready my arms and Rozinante immediately; let us hasten to slay the King of Cyprus, and by his death take possession of that delicious island, the government whereof you claim!'—' That's well said, Sir!' quoth Sancho; ' but I am of opinion it were better to go away directly for Cyprus, whilst Ironsides is abroad. It will be easier for us to conquer this kingdom in his absence, than when he is at our heels.'—' You do not know what you say,' replied Don Quixote. ' How can I fail of meeting him at the place appointed? I should then lose my honour, which is to be preferred before all the kingdoms in the world!'—' There is no doubt of that,' said Don Alvaro; ' and the noble Don Quixote must take heed how he fails in that particular.'—' Why so much

' ceremony?' quoth Sancho, very earnestly. ' He is not so very punctilious, methinks. He promised us that he would cut off your head this day in the great square of this city; and what is come of it? You may go and wait for him till your heels grow to the ground! He is now trudging away for Madrid, as if he had a squib tied to his tail.'—' Giants,' quoth Don Quixote, ' are faithless and lawless persons; their example is no authority for me to offend against my honour! The word of a knight-errant is sacred; the very foundations of the earth should be shaken, and nature turned topsy-turvy, before a knight should be perjured!'—' Besides, Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, ' how justly might your illustrious master be blamed, should he by his absence give the lewd Brambas the opportunity of ravishing the Princess Trebasina, and disabling all the officers of the crown? Would not that be an eternal shame to knight-errantry?' The squire could have wished that the government of the Island of the Force-meat-Balls had not depended on a combat; but finding himself compelled to submit to the solid reasons of Tarfe and his master, away he went to saddle Rozinante, and put the pannier upon Dapple. Whilst he was preparing for the journey, the knight made an end of dressing himself. Don Alvaro gave them their breakfast; and Don Quixote then bidding farewell to the Granadine, vaulted into his saddle, and set forth, laden with his buckler, and a lance which he had caused to be made the day before the running at the ring. Sancho staid some time behind, to store the remains of the breakfast in his wallet; then taking leave of Don Alvaro and his pages, he got up heavily on his ass, who, having been well pampered in so good a stable, trotted away merrily. When our adventurers were gone, Don Alvaro went to Don Carlos's house; where they both agreed that they would set out for Madrid the next day, taking a different road from that chosen by Don Quixote.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

D O N Q U I X O T E D E L A M A N C H A.

BOOK III.

C H A P. I.

OF THE SCUFFLE SANCHO EN-
GAGED IN WITH A SOLDIER, AS
HE WAS GOING OUT OF SARA-
GOSSA.

THOUGH Sancho made all the haste he could, yet he did not overtake his master till he was just going out of the town : he found him jogging gently along with a ragged soldier, and a good hermit, who were both travelling towards Castile, as well as himself. When Sancho came up to them, he heard Don Quixote ask the soldier from whence he came. The soldier made answer—“ I come, Sir, from Flanders, where I have served the king a considerable time; but a certain misfortune has befallen me, which made me quit the service so hastily, that I had not time to get my discharge; and, to add to my misery, I met with four robbers on the way, who stripped me of all I was worth. Though I was but one to four, I would have defended myself, and perhaps have saved my purse, had they not asked it with fiery mouths! — ‘ With fiery mouths!’

quoth Sancho, in amazement; ‘ then they were souls from the other world!’ The soldier, casting an eye upon Sancho, and imagining from his looks that he was some fly peasant from the environs of the city, who had a mind to play upon him, took huff at his reflection, and answered, in a passion—‘ How now, ‘ slouch! do you pretend to railly me? ‘ By the dreadful piece of cannon which ‘ Mahomet brought to the siege of ‘ Constantinople, if I take you in hand, ‘ I will give you more knocks with my ‘ staff than there are hairs in the goat’s ‘ beard of you! I will warrant him, ‘ the scoundrel does not know I have ‘ beaten more clowns like himself than ‘ I have drank gulphs of water, since I ‘ have been in the king’s service! — These words, though delivered in a threatening tone, did not a whit scare Sancho; who answered—‘ Fair and softly, master shaver! Your hand shakes a little, methinks! Why, you good-for-nothing fellow you, have you been and beaten your younger brothers? Sure, Don Tatter-rag, we have seen othergues men than you are! Don’t you know that I could inumble a cruit before you were born? The owls and sparrows shall feed on your dog’s-head, I warrant you! Thus saying, he attempted to drive on his

his ass against the soldier, as it were to trample him under foot; but the soldier, who did not understand jesting, immediately drew out his tilter, and bestowed half a dozen good strokes on Sancho's shoulders so nimbly with the flat part of it, that Don Quixote and the hermit could not save one of them; and, at the same time catching hold of his foot, whirled him about like a gig, and threw him neck and heels on the farther side of his ass. Not thinking this enough, he was moving forwards to ring a peal upon his ribs, when Don Quixote interposed; and, thrusting him aside with the breast of Rozinante, said to him very magisterially—‘ Hold, rash man! and pay a respect to what belongs to me!’—‘ Sir,’ replied the soldier, ‘ I beg your pardon for my rashness; I did not know that gentleman had the honour to belong to you!’ This satisfaction appeased the knight's wrath; but Sancho, still more enraged, caught up a great stone, and began bellowing to his master very briskly—‘ Stand aside, Sir! stand aside! and I will send that rake with one blow to the old hawd that bore him!’ Don Quixote being slower in getting out of the way than he thought expedient, he cried out again—‘ Stand aside, I say! In the devil's name, let me finish my own adventures! I don't disturb you in yours! How shall I learn to cut giants in two, and to disenchant rocks and palaces, if you will not let me so much as chastise that scoundrel? Don't you know it is practice on beggars' beards that teaches the barber his trade?’ As soon as the words were out, he raised his arm to throw the stone at his enemy; but the hermit laying hold of him, exclaimed—‘ For the love of God, brother, hold your hand! Do not bring yourself into more trouble!’—‘ I will yield to nothing,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ unless the knave owns himself conquered!’ The hermit perceiving some hope of an accommodation, quitted Sancho, and ran to the soldier, saying—‘ Good gentleman soldier, that poor peasant is more than half a fool; pray let him alone!’—‘ I will not meddle with him any more,’ answered the soldier, ‘ since your reverence desires it, and he belongs to that gentleman.’ Upon this promise, the hermit took the soldier by the hand; and said to Sancho—‘ Honest man, the

gentleman soldier yields himself conquered, as you desire: now you may be friends, and shake hands.’—‘ No, no, father!’ quoth Sancho, ‘ that is not all; I perceive you do not understand chivalry; master Bumpkin shall not come off so easily!’ Then directing his discourse to the soldier—‘ Thou haughty and monstrous soldier!’ said he, in a very grave manner, ‘ since I have conquered thee, I do command thee, according to the custom of knight-errantry, to go with a chain about thy neck, and appear before the lady-admiral, Mary Gutierrez, my wife! Thou shalt fall down at her feet, before my daughter little Sancha and the curate, and shalt tell her how I have overcome thee in single combat, or ten to ten!’ Having spoken these words, the squire turned to his master, and said—‘ Well, Sir, what do you think of this? Is it thus adventures are to be finished? By my faith, you see a man may learn to bray, if he keeps company with asses!’—‘ Sancho,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ you might have made choice of a nobler comparison; and have said, “A man might learn to roar among lions!”’—‘ As you please,’ replied the squire; ‘ it all comes to the same. In brief, I can read no book but my own: every man talks as he can, and not as he will; and when a word is once gone, there is no calling it back. But, to conclude, a man must not always be a warrior: besides, the curate often tells us, in his lectures, that we must be charitable, that God may be merciful to us. So there's an end of all quarrels, master Soldier; let us think no more of what is past, nor of our debts: here, take my hand, and be thankful and proud of it; and let us be as loving as the four fingers and the thumb. As for the journey to Argamasilla, I allow you to defer it till Master Valentin has cured you of the incurable wounds I have given you.’ The soldier took Sancho's hand very graciously, and expressed a kindness for him, which the honest squire affably embraced; and, drawing forth a good piece of cold meat from his wallet, gave it to him immediately. The soldier returned him most hearty thanks; and, to shew that he valued the present, fell to it without delay, by the help of a crust

of bread which he pulled out of his pocket.

Thus terminated, in peace and good fellowship, an affray which at first bore a very sanguinary complexion. Sancho mounted again on his ass, without remembering how he had quitted it; and all four went on their way together. Don Quixote, after musing a while, said to his squire—‘ My son Sancho, I am reflecting that you begin to exhibit great tokens of courage: if you continue them, you may be capable of taking your degrees in knight-errantry.’—‘ Pray, why should I not?’ replied Sancho. ‘ Am I not already inured to the fatigues of the profession? And can any body tell me better than I know myself, what basting and tossing in a blanket is? No, surely! Like master, like man: the apprentice often comes to be master.’ The hermit hearing this talk, which sufficiently made known the character of our heroes, whispered in the ear of the soldier—‘ I am much mistaken if these be not the two madmen we were told of in Saragossa.’ The soldier agreed that there could be no doubt of it; and resolved, with the hermit, to divert themselves at the expence of their fellow-travellers, as long as they journeyed together. Don Quixote asking them who they were, the hermit answered that his name was Brother Stephen; that he was born at Toledo, and came now from Rome, whither he had been about affairs of moment. The soldier informed them that his name was Don Antonio de Bracamonte, and that he was born in the city of Avila. They travelled all that day without resting; and towards night, Sancho, being unable to descry any house near them, said—‘ Gentlemen, I have looked all about, and the devil of any thing can I see that looks like an inn, and now night draws on!’ Bracamonte, who knew the country, assured them that they must travel two leagues at least before they came to one. Don Quixote, hereupon addressing the company, said—‘ I observe yonder a fair meadow, where, if you will be ruled by me, we will pass this night: me thinks we, being all four of us what we are, need not much trouble ourselves about an inn. Brother Stephen is used to live in solitude, and lie on the ground; and the soldier having

served long, must needs be inured to fatigue, and can sleep any where. As for myself and my squire, knight-errantry, which we profess, has made us enemies to all daintiness; we are better pleased to lie upon the grass than in emperors palaces: and I declare to you, that the most delightful nights I pass, are those in which I lie exposed to the injury of the elements.’ Sancho, though not precisely of the same opinion with his master, was observed, however, on this occasion, to hold his tongue; not that he was afraid of offending the dignity of knight-errantry, for he never spared it when he was in a merry mood, but because he considered this as a case of necessity. The soldier and the hermit, who were very low in cash, and relied chiefly on Sancho’s wallet, answered the knight, that they were ready to do whatsoever he pleased: they all, therefore, struck out of the highway, and followed a path which led them into a meadow; where a rivulet, more pure and transparent than crystal, purled in fanciful meanders along. Here Don Quixote alighting, said to his squire—‘ Dismount, my son, and take off Rosinante’s bridle, that your ass and he may graze more freely; the herbage to me seems good.’—‘ I will answer for it,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ there is no cause to complain; they will live here like two patriarchs.’—‘ You are in the right,’ said Don Quixote; ‘ make haste, and do what I bid you.’ The squire instantly obeyed his master; and, having laid hold of his wallet, which was made fast to Dapple’s pannier, went and sat him down by the rest on the grass, saying—‘ So, gentlemen, what think you of it? Is it not time to see what is in this wallet? What a blessed condition should we be in, had I not taken care to fill it this morning? By my faith, we had made but a sorry supper!’—‘ Brother Sancho,’ quoth Bracamonte, ‘ your forecast can never be sufficiently commended: you do not look like a man that would go to sea without biscuit!’—‘ No, by my troth!’ quoth Sancho; ‘ for I have often heard say, that he who does not look before him, falls into the ditch.’ This said, he emptied the wallet on Brother Stephen’s cloak, which served for a table-cloth; and all four fell to with very good stomachs:

machs: I say all four; for Don Quixote, contrary to his usual custom, kept pace with them; and all had been compleat, had they not wanted wine; but as for water they had their fill.

Whilst they fed, Don Quixote put several questions to Bracamonte; and, among the rest, whether he had been at any siege—‘I have,’ replied the soldier; ‘and could give you a very good account of the siege of Ostend, for I was at it; and, by the same token, I there received two musquet-shots in my thigh; and, if you please, I will shew you one of my shoulders half burnt by a grenade the enemy threw among five or six of us, who were attacking a half-moon. If time and place would permit, I could chalk you out exactly the principal fortifications about Ostend; I would describe to you the mouth of the harbour, and the quarters of the general officers; where the batteries are placed, and where the attacks were carried on; but that must be some other time. All I can tell you at present is, that Ostend cost the lives of very many brave men.’ Sancho, who had listened attentively to Bracamonte’s discourse without losing one word, here interrupted him, saying—‘Is it possible, Sir, that there should have been never a knight errant among you at that time, to cut off that giant Ostend’s ears? I don’t question, if my master Don Quixote had been there, but he would have eaten him with a grain of salt.’—‘Numscull,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘Ostend is a town, and not a giant.’ The hermit, siniling, said to the squire—‘I perceive, friend Sancho, you don’t trouble your head with geography; it is quite out of your way.’—‘On my conscience,’ answered Sancho, ‘I have lived very well till this time without knowing what geography is; and I believe I shall never go about to learn it, unless it be in the other world: and, by my troth! it does not belong to me, who am a plain countryman, to understand all that sort of lingo. Every man must cut his coat according to his cloth. Like to like, as the devil said to the collier. Give me drink, and do not ask me how old I am.’—‘Away with it, Sancho!’ said Don Quixote; ‘heap proverbs upon proverbs, according to your cursed cus-

tom!’—‘Nay, indeed, Sir,’ answered Sancho, ‘I believe you have had little cause to complain this year; for I have taken care to mend that fault. As for last year, I have not much to say to it. I own I tumbled them out right or wrong; the truth is, a million of them escaped me, which they might well enough have spared putting into our history.’—‘You ought rather to have spared uttering them,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘and then they would not have been printed.’—‘O ho!’ cried Sancho; ‘that’s worth all the rest! Why must every foolish word that is spoken be printed? But no matter; if they print no more than I shall say for the time to come, the printers will not have so much employment. Let them alone, I will take care of myself; all the proverbs I shall make use of for the future, will amount but to a small parcel: I will chew them a good while before I spit them out.’ As Sancho spoke thus, he stretched himself out at full length; and, the provision being all eaten, resigned his carcase, with a loud yawn, into the arms of slumber. The hermit and the soldier being both very weary, laid them down upon the grats, and soon fell asleep. Even Don Quixote himself, casting aside, for some short time, the heavy burden of his weighty designs, tasted the sweetness of a quiet repose.

C H A P. II.

OF THE DEATH OF BROTHER JAMES, AND WHAT HAPPENED AT HIS FUNERAL.

AS soon as day appeared, our travellers continued their journey, to take the cool of the morning. They had scarce gone two leagues, before they spied abundance of people gathered together at the foot of a mountain. Curiosity leading them to the place to know what was the matter, they saw, as they came near, an ecclesiastick talking to about fifty or sixty peasants, who stood round him. Don Quixote and his companions hereupon advancing close enough to listen to his discourse, heard him speak as follows:—‘You know, my friends, what a strange life brother James has led for these ten

years

years in solitude. So carefully he avoided the conversation of men, that I believe there is not a man among us can boast that he ever saw his face. He fed on nothing but roots, refusing all the provisions your charity offered him. He was for the most part shut up in his cave; and we should not now have known that he was dead, had not some shepherds, who sometimes used to see him, mistrusted the matter. In short, the austerity of his life has been such, that he is nothing inferior to the ancient anchorites. Let us, then, pay him the last duty with the greatest devotion in our power.' Having thus said, the clergyman ordered them to dig a grave near a cavern which appeared in the side of the hill, whence he caused the body of brother James to be brought out, that every body might behold it. The deceased hermit had a white beard, which reached down to his middle; but what seemed much more extraordinary was, that his hair appeared blacker than jet. The clergyman, looking on him attentively, cried out—' Gracious powers! This is, surely, not natural!' At the same time, laying his hand rather roughly on the beard, it fell off, to the great amazement of the spectators. Brother Stephen then examining nicely the face and features of the deceased, seemed greatly agitated. 'We must look into the cave,' said the clergyman, 'whether there be nothing in it that may explain this mystery to us.' Having so said, he went into the cave; and soon returned with a little casket in his hands, but half shut, which he opened—' God be praised, gentlemen,' quoth he, 'I see a paper which will doubtless discover what we are so anxious to know!' Hereupon, taking out the paper, he read these words with an audible voice—' You behold, under the habit of an hermit, a religious woman, whom lewd love drew out of her monastery! Behold the miseries of a soul given up to that fatal passion! Happy shall I be, if ten years penance can satisfy Divine justice!'

Brother Stephen had scarcely heard these words, when he was seized with such an agony, that it shook his whole frame: his eye-sight failed him, and he swooned away in the soldier's arms. All the spectators, surprized at this ac-

cident, the cause whereof they were far from imagining, ran hastily to help brother Stephen; whom Don Quixote, Bracamonte, and Sancho, removed a few paces from thence, under some trees, where they used all possible means to bring him to himself. In the mean while, the false brother James was put into the grave; and the countrymen desiring some reliquie of him, divided his cloak, of which every one carried away a piece. When the burial was over, the clergyman went to see brother Stephen, whom, after many endeavours, they had at length brought to himself, though he was not yet able to speak. He lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and every now and then sighed so bitterly, that it gave cause to suspect there was something extraordinary passed within him. The clergyman, imagining this hermit might be some way concerned in the religious woman's story, was resolved to sift it out; and therefore said to him—' Cheer up, brother; and come along with these gentlemen to repose yourself at my house, which is in a village on the other side of this hill, where I am curate.'—' That is well said,' cried Sancho: ' let us go, father Stephen; do you endeavour to sit my ass, and let us follow master Curate; the smell of his kitchen will soon cure your distemper.' The hermit having by this time recovered his speech, in a few words thanked the clergyman, and accepted of his offer. Bracamonte and Sancho helped him to rise, and set him upon Dapple; but being yet too weak to sit alone, they placed themselves, one on each side, and, supporting him with their hands, proceeded towards the village. Don Quixote remounted Rozinante, and followed the rest, without speaking a word; but with all the gravity becoming his character. The clergyman, whose attention had been engaged by the situation of brother Stephen, was not, hitherto, very observant of the strange figure of the knight-errant; but, at length, looking at him from head to foot with greater earnestness, the more he eyed him the more he was amazed. Desirous, therefore, to discover something concerning him, he drew near Bracamonte; and, in his ear, asked Don Quixote's name and quality. Bracamonte made no scruple of telling him the whole truth; and

and the curate every now and then casting his eyes at Don Quixote whilst the soldier satisfied his curiosity, the knight, who perceived it, endeavoured to carry himself with more than ordinary stateliness and gravity, that he might confirm the magnificent account of himself, which he supposed Bracamonte to be communicating.

They soon reached the curate's house, who immediately ordered breakfast to be provided for them, and advised brother Stephen to go to bed; but the hermit finding his strength return, would not yield to it. He breakfasted with the rest, and then said to them—‘ I must own, gentlemen, I am much obliged to you; and yet I know not whether I ought to thank or to blame you, for having prolonged my days, since the idea of the spectacle I saw but now, will remain imprinted in my soul as long as I live. I will acquaint you who the religious woman is that died in this solitude; and, at the same time, will let you know my own misfortunes: for I cannot tell you her story without giving you my own.’ The hermit having paused awhile, as it were to consider what he was going to say, went on with his discourse, as it is delivered in the ensuing chapter.

C H A P. III.

THE STORY OF THE TWO HERMITS.

‘ DONNA Louisa (for that is the religious woman's name) was born at Toledo. I am the only son of a gentleman of that city, and my name Don Gregory. Donna Louisa was, in birth and fortune, equal to me, and almost of the same age, and our parents were neighbours and friends. Being brought up together, and seeing one another every day, we formed a mutual attachment for each other; which, however, being but children, was forgotten as soon as we were parted. When I grew old enough to handle a sword, my father sent me into Flanders, and Donna Louisa's friends placed her in a monastery, where she became a nun, and fulfilled all the duties of her profession very commendably for several years. For my part, I thought of no-

thing but honour, and only studied how to advance myself in the service. At length, Spain concluded a peace, and I returned to Toledo. It happened that, going to a monastery to visit a kinswoman of mine, whilst I was discoursing with her, Donna Louisa came into the parlour where we were: I knew, and saluted her; and we had some talk, but she soon withdrew, after whispering something in my kinswoman's ear. All the remainder of the time I staid in the parlour, I felt myself greatly disordered, though without suspecting the cause. I asked my kinswoman a thousand questions concerning Donna Louisa, yet I thought I did it out of mere curiosity; and I attributed my discomposure merely to the surprize of seeing Donna Louisa so unexpectedly. As soon as I was alone, I discovered my mistake; my religious woman came too often into my thoughts to need any other help to undeceive myself: in short, I felt that passion rekindle which had been first conceived in my infancy, and which I thought time had quite extinguished. This incident sufficiently evinces how difficult it is to efface the first impressions of love: I used no efforts to curb my passion; though, at the very time I gave way to it, I foresaw a part of those misfortunes which have since befallen me. Solely occupied with the desire of pleasing Donna Louisa, I figured to myself the rapture of possessing her heart, and became insensible to every thing else: accordingly, the very next day I went to visit her; and I disclosed my passion. She turned all my words into railing; and I departed, without discovering any thing of her thoughts. Two days after, I visited her again; she was willing to renew her pleasantry: I represented my sufferings to her in such a lively and moving manner, that at length she grew serious; and, perceiving the tears trickle down my cheeks—“ How now, Don Gregory!” quoth she. “ Do you think you are still talking to that Donna Louisa who could then hear you without offence? Those days are past. I am a religious woman: I have renounced the world. I must not cherish your love: fly from me! Since absence once banished me your thoughts,

L “ you

" you will easily forget me a second time." In uttering these words, she quitted me so abruptly, that I had not time to answer her. I plainly perceived her design was to put me out of all hope; and, having no cause to complain of a severity which was the duty of her profession, I withdrew, resolving to be gone from Toledo: in short, my father having given me leave to travel, I set out, soon after, for Italy. I went to Barcelona; and thence, by sea, into Lombardy. I visited the courts of Mantua, Parma, Modena, and Florence; but all to no purpose; Donna Louisa pursued me every where, and triumphed over the most beautiful women I could behold: in a word, all the benefit I reaped by my travels, was only the conviction that they heightened my passion. Despairing to overcome it, I returned to Spain. When I reached Toledo, I hastened to the monastery, to enquire for Donna Louisa; but she sent word, that she could not speak to me; and returned the same answer for several days following. All this did not daunt me; I assumed various disguises; and once, among the rest, I habited myself in the dress of a Franciscan friar, and with a false name endeavoured to draw her into the parlour: but she was as ingenious in discovering my frauds, as I was in contriving them; and disappointed all the various shapes which love made me put myself into for the sake of seeing her.

" So many difficulties, one might think, would have brought me to myself; but when passion is raised to a certain pitch, there is nothing in nature can curb it. At length, I fell sick through grief; and the fever was so violent, that for two days it was not known whether I should live or die. Youth, at length, prevailed; but my love, instead of declining, seemed to gather more strength: in this desperate condition, I refused all helps from physick, and was resolved on death. This was my condition, when an old woman came one day into my chamber; and, desiring to talk to me in private, told me that Donna Louisa had sent her to let me know she was very much troubled at my sickness: " And here is a little note," added the old woman, " which

" she charged me to deliver into your own hand." I was so surprized at this unexpected accident, that I gazed on the old woman a good while, without speaking a word, not daring to believe what she said. However, I took the note, and in it found these words—" Live, Don Gregory! Donna Louisa commands you; she would be ever comfortless, should she have cause to accuse herself of your death." Imagine to yourselves my transports at that moment! The emotion I sustained was so great, that it heightened my fever; however, I did not fail to call up all my strength; and, with a trembling hand, wrote this answer—" I will live, Madam, since you command me; but it shall only be to die at your feet, for joy that I have excited you to compassion." The old woman having quitted me, I resolved to commence my obedience to Donna Louisa; and demanded of my physicians, who entered the room at that moment, a medicine which I had hitherto refused, in hatred of my life: they found me too much disturbed to give it me; and, by unanimous consent, contrary to their former practice, judged it expedient to defer it till the next day. However, my mind being more at ease, I began to mend; and in a few days found myself in a condition to go and make my acknowledgments to Donna Louisa. She did not refuse to see me this time; she received me with a smiling countenance. " Well, Don Gregory," quoth she, " are you perfectly recovered of your indisposition?"—" Yes, Madam!" replied I; " and I come to return you thanks as my deliverer."—" I could not find in my heart," said she, " to suffer the death of a man whom I so much esteemed: but I hope you will not make an ill use of what I have done for you; and that you will endeavour to cast from you all that may be destructive to your inward peace. I am willing, for your comfort, in the circumstances you are in, to overcome myself; and to own, that had I staid in the world, I would have preferred you before all mankind. After this, be not so unjust as to complain of Donna Louisa; endeavour to forget her, as she

" she will endeavour to shun you: this is what I require of you."—"Alas!" said I, interrupting her, "that is the only thing you must not exact of my obedience; the will and reason are but feeble weapons against so fierce a love as mine. I have already tried the cure of absence: grant me, Madam, the liberty to love you, and sometimes to tell you of it. You know with how much respect I served you, even when you might have been mine! I will not deviate from myself hereafter; and I will so govern my passion, that your severity shall be satisfied."—"Alas! what would the world say of me," said she, in a languishing tone, "if I should continue seeing you, when I can no longer permit you to love me? What trouble would you expose me to?"—"I will conceal my love," replied I, so carefully, that all the world shall be a stranger to it."—"And shall not I know it, Don Gregory?" said she. "Do you think I make no account of my own esteem? What opinion could I entertain of myself, were I sensible I was guilty of failing in my duty? But could I over come that nicely, yet I should be afraid of forfeiting your esteem, by condescending to what you propose."—"How, Madam," quoth I, "should I value you less, if you loved me? Let me beg of you not to plunge me into despair! my passion is so pure and disinterested, that you may allow of it without any scruple."—"No, no!" cried Donna Louisa, in disorder; "I am not now what I was: withdraw! and never talk to me of a love I neither will nor ought to hear of!"—"Well, then, Madam," answered I, in a heat, "I must rid you of the complaints of an unhappy man! I must die, to avoid evils a thousand times worse than death! I see plainly that my life or death is equally indifferent to you, since you will no longer endure my presence!" As I spoke these words, I made some steps to be gone; but Donna Louisa stopped me, saying—"Don Gregory, what are you going to do? Alas!" added she, dropping some tears against her will, "what would become of me, if I were to answer for your death? Live, to spare me a trouble which would be the utmost trial of

" my constancy!"—"Madam," said I, "either be more cruel, or make me at once happy by giving me leave to love you! Come to some resolution."—"I know not what I wish, nor what I am to do," answered she; "all I know at present is, that I cannot consent you should die, nor forbid you to live for me." This said, she blushed, and withdrew, not daring to stay any longer with a man who had gained so much upon her. For my part, I went away well pleased with this visit, and did not despair of overcoming all those nice ties of virtue and honour, which stood between Donna Louisa and my love. I was not deceived in my expectation: after some few visits, she owned her affection was not inferior to mine; and she gave me leave to love her, provided I always kept my passion within the bounds of respect and innocence.

No day passed without seeing her; but such frequent visits necessarily exciting the suspicion of the nuns, who are generally curious and jealous, we agreed that we would see one another but twice a week. By this precaution, we thought we had secured the secrecy of our affairs: we wrote to one another every day, and reciprocally sent a thousand little presents. All this while I had violent impulses, which I durst not discover to Donna Louisa, for fear of incurring her displeasure: but an accident happened, which gave me the opportunity of disclosing my mind. Some of the nuns had taken notice of our visits, and acquainted the prioress; who, to break off our correspondence, ordered Donna Louisa to forbid my coming to the monastery. She told it me with tears in her eyes; and seemed so concerned and exasperated against the prioress and the nuns, that I thought I could never have a better opportunity to propose carrying her off. She was not to me so offended at the proposal, as she would have been if this affair had not happened; yet she rejected it with so much frankness, that I had almost resolved never to mention it to her again. However, a separation threatening us, and the time being short, I conjured her to come to a speedy resolution: I begged, I wept;

' I made so many vows, that I perceived her resistance was only a small remainder of honour, easy enough to be overthrown. In conclusion, after some difficulties, she consented to be stolen away: we contrived the plan of it; and we put it in execution eight days after, in the manner following. I opened my father's closet with a false key, and took out as much gold as I could conveniently carry away: I also found means to seize my mother's jewels; and one night, when I thought all the house was fast asleep, I took the two best horses out of the stable, and went away to the monastery, between the hours of eleven and twelve. The nuns were all retired to their cells; Donna Louisa was also in hers, in order to throw off her religious habit, and to put on a suit of cloaths I had sent her the day before. I should inform you, that at this time she had the charge of the church and vestry, the keys whereof she was wont to carry to the prioress; but that night, instead of shutting the doors, she left them all open. Thus she got out at the church-door, and came to the place where I expected her. I was so overjoyed to have Donna Louisa in my power, that I could not forbear holding her a long time clasped in my arms, without considering that we had not a moment to lose. She put me in mind of it; and, having helped her on the horse I thought the most gentle, I mounted the other, and we took the road for Lisbon, both of us equally pleased that we were now in a way to follow our inclinations without restraint; but not without such apprehensions, as in a great measure moderated the excess of our pleasure; for we did not question but that the next day men would be sent out every way in pursuit of us. We travelled all that night and the following days without stopping any longer than was absolutely necessary to rest our horses, and gained the frontiers of Portugal as expeditiously as possible: then we began to be out of fear, and made easy journeys to Lisbon. There we took many servants, hired a fine house, furnished it richly, and set up an equipage. We began, like strangers, to admit of company; and, in a short time,

' our house became the rendezvous of all the young people of the city. We counterfeited a marriage certificate; and, under that protection, gave ourselves up to the fatal pleasures of a guilty passion, living as contentedly as if we had been conscious of no crime.'

Here the hermit was interrupted by the outcries of Sancho; who, returning from the kitchen, where he had been at breakfast with the curate's servant, came blubbering into the room, tearing his beard and hair. ' What is the matter, Sancho?' quoth Don Quixote. ' O, Sir!' answered the disconsolate squire, ' we may now have done with chivalry, and go home again! A clodpate of a peasant that was below, has taken away our enchanted club, and is run off with it as swift as an elephant.' — ' You mean as swift as a fawn,' said Don Quixote: ' but you are in the wrong, Sancho, to be as much concerned at an accident of this sort, as if you had lost your wife and children.' — ' O my dear club!' cried Sancho, without minding his master, ' club of my own bowels! I shall never see you again then! Unhappy mother that begot you! A curse on the clown that stole you! May you only serve to break his bones! — Now we may even give ourselves up to the enchanters! they will steal the very teeth out of our mouths!' — ' Take comfort, child,' said Don Quixote; ' I own we have a considerable loss of Archbishop Turpin's club; but the enchanters cannot take my valour and my strength from me; and I need no other weapons to overcome them.' The soldier and the curate, uniting their consolations to those of the knight, at length made shift to pacify Sancho: and the hermit then prosecuted his story as follows.

CHAP. IV.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE TWO HERMITS. DON QUIXOTE IN A DREADFUL RAGE.

' DONNA Louisa and myself were at Lisbon,' continued the hermit, ' in the condition I have already told you. Having jewels to

the value of twenty thousand ducats, we might, with good management, have secured ourselves a long time against want; but we lived so extravagantly, that at two years end our money was gone. We were forced to part with our equipage, to dismiss our servants, and to sell our goods by piece-meal, for present subsistence. Being now reduced to the last extremity, I disposed of all my cloaths for ready-money, and went away to a gaming-house to try my fortune; resolving either to win a sum sufficient to set us up again, or to hasten our ruin: the latter of these happened. I lost all, to my very sword and cloak; and, having no more to lose, returned home to Donna Louisa, who expected me, making sad reflections on our deplorable condition. Her affliction was doubled at being informed that I had lost all the remainder of our money: she wept bitterly; and I myself could not forbear shedding tears.

"Madam," said I, "you have sufficient cause to hate me; I have forced you from your sanctuary, to make you miserable: had it not been for me, your days had still glided on in innocence and peace. Alas! why did not you rather suffer me to die? Why have you preserved a life so fatal to yourself?"—

"My dear Don Gregory," answered Donna Louisa, cease to impute to yourself my misfortunes! I have drawn them on myself by my crimes, and Heaven punishes me as I have deserved: it is rather you who ought to hold me in abhorrence. I have been the cause of your parents inconsolable grief; perhaps of their death; by taking from them their only son; and that, too, in such a manner as admits of no comfort: in a word, I have ruined you!" In this manner, Donna Louisa and myself, instead of reproaching each other, did but mutually condole and affect ourselves; and, what is yet stranger, our calamity was so far from extinguishing our passion, that it rather seemed to give it new life.

However, it being absolutely necessary to come to some resolution, I told Donna Louisa, that, having made such a figure in the city of Lisbon, it was requisite we should immediately remove to some other place; where,

having never been known to anybody, we might easily conceal our quality, and live in obscurity; I serving some man of quality, and she working at her needle: she approved of my project; and that very night we set out from Lisbon on foot, and very ill clad. We stopped at every village we came to, and begged from door to door: my greatest affliction was to see the sufferings of Donna Louisa, whose feet were blistered with walking. I made her rest often; and sometimes carried her upon my back. In this manner we went to Badajoz, a frontier city of Castile. We were forced to take up our abode in the hospital, having no money to pay for a lodging: but we lay there only one night; for the next day an accident befel us which might be looked upon as fortunate, considering our condition. It is to be observed, that the magistrates of Badajoz, to keep the city free from vagabonds, appoint inspectors to visit the hospital every day, and to take a particular account of the wants and of the circumstances of all strangers that repair to it: as soon as the inspector, whose turn it was that day, saw Donna Louisa, he asked her what countrywoman she was. I answered, that we were both of Valladolid, and that we were man and wife; and then drew out the certificate which I had forged at Lisbon: the inspector, having seen it, seemed satisfied, and asked what brought us to Badajoz, and what was our profession. Donna Louisa answered, that she was by trade a sempstress, and that she had always served persons of quality; and that we were now come to Badajoz, wishing to settle there. The inspector told us that, if what we said was true, he would take care of us; and, if we did not want the will, we should not want for employment: then he ordered one of his servants to carry us to his house. We thanked him, as the thing seemed to deserve; and when he was gone, we desired the servant to tell us his master's name and quality. "His name is Don Francisco de Forna," said the servant: "he is of one of the best families in this city; he is an old bachelor, very rich, who spends all he has

"in

" in relieving the poor." We were very glad we had met with that inspector, from whom we hoped to receive some relief. He came home soon after us: he asked us several questions concerning our marriage; and the reasons that obliged us to leave Valladolid. He examined us apart, to try whether he could catch us tripping: but we had framed such a plausible story, and concerted it so perfectly, that he thought us worthy of his compassion. He, therefore, hired a chamber for us, and purchased all the necessaries for house-keeping: besides this, he gave us a month's subsistence in money, and cloathed us from head to foot. In short, he plentifully supplied all our wants: we were so sensible of his goodness, that we gave him a thousand blessings; but we were too wicked to deserve that Heaven should suffer us long to live happy.

" Though Donna Louisa wore only a plain stuff suit, yet she looked very lovely; and I soon suspected that Don Francisco de Furna was not insensible of her charms. It is true, he had never yet, in his discourse with her, suggested any thing to escape him that could justify my jealousy; but he seemed to me to look upon her with a tender and passionate eye; and, perhaps, because I was so fond of her, I fancied every body that saw her was equally enamoured. Donna Louisa, who had not taken notice of what I imagined myself to have observed, ridiculed my penetration; but one day, having left her at home alone, she was convinced that I was not mistaken. Don Francisco went to see her; and, after talking of indifferent things, looking on her very amorously, he said—" I cannot but blame you, Madam, for concealing from me who you really are; since your behaviour sufficiently betrays you: you are too witty and polite for one of mean condition; and your husband has too much the air of quality to be of low birth. I am wholly yours, Madam; I offer you my estate and my service: is not this enough to deserve that you should put some confidence in me?" Donna Louisa looked down blushing, and said—" Sir, since I have received so many favours at your hand, I can

" no longer conceal myself from you; and must own, that my husband and I are of the best families of Toledo: and, to give you our story in a word, we loved one another; but there being a mortal hatred between our families, we thought they would never give their consent to our marriage; and therefore my husband, after having married me privately, stole me away. We have lived some time at Lisbon, where we spent all our money extravagantly, still hoping that our parents might be reconciled, and that our marriage might give them occasion of becoming friendly to us: but we are informed that they are more our enemies than ever, and would use us with the utmost severity if we were in their power. This induced us to come to Badajoz, for the purpose of concealment, resolving to endure any hardships whatsoever, rather than return to Toledo." Don Francisco believed all that Donna Louisa said to him, and made her fresh tenders of his service; but in terms so lively, that she had no reason to doubt any longer of his being in love with her. The next day he sent a piece of fine silk to cloath her, and a purse of ducats; and few days passed without his making her some present.

" As soon as we began to appear in better garb, ill tongues did not spare Donna Louisa; and it was believed that Don Francisco had an unlawful familiarity with her. Upon this suspicion several persons were desirous of becoming acquainted with Donna Louisa; and some attached themselves very closely, in hopes of participating her favours. So many lovers began to be offensive to me, and I was many times in the mind to fight them; but considering the ill consequences of such a step, I left it to Donna Louisa's contrivance to rid me of my rivals. She treated them so harshly, that some of them desisted; but others were the more inflamed, and redoubled their courtship. By day they followed us wheresoever we went, and they spent the nights under our windows, singing and playing on all sorts of musical instruments. All this seemed to confirm the ill reports which were spread abroad against Donna Louisa's reputation, and we thought

' thought of nothing but the means of ridding ourselves of these gallants. At length, they one night fought in the street; and one of them was left dead upon the spot, who proved to be the son of one of the chief magistrates of the city. As soon as the nature of the thing was known, Donna Louisa was seized and thrown into prison. I should also have been apprehended had I been at home; but I was then at Francisco's house: and as soon as ever I heard the news, fearing to fall into the hands of justice, which I had so much cause to be apprehensive of, I left Don Francisco abruptly; and it being then night, I got safe out of Badajoz, and departed for Merida. I had scarce gone half way, when reflecting that Donna Louisa was left behind, exposed to the utmost calamities, I felt myself unable to withstand the apprehension; and therefore, despising the danger that had at first terrified me, I returned to Badajoz, and went directly to Don Francisco's house. He told me, that by his interest he had procured the release of Donna Louisa; but that the very night after her discharge she had disappeared; and though he had made the most diligent search and enquiry, he could never hear of her. I at first imagined that Don Francisco had concealed her, in the hope that, during my absence, he might prevail on her to gratify his passion; but his affliction for her loss appeared so sincere, that I no longer suspected him of that artifice. I spent several years in seeking Donna Louisa in most parts of Spain and Portugal; and not finding her, I believed Heaven had taken compassion on her, and inspired her with the thoughts of shutting herself up in some monastery to lament her sins. At the same time, I felt I knew not what divine impulse, which carried me away. In short, I went to Rome; and having received the Pope's absolution, as I desired, I returned to Spain in the habit you see, resolving to dedicate the remainder of my life to penance, as some punishment for my former irregularities. I was desirous of becoming a Carthusian; but Providence, having brought me hither, seemed to require me to follow the example of Donna Louisa, and

' that, like her, I should breathe my last in this solitude.'

Don Gregory having ended his discourse, the curate commended his resolution; and said it would be opposing the will of God to contradict him. Don Quixote took upon him to talk in his turn; and inveighing against such as blindly devote themselves to the pleasures of love, proved, by a thousand instances gathered out of history, that man could never be too much upon his guard against that dangerous passion. In short, he discoursed on this subject so sensibly, that the curate began to think all false that he had been told concerning the knight's insanity; and the hermit himself was so much surprised, that he could not forbear saying—‘ In truth, Sir, there is no hearing without admiring you. How is it possible that, being a man of so much good sense and judgment as you have now made appear, you can persuade yourself there ever really existed any knights-errant?—Mr. Curate,’ continued he, ‘ you see here a person of extraordinary worth; he has but one fault, which is, that he will not be undeceived as to the falsehood of books of knight-errantry, but believes them to be true and authentic. Assist me, I beseech you, in convincing him of his error.’ The curate, who was a very pious and understanding man, offered to second the hermit. Accordingly, they both began to discourse with Don Quixote, and laboured to undeceive him. They used every argument to dissuade him from continuing the practice of knight-errantry, alledging all that sound reason could urge on the subject. They employed entreaties, examples, and persuasions. The curate proceeded so far as to quote the canons of the church; and brother Stephen cited the constitutions of ancient anchorites. But their eloquence was all lost; for the knight waxed into as great a passion as if they had persuaded him to permit the giant Branbras to cut off his head, and, looking on the clergyman with a scornful disdain, said—‘ Pray, Mr. Curate, do you mind your heterodoxy, and take notice that there have not only formerly been knights errant, but that there are such still, and will be to the end of the world, in spite of all the country curates upon the face of

' of the earth!—And as for you, brother Stephen—or Don Gregory,' continued he, turning to the hermit, ' or what other name soever may be given to a ravisher of nuns; remember, that I know better than you, whether the books of knight-errantry contain truths or falsehoods. You talk to no purpose: all your words will not move me; I am not so easy to be deluded as a poor silly nun. Take my advice; and, instead of losing time about what does not belong to you, begin, without farther delay, that rigorous penance you propose to yourself; for you stand in great need of it.' Having spoken these words, he ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante; and, in spite of all they could say to him, departed that instant. The soldier, who hitherto had observed an exact neutrality, was now obliged to declare himself; that is, either to quit Don Quixote, or brother Stephen: taking, therefore, that side which seemed most for his interest, he accompanied the knight, who he reckoned would bear his charges as far as Siguenza.

C H A P. V.

THE CURIOUS DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HELD WITH BRACAMONTE AND SANCHO. AND THE FINE STORY OF THE GEESE.

THE hero of La Mancha was so enraged against the curate and the hermit, that Bracamonte and Sancho had enough to do to appease him. ' Is it possible,' said he, ' that I must every where meet with people who call in question the existence of knight-errantry?'—' For my part,' answered the soldier, ' I never made any doubt of it; but I believe it as firmly, as if I had really seen them in flesh and bones. We must not speak ill of our neighbours; but, to say the truth, I would not trust too much to brother Stephen: perhaps he has been debauched by enchanters to cry down chivalry. What do we know! A man who could be so wicked as to steal a nun, may likely enough contrive to debauch a knight from knight-errantry.'—' That's likely enough,' quoth Sancho; ' and the spark would come off again with going back to

Rome for his pardon.'—' It may very well be,' replied Don Quixote: ' for you can never imagine, Don Bracamonte, the various contrivances of enchanters to suppress knight-errantry: and it is not long since Archbishop Turpin, whom they bribed for that purpose, employed all his eloquence to persuade me to forsake this noble profession.'—' Archbishop Turpin!' cried Bracamonte, laughing; ' good God! sure you don't say so! Is that prelate in this world still? I thought he had been dead I know not how many ages ago.'—' It was generally so believed till now,' replied the knight, ' because he vanished about seven hundred years since. But I, who am acquainted with all that relates to him, do know, that an enchanter going over to Asia to seek him among many other Christian princes, who had engaged in a crusade for the delivery of the holy city out of the hands of Infidels, enchanted him for some ages.'—' If so, Sir,' said Bracamonte, ' enchanters have power to prolong the lives of those they enchant.'—' Who doubts it?' answered Don Quixote. ' Orlando has been so preserved by the Moorish enchanter, as may appear by the combat I had but the other day with that Paladin.'—' According to that,' quoth the soldier, ' the enchanters themselves never die.'—' They are not immortal,' replied the knight; ' for all mankind is subject to death: but enchanters outlive hundreds of ages; years to them are like moments to us, and therefore it is that they generally have venerable aspects, and long grey beards.'—' Why, then,' quoth Sancho, in his turn, ' has the Moorish enchanter a red beard? I durst lay a wager it is because he is too young as yet, not being perhaps above seven or eight hundred years old.'—' That may very well be,' said Don Quixote; ' for all enchanters have not grey beards; and some of them grow grey towards their latter days.'—' But, pray, Sir Knight,' said the soldier, ' tell us, to what purpose did the necromancer enchant Archbishop Turpin?'—' To dissuade me from knight-errantry,' replied Don Quixote; ' and the whole matter was thus: the enchanter even then foreseeing that I should follow knight-errantry at this time, and might

' might be the means of restoring that order, made choice of Archbisshop Turpin, a crafty and eloquent person, to seduce me from it. To this purpose he inspired into him a per-
fect aversion to knight-errantry, which he had till then professed with honour; and having at length prevailed upon him to quit his archbishoprick of Rheims, he made him a prebendary at Ateca; placing him there by the name of Master Valentin, as well knowing I should pass through that place in the course of my adventures.'

—' Od's my life!' quoth the soldier, laughing at such a mad conceit, ' the enchanter served him a base trick, then, to make him quit an archbishoprick for a prebend at Ateca! By my troth, had I been the archbishop, I would never have consented to so ill a bargain; that is, as the proverb says, for the bishop to turn clerk! —' Don't think much of that,' quoth Sancho; ' for I have heard our curate, who understands the ways of sorcerers very well, say, that they will often make us take oaken leaves for pure gold, and bits of glass for diamonds; and therefore the enchanter might very well make Master Valentin take a prebend for an archbishoprick; for, let me tell ye, the devil is very crafty.' —' I am of your opinion, brother Sancho,' answered the soldier; ' I believe the magician has made that juggle pass upon him.'

' The cowardly archbishop,' said Don Quixote, ' made a very formal ha-
langue to me in his house, to induce me to forsake knight-errantry; but I listened to him as Ulysses did to the singing of the Sirens, and quitted him abruptly.'

Our adventurers having travelled four good leagues conversing after this manner, began to be much fatigued with the heat, which that day proved excessive. The foot traveller being in particular unable to advance a step farther for weariness, applied himself to the knight of La Mancha, saying—

' Sir, since the sun is exceeding hot that it scorches us to the very bone, and there being but two leagues from hence to the village where we must lie to-night, I would advise to get out of the road, that we may rest a little under the willow you see there. We may spend a few hours in the shade,

' on the bank of a pleasant rivulet that washes the feet of those trees; and when the sun is somewhat lower, we may proceed on our journey with more ease.' The advice was approved of; and more especially by Sancho, who, from that time forward, looked upon Bracamonte as a very judicious man. Accordingly, they went to the willows; where they found two canons of Calatayud, and an alderman of Siguenza, who were withdrawn thither with the same design of resting themselves. They saluted one another; and Bracamonte said to the canons—

' Gentlemen, will you be pleased that the great knight Don Quixote de la Mancha take the cool air a while with you in the shade?' As soon as the canons heard the knight of La Mancha named, they accosted him with a thousand compliments. The adventure of the melon-field had made such a noise throughout the country, that there was scarce any body ignorant of Don Quixote; besides, the canons had heard all that passed at Mr. Valentin's; so that they were apprized of the true characters both of master and man. When they were seated on the grass, the knight said to them—

' Gentlemen, I am of opinion that, to avoid idleness, the bane of the best dispositions, it were fit for us, whilst the heavenly charioteer abates the heat of his rays, to divert ourselves with the relation of some important story, such as is worthy the consideration of wise men.'

—' That was well thought of,' quoth Sancho, very abruptly; ' and if that be all, I will tell a pretty tale, for I have choice of them. And to begin, gentlemen, you must understand that, once upon a time, there was what there was. But be that as it can, if it be but all for the best.'

' Let ill be gone for aye, and good be-
tide, I pray.' —' Hold your peace, duncel!' cried Don Quixote, interrupting him in a passion. ' Why don't you listen to these gentlemen, and not trouble them with your own impertinence?' The canons, who were eager to hear Sancho, entreated the knight to let him go on. ' Come, good master squire,' quoth one of them, ' proceed, I am convinced these gentlemen will be as well pleased as myself, to hear you tell a story your own way.' —' Hark you, master listener,

'tiate,' replied Sancho, 'you have touched a string that will make you musick enough: but if you will have me tell you wonders, my master Don Quixote must not cut me off short.'—' Well,' said the knight, 'consider, then, what you are going to say; do not trouble us with such a dull relation as that you made to me in the wood, where we found the six giants converted into fulling-mills; nor such an impertinent tale as that of the wandering Toralva, who followed the shepherd Lopez Ruiz with a piece of a comb and a broken looking-glass, when he fled her for her coqueteries; nor such a tiresome story as that of the goats that lay down in the dirt, and which have infected my scent and fancy.'—' Nay, by my faith!' quoth Sancho, 'it is a sign those tales were not so bad, since you remember them so well: and I am glad of it, for by that you will like this I am going to tell you the better.—There was a certain king and a queen,' said he, 'who lived in their own kingdom: all that was of the male kind in that kingdom, belonged to the king; and all that was of the female, as of right it ought, to the queen. Now, this king and this queen had a chamber as big as the stable my master Don Quixote keeps Rozinante in, in our village. This chamber was so full of white and yellow rials, that they reached up to the roof. So, time coming and going, the king said to the queen—" Queen, my dear, you see how much money we have; we ought to improve it, that we might buy more kingdoms." The queen presently answered—" King, my darling, I think it would not be amiss for us to buy sheep."—" No, queen," said the king, "we had better buy kine."—" No, king," quoth the queen, "it will turn to better account to deal in swine at Toboso fair." The king did not agree to it, and took a fancy always to say No, when his wife said Yes. At last they agreed to buy geese, reckoning by their fingers that they would go into Old Castile, where there is great plenty of geese, and where they might buy them for two rials a-piece; and then sell them again at Toledo for four. What was said was done: the king and queen went with all their

money into Old Castile, and bought such a world of geese, that they covered the ground for twenty leagues round.'—' Heaven confound thee and thy geese!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him a second time; ' did not I tell you this blockhead would plague us with some impertinent nonsense?' The canons, fearing to lose such a curious tale, appeased the knight, and earnestly entreated him to let Sancho go on to the end. The squire, finding himself so well backed, without staying for leave, proceeded after this manner. ' There was such abundance of geese, then, gentlemen, that Spain was all covered with geese, as the world was with water, in Noah's Flood. The king and the queen went along the road, driving their geese with a wand, till they caine to a river which had no bridge. Then the king said to the queen, and the queen to the king—" How shall we get our geese over? For if we turn them into the water, the stream will carry them away to Rome or Constantinople." The queen said—" That's right; we must advise with the lawyers about it." But the king, who was a piece of a scholar, said—" Here's a difficulty indeed! Why, we need only make a bridge so narrow, that only one goose can pass it at once, and by that means they will not straggle." The queen approved of the king's project, and the workmen were set to work. When the bridge was finished, the geese began to pass one by one.' Sancho stopping short here, his master said to him—" Get you over, then, with your geese, you dunce; and put an end quickly to your scurvy tale!"—' That cannot be, Sir,' replied the squire; ' how would you have a flock of geese twenty leagues square, to get over in a moment; it will take up at least two years—and so, gentlemen, two years hence I will tell you the rest; for I deal plainly with you, I will not end my tale till the geese are all over.' This unaccountable conclusion of a story set all that heard it a laughing, except only the serious Don Quixote, who wished the tale and the teller at the devil.

The canons were not at all weary of the company of our adventurers; but perceiving the fun was now low enough, and that they had no more time than

was absolutely requisite to carry them to Calatayud, they mounted their mules, and departed after the usual compliments upon such occasions. Don Quixote and his company, for the same reason, left the willows, and went their way. The alderman of Siguenza being upon his return home, and intending to pass the night at the same village with our adventurers, bore them company; concluding the Knight of La Mancha to be really a madman, though not knowing as yet the particular quality of his phrenzy: of this, however, he was soon fully informed by the occurrence of a very strange adventure; which those who take the pains of reading the ensuing chapter will presently discover.

C H A P. V.

OF THE STRANGE AND DANGEROUS
ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE'S VA-
LIANT SQUIRE HAD THE HARDI-
NESS TO UNDERTAKE.

DON Quixote and his companions were now about half way on their journey to the inn where they were to lie that night; when, passing by the side of a little wood of fir-trees, they observed a doleful voice issue from among them, as it were of a woman in distress. They halted, the better to listen to it; and, being near enough, heard these words distinctly—‘ Alas! unhappy woman that I am! shall I find nobody to relieve me in this extremity? Must I end my days miserably torn to pieces by the cruel beasts that inhabit this place?’ As soon as the knight heard these words, he said to his companions—‘ Behold here, gentlemen, the most glorious and most dangerous adventure I ever met with since I received the order of knighthood! The wood which we now see is enchanted, and very difficult to be penetrated; the wife Friston, my ancient enemy, has in it a spacious cavern, wherein he holds a great number of knights and princesses enchanted. To these he has lately added the sage Urganda the Unknown: she is cruelly bound with mighty iron-chains to a vast mill-stone, which two deformed demons continually whirl about; and every

time her body violently strikes the rock on which the mill-stone stands, the terrible pain she endures makes her cry out in the manner we have heard.’ Information like the foregoing was perfectly new and strange to the alderman; who, being by nature not over wise, answered with the utmost simplicity—‘ Sir Knight, enchanters are not at all used in this country; and I do not believe there is any thing of what you say in this wood: all we can judge of it is, that some highwaymen have dragged some woman into the wood, where they have robbed and abused her. It behoves us to go in and see whether she is still in a condition to be helped.’ ‘ Mr. Alderman,’ answered Don Quixote very sternly, ‘ do not you know I do not love to contend, and especially with little aldermen, who ought to hold their peace before knights-errant?’ Bracamonte, to prevent any contest, drew near the alderman, and in few words let him into Don Quixote’s character; who, as one deeply concerned in Urganda’s deliverance, had already drawn his sword, and was entering the wood; affirming, that to him alone it belonged to finish that adventure. But Sancho, laying hold of Rozinante’s bridle, stopped his master, and kneeled down before him with his cap in his hand. Don Quixote, judging by this posture that the squire desired leave to speak, demanded what he had to say. ‘ Sir,’ replied Sancho, ‘ you saw how, the other day, as we came out of Saragossi, I made my party good with Mr. Bracamonte; I humbly beseech you to leave this adventure to me, that I may one day, by my own feats, deserve to become a knight errant, and to be inserted, as well as you, in the legend. I will go up fairly upon my ass to see who this princess is that makes such a grievous complaint; and if I can catch that scoundrel of a Friskin our enemy asleep, I will drag him before you by the collar, and give him a score of good whangs before he awakes. However, since none can tell who is to live, or who is to die; and that very often a man is himself slain when he goes for wool, therefore I desire that, if my Dapple and I should fall in the combat, we may be both buried together.’— Friend Sancho,

said Don Quixote, ‘that you may see
 ‘I desire nothing more ardently than
 ‘your advancement in adventures, I
 ‘am willing to grant you this one;
 ‘but I cannot agree to give you up all
 ‘the honour of it, unleſ it be upon
 ‘condition that, if you finish it, you
 ‘shall lay aside your peasant’s habit,
 ‘and cause yourself to be knighted by
 ‘the king himself, as soon as we come
 ‘to court; that you may then mount a
 ‘stately Andalusian courser, and, arm-
 ‘ed at all points, enter the lists to kill
 ‘giants, and disenchant knights and
 ‘ladies.’—‘Sir,’ replied the squire,
 ‘you need only ſlip the hounds after
 ‘the hare; I am not a man to be ſent
 ‘on a fool’s errand; whēnsoever I
 ‘shall be put to stir my ſtumps, affiſe
 ‘yourſelf I will do more in a day than
 ‘two others ſhall in an hour: and
 ‘whatever enemy I shall engage, if I
 ‘can but contrive to have a good diſ-
 ‘tance between us, and ſtones enough
 ‘in my way, you ſhall ſee I can make
 ‘uſe of both my hands! Victory ſhall
 ‘be on my ſide, or I will know why!
 ‘And, in ſhort, all thoſe plaguy gi-
 ‘ants ſhall be ſlain upon the ſpot,
 ‘thoſh there were a whole buſhelf of
 ‘them! Farewell, dear Sir! give me
 ‘your bleſſing; for that is all the ſignal
 ‘I wait for to fall on!’—‘Go, my
 ‘dear child!’ answered the knight;
 ‘the God of Hoſts give you the ſucceſſ
 ‘I wiſh you!’ The ſquire, ſortified by
 these words, ſet off direſtly upon his
 expedition; but, before he had gone a
 dozen paces, he returned towards his
 master, ſaying—‘Sir, I had like to
 have forgot the beſt of it. Pray take
 notice of what I am going to ſay to
 you. If I have the ill fate to fall into
 any great danger, and cry out for
 help, do not fail to make hafte to my
 aſſiſtance, that yonder ſcoundrel of
 a Friſkin miy not have any cauſe to
 laugh at us.’—‘Fear nothing, my
 ſon,’ ſaid Don Quixote, ‘I will be
 with you before you can be ſlain; or,
 at leaſt, I will come in ſo ſoon after,
 that I shall amply revenge your death
 the ſame hour’—‘That is not
 enouſh, Sir,’ replied Sancho; ‘you
 muſt be at my heels before the giants
 come within a ſtone’s throw of me.
 In ſhort, when you hear me cry
 ‘Hither! Hither!’ that muſt be a
 ſign there is no time to loſe, and that
 I am then actuallly dead!—‘Sancho,

‘Sancho!’ quoth Don Quixote, ſhak-
 ing his head, ‘you will do no wonders
 ‘this bout, ſince you are already ſo
 ‘much afraid.’—‘Pox on it, Sir!’ re-
 plied the ſquire, ‘you make very light,
 ‘I warrant, of this adventure! Here I
 ‘am not yet knighted, and you would
 ‘have me attack a million of giants,
 ‘as if they were a dozen of chickens!
 ‘But, ſince I have engaged myſelf, I
 ‘muſt on: there is no running after
 ‘the pudding when another has got it
 ‘betwixt his teeth!’ Having ſpoken
 these words, the courageous ſquire ad-
 vanced into the wood. Hardly had he
 entered it, when he began to roar, with
 all his might—‘Hither! Hither! they
 ‘kill me! they murder me!’ Don
 Quixote hearing these cries, clapped
 both ſpurs to Rozinante, and riſhed in-
 to the wood, followed by the ſoldier
 and the alderman: but when, upon
 coming up to Sancho, and finding him
 peaceably ſeated on his aſs, the knight
 asked him what diſaſter he had met
 with—‘Well done!’ answered the
 ſquire; ‘you are a man of your word:
 ‘I have ſeen nothing as yet, God be
 ‘thanked! and I only cried out, to
 ‘try whether you would come at the
 ‘firſt call—and ſo, gentlemen, you may
 ‘go back, for I will now fiſh the ad-
 ‘venture.’

Thus ſpeaking, he advanced farther
 into the thicket; and preſently heard
 these words uttered just by him—‘O
 ‘Holy Mother of God! will you ſend
 ‘nobody this way to release me? Good
 ‘honest countryman, deliver me from
 ‘the danger I am in!’ The novice-
 knight looking round towards the place
 whence the voice came, eſpied a woman
 naked to her shift, and bound to a tree.
 This ſight threw him into ſuch a con-
 ſternation, that, dropping down plumb
 from his aſs, he took to his heels, with-
 out minding which way he went, yell-
 ing with horrible vociferation—‘Help!
 ‘Murder!—Now, master Don Quixote,
 ‘your truſty ſquire is ſlain!’ Don Quix-
 ote and the other two, who had quitted
 the wood, returned immeadiately upon
 this outcry, and found poor Sancho in
 the uttermoſt conuſion, trembling at
 every ſtep he took, and ſcarifying his
 face moſt fearfully among the briars
 and brambles. Bracamonte laid hold of
 his arm, and had enough to do to ſtop
 him; for he ſtruggled with might and
 main to get out of the wood. ‘What



Sartor del

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'is the matter, Sir Future Knight?' quoth the soldier. 'O good Mr. Bracamonte!' replied Sancho, 'do not forsake me, I beseech you; for all the souls in purgatory are at my heels! My sinful eyes have seen one bound to a pine tree, and clad in white, as our curate describes them: and had I not made use of my heels, and recommended myself to the good thief, she had swallowed me down like a stewed prune; for she has not eaten any thing else these six thousand years, but only my ass, who is certainly devoured, since I see him not!' Don Quixote and the aldermen, upon this, began to search all about; and Sancho crying out to them to look to themselves, the woman who was bound hearing a noise, conceived some hope of relief, and began her complaints again. Don Quixote and his companions espying her at last, drew near to her; the squire, however, kept close behind the soldier, and durst not look at her but by stealth. Nevertheless, he could not refrain saying to her, quaking as he was—'Madam Soul, be pleased to restore me my Dapple, or I swear to you by the Flissartorum, that my master Don Quixote will fetch him out of your maw with his lance!'—'Peace, Sancho!' said Bracamonte, laughing; 'this Lady Soul is an honest and conscientious soul, and has stolen nothing from you. See there, your ass is grazing very quietly!' All this while, the Knight of La Mancha earnestly viewed that wretched woman, whose body seemed covered with bruises. When he had eyed her for some time, he said to Bracamonte and the alderman—'Gentlemen, I own I was deceived: this lady, whom you see, is not the sage Urganda, but the famous Zenobia, that great Queen of the Amazons. She went forth from her palace this morning, attended by the principal ladies of her court, to divert herself with hunting: her retinue was great. She was clad in a rich green velvet, embroidered with gold and precious stones, holding a bow of ebony in her hand, and at her back hung a quiver full of gilded arrows; she was mounted on a Tartarian white horse, dappled with black and red, whose bit was silvered with his foam, and whose proud neighings made the air resound: her

beautiful flaxen hair, covered with a slight cap adorned with white and green feathers, played in the wind in large tresses on her shoulders. Being intent in the pursuit of a fierce bear, that had already devoured some of her dogs, the swiftness of her horse soon parted her from her company; she lost herself in this wood; and, having alighted, espied herself on the bank of a crystal stream, which is but a little way off, he was surprised by a troop of insolent giants, who have taken away her mighty courser, robbed her of her cloaths and jewels, and then bound her, in her shift, to this tree, as you behold; therefore, Mr. Bracamonte, unbind her quickly, and let us hear from her royal mouth the particulars of this adventure.' The soldier obeyed his commands out of hand, to the great comfort of the poor wretch, who was not so well pleased as the soldier and the alderman with the knight's relation of the chace.

C H A P. VI.

WHICH CONTINUES THE ACCOUNT
OF THE HAPPY DELIVERANCE OF
QUEEN ZENOIA, OTHERWISE
CALLED BARBARA HACKED-FACE.

THE Queen Zenobia was apparently near fifty years of age; and, besides that the general expression of her features exhibited what is usually denominated a hanging-look, her right-cheek was, moreover, adorned with the seam of a long wound, which extended even to her ear, and which had probably been inflicted in her younger days, for her holy life and modest conversation. The soldier having viewed her well, said to Don Quixote—'I can assure you, Sir, this lady has nothing of the air, nor is she in her face any thing like Queen Zenobia; and I am much mistaken if I have not seen her at Alcala among the little tippling-houses; and I think her name is Barbara Hacked-Face, or something like it.'—'You have laid all in a word, Mr. Soldier,' quoth the prince: 'that is my name; and God reward you for your favourable relief!' The alderman considering the naked condition of the Queen of the Amazons, whose

whose proper name, as has been said, was Barbara Hacked-Face, alias Machicona the Tripe Woman, charitably took off his cloak to cover her, that she might appear more decently in the town where they were to lie that night. Barbara wrapped it about her without any ceremony; and, judging by Don Quixote's garb, and the air of authority he assumed over the others, that it was to him she ought to make her compliment, she said to him—‘ Sir Knight, I return you thanks for your generous relief: had it not been for you and this noble company, whom Heaven was pleased to bring this way, I must infallibly have died this night!’ Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity, answered her thus—‘ Beautiful Zenobia, mighty queen! whose valour was so dreadful to the famous Princes of Greece, and so advantageous to the Sultan of Babylon, whom you assisted against the warlike Emperor of Constantinople; I account myself most fortunate that it has this day been in my power to do you this small service! Hereafter, I trust, I shall be able to render you others more important.’ The queen, who as yet did not know Don Quixote, thought his compliment passing strange; and, being at a loss how to answer it, said—‘ Sir Knight, I must beg your pardon for taking the freedom to tell you that I am nothing akin to Queen Zenobia, nor the Sultan of Babylon; but, if you call me so in derision, because I am old, you must understand there was a time when I was not despised. When I was a young wench at Alcala, the finest scholars in the university were as fond of me as of their own eyes. True it is, that ever since a great rogue of a tutor (God reward him in this world, or in the next!) made this mark you see in my cheek, I was not so much in vogue as before; and yet, for all that, I have lived merrily enough; “for every blemished apple is not rotten.”—‘ O Heavens! O just Heavens!’ cried the Knight of La Mancha, ‘ what do I hear? Never was I so sensible of the need there is of knight-errantry as I am at present!—Do but observe, Don Bracamonte, how far the malignity of enchanters extends! Those vile wretches thought

it not enough to cause this beautiful queen to be inhumanly stripped and tied to a tree by a parcel of giants, the proper instruments of their malice; but they have also distracted her understanding by their sorceries, blotting out of her memory all the ideas of her grandeur, and making her think herself old, ugly, scarified in the face, of the vilest condition, and of a very lewd conversation!’ The enchanted tripe-woman, a little nettled at these last words of Don Quixote, said to him—‘ Sir Knight, with your leave, I am not quite such a lewd liver as you have been informed; for though I have a little wronged my honour, yet I never did any body harm.’—‘ Cease, great princes! cease to debase your high birth, and the majesty of your race!’ quoth Don Quixote. ‘ I know you think yourself a poor wretch; a servant to a tippling-house, if you please, because the vile enchanters have cast a mist before the light of your understanding: but I am not to be imposed upon; I still, in you, behold that mighty Queen Zenobia, whose valour is equal to her beauty! God forbid I should be so unjust as to believe you could ever stoop to prostitute your matchless perfections to scholars, or even to tutoys, when I know the greatest princes of the east have pined for love of you; and the brave Hyperborean, of the floating islands, has performed so many glorious exploits for your sake! On him alone ought you to lavish your favours, to requite the victory he obtained over the four giants of bronze, and the phantom of fire, the guardians of the crystal tower; in which the sage Pamphus, the king your father’s enemy, detained you prisoner by his magical incantations.’

Bracamonte and the alderman were amazed to hear Don Quixote talk so extravagantly: as for Sancho, having by this time got the better of his panick, and finding nothing in Barbara answerable to the harangue of his master, he could not forbear saying—‘ By Dapple’s soul, Sir, you do not consider what you say! Why, where the devil are all those beauties you see in this Madam Segovia*? I have viewed

* Segovia is a city of Old Castile, the name of which Sancho naturally enough mistakes for Zenobia.

' her all over; and God knows what I see! I will be hanged, if my ass had but a hood on, if he would not look more like a princess than she; and I will lay a wager Mr. Bracamonte and the alderman are of my mind!'—' I do not question it,' said Don Quixote; ' but be not deceived, my friend: the queen appears to me, as well as you, ugly, old, dirty, and impudent, because the eyes of the body are charmed by Pamphus the enchanter; but I make use of the eyes of the understanding to frame a true judgment of the rare qualities of this princess. I lift myself above the senses; and, by means of a peculiar privilege inherent in knight-errantry, which ever tends directly to the truth, I discover in this object, so disagreeable to outward appearance, a complexion of lilies and roses intermixed; a head of delicate flaxen hair, more beautiful than that of Apollo; heavenly conquering eyes; coral lips; teeth like oriental pearls; a neck and arms as white as alabaster; a pleasing and delightful air; a charming smile; an elegant shape; a majestick mien; and easily modest action: in short, Sancho, when I shall have overcome Pamphus's enchantment, you will perceive which of us was in the right.'—' Nay, I have done with you, Sir,' replied the squire; ' you are an absolute master at those things: but is it possible that Dame Barbara, with her great scar, and her tanned leather hide, should have coral eyes and teeth, and all the rest you talk of? Well, I long to be a knight, that I may see things otherwise than they really are.'

This dialogue had not ended so soon, but that the alderman put Don Quixote in mind that the sun was set, and that it was time to proceed on their journey. Upon this, the knight said to his squire—' Sancho, bring Dapple hither; and let him have the honour this day to serve the queen, instead of a white palfrey.' This said, he gravely saluted Zenobia, and went forward on his way alone, to meditate the revenge he would take upon Pamphus. Sancho, ill-nigh obeyed his master; he brought his ass; and, throwing himself down on all fours, that the queen might mount with more ease—' Lady Princess,' said he, ' you may set your

feet on my back, and mount Dapple: he is so gentle, that he would not wrong a child; but, the deuce take me,' added he, looking up under her nose, ' I did not know you was so handsome! Lord, how I long to see you with the eyes of the understanding! for, to deal plainly with you, that villainous tutor Pompous has made you as ugly as Lucifer.' Barbara did not well like this compliment; and therefore, in revenge, being of a gigantick stature, she trod so hard upon the poor devil of a squire, as she was mounting, that she overthrew and half crippled him. ' Help!' cried Sancho, falling; ' I am a dead man!'—' What is the matter?' quoth the soldier, going to help him up. ' O, master Bracamonte!' answered Sancho, ' that carrion carcase of a queen has broke two of my ribs at least. Wou'd the dogs had eaten her to her finger's ends!'—' Fair and softly, Sancho!' replied Bracamonte, laughing; ' pr'ythee, pay the Queen Zenobia more respect; and do not fancy it was her that hurt you: she is too tender a princess; and has such a delicate light foot, that she scarce treads down the grafts or flowers.'—' O ho, Mr. Soldier!' cried Sancho; ' why you talk like a knight-errant! and a body would think you saw the queen with the eyes of your understanding.'—' No doubt of it,' quoth Bracamonte; ' for there being no other difference betwixt a soldier and a knight but only the dubbing, all martial men enjoy most of the privileges belonging to knight-errantry, and particularly that you speak of: however, if you will be advised by me, we will talk no more of this matter; but, as we travel on to our lodging, will listen to the queen, who is going to tell us how she fell into this misfortune.—Mrs. Barbara,' added he, directing his discourse to the Amazon, ' pray, if you please, tell us what robber has used you so ill; and why you left Alcalá, where you lived like a queen?'—' Did you then see me, Mr. Soldier?' said Barbara. ' in the time of my prosperity? Was you ever in my shop? Did you ev'r eat any of that pure fried tripe I used to dress to customers?'—' No,' replied Bracamonte; ' but I was then a commoner in the college of the Three Languages; and

' and I remember you were reckoned the best in the world at souising of hogs feet, and making black-puddings.'—' Black-puddings!' quoth Sancho, in a rapture: ' nay, faith, if her majesty's grace has such a knack at making of black-puddings, I will hire her this moment to be my cook in my government.'—' With all my heart!' quoth Barbara; ' and I assure you I will make you such rare black-puddings, and such dainty hotch-potches, that you will lick your fingers after them.'—' God be praised!' said the squire, ' I could wish I were at that sport already! But may it please your majesty to tell us the cause of your misadventure?' Barbara, who never denied any man, soon granted the request, and said—

' Since you desire it, gentlemen, you must understand that my mother, being convinced there is no better inheritance than a good education, taught me to make black-puddings, to souise hogs-feet, and to fry tripe: so that, before she died, she had the satisfaction of seeing me in a way to get my living. I had a little cook's shop in the Tavern Street, whither the scent of my cookery drew abundance of scholars: among the rest, there was one, who made a curious figure, and was about twenty-three years of age. I found him so courteous and civil, and grew so fond of him, that I was never well any longer than I was in his company: I treated him like a prince at meals; and I bought him books, shoes, stockings, bands, and, in a word, whatever he wanted; nor was he sparing, but had every thing he could ask. When he had lived with me in this manner almost a year, he told me, one day, making much of me, that he must go to Saragossa, where he had some estate; and, if I would go with him, he was so in love with me, that he would marry me. Lord, what fools women in love are! I had so little wit that, without thinking any harm, I told him I would follow him to the Antipodes: accordingly, the very next day, I began to sell all my goods, being the furniture of two rooms,

and a good quantity of linen, which brought me fourscore ducats. In short, we left Alcala yesterday; but the devil being in him, as we were passing by this wood this morning, he proposed to go into it to take the cool air—God grant he may take it after the same manner! But I will not curse him; for perhaps we may chance to meet again, and I am apt to believe that, should he repent, (God forgive me!) I could love him again. Well, into the wood I went with that villain; who, looking stern on a sudden, and drawing his dagger, bid me deliver all the money I had; and, because I did not comply soon enough to his mind, he began to pinch my nose and ears, to cuff me over the face with his fist, and to hunch my belly with his knees, saying—" You old witch, will you be quick? Will you make haste and deliver me the money you have got so ill, and which I know better how to spend?" I must confess I am still in a passion, when I call to mind the ill language he gave me; and he lyed like a rogue, when he called me witch; for though I was tied to the ring* upon the steps of the church of Santa Justa, I may thank some of my neighbours, who did me that good turn, and swore falsely against me: a pox choak them for a parcel of envious jades! But I was revenged of one of them, for I poisoned a pretty little dog she had.'—' Lord, Madam Queen!' quoth Sancho, interrupting her, ' what harm had the poor beast done you? Was it he that swore falsely against you?'—' No,' replied Barbara; ' but they that cannot hurt the master are revenged on the dog.'—' There is no reason for that,' answered the squire; ' the vicar is not bound to pay the curate's debts.'—' I grant it,' quoth Hacked Face: ' but, to return to my story. When I found there was no way to appease that wretch who abused me, without complying with him, I delivered him my fourscore ducats to a farthing: but yet that did not content him, he stripped me to my smock; and, tying me to a tree, went away with all my cloaths.'—' Oh, the confounded son of a woman!' cried

* A part of the punishment inflicted on persons convicted of witchcraft, or superstitious practices.

Sancho. — ‘ What say you to that, Mr. Bracamonte? Ought not I to go from college to college, to find that outrageous scholar, and challenge him to fight man to man, or ten to ten? I vow, by the order of errant-squireship I profess, that I will cut off his head, and carry it sticking upon the point of a lance to a tilting! All I am afraid of, (for a man must have a care when he gathers a rose that he does not prick his fingers) is, lest I should fall in with some of those scholars of Beelzebub, such as I met with in a college at Saragossa. O the profligate vermin! One of those rakes, whom Heaven burn like Gomorrah! hit me such a furious cuff on my left jaw, that my cap fell off; and, as I was stooping to take it up, another gave me such a kick on the breech, that I came over upon my nose. This was not all neither; for when I got up, there poured down upon my face such a shower of glanders, that I knew not which way to turn myself.’

C H A P. VII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE ALARMED A WHOLE VILLAGE, WHERE THE FRIGHT WAS GREATER THAN THE HURT.

SANCH O's hand being once in for talking, he never gave over till they came to the village. There they found the Knight of La Mancha at the door of the inn, surrounded by a considerable number of people, and very earnestly holding forth after this manner— ‘ Brave warriors, whose valour and vigilance defend this famous city, I come to warn you to make ready for battle! The enchanter Pamphus will soon be at your gates with a dreadful army of giant: he designs to ravish from us the chaste Queen Zenobia, to expose her again to the cruel death from which my invincible arm has but now delivered her. Let us not suffer such an indignity, my friends, to be put upon the most amiable princesses in the world. Stand by me, and we will easily rout Pamphus and all his giant, and will pursue them to the furthest part of their dominions! But take heed, I entreat you, lest

emulation in point of valour, and about dividing the kingdoms we shall conquer from them, do not sow discord and animosities among you; for it is absolutely necessary that we be always unanimous to put a happy end to this war!’ The inhabitants of the village were so astonished at this extraordinary exhortation of Don Quixote, that they knew not what to think of him: some looked upon him as a madman; but others, by the richness of his armour, and gravity of his discourse, judged him to be some famous general whom the king had appointed to command his armies against France, a rupture being then expected between that court and Spain. That which most puzzled them, was the approach of the enchanter Pamphus, and the protection of Queen Zenobia; and these particulars they were about inquiring into, when they saw a coach, drawn by six mules, attended by five or six men on horseback, advancing towards them on the road that leads from Siguenza. No sooner had Don Quixote descried this cavalcade, than, with a burst of martial ardour, he exclaimed—‘ To arms, my friends, to arms! Behold here the enchanter advancing towards us with all his forces!’ Those who had been duped by the first part of the knight's discourse, were fools enough to fancy the enemy was at hand; and as generally it happens that fear multiplies objects, that small retinue looked to them like an army: they were all full of confusion; and began to run into their houses for weapons, when Bracamonte and the alderman set all right, by telling them that Don Quixote was a poor distracted gentleman, who was going to the hospital at Toledo to be cured. In the mean while, the knight had posted himself in the midst of the street, covered himself with his buckler, fixed his lance in the rest, and was now courageously waiting to encounter the enemy: but the soldier, to prevent any disaster, coming up to him, said—‘ Noble Don Quixote, no man knows better than yourself, that it is always requisite to view the numbers, and the disposition of an army, before engaging: give me leave, therefore, to advance upon discovery; you may stay here; I will oblige the enemy so nearly, that you shall not fail of a particular account’

' account of them.' The Knight of La Mancha approving of what he said, the soldier went towards the coach, and desired leave to speak to those who were in it, to give them an account of Don Quixote's madness; but as soon as he cast his eyes upon a gentleman who was in the coach with two ladies, he was struck dumb with surprize, and could not utter a syllable. The gentleman was no less amazed at the behaviour of the soldier; but having viewed him well, he leaped out at the door of the coach, and stretching forward his arms to him, exclaimed—' Oh, my brother! my dear Bracamonte, is it you! The wretched condition I see you in, does not hinder me from knowing you!'

They embraced one another several times, weeping for joy; for they had not seen each other during fifteen years, and had been mutually anxious on that account. After the death of their father, they had divided betwixt them a small inheritance; and the soldier, who was the youngest, took to the army: but though he had behaved himself bravely in Flanders, yet he had gained nothing but the honour of his actions. The elder, whose name was Don Raphael de Bracamonte, was now returning from Peru very rich, with two ladies, one of whom was his wife, and the other his mother-in-law. The two brothers never ceased embracing one another, and that with the warmest transports that kindred and friendship could produce. As soon as the ladies understood the character of the soldier, though his appearance did little honour to the alliance, they received him with such excess of civility and politeness, that he could hardly make suitable acknowledgments.

Whilst this happened, Don Quixote, finding that the soldier did not return, and fancying he had been taken by the enemy, advanced to rescue him, and spurred on towards the coach; but before he could come up to it, the soldier had in a few words acquainted his brother and the ladies with his madness; and having thus prepared them to receive him, he suffered him to draw near; and then, with a loud voice, said—' Sir Knight, whose redoubted arm has thunderstrucken more giants than Jupiter! you must understand that the enchanter Pamphus is not here. The

personages you here behold are no enemies to the Princess Zenobia: on the contrary, it is the queen her mother who is in the coach, and who, attended by a damsel and a squire, comes to return you thanks for having delivered her daughter from a death she could not have avoided, but by your undaunted courage!' Don Quixote, hearing these words, drew near to the coach; and, after saluting the ladies gravely, without alighting from his horse, or giving them time to speak, he directed his discourse to Don Raphael's mother-in law, saying—' Great queen, who mayest justly boast that you have brought forth the most famous princess in the world, as being mother to the peerless Zenobia! I am sorry you have left your dominions for my sake, and undergone the fatigue of so long a journey! I have not yet performed any thing worthy your acknowledgment; but I hope, when I have overcome the giant Brambas Ironsides, King of Cyprus, in single combat; I hope, I say, I shall then cause the infanta your daughter to be crowned queen of that delicious island, formerly the place of abode of the goddess of love.' Though Zenobia's mother was forewarned of the knight's extravagance, she knew not very well what answer to return to so preposterous a salutation: the soldier, therefore, to ease her of that trouble, told Don Quixote, that the queen being extremely wearied with her journey, they must make haste to the inn, where they might discourse more at their ease. When they came thither, Don Quixote would needs himself introduce to the ladies the beautiful Queen of the Amazons; who, being still wrapped up in the cloak of the alderman, excited no moderate surprize. The knight perceiving this, said—' It doth not at all astonish me, most unparalleled empresses! that you continue to look round in search of the amiable Zenobia, notwithstanding that she is now before you; nor do I marvel, that even her own mother knows her not! This horrid metamorphosis is the work of the enchanter Pamphus; but I swear by all that is most sacred in knight-errantry, that I will dispel the fatal spells which surround this renowned queen, and will soon restore her to her former beauty!' Don Raphael's

Raphael's mother-in-law, having had leisure to study a compliment, applauded the knight's generous resolution; and spoke to him in such language as fully convinced our hero that she was the parent of Zenobia.

At this instant Sancho, who till now had divided his time between the stable and the kitchen, came into the room, all in a heat, clapping his hands for joy, and crying—‘ Good news, my masters! Good news! We shall be all littered up to our bellies!—‘ Why, what is the matter, Sancho?’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘ have you found out where the giants are that stripped the queen?’—‘ That's well enough, i'faith!’ quoth the squire; ‘ that's likely to be the matter that pleases me!’—‘ Perhaps it is,’ replied the knight, ‘ that Bramarbas is come to this village, to put an end to our combat.’—‘ God deliver us!’ answered Sancho, ‘ I have better news than all that; what I can tell you is, that I saw a delicate soup below stewing upon the fire; and it is that has rejoiced me.’—‘ Scoundrel!’ cried Don Quixote in a passion; ‘ can you never open your mouth without discovering your greediness?’ Then turning to the ladies, he entreated them to forgive his squire's impertinence; and fell into a discourse with them, which held till supper. In the mean while, the soldier, who had acquainted his brother with Sancho's ingenuity, drew him into the corner of the room; and, in the presence of Don Raphael, said to him—‘ Dear Sancho, we have a great deal of business upon our hands; perhaps you don't know who that old lady is that your master is talking with: she is a princess, my friend; she is Queen Zenobia's mother!’—‘ Master Bracamonte,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ carry that candle to another saint. Don't think to make me take rials for du-cats. I remember very well her ladyship the queen told us, awhile ago, that her mother w's dead.’—‘ That's true,’ answered the soldier; ‘ but have you forgotten already, that Pamphus the enchanter has disturbed the Princess Zenobia's understand-ing? Nay, do not you perceive that the whole history she has just told us is to be regarded, from one end to the other, a nothing but a fabulous sug-gestions of the same enchanter?’—

‘ By my soul, I am sorry for it!’ replied Sancho; ‘ for, if so, I dare lay a wager she has forgot how to make black-puddings.’—‘ Nay, as for the black-puddings,’ quoth the soldier, laughing, ‘ it is possible she may know how to make them still; for the princess has had an excellent education. But be it as it will, there certainly is her mother, who has been thanking your master for releasing Queen Zenobia.’—‘ In troth,’ quoth the squire, looking upon the ladies, ‘ I am glad of it. And who is that young damsel by her?’—‘ It is her maid of honour,’ said the soldier—‘ and this is her squire,’ added he, pointing to Don Raphael. Sancho saluted him; and they soon grew acquainted. When supper was ready, there arose a controversy about sitting down to table. Don Raphael's mother-in-law having seated herself at the upper-end, said to Don Quixote—‘ Sir Knight, will you permit my damsel and squire to sup with us, that they may hereafter boast they have had the honour of eating with the great Don Quixote.’ The knight having signified his consent by a profound bow of approbation, Don Raphael and his wife placed themselves by Zenobia; the alderman and young Bracamonte by Don Quixote. All were seated but Sancho; who, drawing a chair, took his place without any ceremony at the lower end, saying, with a loud voice, to his master—‘ Sir, since you give leave for the princess's squire to eat with you, perhaps she will give me leave to eat with her: and why not? I am a Christian as well as another; and, God be praised, I han't the itch!—So, gentlemen,’ added the squire, ‘ here goes without farther ceremony! “ Faint heart never won fair lady!”’ In this place the sage Alisolan stops to remark a circumstance worthy of attention. He observes, that Don Quixote did not manifest the final-est token of displeasure at the liberty just taken by Sancho; because, being himself naturally very haughty, he was well pleased that his squire should be treated with equal ceremony as the squire belonging to the princess. The discourse during supper turned entirely upon knight-errantry; and the soldier having ordered his brother's servant, who waited at table, to ply Sancho with wine pretty often, the honest squire

was soon ripened into a pleasant humour, and afforded high diversion to the company, by reciting the unheard-of exploits of his master; who did not fail to interpret, to his own advantage, the favourable attention that was paid to his squire's narrative. When it was time to go to bed, the innkeeper conducted the two ladies into the best room in the house; and the hostess led Barbara into a closet which looked out over the stables. The two Bracamontes staid in the room where they had supped; the alderman went to bed in another, and Sancho was disposed of in a garret. As for Don Quixote, his admirable sagacity at smelling out adventures determined him to continue under arms in the inn-yard, and to watch all night for the protection of the princesses; foreseeing, as he said, that the enchanter Pamphus would make some attempt to carry off Zenobia.

C H A P. VIII.

THE STORY OF DON RAPHAEL DE BRACAMONTE.

WHEN the two Bracamontes were left to themselves, they began to ask one another what had befallen them since their separation upon their father's death. 'For my part,' said the soldier, 'I have served ever since in Flanders, and have been always unfortunate; which, in truth, is at present the whole I have to tell you. But as for you, brother, I find you in such a flourishing condition, that I am impatient till I hear where, and in what manner, you have advanced yourself so considerably.'—'I shall satisfy your curiosity,' replied Don Raphael; 'and acquaint you with such things as it most highly concerns me to conceal from all the world: but I will hide nothing from a brother I love so entirely as yourself; and, besides, every thing which regards my honour, personally concerns you also.' Don Raphael then began his story as follows.

' You will remember our parting, after we had divided the small fortune Don Bernard our father left us. You went away for Flanders, and I to Corunna, where I shipped myself aboard the first vessel that sailed for

Peru. When I arrived at Nombre de Dios, I there found many Spaniards who purposed, like myself, to proceed to Lima; but hearing that Gonzalo Pizarro had made himself master of that kingdom, we durst not go thither. Though we were very eager to make our fortunes, yet we were too loyal to side with Pizarro; and therefore staid a considerable time at Nombre de Dios, without knowing which way to bestow ourselves. At last we learned, that one Melchior Verdugo, a Spanish commander, was arrived at Panama. He came to rouze up the king's loyal subjects, and to raise forces against Pizarro. This information sufficiently determined our plan. We immediately went away to Verdugo at Panama. He received us with extraordinary tokens of joy and affection; and, asking every one of us from what part of Spain he came, as soon as I told him my country and my name, he embraced me; saying, he was also of the city of Avila, and had been formerly my father's particular friend. Verdugo was a very rich man; the whole province of Caxamalca belonged to him; and he was, at that time, the only man in Peru able to cope with Pizarro. I determined, therefore, to attach myself closely to Verdugo; and I studied his temper so successfully, that, within a year's time, I insinuated myself into his particular confidence. I shall not trouble you with recounting our various successes against several officers whom Pizarro sent to oppose us. A detail of this nature would be too prolix; and it is not my purpose at present to enter upon the wars of Peru. I shall only tell you, that the king, hearing of the troubles of that kingdom, cast his eyes upon the licentiate Pedro Gasca, one of the council of the inquisition, a man of known wisdom, and whose prudence had been tried in several negotiations. This man his majesty sent to Peru, with the title of President of the Royal Audience; and with full power to use such means as he should judge most expedient for restoring peace in that country. As soon as the president came to Nombre de Dios, and the cause of his going to Peru was known at Panama, all persons openly declared for the king; and even some of Pizarro's officers came

* came in to him, and avowed their resolution to submit themselves to his majesty. The president thanked them in the king's name; assuring them of his intention to pardon the rebels, provided they returned to their duty. It would now have been Pizarro's wisest course to have embraced his majesty's mercy; but he obstinately stood out, and refused to submit. The president therefore levied troops, and joined Verdugo: in fine, we fought Pizarro; who was routed at Xaquixaguana, and afterwards executed. After his death, and the entire defeat of his party, the president punished those who had supported him, and divided their effects among us. I had a good share in this dividend; for the president, upon the application of Verdugo, allotted me a considerable number of Indians; with whom I went and established myself in the territory of Potosi, where some very rich mines had lately been discovered. These are only silver mines; but the veins are so large, and the metal so fine, that they yield more than all the others in Peru. In short, an hundred weight of ore yielded fourscore marks weight of silver*, which is very unusual. I contracted with my Indians to pay me two marks a week each, and to keep the rest for their wages; which they did with such ease, that they gained more themselves than they paid me. I did not at all neglect so fair an opportunity of enriching myself; and in eight years time I had amassed near a thousand crowns. I now grew very desirous of returning to Spain, that I might make you partaker of my good fortune, and that we might live reputably together. I therefore parted with my Indians, and set out with all my treasure for Lima. There I found some other Spaniards, who having, like myself, made their fortunes in Peru, were extremely anxious to revisit their own country. We joined companies, hired a ship, and put aboard our effects. Verdugo, who was then at Lima, used all his endeavours to dissuade me from my resolution; but I would not give ear to him, and went aboard.

* We set sail with a fair wind, and

had no reason to doubt of a good voyage; nay, we even came in sight of the port of Panama; but the joy of the sailors on this occasion cost us dear: for the captain having made his crew drink to excess, and the pilot being also drunk, there was so little care of the helm, that about midnight, nobody looking out, the ship was driven by the wind and tide so furiously upon a rock, that we gave ourselves up for lost. It was then so dark that we could see nothing, and therefore did not presently discern that we had sprung a leak; but when day appeared, and discovered to us the whole of our misfortune, nothing was to be heard among the sailors but cries and lamentations: we, however, betook ourselves to planks, and other things that might bear us up, and endeavoured to swim to the shore. I was the first man who reached it, my good fortune having thrown me into a sort of little bay that stretched out into the sea between two rocks: from thence, I encouraged my companions to follow my example, and many of them fared the better for my advice. Some of the people of the country, having observed from land that our ship was near foundering, came off to our assistance in fishing-boats: but it proved too late; for above half the crew were already drowned, some because they could not swim, and others from being dashed by the violence of the waves against the rocks, or against the ship itself, which soon sunk; so that nothing of her appeared above water but the vane at the main-top-mast-head, which only seemed to rise above the water to shew where the wreck lay. When we were got to shore, I proposed attempting to weigh up the ship; but there was scarce any body else of the same opinion: they all said that the ship, being old and rotten, the iron grapples which must be fixed to it, would tear out the parts they laid hold of; and the vessel being thus moved by piece-meal, our silver would still be left at the bottom.

* We travelled along the coast towards Panama; and when we came into the town, some people hearing of our shipwreck, and taking pity on

* A mark weight is eight ounces.

us, came to our assistance, and carried us to their houses; where they endeavoured, by all manner of courtesy, to mitigate our sorrow. I happened to be in the house of one Don Michael de la Vega, a man of great generosity. He omitted nothing that might raise up my spirits under my misfortune: he made me a thousand tenders of his service, and offered to employ his friends to procure me some establishment under the viceroy in New Spain. Whilst he was making interest for me, I took care to write to Verdugo an account of all that had happened, conjuring him to advise me what in his wisdom and friendship he should think best. In the mean while, Don Michael and I contracted a strict friendship for each other: he introduced me to the principal men in Panama; and one day he carried me to visit a lady that was his relation, whose name was Donna Maria de Almagro. This lady had a young daughter called Donna Theodora: they both received me so very courteously, that I had no sooner left them, but I wished to see them again. Don Michael asked me what I thought of them; and he might well judge by my answer, that he would oblige me in carrying me thither again. He did so; and, in short, I visited them almost every day for three months. This intercourse having produced much familiarity between us, it was not long before I discovered that the young Theodora felt some attachment to me; and I was soon confirmed in this opinion: for, one morning, a shrewd little Creole girl, of Moorish extraction, entered my apartment, who brought me a note from her, accompanied with several pair of Spanish garters, embroidered with gold and silver, and a very rich scarf of Spanish lace. The note was not written in very courtly language; but the sile had such an air of tenderness and simplicity, that it deserved a heart unuseful to these intrigues. That I might not be behind-hand in generosity, I sent back by the same messenger some of the few valuable things which I had saved from my shipwreck; a pair of ear-rings, and a ring worth fifty pistoles; together with an answer full of passionate expessions. That same

day I went, after dinner, to visit her; and finding her at work with only two little negro girls in the room, her mother being then taking her afternoon nap, I had all the opportunity I could wish for of acknowledging the favour she had conferred on me. Donna Theodora could not look upon me, after what she had done, without emotion. "I know not what you will think of me!" said she. "I shall think," replied I, "that you are the most lovely creature in the world; and I shall retain, as long as I live, the most grateful remembrance of your goodness!" Our conversation, after this, grew insensibly very lively; till, at length, Donna Maria's appearance interrupted it, and obliged us to change the discourse.

The next day, a fly-boat from Lima came to an anchor in the port; and the pilot brought me an answer from Verdugo, which informed me that he had received my letter, and advised me to return to Peru, where he would put me in a way to retrieve my fortune. This letter extremely embarrassed me; for I then felt myself so much in love with Theodora, that I could not think of leaving her: at the same time I could not guess in what manner my passion would terminate, my affairs not suffering me to flatter myself that Donna Maria, who was very rich, would bestow on me her only daughter. In fine, I shewed Verdugo's letter to Don Michael; who, being no stranger to the passion I had for his niece, told me that it was not worth while returning to Peru, to lay the foundation of a new fortune; since mine was already made, it being at my option to marry Donna Theodora. "I have had this marriage in my mind," added he, "for some time past; and I have managed so successfully, that Donna Maria is already disposed to consent to it." At these words, I clasped my arms about Don Michael's neck, and assured him, in the warmest terms I could think of, that I was most sensible of the favour he did me, and would use my utmost endeavours to deserve it, since I had done nothing to merit it, and owed it entirely to his goodness. He embraced me again, and returned me a

most

most obliging answer. We went together to Donna Maria's house, with whom he discoursed a while in private: he then went out, and left me alone with her. Donna Maria presently led me into her close; where, when we were seated, she told me, without any hesitation, that the pity she felt for my heavy misfortunes, the high commendations of Don Michael, and the good qualities she daily discovered in me, had at length determined her to bestow her daughter upon me, with a portion of four hundred thousand crowns, if I chose to marry her. I thought she had bantered, when she asked a man that was not worth a groat, whether he would marry a rich heiress; and I knew not what to answer, when she went on, and said—"I perceive, Don Raphael, you are astonished at my seeming to doubt whether you would marry my daughter; but though she is young, rich, and handsome, you must understand, perhaps, there is not a gentleman in this country but would refuse to be my son-in-law. This discourse surprises you," pursued she; "but I will soon clear up your astonishment. About twenty years ago I had a brother, whom I loved most tenderly: he was unfortunate; he one night killed a gentleman, who was nephew to the governor of the town. Whatever measures he took for his escape, he was unable to elude the strict search of the governor, who caused him to be seized, and issued orders that he should suffer as a murderer, though he had killed his antagonist fairly. Our kindred and friends all united in soliciting his pardon; but the governor, who was both judge and party, proved inexorable. The day appointed for my brother's execution drew near; the danger that threatened a life I held so dear obliging me to lay aside all the reservedness of my sex, I hastened to the governor's house, I cast myself at his feet, and gave way, in his presence, to all the transports of piercing grief. He seemed touched at my affliction; and I at first fancied that my tears had moved his pity; but I soon found that I had excited a very different sensation. In short, the brute declared to me his wicked desires; and

assured me, that I must either resolve to gratify them, or to see my brother perish. I shuddered at this detestable proposition, and looked upon the judge as a monster; but, at length, the time he had given me to consider being almost expired, the idea of my brother's death, and of the infamy his execution would bring upon our family, so distracted me, that I yielded myself up to his embrace, having first bound him by an oath to restore my brother to me the day following. The villain did send him; but he first caused him to be strangled. This perfidy rendered me utterly frantic; so that, breathing nothing but vengeance, I repaired instantly to Mexico, and laid the whole affair before the viceroy. My despair touched his heart; and he was so incensed at the governor's perfidiousness, that he sent immediately several officers of his guards to Panama, with orders to seize and bring him to Mexico; which was accordingly done. I was there to confound him; and the viceroy, having drawn from him a confession of the fact, condemned him to suffer the same death which he had inflicted on my brother. After the governor's death, I returned to Panama, with the satisfaction of an entire revenge; but, at the same time, with the shame of having published my dishonour: for, in short, I was with child; and I was delivered of Donna Theodora. This, Don Raphael, is my story; and I was willing to tell it myself, that I might satisfy you as to my motives for offering you my daughter. I design to leave this country, where I have the misfortune of feeling my reputation lost, and the dissatisfaction of living among people who have something to upbraid me with. Besides, since my daughter is grown up, I imagine that every body who looks at her, does it but to my shame. I will go with you into Spain; where, my daughter and I being known to nobody, we shall live comfortably; and I am the more pleased with this resolution, because, at the same time that I provide for my own quiet, I flatter myself I am doing essential service to an honest man. Nothing now remains, but to inform me of

" your

" your sentiments on the occasion."—
I made answer to Donna Maria, that
she could not propose any thing more
pleasing to me; that her daughter
was too well educated, and too de-
serving for a man to regard a chi-
merical point of honour; and that,
for my part, a ridiculous delicacy
should never induce me to despise
worth and virtue. Donna Maria
was well satisfied with my answer;
and a few days after I married Donna
Theodora*.

We thought of nothing, after this,
but our departure; and the appointed
day being come, we left Panama, re-
gretting nothing but our separation
from Don Michael. We went to
NOMBRE DE DIOS, where we embark-
ed, with all our treasure, on board a
man of war bound for Spain, in
which we arrived safe at Cadiz:
there we set up an equipage, and
hired servants; for we had brought
none with us, Don Maria not chusing
to have any domestick, whose indif-
cretion she might have reason to be
apprehensive of. From Cadiz we
travelled towards Avila, hoping there
to hear some news of you; but, when
we came thither, we were informed
that you had not been seen there for
several years, and nobody knew what
was become of you. We lived there
half a year; and should have con-
tinued longer, had I not heard of a
very desirable estate upon sale in the
neighbourhood of Saragossa: we are
now going thither to purchase it, if
we like it, and to settle there. I blefs
God for having found you, and that
I am in a condition to make some
amends for the little regard the court
has shewn to your long service. You
shall go with us to-morrow; and I
dare assure you my mother-in-law
and my wife will be happy in what-
ever I shall do to relieve you from
your present miserable situation.'—

When Don Raphael had done speak-
ing, the soldier returned him thanks
for his kindness; and the two brothers
gave one another a thousand testimonies
of mutual affection.

CHAP. IX.

HOW DON QUIXOTE PREVENTED PAMPHUS THE ENCHANTER FROM STEALING AWAY QUEEN ZENO- BIA, AND OTHER MATTERS WORTH READING.

DON Quixote having resolved to remain under arms all night, as was said before, for fear of any surprize from Pamphus the enchanter, which there was reason enough to be apprehensive of, took upon himself the office of sentinel; and, grasping firmly his lance and buckler, paraded fiercely about the yard of the inn. All people were now retired to their rest, and beginning to enjoy the sweets of slumber, when the knight, wearied with the continual exercize of traversing the yard, leaned against the wall of a well to rest himself for a moment. As he cast his eyes around on every side, he descried, by the faint light of the setting moon, an object which called up all his attention. He saw sally forth from the stable, a man, naked to the shirt, who bore a ladder upon his shoulders. This was no other than the coachman of Don Raphael, who having been an old acquaintance of Queen Zenobia's, and knowing where she lay, was going to offer his service to her, designing to get in at the window, which he thought might easily be effected with his ladder. Barbara, who was not at all afraid of such attempts, had left the window open to let in the cool air of the night, which the coachman observing, he planted his ladder against it, not in the least doubting of the success of his enterprize, and with-

* The French paraphrast has used very little ceremony with respect to the incidental nar-
ratives introduced in Avellaneda's Don Quixote. He rejects those of his original, or inserts new ones of his own, just as inclination leads him. The present story (which in its chief
air instance resembles Shakespeare's Measure for Measure, but which circumstance one
might suppose to be actually copied from the act of savage iniquity perpetrated by Colonel
Kirk, after the det at of Monmouth at Sedgemoor, in 1685) is not, for instance, to be
found in the Spanish original. There are, however, some things in the Spanish, which the
paraphrast may deserve thanks for the omission of. There is a strange relation concerning
the milking of a cow for the Virgin Mary. There is a tale of a man making his way
into the bed of a lady, immediately after child birth; and there is a very offensive medley of
adultery and murder.

out considering that projects apparently the most easy are not always successful. He had not quite reached the top, when the Knight of La Mancha, who had observed him the whole time, and doubted not of his being the enchanter Pamphus, who was about to make his way into the castle, that he might carry off Queen Zenobia; approached quietly to the ladder, and laying down his shield upon the ground, grasped his lance with both hands, and with the butt-end of it discharged so terrible a blow upon the scull of the amorous coachman, that he fethched him down much faster than he had ascended. ‘This! perfidious necromancer!’ exclaimed Don Quixote, ‘this is the reward of your desperate machinations! You imagined, then, to elude my vigilance, and to carry off the princess? But know, enchanter, that she is better guarded than the daughter of Inachus; and that the Loveless Knight is incapable of being surprised.’ The poor necromancer, who was little less hurt by the fall than by the blow, made no answer but by his piteous cries, which roused and alarmed the whole inn. The ladies, fancying themselves in some harbour of robbers, expected their throats would be cut every instant, and began recommending themselves to God. The landlord and landlady bellowed—‘Fire! fire!’ without knowing what the matter was. Sancho and the alderman jumped up in dismay, and hurried down almost naked into the yard. The two Bracamontes, who were not yet gone to bed, were the first who reached the field of battle in consequence of the noise. There they found the knight-errant, who having by this time quitted his lance, was about to thrust his sword down the throat of the enchanter, roaring to him at the same time, with a voice of thunder—‘At length, monster! thy final hour is come, and thou wilt receive thy death’s wound at my hands. But before I cut short the execrable course of thy abhorred existence, inform me, caitiff! inform me in what country of Asia or Africa thou imprisonest infants and princes in thy horrible dungeons, that I may repair thither this instant with the happy tidings of thy death and their deliverance.’—‘Hast thou seen me, Sir?’ continued he, recognizing the soldier by his voice, ‘behold here Pamphus the enchanter,

whom I have felled by the force of my strokes. The traitor was about entering the chamber of Zenobia, to carry her off; and you may still see at yonder window the ladder he had brought for the purpose.’ By this time Barbara appearing at the window, the two Bracamontes easily guessed at above half the truth; and Don Raphael observing that the enchanter was very like his coachman, in order to bring him off, said to Don Quixote—‘Sir Knight, beware of killing that enchanter; his life is behooveful to your honour: forgive him, upon condition he go and publish throughout the whole world, that notwithstanding all the power of his art, you have vanquished him in single combat. You will gain more honour by this than by his death.’—‘It is most certain,’ said the soldier; ‘yet that is not all: the enchanter must bind himself never more to disturb Queen Zenobia; and he must swear by every thing enchanters hold most sacred, that he will never more attempt to steal into the chambers of princesses by night, since he has no better fortune in such enterprises.’—‘Gentlemen,’ said Don Quixote, ‘you are not so well acquainted with enchanters as I am; they will take as many oaths as you please, but they do not value their word, for they are a faithless and lawless race.’—‘You are in the right, Sir,’ quoth Sancho; ‘spare him not: nay, faith, since ’tis the first time we have over come an enchanter, we must drub this dog till we are weary, that he may go tell the rest of them, and then they will trouble us no more.’—‘Though he does not deserve to live,’ said Don Quixote, ‘yet I will pardon him, provided the queen, with her royal mouth, commands it from that golden balcony, to which the fame of my victory has brought her.’ Upon this, Barbara, who began to grow acquainted with Don Quixote’s mode of behaviour, cried to him, from her window—‘Sir Knight, do not hurt him, I beseech you; I heartily forgive what he has done to me, though it had been ten times as much, for we ought not to bear malice in our hearts.’ The coachman being let loose upon these words, got up with much difficulty, and slunk away to his truckle as he could. Don Raphael then acquainted Zenobia

that her majesty might return to bed again in safety; since, after what had happened, Pamphus the enchanter would not be soon in a condition to disturb her repose. The princesses took his advice, and went to bed again without shutting the window, or so much as causing the ladder to be taken away, leaving all enchanters at their liberty to try whether they could prove more successful than Pamphus. The two Bracamontes conducted Don Quixote into the house, and ordered a room for him, where he was disarmed by the soldier and Sancho; whilst Don Raphael conjecturing the ladies must necessarily be frightened, went to satisfy them, by telling the adventure. He then returned to his brother, with whom he rested the remainder of the night. The alderman went back to his room with the same design; and Sancho remounted into his garret.

Next morning, when every body was risen, the ladies complimented the knight upon his encounter; and Donna Maria, as mother to the Hacked-face Queen, addressing him, said—‘ Sir Knight, I intended to have taken the princess my daughter along with me; but I fear lest her enemy Pamphus, seeing her so ill guarded, should attempt to force her away: I therefore am desirous that she may bear you company where you go; that, being under your protection, the enchanter may not molest her.’ The knight returned the old lady thanks for the confidence she reposed in his valour, and swore to her by the order of knighthood, that he would place the princess her daughter so high, that Pamphus should not be able to offend her.

The two brothers and the ladies having a long journey to perform that day, and the coachman, notwithstanding his hurt, being in a condition to drive the coach, they soon took leave of Don Quixote and the alderman, with a thousand offers of service never to be performed. As soon as Don Raphael's retinue was gone, Sancho said to Don Quixote—‘ Do you really believe, Sir, that Queen Barbara's mother is in the coach?’—‘ No doubt of it,’ answered the knight. ‘ O rare!’ quoth Sancho; ‘ I durst lay a wager they are not a-kin in the hundredth degree, or I understand nothing. Who the devil ever saw a mother go away as this does?’

She has scarce looked upon her daughter; and pray, do but mind how she leaves her here naked, without giving her a rag to put on.’—‘ You take things wrong,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘ you attribute that to want of tenderness, which in reality is the effect of her politeness. Do not you perceive that Queen Zenobia, being under my protection, the queen her mother would have thought it an affront to me to give her any money? She durst not so much as leave one of her palfries to carry her to Madrid, for fear of offending my nice honour, she is so very observant and circumspect; a thing which, indeed, she might have done without offence to the laws of chivalry: so that the care of cloathing the queen, and getting her a white palfrey, lies wholly upon me; and I shall be well pleased to be at that charge.’ The host, who stood by, laying hold of this opportunity, said to our hero—‘ Sir Knight, I have a good mule in my stable, which I will sell you, if you please.’ Don Quixote desired to see her; and, liking the beast, he ordered his portmanteau, where his whole revenue lay, to be brought forth, and told out twenty-six ducats to the host upon the spot. The mule was then saddled; and Barbara mounting her, our adventurers set out with her for Siguenza.

They got to the town between four and five in the afternoon, and alighted at the first inn they found. The alderman desiring to have his cloak again, a broker was sent for, who brought women's cloaths of several colours. The knight besought Zenobia to please herself, but she insisted upon consulting his opinion; and Don Quixote was not a little gratified to find his taste correspond with that of the queen. They both pitched upon a cloak and petticoat of taffeta, with yellow, green and black stripes; and their inclination being thus turned to striped commodities, they made choice of a fattin gown, enriched with flame colour, violet and olive; in which Barbara arrayed herself immediately. Sancho seeing Zenobia thus clad, burst out a laughing. ‘ By our holy mother Eve's soul,’ said he, ‘ methinks my lady the queen, in these fine cloaths, looks like an old house new white-washed! Pox take me, if this gay garb does not make her look like

' like—by my faith, she is comically clad!'

Don Quixote having paid the broker, and the queen now seeming to him worthy the design he had of defending her beauty in publick, he called for pen, ink, and paper; and, shutting himself up in his chamber, wrote the following challenge—

' THE CHALLENGE.'

' THE Loveless Knight, the mirror and flower of La Mancha, does challenge to single combat him, or them, who shall refuse to own that the grand Queen Zenobia is the most noble and most beautiful princess in the world: and the said Loveless Knight, with the said edge of his redoubted sword, will maintain and defend the rare and singular beauty of the said princess to-morrow, from morning till noon, and from noon till night. Those who shall think fit to combat the said knight, though they be an hundred thousand in number, need but to subscribe their names at the foot of this defiance!'

He wrote several copies of this challenge; and then, calling his squire, said—' Here, Sancho, take these papers, and fix them up at all the cross-streets of this city; but place them so that every body may read them, and give ear to what the knights say to them: be sure you remember all the blasphemies which zeal for their own ladies honours will make them utter against the queen, that I may hasten immediately to teach them the respect they owe such a beautiful and chaste princess.' This commission did not much hit the fancy of Sancho. ' Pox take such princesses,' quoth he, ' who are the cause that we are every day engaged in battles, when we might live in peace with the Holy Catholick church! Suppose any knight-errant takes huff at this challenge, and for my pains gives me a thousand—' ' Coward!' said Don Quixote, interrupting him; ' and is it you, then, who set forth pretensions to receiving the glorious order of knighthood? Away, wretch! that

' honour is not to be granted to any but men of courage; never to such heartless things as thou art.' These bitter reproaches touched the sluggishness of Sancho; who, passing at once, like the heroes of Homer, from terror to intrepidity—' Well, then, Sir,' quoth he, ' give me your papers; I will go paste them up, one by one, at the corners of streets; and if any man asks me my name, faith I know what to say to him.' These words pacified the knight, who answered— ' Go, then, my dear Sancho, and observe all particulars nicely, as you value your life. Run! Fly! and bring me back a just account.' The squire took the papers, and sallied forth to paste them up; but, as ill-luck would have it, they did not produce the effects Don Quixote expected; for all the knights of Siguenza, from the highest to the lowest, were so far from being in a rage at the perusal, that they only laughed at them. The corregidor*, and some other gentlemen, who had heard of the fame of our knight, had the curiosity to go and see him; and the corregidor undertaking for the rest, acknowledged, in the name of the city and suburbs, that Barbara Hacked-Face was the most singular princess in the world. Having received this publick confession, Don Quixote left Siguenza the next day, very well satisfied.

CHAP. X.

HOW DON QUIXOTE MET WITH TWO SCHOLARS, AND THE CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

DON Quixotē being gone before, Barbara and Sancho followed without speaking one word; but the squire seeming to be melancholy and thoughtful, at last Hacked-Face asked him what he ailed. ' What ails me?' quoth Sancho; ' I wish I could see the dog hanged who was the occasion of our meeting. Faith, I know not what my master thinks of it; but I am of the mind that giving of mules and silk cloaths is not the way to be rich.'—' Be not troubled, friend

* The supreme civil magistrate in a city, appointed by the king.

' Sancho,' quoth Barbara; ' for if it please God to bring us safe to Alcala, I will treat you there like a prince.' — ' Then the case is altered,' replied Sancho, smiling. ' Pr'ythee, what good meat will you treat me with?' — ' Nay, do not you trouble yourself for that,' replied Barbara; ' you shall taste of a pretty young wench about fifteen years of age, which you will like better than a partridge.' — ' Blessed Virgin!' cried Sancho in amaze, ' what do you talk of, mistress Queen? Do you take me for one of those Lutherans of Constantinople, that eat human flesh? Body o'me! that is enough to have me condemned to the gallies for three hundred years.'

This discourse had not ended so soon, but that they overtook Don Quixote. They found him in conversation with two scholars, who were travelling on foot to Alcala: as soon as Sancho perceived by their habit that they were scholars, he said to his master very earnestly— ' Pray, Sir, have a care of yourself; these men are of the same race with those that belonged to the college where I was so curiously handled at Saragossa; and if they once begin to spit in our faces, we are utterly gone!' The scholars, knowing who our adventurers were, as having heard of them at Siguenza, one of them said to Sancho— ' Mr. Squire, we are not so unlucky as the scholars of Saragossa, though we are of the same profession; and we are so far from designing you the least harm, that we are ready to serve you to the utmost of our power.' This declaration having reassured Sancho, Don Quixote fell again into the discourse that had been interrupted, and said to the scholars— ' Gentlemen, to return to what I was now observing; the order of knight-errantry, which I profess, is no enemy to learning: though I employ myself wholly in redressing wrongs, and combating giants, yet I admire works of genius; and if you have composed any thing of that sort, you will oblige me in letting me see it; I will give you my opinion with all the sincerity which an author ought to desire from those he consults. The great Queen Zenobia will also give ear to you: that princess has so curious and nice a taste, that if your works deserve her ap-

probation, you may then boldly expose them to publick censure, for they cannot fail of being admired.' The scholars, who were no strangers to Queen Zenobia, felt a violent propensity to laughter; but the dread of enraging Don Quixote, whose lance and sword they stood in awe of, restrained their mirth: one of them, therefore, said to him— ' Sir, since you love the productions of genius, my comrade the bachelor can divert you whilst we travel together: he composes for the stage, and has already written several things that have been well received by the connoisseurs. For my part, I write only trifles, such as rondeaus, sonnets, enigmas, and epigrams.' — ' Do not mistake yourself,' said Don Quixote; ' those trifles are not so easy to be done well: good sonnets are very rare; epigrams, such as Martial's are, require a quick and acute wit. As for enigmas, I own they are the easiest; but nothing, in my opinion, is more diverting: they sharpen the understanding by puzzling it in a pleasing manner; and you will oblige me by reciting some of yours.' — ' With all my heart!' replied the scholar; ' I will shew you two I made this morning, which I have not yet had time to put into verse; but it must be upon condition that Sancho shall expound them.' — ' Agreed!' quoth the squire; ' I will plunge into them up to my chin: it is true, I do not well understand all those affairs, but no matter; by God's help a man may do any thing.' — ' You are in the right,' replied the scholar. ' Now mind, this is the first.

" ENIGMA.

" I am bright, and of great use to men, who unmercifully load me with chains, though I am no offender. I am day and night in the churches, and I cannot subsist without water, though it is that which destroys me."

Don Quixote made him repeat it; and, while he was studying the meaning, Sancho cried out very joyfully— ' Victory, gentlemen! victory! I have found out the pigmy, or whatever you call it.' — ' I did not question,' said

said the scholar, ‘but your sharp wit would find it out.’—‘By my troth,’ quoth the squire, ‘the very first time you spoke it, I understood it as well as my criss-cross row.’—‘Well, then, my son,’ said Don Quixote, ‘tell us what it is?’—‘It is a holy-water-pot,’ quoth Sancho; ‘for that is day and night in the church, and there is always water in it.’ The scholars burst out a laughing; and Don Quixote himself could not forbear a smile. ‘Mr. Scholar,’ said Sancho, ‘if it is not a holy-water-pot, it must be something else. Tell us what it is, and my master and I will submit.’—‘No,’ replied the knight; ‘give me leave, and I will expound the enigma; for, if I mistake not, it is a lamp.’—‘Right,’ said the scholar; ‘you have hit the nail on the head.’—‘Nay, faith, gentlemen,’ quoth Sancho, ‘I must put a pigny to you, since you call those pignies. What is it that is like a horse, that has the hair, head, and feet, like a horse, and yet is no horse?’—‘It is a mare,’ cried Barbara. ‘By my troth, you have hit it!’ quoth Sancho; ‘and is not a mare very like a horse?’—‘Gentlemen,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘attend, I beseech you, to the queen’s readiness of conception; there is no need of repeating things to her over and over; she takes them at first sight, and is never in the wrong.’ The scholars pretended to be charmed at it, which gave the knight great satisfaction; addressing, therefore, the composer of the enigmas—‘Will you favour us, Sir,’ said he, ‘with the other enigma you composed this morning; which I do not at all question is as ingenious as the last?’—‘Listen to it, then,’ replied the scholar.

“ ENIGMA.

“ I am great and little, and am often seen sitting on the heads of kings and emperors; but I am so ill situated on that height, that the least puff of wind can throw me down. I serve the poor as well as the rich; but I am of no use in several nations; as, for instance, among the Turks, where I am out of fashion.”

“ It is a gammon of bacon!” said Sancho, very briskly; ‘it can be no-

thing else; for, as I have been told, the Turks do not eat bacon.’—‘You are out again,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘it is rather a hat; for the hat serves rich and poor; it is worn on the heads of kings and emperors, and a puff of wind blows it down. It is useless to several nations, for there are other people, as well as the Turks, who wear turbans instead of hats.’—‘Faith, and so it is a hat!’ quoth the squire. ‘It is the easiest thing in the world to guess now; and Mr. Scholar need but tell me his two pignies over again, and I will lay any man a wager I expound them.’—‘You are very ingenious,’ replied the knight; ‘why, who cannot do the same? For if the word were named at first, it could be no longer an enigma.’—‘Nay, what matter is it?’ answered the squire. ‘Is it not better a man should have the word beforehand, than to crack his brains to find it out? In short, a man cannot tell a thing, if he does not know it; and I would defy the Pope himself to say his Pater-noster, which is the easiest thing in the world, if he had not learned it beforehand.’ The scholar having owned to Don Quixote, that a hat was the true exposition of the last enigma, the knight said, he would desire him to write them both out for him at the next baiting-place, for he had a mind to keep them. ‘I have a copy here,’ said the scholar; ‘and I will give it you.’ He began to feel in his pockets for it; and, having dropped another paper, as he pulled it out, Don Quixote had the curiosity to ask what it was. ‘It is a rondeau,’ replied the scholar, ‘which I wrote upon a lady in Siguenza, whom I am in love with, but who does not yet know that I love her.’—‘Pray read it to us,’ quoth Don Quixote. The scholar did not wait to be entreated, but presently read these verses—

‘ AS to the powers above whom we adore,
To you, in silence, I prefer my prayer:
Ah! I dare no more!
Nor can my lips my am’rous wish declare.
Yet what my aw’d lips dare not shew,
My eye, my sever’d eyes, too plainly prove;
And these would freely tutor you:
Ah! would my Iris, would my love,
Saw my heart open’d to her view,
As to the power above!’

Don Quixote highly commended the rondeau; and Sancho would not omit speaking his mind. ‘ By my troth,’ said he, ‘ these verses are not so bad, neither! and you will oblige me, Mr. Scholar, if you will make some upon Mary Gutierrez, who is my wife and will be so as long as it shall please God and the four Evangelists: but I must put you in mind not to call her queen upon any account, but only lady-admiral; for my master Don Quixote is not likely ever to make me a king, and so I must even be satisfied with being a governor. We cannot expect to do as we would in this world; and had better take what offers. Had we, since we have gone about seeking adventures, looked directly for archbishopricks, instead of seeking to gain kingdoms and islands, we might by this time have had whole shoals of them: and, though they say I might not enjoy them because I have a wife and children, yet I might have sold them; and, though I sold them only at market-price, I should still get enough by them.’

When Sancho once got into the humour for talking, his tongue ran so fast that it was no easy matter to stop it: but Don Quixote having at last silenced him by his usual method of menaces, the author of the rondeau said to his companion—‘ Come, master Batchelor, it is your turn next: pray let the knight see that I have not commended you without reason.’ ‘ I have not so great a value for my works,’ answered the batchelor, ‘ as to think any body can take pleasure in hearing them: yet, such as they are, I would freely communicate them to Don Quixote, if I had them about me; but I am not like those authors who always carry their pockets full of their works; and my memory is so bad, that I cannot repeat two verses together of all that ever I made in my life—but, since I have not any thing to read to you, Sir Knight, shall I advise with you about the plot of a play I have in my head?’—‘ You will oblige me,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘ but, pray, tell me whether in your plays you stick close to Aristotle’s rules?’—‘ No, truly,’ said the batchelor, ‘ I do not.’—‘ So much the worse,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ for Aristotle

is an infallible oracle in that point. Not to follow his rules, is to swerve from nature and reason; and that is the cause why strangers do not approve of our performances, which in all other respects are excellent.’—‘ I own,’ quoth the batchelor, ‘ that most of our dramatick poets seem to make little account of Aristotle’s rules. For my own part, I like them very well; I never depart from them out of mere levity or wantonness, but follow them, when they will suit with my plot: but, to deal ingenuously, I do not pay so much deference to them, as to lose any surprizing turn for their sake, which cannot subsist with them.’—‘ That turn must be cast away,’ quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him; ‘ all must be sacrificed to the severe rules of that wise master: but let us come to your plot.’—‘ This is it,’ replied the batchelor. ‘ An Earl of Barcelona takes a voyage into England, where he falls in love with the king’s daughter, and is beloved again; but the king, for reasons of policy, marries the princess to the King of Bohemia. The Earl of Barcelona, in despair, embarks, and returns to his own dominions. The King and Queen of Bohemia live very happily together, though that princess always preserves a tender affection for the Earl of Barcelona: but, soon after, a favourite of the King of Bohemia falls passionately in love with the queen, and has the boldness to declare himself to her; she reproves him, and threatens to acquaint the king her husband with his baseness. The favourite, changing his love into rage, prepossesses that weak prince, and accuses the queen of being in love with an officer of his guard. The king, who only sees with his favourite’s eyes, causes the officer to be put to death, and would do the same by the queen; but she demands that, according to the custom of those times, she may have leave to find knights to defend her honour against her accuser: the king, not knowing how to refuse the combat demanded by the queen, appoints a day, which is proclaimed in Bohemia and England. When the day comes, the favourite appears in the lists to make good his accusation; but, no antagonist presenting himself,

‘ the queen is on the point of losing her life, when there arrives a knight, armed at all points, who fights her battle, and kills the favourite. This knight proves to be the very Earl of Barcelona, brought thither by the fame of the queen’s accusation, of whose innocence he is satisfied. This, Sir, is the whole plot of my play.’—‘ It is a very good one,’ answered the knight; ‘ but I know not whether you can make a regular piece of it.’—‘ It is true,’ said the batchelor, ‘ our authors, who follow Aristotle the closest, would lay the first act in England, the second in Barcelona, and the third in Bohemia: but I am bringing this play to answer all the rules; and I do not despair of success.’—‘ I am satisfied you will compass it,’ said the other scholar, ‘ provided you omit the combat in the lists.’—‘ Let him have a care of that,’ cried Don Quixote, interrupting him; ‘ that is the best part of the plot!’—‘ But, Sir,’ quoth the batchelor, ‘ if you would have me adhere to Aristotle’s rules, I must leave out the combat.’—‘ Aristotle,’ replied the knight, ‘ was a man of parts, I admit; but his capacity was not unbounded; and, in short, his authority does not extend over combats in the lists, which are above his rules. Would you suffer the Queen of Bohemia to perish? or, how can you clear her innocence? Believe me, combat is the most honourable way; and, besides, it will furnish your play with such a splendid and interesting spectacle, that all the rules in the world must not stand in competition with it.’—‘ Well, Sir Knight,’ replied the batchelor, ‘ for your sake, and for the honour of chivalry, I will not leave out the combat; and, in order to render it the more magnificent, the whole court of Bohemia shall be present at it, from the princes of the blood to the very footmen. But still one difficulty occurs; which is, that our common theatres are not large enough for such an exhibition.’—‘ There must be one built on purpose,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ and, in a word, rather than leave out the combat, the

play had better be acted in a field or plain.*’ This discourse held Don Quixote and the scholars to Hyta, where they rested till the next day; a day memorable among enchanters, and which is marked down with red letters in the chronicles of the wise Alisolan, the faithful author of this true history.

C H A P. XI.

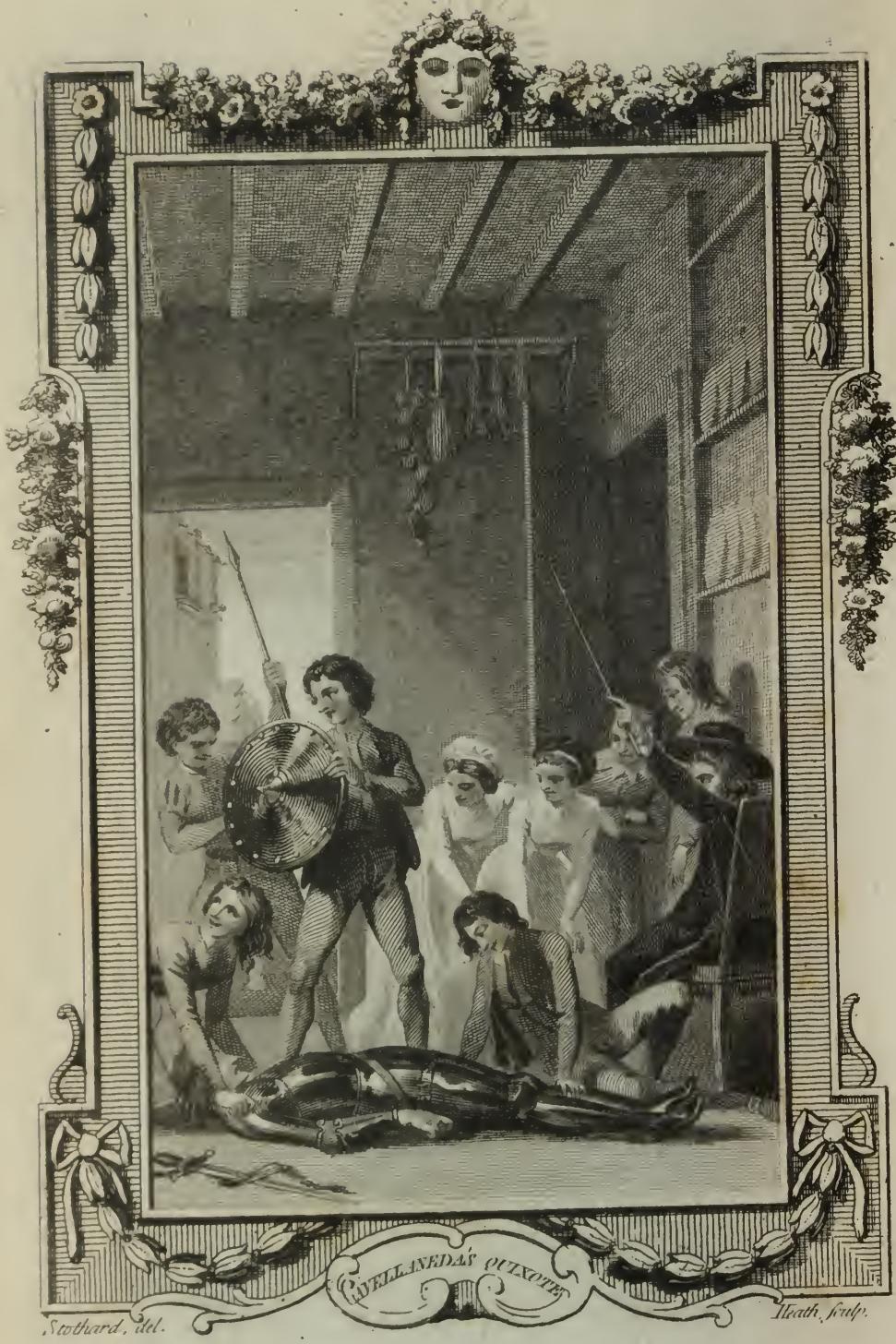
OF WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND A COMPANY OF PLAYERS; AND HOW THE UNFORTUNATE KNIGHT WAS STRUCK DUMB BY ENCHANTMENT.

THE Arabian author informs us, that Don Quixote and his company, having travelled all day, entertaining themselves with various subjects, at length came in sight of a tolerably spacious mansion, which, in its appearance, extremely resembled an ancient castle. One of the scholars, pointing to it with his finger, said to Don Quixote—‘ Sir Knight, you see that house there; we may lie in it to-night, and find good entertainment. It is an inn, called “The Goblin’s Castle;” because they say it was formerly a castle, and haunted.’ No sooner had the scholar spoken these words, than Sancho swore bitterly, by the bowels of his grandmother, he would never lodge there. ‘ Let us take heed, Sir!’ cried he; ‘ let us take heed how we go lie in that castle of goblins; for it still looks to me very like one of those enchanted castles where phantoms and necromancers have so often made us bewail our sins! In short, my heart forebodes no good; and, you know, that when the partridge sings, it is a sign of rain.’ Don Quixote, disregarding the apprehensions of his squire, answered thus—‘ I have not forgotten, Sancho, whatsoever we have endured in such castles; but what remedy, my friend, would you propose to me? Knights-errant are no sooner out of one danger but they seek another; and they must be always in a readiness to meet whatever comes. I will

* From the above story, Mr. Jephson has apparently borrowed the ground work of his tragedy, entitled, ‘The Law of Lombardy.’ The story is not to be found in the Spanish original.—For further particulars concerning it, the reader is requested to refer to the Preface at the beginning of this Volume.

' therefore draw near to that castle, to observe what sort of people inhabit it; you may all follow me at your leisure.' This said, he put on towards the inn. It happened that a company of players were there at that time, rehearsing a piece which was to be performed the next day at Alcala. As soon as they beheld Don Quixote, armed cap-a-pié, and covered with his magnificent buckler, they all fellied forth to gaze at so unusual a spectacle. The knight, observing that they thronged out in a body, and that they eyed him with uncommon attention, halted a moment to remonstrate; and then, turning briskly about, rode back again to his companions. Sancho, seeing him return upon a full trot, cried out—' What is the matter, master Don Quixote? Have the goblins stung you already?' — ' O my son Sancho!' answered the knight, ' it was not without reason you had an ill conceit of that castle! My enemy Friston the enchanter expects me there to load me with irons, and cast me into a loathsome dungeon! He intends, by his magick spells, to stop me here, obstructing thereby my intended combat with the King of Cyprus, that he may then fly about the world, spreading dishonourable reports of me: but I have received intelligence of his designs from friendly hands; and, my valour being nothing inferior to his art, I am now going to attempt ridding the world of that execrable necromancer.' By this time, our travellers being within musket-shot of the inn, the scholars soon recognized the players, with whom they were particularly acquainted by name; and the batchelor, desirous to undeceive Don Quixote, told him what he thought of the affair. The knight, however, resolutely maintained that they were enchanters. ' To convince you,' said he, ' that I am not mistaken in this matter, do you observe, amongst those soldiers who guard the gate of the castle, that large black figure, who holds a wand in one hand, and a book in the other?' — ' That is the author to the company,' replied the batchelor; ' and his name is Pedro de Moya: the book he has in his hand is probably some play that he is reading to the actors.' — ' I know, better than you, who he is,

' Mr. Batchelor,' answered Don Quixote; ' and I tell you once more, that yonder great black man is not Pedro de Moya, as you imagine; but it is Friston the enchanter himself. Do not you see that he is now making circles with his wand, and drawing magical characters, and that he makes use of his book to conjure up the devils? If you would satisfy yourselves concerning this truth, you need only go both of you before, and say you are my pages, and you will see what will be the event.' The scholars agreed to this experiment; and, soon coming up to the players, they told them all they knew concerning Don Quixote and Queen Zenobia; with the latter of whom they were all perfectly well acquainted, and some of them to their cost. The players fell a laughing, and were very glad they had so good an opportunity of diverting themselves. In the mean while, Don Quixote drew near the inn; and, having set the butt-end of his lance on the ground, he thus accosted the author—' O thou who, from the moment of thy birth till this instant, hast been my enemy, and who hast never failed, though to no purpose, to favour all the knights and giants who have had the boldness to try their strength with me; tell me, wicked and perfidious necromancer! why darest thou, contrary to all the laws of God and nature, sally forth upon the highways, to commit the greatest outrages against ladies and princesses, who go in search of the knights they love so tenderly, attended by their faithful dwarfs and trusty squires? Nay, so far art thou from being ashamed at doing what I now say, that, cruel and pagan as thou art, thou carriest them off, to bury them alive in dark and gloomy dungeons, where the light serves only to discover the horrors of their situation! Set free!' added he, seeing some aëtresses look out at the window, ' set free, I say, all those damsels I behold, together with all the knights and princes, whom you keep close immersed in pitiless prisons; and, at the same time, yield up to me all the treasures you have most injuriously stolen! If not, I swear by the peerless beauty of Queen Zenobia, whose presence renders me invincible, I will this moment take away



Scrope Stothard, del.

CAVELLINA DAS OUTXIDAS

Heath, sculp.

‘ away that life you ought long since
‘ to have forfeited.’ As he uttered
these words, he spurred Rozinante from
side to side, and made him curvet so
aukwardly, that it was no small di-
version to the players; a people na-
turally given to raillery, and accustomed
to make sport with others. Sancho,
who thought his master’s harangue
most curiously contrived to terrify the
players, seeing them laugh as if they
would burst themselves, was prodig-
iously offended; and said to them, very
sternly—‘ Haughty and unmannerly
‘ players! deliver up to us instantly
‘ those princes, those infantas, those
‘ knights, and those horses, you hold
‘ enchanted, and which my master re-
quires of you! Dispatch, I pray you,
for we want to come in there; or else
send my lady the queen and me some
lunches of bread, for our guts begin
to grumble furiously.’ The author
now, drawing near Don Quixote, thus
addressed him—‘ Sir Knight-errant,
‘ your pages have acquainted me with
‘ your valour and your strength, which
‘ are such as this castle cannot resist:
‘ all these knights and princes, there-
fore, who have dwelt here with me
these six hundred years, do yield
themselves overcome by you; and we
are ready to do you homage. Alight,
then, from your beautiful horse; lay
aside your lance, and that peerless
buckler; and disarray yourself of your
rich armour, that you may be more
at ease. Though I am a Pagan, as
my bulk and my tawny complexion
sufficiently indicate, yet I am a man
of honour: enter then, securely, into
this stately castle, accompanied by
the Queen Zenobia, alias Barbara
the Tripewoman, and we will all sup
merrily together.’—‘ O thou traiter-
ous necromancer!’ answered Don
Quixote, ‘ hope not ever to deceive me
by your fallacious courtesies, and to
draw me into that deep pitsal which
is at the entrance of your castle; I
know you too well to suffer myself to
be surprised by your artifices.’—‘ No
doubt of that, by my troth!’ quoth
Sancho; “ they that sell onions, must
needs know the smell of a leek.”
‘ We were not born for nothing in the
wise village of Argamasilla; and,
God be praised! we can tell that
four and five makes nine.’ As
these words were spoken, Don Quixote,

pointing his lance downwards, spurred Rozinante forwards upon the author to run him through; but he stepping aside dexterously, avoided the stroke; and, laying hold of the knight's foot, threw him over the other side of his horse. At the same instant the players rushing upon him, seized his lance and buckler, and carried him by force into the inn, where they laid him on the ground, and pressed upon him so closely, that he was unable to stir. The author then giving him three strokes with his wand on the shoulder, pronounced these words:—‘ Loveless Knight! I enchant you for three hundred years; and, by the power of my dreadful art, I strike you dumb, yet without impairing your reason; because I will that you be sensible of your misfortune, without enjoying the satisfaction of complaint. Thus it is I treat all those knights who are so rash as to encounter me.’ Don Quixote lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and let them fall again sorrowfully, without attempting to utter a word, so fully was he persuaded of the efficacy of Friston’s enchantment.

The author having ordered four giants, to wit, four servants belonging to the company, to keep the knight in the same posture, went himself in search of Sancho, who was scared out of his wits at the usage his master had met with. ‘Are you there, then, you knavish scoundrel squire?’ cried the author; ‘I have caught you now, and you shall pay me all you owe, as well for last year as for this.’—‘Good master enchanter,’ cried Sancho, ‘I beg your pardon, if I ever wished you all the harm you have done us, and I do allow you to be a man of honour, though you are as much a Pagan as Judas.’—‘I am glad,’ answered the author, ‘that chance led your master and you hither; for I give a supper to night to some enchanters my friends, who feed on man’s flesh: ye could never have come at a better time; and particularly thou, Sancho, who art as gross and fat as a Benedictine.’—‘Alas! good master Fisken!’ blubbered Sancho, falling down upon his knees before the author, ‘I beseech you, by the forces of holy St. Lazarus, whose soul God keep in glory, have pity upon me!’—‘Rite, friend,’ replied the author, ‘and lose no time in

praying to me; tears and prayers do not move enchanters: you shall be eaten to the very bones!'—' Mercy on us!' roared Sancho, 'what have we brought ourselves into!—Pray, good Mr. Enchanter, give me leave at least, before I die, to go and take leave of Mary Gutierrez, my wife; for I can assure you she is so ill-natured, that should I suffer myself to be eaten without bidding her farewell, she would never look upon me with a good eye again.'—' You are very cunning truly, Sancho,' quoth the author; if you were once gone, I suppose you would not be such a fool as to come again.'—' Pray excuse me, Mr. Friskin,' said Sancho, ' St. Anthony shall be bound for me that I will come again upon the day appointed; and if I fail of my word, I pray to St. Barbara, the guardian against thunder and lightning, that this cap may fail me at the hour of my death!'—' No, no,' answered the author, ' this matter will admit of no delay.' Then raising his voice, he cried—' Here, somebody bring me hither that great three-pointed spit I use to roast fat men upon, and let this peasant be roasted out of hand!' Sancho fancying himself upon the spit already, and seeing Barbara laughing with some of the players, whined out to her, with a tone inexpressibly dolorous—' Oh! lady of Segovia, you see here your trusty dwarf, poor Sancho, in grievous tribulation! Be pleased, most impotent queen! to entreat master Enchanter to counterman the three-pointed spit!' Barbara then applying herself to the author, said, smiling—' Master Pedro de Moya, sovereign constable of this palace, spare Sancho this time, I beseech you, and he will never come again.'—' Beautiful princess,' replied the author, ' chaste Queen of the Tavern Street in Alcala; I cannot spare you this peasant, or forbear putting him upon the spit, unless he will turn Mahometan.'—' Gad take me,' quoth Sancho, with much comfort, ' why did you not say so at first, without beating the bush so long? If there is nothing to do but to turn Mahometan, the great spit and I shall keep far enough asunder! I had rather be a Mahometan than be roasted.'—' Then from this time forward,' said the author, ' you shall follow the Alco-

ran.'—' I will,' quoth Sancho; ' if he pleases I will follow him to the Indies, provided Dapple can carry me so far.'—' Friend,' said the author, ' I perceive you do not understand me; what I propose is, to embrace a new religion, and believe in Mahomet.'—' Well,' answered the squire, ' if you please, I will believe in all the Mahomets betwixt this and Jerusalem: in short, I will believe all our Holy Mother the Church will allow me to believe, for which I would lay down a thousand lives.'—' If so,' replied the author, ' you need but to be circumcised, and you will be as perfect a Moor as I am. Now with a sharp knife I must cut off—' ' One, good Mr. Enchanter,' cried Sancho, ' pray do not cut any thing off, if you please; for all my goods are in common with Mary Gutierrez; and she has taken so exact an account of them, she will immediately miss it, if there want's but a farthing's-worth. But there is my cap; you may cut and round that as shall best please Mr. Alcoran.' Though the author possessed as much steady gravity of countenance as most of his nation, he could not refrain smiling at the simplicity of Sancho; and, taking him by the hand—' Come then, Signor Moor,' said he, ' prepare yourself to depart for the kingdom of Fez, for I must send you thither very soon.'—' Hold a little, Mr. Enchanter,' replied Sancho; ' I must first take one turn into the country, that I may give orders about a couple of oxen I have at home: besides, I have six sheep, two goats, eight hens and a cock; and you know a man cannot leave all these at sixes and sevens. Besides, when my wife understands that I am turned Mahometan, perhaps she may have a mind to be a Mahometaness. Who can tell? If so, we must circumcise her tongue; and, by my troth, we need not be sparing of the stuff, for there will be more than enough left, I warrant it!'

All this while Don Quixote lay in the posture before mentioned, bitterly reflecting on his enchantment. The sage Friar having now quitted Sancho, went again into the inn to a new scene. He drew near therefore to Don Quixote, and accosted him as follows—' It is well; you are, at length, Sir Loveless Knight,

Knight, fallen into my hands; and you shall now increase the number of those I detain enchanted, and loaded with irons in damp and dreary dungeons. Yet shall there arrive a time when you will come forth: but ere you come forth, your beard shall be twelve ells long, and the nails of your fingers and toes shall be bigger than an elephant's trunk. But before you are shut up in the dismal dungeon I have appointed you, I restore to you your speech for one moment: I will hear you speak once more, that my ears may be gratified with your lamentations; for the sufferings and the lamentations of knights-errant are the greatest delight of enchanters.'

When he had so said, he touched the unfortunate knight of La Mancha with his wand, who immediately addressed him in these words.—' O treacherous necromancer! who hast overcome me by fraud; in vain dost thou display this terrifying picture of the pains to which thy cruelty has destined me! Knights-errant, true and constant, know how to endure, unmoved, the uttermost torments; and nothing can terrify them. Thou mayest therefore at thy will strike me dumb, and restore me to my speech, and vent all thy malice upon me; but know thou shalt never have the power to make me afraid! At worst, I shall be discharged after three hundred years enchantment: nay, perhaps, my enchantment may be sooner at an end; for the wise Alquife, my protector, will not be long before he relieves me; and I very well know that a Grecian prince is to set out, one night, from Constantinople, under the conduct of a sage his friend, and to gain immortal glory, by exposing himself to all dangers. When he has run through all the kingdom and provinces in the universe, he shall come and besiege this strong castle; he shall destroy the giants that guard the draw-bridge, he shall slay the two griffins that are at the first gate, and shall then enter the first court without opposition, where seeing nobody, he shall lie down on the ground to rest him a while; but shall soon hear a dreadful voice, which shall say to him—“ Arise, Grecian prince, who to thy ill fortune hast entered this castle!” Then, when he least thinks of it, he shall see a

dreadful dragon coming towards him, whose very looks are venomous, and whose hideous throat shall belch forth rivers of fire. Yet shall the undaunted prince attack him, and combating with courage answerable to the greatness of the danger, he shall kill the monster, and defeat all enchantments by the assistance of the sage his friend. Then shall he enter the second court in victorious manner, and thence proceed onward into a garden filled with sweet flowers and odoriferous trees, watered by a thousand pleasant streams; where he shall have the satisfaction of hearing the harmonious birds celebrate his conquest. In the midst of the garden he shall observe a nymph, exquisitely beautiful, and clad in a long robe embroidered with diamonds, emeralds, topazes, and rubies. This charming nymph, having received him with a smiling countenance, shall with one hand deliver to him a bunch of golden keys, and with the other shall place on his head a garland of amaranths and jasmins. The prince, then, shall with the golden keys unlock all the prisons and dungeons, and shall knock off all the iron's of the illustrious prisoners; and, directing his discourse to me, shall request me to dub him a knight-errant with my own hands, and to grant him leave to become my inseparable companion in all my undertakings. Gratitude, and the respect I shall entertain for a prince of such prowess, obliging me to grant all he can demand, we shall both range the world for an infinite number of years, and shall finish all the adventures we shall meet with!'

C H A P. XII.

CONTAINING A CONTINUATION OF
WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON
QUIXOTE AND THE PLAYERS.

THE players were struck with Don Quixote's extraordinary madness; and this last effusion of his extravagance perfectly amazed them. Whilst they talked of it, Sancho returned from the stable, where he had been putting in Rosinante, Dapple, and Barbara's mule. As soon as he came in, he drew near his master, and said to him—‘ Go to, Loveliest Knight! here we are, by the

' grace of God!'—' My son Sancho,' asked Don Quixote, in a sorrowful accent, ' has our common enemy done thee no harm?'—' No, Sir,' replied the squire; ' but, by my faith! if I had not had the wit to turn Moor immediately, I had by this time been fairly turning upon a spit that has only three points; for Mr. Enchanter designed to have roasted me to-night to treat his friends.'—' What do I hear?' cried the knight. ' Is it possible you are turned Mahometan? What mean you, wretch? Can you be guilty of such baseness?'—' Ho, ho, Sir!' quoth Sancho; ' what, I had better have suffered myself to be roasted, I'll warrant you! Yes, faith, I turned Moor; and I would sooner have turned hermit, had he desired it, though it were in the face of the Sacristan of Toboso: when a man is once in the grave, he can neither be Christian nor Moor. But let us talk no more of that, Sir; if we can make our escape from this place, God knows my meaning!' Don Quixote was so deeply concerned at this apostacy of his squire, that it afflicted him no less than his own enchantment: but his sorrow was presently turned into joy; for the author, changing countenance all on a sudden, said to him, smiling—' Thus far all is good: noble Don Quixote, it is now time to undeceive you! Know, then, that I am not the enchanter Friston, as you imagine. On the contrary, I am the sage Alquife, your great friend; and I have done this to prove your constancy, and the confidence you repose in me. I am now satisfied; let us embrace, I beseech you; and assure yourself, that you shall never implore my assistance in vain!' This said, he caused the servants who held down Don Quixote to withdraw; and the knight, finding himself at liberty, and never doubting but that the author was in reality the sage Alquife, arose, and went to embrace him. He then embraced all the players in their turns, looking upon them as so many princes protected by the sage his friend. The actresses, seeing the ridiculous figure the knight made, had enough to do to forbear laughing in his face; however, they restrained themselves, which was no small matter among them: and, when they had made their obeisances, with all the tokens of profound

respect they could counterfeit, one of them, in the name of the rest, said—' Great Knight of La Mancha, North-star of gallantry, you see here several princesses who desire your protection! If it happen that any scoundrel giants steal us away some time or other, and only design to keep us enchanted as if we were made of wood, we beseech you to come to our assistance, and not suffer us to spend our youth to so little purpose!'—' Beautiful infants,' replied Don Quixote, very graciously, ' it is needless to make me that request; so long as you are friends to the wise Alquife, you need fear nothing: but, laying aside his mighty power, did the whole universe conspire against your beauty; should all the magicians ever Egypt brought forth, come hither to hurt you; I would defy them to touch a hair of your heads!'—' Valorous Don Quixote!' said the author, ' these princesses are extremely obliged to you; but, until some giant shall give you an opportunity of employing your valour in their behalf, think of nothing but taking your ease, and so lacing yourself in this castle with the great Queen Zenobia; whose arrival, I am sure, is a private satisfaction to some of the princes here present. Were not you in haste to be at Madrid, we would desire you to stay a few days with us; but I am too much concerned for your honour, to desire to stop you. I know that you have no time to spare; and therefore you may prosecute your journey to-morrow: in the mean while, let us all go and sit down to table; and, after supper, I will divert you with a play; for I have brought a company of players hither on purpose.' Thus saying, he took the knight by the hand, and led him into a great room, where they found a good supper provided for them. Don Quixote was so rejoiced to find himself in the company of his friend the sage Alquife, that it appeared in his countenance; and Sancho's heart was so full of satisfaction, that he could not contain himself; but said to the author—' By my troth, master Skiff, I am glad to see you, once in my life, face to face; for I never saw you before but in a dream; and, to say the truth, when my master Don Quixote, in our rambles, talked so much of you,

* you, St. Thomas knows what I thought. But, pray, Mr. Skiff, since all things are possible to magick, I beseech you to make me a Christian again, for I have been considering I am not at all fit to be a Moor.'—' And, pray, why not, Sancho?' quoth the author. ' Because,' said the squire, ' I love wine and bacon as I love my life; and these two things are forbid among the Moors more strictly than any sin.'—' The thing is not to be easily done,' replied the author; ' but I shall make a shift to compass it, provided you will be three days without eating or drinking. I am sure, if you perform that small penance, you will become a Christian again, and it will never appear in the least that you were a Moor.'—' That penance,' quoth Sancho, ' were very proper for my master Don Quixote, who does not mind eating or drinking. But I am of another constitution; for if I am, I will not say three days, but three hours, without eating or drinking, I can hear my guts sing the Black Psalm.'—' How shall we contrive, then,' said the author, ' to unmahometanize you?'—' How!' answered Sancho; ' why, is there but one medicine in physick? You may command me, for instance, to lie only upon one side; or not to drink but with the left-hand; and I promise, before God, and on my conscience, to obey your commands!' Whilst they were thus talking, Don Quixote, Barbara, and the scholars, stood round about the table; but before they sat down, one of the scholars said grace aloud. The author perceiving that Sancho, who stood behind, had not taken off his cap during the prayer, said to the company—' Pray, gentlemen, observe what it is to be a Moor: whilst we stood with our hats in our hands, that irreligious Sancho kept his cap on his head.'—' It is true, gentlemen,' quoth Sancho, ' and I am not ashamed to own it; for I do not take off my cap, or say grace, till I am to eat myself: but when others eat, I think I am no ways concerned; "every man for himself, and God for us all." The players laughed heartily; and insisted upon it that Sancho, as much Moor as he was, should sit down to table with them; and, being well taken care of, he made the best sport at supper.

The players, both men and women, having eaten and drank as it were for a wager, made ready to rehearse the play in the hall, which they were to act the next day at Alcala. They lighted some candles that were stuck in little wooden candlesticks, and drew a line on the floor, to divide the stage from the audience. Don Quixote, Barbara, Sancho, and the scholars, and some others that were in the inn, took their places to hear the rehearsal, which soon began. A prince of Cordova appeared first, accompanied by his confidante, to whom he said—' Yes, my dear Henriquez! it is resolved: a disdained lover becomes an implacable enemy. I will be revenged of the Queen of Leon! The king her husband, whom you know I govern, is already possessed against her, and contrives her death!' The Prince of Cordova would have proceeded; but seeing the queen appear, he withdrew. That princess stepped forward alone, with an handkerchief in her hand; and, after wiping her eyes, which seemed bathed in tears, and stepping a few paces forward in silence, she said—' Perfidious Prince of Cordova, who, not able to corrupt my virtue with your love, dost contrive to blacken it by your artifices! can you, without remorse, accuse my innocence? Alas, it is not death I fear! it is the dread of dying dishonoured! Great God, who seest the secrets of my soul, compassionate my sorrows! And will you, then, permit falsehood to triumph over virtue?' The actress, entering into her part with great energy, touched to the quick the susceptible Knight of La Mancha. He started up abruptly from his seat, drew his sword, and foaming with fury, cried out—' The Prince of Cordova is a traitor, a villain, and a slanderer! and as such I here challenge him to single combat: and I will soon, with the sole edge of my keen sword, cause him to confess, that the Queen of Leon is not less chaste than the Princess Zenobia herself!' The players, who were not provided for this adventure, burst out a laughing; but the knight going on with his challenge to the Prince of Cordova, the player who represented him drew his sword; and, stepping up to Don Quixote, said—' There is no need, Sir Knight, of so much noise for

' for so small a matter: and since you will espouse the queen's quarrel, whose chastity you are not so well acquainted with as I am, I consent to fight you; not here, but in the Great Square of Madrid, before the king and all the court!' As he was thus speaking, he espied a mule's crupper, which hung to the cieling of the room; this he took down, and, tendering it to Don Quixote, went on, saying—
 ' There, Sir Knight, since I have neither glove nor gauntlet to give you as a gage, take one of my garters, which may serve in the stead; and remember the combat shall be twenty days hence.' All the company fell a laughing at the player's contrivance; which so highly offended Don Quixote, that he said—' Really, gentlemen, I wonder that such wile and courageous princes should laugh to see a traitor accept my challenge: you ought rather to weep with the queen, who has so much cause to be troubled; but who ought now to take comfort, since she has had the good fortune to meet with me.' Then turning to his squire, and giving him the crupper, he said—' Here, Sancho, keep this gage safe.'—' By my faith!' cried Sancho, ' the crupper is none of the worst; I'll e'en make it fast to my ass's pannel, where it shall stay till we can find out the owner.'—' Fool!' quoth Don Quixote, ' to call that a crupper!'—' What the devil is it, then,' replied Sancho, ' if it is not a mule's crupper?'—' It is the Prince of Cor-dova's garter,' answered the knight. ' Why, sure, you will make me renounce Antichrist!' said the squire. ' One would think I had never seen a crupper. Look ye, Sir, I have handled more cruppers than there are stars in Limbo!'—' Here, blockhead!' quoth Don Quixote, ' see whether ever there was a richer garter! Observe those golden fringes; and mark how a diamond, or a ruby, or an emerald of inestimable value, terminates every thread.'—' Then I am certainly drunk,' said Sancho; ' for let me be hanged, if I see any of the gold fringes you talk of, but only little packthreads knotted at the ends! In short, it is possible this may be a garter in the other world, for the devil is a sad rogue; but, in this, I do affirm it is a crupper.'—' Friend Sancho,

quoth the author, ' do you banter us in calling this a crupper? I can assure you it is a garter of great value.'—' Nay, if you have any hand in it, Mr. Skiff,' cried Sancho, ' I say no more to it; for you gentlemen enchanters will turn white black; and, if you have it in your head, this must needs be a garter, though it smells so strong of a crupper.'

Whilst they were in this pleasant contest, not unlike that about the helmet of Mambrino, a mule-driver coming into the room, and seeing the crupper in Sancho's hand, said—' Cousin, pr'ythee leave the crupper where you found it; I did not buy it for your diversion.'—' Gentlemen,' cried Sancho, ' do not you hear what this honest man says? I am sure I did not bid him say so. Then it is a crupper, by Jove! I am glad of it. You may see by this, that enchanters and knights-errant are no such conjurors as they take themselves to be.' Thus saying, he gave the crupper to the mule-driver; but Don Quixote, having no mind to part with it, went up to him, and snatching it away rudely, said—' It is likely, clown, such a rich garter was made for you, then?' The mule-driver, who did not understand jesting, and was much stronger than Don Quixote, laid hold of his arm, and giving him a thrust in the stomach, threw him over; then jumping upon him, he soon forced the crupper out of his hands. The squire, seeing his master fall, ran to his assistance, and greeted the mule-driver with two furious fisty-cuffs, one of which took him in the nape of the neck, and the other on the right-ear. The mule-driver was stunned for a while, but soon revenged himself; for he laid on three or four smart strokes with the crupper across the chaps of the squire; after which he went out of the room, because the players and the scholars threatened to second Sancho, if he did not give over. Sancho feigned great eagerness to follow him, crying aloud to the scholars, who held his hands—
 ' Ay, ay! that's right! pray hold me, gentlemen, I beseech you; for if I go after that discourteous mule-driver, I shall kill him and all his race, to the twentieth generation!'—' No, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, ' let the wretch go, since he flies before us; he is not worth our anger. Knights are

* are not to make ill use of their valour; * and ought rather to make slight of, * than to revenge a wrong, when it * comes from a man of no note, one of * the meanest of the rabble.'—' You * are in the right, Don Quixote,' said the author; ' you take just measures in this affair: great men must shew moderation and calmness, that they may not do all the harm that is in their power to the little ones.'—' Well, then,' said Sancho, ' God speed the mule-driver with the two raps I laid him on about the ears!' Night being now far advanced, the author led Don Quixote into a room, where he double-locked him in; after which he returned to the actors, who performed their rehearsal, and then went to bed.

C H A P. XIII.

OF THE GRIEVOUS AFFLICTION OF SANCHO, AT BEING UNABLE TO SEE THINGS LIKE A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

THE next morning the players arose at day-break, paid their reckoning, and went away to Alcala. An hour after they were gone, Don Quixote awaking, called his squire, who, hearing his voice, came up, and opened his chamber-door, which the author had fastened. ' Sancho,' said the knight, ' what news from Queen Zenobia? Did you take care she had an apartment worthy her person?'—' By my troth, Sir,' answered the squire, ' my head was so full of our combat last night, that I thought of the princess no more than if she had not been queen! but, in short, she did not lie abroad; two of the players took her along with them into their chamber, whither she follow'd them without any ceremony; and, by the same token, they eat a pafty, and drank a great pot of wine.'—' I hat cannot be!' cried Don Quixote; ' I am well acquainted with the queen's chastity, and there is no likelihood of what you say: you certainly dreamt all this last night.'—' No, Sir,' quoth Sancho, ' I am sure the pfty was no dream, it was real flesh and bone; and but now I saw what little was left of it on a plate in the kichen.'—' It is a strange thing,' replied Don Quixote, ' that, having so

long followed knight-errantry, and conversed with princes and emperors, thou shouldest still be as unpolished as thou wast the first day I raised thee from nothing! Will you never learn to see things as they ought to be seen? Will you ever confound the objects with the ideas? Will nothing ever appear to you in its true shape? In truth, there is no enduring you any longer; I am weary of instructing you so often to so little purpose; and will send you back to your village again, as a brute incapable of being taught.' These words, and the tone in which they were uttered, had such effect upon Sancho, that he concluded for the present he was in the wrong; yet could he not comprehend the reason he made so little progress in discernment. ' My dear master Don Quixote,' answered he, weeping, ' I am as willing as any man in the world; but, do all that I can to see things like a knight-errant, I can not compafs it.' At this moment the two scholars entered the room; and finding Don Quixote in a passion, and the squire weeping, they desired to know the cause. ' Gentlemen,' said the knight, ' am not I to be pitied, in having for my squire this clown, this blockhead! who sees all things the wrong way; who takes helmets for barbers basons, piladins for peasants, and princesses for maids of inns? I dare say, should the Princess Landabrides arrive at this instant, with the very equipage she had when the Knight of the Sun first met with her, this simpleton would mistake her glorious triumphal chariot for a cart, and the two white unicorns that drew it, for heavy oxen.'—' Sir,' said the batchelor, ' you ought rather to pity than to be angry with your poor squire: consider, he is affectionate and faithful; and you ought to hope that, in time, his eyes may be opened. Let me talk to him a little, while you dress yourself.' Then turning to the squire, he said—' Friend Sancho, you have the best master in the world; but you know not how to deal with him: he requires nothing of you but what is reasonable, and yet he has not been hitherto able to force you to a compliance: if he required impossibilities of you; if he enjoined you to take the moon in your teeth; to find him out a woman, or a witty book, without a fault; I should excuse

'cuse you, and be the first to condemn him: but when he only desires that you would see objects as they really are, white unicorns as white unicorns, and not as oxen; in truth, friend, it is a great obstinacy to be so rebellious.'

—'Master Batchelor,' answered Sancho, 'I agree to all you say: but I know not what to do; and I could wish myself hanged! I often give myself good cuffs and thumps on the jaws; nay, sometimes I tear off my hair, eye-brows and eye-lashes; and yet all to no purpose: and I believe, God forgive me! that though I should pull out both my eyes, I should see never the better. I always see quite contrary to my master Don Quixote; certainly the wicked enchanters have bewitched my sight.' —'I should be loth to swear for them,' replied the batchelor; 'those vile fellows have served others of my acquaintance so.' —'O the wicked wretches!' cried Sancho, weeping again. 'Alas! how shall I govern my island with these purblind eyes! All my servants will look like animals to me: I shall take my pages for monkeys, my maid-servants for magpies, my steward for a fox, my feweis for swine, and my counsellors for asses; and, what is worst of all, I shall take another's goods for my own; and then the governor will go to the devil, or will be whipped out of his government.'

—'Be not so much concerned, my friend,' said the batchelor; 'I will take off the magical blemish you have on your eyes.' —'O dear Mr. Batchelor,' quoth Sancho, 'if you have that secret, do not grudge it me, I beseech you!' —'I will teach it you,' quoth the batchelor; 'do not trouble yourself.' —'O Lord!' quoth the squire, 'why would you not teach it me at first? Is not work done better than work to do?' —'Nay, but this matter,' said the batchelor, smiling at Sancho's eagerness, 'is not to be done so lightly; it is a very mysterious ceremony, and requires many preparations. It is enough for the present that you know the receipt is infallible, and that you shall have trial of it before we part.' —'I would fain be at it already,' cried Sancho; 'for I have a great heart; I am mad to

think I cannot see as well as others: but, in the mean while, Mr. Batchelor, pray resolve me one difficulty: I know I am enchanted; but how comes it my enchantment does not extend to all I see, and particularly to what I do; for I am very sensible I am not always deceived. As for instance, I see you all three as really as you are; and I do not take you for asses. Besides, when I tell money, provided the sum be not above twenty shillings, I defy the best divine to bestir his fingers more nimblly, or tell truer than I do.'

—'Brother Sancho,' quoth the batchelor, 'I will give you the reason of that difference, which depends wholly on the caprice of the enchanter: it is in their power to give to objects all sorts of forms; they can metamorphose all mankind; turn solicitors into leeches, counsellors into syrens, attorneys into apes, courtiers into spaniels, and tolerable women into phœnixes: but, for the most part, they pass by those trivial matters, that they may wholly attend to knight-errantry, which they use their utmost endeavours to support. And therefore Friston the enchanter, who studies nothing but how he may harm you, pleases himself with so disguising things to you, that you may be deceived every moment; and he flatters himself with the hopes that this blindness will hold you an hundred and fifty years.' —'Nay, but how do you know,' replied the squire, in amazement, 'that I must continue enchanted all that while?' —'I will tell you,' quoth the batchelor. 'When I was in Flanders, (for, different as I may look now, I have served six years in the army) there came thither a famous Jew from the extremity of Chaldea and Arabia*. He was the most expert man upon the face of the earth in affairs of magick; nature to him was quite naked, and he knew all that is to come as plain as what passed before the creation of the world. I had the good fortune to rescue him from a party of the enemy who had taken him prisoner; in return for which, he honoured me with the strictest friendship, and reposed singular confidence in me. We were inseparable companions during the two years

* This above is evidently a satirical allusion to the popular story of 'The Wandering Jew'; for an account of whom, see Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, Vol. II.

' he staid in Flanders. He bore me
company in all our marches; he was
always by my side in all the battles
and sieges I was concerned in. You
may judge how advantageous his
company was to me. He brought me
off safe from a thousand dangers, and
preserved me by his art from four-
score and three musquet-shot; fifteen
whereof I should have received in my
head, five in the lungs, nine in the
liver, seventeen in the spleen, thirty
in the optick nerve, and the rest in the
great gut. He taught me abundance
of curiosities; and, among the rest,
the secret how to live four times as
long as Nestor, without feeling the
inconveniences of old age; and this
secret is so infallible, that this rare
Jew, at the moment when we parted,
was thirteen hundred and sixty-six
years, seven months, fourteen hours,
and sixteen minutes, old; and he had
a complexion like a young girl, and
was as strong as the giant Mandrake,
who was killed by the valiant Sacri-
dorus.'—' You mistake, Mr. Bat-
chelor,' quoth Don Quixote, inter-
rupting him; ' King Sacridorus did not
combat with the giant Mandrake; it
was Rosiclar who took away his life.
It is true, that the knights who fol-
lowed the giant, being desirous to re-
venge his death, and falling all toge-
ther upon Rosiclar, his friend Sacri-
dorus rushed in among them, and
slew six.'—' Signor Don Quixote,'
quoth the batchelor, ' you may very
well excuse me that slip; for, besides
that it is a long time since I read the
story of the Knight of the Sun, you
may remember I told you, but yester-
day, that I had a very bad memory.
But, to return to my Jew, and have
done in two words; he taught me all
the tricks of the mountebanks—and,
to conclude, friend Sancho, he taught
me the secret of disenchanting you;
telling me, at the same time, that the
enchanter Friston had bewitched your
sight for an hundred and fifty years.'
—' Of all the Jew's learning,' quoth
Sancho, ' that is what I like the best: I
don't much want to live many ages; if
I can live to six score, I desire no more.
After that, come what will! " When
a man has well sucked the cherry,
he need not care much for the stone."
The knight admiring what he had heard,
said to the scholar, looking on him

with amazement—' Truly, Mr. Bat-
chelor, I am mightily taken with the
wonders you have told us, and it is
a great misfortune that you are not a
knight errant; for, what with the va-
lour you displayed in Flanders, and
the sublime knowledge you are master
of, I question not but in a short time
you would have made great profici-
ency in that most excellent order.'—
' Incomparable Don Quixote!' replied
the batchelor, ' I have always looked
upon knight-errantry as the first and
noblest of all professions; and, I must
own, I would devote myself to it
zealously, were I not subject to cer-
tain evil habits which I cannot master,
and which I look upon as very repug-
nant to that holy exercise.'—' Pray, let
me know them,' answered the knight;
and no man shall inform you better
than myself whether they ought to
obstruct your becoming a knight-er-
rant.'—' Well, then, Sir,' replied
the batchelor, ' to acquaint you at once
with all my frailties, I must tell you,
in the first place, that I am nothing
near so chaste as Amadis de Gaule.
I should be apt to fall in love with all
the maidens that came in my way, and
should not disenchant one of them
without making her pay for her dis-
enchantment.'—' Chastity,' said Don
Quixote, ' is doubtless a great virtue,
but yet not absolutely necessary in a
knight-errant; and though Amadis
de Gaule was, like myself, a mirror
of chastity; yet Don Galaor, his bro-
ther, and the worthy Don Rogel of
Greece, did not make any scruple of
receiving favours, when they met with
ladies inclinable to bestow them; and
this did not hinder them from be-
coming famous in the order of knight-
errantry.'—' I grant it,' answered
the batchelor; ' nor is the want of
chastity my greatest obstacle. That
is the least of my faults; and I must
tell you freely, that, besides that
lewd inclination, I have others more
unpardonable: I am slothful, an pi-
cure, a drunkard—' ' Out upon it!'
cried Don Quixote, interrupting him;
' those are vile failings! O Heavens!
why must the greatest men be subject
to the greatest vices? Tho'e faults
are too opp' site to our rule, to al-
low of your being admitted into our
holy body: but exert all your endea-
vours to correct them; and if you
can

' can but compass it, I promise that I will myself dub you a knight, and will be your associate in the further combat you shall undertake.' The bachelor returned thanks for so special a favour; and the knight being by this time dress'd and armed they all four went down into the yard of the inn.

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE CEREMONY THE BATCHELOR USED TO DISENCHANT SANCHO, AND OF IT'S SUCCESS.

THE innkeeper and Queen Barbara were talking in the kitchen, when our knight appeared. They both went out to meet him. The host, who was a pleasant fellow, made him a bow, saying to him, with a smiling countenance—' How fares to-day the noble Don Quixote, the flower and pearl of La Mancha, and the jewel of knights-errant?' Don Quixote, having replied to this compliment, saluted the queen, and then asked where the wise Alquife was, that he might take his leave of him. ' Sir Knight,' answered the host, ' the wise Alquife is no longer in this castle: he went away this morning to Constantinople, whether he was obliged to transport himself upon affairs of the greatest consequence. But before his departure, he ordered me to entertain you handsomely during your stay; which, indeed, he needed not have done, for I naturally love knights-errant; and not one of them passes by this castle but I give him a taste of the best I have.' Don Quixote, knowing that enchanters appear and vanish as they please, was not at all surprized at this news; and addressing the landlord—' Signor Castellano,' said he, ' I thank you for your good-will; but I am in haste to be at Madrid, and can stay no longer with you.'—' If so,' answered the host, ' I shall not presume to stay you; and you may depart when you please.'—' As for us,' quoth the bachelor, ' we must part before you.'—' Ah, master Bachelor!' cried Sancho, ' if you leave us, save us secret!'—' No, no, my friend,' answered the bachelor, ' we shall meet again at Alcala.'—' By my hand, Mr. Bachelor,' said

the other scholar, ' you ought rather to disenchant this poor devil Sancho immediately! Don Quixote and I do beg it of you.'—' If it can be accomplished speedily,' quoth Don Quixote, ' Mr. Bachelor will oblige me by not postponing this ceremony till another time.'—' I grant your request, gentlemen,' replied the bachelor; ' and, since Don Quixote desires it, I am willing to put my secret to the trial immediately. The constable will be pleased to conduct us into the darkest part of the castle, because spirits do not love much light; they will not appear but in gloomy places. Queen Zenobia, if she pleases, must not accompany us, for we shall be hold things not fit to be seen by a princess.' The innkeeper, who was an arch fellow, guessed at the bachelor's design; and, being a man that would lose no pastime, lighted a candle, and led Don Quixote, Sancho, and the scholars, into a cellar so dark, that it might have satisfied spirits the most averse to day-light. When they were all in, the host set down the candle upon a little rotten table there happened to be in the place, and went out again with the bachelor to speak to two young mule-drivers who were then in the stable, and whose assistance they thought they might stand in need of. When they had agreed together what part every one was to play, the host returned into the cellar, and soon after him came the bachelor with a great black cloak about his shoulders, and on his head four pasteboard caps half an ell high, made in the form of a sugar-loaf, and all four of them appearing as if they had been but one. He made a bow of reverence to Sancho, more profound than a novice to the general of his order: he also saluted Don Quixote and the rest; and, finally, all the casks in the cellar. Then, turning to the knight, he said—' Don Quixote, without doubt, is amazed to see me salute these casks; but he must understand, that on these hogsheads there are several invisible enchanters, who are come to be spectators of our magical operation.' Having spoken these words, he took off one of his pasteboard caps, and placed it upon the head of the squire: the same he did to the other two spectators; and then he ordered Sancho to strip to his shirt.

The squire looked upon this prelude as an ill omen; he was all in disorder, and the sweat ran down in great drops. He was glad, it is true, to think he should be soon disenchanted; but judging, by the bachelor's discourse, that he might chance to see some scurvy apparition, he began to be as much afraid of the ceremony as he was before desirous of it: however, come what would, he stripped; and when he had done, the bachelor said to the host—‘ Signior Castellano, I pray thee fetch three great crystal glasses, if you have any, and fill them with good white wine.’—‘ I have them,’ replied the host; ‘ and they were made purposely for this ceremony.’ In short, he fetched three of the largest he had, and filled them to the brim with the best wine in the cellar, the more to honour the operation. The bachelor took them, one after another, with mysterious gestures, and placed them in a triangular form on the table: he then uttered, with a loud voice, these words—‘ By Belfegor; by Leviathan; by Beelzebub; by Asmodeus!’ He caused the squire to repeat them several times, making him walk round the table; then he ordered him to drink off the three bumpers, and said to him—‘ Courage, friend! I have a good conceit of your business: I find you have a good heart for the work.’—‘ Mr. Bachelor,’ cried Sancho, ‘ you see I do not spare my body: I use my poor endeavours; the Lord must do the rest.’—‘ Nay,’ replied the bachelor, ‘ you have hitherto played your part to admiration, bating one word, which you did not pronounce properly.’—‘ As for that,’ quoth the squire, ‘ a word is a mere trifle; I would fain know whether all the canons say their matins without tripping. No, no; they do not go to Rome for a pardon every time they turn over two leaves of their breviary at once, and yet they are sure to find their dinner ready. But, however, lest we should lose a leg for a halfpenny worth of tar, you may order me another bumper in lieu of the word I mistook, and perhaps one will make amends for the other.’—‘ That will not do,’ replied the bachelor; ‘ but it is likely you did not mishear that word signedly; and since your intention is good, all is well.’—‘ By my troth, I

believe so!’ answered the squire. ‘ I can assure you the wine has wrought wonders: I begin to see like a knight-errant already; for methinks I see a thousand candles here.—‘ You are out in your reckoning there,’ quoth the bachelor: ‘ the ceremony is not yet ended, and the best part is to come; or rather, all that we have done hitherto is nothing in comparison with the sequel. Now there being two enchanters, who are your enemies; to wit, Fisston, and a Moorish enchanter, whom you told me of yesterday; I must make a circle, and by virtue of a charm which commands them, I will oblige each of them to send a devil hither to enchant you. But, my dear friend Sancho,’ added he, after making a great circle on the ground with chalk, ‘ I must give you some advice: the devils will be sure to use all their endeavours to make you step out of the circle, in the middle of which you are safe, because they cannot come within it; but you must be sure to stand fast in it, whatever they may do to you; for should you be so unfortunate as to stir out of it, they would swallow you like an oyster. If, on the contrary, you still keep within the circle, they will drop at your feet a skin of white vellum, which contains the charm, and will take their flight, howling for shame and vexation: take especial care, therefore, that fear does not cause you to step aside.’—‘ Fear!’ quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him; ‘ what can be fear whilst I am present?’—‘ No, Sancho,’ continued he, ‘ remember I am with you: I say no more.’—‘ It is enough, Sir,’ replied the squire; ‘ I know your word cannot fail in that point: God be praised, in your company I fear nothing! The worst of it is, that as to my body, I perceive myself quake a little. But let them give me another glass of wine, and I promise you I will then stand within the circle as stiff as a stake.’—‘ With all my heart, brave Sancho!’ said the host, giving him at the same time a great bumper. ‘ Courage, my friend! The squire, having pulled down his curtain-dot, boldly entered the circle. ‘ So, Sancho,’ said the bachelor, now far the charm but remember

' that you remain silent till the devils have thrown the parchment at your feet: for I must tell you, that if you utter a single word before that time, the spirits will vanish immediately, and there will then be no possibility of disenchanting you.'—' It shall never miscarry for that fault,' quoth Sancho; ' you may begin the dance as soon as you please.' The batchelor then fell upon his knees, and continued almost a quarter of an hour with his eyes fixed on the ground; after which, he started up; and, like one agitated with the transport of a phrenzy, sometimes stretched out his arms, sometimes rolling his eyes and distorting his frame with fearful gesticulations, smote himself violently on the breast and stomach. At length, raising his voice, and gabbling, with surprizing vivacity of action, he commenced his conjuration in the following words—

' Beelfegor! Asmodeus! ye frightened fiends who obey the enchanter Friston, and the Moorish enchanter, I conjure you listen to my voice!—

' By Juno, and by mighty Jove!
 ' By Pluto, and the god of love!
 ' By Neptune's boots, and Merc'ry's shoon!
 ' And by the horns of Madam Moon!
 ' By Leo, Libra, and Aquarius!
 ' By Taurus, Cancer, Sagittarius!
 ' By the Twins, and the Ram's Horn!
 ' By Pisces, and by Capricorn!
 ' By the Scorpion's poisonous sting!
 ' By the Virgin, that rare thing!
 ' By Pan's pipe and bed of grass!
 ' By Silenus' gentle ass!
 ' By the killing bold physicians!
 ' By the senseless politicians!
 ' By the spirits, great and small!
 ' By the fairies, devils, and all!

' Ye cruel and mischievous spirits, who, in compliance with the malice of enchanters, enemies to the Knight of La Mancha, have, by your sorceries, infected the eyes of Sancho Panza, his trusty squire; I command you to appear here presently, and to cast into the circle the parchment containing the charm! Come away, I command you—

' By Proserpine's black footy coat!
 ' By Charon's oars, and rotten boat!
 ' By the flambeaux of the furies!
 ' By the sense of common juries!
 ' By their truth who buy and sell!
 ' By the three-mouth'd dog of hell!

' By the Sybil's and the Oraclest
 ' By Mahomet, and all his miracles!
 ' By the conscience of a jailor!
 ' By the honesty of a taylor!
 ' By the spirits, great and small,
 ' By the fairies, devils, and all!'

The batchelor stopping short here, a noise was heard at the cellar-door; and presently the two confederate devils appeared. They were wrapped up in tattered old red hangings, tied about them in several places with ropes, and each of them had a jack-chain about his neck; their caps had two horns, and their faces were so daubed with soot, that no white appeared but the white of their eyes; each of them had a whip in the right-hand, and an iron-prong in the left: but that which most of all deceived Don Quixote, and terrified his squire, was a lighted match which each devil held in his mouth, so twisted with fine flax, that, whenever they blewed it, they seemed to vomit fire. They now drew near the circle, grinning with a thousand hideous grimaces upon Sancho, who shut his eyes to avoid seeing them; and, shaking in every limb like an aspen-leaf, betook himself to his prayers. The batchelor then continued his conjuration as follows—

' Infernal spirits! who behold the intrepidity of Sancho, throw down at his feet your fatal parchment! I command you—

' By fair Hebe's god-like head!
 ' By Jove's love to Ganymed!
 ' By Orpheus' lute, guitar, or fiddle!
 ' By cruel Sphynx's fatal riddle!
 ' By Comus' revels in the dark!
 ' By warlike Mars, that bloody spark!
 ' By Venus, and her chaste embraces!
 ' By Vulcan's Cyclops' lovely faces!
 ' By Olympus, when it nods!
 ' By all the whole and demi-gods!
 ' By the spirits, great and small!
 ' By the fairies, devils, and all!'

The devils, though so powerfully conjured, were not over hasty to cast the parchment into the circle; but, perceiving that Sancho still kept his eyes shut, began to jerk his haunches with their mules whips; and though they were only in jest, yet, being naturally rough play fellows, and Sancho in his shirt, they made him extremely sensible of the lashes. Sancho gnashed his teeth, shrugged his shoulders, and cut capers,

capers, kicking his heels up to his very breech: he, however, bore all without stirring out of the circle, or uttering one word. The devils, who were determined to make him speak, yet wished rather to frighten than hurt him, now laid aside their whips, and began to tickle him with their pitchforks; till at length Sancho lost all patience, and blubbered out, with might and main—
 ‘ O my good master Don Quixote! have pity on me, I beseech you, and deliver me from these cursed satans!’ The knight was not deaf to his cries; but exclaimed, with a dreadful voice—
 ‘ Hold, devils! and you shall see whether Don Quixote is afraid of your iron-prongs!’ Thus saying, he drew his sword; but, in an instant, he found himself environed with such thick darkness, that he could no longer discern any thing; for, as soon as Sancho opened his mouth, the mule-driving devils, the host, and the scholars, who expected such a storm, extinguished the candle, and slipped out of the cellar as fast as they could.

Still Don Quixote threatened the devils, though the darkness checked his passion, and rendered his valour useless. Sancho was so frightened, that he fancied he still felt the forks.—‘ Master Don Quixote,’ quoth he, ‘ pray keep me near you, if you please; for perhaps the devils have put out the candle that they may use me the worse: draw close, that I may know you are by me.’ Our knight, upon this, drew nearer, to encourage him; and, as both of them held out their arms to feel for each other, the squire chancing to touch the lean hairy hand of his master, screeched out immediately—‘ I am a dead man! I have felt Lucifer's claw!’—‘ No, my child,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ it is I; be not frightened.’—‘ Alas!’ replied the squire, ‘ fear has overcome me!’—‘ The devils are not here,’ answered the knight; ‘ but what I marvel at, is, that me thinks we two are left alone in this dismal place! What can have become of the scholars and the Cattellion? I do not hear them speak!’ Thus saying, they both began to call upon them; but nobody answering—‘ By my troth,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ the devils have certainly carried them all away! As for Mr. Bachelor's part, he is well enough served, and he deserves it for

his damned conjuring, which I shall never forget as long as I have a bit of skin left upon my breech.’—‘ I do not believe that,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ the bachelor has too much power over the devils, to suffer them to hurt him.’—‘ On my conscience,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ there is no trusting to that! Dogs sometimes bite their masters. But, pray, Sir, stay till I gather up my breeches and doublet, which I feel under my feet; and then let us endeavour to get out of this place; for, in troth, I am not like the spirits, I do not like dark places at all; and I fancy I am in the other world!’ He put on his breeches; and, whilst they were groping about for the door, the host and the scholars came back into the cellar, with each of them a lighted candle in his hand. ‘ O ho! gentlemen,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ are you there? What have you done with the devils?’—‘ Were you mad, Sancho?’ replied the bachelor; ‘ do not you know you had like to have been the death of us all, by calling upon your master Don Quixote to assist you? All devils, and these more particularly, hate to have any forcible means employed against them; they presently break loose, and no charms can hold them any longer. The conjuror himself is not safe, for they are a false generation; and there is no more trusting of them than the rogues of galley slaves you rescued last year: and this was the reason we fled with such expedition.’—‘ Yet they are not so fierce as you make them,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘ though they were armed with prongs, and spit more fire than Endragus, which Amadis de Gaule overcame; or than Paunus the demonick, slain by the Knight of the Sun, they durst not stand before me!’—‘ I believe so too,’ answered the bachelor; ‘ they are cunning devils, and never fight but when they are strongest. All that vexes me,’ added he, turning to the squire, ‘ is, that the operation was not performed with more success; but it is your fault, Sancho; you ought to have had a little more patience; however, if you will be more hasty, and not speak one word, we will begin again.’—‘ No, no, master Bachelor,’ quoth Sancho; ‘ I had rather be enchanted till doom's-day, than see

' see those hell-hounds any more!—' Why the devil,' said Don Quixote, ' did not you keep silence till all was ended? It would have been over by this time.'—' No doubt of it!' quoth Sancho; ' for, by this time, it would have been over with me! A pox on the devil! I should stand still and be flayed without wincing, should I? Faith, you take me for a pretty fool! Had not I called you to my assistance, they would have thrust their hell-forks into my guts; for I felt them grate upon my ribs already! In short, if I never see things relating to knight-errantry as I ought to do, the loss is not great. What matter is it to me, whether Madam Zenobia is handsome or ugly? I have a wife already, God be thanked! and that is enough for a peasant. I am not deceived in eating and drinking; and that concerns me most.'—' Alas, my poor Sancho!' cried the batchelor, ' do not sing victory before the battle is over! Enchanters may as well hinder you from eating and drinking; and I wonder they have not done it already! Assuredly it must be, that Friston reserves this as his finishing stroke upon you; for that is the general way of enchanting.'—' O the dog!' cried Sancho, ' all the devils in hell take him before he does! But, perhaps, that may never come to pass, Mr. Batchelor: it does not always rain when we fancy it.'

After some further discourse of this sort, they all quitted the cellar, and went to meet Queen Zenobia in the court, who pretended great earnestness to know the success of their enterprize, as if she had been quite a stranger to it. ' Beautiful princess,' said Don Quixote to her, ' it was not the batchelor's fault, I am well satisfied, that his secret did not take effect; but my squire disappointed it by his impatience: and I foresee I am still likely to have trouble enough with him.'—' No, no, Sirl' cried Sancho, ' we will argue no more about chivalry; for I have considered on it. From this time forwards I will believe all you say as certain as if it were in the almanack. Whensoever you tell me, "Sancho, it is this thing, or t'other," I will swear to it, and by that means shall be too hard for the enchanters. Now let them

come as fast as they will, when they happen to show me a wind-mill, whip say I, " There is a giant!" and so of the rest.'—' O my friend Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, ' if you will but perform what you say, if you can so far prevail upon yourself, I desire no more. Do you but humbly submit the weakness of your eyes and understanding to your master's clear sight and sound reason, and then you have found the secret of mortifying enchanters, by disappointing their malice.' Sancho hereupon binding himself by oath to see in future with no eyes but those of his master, matters were re-adjusted, and the company somewhat consoled for the ill success of the magical operation. They now gave themselves up to good humour; and, after eating a morsel, and drinking a glass of wine, Don Quixote, Barbara, Sancho, and the scholars, returned the constable many thanks for his kind cheer, and departed all together from the castle of Goblins. The host, on his part, demanded nothing for the expence they had put him to. The players, it is true, had paid for the supper; but that matters not: others of his profession would have made no scruple of reckoning with Don Quixote and the scholars. As for him, he took the ceremony in the cellar in full payment, and shewed as much generosity as any Castilian we meet with in the volumes of chivalry.

C H A P. XV.

WHICH THE ARABIAN ALISOLAM DOES NOT RECKON THE BEST IN THE BOOK.

WHEN our adventurers were come near Alcala, the scholars, not caring to enter the town with Don Quixote, from apprehension of the hubbub his figure would probably occasion, stopped as it were to rest themselves, after taking leave of him and his company. When they were on the point of entering the suburbs, Barbara said to Don Quixote, ' Sir Knight, you have purchased for me a mule and cloaths, and have brought me with you thus far, as if I were your sister; I therefore return you most humble thanks: but if you have no other commands to lay on me, I will, by your leave, stay in this town,

' town, where I was born, and where
I should be glad to serve you more ef-
fectually than with bare words.'—
' On, my princess!' exclaimed Don
Quixote, much surprised, ' what is it
you talk of? What strange resolution
is this you have taken? Will you then
leave me, after travelling together
with me through so many desarts?
Alas! if you once absent yourself from
me, who will defend you against your
enemy Pamphus the enchanter? Where
can you be safe against his practices?
Be advised by me, Madam; let us go
to Madrid together, where I design
publickly to defend your beauty. Af-
ter this, you are free to do whatsoever
pleases you. You shall go, if you de-
sire it, to Cyprus; or you shall stay in
the court of Spain; where I do not
question but the king will entertain
you as the Sultan of Babylon did the
Princeps Hermiliana and the beautiful
Polixena, mistresses to the two young
princes of Greece, Don Clarineus of
Spain, and Don Lucidaner of Thes-
saly.' Sancho, finding his master so
earnestly oppose Barbara's design, grew
angry, and said—' Body o' me! master
Don Quixote, I cannot imagine to
what purpose you would have us take
the princts along with us: is it not
better she should stay in her own
country, than make us spend the rest
of our money to no purpose? On my
conscience, a pretty jewel to carry to
court! And she must be askel and en-
treated too, and be hanged to her!
Ask her no more, say I! we can go to
Madrid well enough without her, and
be never the worse for it. See what
state the jade takes upon her, because
she is called Madam Queen here, and
Madam Princeps there; though she is
no more than she knows well enough,
for I heard what she said to the schol-
ars. Let her pay us what the mule
and the cloths cost, and let us have
no more of her!'—' Incorrigible
dunce!' quoth Don Quixote in a rage,
' will you ever be the most impudent et
the sauciest of squires? Do you think,
sirrah! I shall always have the patience
to endure your impudent bubble;
and particularly when it is injurious
to the great Queen Zenobia? Vile
wretch! I could almost find in my
heart to strike my lance thorough your
body!' Having spoken these words, he
was drawing near Sancho to strike him;

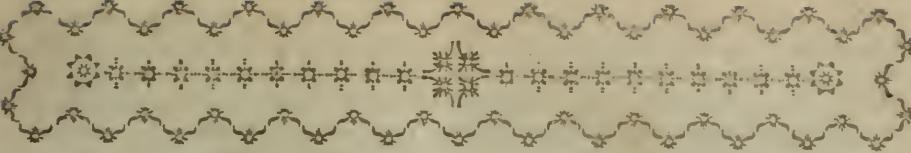
but Barbara, who, considering she was
a woman, was not very mischievous, in-
terposed and appeased him. Desirous,
however, to revenge herself upon San-
cho, notwithstanding, she addressed her-
self to our hero, and said—' Sir Knight,
it is true I did design to stay here;
but since your worship desires it, I am
ready to follow you to Madrid, and
farther too, if need be, in spite of
that base peasant.'—' Peasant!' quoth
Sancho; ' it is true, I am a peasant in
the eyes of the world, but quality sig-
nifies nothing before God. If a man
is a Christian, that is enough; and I
had rather be a peasant than go eat
and drink all night with players.'
Barbara coloured at these words; and
answered the squire—' Sancho, San-
cho! have a care of making rash judg-
ments; all those who eat and drink
together are not good friends for all
that. We must not always believe it
is day when the cock crows: if I was
in the players chamber, I did nobody
harm there; but you are quite a ma-
licious one.'—' You call me malici-
ous,' replied the squire; ' by my troth,
you dare not say it to my face; for,
body o' me! I'm no such fool, d'y'e
see, but I know there are more days
than weeks.'—' Beautiful princess!'
said Don Quixote, ' regard not, I be-
seech you, what that brute says; let us
leave him for a blockhead, as he is,
and consider where we shall alight.'—
' Sir Knight,' replied Barbara, ' I would
advise to stay in the suburbs till to-
morrow.' Don Quixote, who was
wholly at the queen's devotion, agreed
to this propostal, and they alighted at
the first inn they found in the suburbs.

Don Quixote now ordered two rooms;
one for himself and his squire, and a
better for the princts; and, whilst a
mait-servant conducted the queen and
the knight into a tolerable apartment,
Sancho led the beasts to the stable. Bar-
bara, finding herself alone with the
knight, resolved not to lose the oppor-
tunity, and therefore accosted him in
this manner: ' I beseech you, Signior
Don Quixote, to excuse me from go-
ing to court, for I know I shall be
laughed at there; or, if you are re-
solved I shall go, you must promise
to give me fifty ducats to st up my
shop again. In truth, that is not too
much, and I'd f you to find a wo-
man that will act Queen Zenobia
cheaper.'

' cheaper.'—' Great princes!' answered Don Quixote, ' I do not regard these words, which I know are dictated to you by your enemy Pimphus the enchanter; but if you stand in need of fifty ducats, I will tell them over to you immediately: I will only call Sancho to bring my portmanteau.'—' No, no, Sir,' quoth Barberi, ' it will be enough if you give them me at Madrid; and I desire Sancho should know nothing of the matter, for he is such a curmudgeon, that he would lead us a weary life if he knew it.'—' Verily,' said Don Quixote, ' he is insufferable in that point: he makes me mad with his covetousness; and though he is upon the point of being made governor of one of the best islands belonging to the kingdom of Cyprus, yet he is afraid he shall want. But, after all, he is a good servant; and I should be loth to lose him.' This dialogue was interrupted by Sancho, who returned from the stable in a great heat: ' Master Don Quixote,' cried he, ' do you hear all that musick?'—' What musick?'

replied the knight. ' Why you need but look out at the window,' quoth Sancho, ' and you will hear a harmony for the devil!' Don Quixote, upon this, opening a window that looked into the street, their ears were presently struck with the sound of trumpets, accompanied with hautboys and sundry other instruments; and at the same time they heard shouts, as of a mob surprized at some sight. They observed that the windows and balconies were thronged with men, women, and children; and they discerned at a distance, in a great street that fronted them, a chariot painted with a variety of colours, which was accompanied by a prodigious concourse of people, both on foot and horseback. In the first chapter of the second volume we shall learn what this extraordinary spectacle really was; what the knight of La Mancha thought of it, and into what dreadful peril he was brought by the greatness of his courage; for the wise Alisolan has so much still to relate, that he thought good to take a breathing-time here.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

D O N Q U I X O T E

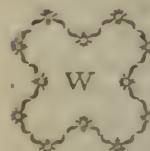
D E L A M A N C H A.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

B O O K I V.

C H A P. I.

OF ONE OF DON QUIXOTE'S GREATEST ADVENTURES.



HILST Don Quixote, Barbara, and Sancho, were gazing with all their eyes out of the window, the host came into the room to know what they would have for supper; but the shouts of the people, the trumpets, and the chariot, having by this time thrown the knight's brain into a ferment, he doubted not that he was on the eve of some most important adventure; and, having thanked Heaven for offering him such a noble opportunity to signalize himself, he said to his squire—‘ My son Sancho, we could not have come at a better time: a mighty infanta is this day married, and there is a splendid tournament held in this city to celebrate her nuptials. The lists are open to all knights, and the worst of them have been already thrown out. A giant, stronger than Orbion, or Bradamant, has overthrown all

that appeared before him, and fear has sunk the hearts of all the rest. He is now proudly parading in a triumphal chariot; and fancies that henceforth no knight will dare to contend with him for the prize of the tilting. The princes of this country are grieved to the heart, and would give all they are worth, that some knight would appear, and humble the pride of this Pagan: therefore, my child, let us make haste and appear in the Great Square. I fancy I already see all the ladies and great lords in the windows and balconies, fixing their eyes upon me: methinks I hear them, in admiration of my martial air and genteel demeanour, saying to each other, “ That, doubtless, is the gallant knight who is to regain the honour ours have lost, and to overthrow the giant!” As soon as ever I appear in the lists, the trumpets will make the air ring; which will infuse such mettle into Rozinante, that he will neigh with eagerness for the combat; and, flashing spurs of fire from his eyes, will bound so furiously, that the earth will be in danger of sinking under him.

' him. Then will I draw near the giant; and, without ceremony, say to him—“ Proud giant, I will fight you; but it must be upon condition that the conqueror shall cut off his conquered enemy's head!” All giants being naturally haughty, he will not hesitate to accept the condition, but will come down from his chariot, and mount a white elephant, led by a little dwarf his squire, who, riding a black elephant, carries his master's lance and buckler. Then shall we take our career; and, both pressing furiously on, shall meet in the middle of the course. He will strike my armour, but not pierce it, because it is enchanted; and his lance will fly in snivers up into the air: however, the great force of the shock will make me bend down to the very saddle-bows, and I shall be stunned; but, immediately recovering myself, I shall give the giant so fierce a thrust on the breast with my lance, that it will lay him prostrate on the ground; where shame, and the pain of his fall, will cause him to utter a thousand blasphemies against Heaven, as is the custom of giants. Now, knights being forbid to take any advantage in fighting, I will alight from my horse, will grasp my buckler, and will advance, with sword in hand, towards the monster; who, being doubly enraged at my sight, will get up, though feeble; and, drawing a broad and weighty scymetar, which hangs by his side, will attempt to let fall a mortal stroke on my helmet, which I will shun by stepping nimblly aside; and then, smiting off one of his thighs with a back-stroke of my excellent sword, I will again lay him prostrate, and, without allowing him time to rise, will give him such a lucky cut between his gorget and his helmet, that his head will drop off. All the princes will rejoice, the conquered knights will be comforted, and the people will applaud me! Go, Sancho, bridle Rozinante instantly, and let us about it this moment!’

The host, who had listened to all this harangue, and looked upon it as a jest, fell a laughing; and said to the knight—‘ By my faith, Sir, you must have an excellent memory to remember all that banner! For my part, though I have

read as much forty times in romances, I could as well be hanged as repeat two lines together. But, laying aside that nonsense, will you please to tell what you would have me get for your supper?’ ‘ You time things very well, my friend,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ you know what has happened in your town, and how all your knights have been affronted; and yet, when I am preparing to revenge their quarrel, you talk to me about supper, I tell you, I will neither eat nor drink till I have slain the giant! In the mean while, I humbly beseech the queen to stay here; I shall soon return.’ This said, he made Barbara a bow, and went out, attended by his squire; who, contrary to custom, did not oppose his master's intentions; doubtless, to keep the oath he had taken not to contend with him. They took Rozinante and Dapple out of the stable; mounted, and rode into the town. The reader must understand, that the university of Alcalá on that day chanced to solemnize the admission of a new divinity-professor. He was borne about the town (as is the usual custom) in a triumphal chariot, and above two thousand scholars attended him, some on foot, others on horseback, and others on mules, Don Quixote and Sancho soon met the scholars, walking two and two, with garlands of flowers on their heads, and laurel-branches in their hands. In the midst of them was a triumphal chariot wonderfully large: the fore-part of it was filled with a number of musicians, singing and playing on instruments. In the centre were several scholars in women's cloaths; some of them representing virtues, and others vices; and every one bore an inscription, declaring what he represented. Those who personated vices were loaded with chains, and sat at the feet of the others, seeming to be sunk in melancholy, as became the condition of slaves. At the farther end of the chariot, above all the rest, sat the new professor on a throne, clad in a long scarlet-robe, with a crown of laurel on his head. What a spectacle was this for a knight-errant! Both master and man viewed every particular; but what they seemed most to marvel at, was, that the mules which drew the chariot, being concealed by the rich housings which entirely covered them,

the whole machine appeared to move of itself. ‘By the Lord, Sancho?’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘this is really surprizing. I could wish the enchanters might grant you the free use of your sight but for one moment; you would then perceive, that the stately chariot which comes towards us is enchanted, and moves of itself by the power of magick.’—‘Faith, Sir?’ said the squire, ‘I do not understand how it is managed; but the enchanters do not deceive me in that point. I plainly see all you tell of. I have looked all about the chariot, and I can descry neither oxen nor white unicorns, and don’t see so much as a fly that draws it; and yet I see it moves. Mother of God! if this be not magick, there is no magick in the world!’

—‘Do you observe all those princesses in the chariot?’ said the knight. ‘I do, indeed!’ answered Sancho; ‘and, by the same token, some of them are standing, and others sitting, and have iron chains on their hands.’—‘And don’t you also see,’ added Don Quixote, ‘a mighty giant, a monster in a red robe, with a crown on his head?’—‘I do, Sir,’ quoth Sancho; ‘and though I did not see him, I would take yoar word for it.’—‘That giant,’ said Don Quixote, ‘is a king, as appears by his crown; but I cannot tell you what island, or what strange kingdom, he is sovereign of; for I might be mist-ken, and a man must not aff-rt any thing rashly. But those ladies you observe standing before him are princesses, whom he has stolen, and who had not virtue enough to withstand his amorous passion. Those you see chained, are constant women, not to be corrupted. In vain does he misuse and load them with irons; they will undergo a thousand deaths, rather than comply with his infamous desires. Let us move forward, my son; now is the time we must shew what we are. I fly to deliver those princesses from the tyranny of that monster; and you may judge of the fate of Bramarbas, by the bloody and dangerous combat I shall now wage.’ This said, he advanced towards the triumphal chariot; and, stopping short before it, grasped his buckler, set his lance in the rest, and, directing his discourse to the divinity-professor, exclaimed—‘Haughty and

prodigious giant! you who so proudly range about in that necromantick chariot, and deem yourself invincible; I charge you immediately to set free those unfortunate infantas! Restore to them all the jewels you have robbed them of! Come down from your chariot! Mount your white elephant, and try your strength with me! Fancy not that I will leave those lovely damsels in your hands; their beauty sufficiently demonstrates them to be the daughters of sultans, of emperors, or of caliphs, and the only heiresses of their parents! Think not that I will suffer a Pagan to bear away the honour of the tilting! Though you were supported by all the powers of hell, I would hinder you from departing this day with the glory of having vanquished all the Christian knights!’ Thus speaking, he compelled the chariot to halt. The scholars finding their procession impeded, fancied that it was one of their own party who had armed and disguised himself after that manner to make sport: five or six, therefore, stepped out of their rank; and, drawing near to Don Quixote, one of them said—‘Pray, Mr. Licentiate, be pleased to stand aside, and let the chariot pass. You see night draws on, and we have no time to spare.’—‘That is as much as to say, scoundrels!’ answered Don Quixote, ‘that you are this vile giant’s base officers; and, since you are, you shall first feel the strength of my arm, before I combat with your master!’ So saying, he spurred on his horse against one of the scholars, designing to run him through with his lance; but the scholar, being nimble and active, stepped aside, and avoided the thrust. The knight’s lance dropping out of his hand, he drew his sword; and, coming up to another scholar, smite him on the head with such hearty goodwill, that he fell down stunned, and dangerously wounded. All the spectators set up a dreadful cry; the music ceased, and the whole street was in an uproar; some fled on foot, and others on horseback; the infidels leaped from the chariot; and the very infanas themselves, forgetting that Don Quixote was fighting their battle, had like to have sided with the rest. They all beset the knight, who made

his sword whistle in the wind, and laid about him so furiously, that no man durst come near him; and had Rozinante been a little more mettlesome, Don Quixote might, perhaps, have gone off scot-free from this adventure. But the scholars pressed hard upon him; and one of the lustiest laying hold of the lance, gave him such a stroke on the right-arm with the butt-end of it, that the poor knight dropped his sword. Having now no offensive arms left, they soon closed with him; and, casting him from the saddle on the ground, trampled on him most unmercifully. So much were they all incensed, that they would surely have murdered him upon the spot, had not Pedro de Moya the author, and some of the players, whom Don Quixote had supped with the night before, happened fortunately to be present. But they, understanding who he was, broke through the crowd, crying out to the scholars to hold, and telling them that he was a madman. The scholars, upon this, gave over beating him; leaving him, however, senseless, in the hands of the players, who carried him into a house; and, whilst they brought him to himself, the scholars fell into their ranks again, the musick struck up, and the chariot went on.

C H A P. II.

WHAT FOLLOWED AFTER THIS ADVENTURE, AND HOW THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS TRIED SANCHO'S CHASTITY.

SANCHO having seen the event of the battle from afar, was almost distracted: he had, however, wit enough left to feign himself utterly unacquainted with Don Quixote; and, mixing with the throng, was taken for a countryman that came to see the solemnity. As soon as he perceived that the scholars continued their procession, he hastened towards the place whither he had seen his master carried; and, finding him senseless, began to blubber aloud, saying—‘ Alas! poor Loveless Knight, how much you were mistaken! You thought to have killed the giant, and death sits heavy upon your own lips! Cursed be the scholars, and their ill-starred procession!’ The players

comforted Sancho; and Don Quixote, by their means, being come to himself, the author said to him—‘ Open your eyes, Don Quixote; and behold, in me, the wise Alquife your friend, who am come to your assistance in this imminent danger!’ The knight, looking on the author, and knowing him again, cried out—‘ O my protector, and my faithful historian, what a satisfaction is it to me to see you! I knew you would not forsake me in this dangerous adventure; and I must own, that, were it not for you, I should have lost my life there, through Rozinante’s fall, whose mettle failed him this time. Give me another horse quickly, and let me renew the combat! Permit me to fly after those traitors, and take such vengeance on them as may make future generations quake! Yes, I swear by the order of knighthood I have received, that I will put no bounds to my rage! I will scour the streets, and put to the sword all the men and women in the town! I will kill the very dogs and cats! In a word, I will destroy every thing that has life in it!’ The wife Alquife was too conscientious to consent to so bloody a resolution; and therefore dissuaded the knight from attempting it; saying—‘ Don Quixote, let us think of nothing now but your cure: let us see your wounds.’ Upon this, the knight was disarmed and examined; and, though not a little bruised, was found to have no need of a surgeon; which the author observing—‘ Chear up, Don Quixote,’ said he; ‘ all this will be nothing; I will set you right again with one draught of a sovereign balsam I will give you by-and-by.’ He next desired two of the players to go and gather up all that the knight had lost in the scuffle, his horse, his head-piece, his lance, and his sword. They obeyed their orders so exactly, that none of these things were lost. When it was dark, the author and his companions, supporting Don Quixote under the arms, in this manner conveyed him to the inn; where Sancho told him that he would find Zenobia. They found her in the same room in which Don Quixote had left her: she was all alone, and very impatient to see the knight again; believing that he must have been detained by some important adventure.

As

As soon as she saw him enter, supported thus by two men—‘ Good God, Don Quixote!’ exclaimed she, ‘ what has brought you into this deplorable condition?’—‘ Dear prince,’ answered the knight, ‘ the fortune of war is doubtful. I alone attacked a numerous army; and the same fate has attended me this day, as formerly befel Orlando in the Plain of Roncesvalles: I slew so many enemies, I continued so to lay about me, that at length, being totally exhausted, I sunk down, through mere weakness and weariness, on the field of battle; where, questionless, I must have perished, had not the wise Alquife, my great friend, returned on purpose from Constantinople to carry me off by his enchantments.’—‘ It is true,’ quoth the author; ‘ but, if you please, Sir, let us lose no time; it is requisite that I cure you, and put you in a condition to set out to-morrow for Madrid; where, if Heaven so pleases, you are to receive more dangerous wounds than these, and to finish more important adventures.’ Having thus spoken, he caused a fire to be lighted, and a bed to be made. The lovely Queen of the Amazons dismissed the knight, unbound him, and rubbed him all over with brandy. The reader, uninstructed perhaps in the laws of knight-errantry, must not imagine that, in so doing, the prince transgressed the rules of modesty. When knights chanced to be in the company of infants, if they came off wounded from any combat, the ladies generally dressed their wounds. Most of them understood surgery, and learned it on purpose to dress knights: and, what is by far the most admirable and marvellous, such was the skill of these fair ones,

* With respect to the chirurgical skill of the ladies in romance, take the following extract from Belianis.

“ Let my entreaty so far prevail with you, that my maidens may cure your wounds,” says the Prince Anvara to Don Belianis. “ Thereupon the princess who was bound to her by the tie of blood, and one of them dressed him most skilfully, having great knowledge in that art.”—Part I. Chap. 2.

* With bandages and broths the damsels made fine dressings for the knight, and with their gowns, towels, and scarfs, covered them; and, drawing and undrawing, dressed their wounds.”—Part I. Chap. 2.

+ The Emperor Belianis, father to Don Belianis, being brought to death day by reason of his wound, the sage enchantress Beliana, or Beliana, carried him in a little box ‘ certain garments, which with the emperor, took in a trunk, and sent him still living.”—After this, “ drawing out a little glass, wherein was a certain concoction very drowsy, the emperor took it off, and at that instant the said Beliana caused him to be hit and to be wounded on the left side.”—Beliana, Part I. Chap. 2.

that never was knight known, though covered with cuts and gashes, any one of which would otherwise have been mortal; never was knight known, I say, so discourteous as to die under their hands. By this time the host had brought in some good strong broth, which the author administered to Don Quixote, saying—‘ Sir Knight, take this porringer of balsam, which is much better than that of Fierabras; nay, I dare vouch, it is much better than that which Ariobarzanes, Prince of Tartary, carried in a golden bottle, hanging at his saddle-bows.’—‘ Then it must be the noblest of all balsams,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘ for that of Prince Ariobarzanes was wonderful. The effects it wrought were prodigious; and I remember to have read, that Don Belianis, being one day at the point of death, nay, some say he was actually dead, no sooner had they let fall one drop into his mouth, than the knight started up perfectly cured of his wounds.’—As for this balsam,’ replied the author, ‘ it is not quite so quick in its operation; it is requisite to sleep peaceably after taking it; and therefore I entreat you to go to bed immediately.’ The knight did as he was directed; he was put to bed, and the master and his company withdrew him, shut the chamber-door, and left him to his rest.

Barbara and Belianis being now alone, went into another room, where supper was brought to them. When they were seated, Belianis said to the squire—‘ Cheer up, friend! be merry, lad! You are still melancholy about your last adventure: your master is not wounded, he loseth only his ribs a little bruised; but that is nothing; I rubbed him so well, that, by to-morrow,

' he will be as brisk as a bird again. Come, let us make much of ourselves, boy! Let us be merry!'—' As for being merry, I like it well enough,' quoth Sancho; ' but we shall be forced to pay for our mirth, and that I do not like: your mule and your silk cloaths have cost us a great deal of money already.'—' My mule and my cloaths stick in your stomach,' answered Hacked Face; ' you have never done upbraiding me with them.'—' Nay, faith,' replied the squire, ' had we conquered some kingdom, I should not mind it so much. I am none of those that love to starve in a cook's shop; and I would to-morrow speak to my master to buy you a pair of new shoes to appear in at court; for I see yours are worn out: but, to deal plainly, I am afraid we shall never be emperors; we are too unlucky. When we think to bake, the oven falls; all our adventures end the wrong way for governments or empires: and I verily think, if we fell down backwards, we should not escape breaking our noses.'—' Patience, my dear friend,' cried Zenobia; " after foul weather comes fair." In the mean while, let us taste that wine, and see whether it is good.'—' Agreed!' replied Sancho; ' by my troth, I am not at all troubled with the spirit of contradiction! and I had rather take off twenty bumpers than refuse one.' This said, he laid hold of the bottle, and filled Barbara's glass, who made but one gulp of it; and he, having done the like, said to Zenobia—' Well, Madam Queen, how do you like this wine? Methinks it is not amiss.'—' In truth, I have not drank enough to give my opinion of it,' answered Barbara. ' I will not tell you my opinion till the twentieth glass; for I have heard say, that a good judge ought to be full of a cause before he decides it.'—' Faith,' quoth Sancho, ' you would agree well with my governess at home: she loves this syrup better than her honour, as you do; and, I dare lay a wager, she would take off her three pints while she is spinning one distaff of flax.'—' I am very well pleased,' answered Zenobia, ' that I am like your wife.'—' Nay, hold; as to likeness,' quoth Sancho, ' pray have a care of that: she has no scare on her cheeks, as you have!'—

' You are not at all complaisant,' replied Barbara; ' you delight in affronting me; you hate me! But no more of that; I am, notwithstanding, resolved to be your friend.' In such sort of conversation they passed away the supper-time; and when they had eaten and drank at discretion, that is, till they were ready to burst, Barbara, being of that class of fair-ones who are apt to wax wanton upon a full stomach, began to cast her eyes somewhat amorously upon the squire; and said—' By my faith, Sancho, we must make peace to-night, and from henceforward love one another like a newly-married couple! but, first, tell me whether you know what it is to love?'—' Yes, sure!' answered Sancho; ' I love my master Don Quixote; I love my wife, my children, and Dapple; and Mr. Curate.'—' That is not what I talk of,' replied Zenobia, ' I ask whether you never played with the maids?'—' O Lord, yes!' quoth Sancho; ' there is not one in our village but what I have played with. Every Sunday, after vespers, we meet near the mill, and there we divert ourselves all together.' Barbara, perceiving that the squire did not guess at her meaning, stroked his chin gently with her hand; saying—' Good God! what a rough beard you have, friend! I pity the women you kisst!'—' I have no women to kiss but my wife,' answered Sancho, thrusting away Barbara's hand rudely; ' and, if any others have a mind to be kissed, let the mothers that bare them kiss them, if they will.'—' You need not thrust away my hand so roughly!' replied Zenobia; ' there are few scholars in this university but would be glad of the favour.'—' O but I am no scholar!' quoth Sancho. ' What would you have me do with your hand? I had rather go to bed just now.'—' Well,' said Barbara, ' since you have such a mind to sleep, we must both lie together; for the nights grow cold, and I am naturally very chilly.'—' Nay, if you only want warming,' quoth the squire, ' let me alone for that; I will go ask the host for two or three blankets, which you may lay on you double.'—' By the Lord!' cried Barbara, ' thou art the silliest fellow I ever beheld! Why, is it possible, Sancho, you should not understand

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' stand what I have been driving at this hour? Do not you conceive that I design you should serve me instead of a husband to-night, and make much of me?'—' That I should make much of you!' replied Sancho. ' Mother of God! what do you mean? I am not so gamesome, I faith! I should have enough to answer for, to do what is forbidden in the mass-book; and your being Queen Zenobia would not save me broiling in the other world!' So saying, he turned away from the amorous Zenobia, and went in pursuit of a bed elsewhere.

C H A P. III.

WHICH PROVES THAT KNIGHT-ERRANTRY IS THE MOST USEFUL PROFESSION IN THE WORLD; AND GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE MOST COMMENDABLE ATCHIEVEMENT DON QUIXOTE EVER PERFORMED.

DON Quixote having rested well all night, found himself much easier in the morning, though he still felt much pain in several parts of his body: this, however, did not hinder him from rising, or anywise stagger his faith in the efficacy of Pedro de Moya's balsam. Sancho now coming into his apartment to enquire after his condition, accompanied by Barbara—' Beautiful princess!' cried the knight, ' God be praised! your fair hands, and the sage Alquife's wonder-working balsam, have cured my wounds; and it must be granted, that you understand surgery, to the full, as well as the Persian Infanta, who learned it of the great master Lugon himself.'—' I have no great skill,' answered Barbara; ' but a maid, who has no fortune, must understand a little of every thing. I once served a surgeon of this town, who had more skill than all the Lugos in the kingdom: it was a satisfaction to see him spread his plaisters; they were always as round as a juggler's box. He trimmed and cut hair delicately; and it was he that cured all the chief of the university: sometimes I made the list for him, and attended his apprentices, who put me to many kinds of work.'—' Oh, oh, Madam Zenobia!

bia!' quoth Sancho, ' then you have been a barber's servant!'—' I do not disown it,' replied Barbara; ' for mean persons must not forget themselves in prosperity.'—' Master Don Quixote,' quoth Sancho, ' you hear what the princess says; and she is neither drunk nor asleep. I fancy queens do not often use to work among apprentices: a dutchess could do no more; and yet she would not boast of it!'—' O thou perfidious enchanter Pamphus!' said the knight, sighing, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven; ' when will you cease distracting Queen Zenobia's understanding?'—' Do you not perceive, Sancho,' added he, ' that the princess has not the right use of her reason? That it is the traitor Pamphus who makes her talk such nonsense?'—' Right, right, Sir!' answered the squire; ' by my faith, I had forgot it! It is the malignant tutor Pompous that makes her talk so madly: nay, he is not satisfied with making her talk foolishly, but makes her act so; for last night, after supper, she would have—Oh, the cursed enchanter! When you had him under you the other day, you should have thrust your sword down his throat, and have sent him into the other world!'—' I should not have spared him,' replied Don Quixote, ' had not Queen Zenobia's compassion stopped my hand; but I will undo that charm at the court of Spain. I own it is no less difficult to dissolve than that which the enchanter Friston made at Babylon to steal away Floris bella. The Knight of the Basilisks finished that adventure; and I flatter myself that this is reserved for me; and therefore let us away to Madrid this moment. I think it an age till the Queen of the Amazons is restored to her own form again.'—' Sir,' said Sancho, ' we must breakfast first, however. Madam Zenobia will have patience so long; and, for your part, I fancy the sage Skiff's balsam has not over-loaded your stomach.'—' I consent,' said the knight; ' let us eat a bit, and be gone immediately.' Upon this, they ate breakfast together; and, having paid the host, set out for Madrid, Barbara keeping her face so closely veiled that nobody knew her.

About a small league from Alcalá, passing along the side of a wood which bordered on the road, their ears were struck by the cries of a woman greatly terrified, accompanied with the firing of small arms. Though the noise seemed to be sufficiently near them, yet they could not immediately discern the cause of it, as the wood happened just at that part to project in an angle. 'Sancho,' quoth the Knight of La Mancha to his squire, 'here are certainly some unfortunate persons whom ill-tate or injustice pursues: let us hasten to their relief, my son.' This said, he spurred Rosinante so furiously, that the fiery creature, used only to a walk, fell on a sudden, not indeed into an hand-gallop, but into a trot, little inferior to it. As for Dapple and the mule, thus much must be said in their praise, that as soon as they saw their companion move so briskly, the novelty of the thing raised such emulation in them, that they both trotted after of their own accord. They soon discovered what they were so desirous to know, and Don Quixote was pleasingly surprized by a dismal spectacle: he saw two men on horseback, who fought bravely with seven or eight footpads, two of whom had carbines, and the rest were only armed with swords and bayonets. A young maid, plainly dressed, but charmingly beautiful, stood by the combatants, and seemed to be a forced spectator of the fight. She rent the air with her cries, calling upon Heaven and man to her assistance; and she struggled in vain to get out of the hands of a lusty old woman, who, seeming to side with the robbers, held her, and endeavoured to stop her speech with a handkerchief. The two horsemen, that were set upon, one of whom was the master and the other the servant, made a vigorous defence: the first had laid one of the robbers flat with his pistol, and the latter had done the same by another with his gun, and both of them had the good fortune to escape the first discharge of their enemies carbines. They might then have avoided that unequal combat by the swiftness of their horses; but the danger of the young maiden so far prevailed upon them, that, though they knew her not, they rather chose to expose themselves to every hazard, than to leave her in the hands of those vili-

lains. Heaven gave a blessing to their generous resolution: one of the robbers having charged his carbine again, levelled it at the chief of the two horsemen; but he, making use of his time, rode up briskly to him; and, striking down the muzzle of the carbine with the pistol he had not yet fired, did double service, saving his own life, and killing the old woman; for, the carbine going off at that very moment, the wicked wretch received the shot in her head, and dropped instantly. Her blood spouted upon the young maiden's face; who, in that consternation, thought she had been wounded herself, and fell down in a swoon upon the old woman's body. The horseman, having avoided the shot, pressed in upon the robber; and, clapping the muzzle of his pistol to his forehead, blew his brains out. Yet his death would not have put an end to the danger, for there still remained four or five of the robbers, who, though they had no fire-arms, were nevertheless bold and resolute; and one of them was just going to run the horseman through with his sword, when he was prevented by our brave redresser of wrongs; who, flying, with his lance couched, to the assistance of the weaker side, pierced him quite through the back, leaving his lance in the wound. Though the robber was one of the lustiest and the stoutest rogues in the kingdom, he could not withstand the fury of such a thrust from so redoubted a hand; he fell flat on his face; and, that I may use the words of Homer, 'The noise of his fall was as the sturdy oak falling in the forest, when overthrown by the raging of the wind, or hewn down by the stroke of the axe.' Our knight, delighted with this achievement, unsheathed his sword, and was already preparing to lay about him amongst the robbers who remained; but those villains, scared at his strange and formidable appearance, and thinking him no less than a devil loosed from hell to chastise them for their crimes, fled precipitately into the wood.

The gentleman and Don Quixote did not think fit to pursue them: their first care was to help the unknown beauty. Finding her in a swoon, and bloody, they thought at first she had been dead; but feeling her pulse beat,

the knight hasted to fetch some water from a little brook that ran out of the wood, and brought it in his helmet. The first she cast her eyes on was Don Quixote, whose mien and garb being such as seemed not to promise much security, the poor maiden could not tell whether she might think herself out of danger: but the gentleman soon satisfied her, by giving an account of the success of the combat; and how the rest of the robbers fled upon the approach of the brave knight in the bright armour. In short, he recovered the damsel from her fright; and she, having wiped her face, perceived that she was not wounded, discovering such a ravishing beauty as abundantly paid her deliverers for the pains they had taken. When she had perfectly recovered herself, she returned them thanks suitable to the service they had rendered her; and our Arab assures us that she performed it with as much grace as good sense: each of them answered for himself, but with this difference, that our hero stiled her—‘ So-‘ vereign Infanta!’ and used such language as made it evident that his brains were as extravagant as his outward appearance. The gentleman, on his side, made his acknowledgments to Don Quixote for his seasonable succour; to which the knight of La Mancha returned an answer so uncouth and unusual, that the gentleman and the lady knew not what to think of him, both of them being far enough from dreaming of the noble system of knight-errantry. Sancho, and the Queen of the Amazons, who had kept fair enough from the affray, perceiving the robbers had fled before our knight, made haste to the field of battle to congratulate the conqueror. ‘ By all the gods and goddesses,’ cried Sancho, as soon as he came near, ‘ master Don Quixote, ‘ this bout we have had no cudgelling, ‘ nor bangs of slings! Now this may ‘ be called a good hit, i’ faith! Let us ‘ have five or six adventures more like ‘ this, and I will undertake for twenty ‘ empires and forty governments, or ‘ the devil is in them!—‘ Son San-‘ cho,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ trou-‘ ble not yourself about that: empires ‘ and governments will come in due ‘ season; yet, should fortune be so un-‘ just as not to grant us them, the glory ‘ we shall gain by performing the du-

ties of our profession, will abundantly recompense our toils.’ This dialogue between master and man served still more compleatly to puzzle the gentleman and lady, as to Don Quixote’s character. Cudgelling and bangs from slings, intermixed with empires and governments, were mysteries they could not comprehend or develope. In short, whilst Don Quixote was making new tenders of his service to the beautiful unknown, the gentleman went up to Sancho, and began to examine him. ‘ Friend,’ said he to him softly, ‘ what is your master’s name?’—‘ Sir,’ answered the squire, ‘ last year he called himself The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect: but man proposes, and God disposes; now he is called, The Loveless Knight, or Don Quixote de la Mancha.’—‘ But pray tell me what profession he is of?’ quoth the gentleman; ‘ for, by his rich arnour, I am apt to judge he has some considerable post in the army.’—‘ As yet,’ said Sancho, ‘ he is but a knight-errant; and, though he has had many a good basting, he has not been able to make himself emperor of any place; but he cannot miss of a kingdom: and I, who am his squire Sancho Panza, do make as sure of some good island, as if I had it in my hand.’—‘ And who is the lady I see upon the mule?’ asked the gentleman. ‘ It is the Princess Zenobia,’ replied Sancho; ‘ who, as my master says, is a queen; though the scar on her face makes her look more like a tripe-woman of Alcalá: and, to say the truth, a man had need be a knight-errant not to be mistaken in her.’

C H A P. IV.

OF THE WONDERFUL CONSEQUENCES OF DON QUIXOTE’S VICTORY, WHICH MIGHT PASS FOR ROMANTICK ADVENTURES, BUT THAT OUR ARAB DELIVERS THEM FOR CERTAIN TRUTHS.

DON Caster (for that was the gentleman’s name) needed no more information from Sancho to comprehend Don Quixote’s madness; being satisfied with what he had discovered, he went up to the beautiful unknown, who was still talking to the knight;

but as soon as he came to them, they heard themselves called upon by the highwayman whom Don Quixote had run through with his lance. ‘ Gentlemen,’ said he, with a weak and intermitting voice, ‘ if pity has any place in your hearts, do me the favour to draw this lance out of my body, not to save a life I have too well deserved to lose, but that, before I die, I may discover to you a secret which troubles my conscience, and lies heavier upon me than all my other crimes; and I am persuaded it will be of some use to you to know it.’ These words he uttered with much pain, and at several intervals, by reason of his great weakness. The gentlemen were moved at the wretch’s complaints; and, fancying that the help he desired might give them an opportunity of performing some charitable act, they drew out the lance; but the extreme pain it put him to, and the great loss of blood, made him faint: they at first thought he had given up the ghost, and repented that they had drawn out the lance; when, finding some signs of life in him, they entertained hopes that he might be brought to himself again, if care were taken to stanch the blood, and bind up the wound. Sancho immediately drew out of his portmanteau a number of rolls and scraps of linen, which he carried to supply the dismal occasions of knight-errantry. Barbara, who was so skilful at making of lint, contributed her assistance; and the gentleman’s servant, who had some smattering of surgery, performed the operation, applying a sort of tent to the wound. This putting the wounded man to considerable pain, caused him to open his eyes; but he was still senseless, and they were forced to use other means to bring him to himself. They were yet never the forwarder, for he was so feeble that he could not speak: they persisted, however, in exerting all their endeavours to revive him, as believing he had something of moment to communicate; but their utmost diligence would probably have been vain, had not Don Cæsar’s man bethought himself that he had a good bottle of brandy, which he always took care to keep full. As soon as the robber had swallowed three gulps of that rare liquor, he recovered his speech, as it were

miraculously, and cried out — ‘ O Heavens! how just are thy judgments! I receive my death in the same place where I once committed a horrid murder. About two and twenty years ago, near this wood, I and another of my companions stopped a rich farmer, who was coming from Alcala, with a nurse, who had a child in her arms: the farmer making some resistance, and the nurse, in the mean while, screaming so loud as to make us apprehensive that she might be heard by some of the Holy Brotherhood, I soon cut the woman’s throat. We then killed the farmer; and, having taken from his pockets about six score ducats in gold, we dragged the two dead bodies into the wood, and buried them in a ditch to conceal the murder: when we had done, we stood a good while to consider what we should do with the infant. Though so very young, he had such a majestic look, that we fancied, if we spared his life, he would be a great man; but my companion, fearing we might be discovered by his crying, was for killing him: I consented; I came up to the child, and had lifted my hand to run him through, but at the same time I felt such an impulse of compassion, as prevented the fatal stroke. The little infant, who was as yet too young to have any sense of the loss of his nurse, looked upon me with such a smiling countenance, as must have moved pity in the cruelest barbarian: in short, I was overcome, and resolved to save his life, whatever my companion could say to me; who, thereupon, left me, saying, he would not stay any longer with a man that would venture his undoing out of an indiscreet compassion, which, among men of our profession, could be counted nothing less than downright folly. I took care to provide a nurse for the child; but I durst not carry him to the next village, because the farmer and the nurse having been both inhabitants there, their absence would in all likelihood give an alarm, and cause an enquiry to be made after them: in fine, I resolved to — Here the robber was forced to stop short; his tongue failed him on a sudden; his eyes began to roll in his head; and he grew so weak, that they all thought he would immediately have expired.

pired. The beautiful unknown seemed much concerned, and laboured to help him. A double dose was given him of the medicine which had the first time proved so successful, and it now wrought a second miracle: the wounded man recovered his senses, and was in a condition to continue his relation, which (after being told where he left off, for he had forgot it) he did as follows. ‘ I resolved to carry the infant to Torresva. It pleased Heaven, which seemed to favour the preservation of the child, that, going into a house to enquire for a nurse, I met with one Mary Ximenez, whose husband had been dead but a fortnight, and who had just lost a child of fourteen months old, to which she gave suck. The better to engage her to take care of the infant, I told her that she would make her fortune by it, for it was a child of great quality; but that the mother, for particular reasons, was obliged to have it brought up privately. The richness of the infant’s mantles and linen gave a reputation to what I so confidently affirmed. Mary Ximenez believed what I said, took the child, and promised to be very tender of it: since then I never knew what became of it, nor ever enquired. Therefore, gentlemen, I charge you to enquire at Alcala, whether some woman of quality has not lost the child, which I left with Mary Ximenz, a peasant of Torresva.’

When the robber had ended his relation, both the lady and the gentleman, who had listened to him very attentively, seemed much concerned; though probably from different motives. The lady, full of anxiety, told her deliverers, that it would be a great satisfaction to her if they could save the highwayman’s life; because she desired to be better informed as to some particulars, which extremely concerned her, and which she thought that poor wretch might give an account of. Don Cæsar, who apprehended that he had more weighty reason than the lady to desire the same thing, ordered his men to place the robber on his horse in the best manner he was able, in order to carry him to the next village; but Don Quixote having remarked, that, in the wounded man’s present condi-

tion, he could not sit the horse, or be carried any other way upon it than by laying him at length, and fastening him with ropes; and that, as such an uneasy posture, added to the jolting of the horse, would probably kill him before he could reach the village, it would be much better to get some of the country people to carry him upon boughs of trees. Don Cæsar approved of this expedient: he sent, therefore, to collect four or five of the lustiest fellows thereabouts; which was easily done, as the noise of the fire-arms had by this time brought many people together, who stood gazing at a distance upon the melancholy spectacle. When the peasants were come up, they cut down some boughs; and, putting them together, made a sort of a bier, on which they laid the wounded man; who requested them to examine whether the old woman, who was his wife, were past recovery. It was done to satisfy him; but when he was told she was dead—‘ Heaven be blessed!’ cried he; ‘ then the wretch who made me commit this last crime, has received her due reward!’ He said no more; but this was enough to make it very apparent that the old woman had been the cause of his taking part in the late action. The peasants being ready, Don Quixote asked the damsel unknown, whither she would have the wounded man carried. She said, she had some reasons to desire he might be carried to Torresva. The peasants made many difficulties, alledging that it was two great leagues to that place, the way bad, and the wounded man very heavy. Don Quixote, who would have gone beyond the kingdom of Congo to serve the ugliest servant-wench in an inn, was amazed that the men should make any difficulty of going two leagues for one of the finest women in the world; and he was likely enough to have compelled them; but Don Cæsar, promising them a considerable reward, soon rendered the way short and easy, and the wounded man light. The peasants set forward; but the beautiful unknown being on foot, the next question was how she should be accommodated. Don Cæsar offered to take her up behind him; but Don Quixote required, vehemently, that the damsel might not ride any horse but his; since it was one of the principal duties of knights-errant to

mount forsaken damsels, and because Rozinante alone was worthy to carry princesses. Rozinante, it is true, had length of back sufficient to have carried the four sons of Aymon*, could one have contrived a prop for his belly. The damsel, nevertheless, would more willingly have accepted of Don Cæsar's offer, as thinking his person better, and his appearance less formidable; but she durst not follow her inclination, for fear of disobligeing the knight, whose character seemed to require some compliance. 'To put an end to the controversy,' quoth Sancho, 'the princess may mount my ass, since he is a limb of knight-errantry, as well as Rozinante; he has already served princesses; and Madam Zenobia, who has tried him, knows his worth.' Sancho's advice was followed. Don Cæsar took the damsel up in his arms, and seated her upon Dapple. They then made away from the wood, and from the place where the tragical scene had been acted; but they moved slowly, being resolved not to stir from the bier.

The strong interest which the unknown damsel seemed to take in the robber's recovery, astonished Don Cæsar; and he began to look on her more earnestly than he had done hitherto. Her person was in all respects so charming, that, notwithstanding her mean habit, he could fancy in her something almost divine. Her behaviour was so pleasing and modest, and the trouble which appeared on her face gave her an air and look so affecting, that had not the gentleman's heart been pre-engaged, he surely must have fallen passionately in love with her; and, though he was devoted to another beauty, yet such charms could not but have some operation on him. The damsel, on the other side, seeing Don Cæsar, felt herself drawn by a certain sympathy which she could not account for. The gentleman, taking care to keep his horse by the side of Dapple, that he might the better view and discourse with her, had no longer power to restrain his desire of informing himself who she was. 'Madam,' said he, 'the amazement

' I am in to find you on the highway alone, on foot, and exposed to the insolence of ruffians, who stick at no villainy, perfectly consounds me; and I bless God for the share so lately afforded me in your deliverance: but may not I know by what ill-fortune you were brought into that deplorable condition? I feel an impulse to flatter myself with the hopes, that when I am acquainted with your troubles and misfortunes, I may still be so happy as to serve you farther.' These words somewhat embarrassed the fair unknown; and she was silent a while, considering what reply she should make. At length, she thus answered him— ' My obligation, Sir, to you, is so great, for having hazarded your life for my sake, that I can conceal nothing from you. It would be injuring your generosity to distrust your prudence. Since you desire it, I will unfold to you the secrets of my heart, and make known my wretched situation; which is, in truth, so calamitous, that I cannot promise myself so much as a sanctuary in any part of the world.'— ' O sovereign infanta!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting her, ' I will not suffer such injustice. No longer may I be entitled the Loveless Knight, if I do not secure you a safe retreat in whatsoever kingdom of the world you shall make choice of; and if any emperor or sultan is so discourteous as not to honour you at his court as you deserve, your own eyes shall witness the overthrow of his dominions; and I will expel him, as a prince unworthy of a crown!—' Nay, by my troth!' quoth Sancho, who heard the last words of his master, ' Lady Princess, you need not make the least question of it; my master Don Quixote will do it with more ease than he says it: and, pray, why should not he? he who is ready to do as much for nasty lousy princesses, that are not fit to wipe your shoes.'— ' Hold your tongue, blockhead!' said Don Quixote in a passion; ' do not impertinently interrupt our discourse. Get you farther, and let me not bid you twice!'

* Their names were Regnaut, Alard, Guichard, and Richard. In the catalogue of the Reverend Thomas Crofts's valuable library, amongst many other rare romances of chivalry, was one (Lot 4942) with the following title: 'Les quatre fils Aymon; Duc d'Ordonne; c'est à icavoir, Regnaut, Alard, Guichard, et Richard; avec leur Cousin Maugis. Fig. à Rouen. Sans date.'

The knight spoke these words so sternly, that the squire fell back without making any answer. ‘Don Quixote,’ said Don Cæsar to the knight, ‘there is no need of overturning empires; but if this lady pleases to accept of my service, I do engage to procure a retreat for her in any place she shall think fit, without dethroning any prince whatsoever.—Now, Madam,’ added he, looking upon the damsel, ‘be pleased to recount to us your misfortunes; and then assure yourself, that Don Quixote and I will serve you to the utmost of our abilities.’ The damsel then spoke as in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE STORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL ENGRACIA.

I Lived not long since at Alcala, in a family that was very kind to me; and whose nobility and wealth caused me to be sought after by persons of the first consequence. But the why should I talk of the happiness I enjoyed; since cruel fortune has not only robbed me of that, but even of credit that might be given to what I say? I have here nothing to vouch for me; and my tears are the only testimony of my sincerity. The unfortunate Don Ferdinand my father, of the noble family of the Peralta, perished in the flower of his age in the fatal expedition of that mighty fleet which King Philip fitted out against England. He commanded a ship that was cast away in the storm. My mother being big with child when she received this dismal news, was immediately delivered. However, being near her time, it was hoped that the birth might repair the loss of the deceased parent: so it proved. My brother and myself were the unhappy shoot of that dying stock, and we had all the symptoms of a strong and hale constitution. But, alas! the hopes that had been grounded on us, proved short-lived. The boy, who, as they say, was the very picture of our father, and yet more like him in his misfortunes than his features, was lost in his infancy; so that we

could never hear any certain tidings of him, farther than what I now conjecture from the story this dying robber has just related to us. We had each of us a nurse. My brother’s having one day asked leave to visit a friend of hers who lived at the farthest end of the town, my mother Eugenia, little foreseeing the fatal consequences, made no difficulty to grant it her. The nurse took her child in her arms, and went out; but the day passing without any news of her, the family began to be uneasy. They waited a while longer; but my mother’s patience being at last exhausted, she sent to enquire at the house whither the nurse had told her she was going. The woman answered, that the nurse had been there, but was gone a league from Alcala to see her husband; who, she was told, lay sick, and durst not ask leave of Donna Eugenia for fear of a denial; and that she went with a farmer of the same village, whom she happened to meet with as he was going home. This account made my mother very uneasy; and she was much more concerned when, having sent a man on horseback to the nurse’s husband, she understood that they had neither seen the child nor the nurse, and that all the village affirmed the same thing. She caused every possible enquiry to be made about Alcala for six months; and all her friends used their utmost endeavours to hear some news of the nurse and my young brother Don Ferdinand, (for he had his father’s name given him;) but all in vain: and the farmer’s parents could never hear of him more. This misfortune threw all our family into a great consternation. My mother Eugenia could not have been visited with a more severe affliction. My uncle, Don Diego de Peralta, was so much concerned, that, being before very disconsolate for the death of his brother, he could not endure to stay any longer in Alcala; and, notwithstanding all my mother’s entreaties to the contrary, went away to Madrid, where he had an estate. He did not, however, fail to come sometimes to Alcala to visit her, and assist her with his advice; for she repposed such entire confidence in him, and was so thoroughly con-

"vinced of his' wisdom and probity,
"that she did nothing without consulting
"ing him.'

Don Cæsar was much discomposed when he heard her talk of the loss of that young Don Ferdinand; and, comparing this account with what the highwayman had related, he grew very uneasy; but, being unwilling to interrupt the damsel, he curbed himself, and she went on as follows.

"Eugenia for several years lamented the loss of her husband and child; she could take no comfort; but every thing seemed to renew her grief. "Engracia, my dear Engracia!" said she to me often, clasping me in her arms, "I may well cherish you, since you are the only treasure that is left me. But, alas! fortune seems to de-light in robbing me of all I hold dear; and, perhaps, whilst I am fondling of you, she cruelly prepares to snatch you away from me!" Such were the tender words she spoke, as she bathed my cheeks with her tears; and, though I was but an infant, I grew sensible of her love and sorrow; but I did not, at those tender years, imagine that my hard fate would part me from my unfortunate mother. My first years passed away in this sorrowful manner: at length, time, which mitigates the greatest afflictions, made Eugenia's more easy; and my education became her only care. My natural disposition, as they said, being such as deserved cultivation, I learned all those things that were proper for my sex: but, above all, my mother endeavoured to instil into my heart the love of virtue, and to bring me up with that modesty and discretion which become the daughter of a noble family. I never went abroad without covering my face very carefully, or sitting back in the coach so as nobody might behold me: yet all these precautions did not protect me against the snares of love. A gentleman of birth and graceful presence saw me upon a publick festival; and, though my face was covered with a veil, yet my shape and mien drew his attention. I perceived it, and observed that he followed us after the service was ended. I did not think fit to tell my mother, who was with me, or to acquaint her with the discovery I had made; and there-

fore, there being no way to slip from the gentleman, or disappoint his curiosity, he soon knew who I was. This was enough to determine him to follow me. From that time he never ceased watching me; nor did he let pass any opportunity of making his intentions known. If I appeared at the window, I was sure to see him in the street; and when I went abroad, I never failed of meeting him: yet, notwithstanding all his endeavours, I took such care, that for a long time he never saw my face, and I fancied he would grow weary at last; though, in reality, he was far enough otherwise. He pursued me so incessantly, that at length he had the opportunity of seeing me at a play: he seated himself very near me, and in such a manner that I could not, without affectation, hinder him from looking on me, or forbear seeing him. I perceived how eagerly he viewed me, though my face was still covered; and, methought, I could discern in him a desire to please me. I must confess this thought made me take the more notice of him. I liked his mien; and, whether I was too busy, or that I did not take care enough of myself, my veil flew open, and he saw my face for a moment. Whether he counterfeited, or whether it was real sympathy, he seemed to be surprized, concerned, and transported. I took a private satisfaction in it; but gave him no opportunity to perceive it: he had gone too far to be deterred by any difficulties; and, though he had seen me but a moment, yet my picture remained so deeply imprinted in his soul, that he redoubled his vigilance and his courtship. The spies he had employed to observe me, having informed him that I was to be at the wedding of a friend of mine, he found ways to get admittance to it. I, being a guest formally invited, had dressed myself to the best advantage to grace the ceremony, and had no veil to hide me from the eyes of my importunate lover. He had leisure enough to view me at his pleasure; he seemed to be all transported; he was amazed, or, if I may so say, enchanted, with my sight: my dress, doubtless, added much to his astonishment; but, be that as it may, my mother at that time was not with me, being

being then indisposed. The gentleman, availing himself of this opportunity, ventured to speak to me whilst the rest were dancing: he declared his love in the most passionate manner. Though I was convinced of the truth of what he said, yet I pretended to look upon it all as mere gallantry. One that took me out to dance, parted us: the gentleman tried all ways to renew his discourse, but I prevented him. Another day, meeting me masked at the Carnival, he came up close to me: I endeavoured to put him off; but he gave me to understand he knew me. I then began to be plain, and spoke very severely to him; but, whether I did it with an air that betrayed me, or whether he was too far gone to be daunted, all I could say signified nothing; or, rather, my hard usage served only to carry on the discourse, which at length proved my ruin. What woman can promise herself to hold out always against a man she does not dislike? When she hears him, she pities him; when she pities, her heart is engaged; and this return is not far from love. In short, I yielded to his constancy, and to the ardour of his love: I found his expressions were too tender to proceed from a heart that did not really feel them. However, though I felt some kindness for him, yet I treated him with as much cruelty, in outward appearance, as I felt real compassion for him in my heart. I made him despair, and perplexed him more than if I had really hated him: but, alas! he was not the only sufferer by my counterfeit cruelty; I endured as much as he did, and revenged his cause upon myself. At last, I thought fit to come to some resolution, and either to put an end to his sufferings, or render them desperate. I enquired into his quality and reputation, and understood that his name was Don Christopher de Luna; that he was polite, without valuing himself upon it; a man of courage; and beloved by all persons of worth. I began to use him better, and allowed him to write to me, and to appear under my window at night: in fine, after several private conferences, we promised each other marriage. Our impatience to be so happily united, made us agree that he

should be admitted one night into my chamber; there to take the most suitable measures for our design, and to contrive some method of bringing over my uncle Don Diego to our party, thinking it necessary to secure him before we broke the matter to my mother. But, alas!—fatal and deplorable night!—how can I call it to remembrance, and not die with grief?

Here the beautiful Engracia was forced to make a full pause; sighs choaked her words, and streams of tears ran down her cheeks; which made her audience conclude that something extraordinary happened that night. They repeated their tenders of service; and so far prevailed, that, after having dried her tears, she went on in this manner.

The fatal night we had pitched upon being come, my lover, urged by his impatience, hastened to the rendezvous before the time. I was at my window; I saw him, and went down to tell him that he was too early; that I still heard a noise in the house, and my mother was not gone to bed. Don Christopher went away, to wait the hour in another street. An hour after, supposing by the stillness that every body was in bed, I went down, and opened the street-door. Don Christopher came in that moment: I took him by the hand; and, having led him into the house, left him at the stair-foot, going up myself before to see whether all was clear; but I bid him follow me, and wait at the top of the stairs. I went into my chamber to light a candle; but, the weather being damp, my tinder would not take fire, and I was almost a quarter of an hour before I could light it. When I had done, I went back to the stairs to light Don Christopher into my apartment; but the candle went out before I had gone half way: however, I went on, calling him softly to lead him in. He answered not! I was amazed, and still called in the dark; till, stumbling at something, I fell down, and laid my hand upon it, and it seemed to me like a man lying on the ground, and his cloths very wet. I fancied it was some drunken servant that had fallen asleep in that place: however, it startled me, and

I went back into my chamber to light my candle. Figure to yourselves my astonishment and terror, when I perceived that my hand was bathed in blood! I was so distracted, that, forgetting myself, I went out with my candle; but, good God! what was my condition, when, drawing near that body which had caused my alarm, I discovered the unfortunate Don Christopher weltering in his blood, pale and lifeless! O Heavens! what a sight was this for a lover to behold! I let fall the candle, which went out upon the ground; a deadly shivering seized me, my senses failed, and I sunk down upon the insensible and bloody body. I lay some time in a swoon, and, if I may so say, as dead as my lover: at length, coming to myself, I began to reflect on that dismal adventure, to which night seemed to add new horrors. All the dreadful ideas that such a situation could suggest, presented themselves under the most terrifying forms to my imagination. I surveyed my wretchedness in its full extent; but, amidst this confusion of tormenting thoughts, I could not comprehend how, or by whom, Don Christopher had been murdered: however, I fixed upon one supposition; I fancied that my kindred, and perhaps my mother, having got intelligence of our assignation, and concluding my honour lost, had committed this outrage to punish my lover's presumption. This notion soon filled me with many more: I guessed, that the same penalty which had been inflicted on Don Christopher, would, perhaps, fall upon me, if I did not speedily prevent it. How powerful is the love of life over weak souls, since it could make me forget my duty to myself and to Don Christopher! The fear of death made me resolve to beg a sanctuary; and, thinking that delay still made the danger the greater, I hasted back to light my candle. I packed up all my jewels, and some money I had got together, and went out of the house. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night, I made my way into one of the suburbs of the town. I knocked at a door, where I saw a light, which was the house of a poor woman, whose name was Paula, and who told me that her husband was then abroad.

She not knowing me, I told her I was a stranger, whom misfortune obliged to lie concealed, and that I came to her for shelter, supposing nobody would look for me there. She received me kindly enough; but whatever she could say to assure me of her secrecy, I would not trust her. My tears moving her, she used all her endeavours to comfort me. I know not whether she heard of the search my family made after me; but she took no notice of it to me. I durst not ask any questions, for fear of causing a jealousy; and, perceiving she was of a covetous temper, I began to fear she might betray me in hopes of a reward. This apprehension troubled me; but yet that was not my greatest concern. Five weeks were passed, and I was very uneasy that I could not know what had happened at home after I came away; what construction my mother had put upon my flight; and, in short, what had been Don Christopher's fate, whom my love sometimes induced me to think living, though I had so much cause to believe him dead. This curiosity tormenting me, I could no longer withstand my impatience to be satisfied, but resolved to go to Madrid to my uncle Don Diego. I was willing to believe that, if I confessed my fault to him ingenuously, I should prevail upon his good-nature to grant me his protection. I acquainted Paula with my design; and made her such promises as prevailed with her to bear me company. To conclude what remains in a few words; when I had procured these poor cloaths you now see, that I might be less observed, Paula and I set out this morning from Alcala on foot; for I would not buy or hire a litter or mules, for fear of discovery: but, as soon as ever we came near this wood where you found me, I was seized by seven or eight men. At first I thought they had been persons employed by the magistrates, or my own family, to secure me. The wicked woman who bore me company, so well counterfeited terror and surprize, that she confirmed me in that belief; but it was not long before I discovered my mistake. The robbers beset me; and, whilst some of them searched me, others had

had the impudence to handle me indecently. I pierced the air with my cries, and called upon all that might protect me to defend my honour. Upon this, the execrable Paula, whom I had not before mistrusted, fearing lest my cries might be heard by any of the officers of the Holy Brotherhood, threw off her mask, and endeavoured to stop my mouth with her hands and her handkerchief. She urged on the robbers to search me more narrowly, and told them in what places she had observed me hide my gold and jewels; when Heaven, that protects innocence, brought you to my relief. This, gentlemen, is what you desired to hear, and what I would not have told you, were I not so deeply indebted to you both; for which I can make no other return, but by reposing an entire confidence in you.'

C H A P. VI.

WHICH UNFOLDS THE HISTORY OF
DON CÆSAR'S BIRTH.

AS soon as Engracia had concluded her story, Don Cæsar spoke first, and said—' Madam, though you do not know me, I am more deeply concerned in your misfortunes than you imagine. I am particularly acquainted with Don Christopher, and I do assure you that he is not dead; he is even perfectly recovered of his wounds: but I must tell you, at the same time, that this Don Christopher, who on so many accounts owed you an eternal love, is false and unjust to you. Let not this news discompose you, beautiful Engracia; I take your misfortune upon me, and your wrong is done to myself: you shall know the reason another time. In the mean while, assure yourself, I will lose my life before I will suffer Don Christopher to marry any woman but you.' Engracia was much surprized at this discourse of Don Cæsar, who at once comforted her, and added to her sorrow, by acquainting her with Don Christopher's recovery, and his infidelity. On the other side, she could not imagine how Don Cæsar should be concerned in her misfortune, or why he so passionately espoused her quarrel.

Whilst she laboured under these confused thoughts, and was preparing to answer, an old gentleman passing by, stopped short to view Don Quixote. If, however, he was amazed to see the knight, his astonishment was much greater, when Engracia knowing him, threw herself from the ass, and, hastily running up to him, clapped one of his knees, exclaiming—' O my dear uncle! Don Diego! I implore your goodness! I cannot doubt, after what has happened, that you are incensed grievously against me: but, notwithstanding all outward appearances, which seem to condemn me, I dare assure you I rather deserve your pity than your anger; for my misfortune is greater than my offence.' Thus saying, she wept so bitterly, that her two protectors could not but pity her: but Don Diego, looking on her angrily, answered—' Do not think, base woman! to impose upon my credulity. Who can imagine you innocent, when your own flight, and Don Christopher's wounds, are your accusers?' Don Cæsar, upon this, thinking that Engracia's virtue stood in need of his assistance to be fully cleared, said to the old man—' You will wonder, Don Diego, that a stranger, who has nothing about him to recommend himself to you, should undertake to vouch for your niece's virtue; and you will think this still stranger, when I tell you that I never knew Engracia before this day: nay, I am satisfied that, seeing me with her, you rather look upon me as accessory to her offence, than as a protector and witness of her innocence. But be pleased to suspend your judgment, and assure yourself, that I am so far from designing to wrong your honour, that it is my duty, as much as yours, to maintain it, since I have all the reason in the world to believe myself your nephew.'—' My nephew!' replied Don Diego, in aazement, and looking upon Don Cæsar as an imposter; ' I wonder at your boldness in pretending to be of my family, when I have never seen you! Take notice, I have no relations but what I know; and that I never had any other nephew but my brother Don Ferdinand's son.—' And what if I should tell you,' replied Don Cæsar, ' that I am the young Don Ferdinand, whose lot you and the virtuous Eugenia have so much lamented?

'ed, and should bring you proofs of it?'—'These proofs,' answered the old man, 'will not be equivalent to the testimony of twenty years, which assure us he is dead. Should we have been so long without hearing any news of him, if he had been alive?'—'That very ignorance,' said Don Cæsar, 'makes his death the more dubious. Were it certain, some circumstances of it might have been known. But, Sir, I would not have you rely upon what I say: do but believe that wounded robber we are carrying to Torresva. When you have heard what he has now told us, and shall be satisfied that I was brought up in my infancy by that Mary Ximenez he talks of, you will then, perhaps, think my conjecture sufficiently probable to deserve further investigation.' Don Cæsar then told him all that the highwayman had related. This account amazed Don Diego; who, looking more earnestly upon the young gentleman, felt his bowels begin to yearn towards him: but, being resolved to have more convincing proofs, he said to Don Cæsar—'I must confess young gentleman unknown, that a voice within me speaks in your behalf, and that in you I find my brother's air and features: yet give me leave still to doubt of one particular, which I heartily desire to be convinced of when we shall see Mary Ximenez.' This said, he made his niece mount again upon Sancho's afs, and went along with the rest towards Torresva, to procure more certain information of Don Cæsar's birth.

As soon as they came to the village, they put the robber into the best bed in the inn, and sent for a surgeon to search the wound; who, finding it very dangerous, desired every person to leave the room, that, if possible, the patient might take some rest. In the mean while, Don Cæsar paid and dismissed the peasants; and Don Diego enquired of the host for Mary Ximenez: the innkeeper told him that she had lived in affliction for ten years, because she had not in all that time heard of her only son. 'Are you sure,' said Don Diego, 'that Mary Ximenez is the true mother of that son whose loss she laments?'—'I have not lived long enough in the village,' answered the host, 'to be able to give you an account of that;

'but, if it any way concerns you, I will send for Mary Ximenez hither.'—'I shall thank you for so doing,' replied Don Diego: 'go to her, and tell her that there is a wounded person in your house, who would speak to her about a matter of great moment, which may give her some satisfaction.' The host ran to the countrywoman's house; and, because what he had said did not make the truth evident, the old gentleman was pleased that he had not been too forward in crediting the robber's relation; but, whilst he was thus dubious, Mary Ximenez came into the room where all the company was assembled, except Don Cæsar, whom the old gentleman had caused to withdraw, not chusing that the countrywoman should see him before she had been confronted with the robber, as he apprehended, by thus doing, he should be more likely to discover what he sought after. The woman was so pale, and spent with grief, that it was distressing to see her: she cast her eyes round the room; but not seeing what she looked for, it increased her sorrow. 'Good woman,' said Don Diego to her, 'pray come along with me into the next room; you will there see a man whom, perhaps, you may have some knowledge of.' The poor woman was moved at these words, and followed the old gentleman without speaking a syllable. As soon as she came into the robber's chamber, they led her to the bed; and, the instant she beheld the wounded man, though it was so long since she had seen him, she recognized his countenance: her heart failed her; and she wept so bitterly, that Don Diego considered it as a good omen. At last, directing her discourse to the robber, she said, sighing—'You are certainly come, Sir, to demand of me the child you trusted me with twenty-two years ago: but, alas! fortune has cruelly deprived me of him, and I shall lament his death all my days!'—'Good woman,' said Don Diego, 'do not afflict yourself; we do not come to demand him of you, but to bring you news of him, and to release you for the care you took of his education: you shall see one who is more concerned in it than we are.' This said, he ordered Don Cæsar's man to call in his master, who stood listening at the door, and only waited to be summoned.

summoned. Mary Ximenez was struck at his sight, and exclaiming violently—
 ‘ Oh, my son! my dear son Anthony!’ her joy was so excessive, that her speech failed her. She turned pale, and fainted away in the arms of Don Diego and Don Cæsar, who ran in to hold her. Don Cæsar was much moved at his nurse’s concern for him, Engracia wept, and the old gentleman relented. They all made haste to bring her to herself; and, as soon as it was done, she clasped her arms about Don Cæsar’s neck, and, hugging him closely, cried—‘ O, my son! how many tears have I shed for you!’—‘ My mother!’ replied the gentleman, kissing her affectionately, ‘ compose yourself, I beseech you, for my sake: I fear this disorder may be prejudicial to you.’ In short, Mary Ximenez, growing more calm after the first transports, confirmed all that the robber had said; and Don Diego, no longer doubting that Don Cæsar was his nephew Don Ferdinand, was full of joy: he drew near the young man, and said—‘ My dear Don Ferdinand, I neither can nor ought any longer to oppose nature and reason; I own you as my nephew, and my brother’s son.’ This said, he embraced, and expressed all possible kindness for him. Engracia was no less pleasingly surprized to find in her deliverer a brother worthy her affection; and both of them gave each other testimonies of their love.

Don Quixote and his squire were very attentive to this extraordinary discovery, which they admired in silence. The knight, looking upon it as an effect of chivalry, applauded himself for having taken up a profession so beneficial to mankind, and so fruitful in prodigies; whilst Sancho took such part in the affairs of all parties, that the tears stood in his eyes. Don Diego, after he had given way to all the transports of joy which nature could inspire, thought it, however, requisite to make a farther enquiry to clear the honour of his family. He asked his nephew what certainty he had, that nothing scandalous had passed between Engracia and Don Christopher, since he had never known her before that day. ‘ To remove all your doubts,’ answered Don Cæsar, ‘ I must inform you that, for some time, I was Don Christopher’s best friend; that he

concealed nothing from me, and that he entrusted me with secrets relating to my sister, which I have no cause to be ashamed of. If you mistrust what I say, I will farther tell you what has passed within my own knowledge concerning the sad accident which was the cause of Engracia’s flight; and will acquaint you with such circumstances as no man is privy to but myself. In the mean while, you may rely upon me.’—‘ If that be not enough, Don Diego,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ and that you stand in need of a knight-errant’s testimony to satisfy you, I am ready to answer for the beautiful Engracia’s honour, and to challenge all knights who shall dare maintain that she had any dishonourable affection for Don Christopher.’ Don Diego, who had at first been sufficiently amazed at the mien and garb of Don Quixote, though the discovering his niece and nephew had called off his attention from that object, was now anew astonished at this extraordinary language. Don Ferdinand, perceiving it, apprized him of the knight’s name, and mentioned how greatly his sister and himself were beholden to him. This account served but to increase Don Diego’s astonishment; for, till then, he had looked upon that renowned person’s history, the first part whereof he had read, rather as an effusion of the Arab Benengeli’s wit, than as adventures which had really happened. As he liked, however, well enough, notwithstanding all his gravity, to make himself sport, he was glad to meet with the real hero treated of in those annals. It is true, he made somewhat less account of his testimony than of Don Ferdinand’s; however, he thought himself obliged to make the knight imagine otherwise, and seemingly to attribute to his prowess the entire honour of the adventure. Turning therefore to him, he said—‘ Great Don Quixote, that you may be sensible how much I regard the word of a knight-errant, so renowned as yourself, I am willing, for your sake, to restore Engracia to my favour and friendship.’ This said, he embraced his niece, assuring her of his good offices with her mother: then, making haste to be gone, he said to Don Ferdinand—‘ Two things make me impatient to be at Alcala; the

' one is the desire of comforting your mother, by carrying her such pleasing news; and the other, Engracia's concerns; for I have been informed, that the false Don Christopher is within these two days to marry Donna Anna de Montoya.'—' It is true, that marriage is concerting,' answered Don Ferdinand, ' but it is not yet concluded; and, I hope, Don Christopher, when he is convinced of my sister's innocence, will do her justice; or, if he does not, he shall give me satisfaction.' Engracia could not hear that marriage mentioned without being greatly concerned; but she saw her uncle and her brother so bent upon opposing it, that she could not but hope they would break it off; and she had been less troubled, had she known all the reasons her brother had to cross it. As for Mary Ximenez, Don Diego and Don Ferdinand hired a mule for her, resolving to carry her to Eugenia, to be rewarded as she deserved. When they were ready to set out, they desired the knight and his lady to bear them company; being willing to give their friends at Alcala some diversion. Don Quixote replied, that he was sorry he could not grant their request, being obliged to repair speedily to Madrid, upon business of great consequence; but, to make some amends, he promised to visit them at his return. They were satisfied with his promise, and set out for Alcala. Don Quixote, Sancho, and Zenobia, continued their journey towards Madrid. The highwayman was left in the inn, where he died of his wounds two days after. And thus, says our Arab, he disproved the predictions of the astrologers, who, by his stars, foretold that he was to die of a strangulation.

C H A P. VII.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S ARRIVAL AT MADRID, AND OF HIS DESPERATE COMBAT IN THE PRADO.

OUR knight and his companions were too full of this adventure to pass it over in silence. ' Is not this very wonderful?' said Don Quixote. A damsel falls into the hands of robbers, and a gentleman, who knows

her not, comes in accidentally, and saves her life and honour. She tells him her story, as if it did not concern him; and at last, by her discourse, he is informed she is his own sister. O wonderful accident! There is no question but that such things occur in knight-errantry as are not usual in the common course of life; and therefore it is, doubtless, that the noblest adventures of ancient knights errant are at present looked upon as fables.'—' How do you mean fables?' cried Sancho; ' I dare take my oath that all that has happened to us is true. You did wonders in the fight, and spitted the robber through the back; and at a time when he least thought of it; and whoever says the contrary lies.'—' What a comfort will it be to Eugenia,' quoth Don Quixote. ' to see her two children! What thanks will she return to Heaven!'—' I do not question it,' said the squire: ' methinks I see her hug first one, and then the other; then this again, and then that once more. In short, I fancy I see her pull out great handfuls of gold and silver from her cupboard, and give them to Mary Ximenez, who pockets it up, as well pleased as I was when I put up Cardenio's crown pieces in Sierra Morena. I will warrant her, Eugenia will be ready to throw her horse out at window: there will be nothing but feasting and merry-making in that quarter. The deuce take me, Sir, if it is not a considerable loss to us that we did not follow Don Diego: we should have been treated like archbishops; and, I dare answer for it, that the Princess Zenobia would desire no better.' This sort of dialogue held master and man till they came in sight of Madrid; upon which Don Quixote, taking up a new subject, said to his squire—' At length, Sancho, you see Madrid, the happy residence of our kings, the most famous town in Spain; but I know not whether I ought to enter into it, till I have signalized myself by some notable exploit: for the most renowned knights-errant, before they would enter the cities where emperors kept their courts, always performed some glorious action, the fame whereof went before them to the palace, and disposed

disposed the emperor, the empress, and the infanta, to give them a more favourable reception. Rosiclaire did not enter Constantinople till he had slain the giant Mandrake; and the Knight of the Precious Image* would not go into Persepolis, till he had finished the adventure of the Unhappy Bridge. I wish there were such another bridge here, defended by four valiant knights, and two dreadful giants.'—' God deliver us, Sir!' cried the squire, ' we should never get over such a bridge as that without broken bones: and, in short, this day's combat is enough to carry you not only into Madrid, but into Rome, if you had a mind to it; and I assure you, the Pope himself would be satisfied.'—' You are in the right, Sancho,' replied the knight; ' and I believe my last combat is sufficient to gain me a favourable reception from the king, the queen, and the infanta. I must own the action had been more glorious if I had fought knights; but we are not to chuse our adventures, my friend; we must take what fortune throws in our way: so let us say no more of it, but make haste into the town.' This said, he clapped spurs to Rozinante; Barbara and Sancho did the like by their beasts; and thus they soon came to St. Jerome's Meadow, commonly called El Prado.

' O mirror of knights-errant!' cries the Arabian author in this place; ' in-comparable Don Quixote! return

' thanks to Heaven, which hath conducted you to this place! Here you are more talked of and celebrated than ever the Knight of the Basilisks was in Babylon. Your unheard-of exploits are here in print, and every body reads them with so much admiration, that they can scarce believe any mortal capable of having performed them. Appear now yourself! Appear in person to justify them: evince that you are no imaginary hero. Your own presence can alone establish the truth of your magnanimous achievements!' The sun was now set, and there was consequently a good deal of company walking in the Prado; for the pleasantness of the place, and the many assignations made in it, draws abundance of people thither every evening. Don Quixote assumed a stern countenance, grasping his lance in one hand, and his buckler in the other: as soon as he appeared, all that saw him stood amazed at the whimsical uncouthness of his figure, and questioned one another what it could mean; but, not being able to satisfy themselves, they drew near to view him the better. His mien and his device seemed so ridiculous, that they could not forbear laughing. ' Gracious Heavens!' cried one, ' there is a genteel knight! I will lay a wager it is the Knight of the Precious Image, who conducted the Infanta Aurora to the Sultan of Babylon!' —' No,' replied another; ' I will lay

* This Knight of the Precious Image, or (as it is rendered in an English translation of the Romance of Don Belianis of Greece, edit. 1683) of the Golden Image, is Don Belianis of Greece. Afterwards he appears in green armour, decorated with golden basilisks, (which he has won from the Emperor Bendanazar) under the title of Knight of the Basilisks. I hardly need remark, that it was a very usual thing with the heroes of romance to change their appellation, the ornaments and devices of their armour, &c. as often as they found it expedient. Under the title of Knight of the Basilisks, Don Belianis achieves the adventure of the Enchanted Tent, which was contrived by Filton the enchanter for the purpose of carrying off Florisabella. This adventure of the Enchanted Tent is the same which the Archbanteier of the Indies applies to himself in Book 6. Chapter II. of the present work. An extract or two from the translation of Don Belianis above-mentioned, containing the reason of his being styled the Knight of the Precious or Golden Image, may not be displeasing to the curious reader. ' His armour was of colour orange-tawny, with a star-wave so big, that it seemed to overwhelm a ship there figure'd. On his shield was pourtrayed the picture of a most beautiful lady, with a knight kneeling before her, as if he craved mercy at her hands, from whom she turned her face.' Page 21. This armour was provided for him by the sage Belonia, against his first receiving the order of knighthood; and the lady pourtrayed on the shield was Florisabella. ' You shall know, my good lord,' says Belianis to the Soltan of Persia, ' I am called the Knight of the Golden Image, be-cause I bear it on my shield.' Page 65. An account of the adventure of the Unhappy Bridge, with the knights and giants there defeated by Belianis, would be too long for a note.

it is the Knight of the Chariot, who comes to defend the Scythian princess's beauty! Our adventurer, overhearing the above conversation, halted; and, accosting the men very gravely, said—‘ Gentlemen, if you would know my name, you may ask it of my squire, who follows me; that account belongs to him.’—‘ By the Lord!’ cried one of the lookers-on, ‘ this must certainly be that Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history was lately printed in this town! I know him by his horse.’—‘ Right,’ said another, ‘ for that is a perfect Rozinante: besides, here is Sancho and his ass; and this damsel who hides her face, is certainly the famous Dulcinea del Toboso!’—‘ Gentlemen,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ you are in the right, as far as regards Rozinante, my master Don Quixote, my Dapple, and myself. We are the very same, God be praised! and here we are all four before you in soul and body: but as for Madam Dulcinea, she is at this time at Toboso; and, perhaps, filling a pair of panniers with dung in her father’s stable; and if so, beshrew the squires that carry her any love-letters. She has played the devil with us so long, that at last we have even left her to herself, and we had rather the devil had taken her away, than that we had made, I will not say an infanta, but so much as a plain countess of her. As for the lady on the mule, it is Queen Zenobia, whom an enchanter has converted into a tripe-woman.’ Whilst Sancho uttered this harangue, Barbara took care to keep her face covered; and, though all the company desired her to unveil, her modesty prevented her compliance. ‘ Peerless princess,’ said a gentleman waggishly, ‘ be pleased to suffer us to gaze upon your lilies and roses: let your fair hands, though but for one moment, remove that envious veil, which obnubilates your beauty.’—‘ Gentlemen,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘ I pray you rest satisfied, without desiring Queen Zenobia to unveil: she is still enchanted; and you can make but an ill judgment of her beauty at present.’ These words only served to heighten the curiosity of

the spectators. They at length so earnestly entreated the knight to prevail with the queen to discover herself, that he turned to her, and said—‘ Madam, I join with these gentlemen in requesting that you will suffer your face to be seen: you may not, perhaps, appear so charming to them as you do to me, who see you as you are in reality; but I protest your beauty is matchless, and they may rely upon my word.’ Barbara, who rightly enough suspected that the spectators would give greater credit to their own eyesight than to the word of the knight-errant, had no inclination to discover herself. She stood out for a long time; but was at last compelled to submit, and expose her scarified countenance to the inspection of the company. All that beheld her burst out a laughing, and shrugged up their shoulders; nay, some young fellows had the presumption even to speak disrespectfully of the tripe-woman: among the rest, a gentleman of Galicia, lifting up his hands, cried out—‘ Bless us all! here’s a princess forsooth! I protest she is as like an old mule I have in my stable, as one egg is like another!’ It is easy to imagine the emotion these words produced in the breast of Don Quixote: his eyes sparkled with fury; and, brandishing his lance in dreadful wise, he cried, as loudly as he was able, to the Galician—‘ Stay, rash man! and I will chastise thy insolence! I here challenge thee to single combat; and, at the same time, I challenge all those that have insulted Queen Zenobia, who, I do maintain, surpasses in beauty the Infanta Imperia, the Princess Materosa*, and even King Olivier’s daughter.’ This curious defiance served but to renew the mirth of the company; and the Galician, being a jocose fellow, answered Don Quixote—‘ Sir Knight, though you are in armour up to your chin, and mounted on a haughty courser, more lofty than that of Alexander the Great, I will not refuse your challenge: I will combat you with my sword alone, a foot and unarmed as I now am; and I will defend withal the beauty of my mule, which I would not barter for

* The Princess Materosa was cousin to the Princess Floris bella, the Seldan of Babylon’s daughter. See the Romance of Don Belianis.

' your Zenobia.'—' Since you are on foot and unarmed,' replied Don Quixote, ' it is but reason that I alight and lay by my armour; for knights are not to take any advantage in fight.' This laid, he alighted: Sancho did the like; and, running to disarm his master, said—' You were wishing for an adventure before you came to the court, and I think you have now met with one. Go to, defend the Princess Zenobia's beauty bravely; and make that scoundrel knight own that she is handsomer than his mule. If you have the ill fate to be overcome, I may very well fight him after you in defence of my Dapple, which I do maintain to be handsomer than his mule, though she were more beautiful than master Valentin's mare, which is reckoned at Ateca the fattest beast belonging to the Chapter.' Don Quixote (whilst Sancho prated thus) was stripping himself to his very drawers and shirt, to remove all cause of suspicion that he meant to take advantage of his antagonist. Some of the company, more prudent than the rest, observing that the knight was preparing for the combat in good earnest, endeavoured to dissuade the Galician, telling him that such jests for the most part end in earnest; but the Galician, relying on his strength and skill, laughed at what they said; and, drawing one of the longest swords that ever Spaniard wore, stood upon his guard, stretching such a distance from his left foot to the point of his weapon, that they were at least two fathom asunder. Don Quixote, in like manner, plucked his formidable steel from its scabbard; and in an instant their furious blades flashed with a thousand sparks of fire. The Galician, when he had awhile tried his adversary's skill, with a jerk threw his sword over his head; and, dropping his own, closed with him, took him by the collar, and shook him so violently and with so much ease, that the ancient poet would have compared the condition of Don Quixote to a shrub that plays in the wind. The knight was sensible he had not the feeble defender of Mimbado's helmet to deal with; and the dical of being vanquished before Queen Zenobia enflamed his valour to a pitch of rage utterly inexpressible: he rallied all his strength,

and gave the Galician such a terrible blow under the ear with his gauntlet, which he had forgotten to take off, that he laid him flat on the ground, senseless, and much hurt. The bystanders were much concerned at this unlucky catastrophe; but the Galician having brought the misfortune upon himself by his own imprudence, his friends did not hold themselves obliged to revenge his quarrel upon a madman, and therefore only thought of taking care of him. As soon as Sancho saw the Galician down, he roared out in an extasy of exultation—' Courage, master Don Quixote, follow the laws of chivalry to the utmost! Take up your sword, and thrust it down that knight's throat, if he refuses to own that Madam Zenobia is more beautiful than his mule.' The knight approved of the advice, seized his sword, and made towards the Galician, with full purpose of putting it in execution, had not several of the company interfered; telling him, that he ought to be satisfied with having overthrown the best knight in Galicia. ' Let him, then, confess,' said Don Quixote, ' that all the world cannot match Queen Zenobia's beauty.'—' He shall own it another time,' said one of the company; ' for, by my troth, at this time he is not in a condition to confess his sins.'—' Well,' cried Sancho, ' then let him say he owns himself conquered: methinks that is not very hard to be said.' Don Quixote would fain have caused the Galician to own his defeat; but at length, overcome by the arguments of the by-standers, he was persuaded to consider his combat as a perfect victory, and stepped aside to put on his cloaths and armour. Whilst he was equipping himself, two of Don Alvaro Farte's pages happened to come into the Piazo; and, knowing the knight, drew near to salute him. Don Quixote and Sancho received them with gracious affability; and enquired after Don Alvaro. ' Don Carlos and he,' said one of the pages, ' have been here some days, and expect you with impatience.—' I am very desirous to embrace them both,' answered Don Quixote. ' That you may soon do,' replied the page, ' for, if you please, we will conduct you to Don Alvaro's lodging.' At these good tidings, Sancho's heart leaped for joy: he was

full of the thoughts of pleasure and good eating; and, as soon as his master was armed, they and Queen Zenobia followed the pages, leaving the Galician among his friends, who took care to carry him home, and see him dressed.

C H A P. VIII.

HOW DON ALVARO AND DON CARLOS RECEIVED THE KNIGHT AND HIS PRINCESS; AND HOW SANCHO REJOICED AT REVISITING THE LITTLE LIMPING COOK.

IT was dark night (the history informs us) ere our adventurers arrived at Don Alvaro's lodgings, so that the populace had not the satisfaction of seeing them. They did not find the Granadine at home; his servants, however, received them kindly; and whilst one of the pages went to give him an account of their coming, the steward conducted them into a good apartment. Sancho, when he had seen the beasts into the stable, went directly to the kitchen, where he had enough to do to embrace all his old acquaintance. But as soon as he set eyes on his invaluable friend the limping cook, he ran to him with open arms; and, kissing both his cheeks in a rapture, exclaimed—‘ My dear little Crookshank! how glad am I to see you once more before I die! To tell you the truth, I love you almost as well as I do my Dapple; and I shall never forget the good bits you gave me at Saragossa. It was you fed me up with carcases of turkies, and such leavings of sauce-boats, as had been fit to tickle the chaps of an emperor. Aye, and at night too, such wines, and the Lord knows what all of that sort, as were sweeter than honey: hang me, if I could not feel it warm at my heart till next morning! Let me die, if that be not rare wine for one's health.’ ‘ Friend Sancho,’ answered the cook, ‘ this country wine is still better than that at Saragossa.’—‘ I can't believe that,’ replied the squire: ‘ nor shall any man persuade me to it, till I have tasted.’—‘ Well, then,’ quoth the cook, ‘ you must drink immediately. I am sure you will be of my opinion.’—‘ So much the better,’ quoth Sancho; ‘ and you may rest fa-

tisfied with my judgment in matters of this nature, since I am not enchanted for wine, as I am for things that relate to knight-errantry.’—‘ How, then, Sancho!’ cried one of the pages; ‘ have the enchanters put some trick upon you since you left Saragossa?’—‘ That's a good question, truly,’ quoth Sancho; ‘ do we ever escape a day without their putting some knavery or other upon us? I find you don't know them. If they miss doing us mischief an hour together, they think they have done great things by us. In short, all I can tell you is, they have so bewitched my sight, that I see every thing quite contrary to what my master does. They impose upon me every moment; and it is not above two days ago, that they made me take the Prince of Cordova's garter for the crupper of a mule.’ The servants desired Sancho to recount that adventure, which he did readily enough; though some wine, which the cook had just brought for him, occasioned several long halts and pauses in his story.

At length, Don Alvaro came home, with Don Carlos, and a young count who was to be the latter's brother-in-law. They went up to Don Quixote's apartment, and found him talking with Barbara and the steward of the household. The knight embraced the Granadine and Don Carlos; and, presenting Barbara to them, said—‘ Behold here, gentlemen, the great Queen of the Amazons, the Princess Zenobia, whom good-fortune cast into my way; and whose beauty I now come to defend publickly in the court of Spain!’ The princess's face and appearance corresponded so very ill with this introduction, that the gentlemen had enough to do to hold their countenances. However, they made shift to contain themselves; and Don Alvaro returned Don Quixote the following answer: ‘ Sir Knight, you have done me the greatest honour in taking up your lodging in my house with that queen, whose merit must be very extraordinary, since you undertake to protect her; but though the value you put upon her were not commendation enough, a man needs but look upon her to give a near guess at what she is. She has such a physiognomy, as soon makes her known; and, I can assure you, that the more I look on her, the worthier

'worthier I judge her of the great enterprise you have undertaken for her sake.' The Granadine and Don Carlos then presented the count to the knight, and acquainted him that he was the young lord whom the Princess Trebasina was designed for, and that they were to be married very shortly. There wanted nothing farther to produce a long harangue from Don Quixote to the count; who, on his part, exhausted all the common places of rhetorick, that he might not fall short of the knight in point of courtesy. Don Carlos and Taife took that opportunity to talk to Barbara apart. 'Queen Zenobia,' said Don Alvaro to her, 'do us the favour to tell us, truly, of what country and of what family you are?'—' Gentlemen,' replied open-hearted Barbara, 'you may believe me if you please; but, I swear to you, I am none of Queen Zenobia! I am but a poor woman of Alcala, who live by my labour, and my honest trade of a tripe-woman. My name is Barbara Villalobos; a name left me by a grandmother that was very fond of me. My life has been all ups and downs, like the land in Galicia. I am now old; but I know the time when I was young; and I have been as much mate of as another. I am now good for nothing but to dress meat, for I can make a soup and fry tripe with any body; and I defy any body to season sauce better than I can. However, a scholar of Alcala persuaded me to sell all my goods, drew me out of Alcala, carried me into a wood, tied me to a tree in my smock, and then ran away with all my money and cloaths. By good luck Don Quixote, on whom Heaven has bestowed more charity than sense, passing by, heard my cries, and unbound me, calling me Queen Zenobia. I told him I was no such; but he would not believe me; and he bought me a mule, and these cloaths you see. In short, when we came to Alcala, I begged of him to leave me there; but I could not prevail, and was forced to come along with him. He has promised to give me fifty ducats, when he has defended my beauty at court. I am come to be as good as my word; and, when he has performed his, I will return to my own country, where I will set up my shop

'again, an't please the Lord! and let me die if ever I trust a scholar again, though he promised me the philosopher's stone.'

At this moment Sancho came into the room; and, being in a merry humour, cried—'A good day to you, gentlemen! I wish you a good stomach, and a merry heart; which two things will keep you in health, as Master Nicholas, our barber, says.'—'O my friend Sancho!' said Don Alvaro, giving him his hand, 'I am very glad to see you again in health and good humour.'—'God reward you,' answered the squire, 'and bless you, and make you merry!'—'And don't you know me, my dear Sancho?' said Don Carlos; 'or am I not of the number of your friends?'—'Excuse me, Sir,' quoth Sancho, making up to him, 'I must kiss your hands too, with your leave; though sometimes men kiss those hands they could wish cut off.'—'O Heavens!' quoth Don Carlos, 'what is that you say? What have I done to you, that you should wish me so much harm?'—'By my troth, I beg your pardon!' answered the squire. 'That proverb slipped from me before I thought of it. Just so I used to let them fly last year. As fast as they came up, I used to spit them out; and the dog of an Arab that writ our history has not forgot one of them. He has done like one that sells small nuts, who throws in good and bad to fill up the measure the sooner. Therefore, let me tell you, Don Carlos, I do not wish to see your hands cut off; I had rather see them full of that delicate white-meat, and of those force-meat balls you know of. Body o' me! I can never think of them but my mouth waters.' The Granadine, perceiving that Don Quixote was ill pleased to hear his squire chatter thus, broke off the discourse; and said to the knight—'Don Quixote, the great concern we have in whatsoever relates to you, and tends to the glory of knight-errantry, makes us very desirous to know what adventures you have met with since you left Saragossa.'—'Don Taife,' quoth the squire, 'it is my busines to tell you all that, as I am squire to my master Don Quixote.'—'Well, then, Sancho,' replied Don Alvaro, 'give us a true relation.' The

squire complied: he began at his own affray with Bracamonte the soldier, and ended with the combat of the Galician. The three gentlemen were mightily pleased; but above all with the adventure of the players, and the bachelor's ceremony for disenchanted Sancho. Don Carlos and the Granadine were particularly delighted; for Barbara, who sat between them, whispered to them all the circumstances which Sancho either forgot or was ignorant of. Supper-time drew on, and the sewer came to tell them all was ready. Then the three gentlemen, Don Quixote and Zenobia, went into another large room, where they sat down to table; and Sancho returned into the kitchen, where, whilst he supped, he was obliged to recount anew the exploits of his master.

The grave knight of La Mancha, whose brain always laboured with his own great designs, demanded of the cavaliers, whether Bramarbas was then at Madrid. ‘He is not yet arrived,’ answered Don Carlos: ‘he is gone to Cyprus, to convey to his seraglio a number of young damsels whom he has ravished from their parents; but he will soon return, when we least think of him; for the sage Silenus favours him, and will transport him hither in the twinkling of an eye. On my word, that giant is a great ravischer of maidens; and, I assure you, I should be much afraid for my sister if Don Quixote was not with us; and I could not but fear as much for the count here present—for you know, gentlemen, how he designs to use the counts and barons of this court.’—‘Let not that trouble you,’ said Don Quixote. ‘Marry your sister boldly, and let the count fear nothing: I pledge myself to protect him, and engage that he shall have a numerous issue.’ The count could not forbear laughing at this prediction; but, though he fancied himself able to accomplish it without the assistance of the knight, he failed not to return him thanks for his protection. Don Quixote, after this, told them of the combat he was to maintain with the Prince of Cordova; and at last, after supper, the discourse turning upon Queen Zenobia, Don Carlos and the count assured Don Quixote, that they highly approved his design of maintaining that princess’s beauty, for she well deserved it. But the Granadine,

being somewhat nicer in points of knight-errantry, said—‘Gentlemen, I am not of your opinion; I do not altogether approve of Don Quixote’s resolution. I rather marvel that he will assert the beauty of a lady whom he is not in love with. Can the Knight of La Mancha think of doing a thing contrary to the rules of knight-errantry, which he has always so strictly observed?’—‘Don Alvaro Tarfe,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘I own I have not thoroughly considered that affair; and yet I think I shall not in it do any thing blame-worthy, or unprecedented.’—‘Nay, I much doubt,’ answered the Granadine, ‘whether you can find any examples of this nature among the ancient knights. We know that others have accompanied, like yourself, the princesses they have disenchanted or delivered from some extraordinary danger. They have conducted them about the world, restored them to their parents, or reinstated them in their possessions; but they never took upon themselves to maintain their beauty.’—‘In good faith,’ cried Don Carlos, ‘I now perceive this is quite a different affair; I agree with Don Alvaro that it is a very nice point: but what strikes me as the most irregular, is, that the beauty of any lady should be maintained by a knight who bears an appellation and device so injurious to the fair-sex.’—‘I grant,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘that the appellation of the Loveless Knight seems opposite to my design; but my intention reconciles those contradictions: I only maintain the princess is beautiful, because, being enchanted, she seems deformed. I will that justice be done to her beauty, in spite of her enchantment. This is all I aim at; and consequently I perform an act of justice, and not of love.’—‘Take heed, Don Quixote,’ replied Don Alvaro; ‘take heed you do not impose upon yourself. Our severe grand-children will not make that distinction, but will flatly condemn your proceeding.’—‘Then he must not be guilty of it,’ said the count: ‘Don Quixote ought not to hazard any thing that may bear a double construction; since it behoves no man more than himself to secure the good graces of posterity. Let us consider of some medium.

' Do you think it were amiss for him to change his name, and make choice of another Dulcinea? For my part, I must frankly declare, that I look upon his contempt of ladies as a great fault; and I cannot conceive how he dares to continue without a mistress: he, especially, who, as his history informs us, used to say, last year, that a knight without a lady was like a body without a soul; and that it were better to be in love with an imaginary object, than not to love at all.' Don Quixote, not knowing how to answer reasonings so forcible, fell into a profound reverie. Don Alvaro, perceiving his embarrassment, said—' I think, gentlemen, we have

said enough for the present. Let us give Don Quixote time to consider this point seriously. He has a sound judgment, and will know how to chuse that which shall conduce most to his glory. Let us consider he has gained two victories this day, and most needs want rest, as well as Queen Zenobia.' This said, he called to his servants; and, whilst Barbara was conducted into a chamber altogether inaccessible to coachmen, he himself conveyed Don Quixote to another, leaving a page to undress and disarm him, Sancho being still in the kitchen. Don Carlos went away with his intended brother-in-law; at whose house he and his sister were entertained.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

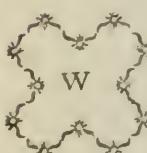


A VELLANEDA's CONTINUATION
OF THE
HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS
OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT
D O N Q U I X O T E
DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK V.

C H A P. I.

OF THE WEIGHTY CONSIDERA-
TIONS WHICH PERPLEXED DON
QUIXOTE; OF THE RESOLUTION
HE CAME TO FOR THE SAKE OF
HIS HONOUR; AND OF THE DIS-
COURSE HE HELD WITH HIS
SQUIRE UPON THIS SUBJECT.

HEN the page had dis-
aimed the knight, he went
out of the room, and se-
cured the door after him,
as his master had ordered.
Don Quixote, much per-
plexed with those objections the cav-
aliars had just started, was glad to find
himself alone, as wanting opportu-
nity to deliberate on the part he ought
to act; and he immediately betook
himself to his bed, that he might ponde-
r the more com-
mendously. ‘Good
God!’ said he, tumbling from side to
side, ‘is it possible I may not be al-
lowed to maintain a lady’s beauty
without being in love! Let us call to
mind the actions of the most famous
knights-errant; and let us see whe-
ther what I think to do is really to
unprecedented.’ Thus saying, he
recollectec all the adventures of the two

Amadis’s, of Esplandian, of Palmerin
of England, and of Palmerin de Oli-
va; and not finding what he sought
for in these books, he ran over the mir-
ror of chivalry, Don Belianis of Greece,
Tirante the White, Aquilant the Black,
Don Florismarte of Hircania, and Doni
Olivante de Laura. But, alas! the
poor knight laboured in vain; he per-
ceived he could in no wise maintain
the Queen of the Amazons beauty,
without introducing a novelty into the
established practice of knight-errantry.
—‘Well, then,’ cried he, ‘what is it
you are about, unhappy innovator?
Will you, who never transgressed the
least rule of your profession, now give
yourself the lye? You imagine, per-
haps, that your renown may justify
your fault; or, at least, that poste-
riety, dazzled with the splendor of
your atchievements, will pardon
your irregularity. But do not de-
ceive yourself; the base actions
which Alexander the Great commit-
ted in heat of wine or passion, are not
yet forgotten: heroes must not flat-
ter themselves; they must not think
to shroud their failings under the
shade of their laurels. If their faults
escape the censure of one age, ano-
ther follows that may expose them
to the whole world. I must, then,
observe

' observe the laws of knight-errantry
 ' inviolably, if I design to transmit my
 ' fame pure and untainted to posterity.
 ' On the other hand, should I abandon
 ' the queen to her ill fortune! Shall I
 ' leave her in the wretched condition
 ' she now suffers? Shall I grant the
 ' malice of en-hante s tha' satisfaction?
 ' No! it is better I change my device,
 ' and that I fall in love with this fame
 ' peerle's princess. It shall be so; and
 ' certainly Heaven has inspired this
 ' thought into me for a blessing to my
 ' life, and for the glory of my memory!
 ' O thou beautiful Dulcinea del To-
 ' boso, first sovereign lady of my soul,
 ' who now feest me submit myself again
 ' captive, do not complain of me! I had
 ' still been thine hadst not thou obliged
 ' me to shake off thy yoke!' The hero
 of La Mancha, having thus resolved to
 yield himself a most humble slave to the
 rare perfections of Queen Zenobia, spent
 the rest of the night in forming projects
 worthy both of the person beloved, and
 of the lover.

When it was day, Sancho, being impatient to see his master again, came into the room, crying—‘ Up, Don Quixote, up! Knights-errant are very lazy to day: you went to roost last night with the poultry; and by this time the pots are skimmed. Come, rouze, master! Are you not weary of sleeping so long?’—‘ You upbraid me without reason, friend Sancho,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ I have not slept one wink all this night.’—‘ Perhaps you over eat yourself at supper,’ quoth the squire. ‘ I am like you; for when I have eaten two or three pounds more than ordinary, I do not sleep so well as at other times.’—‘ Glutton!’ cried Don Quixote, ‘ do you think every body crams as unreasonably as you do? If, alas! slumber closed not my eye lids last night, it is not to be wondered at. True knights-errant are not born to rest: their nice feelings touching the duties and decencies of chivalry, always find them some matter of disquiet. You once behaved me, indignant of Dulcinea's scornfulness, resolutely burst my settee; and, revolving against the dominion of the land, fiercely assume the title of “The Loveless Knight!” This day you will behold me in a different situation. I will array off instant on the altar of that invisible god, who, as the poets say, dips the

points of his arrows in gall. I mean, Sancho, that I will again love; for, besides that I am of a very gentle disposition, I am of opinion, that a mistress is so essential a part of a knight-errant, that I much fear blame for having remained thus long unenamoured.’—‘ I will not swear for it,’ said the squire; ‘ for we ought not to swear at all; and the world often condemns that which it ought to praise. Mr. Curte is much found fault with for making his sermons too long; and yet he is never above two hours in the pulpit. But pray tell me, Sir, who is the lady you are resolved to love? Where is she?’—‘ She is in this palace,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ she is Queen Zenobia.’—‘ Out upon it!’ replied Sancho, abruptly; ‘ what do you think to do with Madam Barbara Zenobia? What! I will warrant you would call upon her in your battles! Pox take me, an excellent confounded invocation! I would as soon call upon Antichrist! Take my advice for once, Sir, let us shake off that gypsey: let the scholar that ran away with her money become her knight, if he will; it is his business, and none of ours; “since he has got the child, let him rock it.”’—‘ It is a strange thing,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ that you cannot beat it into your head that Queen Zenobia is enchanted! I have told you a hundred times, that, though to you she seems frightful, yet she is certainly the most beautiful princess in the world. Remember this, blockhead; and do not give me the trouble of repeating it to you again.’—‘ I am in the wrong, Sir! I am in the wrong!’ quoth the squire. ‘ A plague on it! I always mind my own way of seeing, without thinking of yours. See what it is to have an ill habit! But, patience—sure, after all, I shall mend at last, or never!’—‘ I have made choice, as I tell you,’ replied the knight, ‘ of the Queen of the Amazons for my sovereign lady. My sole fear is, lest she be deeply in love with Hyperboreum of the Floating-Islands, my rival.’—‘ That is likely enough,’ answered Sancho; ‘ for the prince is a bold that will exchange commodities with any one that pleases; that will stroke down a chin very dexterously, and drink bumper. But I will say no more; for you will be sure to tell me

me I did not see what I have seen;
 that my eyes are enchanted, and the
 rest of that usual story: however,
 God knows the truth of all things.
 But, to return to that Hyperborean of
 the island you talk of; if the queen's
 ladyship is in love with him, you must
 not take her for your mistress; you
 had better send her to those islands.'—
 ' It is not certain she is in love with
 Hyperborean,' replied Don Quixote;
 but, though I knew it to be so, this
 would not hinder me from loving
 her. The laws of knight-errantry
 do not forbid loving a lady who is
 before engaged to another knight:
 and, though I tell you my fear that
 Hyperborean is beloved, do not ima-
 gine this apprehension is any trouble
 to me; I rather look upon it as a sa-
 tisfaction, since it furnishes an ex-
 cellent subject for my complaints.
 The knight who has no rival, never
 tastes the sweets of love: if he is con-
 vinced of his good fortune, his life
 is too uniform. Hope and despair
 ought to distract him by turns; jea-
 lousy, fear, and restlessness, must
 continually disturb his repose: nay,
 it is good he sometimes persuade
 himself that he is hated by his fair-
 one, since this may rouse him to per-
 form immortal actions. For myself,
 who am extremely delicate and sus-
 ceptible, I protest I should be sorry to
 enjoy Queen Zenobia's heart peace-
 ably. I have before me a perfect idea of
 what she will make me endure; and I
 warn you, when you hear me sigh and
 groan, that you approach not indis-
 creetely to interrupt me, under pre-
 tence of comfort; for, you must un-
 derstand, there is a secret pleasure in
 the fiercest pains of love, which ren-
 ders them delectable. I question
 not but Amadis de Gaule found a
 thousand sweets in the rigid penance
 he performed on the Poor Rock; and
 I can assure you that my soul was
 plunged in joy when I gave all those
 dangerous skips in Sierra Morena!
 Amorous torments possess abundance
 of charms for those knights who
 know truly how to love. One while
 I will take a lute from thy hands;
 and, playing on it more harmoniously
 than Orpheus, I will accompany it so
 sweetly, that it shall ravish the king
 and all his court; and, composing an
 hundred verses extempore, I will ex-

press my anguish and secret sufferings
 so artfully, that no person, except
 my princess, shall understand one
 word. Another while, when I am
 sad, jealous, and in despair, I will
 leave, at night, the palace; and, re-
 tiring into the depth of some umbra-
 geous forest, will send forth cries of
 unutterable plaintiveness. To the
 trees and echoes I will proclaim it,
 that I am the most unfortunate of
 created beings, since my ingrate,
 more beautiful than Helen, prefers
 another knight before me. Then will
 I make the woods ring with my com-
 plaints, calling upon death to relieve
 me: then will I throw myself on the
 damp grass; and, giving loose to
 mortal affliction, will shed so many
 tears, and breathe out so many sighs,
 that I will faint away. In short, I
 shall be ready to give up the ghost;
 when the pitiful Aurora, having
 heard my doleful cries at the bottom
 of the waves, shall haste to open the
 sky-lights of day, and call me back
 to life. Then shall I start up nimbly,
 and discover one of the valiantest
 knights in the world, who comes in
 quest of me; and who, hearing of
 my name, shall have travelled from
 the farthest part of Tartary to fight
 me. I shall overcome him with much
 difficulty, and shall then return to
 the palace, covered with blood and
 wounds. Ah, Sancho! what a plea-
 sure, what a happiness, is this, to a
 knight truly amorous!'—' By my
 faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, ' if it be
 so great a happiness for a knight to
 despair, and not to be beloved by his
 lady, there was no need of forsaking
 Madam Dulcinea! She hated you as
 she did the devil; and she would have
 given you cause enough to hang
 yourself at last!'—' I would not have
 left her,' answered Don Quixote,
 though she repaid all my services with
 cruelty, but she plainly made it ap-
 pear that she despised me; and you
 must understand, my son, that con-
 tempt provokes a knight, and con-
 sequently extinguishes his passion;
 whereas cruelty, being no affront or
 provocation, he must be constant even
 to insensibility. Perianeus of Persia,
 that perfect model of unfortunate
 lovers, had never loved Floris bella so
 constantly, had she despised him;
 but, though she mortally hated that

prince

prince, she was so far from despising him, that she sometimes pitied his unhappy love, which paid him for all his sufferings with usury.'—' But, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'methinks, now you are in love with Madam Zenobia, the name of the Loveless Knight does not at all become you.'—' No, sure!' answered Don Quixote, 'I must change my name and devise; and I will consider of it this moment.'—' Hold a little, Sir,' replied the squire; 'as I gave you the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect last year, so will I endeavour to find another for you now.' This said, he was silent; and, scratching his head, began to deliberate. Don Quixote was not idle; but, though he himself was readier than most others in conceits of this nature, Sancho was too quick for him, and cried—' By St. Crispin, I have hit the nail on the head! God take me, if a man has but a good memory, he may invent what he pleases! I have found one of the bravest names for a knight that ever was hatched. You must call yourself "The Knight of the Robbers," in remembrance of him you ran through the back.'—' I do not like that name,' said Don Quixote; 'I will have one that may express the sentiments of my heart. You have not succeeded this time so well as you did the last, though you have taken more pains about it. I wonder how you could hit it off last year so exactly. This makes me think, that most curious inventions, most extraordinary discoveries, and most surprizing thoughts, in authors, are rather mere flights and accidental productions, than the work of much study and labour.'—' Well, then, Sir,' answered the squire, 'call yourself "The Knight of the Enchanted Lady," since Madam Zenobia is so. On my conscience, that is a rare name to be found off-hand! Is it not?'—' That is not amiss,' replied Don Quixote; 'but I have a wonderful fancy come into my head, and which I think I must follow. I will cause Queen Zenobia to be painted on my buckler, extending to me one of her delicate hands, which I shall kiss amorously; around shall be portrayed divers little Cupids, some sporting and fluttering about my sun-one, and others binding me in chains. As for my

name, I will take it from my buckler, according to the usual practice of knights-errant, and will be called "The Knight of the Cupids;" a name I like the better, because it will make some amends for that I bear at present.'—' Blessed Virgin!' quoth Sancho, 'where do you meet with all this? You must needs be a great scholar to contrive such a device. By my troth, I defy all the friars in Rome and Constantinople to find out a better!'

CHAP. II.

WHICH CONTAINS AS MUCH FOLLY AS ANY OF THE REST.

WHILST the squire was extolling his master's device, Don Alvaro came into the room. ' Dear Tarfe,' cried Don Quixote, going forward to meet him, ' how infinitely am I obliged to you! Had it not been for you, I had transgressed the laws of knight errantry, and laid an eternal blemish upon my reputation; but, God be praised! it is now out of danger; and, in compliance with our sacred rules, I am resolved to love the Queen of the Amazons. My name and my device will no longer offend your delicacy of sentiment; for, from henceforward, I will be called "The Knight of the Cupids." Thus saying, he proceeded to acquaint Don Alvaro in what manner he designed causing himself to be pourtrayed with Queen Zenobia on his buckler; which the Granadine highly approved of.—' I am overjoyed,' said he to the knight, ' both that you are in love, and that you have made so good a choice. But, Don Quixote,' added he, ' will not you immediately wait on Queen Zenobia, and apprise her of your intentions?'—' I shall take care how I do that,' answered the knight; ' a regular and discreet knight must not discover his passion so hastily. The gallant Don Briant of Macedon did not declare his love till he had placed his mistress on the throne of Antioch; I therefore will conceal mine till I have disengaged my prince, and caused her to be crowned Queen of the Island of Cyprus; yet, in the meanwhile, I may do all that behoves to an amorous knight. I will this moment

' moment change my name and device.'—' You are in the right,' answered Don Alvaro; ' and a painter must be sent for with all expedition.' Thus speaking, he called one of his pages, and in his ear bade him go out and bring the first painter he could meet with. Whilst he was giving his orders, Don Carlos, the count, and another gentleman, came in. ' Don Alvaro,' said the count to the Granadine, ' Don Carlos and I have brought Don Pedro de Luna with us, and are come to dine with you; but it is on condition that the great Don Quixote and his peerless princess be pleased to sup at my house this night, where there are several beauteous ladies impatient to see them.' The knight having accepted of the invitation—' I was very well satisfied,' said Don Carlos, ' that Don Quixote wculd not deny the ladies such a favour; for, though he be resolved to stile himself the Loveless Knight, yet he is, nevertheless, the most accomplished cavalier in the world.'—' Don Carlos,' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, ' with your leave, my master is no longer "The Loveless Knight;" he is now called "The Knight of the Cupids;" for he is in love with Madam Zenobia.' Don Quixote confirmed his squire's report; and, whilst Don Carlos and the count were congratulating him on this happy alteration, the page who had been sent to summon a painter returned. ' Well, have you found a painter?' said his master. ' I have, Sir,' answered the page; ' and I can assure you he is the best master in Spain at drawing from the life.'—' Such a one we would have,' quoth Don Alvaro; ' bid him come up.' The painter, who was instructed by the page, and had wit enough for a dauber, was accordingly introduced; and, when he had saluted the company—' Gentlemen,' said he, ' what is your will with me?'—' Sir,' quoth Don Alvaro, ' you must now exert the utmost of your art: you are to paint forthwith the matchless Don Quixote de la Mancha, who is here present, and his peerless mistress, who will soon appear.'—' Gentlemen,' answered the painter, ' you know it does not be seem a man to praise himself; I will not, therefore, extatiate on my own excellences; but content myself with telling you, that I draw like

' Michael Angelo, that I colour like Titian, and that I have all the graces of Raphael. I will exert my utmost endeavours to be called for the future "The Hero of La Mancha's Apelles."'

—' Gentlemen,' said the count, ' Don Quixote is fallen into good hands. I am acquainted with this famous painter, and can assure you his skill is not inferior to his modesty: he has such surprizing freedoms and rapidity of pencil, that I dare undertake he will, in three hours time, paint Don Quixote and Queen Zenobia with all their adventures, which is no small piece of work.'—' That is most certain,' quoth the painter; ' and you need only put me upon the trial whensoever you please.'—' Don Quixote,' said Don Alvaro, ' you know these great men have no time to lose; we must send to desire Queen Zenobia's presence into this room, which is fitter for the purpose than her own.'—' Well, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, ' go see whether it be day with the queen, and tell her an excellent painter expects her here.'—' Yes, yes, Sir!' answered the squire; ' I know where she lies, and I will go fetch her to rights presently.' He accordingly went and knocked at the chamber-door, crying—' Soho! Ma-dam Zenobia! awake, if you please!' The princess, who had not spent the night like her lover, was then getting up. She knew the squire by his voice; and, opening the door, said—' My dear friend Sancho, is it you? What wind blew you hither this morning? Can I do you any service?'—' No, I thank God!' answered the squire; ' I only come to bid you dress yourself quickly, and go down: there is a painter below that asks for you.'—' A painter!' cried Barbara; ' what would he have with me?'—' There is a great deal of news,' answered Sancho; ' my master has invented a new device, fit for the three kings of the east: he will have you and himself painted on his buckler, with other comical figures; and all this because he fell in love with you last night.'—' It is impossible!' cried Barbara. ' Yes, faith!' quoth the squire; ' in spite of your fear, there is nothing more certain! You would never have thought it, I will warrant you: you are very fortunate to be mistress to such an ancient

' ancient knight as my master Don Quixote. Egad, when the scholar left you in the wood, and gave you so many kicks on the guts, you did not think it was for your good! — ' To tell you the truth, Sancho,' replied the tripewoman, ' I cannot believe all you say. Had your master fallen in love with me last night, he would have come himself and told me so.' — ' Oh! you are out there,' quoth Sancho, ' knights-errant do not do like other men; they do not disclose their secrets so soon. Before they come to that, they must play on the lute, they must sing, they must weep their belly-full, and must despair in the woods; and, in short, they begin by penance, which is quite contrary from others. But I will tell you no more; for my master Don Quixote will not have you know that he is in love with you as yet; and, since squires are not to blab what relates to their masters, I am glad I only let slip a word by the by. Dress yourself quickly, and follow me down.'

When Barbara was dressed, she went down; and the squire conducted her into the room where the company was assembled. ' Gentlemen,' said he, ' here I bring you Queen Zenobia ready saddled and bridled.' Don Quixote, luckily, did not hear these words; for he was just then finishing the explication of his device to the painter. When every body had saluted the princess, the painter, looking round upon her, was so staggered, that our knight could not help seeing it; he therefore said to him— ' Signior Painter, I perceive you are astonished at being unable to disclose those divine beauties in the queen which I described to you: but you must understand this princess is enchanted, and consequently bears not her natural form. I desire you, therefore, to pourtray her, not as she now appears, but as she will be after her disenchantment. If you would draw a picture that shall admirably resemble her, you need but add to Venus's beauty the majesty and lofty air of Pallas, and you cannot err essentially.' — ' Fear me not, Sir,' quoth the dauber; ' I will execute it charmingly. We draw such pictures every day: it is very seldom we draw the ladies as they really are.' — ' Queen

Zenobia,' said Don Quixote, ' needs not to be flattered; and if you do not believe me, ask Don Alvaro; who, being dubbed a knight, possesses the same privilege that I do of beholding the queen as she is in reality.' — ' On the word of a knight-errant,' replied the Granadine, ' she is a beautiful princess: her hair, which looks half black, half grey, is the most exquisite flaxen in the world; that wrinkled forehead is as smooth as glass; that scar appears like a rainbow; and, in short, her whole face is a wonder of nature. Happy, a thousand times happy, that knight who shall enjoy the bliss of expiring for love at the sight of her amiable little foot!' — ' Nay, as for her little foot,' quoth Sancho, ' in troth, I will never allow of that! I have seen the princess's foot, and I do not think the great Turk has such another.' — ' I grant you,' answered Don Alvaro, ' that the queen may have a very large foot; but it must be observed, that she, being an Amazon, cannot have been so tenderly bred as other princesses. She is an infanta enured to the most laborious exercises; and, in short, a heroine bred in the *corps de garde*, and in the camp.' — ' Besides,' said Don Carlos, ' that is rather a perfection than a fault; for there are local beauties; and I have been told that great feet are in as much request in Cappadocia as little ones are in Spain.' — ' That may very well be,' quoth the painter; ' for nations differ in fancy: but, to return to Queen Zenobia, I must tell you the truth, that, being no knight-errant, she looks to me most dreadfully. Yet must I allow, that, even under this deformity, I can descry, methinks, something curious; though, indeed, so confusedly as to be scarce worth mentioning.' Barbara, a little nettled at this discourse, could not help putting in her word; and, with her ordinary simplicity, said— ' Aye, gentlemen! I know I am now old and ugly; but I was not always so. I once had no grey hair, nor scar on my face; and in my young r days, as simply as I look here, I have received a many billet-doux as a lady-abhels: but every one that would, could not come at me. I was so reserved, that, of fifty scholars that courted me, I turned off

'almost half.' This artless declaration set the company a laughing; but Don Quixote, assuming a double portion of gravity, said to them—' Re-spect, gentlemen, I beseech you, that the queen's intellects are disordered, and that her present conversation is the effect of enchantment.—Come, Signior Painter, can you begin your work immediately?'—'I can, Sir,' replied the painter; 'I have all things in readiness: but if you are desirous that the portrait should be extremely like, I must request that Queen Zenobia will have the goodness to withdraw herself; for the sight of her would spoil all. I must rely on my own imagination to furnish me with features.'—'Well, gentlemen,' quoth Don Alvaro, 'let us then leave the artist here to his work, and go down to dinner, for I believe it is ready.' Upon this, they all quitted the room; and the painter, having ordered Don Quixote's buckler to be brought him, immediately fell to work.

C H A P. III.

WHICH OUGHT TO BE READ WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

DURING dinner, the company fell into a conversation upon the magnanimous adventures of our hero; in the course of which, the count, as in a sort of transport, exclaimed—'Ah, Sirs! what a subject of admiration will this be to after-ages! With what amazement will they read the incredible account of such heroick actions, provided some wise enchanter, a friend to Don Quixote, delivers them more faithfully than the Arab Cid Hamet Benengeli!'—'That author,' quoth Don Quixote, 'is my mortal enemy; and his work a series of falsehoods.'—'Why, have you read it?' quoth Don Carlos.—'I have seen it,' answered the knight; 'but I did not vouchsafe to read it through.'—'To speak truly,' said the count, 'he ridicules most of your actions: sometimes he makes you take mills for giants, and sometimes flocks of sheep for armies. In short, according to his account, you are a mere visionary; and, if a man may credit him, there never were any en-

chanters nor knights-errant in the world, whatever the Palmerins and the Amadises can say to the contrary.'—'By this,' answered Don Quixote, 'you may perceive that he is a rash writer, with whom nothing is sacred or respectable; since he pays no regard to books of such authenticity.'—'That is the thing for which I can never forgive him,' said the count; 'but, laying this aside, and allowing his work to be no better than a comick romance, I assure you it is very diverting; nay, I look upon it to be a master-piece in its kind.'—'I cannot allow that,' said Don Pedro de Luna: 'I have found several faults in it; for I have the misfortune of being unable to read without making my reflections; which is the reason I cannot laugh, as others do, at several things that are not coherent or judicious.'—'As for your part,' answered the count, 'I know you do not like these sort of books; you delight only in serious works.'—'So far from it,' replied Don Pedro, 'that I am very fond of good raillery; and nothing displeases me more than the serious discourses I frequently meet with in that book, and, for the most part, nothing to the purpose.'—'I admire the diversity of tastes,' said the count; 'I know some who like no part of the work but those very passages.'—'I am not of their opinion,' quoth Don Pedro: 'I would not have a comick romance stuffed with frigid dissertations, and dull lectures on morality. Benengeli, with his leave, sets up too much for a politician; he does not at all apprehend tiring the reader's patience. For instance; when he makes Don Quixote talk for an hour together of the use of arms and letters, what is all that to the purpose? On the contrary, how intolerably tedious is it: an effusion of bad rhetorick, scarce worthy a school-boy.'—'However,' said the count, 'that very book is now all the diversion of the town and court.'—'That does not save it,' quoth Don Pedro, 'from being full of faults in point of judgment, of contradictory adventures, and of defects in nature or probability: I will convince you of it whenever you please.'—'You will oblige me,' answered the count; 'for I must confess I have not observed

' observed any absurdity in it.'—' For my part,' said Don Carlos, ' I read it since I came to Madrid; but I was so wholly taken up with the base reflections I found in it against Don Quixote, that I did not mind any of the rest.'—' I have read it too,' quoth Don Alvaro; ' and I must own I formed the same judgment with Don Pedro. Methinks Benengeli makes his hero too much a moral philosopher: besides, he has so little regard for probability; that is, nature and reason; that there is scarce an adventure in the whole work which has not some circumstance added to it that renders it impossible. Besides, I find he is too fond of making sport, and that he chuses rather to forget his characters, than to lose the opportunity of breaking a jest. This he does in some of his very first chapters, when he makes the peasant, who carries Don Quixote home, exclaim—" Open your gates to the valiant Valdovinos, and the great Marquis of Mantua, who come home sorely wounded from the field, together with the Moor Abindar-raez, who drags in captivity the valorous—" I do not recollect the rest: I must confess, my memory is bad; for, though I have read these odd names several times, I cannot remember them so well as the peasant, who yet never heard them but once, and that confusedly, amidst abundance of mad talk.'—' Your remark here is very just,' said Don Carlos; ' the peasant ought to have numbered those names, which would have in no wise hurt the jest, and the character of a peasant would have been more closely adhered to.'—' The author commits the same fault again,' quoth Don Pedro de Luna, ' when Don Quixote and his squire discovered the fulling-mills: Sancho, in raillery, is made to repeat, word for word, all his master said to him the night before, when he resolved to try that dreadful adventure. Sure the peasants of Toboso must have excellent memories!'—' In troth,' quoth Sancho, ' the dog of an Arab lyed when he said so. How would the whelp have me repeat a long speech from one end to the other? How should I do it above all men, who could not remember one word of the letter my master Don Quixote

wrote in Sierra Morena to Madam Dulcinea del Toboso; and yet he read it to me several times, that I might have it in my noddle, in case I happened to lose Cardenio's pocket-book.'—' There, gentlemen,' said the count, ' you criticise without reason: that passage must be taken in the most favourable sense; and though Benengeli says that Sancho repeated all his master spoke, word for word, it is plain he only meant the sense of it.'—' That is good,' answered Don Pedro; ' the author tells us an improbable story, and you would lay the blame on the readers, as if they were bound to supply his defects, and to believe he did not mean as he says. But what do I talk of meaning? Does he not make Sancho use the very same words his master had done before? Let us not insist on those trifles: let us proceed to the adventures.'—' Hold, gentlemen,' said Don Alvaro; ' we must first examine the chapter, which gives an account how Don Quixote was knighted: it would not be proper to pass that over in silence. Don Quixote kneels down before the host, and begs he will knight him, that he may be capable of seeking adventures in all parts of the world, relieving the distressed, and punishing wicked persons, according to the laws of knight-errantry. Attend, I entreat you, to the host's answer. He commends Don Quixote for his noble resolution; observes, that he himself once followed that honourable exercise; and, to convince him, adds, that he has visited several parts of the world in quest of adventures, 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. Pray, my lord, are not these jests very ill placed there, and wholly nonsensical? And would not such an account startle a man so well versed in the laws of knight-errantry as Don Quixote is? and yet Don Quixote takes no notice of it.'—' Benengeli is an impostor,' answered Don Quixote, ' the Castellan who knighted me said no such thing; and had he said it, I would never have received the glorious character of a knight-errant at his hands.'—' Since we are got into that chapter,'

said Don Carlos, ‘ pray, gentlemen, do not you admire the temper of the mule-drivers that were in the inn? Don Quixote wounds two of their companions dangerously; and they, in revenge, begin throwing of stones at him: the host bids them hold their hands; telling them that he is a mad man, and they presently give over. I fancy those people, when once provoked, do not so easily hearken to reason.—Is it not true, friend Sancho?’—‘ Not truly, Don Carlos,’ answered the squire, ‘ you need not break those people’s heads to heat their blood; I am as well acquainted with those sparks as any man, and I can assure you they are very free of their cudgels.’

‘ Let us come to the adventures,’ said Don Pedro; ‘ and, to begin with that of the Biscainer, I find one circumstance in it which perplexes me. The author says, that at the instant Don Quixote made at the Biscainer with his arm lifted up, the said Biscainer snatched a cushion out of the coach, and made use of it instead of a buckler: I must confess I cannot comprehend that. I will grant it might not be so large as those generally used for the seats of coaches are, and that it was not made fast with leathern straps, as is usual; but still the ladies are sitting on it; the coach was full; Don Quixote pressed on; now how could he get out the cushion in so short a time? I would fain clear up this, and endeavour, with the author, to make it appear possible, but I cannot do it.’—‘ And in the adventure of the Benedictines,’ said Don Alvaro, ‘ can you conceive in what manner they were able to tear off Sancho’s beard, so as not to leave a hair behind them? But the count here will say, that Benengeli designed to make us laugh; and I must own that it is a very pleasant story.’—‘ You are wonderful at observation,’ answered the count; ‘ if you have nothing more material to urge, you may be sure, that the merry companions, who laugh at it, will not side with you.’—‘ Have a little patience,’ replied the Granadine; ‘ the author says, that Sancho was mounted on an ass, and had no sword; and in another place Don Quixote bids his squire be sure not to

draw his sword to assist him, whatever danger he is in. Is not this a contradiction?’—‘ I grant it,’ quoth the count; ‘ but these are very poor objections. Shew me one adventure which wants probability in the relation, and which contains any palpable contradictions or absurdities.’—‘ I will,’ answered Don Pedro; ‘ it is easy to give you that satisfaction: for instance; let us examine the story of the galley-slaves; perhaps, we may there find very great want of judgment. “The chain of galley-slaves,” says Benengeli, “was convoyed by four men, two on horseback, and two on foot: the horsemen were armed with firelocks, and those on foot with swords and halberds.” We, who are acquainted with the Knight of La Mancha’s strength and valour, must not wonder that he should put these conductors of the slaves to flight; but I admire that the author, who describes him in old armour with a coat over it; a scurvy lance made of the bough of a tree, in his hand; a barber’s basin on his head; mounted on a very poor horse, and followed only by an unarmed peasant; did not take notice that, in such an equipage, Don Quixote was little likely to frighten four men so well armed.’—‘ You are too nice,’ said the count; ‘ this book was not intended to be so strictly examined, but merely for diversion.’—‘ It would be a pity,’ answered Don Pedro, ‘ to give you a perfect work to read; and, if all the world were like you, it would be needless to take so much pains to write what is proper and judicious.’—‘ If you can find nothing else in the adventure,’ said the count, ‘ to displease you, this over-fight is not worth speaking of.’—‘ It will not come off so easily,’ replied Don Pedro: ‘ the author says, “The galley-slaves had chains about their necks, and hand-bolts on their wrists;” and he adds that, “Gines de Passamonte had, over and above all the rest, such a chain at his heels, that it was wound about his body; two collars round his neck, one of which was made fast to the chain; and the other had two irons fixed to it which reached down to his waist, fitted with a pair of hand-bolts, and secured by two heavy padlocks; so

“that

“ that he could neither lift his hands
“ to his mouth, nor bow down his
“ head to his hands.” I cannot con-
ceive how those galley-slaves could
knock off their chains so soon, and
especially Gines de Passamonte, who
was loaded with so many irons and
padlocks. I would fain know how
such a difficult matter was so expedi-
tiously performed.—But you, San-
cho, can clear up this business, since
the author says it was by your assist-
ance that Gines got loose. Tell us,
then, what art you employed, or ra-
ther what miracle you wrought, to
compas it? What tools did you
make use of? Had you any files?’—
‘ Files!’ quoth Sancho; ‘ by my troth,
if all those chains must have been
filed, I should have had work enough
till Christmas! I will be hanged, if
a lock-smith, with all his tools, could
have done it under a week!’—‘ In-
form us how it was, then,’ said Don
Pedro. ‘ I will tell you,’ answered
the squire, ‘ here before my master Don
Quixote, who may disprove me, if I
do not speak the truth. You must
understand, that two of the galley-
slaves, who were not so fast as the
rest, contriving to break loose whilst
my master attacked the commissary,
began to throw stones at the other
guards so thick and smartly, that
they put them to flight: then they
stripped the commissary; and, taking
from him the keys of all those pad-
locks, which he carried about him,
they left him to follow his compani-
ons, and then we went into Sierra
Morena, where, with the keys, we
set loose all the galley-slaves.’—‘ San-
cho reports nothing but what is very
true,’ said Don Quixote; ‘ all the
slaves, except those two he tells you
of, were delivered from their irons in
Sierra Morena; and especially Gines
de Passamonte, whom we had much
ado to rid of his chains, though we
were masters of the keys.’—‘ The
thing now carries probability with
it,’ replied Don Pedro: ‘ but Be-
nenjeli tells it after another manner;
for first he acquaints us that the slaves
were fast bound, and then he says
they got loose, without shewing us
how. There is still another thing
which does not seem likely in my
opinion: he says that the galley-
slaves gathered about Don Quixote,

‘ to listen to a long speech he made
them; methinks, when they were
once free, they should have thought
of nothing but making their escape.
Do you imagine that men who stood
in dread of the Holy Brotherhood,
would wait so patiently to hear an
harangue?’—‘ No, faith,’ cried San-
cho; ‘ but, with the Arab’s leave, he
lyed: I can assure you they had not
the manners to hear my master out;
for, as fast as they were let loose,
they fled into the wood like so many
bucks, so great was their fear of the
Holy Brotherhood.’—‘ Since we are
upon this adventure,’ said Don Al-
varo, ‘ and I am so much concerned
for every thing that relates to my
friend Sancho, I would fain know
of him whether the galley-slaves stole
his cloak or not; for Benengeli ar-
gues on both sides of the question.—
He says, friend Sancho, that you had
made a wallet of your cloak, in
which you carried the provisions you
had taken from the ecclesiasticks who
accompanied the dead body: this
cloak, as it appears, you were plun-
dered of by the galley-slaves; and
yet, presently afterwards, he tells
us, that the provisions your ass car-
ried had escaped untouched. What
a contradiction this is!’—‘ Pox take
him!’ quoth Sancho, ‘ what a down-
right knave of an author is this, to
blow hot and cold in the same breath!
There is no doubt, gentlemen, but
that, if the galley-slaves had got the
least scent of our provisions, there
had been an end of them; and, faith,
my cloak is indebted a good candle
to the church. However, I have it
still, in spite of all the Arabs that
pretend to write histories; and when
I have worn it ten or twelve years
longer, I will send it to my little
daughter Sancha, to make her a wed-
ding-jerkin.’—‘ Gentlemen, I ad-
mit your observations are good,’ said
the count; ‘ yet, after all, you criti-
cise upon trifles.’—‘ I grant it,’ an-
swered Don Alvaro; ‘ but what is it
you would have us critics? Is there
any thing in the book but trifles?’—
‘ Trifles!’ replied the count; ‘ I will
maintain there are in it very solid
matters: though there were nothing
but the curate’s and barber’s trial of
Don Quixote’s library, that surely
must be allowed a piece of very plea-
sent,

' sант, acute, and judicious criticism.' — ' I allow it to be pleasant,' answered Don Pedro, ' but not acute: what a- ' cuteress is there in saying that one ' book is good, and another naught?' — ' What do you say?' replied the count. ' The curate criticises upon ' each book separately, and applauds ' or condemns it with admirable taste ' and judgment.' — ' Right,' quoth Don Pedro, smiling; ' and, to make ' good what you say, I remember, ' that the barber, taking up a book, ' and opening it, says— " This is the " Mirror of Chivalry."—" I have ' the honour to be acquainted with ' it," says the curate; " and, if my ' advice may be followed, it shall only ' be condemned to perpetual banish- ' ment, because it has something of ' Boyardo's invention, from whom the ' chaste Ariosto borrowed his. As ' for that Ariosto," adds the curate, ' if I meet with him in any language ' but his own, he must expect no ' mercy. To say the truth, I have a ' great esteem for him in his own lan- ' guage."—" I have him in Italian," ' quoth the barber, " but I understand ' him not."—" So much the better ' for you," answers the curate; " it ' is no great loss to you." Is this ' now the curate's wonderful judg- ' ment? He thinks Ariosto excellent ' in Italian, and yet he congratulates ' the barber for not understanding him. ' You see the curate contradicts him- ' self; and I would not advise your ' boasting of his decisions any more: ' for my part, I make no great account ' of him; especially since he is so fa- ' vorable to Galatea. He ought to ' have condemned her to the flames, if ' he would be thought an impartial and ' judicious critick.'

' Well, for all that, gentlemen,' quoth the count, ' Benengeli's Don Quixote is an incomparable book. All men of wit have approved of it; and you had best not make yourself singular.' — ' I don't question it,' answered Don Pedro; ' few men are sin- cere enough to own themselves wrong, and that they made a false judgment on a piece of wit. This is the rea- son why many ancient authors still continue in vogue; none will disown their first sentiments.' — ' I perceive,' quoth the count, ' you read these books with too much application; and I will warrant there is scarce one ad-

' venture in this book, but what you find defective somewhere. But at least own that the novels are excel- lent, and above your criticism.' — ' I shall not own that,' answered Don Pedro; ' and you cannot but grant yourself, that the story of the sheepherdess Marcella is of a tiresome length. Notwithstanding this, it contains no striking incident; and the whole of the affair is nothing but that the said Marcella had many lovers; that she rejected them all, and that her cruelty was the death of the shepherd Chrysostom. Nobody can help feeling the insipidity of that story. But now you talk of the amorous Chrysostom, pray let us say something of the fine verses that were read at his funeral.— ' What do you think of them, gentle- men? Have not they charmed you?' — ' O, now you put me in mind of them,' cried Don Carlos, ' good God! they are— but I will not say what, since they are under the count's protection.' — ' Nay, as for the verses,' replied the count, ' I leave them to you. Benengeli is a very indifferent poet; I never much relished his verse. But, to return to the novels in Don Quixote, that of the Impertinent Cu- riosity pleases me.' — ' It is well writ- ten,' quoth Don Pedro; ' but it is a detached piece, foisted in, and not to the purpose.' — ' That is true,' an- swered the count: ' but you know there are sometimes digressions which are better than the books themselves.' — ' No matter for that,' said Don Pedro; ' it is a fault; and Benengeli ought to have avoided it, which might easily have been done without great stretch of imagination. As for the story of the captive, and the beautiful Zorayda, it is too verbose; but that is the author's style. Let us on to that of Dorothea.' — ' That is what I wish for,' quoth the count; I defy you to make the least criticism upon it.' — ' There you are mistaken again,' re- plied Don Pedro. ' Do but hear me without prepossession. Dorothea tells her story to the curate and his com- pany. She gives them a particular account of her misfortunes, in such terms as persuade them she is as full of affliction as her condition deserves. And yet, for all this, no sooner does the curate acquaint her that he de- signs to disguise the barber like a princess, in order to seduce Don

Quixote back to his village, but she, of her own accord, offers to play that part; assuring him that she can do it better than the barber. I would fain know of you, whether Dorothea, under all her misfortunes, was in a situation to take part in this comedy. When you would have me excuse the author for these errors in judgment, you put me in mind of the admirers of the old masters in painting. If you tell them, "Methinks the colouring of this piece is not good," they answer, That was not the master's talent. "Aye," but say you again, "this attitude is forced; this figure is ill sore shortened; the picture has two different lights;" it is true, say they; but that is a licence they take; the greatest masters have done the same. Such pieces as this are not to be examined after this manner; we must consider the connexion, the whole together, and a sort of I know not what to call it, which is altogether divine.'—' There is no answering what you say,' replied Don Alvaro; 'and, to tell you my opinion of Dorothea's story, to me it seems almost all of it remote from probability. I cannot believe, that a young maid, genteelly bred, could have the courage and resolution to put on men's cloaths, and serve a peasant in a frightful mountain: nor can I believe, that Dorothea could live three months with this peasant, without being discovered. Though her beauty had not betrayed her, yet she had very long hair, and a great deal of it; and how could she hide it under her cap? Nor is this all; we never find any body talk all alone in a desert; much less, so loudly as to be heard thirty or forty paces off. And yet Dorothea does all this. She talks by herself in the wood; and the curate and his company, though at a great distance from her, do not lose a single word. That may pass in heroick romances, where such wonders are allowed of; but not in comick ones, where all the actions of life are to be naturally represented. I should never have done, should I tell you all that displeases me in this story.'—' And what do you think of Cardenio's?' said the count. ' It has more of probability,' answered the

Granadine. ' Cardenio does nothing but what is possible.'—' You are in the right,' quoth Don Pedro; ' his madness is well contrived, and excellently delineated. But, however, when I find all on a sudden that he is no longer mad, without any intimation how he came by his wits again; that, indeed, is a wonder I do not understand. I see him perfectly frank as soon as Don Quixote talks to him of romances; and presently after, when he sees the comedy of the Prince of Micomicona acted, and bears a part in it himself, he is not moved at all. Methinks the author ought to have taken some notice of this sudden change; for nothing had happened to Cardenio to restore him to his right senses: he had not yet found his Lucinda. On the contrary Dorothea's adventures, the recital whereof he had heard, and which bore great affinity to his own, should have excited violent commotion in him; and then, again, when he sees Don Ferdinand, his mortal enemy, and the cause of all his sufferings, should he not, in all probability, become absolutely furious? What was it that had so perfectly cured him? I cannot imagine why Benengeli forgot to give us an account of that. I am willing to forgive him all the impertinent circumstances he generally thrusts into the relation of every adventure, provided he does not omit those which are necessary.'—' Gentlemen,' said the count, ' I am almost persuaded that you are in the right; and perceive that books without faults are scarcer than I imagined. I protest, from this time forward, I will read witty books with more attention, and not give my approbation so hastily.' The discourse being ended, they all arose from table, and adjourned up stairs to the painter. Sancho followed Don Alvaro's pages, and went to dinner with them.

CHAP. IV.

OF QUEEN ZENOBLIA'S PICTURE,
AND OF THE EXCITEMENT OF
SANCHO'S LAUGHTER.

THE dauber had not been at work more than two hours, and yet he had laid about him with his pencil so lustily,

lustily, that he had not only compleated Don Quixote and his Hacked-face princesses, but all the little Cupids into the bargain. And, to say truth, the whole was as curiously executed as if it had been intended for an alehouse sign. The figures were all cripples: the knight of La Mancha had unfortunately one leg four times larger than the other; and, with respect to Queen Zenobia, besides that her head hung hideously awry, her nose, mouth, and chin, were in immediate contact. Her hair was magnificently frizzled; but in a style not ill suited to one of the Furies. The Cupids, indeed, were somewhat less detestable; but they bore up, in the form of garlands, long links of hog-puddings and sausages, knotted at proper distances with sprigs of laurel; ornaments, which, in the painter's judgment, accorded, infinitely better than wreaths of flowers, with the tripe-woman of Alcala. The Granadine and his company, not expecting to find the princess's picture so richly decorated, had some difficulty to preserve their seriousness of countenance. The artist himself was as well disposed to laugh as any of them. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I must request you will examine my performance closely. I flatter myself it will not displease you.'—'I am amazed,' answered Don Carlos, 'that you could perform so rarely in so short a time.'—'You must not wonder at that,' replied the painter: 'when a man has so much liberty of thought allowed him, the execution costs nothing. The boldest and most animated strokes are for the most part the work of a moment. But, gentlemen, what say you to Don Quixote? Do you think I have expressed him with that noble mien, and that austere look, for which men respect and ladies love him?'—'You have certainly,' answered Don Carlos: 'and, indeed, seeing him thus armed at all points, and kneeling before the young and beautiful Zenobia, a man might well take him for the god of war, making humble suit to the goddess Cytherea.'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'let us rather admire the portrait of the queen. How warm and fresh is that colouring! What a noble air in that head! How graceful is that face! I do not think that, among the antiquities

of Rome, there is a piece of painting comparable to this portrait: it effaces Raphael's Galatea, the Medicean Venus, and even that of Titian himself.—Yes, Signior Artist,' continued he, 'the vigour of your pencil has most happily realized every perfection the imagination can conceive.'—'Signior Don Quixote,' replied the painter, 'you having yourself assured me that the beauty of Queen Zenobia was unparalleled, I have combined all the peculiar excellences of the most celebrated princesses of antiquity to express it. I have given her the front of Helen, the mouth and nose of Penelope, the chin of Andromache, Angelica's eyes, Niquea's complexion, and the neck of Dido.'—'By uniting all these,' said Don Quixote, 'you have represented the queen, such as she will appear after that I have disengaged her.'—'God be praised!' replied the painter; 'but I pray you, however, to take notice of one thing: if the princess should chance not to be so beautiful as I have drawn her, you shall answer for it yourself, since I took your word for it; and I declare I wash my hands of that.'—'Do not trouble yourself,' replied Don Alvaro; 'you will never suffer any discredit upon that account. The Infanta of the Amazons, when disenchanted, will be still more beautiful than her picture; for she will then be as charming as she is now frightful.' As he finished these words, the squire to the Knight of the Cupids entering the room—'Come hither, Sancho,' said he, 'and tell us what you think of these pictures.' The squire drew near, and began to gaze on them with all his eyes; but, when he had surveyed all parts very attentively, the garlands so powerfully tickled his fancy, that he burst into a roar of laughter. 'Friend Sancho,' quoth the count, 'may we know what it is you laugh at so heartily?' The squire made no answer; but laughed on, holding his sides as if they would crack. 'Tell us, thou brute,' quoth Don Quixote, 'what it is thou laughest at so like a madman?'—'Pray, Sir, be not angry,' answered Sancho; 'I can assure you, at this time, I neither laugh at you, nor at the princess: it is at those fancies the Cupids hold in their hands.'—'The garlands, you mean?' said Don Quixote.

ote. ‘What the devil is there in them so ridiculous as to cause this immoderate laughter?’—‘By my troth, Sir,’ answered the squire, ‘there is my plaguy cheating sight come in play again! You will never guess at what I see. Faith, the enchanters are queer wags! Instead of those garlands you see, they look to me like black-puddings and sausages!’ These words made the company titter. ‘Sancho, Sancho!’ cried Don Carlos, ‘put on your spectacles. Can you then mistake the garlands of myrtle and laurel for black puddings and sausages?’—‘Nay, pray, Sir,’ replied the squire, ‘when a man is enchanted, he does not see as he would, I can assure you. If you should tell me they are garlands ever so often, I cannot help it; for my part, I shall still see nothing but black-puddings; and puddings so well painted, that a body would think they could speak!’—‘Gentlemen,’ said Don Quixote, ‘I am glad you are witnesses yourselves of this surprizing prodigy. Now let Benengeli talk on, and say there are neither enchanters nor enchantments. Is it natural, that what to every one of us appears like garlands, should appear quite otherwise to my squire?’ All the gentlemen allowed that Don Quixote was in the right, and began to make sport with Sancho’s enchantment. The knight then desired his portmanteau might be brought, to bestow some ducats on the dauber; but the generous artist, whom Don Alvaro had privately satisfied for his trouble, utterly refused pecuniary compensation; assuring Don Quixote that the honour of having painted the greatest knight and most beautiful princess in the world, was to him recompence sufficient. When night drew on, two coaches were ready; the count and his brother-in-law went into one coach, together with Don Quixote and his lady; Don Alvaro, Don Pedro, and Sancho, got into the other; and all departed together for the count’s house.

C H A P. V.

OF WHAT HAPPENED AT THE COUNT’S HOUSE OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE BLACK SQUIRE,

AND OF THE CONQUEST OF THE ISLAND OF FORCEMEAT-BALLS BY THE VALOUR OF SANCHO.

AS soon as the count came home, he led Don Quixote and Zenobia into his sister’s apartment; where several ladies expected them with all the impatience natural to women who design to divert themselves at their neighbour’s cost. ‘At length, ladies,’ said the count to them, ‘I have brought you hither the hero of La Mancha, that great and gallant knight, of whom you have been told so many wonders.’ The ladies made their profound obeisance to Don Quixote, and received him in the most serious manner they were able; but, when they espied the scarified tripewoman, with her gaudy cloaths, her irregular shape, and weather-beaten physiognomy, they could not possibly withstand an object so ridiculous; they all burst out a laughing; and this threw the gentlemen and pages into such a violent fit, that the Knight of the Cupids was not at all pleased with the harmony. It scandalized him so extremely, that, though he professed himself the most devoted servant of the fair-sex, I cannot tell but he might have forgotten that profound respect which he naturally bore them, if Don Carlos, who was apprehensive of it, had not wisely said to him—‘Don Quixote, you perceive these fair ladies have not been informed that Queen Zenobia is enchanted; and therefore form their judgment from external appearances.’ The ladies, hearing these words, assumed serious countenances, and made their apologies to the knight; who told them, that the next day he intended to begin to maintain the Queen of the Amazons beauty against all the knights of the court. ‘But pray, Sir Knight,’ said one of the ladies, ‘had you not better delay this till the princess is disenchanted? Methinks she would then be in a better condition to make good the assertion?’—‘No, Madam,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘for, after her disenchantment, she will appear so full of all sort of perfections, that no knight will presume to maintain his malice against her. The sight of her, like that of the peerless Niobe, will overcome sense and reason, and I shall

' not then have the satisfaction of commanding for her beauty; which, I can assure you, is a very poignant pleasure. I therefore lay hold on the present opportunity, whilst Queen Zenobia is in a condition that does not deprive me of the hopes of finding some knight who will combat me.'—' Nay, by my troth,' cried Sancho, ' let those knights come before us! My master Don Quixote will, by down-right dint of cuffs with his gauntlet, make them all own that Madam Zenobia outstrips all the court-ladies, as well as the mules.' This sudden flight set them all a laughing; and Don Carlos, to bring the squire's hand in, said to him—' Friend Sancho, with your master's leave, pray relate to these ladies all that has befallen you since you left Saragossa.'—' With all my heart,' quoth Sancho; ' for I am in very good humour to give the ladies any satisfaction.'—' Take heed, then,' said Don Quixote; ' speak with circumspection, and be not guilty of any extravagances.'—' Nay, faith, Sir,' replied the squire, ' I must tell your adventures! Let me alone; I will go talk like an apothecary; all my sentences shall be words.' Thus saying, he began the recital of his own and his master's adventures with such quaintness and volubility of language, as afforded infinite entertainment to the ladies. He had not yet finished, for he never gave over of his own accord, when a page entered the apartment, and announced aloud, that there attended in the anti-chamber a person extraordinarily habited, and blacker than the devil, who desired to speak with that company. ' Let him come in,' said the count; ' let us see what he is, and what he would have.' The door thereupon opened, and in came Don Carlos's secretary, disguised much after the same manner as when he personated the ambassador at Saragossa. His face was smeared with soot; he had on a long robe of black velvet; a tall cap adorned with feathers; great pendants at his ears; and about his neck a vast ruff, painted with all the colours in the rainbow, and embellished with several chains of gold and silver, to which hung a prodigious number of medals and steel-plates: he had no sword, but a great dagger hung by his

side. When he entered, he did not pull off his cap; but, advancing into the middle of the apartment without paying deference to any body, he exclaimed—' Princes and princesses here present, you see here before you Hailmet Salducean Micronsfa Morocco the Smoaky, tyrannical governor of the Island of the Force-meat Balls, discreet and only squire to the haughty giant Bramarbas Ironsides, King of Cyprus, overseer of his pleasures, &c. I come to seek the arrogant Knight of La Mancha.'—' Here he is!' cried Don Quixote; ' what would you have with him?'—' I come to tell you,' said the black squire, ' that my master is at present at Valladolid; where, in a tournament, he has slain above two hundred knights with a mace of steel, given him by his friend the Moorish enchanter, and which is the same the dreadful Giant Brumaleon formerly used, when in one battle he slew eight thousand knights-errant. He impatiently longs to knock out your brains; and he will do it whensoever you please.'—' Go back to your master,' answered Don Quixote; ' bid him repair to this town immediately! That wretch has too long sullied the light of the sun by his execrable life! Be gone without lingering; and tell him that he may appear before me with his fatal club, which I fear as little as Don Lucidanor of Thessaly did Grindalaso's!'—' Before I go back,' replied Morocco, ' I must be revenged of your squire Sancho Panza. I have been informed that he insolently vaunts himself to be a braver fellow than I: if he is in this company, I challenge him to single combat. I will tear his body into a thousand fragments, and cast them to be devoured by the birds of the air!'

Sancho making no answer to these threats, but rather seeming desirous to hide himself behind Don Quixote, the count said to him—' How now, Sancho! do not you answer these menaces?'—' I am not here at present!' quoth Sancho; ' let Mr. Morocco come another time, and perhaps I may be. He may knock at another door, for this is not like to be opened.'—' O are you there!' cried the black squire: ' you are a hen-hearted fellow to say you are not here.'—' And you are a woodcock,'

' woodcock,' answered Sancho, ' to say I am here, whether I will or no. By thunder and lightning, if you put me into a passion, and I once lay my talons on that hell-cook face, you may have cause to remember me the longest day you have to live! Take my word for it, drunks do not like dry raisins. I do not love fooling; "and when an old dog shews his teeth, the best way is to keep off."— "Great talkers are commonly little doers," answered Morocco; ' and I am mistaken if you accept of my challenge.'— 'If he did not accept of it,' replied Don Quixote, ' would he be worthy to be my squire?'— 'Cheer up, Sanch; let these ladies see that you are not inferior in valour to any squire in the universe.'— 'Very good, Sir!' quoth Sancho; ' I knew you would not forbear meddling in this business. Why the plague must I fight to humour every body? Was it for that I listed myself again in knight-errantry? No, marry! I came to be your squire, to receive my wages, and to look after Rozinante and your worship: and, after all, what do we get by our combats? Why, crackle l'crown's, battered jaws, and tossings in a blanket!'— ' Well, then,' quoth the smoaky squire, ' since your valour is so mercenary, and you do not like fighting without profit, I will make a proposition, which I think ought to be very acceptable to you. If you overcome me, I will yield up to you the government of the Island of the Force-meat Balls.' All the company approved of the prize; and Sancho, encouraged by the hopes of gaining it, said to the black squire— ' Master Morocco, upon those terms I am even content to fight you, provided it be not with a sword; for the devil is mischievous, and we may chance, when we least think of it, to run the point into our eyes.'— ' That is to say,' cried Morocco, ' that you are afraid of a sword. Well, then, we will say no more of it; neither ought we to make use of it, because we are not yet dubbed knight.'— ' If so,' answered the Squire of La Mancha, ' we surely ought not to offend against the laws of chivalry.'— ' Heaven forbid!' quoth the smoaky squire; ' I have observed them at in-

' violably as I do my grandmother's instructions: and so we will endeavour, if you please, to satisfy ourselves with simple bayonets.'— ' No, no!' cried Sancho, ' that will not do neither; bayonets are too like swords; and ill accidents may happen!'— ' What weapons will you fight with, then?' said Morocco. ' What better weaponsthan our caps?' answered Sancho. ' We will stand at a good distance, and throw them at one another; and then it will be bad luck if we have much need of lint or plasters when the combat is ended.'— ' You do not mind what you said,' replied the black squire: ' people would think we were in jest; and we are not now talking of making sport, but of fighting in good earnest.'— ' Stay till next winter,' quoth the Squire of La Mancha, ' and we will then pelt one another with snow-balls; or else let us now fall to fisticuffs.'— ' Be it at fisticuffs,' answered Morocco; ' I am content our difference be so decided. The government of my island is well enough worth a bout at fisticuffs: but, before we come to blows, we must agree in all points, and settle the conditions of the combat. If I am overcome, as I told you, my island is yours; but, if I conquer you, I will shut you up in a tower, where you shall be allowed but a pound of bread a week.'— ' If so, I am off again,' quoth Sancho. ' Why so, monster!' cried Don Quixote. ' Did you ever hear that the conditions of the combat hindered any from fighting? Do not all men fight as if they were sure to overcome, without regarding the conditions, though ever so hard? It is a custom generally received in knight-errantry.'— ' So much the worse, Sir,' answered Sancho; ' it is good to look before one leaps.' A man must think he may lose when he sits down to play; but especially we, who have such dogged ill luck, that, for the most part, we come off but finely. D'ye mark, Sir, that my hands are as cool as another's, I can assure you I do not make too fair of the victory; and, for right I know, the battle might end in the tower and the pound of bread; and then, hang me! I had rather the devil had taken the island, and all the devils it has had since the

' the two thieves died!—' Go to, fear nothing, my son,' said Don Quixote. ' If you have the ill fortune to be overcome, I swear to you, before all the princesses here present, that I will force the King of Cyprus to restore you to me safe and sound! That shall be the first condition of my combat.' Sancho, encouraged by this promise, at length resolved on action. Then the two squires divided the field of battle betwixt them; and, running together, began to give one another some hard bangs: but the victory did not long continue dubious, the Squire of La Mancha had soon the advantage; for the secretary, being a tender youth, was more tenible of the blows than his adversary, who was strong and hardy. Preferring, therefore, the surrender of his island to any additional pummelling, after enduring four or five sound cuffs, he demanded a cessation; which being granted—' I perceive,' said he, ' that the immortal gods favour my enemy. I was in hopes he would have fallen by my valour; and I thought to have kept him to a sort of diet that would have brought him to a delicate shape; but, since the gods will have him to continue roand and fat, that he may at last die of an apoplexy, it would be to no purpose to oppose the Divine Will. I therefore give over the battle, and confess myself conquered.'—' Then your island is mine?' cried Sancho. ' It belongs of right to you,' answered the black squire; ' and you may take possession of it when you please: I only desire time to remove my effects.'—' What the devil is the meaning of all this?' said the victorious squire. ' Is an island then to be won at the first cast of the dice? Does a man become a governor in the twinkling of an eye? Am I drunk or asleep? I am sensible I have not supped yet, and that I have received some cuffs with the fist!'—' Be not surprized, son Sancho!' cried Don Quixote; ' islands and empires are gained no otherwise in knight-errantry. Do not you remember, when the hardships and fatigues of this profession caused you to murmur, that I used to bid you have patience and that you would one day reap the fruits of your labour. The day is come at last; you are a gover-

' nor! Now you cannot but own, that when knights promise their squires islands, they do not promise more than they can perform.'—' Nay, pray, Sir,' replied Sancho, ' do not mistake yourself: it was not you that gave me this government; I have earned it by my own industry, and you have contributed nothing towards it, unless you mumbled over some short prayer for my intention. But who the deuce would have thought that I should make my fortune at fisticuffs! I have given above a thousand in my time that never turned to any more account than if I had thrown them into the water. I find by my hand a man must know on whom he bestows them: there lies all the cunning. What was I the better the other night for giving the mule-driver two bangs? I was never the richer for it; but this bout I have thrashed good corn. Come of it what will, Sancho Panza is a governor! Well, I will even make much of myself, tumble about the ducats with a shovel, and laugh at the shorn and shaven!' These words he accompanied with the most extravagant tokens of exultation. Every one felicitated him on his conquest, and addressed him by no other title but—' My Lord Governor!

When it was supper-time, and the company had adjourned into the room, where the cloth was laid, the count said to the ladies—' I believe, fair princesses, you will not refuse our new governor Sancho to eat with us; you know we are bound to honour him; and it would not be good manners to send him to eat with our servants.'—' No, indeed!' answered one of the ladies; ' and, to honour him the more compleatly, I am of opinion that he sup apart with the most beautiful and the greatest lady in company; I mean, the Queen of the Amazons: for all the ladies here know their inferiority too well to equal themselves with such a princess.' This contrivance was generally approved of, especially by the ladies, who, though desirous of keeping up the diversion, yet could not endure such a mean creature as Barbara should sit by them. Don Quixote took the thing as it was said, and looked upon

the preference they gave his tripe-woman, as a piece of justice they could not refuse her. A little table was brought accordingly, with two plates; which Sancho perceiving — ‘ Come, ‘ Madam Queen,’ said he to Zenobia, ‘ let us sit down without any ceremony: we shall be better pleased to sup together than with all those gentlemen and ladies; for we shall not be obliged to eat little bits, and to drink by rule and measure.’ Barbara, though naturally impudent enough, could not but be a little out of countenance to see herself made the laughing-stock of the company: but she was not come so far to recant; and therefore, following Sancho’s example, she sat down at the little table. Don Quixote, the gentlemen, and the ladies, placed themselves about the great one; and, when they were all seated, the black squire, who was still present, said to Don Quixote — ‘ Farewel, Sir Knight! I am going back to Valladolid, to carry my master your answer.’ — ‘ Stay, Mr. Morocco,’ cried Sancho; ‘ give me some account of my island before you go: I must be informed how the people live there.’ — ‘ That is but reasonable,’ answered the black squire: ‘ and, to satisfy your curiosity, I must tell you, in the first place, that learning flourishes in your island; there are great men, who understand Greek, Arabick, Hebrew, Syriack, and High-Dutch. There are rare astrologers; who, in the night-time, put on their spectacles to star-gaze, and know exactly when it is night and when it is day. There are curious persons, who have so far dived into nature, that they have discovered the secret of reducing four ounces of gold to two, and of converting considerable revenues into smock and coals. Besides, you have abundance of poets in your island, who write elegies, ballads, songs, sonnets, satires, rondeaus, and tragedies in rhyme.’ — ‘ As for the poets,’ said the squire of La Mancha, ‘ I will give them whole handfuls of gold and silver to write verses for me, I love them so dearly.’ — ‘ Take heed what you design to do,’ said Don Quixote; ‘ be moderate in your presents: poets must be fed, but not fatigued; for wealth lays the Muses to

sleep instead of rouzing them.’ — ‘ Sir,’ replied the squire, ‘ when you are king of Cyprus, or emperor of Trabizond, you may do as you please: for my part, I will pay down upon the nail for what I bespeak, that it may not be said in my island that I do not give labourers their hire. I should be very sorry to get that ill name; governors have bad ones enough besides: in short, had you paid the Arab who wrote your history, he would not have told so many foolish tales of you.’ — ‘ I do not value his impostures,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ they are too gross to make any impression upon men of sense.’ — ‘ Ay, but, Sancho,’ said Don Alvaro, ‘ you do not consider that if you reward the poets, they will hide your faults, and will say nothing but the best of you.’ — ‘ Nay, faith,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ I do not design to pay them for speaking ill of me! — By your talk, gentlemen, one would think that poets were never to write but to abuse folks. Why, pray, are they not bound, as well as others, to conceal their neighbour’s faults, rather than to scandalize them?’ The ladies were wonderfully pleased with this discourse, and could not but admire Sancho’s simplicity, and his master’s judgment; for he reasoned with such propriety that it seemed incomprehensible how such a person could be the greatest madman in Spain. The new governor, whilst he satisfied his curiosity, failed not to stuff his carcass; and it was whimsical enough to see him, with his chaps crammed full, questioning the vanquished secretary. ‘ Mr. Morocco,’ quoth he, ‘ pray tell us what sort of humoured women are they in my island? Are they always spinning or lace weaving?’ — ‘ O no!’ answered the black squire; ‘ they love their pleasure too well to take so much pains: they are not restrained as the fashion is in this country; they enjoy an unbounded liberty. But, to give them their due, they make very good use of it. Every body commends their behaviour: none but their husbands find fault with it.’ — ‘ Why do they complain?’ quoth Sancho. ‘ Do not they find their dinners ready when they come home? Or do their wives look foul upon them?’ — ‘ Quite

' Quite contrary,' replied Morocco; ' it is because they find the cloth laid, and their wives in too good a humour; it is that vexes them. Maidam's good-humour puts Master out of humour.'—' Those are mere blockheads of husbands,' cried the squire of La Mancha, ' to be angry at what they ought to be pleased with.'—' You are in the right,' replied the smoaky squire: ' and the worst of it is, that these blockheaded husbands have no more wit than to make their complaints to the courts of justice; and the judges are so barbarous as to lock up their wives.'—' Oh, ho!' quoth Sancho; ' then there are judges in my government, too?'—' That there are, I can assure you,' answered Morocco; ' and very learned ones: why they understand their business so well, that they try causes fast asleep; and, as fast asleep as they are, they know how to ruin whole families.'—' O the knaves!' cried our governor; ' do not they think they shall pay for it when they are dead?'—' Not at all,' said the black squire; ' that does not at all disturb their consciences.'—' Nay, they are right,' quoth Sancho: ' after all, there is no great harm in that; for I have heard the prior of Toboso say, that all the harm we do in our sleep is forgiven us. And yet the families are nevertheless ruined. O those cursed vermin of judges! Cannot I drive them all out of my island?'—' Why would you banish them?' quoth Don Carlos. ' Body o'me!' cried Sancho, ' do not you see the reason, as well as I? When I am grown rich with long governing in my government, those sparks need only fall a snoring, and my family goes to the dogs. By my faith, it is not worth while to lie whole nights in woods, to endure heat and cold, and to dance in a blanket, to gain islands, if the governors must walk out again with only a staff in their hand! Who the devil would desire to be a governor at that rate? I am sure my ass would not.'—' Mr. Governor,' said the black squire, ' you put yourself into a heat without cause: the governor is above all the judges. Whatever wealth he has, and howsoever he got it, he is only accountable in the other world; and

the judges cannot take one farthing from him, though they snored all the days of their life.'—' Why did not you tell me so, then?' answered the squire of La Mancha: ' provided the judges and I have no controversy, we shall agree well enough. Diamond cuts diamond. They need only let me govern as I please, and I will let them snore their belly-full.' The count's sister, who had not spoken before, said—' Mr. Governor, I do not hear you ask whether there are any physicians in your island.'—' Aye, faith,' quoth Sancho, ' I had like to have forgot the best!—Tell me, Mr. Morocco, whether there are any good physicians in my government, for I shall want them to trim my beard and hair.'—' I expected you would ask this question,' answered the black squire: ' I can assure you it is a pleasure to be sick in your island. The physicians there are all Machaons, Esculapius's, and Galens. There is one of them has most divine medicines, and talks like an oracle of all distempers: I must needs tell you a wonderful cure of his. A president falling one day into a pleurisy as he was giving judgment, six physicians were sent for: this wonderful man was one of them. They saw the patient; prescribed their medicines; he took them all; his distemper encreased; and he was at death's door. Well, what came of it? Five of the physicians gave him over; and concluded, he would not outlive Sunday. Our great man was left alone; and, by his wonderful skill, the president did not die till Monday.'—' Pox take it!' quoth Sancho, ' you have made a fool of me here: I would have sworn that great physician had quite cured the president.'—' Nay, that is another matter,' said Morocco. ' God take me! if the physicians could work such cures as those, I would never make a jest again of their bad medicines, nor their good Latin.' Sancho put several other questions to the secretary; which the wise Alisolan does not mention in his memoirs, perhaps because he did not know them; or else it may be because he did not think them fit to be inserted in such a grave history as the present.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE RESOLUTION THAT WAS TAKEN CONCERNING QUEEN ZENOBLA, UNKNOWN TO DON QUIXOTE, AND OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE SERENADE.

WHEN the company had supped, the black squire disappeared, and the ladies drew round the Amazon princess, being desirous to hear her talk a little. ‘Madam Queen Zenobia,’ said the count’s sister, ‘pray inform us why you are so silent: you have not spoken one word all this supper-time. Is your enchantment the cause of it? Or do the Amazons use to eat like Carthusians?’—‘Madam,’ quoth Barbara, ‘when I am among people of my own rank, I talk as well as another; but little ones must be silent before the great ones; for I have always heard it said, that the best thing a mean person can say, is not so good as the worst that comes from quality.’—‘By my faith,’ cried Don Carlos, ‘the princess is in the right! A scurvy pun, or an old quibble from a great lord, is admired; when at the same time keen wit in an ordinary man is not taken notice of.’—‘That is true,’ said Don Pedro de Luna; ‘it fares with great lords and indifferent people, just as it does with ancient and modern authors: every line the ancients have written is cried up, and their very faults pass for beauties; all the moderns write is damned, and their beauties are looked upon as faults.’—‘Gentlemen,’ said Don Carlos’s sister, ‘pray let us lay aside mortality, if you please. Will you allow us the liberty to talk awhile with Queen Zenobia in private? We have something of moment to say to her.’ The gentlemen immediately retired, with Don Quixote and Sancho, to the other end of the apartment, where they fell into discourse concerning Bernardo. The ladies then desired Barbara to give them an account of her misfortunes, which she did in such language as was sufficiently interesting. After they had amused themselves long enough with the poor creature, they began to pity her; and the count’s sister, being charitably inclined, said to her—‘Well,

good woman, by what you have told us, we find you are like the players, who wish the play over that they may go and receive their money. I perceive you only wait for the fifty ducats which Don Quixote has promised you, and you will go back to Alcalá; and, it being the same thing to you whether you have them from him, or from another, I will give them to you this moment, upon condition you will be gone to-morrow morning, before Don Quixote or Sancho are awake.’—‘I desire no better,’ quoth Barbara; ‘for, though I have been a queen but five or six days, I can assure you I am as weary of it, as if I had been so all the days of my life. All heads will not fit one cap, I find. I am fitter to fry tripe for the scholars of our university, than to come to court to strut and trick myself out among the gentry.’ As Barbara spoke thus, the count’s sister took out her purse; and, putting it into the other’s hand, without being seen by Don Quixote, or his squire, said to her—‘Here, good woman, there are sixty ducats in it; I give them you; but be sure you be gone to-morrow morning.’—‘I promise you I will, Madam,’ answered Hacked-Face, ‘and that is enough; for, God be praised! I was never worse than my word to any body.’ The count’s sister then beckoned Don Alvaro, and told him the agreement she had made with Zenobia. The Granadine, who was not at all sorry to get rid of her, undertook to manage her departure. The time now growing late, Don Pedro, the count, and Don Carlos, escorted home those ladies who did not belong to the house; whilst Don Alvaro, in another carriage, accompanied Zenobia, Don Quixote, and Sancho. They were not above half way on their road, when they heard a confused sound of guitars and theorboes. They stopped the coach, to discover what it meant; and, looking out at the window, that they might listen the better, distinctly heard the following words sung by a tolerably good voice, and pleasingly accompanied—

THE God of Love forsakes the cities,
To my poor breast to fly he comes,
And takes his station in your eyes,
There vanquishing all resistance.

“ Like Venus proud, like Venus fair,
 ‘ You’ve all her conqu’ring arts and charms;
 ‘ He’d take you for her by your air,
 ‘ But that you’re proof against his arms.’

When the gentleman had done singing, the instruments ceased, which made the Granadine and the knight conclude that the serenade was ended.
 “ It is pity,’ said Don Alvaro, ‘ that we came so late, and missed of the beginning. This was a good concert, and well performed.’—‘ Truly,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ the musick was excellently fitted to the words, which are gallant and sprightly, and have the true spirit of the ancients.’—‘ Let us listen a while,’ quoth Tarfe; ‘ I hear the instruments tuning: they will sing again.’ Accordingly, the same voice began again as follows—

“ Arm’d as you are with chilling frowns,
 ‘ New love those very frowns inspire;
 ‘ The fairest form that nature owns,
 ‘ We cannot, sure, too much admire.’

“ The fairest form that nature owns!” cried Don Quixote, in a fury. “ What then will become of Queen Zenobia?” As he uttered these words, he threw open the coach-door; and, leaping out, in spite of Don Alvaro’s efforts to hold him, drew his sword, and ran at the serenaders. “ Where is that rash man,” cried he, “ who dares say his mistress is the fairest form that nature owns? Know, knight, there is not a princess in the world comparable with Queen Zenobia, who is the phoenix of beauty, and the most perfect work of nature, since her sovereign power has made me her captive, and subdued all the faculties of my soul by her royal perfections! Grant then, that your lady is inferior to her, or expect to receive the punishment due to your presumption!” This extraordinary salutation, and the furious gestures of him who uttered it, filled the hearts of the musicians with terror, insomuch that the whole band, who came not thither with any stomachs to fighting, took to their heels, and made off with their guitars and theorboes as expeditiously as possible. The gentleman who gave the serenade was left alone; and, heedless of the mad language he had just heard, drew his sword. He was too

much concerned at the disappointment of his concert, to parley with our knight, and was just going to thrust at him, when he perceived that Don Quixote, instead of standing upon his guard, made up close, with his arm lifted up, to cleave him down; and therefore he thought better to fight retiring; but, at the same time that he warded off the cuts, he made such home-thrusts, that, had not the knight been in armour, he had soon put a final period to all his adventures. Don Alvaro, who had followed Don Quixote, did all he could to part them, but in vain. At length, the knight of the serenade, perceiving he made so many home-thrusts to no purpose, and that his sword met with resistance, cried out—“ Coward, thou art certainly in armour, or I had long since reached thy heart!” Don Quixote, hearing these words, stopped short, and answered—“ Why, then, have you, knight, indiscreetly left your armour behind you? Truly, I thought you were in armour as well as myself: the darkness of the night may excuse me. Stay, I will disarm; and we will then put an end to our combat, according to the rules of chivalry. Don Quixote de la Mancha never yet fought with odds! I should be ashamed of victory, were it gained by any other means than by my valour.” The serenading gentleman, hearing the name of Don Quixote, was a little startled; and asked the Granadine, whether that was really the same Don Quixote de la Mancha whose history was then so much in vogue: “ It is himself in person,” answered Don Alvaro; “ the very true original: he is come to the court of Spain, there to defend Queen Zenobia’s beauty, for he is fallen in love with it: and, therefore, you must not think it strange if he cannot endure to hear your lady styled the most beautiful object in nature; for, though you only asserted this in singing, you know very well that knights-errant will not allow of such songs.”—“ Nay, since it is Don Quixote de la Mancha,” said the serenader, “ I forgive him for spoiling my concert, which I should not easily do to another.”—“ That is not enough,” answered Don Quixote; “ you must own that Queen Zenobia is a more accomplished beauty than your lady.”

“ I am

' I am content,' replied the serenading gentleman; ' but then you must grant that, next to your mistress, mine outdoes all the ladies in the world: that will satisfy us both.'—' What you require of me is very extraordinary,' said Don Quixote; ' but no matter, I may grant that without any offence to my princess: besides, since you durst fight me without armour, I take you for one of the most valiant knights in the universe; and consequently your mistress must be surprizingly beautiful. And therefore, in honour to your extraordinary valour, I admit that your lady is the most beautiful person in the world, next to Queen Zenobia, who is beyond all comparison or parallel.'—' And I, in return, confess,' answered the serenader, ' that my mistress is not so beautiful as Queen Zenobia, to whom I wish all happiness, though I have not the honour to know her.' After this reciprocal acknowledgment, the swords were put up, and several compliments passed betwixt them; the serenading knight then went home; and Don Quixote and the Granadine, returning to the coach, did the same.

C H A P. VII.

OF QUEEN ZENOIA'S DEPARTURE,
AND DON FERDINAND DE PERALTA'S ARRIVAL AT MADRID.

THE bright Aurora was now emerging from her watery bed, and her radiance had already dispelled the darkness of the night, when the beautiful Queen of the Amazons arose; impatient to return into her own country to fry tripe. Whilst she was dressing, Don Alvaro came himself in his night-gown to acquaint her that it was time to depart. She went down into the court; where, finding her mule ready, she mounted, and set out for Alcala, before Don Quixote and his squire were awake.—O unfortunate Knight of the Cupids! where are your thoughts at this moment? Whilst you indolently resign yourself to slumber, inconstant and cruel fortune robs you of the dear object of your desires! What affliction await your arrival! What desperation will be your destiny! Let, did the inconsolable Queen

laus bewail the heart-breaking departure of his Helen, than you will that of your transmographied princess! Don Alvaro, having dispatched the Amazon, retired to bed again; and, after resting some hours, sent to acquaint Don Carlos, the count, and Don Pedro, that he waited to regale them with a new scene of pleasantry. They did not long delay their appearance. When they arrived—' Gentlemen,' said he, ' you must understand that Barbara is departed; I sent her off privately this morning. We shall now see our knight-errant in a rare agitation; I am confident he must be vastly diverting.' He had scarce spoken these words before he espied Sancho coming from his master's chamber. ' Good-morrow, Mr. Governor,' said he, ' what news have you for us? How fares Don Quixote to-day?'—' He is very well,' answered the squire; ' and, by the same token, designs this day, after dinner, to defend Madam Zenobia's beauty before the court. He says that there shall be a high pillar raised in the Great Square, to which the queen's picture shall hang; and then there shall be a challenge posted up, and then this thing, and then the other thing—but hold, gentlemen, here he comes: he will tell you the rest himself; for I am going to the kitchen to find out the little limping cook, my very good friend, who waits to give me my breakfast.' The gentlemen saluted Don Quixote; and, when he had returned their salute, he said—' Gentlemen, I came to ask Don Alvaro's advice; but, since I find you here, I will consult with you all. I know not whether I ought to begin the maintainance of Queen Zenobia's beauty this very day, or whether I had better stay till I have overcome the King of Cyprus. Pray, give me your opinion upon this?' The gentlemen consulted together; and, contrary to the custom of most consultation, were all of one mind; to wit, that Brim has ought to be subdued prior to any other consideration. Whilst they were giving the reasons for their opinion, one of the Granadine's pages came and told Don Pedro, that a young gentleman, whose name was Don Cesar, enquired for him. ' Gentlemen,' said Don Pedro, ' I beg leave to bring you

' you acquainted with this young man, who is my pupil in military matters: the king has given him a post under me at the head of his army against the Moors; and at two and twenty years of age he is a general officer, and has gained the reputation of an excellent commander.—Don Alvaro, will you give me leave to introduce him?' Tarfe declared he should be proud of his acquaintance; and Don Cæsar was accordingly shewn into the apartment. Having embraced all the gentlemen, he at last went up to the knight; and, opening his arms to receive him—' Don Quixote,' quoth he, ' I am heartily glad to see you!'—' How now, Don Cæsar,' cried Don Pedro; ' are you acquainted with the knight of La Mancha?'—' Acquainted with him!' replied Don Cæsar; ' I owe him the greatest obligations in the world. It is not above two days since he saved my life; and to him also I am indebted for the discovery of my origin, which, otherwise, perhaps, I might have remained in ignorance of for ever.' Don Quixote, observing Don Pedro surprized at these words, said to him—' Yes, Don Pedro, it was I who had the good fortune to prevent the fatal stroke which a murderer aimed at this young gentleman, whom you are no longer to call Don Cæsar, but Don Ferdinand de Peralta, as being brother to the beautiful Engracia, and son to the unfortunate Don Ferdinand, who perished in the mighty fleet which King Philip fitted out against England.'—' O Heavens!' cried Don Pedro, ' what is this you tell us, Don Quixote?' Is it possible, that this young peasant, to whom I have been a father, is of the illustrious family of the Peraltas? and that we can no longer accuse Heaven of having denied noble birth to one whose valour and conduct so well merited it?—But, pray,' added he, turning to Don Cæsar, ' tell us how you came to discover your origin? My friendship requires this relation of you; and it will be a great satisfaction to all the gentlemen present.' Hereupon Don Ferdinand related the adventure of the robbers; the discoveries made by him whom Don Quixote had wounded; the history of

Engracia; and, finally, all that passed at Torrefva. The company listened to him with great attention; and, when he had ended, began to ask some other questions. Some desired to learn who it was that wounded Don Christopher; and Don Quixote, as the avenger of forsaken damsels, demanded tidings of Engracia. ' Inform me, I beseech you, ' Don Ferdinand,' quoth he, ' has Don Christopher done justice to your sister? I would fain know, likewise, whether you have put a stop to the indissoluble engagement which that cavalier was about to contract with Donna Anna de Montoya. I remember, when your uncle Don Diego de Peralta mentioned that marriage to you, you appeared greatly agitated; and, if I mistake not, love had as great a share in your disorder as honour.'—' You are not mistaken, Sir Knight,' replied Don Ferdinand; ' I have been long in love with that lady.'—' Good God!' cried Don Pedro, ' what do I hear? How can I learn so many surprizing accidents in one day?—' Could you be in love, Don Ferdinand, with the daughter of Don Bertrand de Montoya, my intimate friend, and conceal your passion from me?'—' Do not take it ill of me,' answered Don Ferdinand; ' the thought that I was son to Mary Ximenez quite overwhelmed me; I judged that I could never sufficiently conceal so presumptuous a passion, and that you would be the first to condemn me.'—' No, no,' replied Don Pedro; ' I should not have condemned you. Though you were the son of a peasant, considering the extraordinary valour you displayed in Flanders, Don Bertrand might well have given you his daughter without any degradation. There is nothing, I must say, above your merits.' This extraordinary commendation from a person of Don Pedro's character, highly prejudiced the count, Don Carlos, and the Granadine, in favour of the youthful Ferdinand. They besought him to recount the history of his life; and Don Quixote, touched with the same curiosity, seconded their request. Don Ferdinand yielded to their entreaty; and, seeing them all seated, and ready to listen to him, he began his relation in these terms.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF DON FERDINAND
DE PERALTA.

THE ruffian, who murdered my nurse, having, as I told you, left me at Terresiva, under the care of Mary Ximenez; that good woman, as she continued to suckle me, conceived for me, intensibly, a real affection. Far from desiring any reward for nursing me, her chief fear was lest I should be taken out of her hands by my parents. She therefore gave out that I was her own son, and bred me up in the same belief; so that, except some few particular persons who knew her family, and whom she had earnestly entreated to keep the secret, all the village was under the same error. As she was ignorant of my real name, she gave me that of a son she had lost: this, perhaps, she did to deceive herself; that, if possible, she might bring herself to credit the imposition she practised upon others. But whatever she could do to debase my spirit to her own condition, and to breed me up a peasant, nature was above all her endeavours; and my generous inclinations discovered the nobility of my birth. I was better pleased to see a sword than a shepherd's hook. In short, I hated all country employments; and by the time I attained the age of fourteen years, feeling myself utterly impatient of such a desppicable way of life, I resolved to run away from Mary Ximenez, and to wipe off the meanness of my birth by my courage in the army. Accordingly, I left the village privately one night, and went away to Alcala; where, the better to elude the search of Mary Ximenez, I changed the name of Antony, which I then bore, for that of Cæsar. I made choice of this name, because I had often heard the villagers, when talking of any brave man, say that he was another Cæsar. At Alcala I was informed that a gentleman (being the same Don Pedro de Luna) was raising a regiment, and was lately come to the town to make levies there. I laid hold of the opportunity; I offered myself to him, and, in the best manner my years and education

would permit, signified the earnest desire I had to enter into the service; which I did in such a manner that he could not help noticing it. He liked my looks and resolution, and took a great fancy to me; but being yet too young to serve, he would not carry me with him into Flanders, whither his regiment was commanded. He left me with his brother at Alcala to accompany his nephew Don Christopher, who was then about my age; and ordered me to be brought up with him. My country garb was now taken away from me; and I was taught every thing that young gentlemen learn, as if I had been his equal. Our masters were astonished to see me advance so fast in my exercises. But I shewed the greatest ability in riding, and fencing; and knowing how necessary it was for a soldier to understand fortification, I applied myself earnestly to that study. I soon became a new man, and forgot all my country behaviour; such is the force of education in youth. Every body loved me; for I laboured to behave with courtesy and politeness to every body, that I might make some amends for the meanness of my birth. Above all, I paid great respect to Don Christopher, as nephew to the person to whom I owed all my present prospects. And, I must say this in praise of him, that, young as he was, instead of taking upon him, or impounding the obligations I owed him to his own advantage, he loved me so entirely, that all things were in common between us. He was never satisfied unless we were together; he made me share in all his pleasures, and divided with me all the little money he had to dispose of at that age. I must in justice add also, that notwithstanding the emulation we felt in our youthful exercises, he never shewed the least symptom of envy or displeasure, if the superiority, as sometimes was the case, chanced to be on my side.

Later I was to be gone to Flanders to Don Pedro, I was forced to spend three years to perfect myself in my exercises. Then I was detained no longer, but fitted out for the army. Don Christopher would fain have gone with me, and asked leave of his father Don Louis de Lu-

na; but the good old man, who de-
signed to dispose of him otherwise,
would not grant it. Don Christo-
pher and I were forced to part: we
both wept; but he more especially, as
the obstrukcion his thirst of glory
met with from his father, mortified
him sorely. I went away to Cadiz,
where I embarked with some gentle-
men of Andalusia, who were going
to serve under the Archduke Albert,
called the Cardinal Infante; who was
at that time governor of the Catho-
lick Low Countries for the King of
Spain. At Dunkirk I was informed
that Don Pedro was then with his
regiment in garrison at Antwerp,
whither I went with all possible ex-
pedition. He was glad to see me;
and courteously told me that, as fa-
vourable an opinion as he conceived
of me at first sight, he now hoped still
better from the progress I had made
in my exercises. I would have an-
swered him, and made an acknow-
ledgment for the favours received;
but he interrupted me; and, changing
the discourse, said, smiling—"I am
sensible, Cæsar, you are not come hi-
ther to be idle; but be not too hasty;
we shall soon see what you can do for
the honour of the regiment, and the
king's service." He was as good as
his word; for Archduke Albert hav-
ing laid siege to Hulst, our regiment
was sent thither. As soon as we
came, the besieged made a sally, sup-
ported by some horse. They beat off
our workmen, and pressed hard upon
our foot, but we repulsed and pur-
sued them at their heels to the very
covert-way. This I can say, that I
was none of the last who came up with
them, nor the first that retired; and,
as a first essay, I took a standard,
killing the trooper that carried it.
All the officers of the regiment com-
mended me. This beginning pleased
me; and not being able to endure
idleness, when the regiment was not
upon duty, I would slip away, and
go every night to see what was doing
in the trenches; where, if any thing
was carrying on, I contributed my
assistance. I had uncommon success;
and going out upon parties, seldom
returned without some advantage, or
some good intelligence. The suc-
cess of my little expeditions soon
made a noise in the army; and I was

looked upon as one of the most reso-
lute partizans; but about the latter
end of the ensuing year, our regiment
being then in garrison at Bruges, I
performed an action that gained me
great reputation, and procured me a
commission. Don Melchior de San-
doval, a Spanish officer, having been
wronged by those who governed the
Spanish Netherlands before the com-
ing of the archduke, took it so to
heart, that he deserted to the Dutch;
who, being acquainted with his ex-
perience in military affairs, gave him
the government of the town of Dam,
whence he harrassed the Spaniards,
making excursions up to the gates of
Antwerp, Bruges, and Ghent. Being
abroad one day upon a party, I learned
that Don Melchior was going to
marry his daughter to a considerable
Dutch officer, and that the wedding
was to be kept in a house the governor
had under the cannon of the place, a
little without the glacis. I under-
took to go thither, and bring away
Don Melchior and his family. I will
now tell you how I contrived it, and
what success I had. I disguised my-
self like a peasant, to view the aye-
nues to the house; and, when I had
gained a perfect knowledge of them,
I gathered twenty horse of our regi-
ment. We set out as soon as night
came on, so that the enemy might
have no intelligence of our march, and
we might get thither when they were
all dead asleep. I knew the way per-
fectly well, and the darkness did not
hinder our reaching the house at the
intended hour. There is a great ca-
nal between Bruges and Dam, which
being ordinarily considered by the
enemy as a sufficient security against
our incursions, was, on this account,
I suppose, less attended to in the pre-
sent instance, than it would have been
otherwise. This canal being frozen
over, we passed it without any diffi-
culty. The day before, I had observed
a little wood which reached from the
canal to Don Melchior's house, and
came up to a corner of the garden,
being a part little frequented, and
overgrown with briars and brambles
on both sides of the wall. We reach-
ed this place about two in the morn-
ing; and leaving our horses in the
wood, with five or six men to look
after them, we threw down the wall
with

with tools we had brought for that purpose, and made a large breach. The distance of the place from the house, and the noise and confusion of the wedding, prevented our being heard. We entered the garden with our swords, and each of us a brace of pistols, and went on in the dark, till by the light of his match we espied a sentinel posted at the door that parted the garden from the court. I crept along the palisade; and, before the sentinel could fire at me, I laid him flat with a brace of bullets. The noise of the shot would have alarmed a *corps de garde* posted in the court for the security of the house, but they were compleatly intoxicated; so that we soon put them to the sword. My principal design being to carry off the governor, his daughter, and his son-in-law, we made all the haste we could into the house. At the stair-foot I met one of Don Melchior's servants, who was just come down upon hearing the noise. I clapped a pistol to his head, and made him conduct me to his master's apartment; and, whilst he led me thither, a party of our men pushed on to the nuptial-chamber. Unfortunately, Don Melchior, having received notice of our approach from a serjeant of the guard, who happened to be less drunk than his fellows, made his escape down the back-stairs. His escape made me conclude that we had no time to lose, and that he would immediately send out parties after us: I therefore made haste to the rest of our men, whom I found in the wedding-chamber, the door being forced open. The new-married couple were just going to bed, and you may easily imagine how they were surprized, when they saw our men rush in upon them. They had scarce time allowed to put on their morning gowns; but were forced away almost naked. I could not help pitying them; but in war compassion is useless. We returned to our horses in the wood, repassed the canal with the same ease we came over, and got home without any molestation. When we came to Bruges, I presented my prisoners to Don Pedro de Luna, who entertained them very courteously, and carried them to the governor; from whom he obtained for them the liberty of the town upon

parole. Some days after this expedition, Don Melchior sent a trumpet to Bruges to enquire after his daughter and son-in-law, and wrote to them to treat about their ransom; but that affair remained long unfinished, there being no cartel as yet settled betwixt the Dutch and the Spaniards; and ransoms at that time were as arbitrary as they are now at Tripoli or Algiers: however, it was drawing to a conclusion, and the sum was almost agreed on, when the archduke came to Bruges.

' He came from visiting all the sea-coasts, upon advice he had received that England was preparing to succour the rebels: he was highly pleased with my little expedition, gave me more commendation than I deserved, and very courteously assured me that he would take care to advance me accordingly as I should merit it; and, for the present, till he could better reward my last enterprize, he added the title of Don to the name of Cæsar, which I then bore. I was extremely pleased with that honour; it enflamed my courage; and, resolving in some measure to deserve the good opinion he had conceived of me, I continued my excursions. Scarce a day passed without my performing something beneficial or honourable for our nation: sometimes I brought home prisoners, and sometimes sums of money, with hostages for the payment of contributions that I had exacted; in short, I omitted no opportunity of disturbing the enemy. They often sent out great parties to catch me; but still I either defeated or avoided them. It is true, I paid the country people so liberally when they brought me intelligence, that I had always notice of their march. The archduke, extremely pleased with my undertakings, did not fail to gratify me with considerable sums out of the contributions I raised; and he loaded me in publick with praises, which I valued above money. However, having hitherto been but a volunteer-adventurer, I thought it long till I had a commission; but the archduke's generosity soon satisfied my wishes: he granted me a commission to raise a troop of light horse, which he incorporated into Don Pedro de Luna's regiment; and, what was still more peculiar,

peculiar, he gave me leave to undertake whatsoever enterprizes I should think fit for the publick service, excepting only when the regiment was upon duty. This great trust reposed in me, contrary to the known rules, so encouraged me, that I thought of nothing but forming greater designs. Being informed one day, by certain peasants, that the garrison of Sas van Ghent kept not strict guards, and seemed to neglect those precautions that are usual in time of war, and that the gates of the town were open all the day, I began to conceive that, with good conduct and secrecy, it might not be impracticable to surprize that place. I acquainted Don Pedro with my intention, who at first looked upon it as a chimera; but, when I had given him a true account of the place and country about it, and told him we might make our advantage of a hollow way, which, on one side of the place, goes up to the foot of the glacis of the covert-way, and would facilitate our approach, he no longer questioned the feasibility of the attempt. He spoke to the archduke, who approved of it, and left the whole management to him. Don Pedro would not take with him on this expedition more than two thousand horse and a thousand foot; fearing lest too great a number should retard the march, and endanger a discovery. Having made choice of such troops as we best liked, we marched all night, and came to the hollow way some time before day. One of our men drew near the town, disguised like a peasant, with orders to make a signal when the gate was opened; and I was ordered to be in readiness with sixty troopers, and each a foot-soldier behind him, to set out upon the signal. What shall I say, gentlemen! The enemy had not the least suspicion of our design; and accordingly I made myself master of a gate without the least difficulty: the garrison offered to make some resistance; but Don Pedro was so close at my heels, that, after a very considerable fight, they begged quarter. Thus a strong and regular place cost us scarce any thing: we lost but ten soldiers, one officer of a Neapolitan regiment, and the lieutenant-colonel of our own. The archduke looked upon the taking of Sas van Ghent as a very considerable advantage gained,

because it shut up the enemy in their fens: he gave thanks to Don Pedro, who generously made over to me all the honour of the action; saying, that I had a greater share than himself both in the contrivance and the execution. The cardinal, not satisfied with mere commendation, bestowed on me the post of lieutenant-colonel of our regiment.

However princes may aim at privacy and concealment, their actions can never remain long hidden from the innumerable Argus' eyes that swarm in courts. It was soon perceived that the archduke admired the beauty of Don Melchior's daughter. Sensible that young minds are fond of grandeur, he took care to exert all his magnificence in splendid entertainments to the ladies; yet so as to make it sufficiently evident that the beautiful Spaniard was the object of his thoughts: but, though he spared nothing to please her, it was visible she did not receive his addresses as he would have hoped. The Dutch officer was none of the last who discovered the prince's affection; and was so much disturbed at it, that, as soon as ever he had paid his ransom, he made all possible haste out of Bruges, to save his honour from the danger that threatened it. The archduke was much troubled at the beautiful Spaniard's departure; but his grief lasted not long; and these ideas were soon dispelled by the hopes he conceived of marrying the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia, daughter to King Philip the Second, then living. The conditions of that match were very advantageous to the archduke; for it was reported that the princess was to receive the Low Countries and Franche Comté in dower for her and her heirs. Albert had an enoy at Madrid, who conducted that negotiation; but, finding it did not go on so expeditiously as he wished it, and well knowing that Philip was slow in all his deliberations, he thought fit to send some person of known ability, whom he could confide in, to be his agent: he made choice of Don Pedro for this business; and, having given him his instructions, ordered him to be gone as soon as possible, and without any retinue, since the matter required secrecy and expedition. All that Don Pedro could obtain

" tain of him, was, that I should go with him. We embarked at Dunkirk, and landed at Corunna; thence we travelled to Segovia; where we parted, Don Pedro wishing to pass through Avila, where he had some business to transact before he went to court. I took the way to Alcala, to carry the news of his arrival to his brother and his nephew.

" The nearness of my native country brought a thousand thoughts into my head concerning my unhappy extraction. I could not reconcile my great spirit with the meanness of my birth; and, when I examined my affection to Mary Ximenez, who had bred me up as her son, methought it did not feel like that which nature and blood inspire: in short, I only felt a sense of gratitude towards her; and, being satisfied with my resolution to requite her with a sum of money, I was neither hasty to see her, nor concerned that I had left her for so many years, without sending her the smallest account of myself. Sometimes I fancied she was not my mother; and, the more to root myself in this opinion, I looked back to my very infancy, and called to mind all that could strengthen me in it: in fine, I endeavoured to conceal from my own self an original so unworthy of my courage, and which I considered as an unsurmountable obstacle to love; for I could not bring myself to think of any but a woman of quality; and such a one I was too scrupulous to expose to the probability of blushing at having listened to me. I soon found, however, that to love, or to forbear, is not in our own option. I had now travelled about five or six leagues, and the heat of the sun began to be troublesome, when I came to the edge of a wood, where the full-leaved trees afforded a pleasant shade. I alighted to walk in it, leaving my horse and my valet de chambre. A long path, which I happened to stray into, exciting my curiosity to discover its termination, I arrived at a large iron grate, through which I beheld a magnificent castle, situate in a most beautiful garden. By the iron-grate I espied a door, which was not fastened. I went into the garden; and, following a walk of orange-trees, came to a little wilderness shut up by an

iron-gate. The noise of the fountains I heard within, as I drew near, made me conclude that this was some pleasant enclosure, which used to be locked up when any body was within, to avoid disturbance; yet this door was only shut to, like the other. I thrust it open; and, though it was an indiscreet action, curiosity prevailed; and I went along a walk fenced breast-high with a palisade, with grass-banks on the sides set with yew and orange-trees; and along both sides of the palisade, at certain distances, there were statues of white marble on pedestals of the same colour: at the end of this walk was a large summer-house, raised three steps from the ground, and opening on two sides with arched glass-doors. I had gone too far to turn back without seeing the rest. I entered into a saloon, which I found superlatively magnificent. The thing which chiefly caught my attention in it was a statue of Venus: that goddess was represented lying on a bed of black marble; an unpolished rock of the same marble served for a pillow to rest her head, and spouted out abundance of little streams, which, washing her body, fell into an oval basin, the brim whereof was of a curious marble of divers colours. I thought I could never be weary of admiring that figure; but, whilst I gazed on it, I heard a voice, which drew away my attention. I made to the place whence it seemed to come. How was I astonished, when I discovered, in the middle of a green-house, in a fountain of running-water banked with turf, a young creature perfectly celestial, far surpassing in beauty the Venus I had so admired in the saloon! She was quite alone; and her bathing-robe was so fine, that it was easy to judge through it of the whiteness of her skin: she was so near to me, and so conveniently seated, that I could easily distinguish all the features of her face. The nymph Arethus did not expose more charms to the eyes of the amorous Alpheus! I can give no adequate idea of my sensations at that moment: my dizzled eyes, and my vanquished reason, put my heart past all resistance. Love took possession, without giving me time to dispute his admission. What

" to do I knew not; for, though it was madness to think she would hearken to me, yet I could not prevail with myself to be gone from her, without acquainting her with the passion I had conceived. I resolved to speak to her; but, considering that she was in a situation which in modesty must oblige her to make me a severe answer, I meditated returning to the saloon, where I might wait her coming out of the bath. It was my misfortune to be too long considering; as I drew back, she cast her eyes upon me, and shrieked out: however, I returned into the saloon, whilst she got hastily out of the water, that her modesty might not be exposed to any second shock; and, looking through the glasses, I observed her slip on a morning-gown which I had seen lying on the grass, and make away towards the castle. I followed, and soon overtook her: but what confusion was I in when I drew near! I accosted her with such trembling, that it lessened her fear. "What insolence is this," said she, "thus to surprize one of my sex in this place?" She uttered these words in such a tone as quite put me beside myself. "Madam!" answered I, in great disorder, "chance was the cause of my crime; and you are more than sufficiently revenged on my presumption, since you have inspired me with a passion which cannot but prove unfortunate." — "What!" said she, looking on me with anger and scorn, "is it not enough that you intrude into a place where modesty thinks itself safe; but, to add to that offence, you pretend to make love? Be gone immediately, and do not oblige me to call those who will punish your presumption!" — "Madam," replied I, now somewhat recovered, "perhaps those people you threaten me with may give little satisfaction to your resentment; for I can fear nothing but your anger." — "Once more I say be gone!" answered she austereley; "ease me of the chagrin of blushing any longer at the posture you have seen me in, and at what you now have the boldness to say to me!" As she uttered these words, she turned away, leaving me motionless as a statue, and torn with a thousand distracting apprehensions.

" I went out of that fatal place, whether fortune seemed to have led me for my ruin. I returned to my servant, and we both mounted. Then did I give a full loose to my thoughts. " And must one moment," said I, " decide the fate of all my future life? Shall I, who have not been moved with the most beautiful ladies in Flanders, in a moment become the most amorous, or rather the maddest, of all men? And for whom? For one, whom I know not so much as by name, and who will never allow me to see her again! What a weakness is it to be overcome by a look! I will call up all my reason. Is it so hard to crush a passion in its first rise, and to oppose love, when it only promises pain?" These thoughts made me resolve to forget my unknown fair-one; but an accident I never could foresee broke all my resolutions. I espied three horsemen in the plain riding full speed; and he that was best mounted among them carried away a woman by force, who struggled in his arms, and cried out as loud as she was able for succour. Judge my feelings, when, by the colour of her gown, I perceived the lady was my beautiful unknown. Hearing these cries, which rent my heart rather than my ears, I ordered my servant, who was a man of courage, to follow me, and we both flew to her relief. Our horses being swifter than those of the other party, we should have soon come up with them, but that the ravisher, guessing at my design, detached his two followers to stop us, whilst he endeavoured to carry off his prey into a wood which appeared at a distance on the other side of the plain. I would willingly have shunned them, that I might the sooner come up with their master; but they crossed me, and I was forced to attack them. I rode up with my arm stretched out to him that made towards me; we crossed our pistols, and my wrist being stronger than his, his shot passed under my arm; but mine, being better levelled, entered his scull, and he dropped instantly. My servant, at the same time, dispatched the other man with his firelock; so that there being nothing now to stop us, we made after the ravisher, and overtook him a quarter of a league short

short of the wood where he was going to hide himself. I pressed so hard upon him, that he had scarce time to set down the lady, and stand upon his guard. I still rushed on; and, making such a strong pass that he could not put it by, I ran my sword up to the hilt into his body; so that he fell dead under his horse's belly. I presently alighted; and, drawing near the lady unknown, cast myself at her feet, saying—"I am a happy man, Madam, if the service I have now done you can atone for the offence I lately committed." She made me no answer; for she was still disordered with the fright of being carried off, and the death of her ravisher: but at length coming to herself, and looking upon me now with eyes no longer filled with the indignation I had lately beheld in them, she said she was willing to pardon my indiscretion in consideration of what I had done for her; but that nothing less than so considerable a service could have expiated my crime. "Then I may flatter myself," said I, in a transport of passion, "that I am no longer the object of your hatred and aversion. Then, Madam, that I may quite blot out the guilt of having displeased you, give me leave to express the respect and adoration I pay you!"—"Let me b— of you," answered she, "to talk of something else; you lose the merit of saving my honour, by giving me fresh cause of complaint."—"Madam," replied I, "what is it that is so offensive in my words? My love is so pure, that it cannot wrong your virtue."—"Let me entreat you to give over," said she; "consider that decency will not allow me to be here alone with you: besides, I cannot look upon this bloody body without horror. Let us remove from that unhappy man, whose misfortune I cannot but pity, as little cause as I have to be sorry for his death." I offered to conduct her back to the castle; but she would not content to it, and said it was enough if I would bear her company to a village, which was about two or three hundred pace from us, and whence she would be safely conveyed to the castle. I pressed her to mount upon my horse; but, the excusing herself on account of the shortness of the distance, I

gave her my hand, and we took a long path that led to the village. "Madam," said I, as I attended her, "since you deny me the satisfaction of waiting on you to the castle, do not refuse me the comfort of knowing who the wonderful person is that, at first sight, has such mighty influence over hearts?"—"What you desire," answered the lady, "is so little worthy your curiosity, that you must grant me the request I make you; which is, to excuse me from giving you that account."—"How, Madam," said I, in a surprize, "can you desire any thing so unreasonable of me!"—"Nay, more than that," replied she again, "you must promise me that you will not use any means to enquire into it."—"Good God!" cried I, in a sort of anger which I could not master; "do you consider, Madam, what it is you require of me? No, Madam, that law is too severe, and you make me desperate, if you impose it on me!"—"That will never make you desperate," answered she; "such poor features as mine do not leave such powerful impressions; and, when you have been a few days without seeing me, you will not remember any thing of this adventure, but on occasion of the valour you have shewn in it."—"Ah, Madam!" said I, "why do you distract me with your words? Will you destroy me? Will you deprive me of my reason? Do not tell me who you are! Conceal yourself from my wretched eyes, since you make their good fortune an offence! But, to forb'd me looking after you, and doing all that love can inspire me to know you; that, Madam, is an unparalleled piece of inhumanity! I am not so blind, but I can perceive plainly, that, unless I avail myself of the present opportunity to learn your name, I must never hope to see you more. Alas! do you think I can tamely give up all my hopes? And have you the barbarity to be offended with me for the difficulty I feel in renouncing them?"—"No, g—ero is stronger!" replied she; "Heaven is my witness, that I am not offended with you! But trust in me, and do not refuse what I require of you. My motive is more favourable to you than you imagine; but, be it

" caprice, or be it delicacy, in me, I cannot depart from it; and, if you advance one step towards finding out who I am, you set yourself at a distance from me for ever."—"Madam," said I, "the laws you prescribe are hard; you remove me from you under penalty of losing you forever: and is it not losing you forever to grant what you require of me?"—"No," replied the lady unknown; "if you perform what I desire, you shall see me again; but I will first make trial of your discretion. If I like your proceeding, I will make myself known to you. Only tell me your name, and rely upon the assurance I give you, that you have not served an ungrateful person."—"My name is Don Cæsar," said I; "and you may hear of me at Alcala, at Don Louis de Luna's."—"I desire to know no more," replied the unknown; "I will in time make use of the information you have given me, provided you deserve it. Be gone, Don Cæsar; leave it to my gratitude to plead for you with me; and assure yourself you will gain more upon my heart, by your obedience, than you could do by many years service." I was so full of grief, that I could not return one word of answer; but my disorder spoke for me: it moved her; and, holding out her hand to me, she said—"Farewel, Cæsar! be gone! do not forget one that will always remember you, if you do not make yourself unworthy of her remembrance!" I put my lips to her hand, and bathed it with tears, holding it so long, that she drew it away blushing. I also perceived her charming eyes were ready to weep; but she left me abruptly, to conceal her tears from me, and give free way to them when I was gone. In short, she went into the village, and I lost sight of her, returning to the highway that leads to Alcala, in the most violent commotion that ever lover felt, I durst not satisfy my curiosity; but resolved punctually to obey my unknown mistress, that, if I was so unhappy as never to see her again, I might not have cause to blame myself for having contributed to my own misfortune.

" Then next day I came to Alcala, and went to pay my respects to Don Christo-

pher and his father, who received me with every demonstration of joy. Don Christopher, in particular, gave me every possible token of true friendship. His friends and he endeavoured to make all the time I was to stay with them as delightful as might be; yet all the diversions of youth, and the most attracting pleasures, could not prevent my falling into a deep melancholy. Don Christopher used all means to divert it; sometimes he would upbraid the finest ladies of the town, telling them, they had not charms enough to ease me of my heaviness; and when he found that all his care was ineffectual, he pressed me to reveal to him what it was that weighed so upon my heart. Though I entirely confided in him, I was so exact in the performance of what my unknown mistress had required of me, that I durst not acquaint him with my adventure, for fear lest, either out of friendship or curiosity, he should attempt making some enquiry, which would not fail to be charged upon me, and could not bring any advantage to my affairs. Nevertheless, thinking I was bound to justify myself to my friend for the reserve I exercised towards him, I assured him that reasons essential to my welfare compelled me to conceal from all the world, for some time at least, the cause of my inward uneasiness: that I felt a mortal regret at being unable to entrust them to his bosom; and that I requested he would not press me further upon the subject. He being fully convinced that I loved him, and that I would not have concealed the cause of my grief from him, if it had been proper for me to disclose it, sincerely pitied my condition, and left me at liberty to devote myself entirely to my love. I was so full of it, that nothing could draw away my thoughts. My unknown mistress was continually before my eyes: sometimes she appeared to me, as, when taking our last farewell, she was moved at my piercing sorrow; sometimes I fancied I saw her in the bath, and I called to mind that dazzling whiteness, and all those matchless charms, which had ravished my senses. But the more I imagined her perfections to myself, the more I increased my torment. A considerable time

time having elapsed, without the least news of her, my heart was wholly seized with sorrow. The most dreadful torments cannot be compared to the distractions which then consumed me. I repented a thousand times that I had let slip the opportunity of knowing her, and that I was so weak as to trust to a woman's word. To add to my sorrow, Don Pedro wrote to me from Madrid, that he had concluded his negociation with success, and would in a few days come to me to Alcala, in order to return to Flanders. I thought I should have run mad; for, though I had all the reason in the world to believe I should never hear of my mistress, yet I could not blot her from my memory: and I was inconsolable, when I considered that my departure destroyed the small hopes I had left of seeing her. This was my condition; and I had entertained thoughts of going to the cattle where I first beheld her, when one morning, coming out of church, a woman in a veil slipped a little note into my hand, and vanished, without allowing me time to stop, or to ask her any question. I presently opened the paper, and in it found these words.

"IT is but justice that I be as good as my word, since you have kept yours. Be you, to morrow, at the same time, in the same place where this note is delivered to you. You shall be conducted where you will hear such news as will please you, if your mind is not changed."

I could not make any doubt but that this note came from my lady unknown. I read it twenty times with all the transports of a young man beside himself with love and joy. The satisfaction of finding that she was not insensible to my passion, cast me into a disorder, a rapture, a delirium of ecstasy. I was not master of myself all the remainder of the day; and could scarcely controul the impatience I felt from expectation of my approaching happiness. The sun seemed to move too slow, and every moment of the night appeared like an age. I rose before day, and was at the place appointed long enough before the time. At last the person I

waited for arrived. I followed her to a little house, at the end of one of the suburbs. I was carried into a chamber very ill furnished; but it appeared to me the richest in the world, when I beheld my mistress in it. She came forwards to meet me. "Don Cæsar," said she, "I was resolved I would not seem any longer ungrateful to you; and, by what I do for your sake, you may perceive that, perhaps, gratitude has carried me too far."—"Madam," said I, "I am fully sensible of the value of such a favour: I shall ever cherish the memory of it; but, if my actions could not deserve, you, at least, shall never have cause to repent your granting it."—"You have deserved it," answered she, "by relying on my word, and by your secrecy. I know how your best friends have endeavoured to wrest your secret from you, and how you have withstood their importunities. This has induced me to overcome all the difficulties my modesty suggested to oppose your ardent desire of knowing me: I will now give you that satisfaction; I will not have you any longer be ignorant of the name of one who is so much indebted to you.

"My name is Donna Anna de Montoya; I am sprung from one of the most ancient and noble families in Castile. My father and I lived at Siguenza, when you came to the cattle where you first saw me, which is a duke's country-house: you might guess, by its grandeur, that it did not belong to any private person. A niece of the dutchess's falling sick, could not go with the duke and dutchets to court at a time when they were obliged to repair thither upon urgent business. She was left in that cattle, as sole mistress in their absence: I went to visit her, with some other ladies of our city, who, as well as myself, were her particular friends. That house being a most delicious place in the heat of summer, and having most stately baths, I had bathed there several day, as well for health's sake, as for coolness. I had not the least apprehension of being surprized in that delightful retreat, and I thought myself particularly secure on the day I saw you, having ordered the maid

" who waited on me to lock up all the doors that led to it; but the false wretch, being corrupted by a gentleman of Siguenza who admired me, had left them open. His name was Don Livio, and he had asked me of my father, who refused him for reasons of no consequence to you: neither had I given him any greater encouragement; so that, seeing no other prospect of gratifying his passion, he determined, in despair, to carry me off. My maid, who was corrupted by him, took care to let him know that I was at the duke's house, and that I frequently bathed all alone; and, in short, that he could never have a better opportunity to execute his purpose, there being none but women in the castle: in effect, it happened on that day, that all the servants were gone to celebrate a wedding at a village a good distance off. They agreed upon the time when Don Livio should be ready at the garden-gate next to the wood, with his attendants. He went up to the summer-house; but not finding me in the baths, the sight of you having occasioned my quitting them sooner than at other times, he proceeded to the castle with his men. He seized me in a great room, among my companions, who were playing at ombre, as I was relating how I had been surprized in the bath. He did not stay to talk, or to attempt any apology for his base action; but caused his men to carry me off, in spite of all the cries and resistance of myself and my companions. They dragged me to the wood, where they had left their horses; and Don Livio, having caused me to be set up before him, clasped his arms so strongly about me that I could not help myself: the rest of this adventure you know as well as I. I will now tell you what happened afterwards, and the reason why you see me here. When you were gone, I could not but feel a great esteem for you; and, being moved at your submission, was grieved to see you depart; nay, I almost repented using you so cruelly, but I judged it necessary for my own peace. I was resolved, before I suffered your addresses, to make proof of your dis-

cretion, which I thought it not unreasonable to distrust: I remained, therefore, fixed in my plan. I caused myself to be re-conducted to the castle by a great number of peasants, armed with bills and prongs: there I found my companions in distraction, and all the castle in an uproar. My return, and the account I gave them of my deliverance, turned their disorder into joy. From that hour I grew pensive, and delighted in being alone: the idea of you was the pleasing object of my thoughts. I indulged myself in calling to mind the ardour I had discovered in your eyes; the disconsolate condition in which I had left you; and I revolved perpetually in my memory every syllable you had spoken: in short, I canvassed every circumstance of our meeting, twenty times a day. Next I had a curiosity to know how you lived at Alcala, and whether your actions did not disprove your professions. It was no difficult matter to learn what I desired, for my father had an estate near the town, and I wanted not friends whom I could confide in. I learned with joy that you appeared to labour under some secret affliction, the cause whereof you concealed from all the world. This confirmed me in the resolution of being as good as my word to you; whereas, had I been told that you were more easy, you should never have heard from me. My father Don Bertrand, considering the action of Don Livio as a stigma upon the honour of our family, attempted, by legal process, to cause that gentleman's person and memory to be declared infamous: but that was not to be done so soon; all the town engaged in the quarrel on one side or other, as kindred, friendship, or interest, drew them. At last, Don Bertrand, perceiving the affair was likely to be of long continuance, grew weary; and finding that, at his age, he had more need of rest, than of so much business, he resolved to leave Siguenza, where his enemies faction was stronger than his own, and to spend the remainder of his days more peacefully in some other town. I was not backward in strengthening his resolution; and, seeing him doubtful

" ful what town to pitch upon, I persuaded him to fix upon this, where he has an estate, and many friends. Having settled our affairs in Siguenza, we left that place, and have now been here a few days. My first care was to find an opportunity of discharging myself towards you; and I think I have so done it, that you can have no just cause of complaint against me."

Here Donna Anna concluded her discourse. I returned thanks for her goodness; and, after a long conversation, we parted for that time; but afterwards held frequent meetings at the same place. I was full of my good fortune; and though she had never declared how far I might hope, yet no apprehension disquieted me. But in the empire of love revolutions are too frequent for a lover to continue long in happiness. Don Pedro, cruel Don Pedro! came to rob me of my bliss: he had at length concluded the match between the archduke and the infanta, after numberless difficulties and delays of the council at Madrid. The news was of too great moment to delay giving the archduke an account of it; and Don Pedro determined that we should travel post. He could scarce be persuaded to grant a few moments to the affection of his brother and nephew, who in vain used all their endeavours to detain him, though it were only two or three days: in short, he was so hasty, that all I could do was to gain one interview more with Donna Anna. Good God! how moving was that interview! She uttered a thousand tender expressions, and plainly owned that she loved me as passionately as it was possible to love. I made such return as could be expected from a man so entirely full of love and gratitude; but, being desirous to know whether I might hope to marry her, notwithstanding the meanness of my birth, I said to her— "In them, since I am going to leave you, may I presume to ask, whether you will indulge me with the hope that we may one day be perfectly united? May I tell my intentions before so high? Shall I set out with that expectation?" — "Hear me, Cæsar, answer I the, flinging some disorder by her blushing, " I must

" confess your birth troubles me: not that I value your person less than if you were descended from our first kings; but I know my father's humour, and I fear he will not be prevailed upon to admit, as his son-in-law, a man whose origin is inferior to his own." — "I am too sensible," said I, " that your father, justly disliking my birth, will not approve of my demand. I know that Cæsar, whilst he is only bare Cæsar, must not expect to enjoy you: but I must tell you, Madam, I have such a heart, that I dare hope for that by my sword, which might be refused to the obscurity of my family. Love has made many heroes. Encouraged by my passion, and by the desire of rendering myself worthy of you, I shall, perhaps, perform such actions as my courage would not attempt, were the object I aim at less valuable. But, Madam, should your father, whilst I am endeavouring to merit you, cruelly give you up to some man who does not love you, will you suffer yourself to be torn from me?" — "I have never considered," said Donna Anna, " what I should do upon that exigency: I believe my father is too good to force me; but should he, alas! be hard-hearted enough to exercise the power Heaven and nature have given him, I feel I shall not have courage to withstand him. I should pity you, and should pity myself, if I saw my heart so oppressed; but, whatever be my affection, do not flatter yourself, Cæsar, for I would sacrifice it to my duty." Such a virtuous resolution was, doubtless, very honourable in Donna Anna; but I should not have liked her the worse had she been somewhat less submissive to the will of her father. She soon perceived the effect her last words had on me: to comfort me, therefore, she assured me that we had no occasion to fear, for her father would her to consider, that there was no reason to suppose he would put her upon so hard a trial. "Go, my dear Cæsar, and I the, lovingly putting my head between her hands, " go, and, by your illustrious conquests, per fortuna, as the blushes of beauty do, be equal with you at your birth, go, and return to tell

" of glory, that my father may think
" himself honoured by accepting you
" as a son-in-law. Go, I say again,
" where your own duty calls you; and
" assure yourself I will do all that mine
" will permit me, that I may never
" have any husband but Cæsar." As
she uttered these words, I saw the
tears trickle from her bright eyes,
which touched me so to the quick,
that, falling down before her, I em-
braced her knees, without being able
to utter one word. At length, af-
ter a thousand mutual protestations of
love and fidelity, I returned to Don
Pedro, and with him went into Flan-
ders.'

C H A P. IX.

HOW SANCHO INTERRUPTED DON FERDINAND, AND OF THE AFFLICTION OF DON QUIXOTE UPON BEING INFORMED THAT THE QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS WAS DEPARTED.

DON Alvaro, the count, and the rest of the company, were attentively listening to Don Ferdinand, when Sancho, returning from the kitchen in a heat, interrupted the relation, crying out, as loud as he was able—' Great news, master Don Quixote! mighty news! You designed to combat this day at the court for Madam Zenobia; but, by my troth, you may save yourself the trouble: "the setting-dog may stay at home when the partridges are flown."—' What do you mean by that?' said Don Quixote. ' I mean, Sir,' answered the squire, ' that the nest is empty; and "when the cage is made, the bird flies away."—' Have done with your proverbs,' replied the knight, ' and be plain in few words.'—' Well, Sir,' quoth Sancho, ' to be plain in few words, I must tell you, that as for Madam Zenobia—whip's the word!'—' Speak that you may be understood, you brute!' said Don Quixote. ' What is the meaning of all that?'—' Why, then,' answered the squire, ' the meaning is, that our lady queen has packed up her alls, and is no longer in Madrid.'—' What do I hear!' cried the knight: ' but you mistake, friend. It is impossible she should have left us

' so!'—' Pray, Sir, excuse me,' quoth Sancho; ' there is nothing more certain: she went away last night, and nobody in this house knows what is become of her.'—' O Heavens!' cried Don Quixote, rising from his seat in such a manner as shewed he was full of grief and despair; ' some enchanter has certainly conveyed her away! O unfortunate knight! Die! die with the shame of having so ill protected your princess! Who will trust you for the future with infantas?—Son Sancho, go saddle Rozinante and Dapple immediately; let us fly to seek the peerless Zenobia in all parts. I swear by the sacred order of chivalry which I profess, that I will not stop in any place that is inhabited, and that I will eat without a table-cloth or napkin, till I have found that only lady of my affections!'—' Belly o'me!' cried Sancho, abruptly; ' where the devil shall we go look for her, when we do not know which way she is gone? You will make me renounce all my generation! What, I warrant, we do not know when we are well? Why should we leave these gentlemen, who entertain us so nobly, to run after a sham queen, who gives us the slip, with the mule and her silk cloaths, without so much as thanking us?'—' Do what I bid you,' answered Don Quixote; ' and let me hear no more.' Thus saying, he would have gone to his chamber for his lance and buckler; but the count and Don Carlos, seeing him so resolved, endeavoured to dissuade him, by representing to him the dangerous consequences of his departure. ' In short, Don Quixote,' said the Granadine, ' do you consider what you are going to do? Do not you remember, that, if you quit Madrid, the King of Cyprus, who is near at hand, will not fail to accuse you of cowardice? He will say you durst not wait his coming, and will proudly boast that he made you fly. I am sensible how much you are concerned at the loss of your princess; but you know, better than I, that a knight is to prefer his honour to his affections.'—' You are in the right, Don Alvaro,' answered Don Quixote; ' he is to mind three things; the first is religion, the second is honour, and the third his mistress: and, therefore, since honour obstructs my departure, I will

' I will stay here till I have slain Brambras; but, whilst I stay, I am in the mind to send Sancho to seek the queen every where, as ancient knights used to do upon the like occasions.'—' Good!' quoth the squire; ' by my troth, a hopeful commission! Why, d'ye think I have studied philosophy, then, to prognosticate where to find the princess? And, in case I should happen to light on her in the paws of some enchanter, do you take me for such a fool, forsooth, as to go and get my beard stripped off my face without a razor?'—' No, friend,' answered Don Quixote, ' I do not design you should expose yourself to unheard-of dangers to rescue her from the hands of a necromancer: that is not lawful for you, who are not dubbed a knight; and, provided you can but discover the castle where she is confined, I desire no more of you.'—' You see, Sancho,' said Don Carlos, ' that your master requires nothing of you that is hard or unreasonable.'—' It is not hard to be said,' answered the squire; ' but it is quite a different matter to perform it. "It is one thing to seek, and another to find;" and a man may travel ten leagues without stumbling over such a portmanteau as Cardenio's.'—' Well, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, ' you must, nevertheless, set out immediately; and, that you may proceed regularly in your search after Zenobia, I will now instruct you in the course it will be proper for you to follow. Proceed first to France, then into Flanders, and so to Holland; where you shall embark at the mouth of the Maebe for England; then search Ireland, and Scotland, formerly called Albania; thence make a step into the Island of Thule, so much talked of among the ancients, who thought it the farthest part of the earth, because they were ignorant of the new world: next, continuing your voyage northward, you shall go into the Hyperborean regions, where you will find the floating-islands of the Hyperborean prince, my rival; there you must enquire narrowly after the queen; for it is likely the enchanter who has taken her away, may have conveyed her thither, to satisfy the Hyperborean prince's passion. If, upon strict search, you miss her there, you shall

' embark on the frozen sea of Greenland, where some sage enchanter, my friend, will not fail to furnish you with a vessel to carry you to Lapland. You shall cross Norway, Gothland, and the country of the Vandals, now called Sweden; whence you shall pass into Denmark, once called the Kingdom of the Cimbrians; and, after visiting all parts of Germany, you shall traverse Illyria, Italy, and Sicily; and, when a vessel has carried you from Syracuse into Macedon, you will there see the famous fields of Philippi; then you shall travel through Bulgaria, Sclavonia, Servia, and the other parts of the famous Grecian empire. After that, you shall go into Sarmatia; thence into Circassia, that flourishing kingdom of the valiant Sacripant; and thence into the vast empire of Lucia, whose mighty power had like to have overthrown the flourishing empire of Greece, in the time of the warlike Amadis: then, directing your course to Constantinople by the Euxine Sea, and passing the Streights of Hellelpont, famous for the loves of Hero and Leander, you shall land in Asia. In that part of the world, Sancho, the great empire of the Sultan of Niquea will astonish you with its rich and stately cities, and those sumptuous palaces, so admirably described in books of knight-errantry. Next, drawing towards Cappadocia, and the banks of the clear River Thermodon, which waters the delicious plains of the noble kingdom of the Amazons, you shall repair to Themiscyra; where you shall comfort those warlike women for the absence of their queen the Princess Zenobia, telling them that I am her knight, and will restore her to them in spite of all enchanters who shall pretend to oppose it. From Cappadocia sail not to proceed onwards into Armenia, Iberia, Georgia, and the famous empire of Tartary, now in the possession of the succellis of the famous Agricano and Mandricardo, lovers of the beautiful Angelica, an rival to that Count of Algiers, whom you saw not long since near Acre. Thence proceed to the empire of Cathay, to that of China, to the Indies, and the Mogul's country; but, when you come to Hispania, continue, my dear friend, by presents and

and artful management, to procure admission into the sophy's seraglio, and examine whether the Princess Zenobia be there. In short, Sancho, when you have satisfied your curiosity at the court of the Sultan of Babylon, you shall come back towards the kingdoms of Cyprus and Damascus, where formerly reigned the good old man Norandin, the great friend of knights-errant; but, before you leave Asia, visit all the Arabias, and particularly that where the phoenix is found: then, when you have attentively viewed the tomb of the Saracen prophet, you shall pass over the isthmus that joins Asia and Africa. You may stay one day to rest you in the great city of Alexandria; then, going up the Nile along those fruitful plains that river waters, you shall pass into the empire of Ethiopia and the Abissines: then, turning away to the southward, you shall advance into the kingdom of the Cafres, so fatal to strangers, because those barbarous people feed on human blood. After this, returning again to the northward, you will come into the kingdoms of Tombut and Senega, and the vast empire of the blacks; whence, crossing the dominions of the King of Morocco, and those which once belonged to King Agramant, that fatal enemy to the mighty Charlemaine, Emperor of the Romans, you shall embark at Algiers to return into Spain.'—'Mother of God!' cried Sancho, 'what a journey is that! I had rather go to the Shrine of St. James in Galicia. Faith, my ass and I shall try what our feet are made of!'—'In truth, Sancho,' said Don Carlos, laughing, 'Dapple and you are like to see abundance of countries: you need but follow the road your master has traced out for you, there is no danger of missing it. Go quickly, and make haste back!'—'Make haste back!' quoth Sancho. 'Fair and softly, Don Carlos! I must first go to Constantinople, and thence into France; from France into the Sophy of Seraglio; and from thence to the Devil in Hell! Do not you consider, that, though my ass trotted all the way, he could not perform that journey in a week?'—'Be gone quickly, my son!' said Don Quixote; 'make all the haste you can, and return as

soon as may be: you shall find me here. I, during that time, will immerse myself in my chamber; for the laws of ancient chivalry require that I wholly give myself up to sorrow, that I pine away with grief, and that I perform all the actions of a despairing knight.'—'That is but reasonable,' said Don Alvaro; 'but I am of opinion that you should dine with us first, the better to feed your affliction.'—'Heavens defend me from it!' answered Don Quixote; 'I will be eight days without eating or drinking, or speaking one word.' This said, he gravely saluted the company, and retired to his own room, double-locking the door, for fear some indiscreet person should come to disturb the pleasure he was going to take in afflicting himself.

In the mean while, the gentlemen, having detained Sancho with them, began to railly him about his journey. 'Then you are going to leave us, Mr. Governor?' said Don Alvaro. 'Will you not dine before you go?'—'Dine with you!' answered the squire, 'you need not question it, Don Alvaro; and, if you please, I design to fill my wallet, as I did at Saragossa; for I have a great way to go, and, you know, it is the belly that carries the legs.'—'You are in the right,' said Don Carlos; 'it is a long way, and you will do well to lay in provisions. I could wish you were come back already, to give us the marvellous account of your expedition; to recount to us the rarities of strange countries; and, like other travellers, to talk of a thousand fine things you never saw.'

'I have one favour to ask of you, Mr. Governor,' said the count. 'Pray bring me the largest pearls you can find in the Indies to make a necklace for my wife the Princess Trebafina.'—'Pearls do you say!' answered Sancho. 'Why, is the country I am going to a pearl-country?'—'No question of it,' replied the count. 'Pox on it! why did not you tell me so sooner?' quoth the squire. 'I had been gone an hour ago, and by this time I had been in England!'—'May I presume,' said Don Pedro, 'to desire another small kindness of Mr. Governor?'—'You may,' answered Sancho; 'you need only name what you would have, and it is done.'

Would

"Would you have some pearls too?"—
 "I desire neither pearls nor diamonds," replied Don Pedro. "I would only have you, as you pass through the country of the Caffres, make enquiry how many squires they have eaten this year: I have a curiosity to know it."—"Nay, as for that misbegotten kingdom," quoth Sancho, "I crave leave to kiss your lordship's hands: I will not come within an hundred yards of it. I know enough already of a spit with three points; and a man that has once felt the colick, had need be afraid of the gripes." Don Carlos and the Granadine continued to give the squire farther commissions; but, whilst they were communicating their instructions, a venerable old man entered the apartment: he was clad in a long robe of black fattin, girt about him with a broad yellow ribband; he had a cap of goat's hair, and a white beard which reached down to his knees: in his right hand was a staff, with which he supported his steps; and in his left he carried a great book. The gentlemen soon perceived that the old man was Don Carlos's young secretary; and this new disguise was the more pleasing to them, as they did not expect it. Sancho, the instant he cast his eyes on the enormous furniture of the stranger's chin, exclaimed—"By the lady, what a beard! our horse's tail is nothing to it!"— "Friend," replied the aged stranger, speak with greater reverence of a beard which has been twelve hundred years in growing."—"Saints and Fathers!" replied the squire, "is it possible you should be twelve hundred years of age? Then you are an enchanter?"— "Right," quoth the old man. "By my troth, I fancied as much," answered Sancho; "for, I have heard say, enchanters live so long that they bury their grandfathers."—"You have been rightly informed," replied the secretary; "and I must tell you I am called "The Sage Lirgandus." I believe you are no stranger to my name?"—"No, faith!" quoth the squire; "I know you well enough: you are a friend to my master Don Quixote. We have often called upon you in our combats: but so it is; My brother may cry on, for my father does not rock him." To deal plainly, you have left us so often in

the mire, that it is a wonder we ever pulled our legs out."—"My poor Sancho!" answered the enchanter, "you have no cause to complain: we enchanters cannot be here, and there, and every where. We have so many damsels to enchant, so many knights to cast into prisons, so many squires to toss in blankets, and, in short, so much business on all sides, that we cannot always come just in time to help out a knight we take under our protection. Is it not sufficient that we arrive, after he is well beaten, to rub him down, or bring him some balsam? I can assure you it is not for want of good will; and your master would be in the wrong, should he complain that I am unconcerned at his misfortunes. I come to Madrid on purpose to comfort him upon the departure of Queen Zenobia."—"Then you are welcome!" cried Sancho; "but, in the name of God, Mr. Lirgandus, take care to hinder him, by your magick, from being eight days without eating or drinking; and satisfy him that there is no need I should pass over the Hellish Ponds, and all the other ponds in the world, to run after the princess! Pray order it so that I may not leave this place: save my ass this jaunt, and he will give you a thousand benedictions."—"Well, friend," said the enchanter, lead me to your master's chamber, and I engage for it you shall not go." The squire, overjoyed at this promise, conducted him as he desired. The gentlemen, willing to know what the Sage Lirgandus would say, followed him; and, when they came to the chamber-door, they heard the knight exclaim aloud—"O quintessence of beauty! eighth wonder in the world! where art thou at this time? Alas! perhaps, environed with monsters, thou art now filling with thy doleful plaints the castle of some barbarous necromancer! Impatient I await my squire's return, that I may fly to your relief: in the mean while, listen to my dismal moan and sorrowful lamentations, thou adorable sovereign of my soul!"

"Open the door, Sir! open the door!" cried Sancho, knocking furiously. "You need not despair, Madrid Zenobia is not lost." Don Quixote recognizing the voice of his squire, opened the door,

saying—‘What now, my son, have you found out al early where the queen is?’—‘No, Sir,’ answered Sancho; ‘but here is the wife Lrigandus, your friend; who is come to bring you tidings of her.’—‘It is even so, Caballero de los Amors, great Knight of the Cupids;’ quoth the secretary, embracing Don Quixote; ‘I come to tell you what hath befallen her: cease your affliction, and think no more of Queen Zenobia. The wife Artemidorus has taken her from you, to restore her to her lawful husband.’—‘What do I hear!’ cried Don Quixote; ‘is the princess married? Has she espoused Hyperborean, the Prince of the Floating Islands?’—‘You have said it,’ answered Lrigandus; ‘you have read in that prince’s history with how much valour he delivered that princess from the crystal tower in w’ich the Enchanter Pamphus had confined her. But, since the history goes farther, I must tell you the rest. The beautiful Zenobia, being set free by the Prince of the Floating Islands, grew so fond of him, that she resolved to let him know it: and the princesses of her country making no scruple, as you well know, of going to meet princes in their camps, this chaste queen went away to see Hyperborean in his. He received her with all the kindness of a passionate lover; made a great feast; and they were married before dinner was over. Then he carried her to his Floating Islands; where, for a proof of his manhood, she was delivered of three children. But about a month after she had given this rare demonstration of her fruitfulness, the sige, or rather the extravagant Pamphus, (who was always in love with that princess, though she hated him) being determined upon revenge, transp’rted her, one day as she was hunting, into a wood in Spain: there, having unmercifully stripped her to the smock, he bound her to a tree; and, to add to her misfortune, gave her the perfect resemblance of a bale-tripe woman at Alcala, called Barbara Hacked-Face.’—‘Aye, by my beard, that is true!’ cried Sancho, interrupting him; for Bracamonte the soldier was mis-taken in her; and I dare lay a wager that the players we met the other day do not know they spent the night in

drinking with a princess.’—‘Pamphus the enchanter,’ continued the secretary, ‘having thus left Zenobia in the wood where you found her, made no question that the wolves would devour her; but when he understood that you had rescued her, and that she was under your protection, he was ready to run mad. He attempted to steal her from you; but missing of his aim, he was so vexed, that he retired to one of his castles, and has never stirred abroad since. On the other side, Prince Hyperborean led a sad life for the loss of his consort; but the wife Artemidorus found out by his art that she was here, and that you was in love with her. For this reason he stole her away from you last night. Dry up your tears, then, knight; banish from your heart and memory the resemblance of that princess, and think of nothing now but your combat with Bracamontas. That giant, I must apprise you, will be in town to morrow, and you will stand in need of all your strength to vanquish him.’—‘Enough, wife Lrigandus!’ answered Don Quixote; ‘I should be unworthy of your friendship did I not entirely follow your advice. Since Queen Zenobia is married, I will be her knight no longer; I take back my heart again.’—‘By that worshipful beard,’ cried Sancho, ‘my master is the better for our curate’s lectures! This it is to be an honest and a conscientious knight, thus to let his neighbour’s wife alone. Would to God the worst in the world were like him! O how glad am I there’s an end of my journey!’—‘But, friend Sancho,’ said the count, ‘if you do not go, farewell my pearls.’—‘As for that,’ answered the squire, ‘send for them by the post. Is there nobody in the world can fetch them but I? In short, I had rather you should go without pearls, than I should founder my Dapple.’—‘Come, gentlemen,’ said the Granadine, ‘since Don Quixote is no longer obliged to to lock himself up, and do penance for Queen Zenobia, let us go and sit down to table?—Will the wife Lrigandus do us the honour to dine with us?’—‘I return you thanks gentlemen,’ answered the enchanter; ‘I cannot stay here any longer; I am in haste to be gone into Cochin-China: all

' all the enchanters in the world are
 ' to be there this afternoon, to decide
 ' a controversy that is risen between
 ' two of our brethren, about an in-
 ' fanta whom they have stolen from
 ' her parents, and whom each of them
 ' would keep to himself.—Farewel,
 ' gentlemen, till we meet again.—
 ' Remember, brave Knight of LaMan-
 ' cha, that you shall see the dreadful
 ' Bramarbas to morrow; and take no-
 ' tice, that if he falls by your hand,
 ' you will finish one of the noblest ad-
 ' ventures ever performed by knight-
 ' errant!' This said, he embraced Don
 Quixote, saluted the company, and re-
 tired into another room to Unlirgan-
 dise himself; namely, to get rid of his
 magician's robe and beard, and re-
 assume his habit of secretary. The
 gentlemen, meanwhile, finding Don
 Quixote comforted for the loss of Ze-
 nobia, carried him into the dining-
 room, where the table was covered.
 They all sat down; and, when dinner
 was over, they desired young Don Fer-
 dinand to prosecute his story—which
 he did in this manner.

C H A P. X.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLU-
SION OF DON FERDINAND'S STORY.

' D O N Pedro and myself, as I told
 ' you, returned to Flanders with
 ' all expedition, to carry the arch-duke
 ' our pleasing news. We came to
 ' Antwerp, where that prince received
 ' us with extraordinary kindness and
 ' satisfaction. Don Pedro delivered
 ' to him the original of the contract
 ' which was so advantageous to him,
 ' and with it a picture of the infanta.
 ' She was extremely like her mother,
 ' who was daughter to Henry the Se-
 ' cond, king of France, and the most
 ' beautiful princess in Europe. The
 ' arch-duke was much charmed with
 ' the picture, and made mighty pre-
 ' parations for the reception of the in-
 ' fanta, who was to set out as soon as
 ' possible from Holland. He preferred
 ' Don Pedro to the first posts in the
 ' army, and gave me fresh hope.
 ' Though the campaign was draw-
 ' ing to an end, yet understanding that
 ' the towns of Bony and Grave were
 ' not well garrisoned, or provided, he
 ' resolved to besiege those two places, to

' put a more glorious period to the
 ' campaign, and give that happy omen
 ' to his marriage. To this end he
 ' gathered two armies of twenty thou-
 ' sand men each, composed of such
 ' troops as were here in the field, and
 ' of such as he could draw out of gar-
 ' rison without exposing the frontier
 ' places to danger. He gave Don Pe-
 ' dro the command of the army de-
 ' signed for Grave; the other was com-
 ' manded by a general officer, who took
 ' Sluys in a month. Grave held out
 ' but eight days—from the opening of
 ' the trenches, which was occasioned
 ' by an accident seldom seen at such
 ' important sieges. Our trenches were
 ' well advanced, when the governor of
 ' the place, believing we should soon
 ' be in a condition to attack the covert-
 ' way, thought fit to make a grand
 ' sally with a chosen body of infantry,
 ' supported by all his horse. We were
 ' upon our guard, expecting some such
 ' attempt: Don Pedro posted several
 ' bodies of men in convenient places
 ' to protect our pioneers; and I was
 ' ordered to support them with our
 ' regiment. The besieged made a vi-
 ' gorous attack upon our trenches; our
 ' infantry opposed them gallantly, and
 ' then the horse fell in on both sides.
 ' The fight was bloody, and lasted
 ' long; but at last we repulsed them,
 ' and entered the town with them pell-
 ' mell. My first care was to secure
 ' the gate, and to send away in haste
 ' for our next troops to come and sup-
 ' port me. They did so; and the best
 ' part of our army was in the town
 ' before the enemy thought of repul-
 ' sing us, their confusion was so great.
 ' We made all the garrison prisoners,
 ' except some who fled out at the op-
 ' posite gate; and even most of those
 ' fell into the hands of a detachment
 ' posted on that side. Thus we be-
 ' came masters of Grave. When the
 ' arch-duke received this news, he
 ' could scarce believe it: he gave me
 ' great commendations; declared he
 ' was beholding to me for that im-
 ' portant conquest, and gave me the
 ' command of a regiment, with a pen-
 ' sion to fill up my rank. That great
 ' prince's generosity was a mighty sa-
 ' tisfaction to me, for everything illus-
 ' ed my heart with joy, which seemed
 ' to set me infusing nearer to Donna
 ' Anna. As for Don Pedro, the arch-

duke shewed him the greatest tokens of esteem and honour, and commend-ed him for his conduct of the works against the place, and the measures he had taken to prevent it's being relieved. At this happy time the infanta arrived at Dunkirk: the archduke went thither to meet her, and found that she was more beau-tiful than her picture. I shall not pretend to recount the publick rejoicings which were celebrated throughout all the Low Countries: I will only tell you, that he carried her to Bruges, to Ghent, and to Antwerp; where the people vied with each other in demonstrating their zeal and attachment. The Archduke Albert renounced willingly the cardinal's robe, to espouse a princess who, besides her charms, brought him in dower such considerable dominions. The wedding was kept at Brussels, with magnificence suitable to such illustrious lovers. Among other publick shews, there was a gallant tilt-ing in the chief market-place or square of the town: all the nobility ap-peared at it in great splendor. I had the honour to be of Don Pedro's troop, and gained my full share of applause.

But however delighted the arch-duke seemed with his good fortune, the sweets of love did not make him forget the care of the war. From the time that he became governor of the Low Countries, he had applied himself, without remission, to the re-diction of the rebels; but the assis-tance they had received from France had hitherto been an obstacle to his success. To remove this impediment, conferences were held at Vervins be-tween the ministers of Spain and France, for the purpose of settling a peace between the two crowns, which would enable Spain to bend all it's power against the United Provinces. The peace being conclud-ed, the archduke took the field, and defeated a considerable body of Dutch near Nicuport; but, being desirous of pushing his succels still far-ther, he ventured, contrary to the ad-vise of his generals, to attack the enemy in their entrenchments, and was defeated by Prince Maurice. This misfortune nothing abated his courage: the next year he formed the

famous siege of Ostend; which will ever remain a memorable instance of the constancy of the besiegers, and the obstinacy of the rebels; for it last-ed three years, three months, and three days. I shall not trouble you with the particulars of an affair so well known; but will only tell you, that Prince Maurice used all possible means to raise the siege; and we, rather than forsake it, suffered him to take Grave Sluys.

Though I was employed in the war, my thoughts still dwelt upon Donna Anna; and my love was so great, that I could never have lived thus long without seeing her, had I not thought it absolutely necessary to gain a name by my sword, that I might render myself worthy of becoming her husband. However, my heart was far from being at rest; I was apprehensive that her father, seeing himself advanced in years, might be desirous of settling his daughter before his death. This apprehension greatly troubled me; but fortune, fa-vourable to my passion, brought me back to Donna Anna, when I least expeeted it. Philip the Third, by his father's death, had now succeeded to all this mighty monarchy; and the Moors, looking upon Tangier, Ceuta, Oran, Mazagan, and our other places on the coast of Africa, with an eye of dissatisfaction, were deter-mined to make themselves masters of them. This they durst not attempt during the reign of Philip the Second, whom they dreaded; but, believing they might make an easy conquest at the beginning of a new reign, they set on foot extraordinary preparations for this purpose. The Duke of Ler-ma, who was at the head of affairs at that time, being informed of their design, began to raise forces. All the nobility of Spain, capable of being entrusted with the conduct of the African war, being then in Flanders or Italy, the king wrote to the arch-duke to send over some officers; but particularly two general officers, on whose conduct he might rely. The archduke, amidst all the great men in his court, pitched upon Don Pedro; and made choice of me to command under him. I was, you must think, sufficiently overjoyed to feel myself now become a general officer; nothing could

could add to it, but the pleasure of returning to Spain, where I hoped to see Donna Anna. We had scarce time to return our thanks to the archduke, before we were obliged to take our leave. This I may truly say, that all persons of any note were sorry to part with us; and the archduke himself, when we took our leave, very kindly declared, that he looked upon it as a great loss to himself to be deprived of our service; but that the obligations he had to the crown of Spain obliged him to make that sacrifice.

We left Brussels; and, as the peace lately concluded with France gave us the liberty of passing through that kingdom, we thought fit to go by land. We entered Spain by the way of Navarre; and, as soon as we came to Madrid, we waited on the Duke of Lerma, and the other great ministers, who received us very honourably, owing to the favourable account the archduke had given of us. They conducted us to receive the king's orders, who expressed himself in terms of satisfaction, and promised that our commissions should be made out immediately. All the business depending on Don Pedro, who was to command our little army, I had no more to do at Madrid till our departure for Africa; which, for the present, seemed at some distance, as our inferior officers were very backward in their levies, and a fleet was to be fitted out at Cadiz to carry us over. This proved very advantageous to me; for it gave me the opportunity of spending some months at Alcala. Thither I went, too impatient about Donna Anna to think of any thing else; therefore, leaving my man and horses at an inn, I hastened to the place where I had so often seen her. There I heard she had been some days gone to Siguenza with her father about their private concerns, and that her return was uncertain. Afflicted at this intelligence, I was returning to the inn to rest myself, for it was then late: when, as I was passing by a house, a woman came out of it; and, taking me by the hand, without speaking one word, led me into it. I followed, without considering at first what I did; but recollecting myself upon be-

ing ordered by the woman to shut the door, and follow her. I then judged that it was some amorous intrigue I was fallen into; and that the woman, being disordered by the thoughts of what she was doing unknown to her parents, or deluded by her imagination, mistook me in the dark for another person. I was on the point of returning back, though the occasion was such as might make a man bold; yet I would not be obliged to chance for my good fortune, and was too nice to accept favours which love did not design for me. Curiosity, however, prevented my departure. I had a mind to see whether the lady was beautiful, and what would be the issue of this adventure: perhaps my destiny thus ordered it, that by these means I should arrive at the knowledge of my own origin. I followed the lady to the top of the stairs, having only just shut the street-door without locking it, that I might the more easily retreat, if occasion required. She, having ordered me to wait for her in that place, retired. Presently I heard some person mounting softly up the stairs; I shrunk into the corner that he might not discover me: but the method I took to avoid him, threw me into his arms; for the man, who probably knew the ways of the house no better than I did, crept along the wall, and met me in the corner. Though I had not much time to consider, I soon concluded that he was the party designed for the intrigue. We began to feel one another without speaking a word; but, having every reason to fear he would not fail stabbing me when he discovered that I was a man, I took care to prevent him; and, drawing my poignard, struck it twice into his breast. I heard him drop down at my feet, fetching a deep groan. I slipped down the stairs, and out of the house, shutting the door after me that I might not be followed; and made haste to my inn, where I took care to conceal this adventure. I spent the rest of the night in making serious reflections on the extravagant madness of youth, which hurries us into all manner of misfortunes, when prudence does not direct us; and I could not forgive myself the action I had been drawn into the commission of

from

from the impulse of a foolish curiosity. What was my surprize, when, going the next day to Don Christopher's, I found all the family in confusion! I enquired into the cause of it; and was told that Don Christopher had the night before received two stabs with a poignard at the house of Donna Eugenia de Peralta; and that nobody knew how, or to what purpose, he went into that place. I desired to see him; but he knew nobody, and lay struggling for life. His friends pressed eagerly to offer their assistance; Don Louis was distracted, the servants all in tears. What a spectacle was this for me! I had no reason to doubt that I had been the murderer of my friend. I cursed my own folly; and I should have laid violent hands on myself, had not the surgeons declared that his wounds were not mortal; and, though his weakness gave cause of apprehension, yet they said they would answer for his life, if he fell not into a fever in two days. This assurance suspended my despair, and prevented my offering myself a sacrifice to my friend. During the two days we were all in the utmost anxiety. I never left the wounded man; but continued by his bed-side day and night, felt his pulse every moment, and dreaded the thoughts of a fever: and, to prove to you the excess of my concern, I assure you that, for those two days, I never once thought of my love. Happily Don Christopher had no fever; and such care was taken of him, that he began by degrees to gather strength.

When he was out of danger, every body occupied themselves in guessing at the cause and circumstances of his adventure, though far enough from suspecting the share I had in it. In the mean time, Eugenia made all possible search after her daughter: the magistrates, on their part, enquired into Engracia's flight, and the wounds of Don Christopher. The judge in criminal causes thought it not enough to examine Don Christopher, but he summoned Eugenia, and confronted them. Don Christopher concealed no part of what he knew: he frankly owned his love for Engracia, and their assignation. "By this, Madam," said the judge, "it

appears that you, looking upon Don Christopher as the seducer of your daughter, employed some of your kindred or servants to revenge your quarrel: and thus the suspicion of the intended murder falls upon you." Eugenia, in justification of herself, answered, that she was never acquainted with Don Christopher's love to her daughter. "Madam," said Don Christopher, "I do not accuse you of this attempt to assassinate me; your innocence I make no question of: and would to Heaven your daughter might be found equally blameless! But I have too much reason to conclude that some rival carried her off, after leaving me in a condition so unable to oppose him."—"Is there any likelihood," said Eugenia, "that my daughter should make an assignation to murder you?"—"It is that which confounds me," answered Don Christopher, "and prevents my being positive in my censure." The judge, having gained very little insight in the affair from this examination, delayed judgment, and resolved to scrutinize the matter still farther.

During this time, Donna Anna returned from Siguenza. She was overjoyed to find me; and the more so because she did not expect it. On my part, besides the satisfaction of finding her more beautiful than ever, I had the comfort to see her continue faithful and constant. We had several interviews in the house I before mentioned to you. My rank as general officer made us hope her father would approve of my pretensions; so that we both thought ourselves happy: but fortune soon thwarted our felicity. Don Christopher, recovering his strength within a month, went abroad. As I was one day congratulating him, he appeared discontented; and said—"My father has proposed to marry me to the daughter of a friend of his; and he is so bent upon the match that he will not allow any objections. This is very disagreeable to me, because I have still a kindness for Engracia, whatever cause I have to suspect her fidelity."—"Do you know," said I, "the lady who is designed for you?"—"No," replied he; "my father has not yet told me her name; he designs

"to

" to let me see her first. He has only informed me that she is very rich, of noble parentage, and that her person cannot be displeasing to me." I listened to what he said, as no farther relating to me than as it concerned him; but the next day, going to visit Donna Anna at the usual place, I found her in tears. This touched me to the heart; so that, casting myself at her knees, to enquire the cause of her affliction, I learned, with astonishment, that her father purposed marrying her to Don Christopher, and had positively resolved on it. These tidings were like the stroke of death to me; and I sunk down at the feet of my mistress. Donna Anna, fearing my seizure might be attended with fatal effects, held forth her hand to raise me up again; and, though not less agitated than myself with the misfortune that menaced us, she essayed, in the most tender manner, to comfort me. For a long time I could not speak one word: I recovered my senses; but only so far as to be more sensible of my grief. " Just Heavens!" exclaimed I, " am I then abandoned to the rigour of my destiny? Must all those hopes, that were the joy of my life, vanish in a moment?" Then, looking upon Donna Anna with the greatest disorder imaginable—" And you, Madam," cried I, " can you, then, consent to such a marriage? Will you not take the least step in favour of an unhappy man? Must the first efforts of a father's will thus easily tear you from my heart?"—" I have done all," answered she, " that decency will allow of; I have protested to my father my aversion to this match; I have conjured him not to force me to obedience; and I would still oppose him, could I think it were to any purpose; but I know I shall not prevail; since his word is engaged, my prayers and tears will but exasperate. Yet I will speak to him once more, and will spare nothing that may move him: in short, if I cannot be yours, I promise that you shall have no cause to complain of me." Thus said, she left me, and retired to make a last effort upon her father.

" As for me, I returned again to my inn, where I spent the rest of the day

in lamenting my hard fortune: but hope never failing, even in extremity, I called to mind the dispositions I had observed in Don Christopher; and thought that, by exhorting him to continue faithful to Engracia, notwithstanding his father's importunity, I might possibly break off his match with Donna Anna. Full of this project, I hastened to his house, flattering myself with the hopes of being successful; when he, perceiving me, came forth to meet me with all the transports of a man who cannot contain himself. " O, my dear Cæsar," cried he, " my condition is much altered since yesterday; I have seen the charming creature my father designs for me. You see I am in a rapture! She is an angel! I was impatient till I saw you; come now and partake of my joy." You may well guess these words were death to me. " How, Don Christopher!" replied I; " can you abandon the unhappy Engracia to her misfortunes? Can you, then, subject her to the mortal regret of having drawn down on her head the resentment of her family for a faithless lover?"—" Engracia," answered he, " is herself faithless; it plainly appears by her flight: but whether she was carried away by force, or by her own consent; whether she is innocent or guilty; I will not think of her any more. Do not oppose my new love, my friend: I find a thousand advantages in the match with Donna Anna. Her birth, her fortune, her beauty, do all plead for my love: I adore her more passionately than ever I did Engracia." These words quite overcame me: I turned colour, my eyes failed me; a cold sweat spread over my body; and I was ready to faint. My friend, thinking I was not well, did all he could to assist me; but, as soon as I came to myself, I left him, pretending that I would go and repose me at my inn; but, being very anxious to see Donna Anna, I repaired to our usual rendezvous. Word was sent that I expected her. She soon came; and, as I read in her face the sad news she brought with her—" Madam," said I, " I perceive I am a lost man, and that Don Bertrand has not more compassion than Don Christopher,

"Christopher. Do not fear to pronounce the sentence of my death; I am prepared for it."—"Did you know," answered she, "how earnestly I have endeavoured to dissuade my father! But, alas! he is inexorable; and we must not any longer hope to live for one another." At these words, which distracted my understanding, I accused Heaven and destiny; and could almost have expired with sorrow at her feet. She could not forbear weeping to see me in such a deplorable condition; and, though she wanted comfort herself, yet she incited me to bear this misfortune with resolution. I continued inconsolable. "Madam," replied I, "the subject of our sorrow is not the same: you only lose a man who had nothing worthy your charms to offer you; but I, together with my life, am deprived of the most ravishing hopes, the most glorious fortune, that ever mortal could wish for."—"My dear Don Cæsar," replied she, "your loss is great, since in me you lose a faithful and a loving heart. I should be sorry to see you bear the loss of me with indifference; but your sorrow may contain itself within bounds, and your valour must triumph over it."—"Ah, Madam!" cried I, "your resolution is great; but though your courage were ever so extraordinary, you could scarcely bear up, were you as sensible of the loss of Cæsar as Cæsar is of losing you." Donna Anna did every thing in her power to appease me; but, at that time, all she could say rather heightened my affliction than gave me comfort. In short, the conclusion of this dismal interview was, that I should once more try Don Christopher, acquaint him with my passion, and represent how fatal it must be to our friendship, if he still persisted to rob me of my love. Donna Anna, with difficulty, was prevailed on to permit this attempt; but, seeing it was our only resource, she at last gave her consent. I went, therefore, in pursuit of Don Christopher, whom I found much concerned for me. "Don Cæsar," said he, "I am glad to see you; I was afraid your distemper might have been attended with some ill consequences."—"It is not yet

"over," answered I; "but is greater than you imagine."—"What can be the cause?" replied he. "It is such," said I, "that I have reason to be apprehensive lest it break off that friendship which you have always honoured me with."—"That cannot be," cried Don Christopher; "our friendship is too strongly linked, and nothing can shake it."—"What if I should avow that it was I who stabbed you at Engracia's?" answered I. "Who, you!" cried he abruptly. "Could you be my assassin? But, if you did, it was without knowing me; and I have no reason to be angry with you."—"It is true," said I, "the night was guilty of that crime, and I was not consenting; but what you cannot forgive me is, that I aspire to the love of the person whom you have thought worthy of your affection." These words made Don Christopher change countenance; but, being liable to a double meaning, because Donna Anna was not named, he recovered himself, and answered—"If it is Engracia you are in love with, the declaration you have made will cause no breach in our friendship: nay, more, I should be glad to see my second self fill up that place which I cannot forsake without some regret."—"It is not Engracia I love," answered I, in a melancholy tone; "you appeared, the last time I saw you, too averse from her, for me to imagine you could be concerned at her infidelity to you: Donna Anna is the object—"—"Donna Anna!" cried he, in a passion. "What do you tell me, Don Cæsar? I forgive your stabbing me, but I cannot forgive you for aspiring to the only person who can make me happy."—"Had I staid till now," answered I, before I offered up my vows to Don Bertrand's daughter, I should think myself deserving of the severest punishment; but I have adored her for several years. Remember that sadness you saw me labour under the first time I returned from Flanders; it was Donna Anna who then filled my heart."—"Ah, cruel man!" cried Don Christopher, "why did you not then tell me so? Must you needs stay till I was myself bewitched by her before you would own it? You did not

" not confide in me when you ought.
 " Had I known your passion, I would
 " have fortified my heart against lov-
 " ing your mistress; and friendship
 " would have assisted me: but you
 " concealed your love, and that mis-
 " trust has ruined us. We must needs
 " be both unhappy; for it is now too
 " late for me to withstand my new
 " passion. Do not expect that I should
 " quit claim to Donna Anna: I have
 " formed to myself too sweet an idea
 " of enjoying her, to be able to make
 " a sacrifice of it to you. You may
 " sooner ask this life you have already
 " attempted, and I will sooner grant it
 " you."—"I know," replied I, "that
 " I owe all I have to you, and that I
 " ought not to contend with you for
 " the possession of a heart; but reflect,
 " that I loved Donna Anna before ever
 " you heard her name; before I could
 " conjecture that you would ever know
 " her. Take my advice, my dear
 " Don Christopher; do not persist in
 " robbing me of my mistress: you will
 " never be happy in her. In spite of
 " all your merit, your love has already
 " cost her abundance of tears."—
 " Then you are beloved," answered
 " he, "since you are so well acquainted
 " with her aversion to me."—"I had
 " the good fortune," said I, "to do
 " her a considerable piece of service;
 " and she has been as grateful to me
 " as I could wish."—"O Heavens!"
 " cried he, in a fury. " May I be-
 " lieve my ears? It is not enough that
 " I am informed my best friend is my
 " rival, but I must be told that he is
 " well received, and myself hated!"—
 " I tell it you," answered I, "for
 " your own good, to prevent the mi-
 " series that might follow, should you
 " deprive me of Donna Anna."—
 " Such a discovery," replied he, "is
 " fitter to distract, than to compose
 " me!"—"Can you, then," said I,
 " think of marrying a lady whose
 " heart you can never be master of?
 " No, certainly, you deserve better;
 " and you have too great a soul to
 " make a woman wretched." Much
 " more I added, to dissuade him from
 " the match, but all to no purpose. I
 " perceived, however, that his soul was
 " full of distraction, and that friend-
 " ship pleaded strongly in my favour;
 " but the violence of his passion pre-
 " vailed over his generosity.

" The same day I gave an account of
 " this discourse to Donna Anna. "Ma-
 " dam," said I to her, "we must now
 " take our leave for ever. I come di-
 " rectly from Don Christopher: neither
 " my despair, nor Engracia's cause,
 " will move him; and he is resolved,
 " rather than forsake you, to transgress
 " the most sacred laws of love and
 " friendship." Donna Anna, hearing
 " these words, wept plentifully, and
 " sunk into a deadly dejection: my con-
 " dition was not much better. At
 " length, making an effort above her-
 " self, she said to me with firmness—
 " My dear Cæsar, this is the time to
 " shew resolution: we must part, since
 " cruel fate will have it so. Instead
 " of suffering these sorrows to melt
 " our hearts, we must resolve to harden
 " them."—"Ah, Madam!" answered
 " I, "when I think of losing you, my
 " heart has not courage to withstand
 " the shock! O Heavens, what a dis-
 " mal separation is this!" Our words
 " were continually interrupted with
 " sighs. I kissed Donna Anna's hands,
 " and moistened them with my tears;
 " but, perceiving that, greatly as she
 " was concerned at my sorrow, she still
 " persisted in the necessity of our sepa-
 " ration—"Well, Madam," said I,
 " it is in vain to struggle; I yield to
 " fate, which has decreed my ruin.
 " Farewell! I go to seek death at a dis-
 " tance from you. My presence shall
 " no more disturb your quiet; and I
 " pray Heaven, that the happiness I
 " wish you may not be interrupted by
 " the least thought of me!" At these
 " words, I forced myself away, went
 " to my inn, and the next morning set
 " out for Madrid. As I went out of
 " the town, I met Don Christopher
 " coming from a friend's house: he
 " was surprised, and would have shun-
 " ned me; but the sight of him having
 " put a thought into my head, I went
 " up to him, and said—"Don Chris-
 " topher, may the unhappy Don Cæsar
 " beg one favour of you?"—"You
 " have a better claim to it," answered
 " he, "than any other man."—"May
 " a soldier of fortune," replied I,
 " hope you will do him the honour to
 " try your sword with him? I know
 " you cannot but be surprized at what
 " I propose; I have not forgot how
 " much I am obliged to you; and I
 " own I have nothing but what I owe

" to your uncle Don Pedro's goodness: " but no consideration can prevail with " a despairing lover; I only desire to " die; and certainly fortune will have " me fall by your hand, since you have " already given me my mortal wound, " in robbing me of Donna Anna." " Don Christopher could not but be " moved at my words; but, having re- " covered himself, he replied—" Don " Cæsar, I shall not refuse the satis- " faction you desire: I take it as an " honour that you should look upon " me as a rival worthy of your valour. " Yet I confess it grieves me to be " forced to draw my sword against my " dearest friend: but I must submit to " fate."—" I am not deceived," an- " swered I, " in my opinion of your " magnanimity; I was satisfied Don " Christopher would scorn, on such " an occasion, to have regard to the " inequality of my birth: but since we " are to fight without malice, and only " love is the cause of it, I could wish " it might be done without exposing a " life so dear to me as yours is; and, " therefore, if I am so fortunate as to " get the better of you, I desire you " will desist from your design on Don- " na Anna."—" I would lose ten " thousand lives," said he, " rather " than make you any such promise. " If I am worsted, spare not my life: " whilst I live, Donna Anna shall ne- " ver be yours." These words per- " plexed me to a high degree; for I " had only proposed fighting in hopes " of disarming him, that then he might " be restrained from crossing my love. " But finding him now resolved ne- " ver to resign Donna Anna, I cried " out, in a sort of fury—" Why can " you entertain such a thought of me, " as that I would take away your life? " I would sooner stab myself to the " heart a thousand times. Though " you are the cause of my misfortune, " you are still more dear to me than " my own happiness. Farewell, un- " feeling Don Christopher! the wounds " you give me are more cruel than the " stabs you received at my hands. Go; " and, if you can without remorse, en- " joy the blessing you rob me of. Fol- " low the inconstancy of your inclina- " tions, in contempt of your first mis- " tress, and with the loss of your best " friend." Thus speaking, I left " him, without waiting for his reply.

' I had not yet recovered myself, when " I met my sister Engracia in the midst " of seven or eight robbers: I ran to " her assistance without knowing her; " but I had perished in the conflict, had " I not been succoured by the brave " Knight of La Mancha. I have al- " ready told you that adventure: I must " now give you an account of what " happened after Don Quixote and I " parted at Torresva.

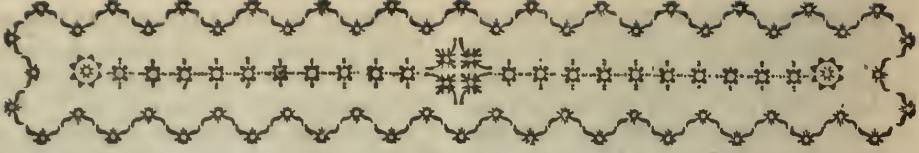
' When we came to Alcala, my un- " cle Don Diego de Peralta left my " sister and me in an inn; judging it " not safe to present us immediately to " Eugenia, lest the excess of sudden joy " might operate too powerfully upon a " frame which long affliction had debili- " tated extremely: he went to her alone, " and acquainted her in what manner " he had found Engracia; and, when " he had prepared her for the happy " news that was to compleat her joy, " he sent for my sister and me. We fell " down at my mother's feet; and, whilst " I kissed one of her hands, Engracia " washed the other with her tears, beg- " ging pardon for her offences. Eu- " genia, shedding tears of joy, made us " both rise, and embraced us. Having " satisfied the first transports of maternal " tenderness, she next affectionately em- " braced Mary Ximenez: then she de- " sired to know all the wonderful pas- " sages of my life; which I related to " her after the same manner I have " to you. This done, the next thing " was to contrive such measures as " might oblige Don Christopher to " marry Engracia. I was of opinion " that force must be used, in case he re- " fused to comply. My prudent uncle " could not at first approve of my pro- " posal; but at length he consented, in " regard the honour of the family of " the Peraltas was too deeply concerned " to suffer Don Christopher to marry " any woman but my sister, after the " publick scandal occasioned by his " wounds. I went, therefore, to Don " Christopher with a resolution to chal- " lenge him, if he refused to marry my " sister. I was told he was indisposed, " and would admit nobody: but, as " soon as he heard that I was there, and " desired to see him, he ordered me to " be brought in. I found him lying " on his bed, overwhelmed with a de- " jection that surprized me. " Come, " Cæsar," said he, " you have van- " quished

" quished me! The struggle is over; friendship has got the better of love; I restore your mistress. I cannot deny that this resolution has cost me dear; but your despair touched me, and my own thoughts have done the rest!"—" My dear Don Christopher!" answered I, embracing him in a rapture of joy, " Heaven has given you this resolution, that you might not fully the splendor of your virtues, by tearing my mistress from me, and being unjust to Engracia!"—" As for Engracia," said he, " she has no share in the offering I make you: her flight, so unknown to me in all its circumstances, absolves me from any fidelity to her."—" Engracia's truth has never failed," answered I; " and her flight ought not to set you against her. It is in your own power to be assured of her innocence."—" Alas!" cried he, " who can assure me?"—" Myself!" said I. Then I related the adventure of the robbers, and repeated to him all that I had heard from my sister; and, lastly, I acquainted him with the discovery I had made of my birth. He listened to me very attentively; and, when I had done—" O my friend!" cried he, " how surprizing are the things you tell me; Wonderful are the ways of Providence; which, by such unusual means, has brought you to the knowledge of your parents! You may believe my joy is as great as

" yours! As for Engracia, telling me she is innocent, you revive my love; I restore her my heart, and entail the happiness of my life on her." Not to lose this favourable disposition in Don Christopher, I presently led him to Eugenia's house, who received him as her son-in-law. He thought my sister so beautiful, that he was ashamed of having been false to her; and he protested that he should have always continued faithful, had he not unfortunately mistrusted her innocence. To conclude in few words, my uncle Don Diego went in search of Don Bertrand de Montoya and Don Louis de Luna; and, having given them a full account of all that had passed, obtained consent of the latter that his son should marry Engracia; and of the former, that I should marry his daughter. I am now come to Madrid to communicate these happy tidings to Don Pedro, and to acquaint him that my relations and his own wait only for his presence to conclude these two marriages.'

Don Ferdinand having ended his story, all the company expressed their satisfaction in his good fortune. Then they parted: Don Carlos and the count went out together to pay some visits; Don Pedro and Don Ferdinand to prepare for their journey to Alcala; and Don Alvaro staid at home with the Knight of La Mancha and his squire.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

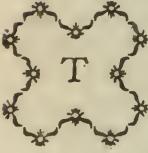


AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

OF THE GREAT ARCHBANTERER OF
THE INDIES; HIS ARRIVAL AT
MADRID; AND OF THE LOFTY
SPEECHES MADE TO HIM BY DON
QUIXOTE AND SANCHO,

HE sage Alifolan, continuing the faithful relation of the matchless Don Quixote's heroick adventures, tells us that, the next morning, Don Carlos's secretary came to Don Alvaro, to communicate a project of diversion, which his master and the count had laid the night before, with a friend of theirs called the Marquis de Orisalvo; who, from the account he had heard of Don Quixote, felt a strong inclination to amuse himself at the expence of our knight-errant. Tarfe being informed of their design, which he thought very pleasant, dismissed the secretary, having taken upon himself the task of preparing Don Quixote for the business. He accordingly went to his chamber; and said to him—‘Sir Knight, I am come to announce a most agreeable piece of news; the great Archban-
terer of the Indies arrived last night

in this city!—‘The Archbanterer of the Indies!’ replied Don Quixote, in amaze; ‘I never heard of that prince before!—‘I wonder at it!’ answered Don Alvaro. ‘How can you, who know all things, be unacquainted with that monarch, who is doubtless one of the greatest princes upon the face of the earth?’—‘And, pray, in what part of the world lies his empire?’ quoth the knight. ‘It lies,’ answered the Granadine, ‘betwixt the dominions of the Great Mogul and those of the Emperor of China.’—‘If so,’ said the knight, ‘he must have conquered the kingdoms of Baran-tola, of Pegu, of Aracan, of Cochin-China, and all the other places which lie from the mouth of the Ganges to the Philippine Islands; and have assumed, by way of eminence, the haughty title of Archbanterer of the Indies.’—‘That may very well be,’ replied Tarfe; ‘or rather, it cannot be otherwise: for he also styles himself Emperor and Lord of the Kingdoms of Aracan, Cochin-China, and all the rest of the dominions you have named. I long to see him; and, if you will be ruled by me, we will wait on him this very day.’—‘With all my heart,’ answered Don Quixote. ‘And with mine too, Don Alyaro!’ cried Sancho;

cho; 'I would fain see the great arch-bantling you talk of.'—'It is a commendable curiosity,' answered Don Alvaro; 'and you may soon satisfy it at your leisure. Don Carlos and the count, who design the same thing, sent me word that they would take us thither this afternoon.' Don Quixote was never weary of talking with Tarfe about the archbanterer; of whom he formed to himself a marvellous conception from the novelty of his title, which he had never heard of before. Don Carlos and the count arriving about four o'clock in the afternoon, Don Alvaro ordered the mules to be put into his coach; and Don Quixote having armed himself at all points, they set forth as follows: Don Carlos and the knight in one coach; and Tarfe, the count, and Sancho, in the other.

In the mean while, the Marquis de Orisalvo, under the burlesque title of Archbanterer, was preparing for the reception of Don Quixote, in a magnificent hall, illuminated, though it was not yet dark, with a profusion of wax-tapers and torches. Being perfectly acquainted with the custom of ancient chivalry, he had caused a small throne to be erected at the end of the room, under a stately canopy; and, to make up a numerous court, he had invited all his friends, and abundance of ladies: besides this, he had equipped himself with a diadem of cloth of gold, and a small wooden sceptre wound about with red ribbands. As soon as he heard Don Quixote was at hand, he seated himself on the throne, assuming the utmost gravity possible. When the knight entered the hall, and saw the archbanterer with his crown and sceptre, enthroned under a rich canopy, he presently called to mind what he had so frequently found described in his volumes of chivalry, and felt all the satisfaction of the ancient knights-errant when they presented themselves before the foot-stool of some magnificent emperor. Don Alvaro, the count, and Don Carlos, first advancing, saluted the archbanterer with every token of the most profound respect. Then the Granadine, taking Don Quixote by the hand, led him up to the canopy; and, presenting him to the marquis, said—'Renowned archbanterer, behold here the famous Don Quixote, the flower of La Mancha, the lanthorn of chi-

'valry, the terror of giants, your mightiness's sworn friend, and the protector of your kingdoms!' This said, he fell back, leaving Don Quixote in the middle of the room. Then the knight, resting the butt end of his lance on the ground, looked around him without uttering a word; till, judging by the general silence that it was expected he should speak, he raised his voice, and directed his discourse as follows to the marquis, who found sufficient difficulty in preserving his gravity from being shaken by the whimsical gestures of his visitor—'August and magnanimous monarch, Supreme Head of the ebb and flood of the Indian Ocean, Emperor and Sovereign of the kingdoms of Aracan, of Pegu, of Tonquin, of Cochin-China, and of Barantola! highly do I, doubtless, esteem myself indebted to my fortune for the happiness I this day enjoy in your imperial presence! I have travelled the greatest part of this vast hemisphere; I have slain an infinite number of giants, righted wrongs, disenchanted palaces, set princesses at liberty, revenged offended princes, subdued provinces, and restored usurped kingdoms to their lawful owners! If all this can incline you to desire that I should devote my redoubted sword to your mightiness's service, I here make offer of it; assuring you that, as long as it shall support your interest, you will be respected by the Mogul and the Emperor of China your neighbours, and dreaded by all your enemies. The fame of my unheard of exploits will pierce through their ears into their very hearts: but, to the end that you may be yourself a witness of my wonderful valour, I humbly beseech your great mightiness to grant me a boon.'—'Courteous and puissant knight,' replied the archbanterer, 'whatever be your request to me, I most voluntarily do accord the same, were it even my very archbantership.'—'Great monarch,' replied Don Quixote, 'I neither ask your dominions, nor your wealth: the empires of Greece, Babylon, and Tresbifond, have enough to satisfy my ambition. The boon I ask is, that you will permit me, in your presence, to combat the Giant Bramabas, who will speedily make his appearance in this city of Madrid?'—'I grant it,' answered

answered the archbanterer; ‘ and will ‘ be myself judge of the combat, which ‘ will doubtless be as delightful to be- ‘ hold as was that which the valiant ‘ Clarineus of Spain maintained against ‘ the dreadful Brolandio. I do not ‘ question but the event will prove to ‘ you sufficiently glorious; your mar- ‘ tial air warrants it, and puts us out ‘ of all concern for the success.’

Whilst the archbanterer thus spoke, Don Carlos drew near to Sancho, and whispered him in the ear, saying—
 ‘ Come, my friend, your turn is next.
 ‘ It is time for you to shew yourself.
 ‘ Go, salute the archbanterer; and ha-
 ‘ rangue him in your turn. I am sa-
 ‘ tisfied he will dub you knight, when
 ‘ he perceives you are a man of such
 ‘ abilities.’—‘ As for that, Sir,’ quoth
 Sancho, ‘ if there goes nothing but
 ‘ making a fine speech towards dubbing
 ‘ me a knight, let me alone for that;
 ‘ the business is half done.’ Having
 spoken these words, he went forwards
 into the middle of the room; and, kneel-
 ing before his master with his cap in
 hand, said to him—‘ Master Don Quix-
 ote, if ever I did you any service in
 ‘ my life, I beseech you, by Rozi-
 ‘ nante’s merits, give me leave to let
 ‘ fly half a score words at my Lord
 ‘ Archbanterer, to the end that he may
 ‘ know I am a man of parts, and may
 ‘ bestow on me the order of knight-
 ‘ hood, back-stroke and fore-stroke.’
 —‘ Hark ye, Sancho,’ said Don Quix-
 ote, ‘ I consent you should have the
 ‘ honour of addressing yourself to the
 ‘ archbanterer, provided you neither
 ‘ say nor do any thing that is imperti-
 ‘ nent.’—‘ Nay, faith, Sir,’ answered
 Sancho, ‘ if you are so much afraid,
 ‘ stand behind me; and if I happen to
 ‘ say any thing amiss, you need only tell
 ‘ me so, and I will unsay it the next
 ‘ word.’—‘ In plain terms,’ answered
 the knight; ‘ if I give you leave to
 ‘ speak, I fear I shall have cause to re-
 ‘ pent me.’—‘ No, no, Sir,’ cried San-
 chyo; ‘ fear nothing; every word I speak
 ‘ will be worth its weight in gold;
 ‘ for I remember some words of your
 ‘ speech, and will clap them in so pat,
 ‘ that the devil himself shall be mis-
 ‘ taken in me.’—‘ Take heed, then,’
 said Don Quixote; ‘ and I will entreat
 ‘ that great prince to give you a hear-
 ‘ ing.’ Then directing his discourse

‘ to the emperor, he proceeded thus—
 ‘ Great and potent monarch! be pleased
 ‘ to grant my squire the liberty of ad-
 ‘ dressing your noble mightiness. I
 ‘ can assure you, he has all the qualifi-
 ‘ cations of Bignano, who was squire
 ‘ to the Knight of the Sun. He is
 ‘ prudent, discreet, and faithful; and
 ‘ when I send him on an embassy to
 ‘ any princess, he performs his com-
 ‘ mission exactly. He is, besides, very
 ‘ brave; and it is not more than two
 ‘ days since he gained an island by his
 ‘ valour.’—‘ Most hardy knight,’ re-
 plied the archbanterer, ‘ I give full
 ‘ credit to all you say in praise of your
 ‘ squire. His mien and physiognomy
 ‘ discover his worth, and convince me
 ‘ that he is most worthy of such a knight
 ‘ as yourself. He may talk as long as
 ‘ he pleases; I am ready to hear him to
 ‘ the end, though he were as copious
 ‘ as a rhetorician.’

Sancho, having thus obtained leave
 to harangue the archbanterer, turned
 to his master, and said—‘ Your worship,
 ‘ if you please, will be so kind as to
 ‘ furnish me with your lance and buck-
 ‘ ler, that I may put myself into the
 ‘ same posture you were in when you
 ‘ made your oration.’—‘ Brute!’ an-
 swered Don Quixote, ‘ to what purpose
 ‘ should you have my lance and buck-
 ‘ ler? Don’t you consider you are not
 ‘ dubbed a knight? You begin to play
 ‘ the fool already.’—‘ Fair and softly,
 ‘ Sir,’ quoth Sancho; ‘ do not work
 ‘ yourself into a passion. Though I
 ‘ am not a knight now, I shall be by-
 ‘ and-by; for I shall make a curious
 ‘ speech, or I am much mistaken. And
 ‘ as for your lance and buckler, you
 ‘ shall see I will do well enough with-
 ‘ out them.’ Thus saying, he clapped
 his cap upon his head, and set himself
 stiff upon his legs, with his arms a-
 kembo; then, having paused a while,
 as his master did, he began his speech
 after this manner—‘ Great monarch,
 ‘ Archbanterer of the ebb and flood of
 ‘ the Indies, Lord of the Hemispheres,
 ‘ Emperor of Cuckoldina, and Barren-
 ‘ toola—’ ‘ No more, silly wretch!’
 said Don Quixote, interrupting him, in
 a low voice; ‘ you had better be quiet
 ‘ than prate any more. What will the
 ‘ emperor think of you?’—‘ By my
 ‘ troth, Sir!’ answered the squire, ‘ he
 ‘ will think what he pleases; but, in
 ‘ short,

' short, he ought not to think any ill: for I design no harm; and God knows my meaning. Do you think that I have a memory like a scholar, to keep cramp words in my head? By the Lord! not I; I can never remember all that high stuff: but if an ass cannot sing, he can bray; and that is enough for a governor. Let me go on my own way, fair and softly, and you shall see I will not trip. You may listen to me; for I will go on with my speech, and will make an end of it, or I shall have very ill luck.—I say, then, Mr. Archbanterer,' continued he, raising his voice, ' that my wife's name is Mary Guterrez, and I am called Sancho Panza the Black, born in the village of Argamasilla near Toboso.'—' Good!' said Don Quixote, interrupting him again; ' will not you tell us your children's names too?'—' Why not, Sir?' replied Sancho; ' they are not scabby, that I should be afraid to name them. —Yes, Mr. Archbanterer, I have a daughter called little Sancha, another called Teresa, and a third Joan. Peter Tamaydo, the scrivener, is godfather to little Sancha; Thomas Ccial to Teresa; and John Peres, the vintner, to Joan.'—' A plague found thee and all thy generation!' cried Don Quixote; ' what needs the emperor be told all that be-all, thou coxcomb?'—' This is to let him understand,' quoth Sancho, ' that I am no liar: for every word I speak is true; and I had better speak the truth, than say I have killed giants, and all those lying stories knights-errant let fly in their speeches.' Don Quixote, who little expected such an answer, began to wax mighty choleric thereto; but the emperor's presence curbing him, he said in a low voice to his squire—' Well, talk on as much as you will, scoundrel! but I assure you, you shall pay for this when we are alone.' Sancho, without paying attention to these menaces, went on with his discourse after this manner—' To come to my story again, Mr. Archbanterer, you must understand, that last night I won the Island of the Enforcement Balls, fighting the black squire at fistcuffs. Therefore I desire you to dub me a knight. Do not go to put me off by saying I am a

peasant; for, by St. James, do you see, I am of the race of ancient Christians! and, when I am mounted upon my ass, I look as like a doctor as ever you saw any thing. And, in fine, and sum of all, I am squire to Don Quixote de la Mancha, who is such a good man that he never hurts anybody; for, ever since we have been gadding about chivalry, I never saw him kill so much as a fly, till the other day he run a highwayman through the back: but that was a very good piece of work, and he will be rewarded for it in the other world.' Sancho having no more to say, the archbanterer answered—' Brave squire, I am very well satisfied with you. I am of opinion that you are very fit for the duties of a righter of wrongs; and therefore I will not refuse you the honour of knighthood, which you require at my hands. Had you no other merit, that of being squire to the redoubtable Don Quixote would alone give you sufficient right to demand my compliance. But this ceremony, with your leave, must be put off till another time; because, at present, I am under an affliction which will not allow me to attend to any thing of pleasure.' This said, he drew out of his pocket a laced handkerchief, and covered his face with it; like a man who, overwhelmed on a sudden with the recollection of some grievous disaster, abandons himself to a thousand confused and melancholy reflections.

C H A P. II.

OF THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURE,
THE THOUGHTS WHEREOF AFFLICTED THE ARCHEBANTERER.

WHILST the archbanterer's face was covered with his handkerchief, Don Carlos, the count, and Tarfe, feigned themselves greatly concerned at his sorrow, and anxious to know the cause of it. As to Don Quixote, he was really troubled; and his profound respect, which restrained him from questioning the emperor upon the subject, added to his distress. At length, the archbanterer reassumed courage; and applying to him self in ad-

venture which he had read in Don Belianis of Greece*, he related it to the company, particularly directing his discourse to the Knight of La Mancha, in these words.

" You have sufficient reason, gentlemen, seeing me thus overwhelmed with grief, to conjecture that my affliction proceeds from no small cause; but, believe me, it is above all you can possibly imagine. The gods had given me an only daughter, and I was thankful to them for having bestowed on her exquisite beauty; whereas, I ought rather to find fault with them for conferring a gift so fatal. Her name was Banterina: I loved her tenderly; and the Empress Merry-dame, her mother, could not bear her absence for a moment. Thus happy were we in our dear daughter; when, on a certain day, some barons of my court came to acquaint me that there was a wonderfully rich tent pitched in a great square about three hundred paces from my palace; but by what means it was brought thither, nobody could form any conjecture. I went with the emperors and the infanta to see so surprizing a sight. We arrived at the square; and were astonished at the richness and rarity of its workmanship. We stood a long time in admiration of it; and drawing nearer, that we might view it more accurately, our ears were saluted by a symphony from within, so delightful and harmonious, as not to be excelled. A most ravishing voice was heard, at the same time, above all the musick; which, at certain intervals, was interrupted by a dreadful noise of trumpets and kettle-drums, as it were sounding a charge. When we had a while enjoyed the pleasure of hearing this variety of instruments, we saw four wonderfully well built knights issue forth from the tent: they wore their helmets upon their heads; they were cased in green armour, sprinkled with golden stars; and they led four very swarthy damsels, clad in long robes of cloth of silver. They all came up to us, and fell down at our feet. Whatever we could say to them, we could not persuade them to

rise; but one of the damsels, directing her discourse to me, with a loud voice, that was heard by all my barons, said—" Most renowned Archibannerer, " Puissant Lord of the Oriental Pearls, " Emperor and Sovereign of the kingdoms of Aracan, Tonquin, and Cochinchina; great prince, to whom all the kingdoms of the earth ought to submit, since you excel all the kings upon the face of the earth in gallantry and genteelness; you must understand we are under the greatest of afflictions. Nothing can equal our misfortune; and we are persuaded that, unless we find some relief in this place, it will be bootless for us to seek it elsewhere. We therefore most humbly beseech your Sovereign Highness, as also the Right Honourable Merry-dame, and the amiable Banterina, to grant us a boon."—" Charming damsels," answered I, " ask what boon you please, I grant it you; and assure yourself, the empress and the infanta will not oppose it." My wife Merry-dame and Banterina accordingly confirmed my grant. The knights and damsels then rose; and she that spoke before went on, saying—" Most famous emperor, you must understand, that the caliph of Syconia is in the tent you see before you; and I must acquaint you with the cause and means of his confinement there. I know not whether you ever heard of the Infanta Cerizetta, his daughter, whose beauty has been so much celebrated throughout the world. The wise Herodian, King of the Island of Pearls, and one of the bravest giants that ever existed, sent to demand her in marriage of her father, who gave him a refusal. This so incensed Herodian, that on a day when there was a magnificent tournament held in Syconia, in which the caliph himself gave wonderful proofs of his strength and dexterity, this giant appeared in the lists, with these four knights in the green armour; and, among them, in less than a quarter of an hour, they slew or disabled above a thousand knights; which struck such a terror into all there

* The adventure from which this is copied may be found in Part I. Chapter xlvi. of the English translation of the famous and delectable history of Don Belianis of Greece. Edition 1683.

present that the spectators, and those who came to take part in the combat, fled together in confusion. The undaunted caliph was almost the only man that remained; for he could rally no more than ten knights, with whom he fell upon Herodian and his men; but he had the ill fortune to be overthrown, and his ten brave companions were all slain. Immediately this tent appeared in the square, in the same manner as you now behold it. The giant hurried the caliph and the infanta into it, after enchanting them both, and placed these four knights to guard the entrance of it; and they are such men as cannot be overcome by any human force; for though above two thousand knights of all nations have attempted to deliver the caliph and Cerizetta, yet none of them could ever prevail. All the caliph's court was in consternation; and we knew not what course to take, until one Friday morning, at sun-rising, we were informed by a magician, whom we had consulted, that the whole was a sort of enchantment, which we should never be able to dissolve unless we found out a princess more beautiful than Cerizetta. Could we once find such a princess, we needed only to persuade her to try the adventure; that she would enter the tent without any difficulty, and Cerizetta would deliver to her a sword she holds in her hand, with which the knights in the green armour would be easily overcome. The magician farther added, that all he could do for us, was to carry about the tent whithersoever we pleased: that four of Cerizetta's damsels might go into it, and that they should be guarded by the same knights. I presently went into the tent with these three damsels; and thus have we visited the courts of most Pagan princes. But, to say the truth, we have never yet seen any princesses whom we could think worthy to try the adventure. We now despaired of finding any, when fame informed us, that your daughter Banterina was as beautiful as we could desire. The tent was in a moment removed hither by magick; and we are come to entreat you to permit the peerless Banterina to un-

dertake the adventure. This is the boon you have granted us."

Such was the account given me by Cerizetta's damsel, at which I was not a little surprized: I returned, however, this answer—"Comely damsel, I am much troubled at the caliph of Syconia's misfortune; for we potentates have a great kindness for each other; and I should desire, above all things, that this rare adventure might be finished at my court. But, pray, inform me whether some unhappy accident may not befall the princess, should she be unsuccessful in her attempt to achieve this adventure?"—"No, Sir," replied the damsel; "for the magician acquainted us, that in case the princess who attempts it is not more beautiful than Cerizetta, she shall be held back by an invisible hand, and will not be able to go into the tent."—"Well, then," answered I, "my daughter Banterina has my consent to make trial of her beauty: but I must first prove the prowess of these four knights. There are those in my court who may overcome them; and, dispelling the charm by their valour, will, perhaps, save my daughter the shame of attempting in vain to dissolve it."—"Sovereign Prince of Cochin-China," replied the damsel, "you may do as you please; but I would not advise you to expose your knights to combat with these, who are so enchanted, that they alone can rout a whole army."—"No matter," said I; "I must satisfy my curiosity." I therefore ordered my knights to prepare for the fight; and in a moment above three thousand appeared in the square, all of them ambitious of finishing the adventure. The four damsels then returned with the four enchanted knights into the tent; which immediately opened, and presented to our astonished eyes a spectacle worthy of the deepest commiseration. We discovered the caliph of Syconia, armed at all points, sitting at the foot of a golden throne, on crystal steps, leaning his head on his hand, like one plunged in extremity of melancholy. The infanta, his daughter, was on his right, holding a naked sword, the hilt whereof seemed to be all of diamonds; and on

the left stood the god of love, with his bow and quiver, so exquisitely represented, that he seemed to breathe. Below this lay a knight stretched out, with one of the god's arrows sticking in his breast; and holding in his hand a Greek inscription, which nobody understood; but which expressed the caliph's and Cerizetta's misfortunes, in such terms, as drew tears from all eyes that beheld it. When we had fully contemplated these wonders, preparation was made for the trial of the adventure. The first who would attempt it was Prince Rozinel, my bastard, the very flower and cream of Pagan knights. His armour was of a rose colour besprinkled with silver flowers; and he was mounted on a beautiful courser lineally descended from the god Boreas and the famous mares of Eridonius, which trod so lightly, that they would gallop over the ears of corn, and not break them. He appeared before the tent, attended by three of the most valiant knights in all my archbanterership. The enchanted knights came out to meet them; but the combat was as soon ended as begun; for, at the very first encounter, Rozinel and his companions were thrown out of the saddle, and borne to the ground with such violence, that they were unable to rise again. The rest of my knights, being well acquainted with the valour of those who had been overthrown, and concluding they could expect no better success, retired in disorder; and fled the place, as the fearful doves do before the cruel eagle, that has just devoured a kite. This only served to heighten the desire I felt of seeing the adventure ended. I caused the wounded men to be laid in rich beds, and sent the most beautiful princesses of my court to rub their sides. I then ordered my daughter to go up to the entrance of the tent. Banterina, who had always kept her eyes fixed on Cerizetta, whom she thought beautiful to a miracle, obeyed me trembling. She drew near the tent, and entered it without any difficulty. But, O unheard-of prodigy! O dismal misfortune! whose sad remembrance causes such grief in my soul as is continually recent! No sooner had she placed her feet within

the tent, than it immediately closed upon her; and, rising rapidly into the air, vanished with the caliph, Cerizetta, the knights, the damsels, and my dear Banterina. We concluded, but too late, that this was the fraud of an enchanter—"Hold, treacherous necromancer!" cried the empress; "restore me my infant, or come and take my life!—Banterina, O my dear daughter! can the righteous gods suffer you to be taken from your mother?" But, alas! her cries were in vain; her voice was lost in the air with her unhappy daughter; grief overwhelming her, she sunk speechless into the arms of her women; who, sharing her sorrow, beat their breasts, and made the square echo with their sighs. I tore my hair and beard, I cast myself on the ground; and my barons were forced to hold my hands, fearing I should kill myself. To conclude, in a few words, the remainder of this pitiable history, the empress was carried into her apartment, and I into mine. We both of us spent a whole month in immoderate sorrow; but at length, considering that, thus indulging our grief, we neglected that which should have been sooner thought of, which was to send our knights in quest of Banterina to all parts of the world; I employed all those who were willing to undertake it, with strict orders to search narrowly all the castles upon the face of the earth, from the castles of princes to the palaces of financiers. This was not all: I caused my daughter to be posted up from the mouth of the River Ganges, to the Danube; and from Mount Caucasus, to the mountains of Terra Australis; insomuch, that the very posting has cost me in paper and paste five hundred thousand ducats: and yet three whole years are passed without hearing the least news of Banterina. This makes us apt to believe, that the knights we have sent in quest of her spend their time idly, instead of attending to the execution of their commission. Therefore the empress and I, considering that every body can do their business better themselves than by proxy, have left the government of our archbanterership to an able and honest minister, if ever any such was. We have

have crossed Asia; and, after traversing Africa, are come into Spain, where we shall stay no longer than is requisite to seek the Infanta Bantirina.'

CHAP. III.

OF THE DREADFUL COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GIANT BRAMARBAS IRONSIDES, KING OF CYPRUS; AND THE STRANGE EVENT OF IT.

WHAT pen can declare the thoughts which agitated the Knight of La Mancha, whilst the Emperor of Cochin-China was making his dismal relation? Who is able to express how much his tender bowels were moved? All the tongues in the world put together have not words enough to make known the different struggles of rage and pity that distorted a heart so highly concerned at whatever related to the rape of maidens. As soon as the emperor had done speaking, he took upon him to answer; and, in a voice that sufficiently discovered his disorder, said—‘ Magnanimous emperor, you may judge, by my concern for the misfortunes of the meanest private persons, how much I am disturbed at yours. Your disasters are as grievous to me as to yourself; and I must inform you, that it is the enchanter Friston who has stolen away the peerless Banterina; I perceive it by the fatal circumstances of the adventure: he made use of the same enchantment to steal away the peerless Florisbella at Babylon. He brought such another tent, with four knights in green armour, adorned with golden stars, and the four damsels clad in cloth of silver, who begged the same boon of the sultan. In short, the whole story you have told us, is, word for word, in the authentick History of the Adventures of Don Belianis; which is an undeniable proof that the same enchanter has committed this rape upon the princess your daughter: but I swear by the sacred order of knight-errantry, that, the moment I have slain Bramarbas, I will depart from Madrid to seek that beautiful infanta throughout the world; and will never rest in any place till I have found her! The archbanterer thanked Don Quixote for his kindness; but, as he

was thanking him, the company were alarmed by five or six blows of one knocking at the door so violently, that they expected it would be shattered to pieces. ‘ See who is there! ’ exclaimed the archbanterer to his pages. ‘ It must certainly be some giant; for such is the manner in which they accustom themselves to tap at the doors of emperors.’ As he said, so it proved: the pages had no sooner opened the door, than in came the dreadful giant Bramarbas. His dress consisted of a long robe of blue napped-cloth, an immense ruff of black crape, and a turban of muslin striped with gold, and adorned with a variety of feathers; an enormous belt of pinked leather crossed his shoulder, and supported a sword of painted wood at least two yards in length, and a foot broad. As soon as ever Sancho espied him, he ran and squatted himself down by the archbanterer, crying out, with might and main—‘ Mercy on us! here is the dog Barrabbas come in the nick! He is grown three pikes length since we saw him. Saints and Fathers! what will my poor master Don Quixote be in the hands of that confounded Goliah, who is like to sell all our guts for fiddle-strings, if good Saint Nick does not assist us!’ Don Quixote hearing these words, looked askance upon his squire, and commanded him to hold his peace. In the mean while, the King of Cyprus, who had been forced to stoop very low to get into the room, came forward, turning his prodigious head every way, and rolling his eyes after a frightful manner, but without speaking a word, or so much as saluting the emperor; who said to him—‘ Genteel and courteous giant, tell me who you are, and what brings you to my court?’—‘ I am the dreadful giant Bramarbas Ironsides, King of Cyprus! ’ answered the giant with a broken voice; ‘ and I am come to look for the Knight of La Mancha, who, I am told, is in this imperial chamber.’—‘ You have been rightly informed,’ cried Don Quixote: ‘ and I am glad to see you; for I suppose you come to be as good as your word to me?’—‘ I do, knight! ’ answered Bramarbas; ‘ I come to combat with thee in pursuance of my challenge at Saragossa. This day my dreadful sword shall put an end to thy glorious days! This day will I

‘ cut off thy bald head, and carry it into my dominions, to nail it up at my royal chamber-door, with an inscription in High-Dutch, which shall most elegantly express how the flower of La Mancha was mown down by my invincible hands! This day will I cause myself to be crowned king of all the earth; for, when thou art gone, there will be none left that will dare to dispute it with me! This day, in fine, will I make myself master of all thy victories, and will carry away with me to Cyprus all the ladies here, to put them into my seraglio, which wants recruits! If thou art so brave as thou art reported, thou mayest come out immediately, and we will conclude the business in this imperial chamber, if the emperor will give us leave.’—‘ I consent,’ said the arch-banterer, ‘ though it be not usual; these combats are generally within lists; but I have such a mind to see you in action, that I cannot stay any longer.’—‘ I would not bring my deadly club,’ said the giant, ‘ because I can, without much trouble, overcome the Knight of La Mancha with only this sword, which was made by Vulcan, a god whom I adore; as I do also Jove, Neptune, Mars, Mercury, and Proserpine.’—‘ Master Barrabbas,’ cried Sancho, interrupting him, ‘ pray take heed what you say: you had better bite your thumbs than to call all those scoundrels you speak of gods; for, should the Inquisition hear of it, black were the day that you came into Spain!’—‘ I speak not to thee, numskull!’ answered Bramarbas; ‘ I would advise thee to hold thy tongue.’—‘ You advise me!’ quoth Sancho; ‘ do not you know that, at Rome, they laugh at one that gives advice before he is asked? What a pox! do you think I must not dare say my soul is my own because you are as tall as Antichrist? Pray take notice, that a little worm eats through a great log; and that a gnat troubles a man more than an eagle can do him good.’—‘ Hold thy peace, I say again, thou knave!’ replied the giant; ‘ or, I swear by the Alcoran, I will make thee an example to all saucy squires!’—‘ The Alcoran and you,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ are a couple of lousy rakes; and I value neither of you!’—‘ How now, bold man!’ said the King of Cyprus,

‘ do you dare to talk to me so saucily? To me, who make the sultans and the caliphs quake! By the god of the herrings trident, if I lay hold of you, I will crush you to powder, and throw you up into the air with such force, that your dust shall fly into Japan!’—‘ You threaten me,’ answered the squire, ‘ to fright my master; but you must not think to beat the dog before the lion. Take notice, that my master Don Quixote is worth us both; and values your hellish carcass no more than he values the jade that bore you!’—‘ O insolence!’ said Iron-sides, advancing a few steps towards Sancho; ‘ I will teach thee to pay a respect to giants of my quality!’—‘ Help! help! Murder!’ cried Sancho, seeing the giant move towards him; ‘ if he touches me I am gone!’—‘ Hold, Bramarbas!’ said Don Quixote, stepping in betwixt him and Sancho; ‘ do not attack a man that is not in a posture of defence. If you find yourself offended at my squire’s discourse, I am here ready to give you satisfaction. Let us combat in the presence of the great arch-banterer and all his court; we can never have nobler witnessess of our valour: but, since you have no armour, I must take off mine; I will not fight with odds; the conquest would not be honourable. That you may see I do not fear you, I will take off my helmet and my cuirass, and will meet you with my sword only: if yours is longer, mine is in a better hand.’ Having spoken these words, he turned to his squire, and said—‘ Rise, my son; come and help off my armour: you shall soon see that dreadful monster, our enemy, stretched upon the ground.’—‘ God grant it, Sir!’ answered Sancho, going towards his master; ‘ but, methinks, we and all these gentlemen here present had better fall upon him together; some might hold his legs, and others his head, till he were half dead. By thunder and lightning, could I once see him flat in this room, giving up the ghost, I would give him more bangs on his long sides than he has hairs in his whiskers!’—‘ That is not lawful,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ but I need no help to overcome a giant, be he ever so strong. Make haste to take off my armour; and leave the rest to the force of my arm,’ Sancho did

as he was commanded; so that the knight was presently disarmed. His figure in this dishabille state furnished new matter of mirth and marvel to the company. His pate was bare and bald; his carcase long, lank, and fleshless as a skeleton; it was cased in a doublet of black satin, miserably scanty, and more than half threadbare; under which peeped out a very dirty shirt; for he had not changed his linen since he left Saragossa.

Such was the appearance of our knight-errant; when, laying his hand upon his sword, he advanced towards the King of Cyprus—‘Come,’ said he, ‘arrogant monst’r! since the emperor gives leave that we combat in this room, let us lose no time in frivolous babbling: courage is known by actions.’ At these words he unsheathed his weapon; when suddenly, as our knight’s adventures always proved very extraordinary, the assembly beheld the immense carcase of Bramarbas tumble backwards; and in his place appeared a damsel, clad like a shepherdess, and her face covered with a napkin. Those who had not been prepared for this event were much surprized; and Don Quixote, dropping the point of his sword, fell back two steps, and stood still, expecting what the maiden would say. The body of Bramarbas being instantly hurried off by two figures habited like demons, the damsel, without unveiling herself, addressed the Knight of La Mancha in the following terms. ‘Valiant Don Quixote, indefatigable Atlas of chivalry, father of orphans, comfort of widows, sweet hope of enchanted infantas, fixed star which hast conducted me to the haven of my desires! be not annoyed at beholding a horrible giant transmographied thus suddenly into a little tender damsel: this metamorphosis ought only to be surprizing to such as are unacquainted with the arts of enchanters. You have finished an adventure which will sink the memory of the Palmerins, and will gain you as much reputation among wise nations, as the disenchantment of Polixena did the valiant Knight Don Lucidanor of Thessaly: but, illustrious Prince of La Mancha, you must crown this work by restoring me to my parents, who are in the greatest affliction imaginable for the

loss of me.’—‘I will, beautiful princess,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘you have a right to demand it at my hands. I will conduct you into your dominions: acquaint me only where they are situated, and who is the renowned prince that gave you your being?’—‘My name is the Infanta Banterina,’ replied the damsel; ‘and I am only daughter of the great Archbanterer of the Indies.’ The emperor hearing these words, overcome by fatherly affection, rushed hastily from his throne; and, lifting up his eyes to Heaven—‘O ye immortal Gods!’ exclaimed he, ‘is it then possible that you restore to me my daughter, when I least expected it? In return for this mighty favour, I vow, as soon as I return to my palace, I will offer to you in sacrifice a hundred horned animals; for there are abundance of them in my empire.’ Then stepping forward to the infanta, with open arms—‘Dear Banterina,’ continued he, ‘come and embrace your father! Alas! what grief pierced my soul when you was ravished from my love! My sad thoughts have never ceased to follow you!’—‘O my dear father!’ answered the infanta, ‘I have not words to express what I felt at that time; and, if you followed me with your thoughts, I can assure you I left my heart behind when I was carried away.’—‘By my troth,’ quoth Sancho, ‘methinks the princess ought to shew her face! Who the devil ever saw a daughter embrace her father after that manner? I should laugh to see my little Sancha, when I go home to my country again, come to kis me with her nose muffled up in a napkin. Pox take me! God knows my meaning!’—‘Sancho is in the right,’ said the archbanterer; ‘why do not you shew your face, princess? Let fall that veil which hides those dear features from me!’—‘Pray, Sir,’ answered Banterina, ‘excuse me from taking off my veil; I have reasons that move me to be covered: and, to convince you, I must give you an account of what has befallen me since you lost me. You will hear abundance of strange adventures.’—‘I do not question it,’ answered the archbanterer; ‘a daughter that has been so long from her father and mother must needs have fine stories to tell: but no matter, provided

' provided the devil be not in them, I will take all in good part.'—' You shall hear how the matter stands,' replied Banterina, ' if you will listen to me.' Then she began the sad relation of her adventures after this manner.

C H A P. IV.

CONTAINING THE INFANTA BANTERINA'S SURPRIZING RELATION.

' AS soon as the tent flew up into the air, and I heard the cries of the empress my mother, being of an excellent disposition, my senses failed me, and I fell down in a swoon upon the crystal steps at the feet of the Infanta Cerizetta. The four damsels took pains enough to help me; but, though they rubbed my nose with all sorts of spirits, they could not bring me to myself: there was no sign of life left in me; and, therefore, thinking I was dead, they began to weep bitterly. I. cannot tell what could make them have such a kindness for me; but certain it is, nobody ever was more troubled than they were: my own ladies of honour could not have made more ugly faces. They presently struck up a funeral dirge; they chanted recitatives and trios. Alas! what trios! Nothing was ever heard so dolorous! Their recitativos were now-and-then interrupted by a full chorus of all sorts of voices, repeating these words—

' We labour in vain, in vain we deplore;
' Alas! Banterina the bright is no more!
' Weep, weep! let tears like fountains flow,
' And sigh away your breath;
' We've stol n perfection from below,
' To yield it up to death.'

' Notwithstanding all this, I did not die; and whether musick has the power to call back the spirits that are fled, or that the grief for the loss of parents is not mortal, I recovered my strength insensibly. The damsels were in ecstasies of joy: they gave over their dismal ditties; and nothing was then sung but tender and gallant airs in praise of me. Among the rest, I remember the

' following verses were chanted by an excellent voice—

" Jove, jealous for his slighted fane,
" From earth long since to Heav'n had ta'en
" Our princess, but he fear'd to do it:
" For Venus threaten'd him full sore,
" If you came there, she'd make him rue it;
" She'd leave the skies, and come no more.

" But, howso'er the dame was wroth,
" It need not much have scared his god-
" head;
" For he'd have found you, surely, both
" A prettier lass, and abler-bodied."

' All this time the tent flew through the air with incredible rapidity, till, stopping on a sudden, it opened, and I found myself at the gate of a stately palace. Then the knights in the green armour, the damsels, the tent, and all that was in it, vanished, and I was left alone sadly out of countenance. But it was not long before I espied six curious ladies coming towards me, all clad in white sattin, lined with rose-coloured taffety, flash-ed, and all the flashes embroidered with pearls. They had long sleeves hanging down, and on them a wonderful rich embroidery: their hair was very fair, and delicately curled, and their heads were stuck fuller with diamonds than any heroine's upon the stage. Judging of their quality by therichness of their apparel, I thought they could be no less than sultan's daughters; and I was providing a high compliment for them, when, falling down before me, they all embraced my knees; and, when they had kissed my hands over and over, one of them said to me in a most respectful manner—" Peerless Banterina, most lively portraiture of the chaste goddess Venus, universal heiress to all Oriana's and the beautiful Nichea's graces; behold here at your feet six damsels appointed to wait on you! The owner of this palace has culled us out from among an hundred thousand duennas, to honour us with this glorious employment: I can assure you he could not have made a better choice; for, without vanity, my companions and I are the cleverest wenches in the world at pinning a gown, dressing a head, colouring the hair, mending the complexion,

"plexion, and curing the green-sickness."—"Pretty damsels," said I, "pray tell me where I am, and what the prince's name is that reigns here?"—"You are," answered she, "in the palace of the King of Terra Australis. This kingdom is of an infinite extent, or rather, it is a new world unknown to the other inhabitants of the earth, with the good leave of the apocryphal accounts strangers have given of it. Precious stones, gold and silver, grow up under our feet; and are consequently of so little value with us, that these cloaths, which you think very costly, are but the common habit of tradesmen's wives. I would have you see our women of quality and our princesses; they have other guise sort of cloaths. By this you may guess that the king must be a puissant sovereign; but what you do not know, and is very fit you be told, is, that this prince is very young, and has a mind to marry; and understanding, by an enchanter his friend, that you are the most beautiful princess in the world, he caused the said enchanter to steal you away." This news redoubled the tears which the remembrance of my parents made me shed incessantly: but another of the damsels said—"O beautiful infanta, do not waste those precious tears! When you have seen the king your affliction will cease. He will soon return from hunting." In effect, I presently espied him coming in a chariot of saphirs and topazes, drawn by six white unicorns. I must confess, I never saw any thing so fine! He leaped out nimbly to the ground; and, perceiving he carried a bow and quiver, I took him for the god of love. I cannot say whether it was any enchantment, or the mere working of nature, but I was so taken with his mien and beauty, that I thought no more of my parents. He seemed to me not less smitten with my features; and he was so disordered when he came up, that he made me a compliment which was neither rhyme nor reason. I returned an answer without head or tail. The damsels smiled; and believed, with some justice, that I had not over-much wit:

but the prince, who had as little as myself, was very well pleased. He took me by the hand, and led me into a stately apartment, where, having recovered himself from his disorder, he confirmed all that the damsels had told me concerning my rape, with an eloquence I did not expect from him. In short, he said such tender things to me, that we need no longer marvel at the prompt compliance of Psyche with the insinuations of the god of love. He soon perceived my sensibility; at which he was so overjoyed, and his passion grew so fast upon him, that he earnestly entreated me not to defer his good fortune one moment, but to marry him immediately.—"Prince!" said I to him then, so sweetly that it quite charmed him, "you are very hasty. Consider that marriage is a matter of moment, and requires mature deliberation. Leave me here alone; I desire a full quarter of an hour to consider." I was afraid he had been too deep in love to grant this delay; but, on the contrary, instead of denying it, he commended my discretion, and went out of the room, saying, he had the greater value for me, because women, for the most part, did not take so much time to consider.

Thus was I left alone to make serious reflections on his proposal. I found it so advantageous to me, and my head was filled with such pleasant notions, that a sweet sleep soon overcame me: but I slept not long, ere, perceiving myself pulled by the arm, I awaked. It was the wise Belonia, whom I knew, because I had seen her sometimes at my father the archbanterer's house, she being protectress of his dominions. "Look to your honour, my dear Banterina," said she; "it is in wonderful danger. You are now upon the edge of the Euxine Sea, betwixt Constantinople and Trebisond. It is not the King of Terra Australis that is in love with you; it is a false enchanter, who has taken upon him the shape of an amiable prince to deceive you. My power is inferior to his, and I cannot carry you hence; but I bring you the famous ring of Bendanazar*. As long as you keep this, the enchanter

* See Book I. Chap. V.

"will

" will have no power over you: you
" will see things as they really are; and
" if you can once set your foot out of
" this enchanted palace, I will carry
" you away in my chariot. Take care
" to hide this ring; for if the enchant-
" er gets it from you, you must expect
" no farther assistance from me." This
said, she gave me the ring, and im-
mediately flew out at the chimney.
When she was gone, I remained me-
lancholy and musing, as is usual
when a young woman has a great
fancy for a handsome man, and is
told his ill qualities. I was not so
well pleased that I had been unde-
ceived, as I was vexed to understand
that the prince I had been so fond of
was a mere illusion. However, I
concealed the ring in my bosom; and
continued in my reverie, when I saw
a little old fellow enter the room,
with a long grey beard, and a violet-
coloured cloth cap on his head, which
covered his ears. He had on a gown
of tygers skins, and he leaned on a
staff, without which he could not
move; for, notwithstanding his crutch,
he limped so wretchedly, that, at every
step he took, I thought he would have
tumbled upon his nose.—'Beautiful
infanta!' said Don Quixote, interrupt-
ing her, 'that was certainly the enchant-
er Friston; for he has been lame ever
since he broke his leg at Babylon.'—
'It is very true,' quoth Banterina;
now you put me in mind of it, the
wise Belonia told me it was Friston,
and I forgot to tell you so.—Now,
gentlemen, do but consider, if you
please, how much I was surprized,
when, by that little lame scoundrel's
discourse, I found out that he was the
very same fine prince I had been so
much taken with. I looked aside
with horror. He drew near to me; I
shrieked out; and a sudden qualm
made me faint away. He called in
his women to help me; five or six
witches came in and unlaced me, to
give me air. My ring dropped down;
the enchanter catched it up; and,
having viewed it—"Oh, ho!" cried
he, "here is the knack on it! Who
the devil brought her this jewel, and
has been with her the moment I was
away? By my troth, they are not de-
ceived, who say it is hard to keep
maids!"—'Ads-bobs!' quoth San-
cho, 'Friston talks notably enough

' for an enchanter! For I have heard
our batchelor Sampson say, that maids
are like sheep: if the shepherd has not
always a watchful eye, they run astray,
and the wolf devours them. But go
on with your story, Madam Infanta;
these gentlemen and I sit upon thorns
till we hear the rest.'—' When I came
to myself,' said the infanta, 'I looked
about for my ring; and, not finding
it, was as much troubled as if I had
lost my lap-dog, or my parrot. I
called the enchanter, "Old goat;
nasty cripple;" and "ragamuffin
sorcerer!" In short, I gave him
such scurvy language, that he changed
all his love into hatred. He mut-
tered some words in Dutch; and
then, taking me about the middle,
threw me like an arrow out at the
window, with such force and violence,
that I flew from the shore of the Eux-
ine Sea, where I then was, and fell
into waters of the River Signon.'—
' What a damned skip was that!' cried
Sancho. ' How the devil could an old
fellow, that was not able to go with-
out a crutch, have strength enough to
throw you so far?'—' Do not you
consider, friend,' replied the infanta,
that he did it by virtue of those hellish
words he had muttered to himself?—
But, gentlemen, I should never have
recovered after such a fall; but that,
as good luck would have it, a young
shepherd, who was playing on his
pipe whilst he looked to his sheep on
the bank of the river, perceiving I
was like to drown, came speedily to
my assistance. He took me upon his
back, and swam ashore; then, per-
ceiving that I still breathed, he car-
ried me into his hut, lighted a fire,
dried me, and brought me to myself.
I returned him thanks for his care in
such words as made him believe I
had not been ill bred; which awakened
his curiosity, and he desired I would
tell him my story. I did so very
precisely; but not without shedding
abundance of tears, which made him
drop as many. He told me he was
much concerned at my misfortunes;
and, that he might not seem to con-
fide less in me than I had done in
him, he said—"Beautiful princess,
you have related your misfortunes
to a shepherd, who is not less unhappy
than yourself. I am the natural
son of the valiant Perianeus of Per-

" sia; and, as if it were the fate of his family to be unfortunate in love, I became enamoured of a lady who afforded me no better requital than he received from Floris bella. The Queen of the Amazons, the charming Zenobia, with whom I fell in love, upon seeing her dandle on her lap a pig she was violently fond of, has been deaf to all the testimonies of my passion. But what drove me quite to desperation was, that at the very time when I complained of her cruelty, the Prince of the Floating Islands had as much cause to boast of her kindness. In a fit of anger, I renounced knight-errantry; and, removing for ever from my father's court, I repaired to the banks of this celebrated river, with a resolution to turn shepherd. Since then I have been told that the magician Pamphus has enchanted my ungrateful fair-one, and has converted her into a frightful tripewoman; but this I do not aver to you for a certainty." — ' Nay, before God, and on my conscience,' quoth Sancho, interrupting the infanta again, ' whoever told the shepherd that story, did not lye, for there is nothing more certain. Madam Zenobia is as perfect a tripewoman as ever you saw: she has a great scar on one cheek; is blear-eyed; blubber-lipped; and all the rest suitable. When we first found her in the wood, where she was tied to a pine-tree, the soldier Bracamonte, the alderman, and I, took her rather for a daughter of the devil than a fine princess. Only my master was not mistaken in her. Let him alone: he presently espied she was a great queen. Body o'me! he knew her at first sight, and called her by her Christian name and surname, as if they had been old school fellows!' — ' You need not wonder at that,' quoth Don Quixote; ' if knights-errant had not the faculty of knowing infants under every variety of enchantment, how could they rescue them out of the hands of enchanters? But we do not consider, Sancho, that we interrupt the princess.' — ' No matter, Sir Knight,' answered Banderina; ' I have a good memory, and you shall see I am not put out of my story.'

" I came then to establish myself," said the shepherd, " in this delightful place: I soon got some sheep, a dog, a reed, and a bag-pipe; and, changing my name from Prince Persin, as I was called before, I took that of the Shepherd Persino. My squire would not follow my example; but desired me to requite his long services by conferring on him the honour of knighthood: I, being of a generous temper, not only granted his request, but presented him with my own horse and arms; for hitherto he had ridden only upon a she ass, which would not have been the properst steed for a knight. Then I sent him, with my blessing, to seek adventures. The truth of it is, he was a clever fellow, very fit for the ladies service; and if he has not had his brains knocked out in some melon-field, no doubt he has comforted many widows: for my part, my only endeavour is to lead a pleasant quiet life in this delicious place. Sometimes I play on my reed, and sometimes on my bag-pipe; and sometimes I make verses on the wonderful works of nature. I describe the pleasures of a country life. The birds are heard to sing in my poems; in them the silly lambs are seen to skip after the careful ewes, and the murmuring streams to wind their crystal waters along the grass: in short, I enjoy a thousand pleasures. But, alas! I want one, which is the most substantial, and without which I am sensible a shepherd can never be truly happy; and that is a sheepherdess. Beautiful princtess,' added he, looking on me very earnestly, ' I will not love Zenobia any longer. I am tender, kind, discreet, and faithful; give me leave to dedicate my thoughts to you, and do not think the gods have brought you hither to no purpose; it is certainly then will that you should make me happy. Be obedient to their sovereign decrees! Be my shepherdess! Ah! what a pleasant thing it is to love! Let us follow where love calls; to him let us yield up our hearts. Let us renounce our parents' empire; let us despite our grandam. Let us forget our kinsmen and friends; and let us spend the rest of our days

"in tender sighs and amorous me-
"lody."

" You may judge, gentlemen, whe-
ther it was possible for me to with-
stand such an offer. The shepherd
Persino was gay, handsome, and sung
well. What a treasure this to a young
girl at fifteen! I could not deny him.
I assumed the habit and crook of a
shepherdess. Persino committed half
his flock to my care, together with a
dog which he called Melampus; and
not thinking the name of Banterina
very fit for verse, he changed it to
Phillis. It is impossible to tell you
exactly how many verses he composed
upon me and my dog Melampus; but
the devil take me, if, in less than a
year, he did not make two hundred
eclogues, as many elegies, and above
a thousand rondeaus! He had a very
poetical fancy, and there was no end
of his invention. Sometimes, though
he was never a day without me, he
complained of my long absence: at
another time, he would accuse me of
cruelty, with as little reason. Ano-
ther time he would compose lively dit-
ties, and all to divert his Muse, and
vary his subjects. There was, in all
his writings, a characteristical ten-
derness which ravished me. One
day, among the rest—I shall remem-
ber it as long as I live—he sung me a
song, which I will repeat to you. I
was transported with it. I was
quite out of breath. I thought I
should have died, my rapture was so
excessive. The words are these—

" As Phillis, late serenely sleeping,
" Stretch'd her soft limbs beneath the shade,
" The gay Persino, near her creeping,
" By stealth the heedless fair survey'd:
" And so div ne he felt her beauty,
" And such strange raptures it did move,
" That, ah! forgetful of his duty,
" Too vent'rous youth! he dar'd to love."

" Besides the pleasure of hearing such
charming songs every day, I had the
satisfaction of seeing the shepherd Per-
sino's name, and my own, carved on
every tree, and the history of our faith-
ful loves written in the sands of the
Lignon, in such characters that they
were proof against the winds. Thus
I spent my days very happily, when
one morning, as I was tending my
flock, there passed by me a knight,

" armed at all points, who stopped to
take a full view of me; and, turning
to his squire, said—" Aurelio, take
notice of that shepherdess. Are not
those the features of the infanta?"—
" Yes, indeed, Sir," answered the
squire; " that face is not at all unlike
her."—" I am satisfied," replied the
knight; " she is certainly Banterina.
Her country habit cannot deceive my
eyes." This said, he alighted from
his horse; and, lifting up his vizor,
that I might see his face, I immedi-
ately recognized Prince Rozinel, my
father's brave and worthy bastard.
The surprize and disorder of my
countenance fully convinced him that
he was not mistaken. " O, my dear
infanta!" said he, " the gods have
at length permitted me to meet with
you! I have been these twelve
months seeking you in all parts.
What chance made you a shepherd-
ess?" When I had satisfied his cu-
riosity, he told me that my parents
were inconsolable for the loss of me;
and, having a notable fluency of
tongue, he painted their affliction in
colours so lively, that I had like to
have cried at it. " Come, Banteri-
na," added he, " let us hasten away
to my father's court: let us fly to de-
liver him from that dismal melan-
choly in which I left him, and drive
away the sad shades of death which
by this time sit about the empress."
I was mightily perplexed. If I
thought of comforting my parents,
I was no less concerned to leave Per-
sino. An afflicted father, a weeping
mother, a despairing shepherd, a
whining dog, and a straying flock of
sheep, were all distracting thoughts
which succeeded one another. But
it was necessary to come to some de-
termination; and, my life being a se-
ries of wonders, I preferred my fa-
mily before my lover. I chose rather
to forsake such a discreet and well-
behaved shepherd, than to be deaf to
the calls of my disconsolate kindred.
I had fixed my resolution; but, as I
was preparing to follow Rozinel, Per-
sino, the unhappy Persino! came up
to us. He was looking for me to
sing me a new song; but he had lit-
tle mind to sing, when he understood
he was so near losing me. He made
the woods and the banks rattle with
his doleful complaints; he threw
away

' away his reed; broke his crook; tore his eye-brows; and, that I may make use of one of Homer's most celebrated comparisons, "He rolled himself up on the ground, as a black-pudding rolls upon the fire." In short, the doubly and trebly unfortunate Persino did his utmost, and downright died before us for mere love and vexation. I must here take breath, gentlemen, that I may be better able to recount the rest of the transactions of that fatal day.' Here Banterina paused a while, and then continued her discourse as follows.

C H A P. V.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE INFANTA BANTERINA'S WONDERFUL ADVENTURES.

' WHEN I saw my shepherd stretched out dead upon the ground, I reclined myself upon Prince Rozinel; was for a time silent and motionless, and so overwhelmed with grief, as to lose all sensation. But soon after I tore my cloaths and hair, and lifted up my voice to Heaven, complaining of his death in terms of the most outrageous extravagance: I railed so bitterly against Jupiter and Calisto, that the prince and his squire were absolutely terrified. The eloquent Rozinel thought fit to tell me, that men, in their greatest afflictions, are bound to honour the gods; but though he had read that word for word in Seneca, I took little notice of it, and never gave over abusing the gods and goddesses, till the shepherd Persino was buried. After this, my sorrow began to grow lighter; I found my reason return; and I can safely boast that, at fifteen years of age, I bore as good a heart as any widow at thirty. I wiped my eyes, and comforted myself: then my brother took me up behind him, and we rode sixteen hundred leagues, talking over the adventures of knights-errant; for I am strangely fond of books of chivalry; and I do not yet despair but I may, one time or other, distract myself with reading them.' Here Don Quixote put up his hand to his forehead, and had a strong temptation to interrupt the princess in favour of

the books of chivalry; but he forbore out of respect to the company, which may be considered as an act of uncommon violence to his own inclinations.

' Having travelled, without disturbance, to the frontiers of Colchis,' continued Banterina, ' I was full of hopes that I should soon see my dear mother Merry-dame, and my honoured father the archbanterer; when, in a wood, we met twelve giants carrying away five infantas whom they had newly ravished. They stopped us without ceremony, bidding my brother surrender upon discretion, if he would save his life. The brave Rozinel, having caused his squire to set me down, without regarding the odds, drew his sword; and, like another Don Quixote, had the courage to fight all those giants, who looked like so many windmills. But, alas! the poor bastard had no better luck than if he had been lawfully begotten! for he received so many strokes on the head with their clubs, that he lost his stirrups, and fell down stone-dead under his horse's belly. Then they laid hold of his unfortunate squire, and began tossing him in a blanket; making him cut such pleasant capers in the air, that I could have laughed heartily, had I not been so full of trouble. I fared like the rest of the infantas. They carried us directly to the Moorish enchanter's castle, which was but two leagues off.'—' But, Madam Princess,' said Sancho, interrupting her again, ' pray tell me whether those two-handed rogues took your brother's squire along with them, or whether they left him in the wood, after having so well settled his bones for him?'—' As for that,' replied Banterina, ' they were not satisfied with tossing him in a blanket till they were weary, but they carried him to the castle, where they shut him up in a dungeon underground, which was fourscore and nineteen thousand fathoms deep.'—' Blest us! what a dungeon!' cried Sancho: ' why a man had as good be in Limbo! What an unmerciful crew of Goliaths these were! Hang me, if the very enchanters be not civiler persons! When they have tossed a squire hands mely, they give him at least the key of the country, and turn him loose about his business.'—' That

" is a great comfort for a squire that has been tossed in a blanket," answered the princess; " and would to God my brother's had come off so well!— But to return to my story. You must understand that, as soon as I came to the castle, with my five unfortunate companions in bondage, the enchanter desired to see us. Though I was but in the habit of a shepherdess, and that rather ragged, (for I had not spared it in my transports of grief at Persino's funeral) yet I was reckoned the prettiest of the half dozen. I had the good luck to please the wizard; and, at the same time, he had the misfortune to appear in my eyes the most horrid individual of the human species: in a word, his hair is frizzled, and red as blood, and his face black as ink; and it is doubtless for these reasons that they call him the Moorish, or the caroty, enchanter. I could not endure the sight of the monster. When I looked upon him, I made a sort of a face, which he did not think very favourable to his desires; and, in truth, there was no need of his being a great conjuror to guess what it meant. He made up a face in his turn which was as plain as the other: he knit his brow; and, looking fiercely on me—" How now, little gipsey!" said he, in a voice like a mule-driver; " I perceive you do not like us. To humour you, we must send for those fine effeminate fellows, those starched beaus of our sex. I could have borrowed one of those empty shapes, as poor silly Friston did; but I would not put such an affront upon nature." I durst not make the brute an answer, for fear of provoking him yet farther. But, to pass by a thousand needless circumstances, and come to the conclusion of my adventures, I must tell you that, when he had in vain tormented me three months, to bring me to compliance with his passion, he was so incensed to see himself despised, that he resolved to be revenged on me. This resolution he executed after a manner that has scarce any precedent in history. He touched me first with his wand; he then pulled out of his pocket a book in folio, and opened it; then he read to himself; and, as he read, I perceived my little arms increase in length, and

" my whole frame dilate itself hideously: to be short, in less than a quarter of an hour I was converted into a giant from head to foot. The enchanter then, addressing me in a scornful tone—" Go," said he, " termagant princess! go, traverse the earth under that agreeable form! I command you," added he, imperiously, " by the soul of the great Calchas, who perfectly knew what was to come, what was present, and, best of all, what was past, take the name of Bramabas Ironsides. Do all the mischief you can in the world. Dethrone virtuous princes, and support the wicked. Slay all the knights that shall fall under your clutches, and seek out the most famous men to combat them. By my powers of magick, I bestow on you strength to destroy them all. There is but one in the world that can overcome you: his name I withhold from your knowledge. If you happen to meet him, and he does but draw his sword against you, your gigantick figure will drop off like an enormous case of pasteboard; which, being carried away by my familiar dæmons, you will again become an infanta. But, to perfect my revenge, I must tell you that, in the same hour, your snow-white countenance shall assume that sable hue of mine which you beheld with such abhorrence; and this shall be known to you by a white veil enveloping your head." I have now, continued the princess, been occupied, during two years, in ranging the world by the force of that enchantment, and performing devilish actions. Happily, I have not been obliged to dethrone many princes. I only invaded the good King of Cyprus's dominions; and it even now troubles me to the heart that I killed him. As for knights, I confess I have demolished of those more than enough; and I came into Spain, after Don Quixote, for no purpose but to treat him in the same manner: but, thanks to the Heavenly Powers! he, it appears, was that most valiant knight who alone could disenchant me. The worst of it is, that I am still as black as a crow; for, though no person has told me so, and I have not yet seen my own face, yet since I have this white veil on my head, I am

as fully convinced of the fact, as if I had spent four hours at a looking-glass. So that you see I am not much in the wrong for refusing to discover myself to the company.'

Banterina having thus finished the strange recital of her adventures, the archbanterer said to her—' My dear infanta, I call to witness all Olympus, from Saturn's mighty son to the eagle that stole his cup bearer, that I am overjoyed at finding you! When I call to mind the Prince of Terra Australis, the giants, and, above all, the Moorish enchanter, I perceive you have escaped a scowring. As for the innocent shepherd Perlino, his moving songs make me very much regret his death. But I have this comfort, that his soul must needs enjoy sweet rest in the fields of Elysium; for I cannot think Pluto could be so unjust as to shut it up with the ghost of Tarquin. As to your complexion, my dear child, that malady is not irremediable. There are abundance of ladies in my court, who will communicate their secrets to you: but, as yet, we have not seen your face. How do we know whether it is so bad as you imagine? Perhaps the Moorish enchanter has not caried on his revenge to the utmost, and thought it sufficient to frighten you.'—' No, no, Sir,' answered Banterina; ' I am too sure it is so.'—' No matter,' replied the emperor; ' discover yourself, your father commands you.'—' Then I must obey,' said the infanta; ' but I can assure you, you will find me greatly altered.' Thus speaking, she threw aside her napkin; and displayed to the assembly a countenance so far from white, that it appeared to have been daubed over with five or six coats of shining ink. The ladies and gentlemen seemed strangely astonished at so terrifying a spectacle; and Don Quixote, finding his work of disenchantment imperfect, was sunk in affliction. As soon as Sancho set his eyes on this grimly varnished visage, he roared, as loudly as he was able—' Body o' mine, what an infanta! I would not be in her skin, if St. Michael chance to meet with her. Saints and fathers! what is the meaning of this? All our princesses, forsooth, must be either black-faced or black-faced, with a pox to 'em!'—' In truth, child,' quoth

the emperor, ' you are in a woeful tawny condition. I am much afraid we shall find it no easy matter to bleach this freckled complexion of thine. However, we will not spare expence in the experiment; we will try those washes our brown skinned ladies use to slay their faces with; and, perhaps, by dint of hard scrubbing, we may at length succeed.'—' I scarce think it,' answered Banterina sorrowfully: ' I had better pass the rest of my days in retirement, and renounce the world for ever. Alas!' added she, weeping, ' what a spectacle shall I make with this fearful countenance! The young people will all shun me like an old decayed countess; and, besides the grief of having no lover of my own, I shall have the vexation of seeing other women every day chopping and changing!'

C H A P. VI.

OF THE EXPEDIENT THAT WAS FOUND OUT FOR FINISHING THE DISENCHANTMENT OF BANTERINA.

WHILST the poor princess thus lamented her sable destiny, on a sudden a paper folded up like a letter was seen to drop at her feet, being thrown in by one of Don Carlos's pages so dextrously, that Don Quixote and Sancho never perceived it.—' What new prodigy is this?' cried the archbanterer. ' Sure this is some advice from an enchanter our friend. Let us read it, for we ought to slight nothing.' This said, he catched up the paper, opened it, and read these verses aloud.

' TO THE SOOTY-FACED INFANTA.'

THY strange mishap revolving late,
I op'd the magick roll of fate;
There saw I that thine ivory face
Will ne'er retrieve it's wonted grace,
Unless that warrior, fierce as fire,
The drubber of the smoaky squire,
Will keep a fast for thy sweet sake:
A thing most hard to undertake!
But, if that kind and gallant wight,
In pity of thy do'ful plight,
For one whole day shall be content
To take no grain of nourishment;

Then

‘ Then sha’l the lily and carnation,
 ‘ To that infernal bronze succeding,
 ‘ Restore thee like a new creation;
 ‘ Fresh beauties in thy visage breeding.
 ‘ This vote was pass’d, by full consent,
 ‘ Last night, in Pluto’s parliament.

THE MOORISH ENCHANTER.

‘ Blessed be the parliament!’ said the archbanterer. ‘ Chear up, child, you will soon recover your beauty; for I cannot think the most obliging Sancho Panza will refuse to do you this piece of service.’—‘ Sir,’ quoth Banterina, ‘ there is nothing certain in the world. I cannot tell whether that illustrious squire will live a day without eating for my sake.’—‘ How! whether he will!’ cried Don Quixote. ‘ Alas, beautiful princess! you do him much wrong to doubt of it.—Is not this true, my son? Do not you now reckon yourself the happiest squire that ever was; that is; or ever will be? Do not you feel a sort of joy you are scarce able to contain?’—‘ No, by my troth!’ answered Sancho; ‘ I am not so full of joy as you imagine. Do you think I am so well pleased to be four and twenty hours without eating; and to live upon my own nails, forsooth, while others work their jaws without counting mouthfuls? Pox take me! it is a pretty business to rejoice at. But, pray, why must I do penance for other folks sins? That’s a choice fancy. I should have a long Lent, were I to fast for every lady that has played the devil. Belly o’ me! I will not do it at all.’—‘ You do not consider what you say,’ replied Don Quixote in a half angry tone; ‘ though you are but a simple squire, you may gain immortal renown, worthy to be envied by the most applauded knights.’—‘ Simple or not simple, Sir,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ the knights need not envy me on that account. If my fast tempts them, they need but say so, and they shall share in it; and if one day is not enough, they may fast ten. I promise you they shall not see me vie with them.’—‘ But, Sancho,’ answered Banterina, ‘ you do not consider that four and twenty hours are soon gone: for all the time you have fasted from dinner must be reckoned in, and you may dine again to-morrow; and then the whole business is but going to bed

without a supper.’—‘ That is too much,’ quoth Sancho; ‘ but it is easily said; and yet, if you were to do it, you would make many wry faces.’—‘ Would to the gods,’ answered the princess, ‘ that the success of this affair depended on me! my face would be as clear as crystal to-morrow. What! can you imagine I should think much of fasting till to-morrow for the sake of a good complexion? If you do, you do not take me for a woman. By my reputation, I would live a whole year upon bread and water to obtain the faintest glimpse of whitenss, or any the least agreeableness of countenance!’—‘ How hard you are to be brought to,’ said the archbanterer; ‘ as if you had never gone to bed without a supper! I believe you did not go to Rome for a pardon every time you did it in the course of your adventures.’—‘ I grant it, Mr. Archbanterer,’ answered Sancho; ‘ but neither did I tell you every time I was fretted to my heart.’

Don Carlos, the count, and Don Alvaro, who, till then, had continued silent, now drew near the squire to persuade him to do things with a good grace. The archbanterer conjured him; and Banterina, as most concerned in this affair, did not only entreat, but fell down at his feet to render her prayer the more touching. Don Quixote, whose forbearance was already stretched to the utmost by the emperor’s condescending to supplicate his squire, lost all patience when he beheld this action of the princess, and was just ready to break out; when Sancho, unable to resist any longer such earnest entreaties, and melted by the final prostration of the infanta, raised her up, saying—‘ Well, rise, Madam Princess; “ Since the child cries, it must be rocked.” I have a tender heart enough, considering I am a peasant. I will undertake this penance for you; and I promise I will acquit myself to a miracle.’ The archbanterer hearing him, ran to embrace the generous squire; Banterina smothered him with acknowledgments; the ladies and gentlemen showered down commendations; and Don Quixote was pacified. ‘ My dear friend Sancho,’ said Don Alvaro, ‘ I am overjoyed to think that you will have the honour of finishing the disenchantment

‘ chantment of such a beautiful infanta.’—‘ I am glad, too,’ replied the squire, ‘ for that matter: but what vexes me is, that I never felt such a craving appetite as I have this afternoon. Hang me, the devil is in the dish, I believe! My guts cry a famine, because I have nothing but wind to feed them with.’—‘ Right,’ said the count; ‘ this is the humour of all men: as soon as a thing is forbidden, every man longs for it.’—‘ Aye, and the women too are of the same humour,’ quoth Sancho; ‘ for I very well remember, that John Aspado, the shoemaker of our village, one day forbade his wife to go to the wood a nutting; and yet the jade went, and never got home again till she had gathered a lapful.—But, gentlemen,’ added he, ‘ though I am forbidden eating a supper, yet I hope I may be allowed to dip my fingers-ends in the sauce; that will not break my fast.’—‘ I beg your pardon,’ answered Don Carlos; ‘ we can never be too scrupulous when the disenchantment of a princess depends upon it. You must not eat so much as a bit of bacon a fowl is larded with, for fear of infringing the decree of the parliament. Nay, I am of opinion, you should keep as far as may be from the kitchen; for I look upon the very steam of the meats as sufficient to break the order.’—‘ By my troth, Don Carlos,’ cried Sancho, ‘ I have an excellent thought come into my head! You cannot imagine what I will do. As soon as I can get to Don Alvaro Tarfe’s house, I will go to bed; and, if I can, I will sleep till it be time to say grace to morrow.’—‘ I like the project well,’ said the count; ‘ and by that means you will avoid all temptation. Besides, the proverb says, “ That he who sleeps, dines.” ’—‘ Right,’ answered the squire; ‘ let us talk no more of it; I will away, and fast like a bishop: and then we shall see whether the order of knighthood can be denied me.’—‘ No, no, my dear Sancho,’ answered the archbanterer; ‘ you may rest satisfied you shall be dubbed. That is the least reward you can expect from me.’ The infanta perceiving the squire so favourably inclined to her, changed the discourse; and laid to the emperor—‘ Pray, Sir, give me leave to ask you, whether the

empress my mother is in this palace, or whether you have left her in your archbantership. I long to hear from her.’—‘ I am overjoyed at your earnestness,’ answered the archbanterer: ‘ your mother is here, and in her apartment, bewailing the loss of you; and is still so afflicted, that she will see nobody.’—‘ Let us go and dry up her tears,’ replied the princess; ‘ and, having bidden the company a good night, await the event of my disenchantment, which cannot fail, since it wholly depends on Don Quixote’s abstemious squire.’ The ladies and gentlemen hereupon went away to their homes, very well pleased with the actors in this comedy; but particularly with Don Carlos’s young secretary, who had played the part of Banterina to such perfection.

C H A P. VII.

HOW SANCHO FINISHED THE DIS- ENCHANTMENT OF THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

WHEN Don Alvaro, Don Quixote, and his squire, returned to their lodging, the knight, who was full of what had happened at the archbanterer’s, said to the Granadine—‘ I cannot tell, Don Alvaro, whether the things we have seen and heard have made so great an impression on you as they have done on me. These are some of those wonderful accidents, which have discredited the books of knight-errantry; and, I am of opinion, that when posterity shall read in my history the adventure of the Infanta Banterina, it will not be believed.’—‘ I do not question it,’ answered Don Alvaro; ‘ nothing is more unlikely than that princess’s enchantment; and, in short, the whole of her relation. I am much concerned at her misfortunes. When I consider her in a wood at the mercy of twelve giants, and then in the clutches of a base Moor—What a sad thing it is! For, perhaps, the poor infanta did not tell us all; she might conceal some things out of mere modesty. God grant I may be mistaken in my guess, and that her father find her as Achilles did Briseis! You know, Don Quixote, that Agamemnon swore he turned

turned her pure and undefiled; and that all the Greeks took his word, as a man would believe a guardian who swears he has not cheated his pupil.'—'Don Alvaro,' answered Don Quixote, 'I grant you the chaste Banterina has run through great dangers; but, to satisfy your scruples, I must inform you, that we read in the authentick books of chivalry, that the Infanta Aurora* came out pure and unspotted, after she had been three years shut up in a cave among giants; and the same of a thousand other princesses I could quote to you.'

—Nay, if so,' replied the Granadine, smiling, 'I shall set my heart at rest as to that point.'—'But, pray, gentlemen,' cried Sancho, 'did not you take notice of the coarse expression Madam the infanta let slip in her story?'—'What coarse expression?' answered Don Quixote. 'Zooks!' quoth the squire, 'did she not say "the devil take me?" Methinks those are curious words for an emperor's daughter; they favour something of the scoundrel giants she had kept company with!'—'I must confess,' said Don Quixote, 'I was something startled at first to hear that expression; but I considered afterwards, that, since the princess made use of it, it must be an usual mode of affirmation at her father the emperor's court.'—'I am of your opinion,' answered Don Alvaro; 'no doubt but the infanta has been too well bred to use such words, had not custom authorized them among the archbanterer's ladies.'

After some farther conversation of this sort, Don Alvaro, changing the discourse, said to the knight—'Don Quixote, I have a favour to beg of you; which is, that you will excuse me from supping with you to-night; Don Carlos and the count expect me to settle some private affairs depending betwixt us.'—'Why so much ceremony?' answered Don Quixote. 'Friends must not confine one another. Go where you please, my dear Tarfe: I design to shut myself up in my chamber with Sancho; for I am resolved not to leave him out of my

sight till he has perfected the disenchantment of the Princess Banterina.'—'I approve of your resolution,' answered Don Alvaro; 'it will not be amis for you to watch your discreet and abstemious squire, that he may be the more exact in performing his penance.' Thus saying, he took leave of the knight, and went away to the count's house; where he found the Marquis de Orisalvo, Don Carlos, and his secretary, laughing heartily at the imposition they had put upon Don Quixote, and concerting new fooleries for the ensuing day.

In the mean while, our knight being withdrawn into his chamber with Sancho, the Granadine's steward came to tell him supper was ready. 'If you would oblige me,' said Don Quixote, 'bring me a glass of wine and a mouthful of meat hither; for I would willingly sup in my chamber to-night.' The steward went out, and returned immediately with two pages; one of them bringing a great piece of bread, a bottle, and a glass; and the other the table linen, and a roasted pullet on a plate: they left all upon the table, and withdrew, Don Quixote having dismissed them, by saying his squire would be sufficient to wait upon him. As soon as they were gone out, Don Quixote double-locked the door, and caused himself to be disarmed by his squire; who, in the mean while, said to him—'So, Sir, now we are alone, pray talk to me as a good master ought to talk to his squire. Must I of necessity perform my penance?'—'What, do you mean to question it?' answered Don Quixote. 'Have you not promised the infanta and the emperor so to do?'—'Yes, Sir,' said the squire, 'I have promised; but, you know, words are but wind, especially among great men. Cannot you lessen my penance?'—'Do you think, if you give me a leg of that little bird, the infanta will be ever the less disenchanted?'—'No doubt of it!' replied Don Quixote; 'you must not eat the least morsel: nay, I cannot tell but the will may be taken for the deed.'—'Good God!' cried Sancho, 'what do you mean?

* See Belianis, Part I. Chap. 2 and 5; but I cannot find the term of her confinement there specified. The Princess Materosa, also, in the same romance, (Part II. Chap. 14) is rescued spotless from the hands of Altifer and his two brothers, all monstrous giants, to whom she had been for some time prisoner, by the prowess of Belianis and his knights.

' Where are we then? I shall have made a fine piece of work of it to-morrow! It will appear that I went to-bed without a supper, and that the princess is no more disenchanted than my grandmother!' — ' And, if so,' answered the knight, ' you must begin again to-morrow.' — ' Then, Sir,' quoth Sancho, ' I must eat to-night, if you think I shall be obliged to begin my fast again to-morrow.' — ' To tell you my opinion,' replied Don Quixote, ' I do not think you infringe the order of the enchanters in only wishing to eat; but, however, I advise you to go to bed, whilst I eat my supper, if it were only to save the trouble of withstanding the temptation.' — ' Sir, I will take your advice,' answered the squire; ' but, first, you will give me three good glasses of wine; for there is nothing better towards disenchanting: and, you know, I had been disenchanted the other day, had I performed the rest of the ceremony as cleverly as I took down the three bumpers the bachelor gave me.' — ' This is not the same case,' said Don Quixote; ' you are absolutely forbid taking any sustenance; and, therefore, you must neither eat nor drink. For God's sake, Sancho, do what is required of you nicely, that I may not be upbraided with keeping a base, mean-spirited squire, who has not the heart to finish an adventure! And, pray, what hard matter is put upon you? I never knew any infanta disenchanted at such an easy rate; and yet you go about this glorious action with so much reluctance. What would you do, friend, if you were to give yourself ten thousand lashes?' — ' What would I do?' said the squire; ' By the Lord! I would lash myself so gently, that the enchanters should have no cause to laugh at me; and, if any one did not like it, he might even lash himself for me: he is a great fool who hurts himself to please another. I believe the ancient squires-errant did not use to fay themselves for infantas.' — ' There was not one of them,' answered Don Quixote, ' but would have whipped himself till he had been raw all over, for any common damsel.' — ' In those days,' replied Sancho, ' when the sun went down, he left abundance of asses in the shade. The squires in our days,

' God be praised! are no such fools; and I could name you those that would not pull three hairs out of their beard for all the princesses in the world.' — ' Will you never entertain nobler thoughts?' answered Don Quixote. ' You are finely qualified to receive the glorious order of knighthood! Had the archbanterer heard what you say, I am sure he would cause you to be turned out of his palace to-morrow.' — ' As for that,' quoth the squire, ' I should take better heed how I talked before him; for I remember I have heard that we are not to tell emperors all we think.' — ' That is true,' answered Don Quixote; ' but you are little the better for the instructions you receive. You talked a while ago so loosely before the archbanterer, that a courtier could not have had the impudence to do the like. But let us not rip up past faults; I am willing to forget them: undress you, and say no more.' The squire obeyed; but, his stomach being ill disposed towards his usual rest, he could not get to sleep, but lay tossing and tumbling in his bed like a widow. The knight sat down to supper, and soon satisfied himself with a glass of wine, a bit of meat, and a moutiful of bread, envying, all the time, the good fortune of Sancho; who, opening the curtains to have the better sight of what was on the table, ogled the pullet so lovingly, that he would willingly have forfeited the honour of disenchanting a thousand infantas to have exchanged places with his master. ' Master Don Quixote,' cried he, ' that fowl delights my eyes! How purely it smells! It is quite a perfume to me! You should fall to it lullily: you only tickle it's ribs. Body o'me! if I were at it, I would handle it after another manner!' — ' Glutton!' answered Don Quixote, ' it is better for you to endeavour to fall asleep than to gaze at this pullet, which is such a temptation to you.' — ' Sir,' said Sancho, ' I cannot sleep; my belly does not love fasting, and I find it is stark frantick: yet it might as well be patient, for the task is not near over; yet, however, I will do all I can to fall asleep.' Thus said, he sunk down into the bed; and, giving way to thought, said to himself, (for the wise Alifolan reveals his most secret incita-

tions)—‘ Alas! poor governor of the Force-meat-Balls, must you be starved to death, when other governors at this time are at table eating their fill? By my soul, I am a mere fool to fast for a gipsey infanta I know nothing of, nor is any kin to me! Besides, what shall I get by disenchanting her? Honour, and that is all! Faith, I do not value that profit which a man cannot put up in his pocket! And as for the order of knighthood the arch-banterer is to bestow on me, I am not in such haste for it; and whenever I am, why should I be harder to please than my master Don Quixote? I will even make the first innkeeper I meet with dub me knight. What shall I do then? Cannot I, when my master is gone to bed, get up softly, without any ceremony, and go mumble the pullet and the lunch of bread I saw upon the table? That I may; and it was well thought on! Who will know any thing of it? Nobody! O but to-morrow, when they find the princess is not disenchanted, they will say—“ Sancho, you took some sustenance!” What answer shall I make to that? Well, I will say I did not. It is as easy to say “ No,” as “ Yes;” and I shall not be the first squire that told a lie. I shall be believed; and the mule will be blamed for the driver’s fault. There is an end of it; I am resolved I will eat. In short, if I break my fast, what harm can it do? It is no fast imposed by our Holy Mother the Church; and I shall not suffer for it in the other world.’

Whilst the squire was forming this resolution, Don Quixote made an end of his supper: then he walked a little about the room, pulled off his scanty doublet, put out the candle, and went to bed. As soon as Sancho felt him by his side, he lost no time, but arose to put his design in execution. ‘ Whither are you going?’ asked Don Quixote. ‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ with your leave, I must get up about some business which I hope is not forbidden me.’ — ‘ No, my son,’ replied the knight, ‘ that matter is lawful.’ The squire groped out his way to the table; and, meeting with the pullet and the bread, laid hold on it, and went to bed again. ‘ Be of good heart,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ one night is soon gone; and, if you happen not to rest so well as at other

times, you may comfort yourself with the thoughts that you shall restore the princess to her former beauty.’ — ‘ I do comfort myself,’ answered Sancho; ‘ and I fancy to myself that the princess’s face is by this time as white as a sheet.’ — ‘ Now you talk of the princess,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ I am glad she told us that Prince Persin’s squire rode upon an ass; I shall not henceforth fear being upbraided with your following me upon such another creature. From this account I infer, that most of the ancient squires were mounted on asses; and that, therefore, there is no mention made in abundance of books of chivalry of the squire’s steed. I repeat it once more, my friend; I am very glad the infanta has told us a thing which authorizes me to leave you your Dapple: for, to deal plainly with you, I was not satisfied as to that point, and was about buying a horse.’ Whilst the knight talked, Sancho mumbled the pullet and the bread; and, lest his master should overhear the grinding of his jaws, he munched as gently as he could, and for the most part swallowed down mouthfuls without chewing: yet, with all his precaution, he made such cracking, that Don Quixote could not forbear saying—‘ What is this I hear, ‘ Sancho? You make a noise with your mouth as if you were eating.’ — ‘ Sir,’ answered the squire, with such a presence of mind as one would scarce have thought him guilty of, ‘ I am half asleep; and I dream I am at a feast, laying about me handsomely. Pray do not awake me!’ Don Quixote smiled at this answer, without so much as mistrusting the truth. ‘ Well, sleep on, then, my son,’ said he; ‘ I will not interrupt the enjoyment of a dream you are so well pleased with, and which can no way prejudice Banterina’s enchantment.’ The squire, rejoicing at the success of his cheat, carried it on to the utmost. When he had devoured the pullet and the bread, considering so much meat deserved some drink, he arose again to go to the bottle. ‘ Do you rise again?’ said Don Quixote. ‘ Are not you well?’ — ‘ Sir,’ said Sancho, ‘ I can bear with my distemper; and I will do so well this time, an’t please God! that I shall have no more occasion to rise to-night.’ In short, having found the bottle, he put it to his mouth,

mouth, and at one pull sucked it so dry, that there was not enough left to drop *supernaculum*. Then retiring to bed again, he had no sooner laid his head on the pillow, than the lovely God of Slumber, who was generally so much his friend when his stomach was satiated, shrouded him all over with his somnifick vapours. The knight, on the other side, fell asleep insensibly, without the least jealousy of the horrid breach Sancho had made of the ordinance of Pluto's parliament.

CHAP. VIII.

WHICH TREATS OF SEVERAL THINGS; AND, AMONG THE REST, OF THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

THE Knight of La Mancha was the first who awaked in the morning; and, it being then broad day, he called his squire; but finding he was asleep, he began poking him so roughly with his knees and elbows on the ribs, that the poor wretch cried out two or three times—‘ Pox take me, Sir, do not thrust so hard! Must you kill a man to wake him?’—‘ Let us rise, my son,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ it is a shame for men of our profession to lie so long in bed: I am impatient to hear from the Infanta Banterina. I have seen her, Sancho! I have seen her in a dream last night! O Heavens! how charming she appeared! what a beauty she is, my friend!’—‘ If so, Sir,’ said the squire, ‘ she is disenchanted!’—‘ Yes, certainly!’ replied Don Quixote; ‘ and, I can assure you, your fast has been successful already.’—‘ Have a care, Sir,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ lest you be mistaken: dreams are often false; and I have no faith at all in them.’—‘ Do not fancy,’ said the knight, ‘ that my dream is the production of a heated imagination: it is real. The wise Alquife laid before me a picture of that princess, even as the wise Beloma displayed to the Knight of the Precious Image the true resemblance of Florabella in the prison of Persepolis: so that, my son, you may reckon the infanta is disenchanted.’—‘ God be praised, Sir!’ quoth the squire; ‘ but if she is not quite, I must tell you it is no fault of mine.’ This discourse

occupied them whilst they were getting up. The knight, if he had looked towards the table, might easily have perceived that the penance had not been so religiously performed as he imagined; but he was pleased to take no manner of notice of it; and, when they were almost dressed, they heard a knocking at the chamber-door. It was Don Alvaro, the count, and Don Carlos, who came to acquaint them with the infanta’s disenchantment. This pleasing news did not at all surprize Don Quixote, who was prepared for it; but Sancho was so amazed, that he could not forbear crying out—‘ By our Lady! is it possible the infanta should be disenchanted?’—‘ Why so much wonder, Sancho?’ said the Granadine. ‘ Have you broke your fast?’—‘ No, Sir!’ answered the squire; ‘ my master Don Quixote can witness for me that I fasted like a dean, and am ready to begin again, if the princess wants but a speck of whiteness: but, to deal plainly, I can hardly believe she has changed her countenance so soon.’—‘ It is certainly true,’ said Don Carlos; ‘ for this morning one of the Empress Merry-dame’s pages gave me an account of this wonderful accident, and swore to me that the princess’s beauty was beyond all expression. I grant pages are very ready to swear; but they ought to be believed when they speak well of their masters.’—‘ Don Carlos,’ said the Granadine, ‘ the empress’s page told you nothing but the truth; for the archbanterer has sent me word that his daughter is disenchanted, and that he expects Don Quixote and his squire, to return them thanks.’—‘ Gentlemen,’ said the count, ‘ I long to see that beautiful princess; and, since I do not question but you have the same curiosity, we may satisfy it immediately, if you please; for we have a large coach at the door, drawn by six good mules. Let us lose no time; for, you must know, the emperor is removed from his palace.’—‘ Right,’ quoth Don Alvaro, ‘ he is not now in Madrid: he went yesterday, with all his court, to lie two leagues off at a palace a prince has lent him, which is much more stately and befitting an archbanterer.’ The gentlemen, hereupon, all resolved to set out; and, as soon as the knight was

armed, they went into the coach. A while after, Sancho followed upon his ass, with his portmanteau behind him, carrying his master's lance and buckler, and being guided by one of the count's pages mounted on Rozinante.

The palace they went to was a country-house belonging to the count: the Marquis de Orisalvo was gone thither already with some of his friends and all the ladies who were at his house the day before. Being resolved to prolong the amusement they received from the extravagancy of Don Quixote and his squire, they had judged it better to draw them from the metropolis to the country, where they could execute their plans with less hazard of inconvenience or obstruction. Don Carlos's secretary was making preparation for new wonders: he had procured from the theatre two superb suits of cloaths, in one of which he purposed to play the Disenchanted Infanta, while the other was allotted to equip an old waiting-woman belonging to the count's sister, who was to personate the Empress Merry-dame. Whilst these two were putting on their finery, the ladies and gentlemen were conversing in the hall where the future farce was to be performed; and the author of this true history relates, that their discourse fell upon the Knight of La Mancha and his squire. 'Ladies,' said the Marquis de Orisalvo, 'what think you of Don Quixote? Do not you find abundance of good sense amidst all his madness? And is not Sancho's simplicity wonderful?'—'He is very diverting,' answered one of the ladies; 'I am mightily pleased with his ingenuity. Every now-and-then something excessively shrewd drops from him; and yet he has no design in it; and it is amazing that the simplest fellow in the world should talk so wittily without being sensible himself of what he says. I am not at all pleased with Benengeli for having varied his character; for sometimes he makes Sancho talk like a frank, guileless peasant, and sometimes like an arch, malicious knave.'—'Madam,' answered the marquis, smiling, 'if you have not a care, you will fall foul upon Benengeli.'—'Heaven forbid!' replied the lady; 'his Don Quixote is an excellent book; it is full of morality: and, besides the true comick humour

that reigns almost throughout, there are most exquisite novels in it. Among the rest, I think that of "The Impudent Curiosity" is very pleasant and instructive.'—'I am of the same opinion,' said the count's sister; 'and I have been mightily taken with that novel.'—'I must plainly own my ill taste,' said another lady: 'I do not so well like the Impudent Curiosity as you do; because I observe in it many things contrary to nature and probability.'—'Be pleased, Madam,' said one of the gentlemen, 'to give us your remarks upon it. I own I am a great admirer of Benengeli, and can scarce believe there is the least fault in the novel we speak of.'—'If you had read it with attention,' answered the lady, 'you would be of another opinion. In the first place, there is one thing in it which you yourself will soon grant me to be contrary to nature: it is when Anselmo lies hid to observe his wife Camilla. You recollect Camilla is apprized of this circumstance: she makes a long speech, and performs a thousand odd actions, which are more than enough to cure Anselmo's jealousy. After this, she stalks about like a madwoman, with a dagger in her hand, and her eyes full of fury, as if she were resolved to kill Lothario: he comes in; she upbraids him with having entertained such a vile opinion of her as to imagine she could be false to her husband. "I am to blame," says she to him, "that I have not punished you so severely as I ought to have done; and I will now revenge that fault upon myself: but dying, I must kill you, and thus satisfy my vengeance." So saying, she throws herself upon him, manifesting such eagerness to stab him, that he himself knew not what to think of her intention; and was actually obliged to exert his whole strength and agility in his defence. If the lover was deceived, the husband could not but be so too; and, since Anselmo believed all that passed was done in earnest, was it natural for him to lie still in his hiding-place, and not step out to save his friend's life, by making known his innocence to Camilla? Did he design that Lothario should receive two or three stabs with a poignard before he disconcerted

vered himself? Nay, he has not only the patience to let him remain in that peril, but still keeps close, after that Camilla, having wounded herself, feigns swooning away. Surely he intended to stay till she was dead and buried before he would shew himself.'

'Just so,' said the marquis, 'would a husband have done, who had a mind to get rid of his wife; but it does not at all suit with Anselmo, who was desperately in love with his.'—' You see, then,' said the lady, 'that I am not so much out in my criticism upon that point; but there are many more that displease me. As for instance, when the author says—"Anselmo, hearing a noise in Leonela's chamber, and endeavouring to get in and see what it was, perceived that the door was held against him: this opposition heightened his curiosity; he made a violent effort, and forced it open; and then caught the glimpse of a man slipping down from the window into the street." In the first place, I do not understand what violent noise Leonela and her gallant could make sufficient to disturb Anselmo, and oblige him to rise; and again, methinks two lovers, who had reason to fear a surprize, should not forget to lock the door: besides, what need was there for Leonela to tell her master that none but herself was concerned in that affair? Was not he sufficiently convinced already? Had he any cause to suspect Camilla after the scene he had lately been witness to? And why did Leonela, after having avowed the intrigue to be her own, promise Anselmo that she would the next day disclose things of greater importance than he imagined? What design could she have in it? By discovering the familiarity between Camilla and Lothario, she only aggravated her own crime: she brought additional blame upon herself, and lost her mistress's protection; which, if she did not accuse her, she was sure of enjoying.'

'Nay, Madam,' said the gentleman who espoused Benengeli, 'you do not consider that Anselmo threatened to kill Leonela, and actually clapped a poignard to her throat, which must necessarily hurry her spirits to an extreme degree, and confuse her so that

she knew not what she said.'—' Well, Sir,' said the lady, 'I will pass that by, in complaisance to you. But, supposing the fear of death made her talk wildly, and that in her agitation those indiscreet words might slip from her, you cannot but allow that it was an unpardonable fault in Anselmo not to force Leonela to tell him those mighty matters immediately, which she reserved for the next day. How could he consent to put off that information, especially being of such a curious temper as he is described? He was not in disorder like the maid, and therefore should have compelled her to speak; and, when he locked her up, he ought to have considered that she might follow her gallant's example, and make her escape out of the window.'—' That reflection,' answered the gentleman, 'is very good; and I have nothing to object against it.'—' Then let it be granted,' replied the lady, 'that the author's genius was deficient; and that, not knowing how to unravel his plot, he chose to break in upon nature and probability, for want of a natural and ingenious contrivance to discover to Anselmo the familiarity betwixt his wife and his friend.'—' I had not made all these observations,' said the count's sister; 'and, when I read that novel, I only disliked Camilla's flight.'—' That is true,' said the marquis; 'considering how well she had acted her part till then, she took the alarm too soon. Since her husband did not yet suspect her, she had nothing to do but to feign herself more enraged than herself against Leonela; and, under pretext of terrifying her with menaces, to give her under-hand assurances of protection, or else to get her dextrously out of the house: in short, Camilla ought to have extricated herself from this danger by some new piece of effrontery. By this means Benengeli would have rendered the artful character he gives her of greater use to him in his story; and the thing itself would have been more agreeable and perfect.'—' That is not all,' said another lady: 'I would fain know why Anselmo left the town, when he found neither Leonela nor his wife, nor his friend. Had it not been more to the purpose to seek them out in Florence, and so to have been convinced of the misfortune

misfortune which as yet he was only jealous of, than to run away into the country, where, in all likelihood, he could meet with nobody to inform him? — ‘ Yet, for all that, Madam,’ said the marquis, ‘ he there met a gentleman; and, if you remember, this gentleman came from the city. Anselmo asked him what news there was at Florence. “ Very strange news,” answered the gentleman. “ It is reported that Lothario hath this last night carried off the wife of Anselmo, his intimate friend. This discovery was made,” added he, “ by a maid who served Camilla, and who was taken up by the watch as she was letting herself down into the street by sheets fastened to her window.” How could any one be told by Leonela that Camilla was gone off with Lothario, when Leonela knew nothing of the matter; for it did not happen till after she herself was taken by the watch*? Is not that a fault in judgment? Besides, Anselmo’s death is very ill managed, and improbable. He sat down to write a letter; he had strength enough to begin it; and died half way. What a wretched conclusion! ’

C H A P. IX.

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY HONOUR THAT WAS CONFERRED UPON DON QUIXOTE.

THIS discourse was interrupted by the young secretary and the old waiting-woman, who now entered the hall, and engaged the attention of the company. Those two princesses were clad in cloth of gold, adorned with abundance of false diamonds: they wore caps embellished with feathers of all colours; whilst a profusion of flaxen hair, which their heads had assuredly very little right to, waved gracefully in ringlets over their shoulders. The secretary, being unfortunately possessed of an immoderate length of visage,

grievously scarified with the small-pox, and having, moreover, a squat nose, with a mouth like that of an oven, it was at first somewhat apprehended that he would but ill sustain the reputation of an infanta who had been stolen for her beauty: he had, however, so well managed matters, and had been so lavish of red and white in the composition of his countenance, that the ladies agreed he was inimitable. The Empress Merry-dame, otherwise styled Madam Uriquez, had not been less diligent in assuming the form and carriage of a magnificent princess. The company had scarce taken a full view of their two highnesses, before a page acquainted them of Don Quixote’s arrival. The marquis, hereupon, immediately clapped on his archbanterer’s crown, caught up his red sceptre, and ran with the princesses to seat themselves on three thrones, under a great canopy. Don Quixote, Tarfe, Don Carlos, and the count, presently appeared, and made low obeisances to the imperial family; but, as soon as the emperor saw Don Quixote, he came down from his throne, and ran to him with open arms, saying—‘ Welcome, brave Knight of La Mancha! May the gods ever prove favourable to your wishes!’ Don Quixote then stepping forwards towards the emperor, and kneeling upon one knee, would have kissed his hand; but the archbanterer drew it back, raised the knight; and, having saluted both his cheeks, presented him to his Empress Merry-dame and the infanta, who came down from their thrones to embrace him, according to the custom of ancient emperresses, who never failed embracing such famous knights as came before them after finishing some important adventure. ‘ Invincible Don Quixote! ’ said the empress; ‘ worthy offspring of the god Mars! what thanks can we return you? What can we do to reward your insuperable valour?’ — ‘ Sovereign princess! ’ answered the knight, ‘ honour is the only reward I propose to myself in all my undertakings. No other recompence can

* This does not appear to have been necessarily the case. The capture of Leonela by the watch might have been subsequent to the flight of her mistress, for any thing that is to be found to the contrary in the novel of Cervantes. It is odd enough, that our author should chuse to alledge so doubtful a circumstance as a proof of Leonela’s ignorance, when a much better proof really exists in Cervantes; viz. that Leonela had remained locked up in her own chamber from the time that Anselmo left it.

please me: and if I had the honour
to be the cause of your recovering
the infanta, it is enough for me that
you should vouchsafe to open your im-
perial mouth to thank me.'—' Well,
then,' said the emperor, ' expect no-
thing from us but thanks. I had
thoughts of making you a present of
the noble kingdom of Cochin-China,
and of giving your squire the best
government in my archbanterership:
but no more of that; let the honour
of having finished a glorious adven-
ture content you both.'—' The gods
grant,' cried Banterina, ' that all
the world may soon ring with the
noise of my disenchantment! May
rumour hasten to spread the happy
news from the fair German to the
sun-burned Ethiopian; from the em-
pire of Trebisond to the little shops
in Toledo! And may the valiant Don
Quixote still pursue the paths of fame,
evincing to the whole world that he
is far above all she can say of him!'—
' May his renowned name,' added the
empress, ' be transmitted from genera-
tion to generation, and never fail but
with the failing world!'—' Gentle-
men,' said the archbanterer, address-
ing himself to the whole company,
give me, I desire you, your sentiments
of the Infanta Banterina. Are you
not stricken with the marvellous al-
teration in her complexion?' Don Alvaro
and the count readily acknowledg-
ed their amazement; and Don Quixote,
having looked on her with the vision
of a true knight-errant, af-
firmed himself ready to maintain that
no creature could exceed her in perfec-
tions. Don Carlos, in corroboration
of an opinion so reasonable, observed
that the infanta's beauty palpably justi-
fied the sudden death of the Shepherd
Persino; and he called all the ladies to
bear him witness; who, notwithstanding
the repugnance which women ge-
nerally feel in commanding the charms
of another, were all ingenuous enough

to declare that the infanta was really
incomparable. The air with which
that princess received all their com-
mendations was diverting enough. She
observed strict silence, it is true; but
at every obliging word her downcast
eyes were sunk to the ground, and her
body inclined in token of acknowledg-
ment, with such marks of shame-faced
timidity, as convinced Don Quixote
that she was a princess of extraordinary
bashfulness. When it was dinner-
time, the archbanterer said to Don
Quixote—' Sir, it is my will, that you,
and all these gentlemen, dine with
me; and I request you to make some
stay here. The empress and the in-
fanta desire the same: you are too
courteous and civil to deny them that
satisfaction.' Don Quixote, having
civilly accepted of the honour that was
offered him, took the infanta by the
hand, and followed the archbanterer,
who led the empress. The gentlemen
did the same by the ladies; and, when
they were all come into a large room,
where the cloth was laid, they sat down
at a long table: then several musicians,
whom the count had brought from Ma-
drid, began to play on sundry instru-
ments, and to sing delightful ditties in
abundance. Don Quixote's satisfa-
ction was inexpressible; for he was seated
directly opposite to the infanta; who,
to try the power of her charms, smiled
upon him, cast amorous glances, and
wonderfully allured him*. He was
too sharp-sighted not to perceive the
lady liked him; but he was not at all
surprized at the discovery: he very well
knew it was no unusual thing for in-
fantas to fall in love with knights of
his renown, though he thought it ra-
ther strange the impression should be so
lively and violent; and he judged the
princess must needs be desperately in
love with him, since she had not the
power to govern herself before her fa-
ther and mother.

When dinner was almost over, an

* Relaxations of deportum were not at all unfrequent among the fair-ones of chivalry. In the romance of Palmerin D Oliu, the Princess Alchiliana is introduced accosting Palmerin as follows. ' Some in their love delight themselves with embracing, kissing, and such carnal behaviour: as for me, amorous private and familiar conference I re-
pute a chivallement. Yet hath I yet one flint in his quiver more pleasing than all these,
being the only armament of each other's resolution in respect whereof I commit my ho-
nor into your protection; prizing, esteeming, and chating you above all the men in the
world left.' Palmerin, however, a perfect Don Quixote, in chaste loyalty to Polynarda
his mistress, pretend not to understand this amorous intimation, and counterfeits a swoon
by way of availing farther advances. See Part II. Chapter 9. Edit. 1637.

angry voice of a man was heard at the door. The musick ceased; and presently Sancho came into the room in a sputtering passion. ‘ What is the matter, friend?’ said the archbanterer. ‘ What ails you, Mr. Emperor?’ cried the squire in a heat; ‘ you must come quickly, if you please, and make them put Rozinante and my self into the stable; for your rascally servants have a mind to thrust them into a pig-stye, as if they were not fit company for your horses.’ The ladies and gentlemen could not hold their countenances, hearing this piece of simplicity; their highnesses, the musicians, the pages, and all the company, burst out a laughing: but the archbanterer, when he had laughed as well as the rest, perceiving that Don Quixote blushed, re-assumed his gravity, and said to the squire—‘ Fear nothing, my dear Sancho! I will take care, without going to the stable myself, that such an indignity shall not be put upon the famous Rozinante, and his illustrious companion: I design them nobler society.—Go,’ said he to one of his pages; ‘ I charge you see those two peerless animals lodged with the twelve horses of my imperial chairo; and I expect they have the best stalls.’—‘ Nay, as for the best stalls,’ answered Sancho, ‘ there is no reason for that; your greatness’s horses ought to take place, without question.’ When the page was gone out to execute his orders, the squire fell into a good-humour again; and the archbanterer said to him—‘ My friend Sancho, you behold here, sitting by me, the empress and the infanta Banterina; I assure you they are both much pleased with you.’ The squire immediately cast his eyes on Meiry dame, and then on Banterrina; and was so dazzled with the lustre of their cloaths and diamonds, that he was never weary of gazing at them. ‘ This is something like!’ cried he, in the excess of his amazement; ‘ this is what we call infantas in my country. A man need not be knighted to know them; they are seen at first sight by their cloaths. Adobos! these are not like the Galician

wench’s rags!—‘ Generous squire,’ answered the emperor, ‘ admire your own handy-work; behold the blessed fruit of your penance: view my daughter well. Is not her countenance changed?’—‘ Yes, by my faith!’ replied Sancho; ‘ she looks now perfectly like a picture: I did not expect I should find her quite so handsome; and when I bethink myself how she looked last night, by the Lord, I thought twenty Lents would have been little enough to cleanse her!—‘ For all that,’ said Banterina, ‘ you see that one day’s fast has done it: and, what pleases me most of all is, that I shall not marry the King of Ethiopia’s son, on whom my father had an intention of bestowing me.’—‘ It is true,’ said the archbanterer, ‘ that I had some thoughts of that match; but you may think I have no great mind to it now.’—‘ O, my dear Sancho!’ quoth the empress, ‘ what gratitude do I not feel towards you for performing such a sovereign penance for my daughter’s complexion!—‘ Madam Empress,’ answered Sancho, ‘ spare not me; I am ready to obey all your commands, and to keep a fast, if need be, for every tooth that is wanting to your highness.’—‘ No, no, Sancho,’ said the emperor; ‘ that would be imposing too much hardship upon you: it is time you should make amends for your abstinence. You may go with my courtiers; I have given them orders to make much of you.’ Thus saying, his high-mightiness rose from table; the ladies and gentlemen did the like; and Sancho made towards the kitchen, laughing in his sleeve, to think they attributed the disenchantment of the princess to his abstinence; but cautious enough of letting slip any word touching that ceremony. The company went back into the room where they were before dinner, but staid not long there, for the emperor, the empress, and the infanta, retiring to their apartments to take a few hours rest, the ladies and gentlemen did the same; and every one went to the chamber the archbanterer had appointed.

C H A P. X.

OF THE AMOURS OF DON QUIXOTE AND THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

AS soon as Don Quixote was alone, he began to meditate on the delight which he had observed his presence excite in the infanta; and was extremely overjoyed when he considered there was no reason to distrust her being desperately smitten with him. Whilst he was thus wrapt in reveries of felicity, his squire opened the door, and came into the room loaded with the portmanteau, the lance, and the buckler. ‘Are you there, my friend?’ cried Don Quixote. ‘I expected you; I have a secret of importance to communicate to you: but shut the door first.’ When the squire had done as he was bidden—‘So, Sancho,’ said his master; ‘have you taken good notice of the Prince’s Banterina? Confess she has all that beauty I told you of this morning.’—‘No doubt,’ answered Sancho, ‘but she is as fine as you dreamt she was last night. O, by our Lady, it is she that has coral eyes, ivory lips, and all the rest you used to say of Madam Zenobia! But there is one thing which puzzles me still. I would fain know why the enchanters allow me to see the Infanta Bantlina as she really is, more than any of the others. Is it because, disenchanted her, I disenchanted myself at the same time? Has my fit killed two birds with one stone?’—‘That is not impossible,’ answered Don Quixote: ‘but tell me, my son, would not you think me very happy, if that beautiful lady should chuse me for her knight?’—‘Yes, by my faith, Sir!’ replied Sancho; ‘that would be a lucky job for you: but, to deal plainly, I fancy the grapes are above the fox’s reach.’—‘There’s your mistake,’ said the knight; ‘what would you say, friend, if I should tell you that this prince is in love with me?’—‘Admirable, Sir!’ cried Sancho; ‘did you dream that too?’—‘There is nothing so certain, Sancho,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘the infanta loves me: and, what is most strange, her passion is so violent, that she

could not forbear, a while ago, giving me many private tokens of it before her father and the empress.’

Here they were interrupted by one knocking at the door; and the squire, opening it, found it was a young handsome damsel, well clad, who brought a basket covered with a great piece of green taffety. ‘The gods preserve you, Don Quixote!’ said she, when she came in. ‘May one talk to you, before your squire, of an affair of the highest consequence?’—‘Yes, pretty maiden,’ answered the knight; ‘I will answer for his secrecy.’—‘If so,’ replied the damsel, ‘I must tell you that my name is Laura: I am one of the Infanta Banterina’s damsels, and have the honour to be trusted with all her secrets; and I come from her to bring you this basket, together with a billet-doux, written with her own hand.’ This said, she set the basket on the table, pulled the billet-doux out of her pocket, and gave it to the knight; who, after having read it to himself, cried out in a rapture of joy—‘O peerless princess! you shall not have the ill fate of the Infanta Imperia. I am not pre-engaged to another lady, as was the Knight of the Bafiliks.—Son Sancho, open the portmanteau immediately!’ The squire, guessing at his master’s design, did not obey without muttering; but Don Quixote, enjoining him to hold his peace, took a handful of ducats out of the portmanteau; and, giving them to the damsel, said—‘Beautiful Laura, I entreat you to accept of this, till I can give you greater proofs of my gratitude.’—‘I thank you, Sir,’ answered Laura, taking the ducats; ‘I am glad my mistress has made choice of a knight of your worth. I will do you all the good offices I can with her; and I swear it shall not be my fault, if I do not often bring you such billets-doux. But, Sir Knight, will not you answer this?’—‘I will not fail,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘and my squire shall carry it, who will perform it with as much art as secrecy.’—‘That is enough,’ said the damsel. ‘Farewel, Sir Knight! With your leave, I will go back forthwith to my mistress, for she is a very hasty infanta. I am sure she expects me in her chamber with as much impatience

' as a young churchman at the university does a benefice.'—' Genteel damsel,' said Don Quixote, ' pray satisfy my curiosity before you go. Tell me how comes it that the emperor, the empress, and the infanta, speak Spanish as naturally as if it were their mother-tongue?'—' I will tell you the reason,' answered Laura; (who had too much wit to be gravelled by such a question) ' though the Co-chin Chinese language is generally spoken in the archbanterership, yet there are abundance of masters who teach all other languages. Above all, Spanish is particularly the fashion; and the emperor has taken such a liking to it, that he cannot endure any other language should be spoken at court.' Don Quixote, perfectly satisfied with this answer, dismissed the damsel; who, saluting Sancho as she passed, very graciously said to him—' Adieu, courteous squire; cheer up.'—' Aye, aye,' answered Sancho, in a sad tone, ' we must cheer up, forsooth, while Madam the Abigail runs away with our ducats!'—' Friend,' said Don Quixote, ' you are too covetous of money: let me tell you, it is a great fault in a governor. Can you never curb yourself? I cannot conceive how it comes to pass that my words and actions have not inspired you with more generosity, so long as you have been in my service. Can servants learn nothing of their masters but their ill qualities alone?'—' Sir,' replied the squire, ' these are fine words; but, take my word for it, it is good to lay up something for a rainy day. When we have given the damsels all our money, the jades will laugh at us; and you shall see how we will be treated at inns, when we have nothing but love-letters in our portmanteau.'—' Go, go, fear nothing!' replied Don Quixote; ' we are not yet come to the bottom of our bag. I do not spend it idly; and you cannot but grant that it was no great present I made the damsel Laura. I am satisfied the infanta will make you a greater when you carry her my answer.'—' Nay, if that be so,' cried Sancho, ' I have no more to say. Make haste, then, and write to her quickly; for here is pen, ink, and paper, ready upon the table.'—

' First, let us see what is in this basket,' said Don Quixote; ' and let us admire the princess's favours.' Then, taking off the taffety that covered the basket, he pulled out above two hundred yards of old ribbands of several colours, and a scarf of black silk much worn. ' Body o'me! what a parcel of ribbands there is!' cried Sancho; ' I question whether Bertrand Ricacho, the mercer of our town, has so many. But pray, Sir, what do you call that black contrivance I see there?'—' It is a scarf,' said Don Quixote: ' was there ever any thing so fine?'—' Yes, faith and troth, it is very fine!' quoth Sancho; ' it would do rarely about a hat at a funeral.'—' You do not know, my son,' answered Don Quixote, ' what use the infanta wills me to apply this to. You will never guess what she writes to me about it: I must read her letter to you.'—' I shall be glad of that,' replied the squire; ' for I have a great mind to hear it.' Hereupon, Don Quixote read aloud the infanta's letter, which was to this effect.

TO THE HERO OF LA MANCHA,
THE PARAPET OF ORPHANS,
THE CURTAIN OF INFANTAS,
AND THE PLATFORM OF
KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

VALOROUS Don Quixote! beautiful flower of chivalry! which always turns towards glory, as the sun-flower does to the sun; I ought to die for shame, that I shake off the yoke of modesty to declare to you that I love you; but the unmerciful god whose slave I am, will have it so; and your rare qualities will be my excuse: besides, I do nothing that has not been done before. The Infanta Imperia, of gallant memory, made love to the Knight of the Basilisks: but, alas! you know he rendered her but an ill return for her forwardness. Heavens grant I may prove more fortunate than she was! I send you some ribbands I wore myself a long time; and a rich scarf, which was once the Prester John's girdle: do not fail to adorn your curious shape with it; and let all the court see you anon decked with

' with these rich favours. But I beg of you to preserve as much discretion as I have kindness for you. Take care, when you shew love's favours, that you do not discover the lover.'

' Well, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; ' what think you of this letter? Has it not exquisite turns of expression? And does not the infanta appear pregnant in wit?' — ' By my troth, I think she does!' answered the squire; and she must be pretty well uied to write love-letters to knights, to know how to do it so well.' — ' Hold there, friend!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him hastily; ' you sometimes let fall such expressions that, though you mean no harm by them, yet they are offensive. If any body should hear you talk thus, they would imagine the Infanta Banterina to be a finished coquette; whereas she is the most precise and virtuous princess in the world: for, in short, though she ventures so far for my sake; though she writes to me; yet Love alone can be blamed, who exercises such an absolute power over her, that he makes her insensible of the reservedness of her sex, and causes her to forget what is due to the nobility of her birth.' — ' Sir,' said Sancho, ' I can assure you I did not mean to affront the infanta: but I speak before I think, and that is the mischief of it. By my faith, the rope will go after the bucket! When my tongue is once set a running, there is no stopping it; and the devil makes the most of it.' — ' So much the worse,' answered Don Quixote; ' but you ought to take care to curb yourself.' — ' I hope, Sir, I shall mend one time or other,' replied Sancho; and, come what will, it is better to be naught, and hope to be good, than to be good with a design to be naught.' — ' Let us have done with that,' replied Don Quixote: ' I forget that the infanta is perhaps in an agony till she receives my answer. I will write and send it her immediately.' Having thus said, he walked about the room a while, deliberating what he should say; and then, taking pen and ink, wrote a letter, which he read to his squire, as follows.

' TO THE INFANTA BANTERINA,
' THE PHOENIX OF BEAUTY,
' THE QUINTESSENCE OF GRACES
' AND CHARM斯, THE SOURCE OF
' SMILES AND PLEASURES, AND
' THE MIRROR OF ALL PERFECTIONS.

' I Most humbly thank your sovereign highness for the precious favours you have heaped upon me. I will make such use of them as you desire, with such secrecy as you shall have no cause to complain of. But is it possible, O noble lady! that the sole heiress to the Archbanterer of the Indies should prefer a plain knight, only commendable by unheard-of actions, before all the princes in the world? How flattering is this preference to me! Verily, though Love has always treated me with much rigour, I have now cause to return him thanks, since he allows me to raise my audacious thoughts as high as your lofty and sublime perfections. Could he have reserved for me a more beautiful infanta! You are the ornament of his empire; and your eyes seem to be the arsenal of his unavoidable arrows! Be you, then, peerless Banterina, from henceforward, queen of my will; and grant me leave that, seeking new adventures under the auspices of your charms, I may go from kingdom to kingdom to make all knights, who never had the felicity of beholding you, acknowledge that you are the most beautiful princess in the universe.'

' Hang me,' cried Sancho, ' the curate does not preach so well but his vicar will be even with him! Lord, Sir! that is a rare answer! Let me die, if it be not as good as Latin! Give it me quickly, that I may receive my present.' — ' In the name of God, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, ' take heed that you do not appear too covetous before the infanta! I do not forbid you taking whatever the will give you; but take it not greedily, and in haste.' — ' I understand you, Sir,' answered the squire. ' Let me alone for that. When the infanta fly — ' ' Hie, Sancho, this is

" for you;" I will take no notice; but I will hold out my hand fair and softly, like the prior of Toboso, when he takes the money of the Brotherhood of St. Agnes.'—" I have one thing more to say to you," added Don Quixote; " take heed how you talk, lest you let fly some foolish expression."—" Enough," replied Sancho; " fore-warned, fore-armed." I will hold so fast by the mane, that I will not fall; and I promise you I will not spit out a word but I will chew it first." The knight, then, having closed the letter, gave it him, saying— " Go, then, my son, slip privately into the prince's apartment, and execute your commission with all the dexterity you are master of."—" Sir," answered Sancho, " when I meddle in an affair, that is sufficient. I would defy a monk to do it better, with all his divinity." Thus saying, he went out of the room; but had scarcely quitted the door when he met Laura. " O! is it you, Mrs. Laura?" cried he. " Pray, what do you do here?"—" I waited for you," answered she, " to conduct you to my mistress's apartment; for I am satisfied you do not know where it is."—" No, truly!" replied the squire; " but I would have desired somebody to direct me to it: for a man may go to Rome if he has but a tongue in his head."—" That was just what I designed to prevent," quoth Laura: " you would have asked some prating page, perhaps, who would have discovered the whole plot. Let me die, we who wait upon amorous princesses must be very cunning, and foresee things long before they come to pass! We can never be too cautious in conveying billets-doux to them: and I am of opinion that you had best give me your master's letter; I will deliver it to my mistress, and you may go back."—" No, no, good Mrs. Busy Body!" cried Sancho; " I will carry it myself: I have hands as well as you, God be praised! to receive ducats; and the fairest way is for every one to have his due."—" You do not take me right," answered Laura; " I would only carry the letter for the greater secrecy: but, since you think I designed to wrong you of your perquisites, I will soon undeceive you;

" come along with me." Thus speaking, she led him into a room, where they found Banterina lying on a bed. " Madam," said Laura to her, " here is Signor Sancho Panza, who brings you a billet-doux from his master." The infanta, hearing these words, started up; and, making towards Sancho very hastily, said to him—" Well, wise and discreet squire, do you come to bring me good news?"—" I do, Madam Princess," answered Sancho, pulling the letter out of his pocket; " I could not have brought you better, though you were my mother: you need only read that letter, and then you will find the day is your own." Banterina instantly took the letter; and, having perused it, exclaimed—" Gracious powers! what a courteous and sprightly gentleman is your master Don Quixote! His expressions charm me! How much am I beholden to my stars for having thrown this admirable knight in my way! My only fear is, lest I should not possess the whole of his heart; for I have been told that he still retains some kindness for the Hacked-Face prince's, the fat Zenobia."—" No, Madam," quoth Sanche; " my master, I can assure you, does not love her any longer, since he knew she was married to Prince Hiperbelan."—" But is it certain," said the infanta, " that this prince has married her?"—" Yes, Madam," answered the squire; and, by the same token, she had three children at a birth, as the wife Lirgandus told us."—" If Lirgandus told you so," replied Banterina, " there is no doubt to be made of it; and, on that assurance, I am resolved to make the Knight of La Mancha's fortune. It is decreed! I will give way to my soft inclinations; nothing shall stay me. Go, Sancho, go tell your master, that I wholly devote myself to my passion for him, and that I joyfully accept of the glorious empire of his heart." The squire, still expecting when the infanta shou'd make him soine present, was not hasty to be gone, which the princess seemed to be uneasy at. " What is it detains you, friend?" added she. " Go back to your master quickly; run and tell him I have made choice of him for my knight: make haste and carry him

' him this joyful news. Get out of my chamber immediately, for fear you should be seen here.'—' And what if I should be seen here?' cried Sancho. ' Have I stolen any thing?'—' That is not the case, Mr. Squire,' quoth Laura. ' Do not you see the princess's reputation lies at stake? If the emperors, who is very jealous, should find you here, we are all undone; therefore be gone quickly.' Sancho, perceiving they dismissed him in good earnest, without any present, lost all his patience, and cried out, in a choleric tone—' I vow, by my beard, your infantas are scurvy jades, then! They send away a squire, me-thinks, with as little acknowledgment as if he were bound to serve them. Belly o'mine! I will go tell my master he is a fool to be in love with a griper, that dares not spit for fear of being dry.—And as for you, Mrs. Impertinence, who can pocket up knight-errants ducats so cleverly, you had best come again. By our Lady, your rump shall not cry for want of kicking!' The mild Banterina, instead of being offended at this disrespectful folly of the squire's, immediately calling to him, said—' Indeed, my poor Sancho, you have good cause to be angry with me; I confess it. How could I thus dismiss a man who brings me a billet-doux worth more than I am able to pay! Nay, a man to whom, on other accounts, I am so infinitely beholden; who was the great finisher of my disenchantment! I entreat you, kind friend, pardon my distraction. I am so full of your master's love, that I can think of nothing else: besides, I must own to you I am very subject to oversight; insomuch, that one day a farmer of mine, having paid me a thousand ducats, I forgot to give him a receipt, and soon after made him pay them over again. Was not that a rare piece of forgetfulness for the poor devil of the farmer? But I will make amends for my neglect towards you, my dear Sancho.' Having spoken these words, she went into a closet; and, returning with a great leather bag, said to him—' Here, brave squire, take my purse, which you see is pretty large and well provided; I give it you as freely as if it were a little one.' Sancho laid hold of the

bag in a rapture of joy, and was going to thank the princess for her munificence; but, as ill luck would have it, his usual eloquence suddenly failed him; and he fell into such a fit of stammering and nonsense, that, perceiving himself he could make nothing of it, he returned all his compliment in bows and scrapings: of these he bestowed on Banterina and Laura at least a hundred; and, though they were not very courtly, yet they came with a good will. This done, he hurried away to his master; and the damsel Laura, who did not much desire to remain long alone with a princess of Banterina's disposition, returned to her real mistress, who was one of the ladies then in the house.

C H A P. XI.

WHICH REQUIRES STILL MORE ATTENTION.

' GOOD news! good news!' cried Sancho, as he came into his master's chamber; ' I have now found the hare in her form! I have made my fortune! My Lady Infanta has given me this purse; and I will warrant there is enough in it to purchase a brave farm house.'—' I knew well enough,' said Don Quixote, ' you would not come away without some costly present.'—' Nay, by my troth,' answered the squire, ' it was none of the princess's fault that I came not away empty-handed; but I was no such nimby, foricoth! I let fall a few words, and she presently dropped her present.'—' What have you done, then?' cried Don Quixote. ' You ought not to have said any thing. I fear she will take you for a mercenary squire.'—' No, no, Sir!' replied Sancho; ' she soon found she was in the wrong, and begged my pardon for her discretion.'—' How do you mean pardon for her discretion?' quoth Don Quixote. ' What is the explanation of that nonsense?'—' It means,' answered the squire, ' that the princess told me she thought so much on you, that she forgot to make me a present; and therefore she desired me to pardon her discretion.'—' Distraction, you mean,' said Don Quixote; ' now I understand you: but let us be, friend,

' friend, what the infanta has given you. I must confess the purse is of an enormous magnitude; and I am much mistaken if the sum of money it contains be not very considerable.' Sancho, still more eager to be satisfied than his master, untied the strings very expeditiously, and pulled out of the bag an handful of brass-medals, which had something the resemblance of antiquity, yet were modern enough; being a parcel which the count, to whom they belonged, and who was skilled in coins, had thrown aside as refuse. The squire's excessive joy was soon cooled, or rather converted into utter sorrow, when, in the place of good golden ducats, he beheld a collection of cankered pieces of blackish metal. ' Ill luck betide me!' cried he, in a lamentable accent, ' what a congregation of farthings! How could any princess in Christendom find in her heart to make me such a present? Without doubt the enchanters have been at work here, and have transmographied these ducats into such scurvy bits of iron: the dogs have owed me a spite this long time.'—' No, no, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; ' you are in an error, my son; you have no cause to complain of the enchanters on this occasion: those pieces are Bronze medals of inestimable value. The Infanta Banterina has made you a present worth more than all the treasures of Asia. It is certainly so,' continued he, viewing some of the medals attentively; ' these are what the most curious antiquaries so earnestly seek after: this must be a genealogical collection of the archbanterer's ancestors; they are wonderful; the inscriptions are scarcely legible. I am not ignorant that some men have counterfeited ancient medals so exactly, that those very persons who pretend to most skill in them are daily imposed upon; but, though there were many more false medals in the world than there are, I am satisfied these are none of that sort. This ærugo of theirs is a sufficient proof of their excellency; and therefore you must keep them most charily.'—' Good!' answered the squire; ' and, pray, what would you have me do with them? By my faith, I believe I must sell them to the tinker at Toboso; and I question whether he will give any thing for

them!'—' Heaven forbid!' cried Don Quixote; ' you can never put so much value on them as they deserve.'—' Out upon it, Sir!' answered Sancho; ' do you not see they are all worn and rusty? These are choice jewels to be kept, with a pox to them!'—' What ignorance!' exclaimed the knight; ' it is that very circumstance which gives them their value: the more they are disfigured with age, the more they are worthy the curiosity of those great men who seek after and study the inonuments of antiquity. I wish you had applied yourself to the understanding of medals, that you might know the value of these. I verily am hurt at seeing your abominable ignorance.'—' I am as much hurt as yourself, Sir, for matter of that,' returned the squire: ' I wish I had learned grammar and divinity; but not for the sake of understanding medals, forsooth! No, no! I should be sorry I had taken so much pains to so little purpose; but that I might cast accounts, and know how much money twenty sheep, at two crowns a piece, come to.'

' Let us have done with your medals,' said Don Quixote; ' we will talk of them another time: let us now discourse about the infanta. How did she receive you?'—' She received me as if I had been a prince,' answered Sancho; ' for she ran directly to meet me, gainboling all the way as if she were bewitched.'—' And, perhaps, she fainted away when she read my letter?' said Don Quixote. ' Excess of joy has often wrought such effects.'—' No, Sir, she did not,' replied the squire; ' but, when she had read it, she fell a chattering at such a rate, that, adad, it would do a man good to hear her! She said all this, and all t'other, and a great deal more besides; which made it plainly appear that she had a soft place in her heart for you.'—' That is,' answered Don Quixote, ' that, relying on your secrety, she gave a loose to her passion for me.'—' That is right,' replied Sancho; ' I meant just so. I will be hanged for her, if she does not love you almost as well as she does her grandfather: and I assure you she is very good-natured for a lady.'—' Why, what have you observed, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, ' that you could

' could judge of her good-nature by?' — ' Sir,' answered the squire, ' when she went into her closet to fetch me the purse of medals, her damsel Laura went in with her; and there I saw the infanta throw her arms about her neck, and kiss both her cheeks without the least ceremony.' — ' Perhaps,' replied Don Quixote, ' the damsel spoke in praise of me, and the infanta embraced her to shew how much she was pleased with that discourse.' — ' It may be so,' said Sancho; ' but I believe Mrs. Laura is not so very good-natured; for she struggled in the princess's arms as if she had been going to ravish her.' — ' The damsel did not struggle,' answered Don Quixote; ' she only received the prince's kindness with a respectful confusion, which you do not know how to express.' — ' That may be too,' replied the squire; ' and, for aught I know, perhaps she was not so loth to be kissed as I fancied.' — ' By the account you give me, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, ' I conclude the Princess Banerina adores me: and, since I have chosen her for the sovereign lady of my thoughts, I must now think of nothing but performing such actions as may be pleasing to her; and, therefore, to begin, help me on with these ribbands and this scarf. But I cannot tell, friend, whether you are dexterous enough to perform that service?' — ' O dear, yes, Sir!' replied Sancho; ' I have been with the clerk of our parish an hundred times, on the eve of Twelfth-Day, dressing up the three kings; and we did it so rarely, that, the next day, every body took them for three bridegrooms.' — ' I believe I must be disarmed,' said Don Quixote; ' for you can never tie on those ribbands over all my armour.' — ' You are in the right, Sir,' quoth the squire; ' you had better be in your doublet and shirt.' Don Quixote consented, and laid aside all his armour, except his helmet, which he did not think fit to leave off. Then the squire, in proof of his dexterity, began tying on the ribbands one by one, and the quantity being so great that he had full scope to follow his genius, he was not at all sparing, but stretching his master all over from the nape of the neck to the very ankles; and, to complete this singular adjustment, the ruffly black scarf was super-

added to the whole. The knight, smitten like a second Narcissus, was charmed with his own figure; and the squire, in admiration, cried out — ' Body o'me! " fine feathers make fine birds!" Why your worship is now fit to sit for your picture. These ribbands look perilous comical; and, for the scarf, it becomes you better than ever it did Peter John. 'Tis a thousand pities you have not got his square cap too; you would beat all the lords of the court a pike's-length!' — ' I marvel at your simplicity!' said Don Quixote. ' You think, then, that Prester John was a priest, like our curate Peter Peres?' — ' Why, what was he then?' answered Sancho. ' I have often heard the barber Master Nicholas talk of him; and I would have laid my island he was a priest.' — ' No, my son,' replied Don Quixote; ' I will inform you what he was. I do not, indeed, so much wonder at your ignorance on this head; for many, much more learned than you, are so. I must confess historians do not agree upon it: but I will tell you their different opinions, and you may adopt that which you shall judge the best. Some say that a great king of India bore the name of Priest John, or Prester John, as being descended from one Joannes Presbyter, a Nestorian, who killed Coirem Cham, and usurped the crown: others affirm, that Prester John was a powerful Nestorian king in Tartary, next to China, and that his subjects called him Juhanna, being the name given to all the prince's of that empire. Some authors will have it that the name Prester John comes from the Persian words " Preste " Cham," signifying Christian King; that he was first called Prester Cham; that is, King or Emperor of the Christians; Cham signifying King or Emperor, and Piscie being the common name of the Eastern Christians. I remember also to have somewhere read, that the Moguls, who possess a great part of India, have often taken the name of Schah Ghain, signifying King of the World: and you see, Sancho, that the word Ghain, added to their name, is not unlike that of Prester John. Now, friend, I will tell you my opinion in this matter. I do verily believe the oniy and true Prester John was in Tartary; and I must

' must inform you, lest you should, like the greatest part of the world, run into this error, that the name of Prester John is very improperly given to the Emperor of Abyssinia, or of Ethiopia: for, when Stephen de Gamma, governor of India for the King of Portugal, entered the Red Sea, and left some Portuguese, under the command of his brother Paul, with David King of Ethiopia, to help him to drive the Mahometans out of part of his dominions which they had possessed themselves of; neither of those two brothers ever gave an account that the said Emperor of Ethiopia was called Prester John; which they would certainly have done, had it been his name.'

The Knight of La Mancha might very well have spared this dissertation concerning Prester John; and perhaps the reader would have been better pleased without it; but it must be charged upon the indiscretion of Sancho, who was certainly the cause of it: yet we cannot but admire Don Quixote's memory, since he could remember even to the very barbarous names mentioned by those authors who have written concerning Prester John. The sage Alisolan was, however, very near omitting this tiresome discussion of his hero's; and assuredly he would never have inserted it, had he not observed that many of the same kind had dropped from Benengeli: this gave our author an ill example. Our knight, having now cleared up to Sancho the meaning of Prester John, proceeded in the following terms—

' So, friend, now that I have satisfied your curiosity, pray listen attentively to the advice I am about to give you. We are going into the imperial chamber, whither the emperor is by this time come with all his court: take heed you do not let fall any words that may discover my passion for the infanta, nay, you must seem to take no notice of her, lest courtiers, who are sharp and subtle, should discover my love in your looks; for, in short, greatly as the archbanterer is obliged to me, if he should happen to be told that I am in love with his daughter, he would certainly treat me as the Emperor Marcelian did the Knight of the Three Images; and that is doubtless the reason why the infanta recommends secretly to me in her letter.'

But, pray, Sir,' cried Sancho, ' what was it the emperor you talk of did to the Knight of the Three Images?'—' He expelled him dishonourably from his court,' answered Don Quixote; ' and we may expect to receive the same affront: but we shall prevent it, if you take care to be as discreet as I am.'

The squire having promised to imitate his master's discretion, they both went into the hall where all the company was assembled, impatiently expecting Don Quixote; the absurdity of whose dress was even beyond their expectations. Having bestowed infinite applauds on the elegance of the knight's fancy, they began next to banter him on the motive of so extraordinary a garb. ' How now, Sir Knight?' quoth the archbanterer; ' you have scarcely set foot in my court, and the ladies have already overwhelmed you with their favours. No merit less than your own could have prevailed so rapidly. The most gallant knights of ancient times did not advance with such expedition.'—' I should be glad to learn,' said the empress, ' which is the happy prince's for whom Don Quixote sighs; for his putting on those ribbands, and that rich scarf, is a sure token that he repays the lady's love who sent them.'—' Why should you desire, Madam,' quoth the emperor, ' to know that fortunate fair-one? Would you do the knight of La Mancha any good offices with her?'—' I would, Sir,' replied Merry-dame; ' I can assure you I would spare no pains: what is it I could not do for that hero, after the obligations he has laid on us?' Don Quixote, in token of acknowledgment, returned a profound reverence to the empress; but avoided strictly every thing that might tend to satisfy her curiosity; and, in spite of all their endeavours, the ladies could not wrest from him a syllable of his secret. Upon this, one of them addressed her discourse to Sancho, saying—

' Well, friend, are you too as impenetrable as your master? Is there no way to get the lady's name he is in love with, from you?'—' Not a word of it,' answered Sancho; ' my master has forbid me telling of it, and that's enough. It is better to hold one's tongue, than say the thing that's wrong. I will not so much as look upon

upon the infanta, for fear any body should see in my eyes that my master loves her; and that my lord the emperor should turn us out of the court.' This blunder of his squire sorely embarrassed Don Quixote; but the arch-banterer, pretending not to have taken notice of it, started a new discourse, and began conversing on the subject of ancient knight-errantry. Don Quixote recovered by degrees out of his disorder, and exerted his talent upon that subject. Whilst the ladies and gentlemen diverted themselves in listening to the medley of gravity and extravagance which our knight displayed in this conversation, the damsel Laura took the squire aside, and said to him—' Signor Sancho, are you pleased with the present my mistress made you?'—' No, by my troth!' answered he; ' I would rather have had an handful of ducats, than those broken bits of iron, which have neither cross nor pile upon them.'—' Well, then, friend,' replied Laura, ' let us make an exchange; give me your medals, and I will give you all the ducats I had of your master, and we shall be both pleased.'—' Faith, with all my heart,' quoth Sancho: ' and he is a son of a whore that does not stand to his bargain.'—' Nay, I shall not go from my bargain,' said she; ' for I shall never make a better. Not that I value those rusty bits of brass any more than you do; but because I know some that light a candle at noon-day, who will give me any rate for them.' Hereupon they struck their bargain. The damsel Laura, however, as appears certain, did it only to rid her hands of Don Quixote's money, which she did not care to keep upon the terms she received it, though she was but a mere waiting-woman. It is true, the ducats being transferred to Sancho, the restitution was not over exact; but that trusty squire had well deserved them for his services. Our Arabian historian in this place informs us, that the company spent the remainder of the day entertaining themselves at the expence of our adventurers; but that, being willing to mix the pleasures of the country with their present pastime, they appointed a hunting match for the following day.

* For the rational powers of Bayardo, see Ariosto, Book II.

C H A P. XII.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FARM-HOUSE.

ALL things being prepared for the chace by order of the count, the whole company, excepting the Empress Merry-dame and the infanta, sallied forth from the castle after breakfast, to follow that diversion. Don Quixote was mounted on Rozinante, and armed at all points, hoping to meet with some adventure. Sancho followed on Dapple, with the portmanteau behind him, and a wallet full of provisions, as if he had been going a long journey. The ladies and gentlemen, being well mounted, soon left our adventurers in the rear; who, finding themselves alone, stopped short in a wood a quarter of a league from the castle. ' Son Sancho,' said Don Quixote, ' I have a thought come into my head; I am of opinion we had best seek adventures, instead of hunting. I have a strong presage that we shall this day meet with something extraordinary.'—' Content, Sir,' answered the squire; ' for Rozinante and Dapple are quite out of wind with coming all this way upon a trot. This sort of hunting does not agree with them. Let us rather walk gently; and when we have a mind to rest, we may sit down under a tree. God be praised! I have a thousand pretty bits in my wallet; and there is no feast like the beggars, when they have put all their scraps together.'—' What a glutton thou art!' said Don Quixote. ' What need was there of bringing out provisions? Did not you breakfast before you came from the emperor's palace?'—' That I did,' answered Sancho; ' but the day is long, and a few hours hence I shall be very ready to mumble what I have in my wallet. But, pray, Sir, which way must we go to meet with adventures?'—' That must be left to Rozinante's discretion,' answered Don Quixote; ' he is a good guide; I believe he is endued with human understanding, as was Bayardo, the steed of Rinaldo.*' This said, he gave his horse the reins, who struck

into a path leading across the wood to a farm-house belonging to the castle. ‘ Let us go, in God’s name !’ cried the knight; ‘ Heavens grant that the infanta may see me again anon crowned with fresh glory ! What praises shall I not receive from the emperor and the empress ! The ladies will be lost in admiration : but I fear lest most of them, charmed with my prowess, should send me passionate love-letters, and overburden me with favours : I fear, I say ; for, should this be the case, you may believe I will return their billets-doux without so much as reading them. This will necessarily transport them with rage, and then they will never give over till they discover my love for the infanta. This discovery will redouble their fury ; and those jealous rivals, consulting together, will, perhaps, ruin my reputation with Banterina by their false practices.’—‘ Well, well,’ cried Sancho, ‘ so much the better. That is what I would be at.’—‘ Why so much the better ?’ answered Don Quixote. ‘ You do not consider what you say.’—‘ I beg your pardon for that,’ replied the squire ; ‘ for if these princesses put you out of the infanta’s favour, the infanta will turn you out of her palace ; if the infanta turns you out of her palace, you will never see her again ; if you never see her again, you will have your bellyfull of vexation ; if you have your bellyfull of vexation, you will be as well pleased as if you were a king ; for then you may go weep and lament in the wilderness. Did not you tell me but the other day, that it was a happiness for a knight not to be beloved by his lady ?’—‘ I did not tell you that,’ replied Don Quixote. ‘ it is always more pleasing to be beloved than to be hated. I told you, perhaps, that a nice knight finds a sweet in the sorrows of love : and that I yet hold to. Nay, I must confess I should be glad if I had rivals, and that Banterina might seem to be without partiality for either of us ; for then should I perform a thousand famous exploits to gain the preference of them. However, though I have no known rivals, yet our amours will nevertheless be assuredly thwarted : for, I will not flatter myself ; I cannot suppose that the emperor and empress, however highly

they may esteem me, will bestow their sole heiress on a plain knight ; and this obstacle will furnish sufficient subject for my lamentations. But as all worldly things have an end, so my sufferings will not last always. I shall, with mighty toil, win ultimately the empire of Trebisond ; and then the archbanterer of the Indies, perceiving how honourable it must be for him to be allied to me, will freely consent that Love and Hymen shall unite me to his daughter. Of us will come a son, who will in time be the very model of knights-errant ; his name shall be composed of both our names, for we will call him Don Quibanterin, in imitation of Don Belianis and Florisbella, who called their son Don Belfloran.’—‘ Hang me !’ cried Sancho, ‘ if I would not give a groat, with all my heart, that all this were come to pass already ! But saying and doing are two things : we are far enough from such sport ; and God knows whether ever I shall live to see it !’

This sort of talk held them across the wood ; and, when they were got through, Don Quixote espying the farm-house, which was but a small distance from them, began to view it very earnestly. Then turning to his squire—‘ Friend Sancho,’ quoth he, ‘ here is the strangest adventure we could ever have met with. The fortress there before us is the work of two enchanters. The wise Silenus and the wise Fiston, the mortal enemies of Don Belianis, caused it to be built formerly to secure Florisbella, whom they had stolen. There the unfortunate prince was delivered of Prince Belfloran, whom I but now told you of. Do not you see a woman at the door, bearing a child on her lap ?’—‘ Yes, Sir,’ said Sancho ; and, by the same token, she is now feeding it with pap.’—‘ Well,’ added Don Quixote, ‘ that child is Prince Belfloran himself, who has been at least these fifty years just in the same condition you now see him.’—‘ Saints and fathers !’ exclaimed Sancho, what is it you tell me ? Is it possible that little child should have been these fifty years in its swaddling-clouts ?’—‘ Nothing so sure,’ answered the knight : ‘ that woman is a witch, who, by the fatal power of a horrid charm,

‘ stop’

stops the course of nature, and keeps that prince in an eternal infancy, because it is foretold that he will one day exceed his father in valour; and that witch, who is an enemy to the house of Greece, hinders his growth, that he may never make good the prediction. But Heaven has certainly brought me hither to put a stop to such a felonious practice. I will attempt to rescue Belforan; I will espouse the interest of the house of Greece; the glory of knight-errantry calis upon me to try such a noble adventure: all those monsters I see at the gate of the fortress do not in the least deter me from my purpose.' Sancho gazed with all the eyes he had, and did all he could to discover the pretended monsters; but, being unable to descry them, he said to his master—' For my part, I can see nothing about that farm-house but three goats, and a few turkeys, scratching upon the dunghill.'—' Those you call goats,' answered Don Quixote, 'are ferocious bears; and your turkeys are the most dreadful griffins enchanter ever made use of to guard the entrance of their castles.'—' Since you say it, I believe it,' replied Sancho; 'for you, being dubbed a knight-errant, can see all that is, and all that is not; whereas, for my part, I protest I see nothing at present but the witch and the little child fifty years old eating its pap. But, marry Sir! let him play that knows the game, say I! If you are sure of what you tell me, even down with those griffins: I have a strong fancy they may be dispatched with a blow or two, if they do not fly away.'—' Hold a little, son,' quoth Don Quixote; 'I must first offer up a prayer to that sovereign lady of my heart, beseeching her to give me strength for this adventure; which is so perilous, that I can never finish it without the particular assistance of that peerless infanta.' As he thus spoke, the amorous knight drew a deep sigh from the bottom of his breast, and accosted Banterina in these words—' O thou wonder of nature! princess, whose beauty shall never be brought into comparison whilst I have breath! vouchsafe to favour me in this first adventure I am about to attempt under your banner! Let the world see, by your taking part

with me, that a knight, strengthened by your divine favour, is not to be overcome!' Here he broke off, for he perceived an object sally out of the farm, which took up all his attention. It was a young fellow in a fustian cap and waistcoat; he was mounted on a black mule, and had a sack of corn under him. 'Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'do not you see that dreadful monster coming towards us?'—' Nay, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'as for him, I cannot agree with you. That is certainly no monster. Though I were a thousand times worse enchanted than I am, I would lay a wager that that is a young fellow carrying corn to the mill to grind.'—' An illusion, friend; a mere illusion!' replied Don Quixote: 'I assure you he is a Centaur, a monster, half man and half horse. He comes forward to fight us, fancying he can easily overcome us, and carry us into the fortress, there to keep us enchanted for many ages; but he shall soon fall by the strength of my blows. Be not, therefore, afraid of his dismal shape and aspect; but let my presence encourage you.'—' Nay, faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am not afraid at all. I am not afraid either of the bears or the griffins; nor do I stand any more in awe of them, than if they were goats and turkeys.'

By this time the Centaur drew near, thinking to have continued his progress without molestation; when Don Quixote, resolved upon his destruction, made at him with couched lance. The young man, who had only a switch in his hand, not seeing fit to stand the brunt of so formidable an assailant, turned short about, and fled back towards the farm-house with the utmost expedition. The knight instantly pursued; but being unable to overtake him, let loose the torrent of his rage upon the goats; and, drawing his sword, presently put two of them to flight, and sorely wounded the third. He next encountered the turkies; but they fled with terror before him. Upon this our hero sheathed his sword; and, giving his lance to Sancho, he made up without loss of time to the woman; who, not knowing what to think of this adventure, was running into the house with her child, and the saucy pip in her hand. Don Quixote arrested her upon the threshold,

and endeavoured to take away her child: she screamed and struggled; and, resolving to make the best defence in her power, brandished her saucepan; and, bestowing a weighty blow with it upon the head of the knight, nearly suffocated him with the flummery. Don Quixote, however, quitted not his hold; and Heaven, at that time, favouring the house of Greece, he at length got possession of the son of Don Belianis. This precious charge he instantly delivered to his squire; which was scarcely done before they beheld the Centaur advancing again on foot, with two other young fellows belonging to the farm; all of them armed with long staves, and followed by their mastiff dogs; whose dreadful barkings, aided by the cries of the woman, made the neighbouring country resound. As soon as ever Sancho espied them, he could not but call to mind the dismal adventure of the melon-ground; and though he had remained unterrified either by the bears or the griffins, his heart now began to quake with apprehension. Don Quixote, on the other hand, resolving to maintain possession of his prey, unsheathed his sword, and opposed himself to them as undauntedly as the valiant son of Priam did to the two Ajaxes, when they advanced to wrest from him the body of Patroclus. The young men of the farm were in a deadly fury; their eyes flashed fire; nay, there is a certain Greek author hesitates not to affirm, that the blood-thirsty god of war was himself present, and urged them to the fight. Now, too, had the Destinies seized the fatal scissars, and with merciless hands were about to cut the vital threads of the combatants; when, as good fortune would have it, Heaven was pleased to interpose, and prevent the effusion of blood; for the chace happening to take a turn that way, the presence of the count soon appeased the Centaur and his companions, and pacified the clamours of the woman. Sancho, joyful as a pilot who has just escaped some dangerous rock, bawled out, as loud as ever he was able—‘ Well come! heartily welcome, gentlemen! In good faith, you are come as opportunely as Easter does after Lent! Had it not been for you, those three wags there would have handled us very roughly.’—‘ But, why do you take away that child, Sancho?’ said

the emperor. ‘ To wean him, Mr. Archbanterer,’ answered the squire. ‘ Is it not a shame he has thriven no better, and has been at nurse these fifty years?’ The ladies and gentlemen easily guessed, by these words, that some new whim had struck the knight’s pericranium; and not being able to look on him without laughing, they asked him who had daubed his face so filthily. He answered, very gravely, that it was a witch; and proceeded to relate to them the whole story of Prince Belfloran, and how he had finished the adventure of his deliverance. Very fain would he have fallen upon the young men of the farm; protesting that they were villains unworthy of longer existence: but Don Alvaro and Don Carlos at length pacified him, and persuaded him to put up his sword; alledging that, since they surrendered upon discretion, they ought to have good quarter given them.

‘ Indeed, Don Quixote,’ said the archbanterer, ‘ so the thing should be; and you ought to rest satisfied with having rescued the heir of the house of Greece: all that remains, is to get him a better nurse, that he may grow apace, and be soon in a condition to fulfil the great decrees of fate.’—‘ Leave that to me,’ quoth the count; ‘ I shall take a pleasure in performing it, as being so entirely devoted to the Emperor Trebatius, whom I love and honour as my friend and brother-in-law.’ This said, he took the child from the squire, who still held it, and privately conveyed it to the farmer’s wife. The ladies and gentlemen then returned to the castle, very sufficiently diverting themselves both with the adventure and the adventurers.

C H A P. XIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE AMOURS OF DON QUIXOTE AND THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

OUR knight’s visage was still enriched with a considerable portion of the cataplasma, when he appeared before the empress and the infanta. ‘ Princesses,’ said the archbanterer, ‘ I must inform you that the matchless Don Quixote has this day gained as important a victory as that of yesterday.’—‘ Sir,’ answered Banterina, in

in a tone that marked how sensibly she took part in her champion's glory, ‘ we can guess, by the noble dew which covers his countenance, that he has performed some glorious exploit; and the empress and I should be very glad to know the particulars of it.’ The emperor having satisfied their curiosity, they bestowed abundance of praises on Don Quixote, wiped his face themselves with napkins, disarmed him amidst the sound of divers instruments, arrayed him in a blue satin night-gown and cap; and, leading him in that garb to the upper-room, seated him at table between them. After supper there was a ball; the emperor and empress began it by dancing a pavane; Don Quixote and Banterina followed with a siraband; and, though the honest gentleman had never learned to dance, yet was he satisfied that he acquitted himself excellently, as being persuaded the order of knighthood necessarily conferred on its possessor every possible species of perfection. The ladies and gentlemen danced, in their turns, till it was time to go to rest; then the emperor dismissed them all, and every one retired to his chamber.

As soon as the Knight of La Mancha had shut himself up in his apartment, he began to revolve in his mind the hours conferred upon him by the empress and the infanta; and he had already heated his imagination with a thousand fascinating images, when on a sudden he heard a noise, which aroused him from his reverie. He could very plainly distinguish that some person was scratching at his door; and he immediately conjectured it must be one of the ladies of the court, who, being smitten with his person, and no longer able to controul her amorous passion, had taken this method of discovering herself to him: he prepared himself, therefore, to act the cruel part; and his scrupulous fidelity had already destined that unhappy fair-one a sacrifice to his princess, when he perceived his visitor was the infanta herself. A felicity so unlocked for had well nigh killed him with joy. ‘ O glory of mortals!’ exclaimed he in rapture; ‘ Sovereign lady of the universe! Light which dispels the gloom of my soul! Is it possible that you should come in search of me? Can mortal man be capable of such an honour? Do I dream, or am

‘ I awake? In short, dear princess, is it ‘ you I behold?’ Banterina, leaning in a melancholy posture on her damsel Laura, entered the chamber without answering a word; and approaching near to the knight, cast on him a look of languishment, and burst instantly into sobbing and tears. Don Quixote, petrified at this piteous prelude, besought most earnestly that she would acquaint him with the cause of her distresses. Three several times she disparted her fair jaws for utterance; and thrice the word died upon her lips: the immensity of affliction at length utterly overwhelmed her, and she sunk senseless into her damsel’s arms. The compassionate Laura, who was well acquainted with the cause of these sorrows and swoonings, could now no longer contain herself. ‘ Alas! ‘ poor infanta!’ exclaimed she, ‘ more ‘ unfortunate than all those mentioned ‘ in the dismal books of chivalry, how ‘ happy should I think you, could you ‘ die this moment! For, if you live, I ‘ perceive your days will be full of ‘ bitterness!’ Don Quixote, touched to the heart by his mistress’s sorrow, did every thing in his power to solace her; and Laura spared no pains. Good fortune decreed they should not lose their labour; the princess came to herself; and the knight, then accosting her, said—‘ Most beautiful and afflicted ‘ princess, acquaint me, I conjure you, ‘ with the cause of your weeping, and ‘ of that terrifying swoon which pierces ‘ my very heart!’ These words he uttered in an accent so woeeful, that it renewed Banterina’s grief. Laura, wrung with compassion to see her mistress in such deplorable plight, hereupon said to her—‘ Cease, dear Madam; cease thus ‘ cruelly to torment yourself! Why do ‘ you put a restraint upon yourself before Don Quixote, who adores and ‘ loves you so entirely? Break that inhuman silence; or give me leave to speak for you.’—‘ Well, then, Laura, my dear Laura!’ answered the princess, with a languishing voice, ‘ do ‘ you acquaint Don Quixote with the ‘ misfortune that threatens me; for I ‘ have not strength enough to tell it ‘ him.’—‘ Sir Knight,’ said the damsel, ‘ I will tell you the whole matter ‘ in two words. The emperor has just ‘ now told my mistress that he designs ‘ to marry her, out of hand, to his neighbour the Great Mogul’s son; and to ‘ this

' this effect he will set out, eight days hence, to return into Asia.'—' See there!' cried the princess, bursting into tears again; ' see there the source of my desperation! I had rather die than marry the Great Mogul's son!'—' Beauteous infanta!' quoth Don Quixote, ' I conjure you, temper your grief! Heaven is too just to permit that you should be given up to a prince you hate!'—' It is very true, Madam,' cried Laura; ' and you should rather think of preventing the mischief, than thus to indulge your sorrow.'—' Alas!' answered Banterina, ' which way can I prevent it?'—' How prevent it?' replied Laura. ' Love will shew you the way. You need but leave your parents, and go range about the world with Don Quixote.'—' You do not consider what you say, Laura,' answered the princess. ' What! would you advise me to suffer myself to be stolen away?'—' Out upon it, Madam!' replied Laura; ' you put an ill construction upon my words. In the language of chivalry, excursions of this sort are not styled stealings away, they are merely making a sally: and the best of it is, that, among you infantas, such slips are no damage to your reputation. Take my advice, Madam; let us even follow the Knight of La Mancha wheresoever he pleases to carry us. Lord, what a pleasant life we shall lead! We shall be all day, from morning till night, upon the road seeking adventures; and at night we shall lie in the woods. Is not that a pleasant way of living? What wonder that ancient princesses took such delight in it!'—' Madam,' said Don Quixote, ' your trusty Laura gives you good advice. Since you entertain such aversion for the Mogul's son, fly from that violence which is offered to your inclinations; entrust yourself to my protection, and let us travel through the world together. If you admit me for your knight, my future exploits will, perhaps, prove to you that I am not unworthy of the honour.'—' Oh, knight!' answered the princess, sighing, ' how hard a matter is it to deny you? I find I shall inevitably accept of your proposal; for I perceive nothing but honour, duty, and virtue, to oppose it. O ye great gods, if

you would not have had me make a false step, you ought not to have made me a maiden!'—' Then, Madam,' said Laura, ' you are resolved to go along with Don Quixote.'—' I am, good girl,' replied Banterina; ' but let us be gone quickly to prevent second thoughts; for I am apt to be troubled with a scurvy modesty if I consider, and sometimes my conscience checks me. I must confess I am somewhat bashful for a court lady.' The princess having thus given her consent, it was agreed among them that they would set out the next night, as soon as the emperor and empress were withdrawn to their apartments. In pledge hereof, the princess extending one of her tawny paws towards the lips of Don Quixote, the knight amorously smothered it with kisses; after which, she immediately withdrew with Laura, to give the arch-banterer and his company an account of this new scene.

CHAP. XIV.

HOW DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE
MET A DAMSEL, AS THEY WENT
OUT A HUNTING, AND WHAT
PASSED BETWIXT THEM.

THE next morning, all the company betook themselves again to the diversion of the chace; and the swiftness of Rozinante and Dapple being very little improved since their former expedition, Don Quixote and his squire were soon left in the lurch as before. The knight was not much displeased at this circumstance, as he wanted to converse with Sancho, which he had not done for some time. ' My friend Sancho,' said he, ' I am overjoyed I can discourse with you; I have a great deal to communicate. Are you not amazed at the honours I have received at this court?'—' Yes, Sir,' answered the squire; ' and I am ashamed for you, when I think of it. Last night, when I saw you at table by the empress, by my troth! I was like master Peter's parrot; I said nothing, but I thought the more.'—' Why, what could you think?' answered Don Quixote. ' Sir,' replied Sancho, ' it is no hard matter to guess at that. Methinks you, who are but

‘ but a country gentleman, should not sit, cheek by jole, by the empress, who is a topping princess.’—‘ I grant,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ that my extraction is infinitely inferior to hers; but you must understand, friend, that knights-errant, of a certain degree of reputation, are equal to crowned heads, as appears by the books of chivalry, which testify this truth; and therefore you ought not to wonder at seeing me sit by an empress: but what you ought to be surprized at is that particular regard, and those special marks of distinction, which all persons bestow on me. I must confess I am almost confounded at such accumulated honours; and yet, flattering as these are to me, I am infinitely less affected by them than by the kind regard of Banterina: that peerless infanta loves, or rather adores me. This to me is inconceivable: she came last night to my chamber, to acquaint me that her father designs marrying her to the Great Mogul’s son. Had you seen her, my child, her sorrow would have grieved you to the heart. She had like to have died in her damsel Laura’s arms: in short, the flame she cherishes for me causes her to behold this intended marriage as an affliction so terrifying, that, in order to shun it, and preserve herself entirely for my love, she has resolved to forsake her father’s court, and follow me wheresoever I will carry her; and we have agreed to be gone privately this very night.’—‘ It is very well done, Sir,’ cried Sancho; ‘ but then we must take Mrs. Laura with us, too, for she is a very genteel damsel.’—‘ Signor Squire,’ answered Don Quixote, smiling, ‘ methinks the damsel Laura has found a place in your heart. In good truth, my son, you are caught in love’s net! and, to prove what I say, I will now tell you what you feel within yourself. Is it not true, that you often think on that damsel and that you are pleased when you think of her?’—‘ Yes, faith!’ quoth Sancho; ‘ I think of her every moment; and I do not know for what, but I am mightily pleased.’—‘ Confess,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ that you long to see her again; and that you could wish we were back at the castle.’—‘ God

blesss me, Sir!’ replied Sancho, ‘ how can you guess at all that without my telling you! Hang me, nothing so true! I am mad to be at the castle again; and I, who never used to be weary of sitting upon my ass, am now as uneasy as a whore at a sermon.’—‘ Do not wonder at my diving into your secrets,’ said the knight, sighing; ‘ I am but too well read in those matters! But, to say the truth, I can never sufficiently admire the power of Love: no heart is proof against his arrows, since he has wounded yours. Spread open thy soul, my son! spread open thy soul to joy! and thank thy fortunate stars which entitle thee to the most delicious expectations. The damsel Laura will bear her mistress company; and your ravished eyes shall daily behold the object of their love.’—‘ But, Sir,’ said Sancho, ‘ may not I carry her away into my island without ceremony? Can any body have any thing to say to it? Have not governors always some damsel in their castles for their housekeeper?’

Don Quixote was about solving this case of conscience, and, perhaps, in favour of Sancho, when a damsel suddenly appearing before them, broke off their discourse; and, by her air and garb, drew their attention upon herself. She was mounted on a white palfrey, and held in her hand a large umbrella of rose-coloured taffety, bordered with a rich silver lace. Her cloaths were of a white damask, embroidered with flowers of gold, and a veil of white satin covered her face. She advanced directly towards our adventurers, who thought they had not eyes enough to look at her; and when she came near them, she threw aside her white veil, and discovered the face of a woman at least threescore years of age. Don Quixote, however, did not fail mistaking her for some princess still in her teens, who had been stolen from her parents by some false knight, and then basely forsaken. This fancy possessing his brain, he bowed down to the very pummel of his saddle; and, saluting the lady in the most respectful manner, said to her—‘ Charming infanta, you have doubtless just cause to complain of fortune, since we see you thus travel without any guard or retinue. What knight, I marvel, in defiance

of that ravishing beauty with which you are so super-eminently gifted, and in contempt of those repeated vows he had made to you, could come to the base resolution of leaving you forlorn? Acquaint me, I beseech you, with the dismal story of your misfortunes; you cannot reveal them to a knight more entirely devoted to the service of ladies than I am.'—'Sir Knight,' answered the damsel, 'I perceive, by your noble mien and air, that the beauteous sex never implored your assistance in vain: I beg of you, therefore, to grant me a boon.'—'I will grant you an hundred thousand,' replied Don Quixote: 'speak boldly, adorable princess! What is it you require of me?'—'I am no princess,' quoth she; 'I am but a servant; and am thankful for that, since I can be no better: but the boon I ask of you is for an infanta whom I serve, who is one of the most accomplished princesses in the world; you can never employ your sword more gloriously than in her behalf.'—'Command me,' answered Don Quixote; 'explain yourself. What is the matter in hand?'—'The matter is,' replied the damsel, 'to chastise a knight who has proved false to my mistress.'—'Charming maiden,' interrupted Don Quixote, 'I will undertake that with all my heart: you need only name the traitor who could be guilty of an act so infamous.'—'Ah, Sir!' exclaimed the damsel, 'how happy am I to have met with you! The avengement of my mistress cannot be entrusted to a better hand. Nevertheless, I must not deceive you: however greatly I confide in your courage, I cannot avoid quaking for the event: for, to be brief, I bring you into an extraordinary danger; you are to engage a knight who makes the whole globe re-echo with his achievements, and seems to lead about Victory by the hem of her garment.'—'When he has overcome me,' answered Don Quixote, 'I shall think him invincible. I am impatient to try my strength with him! Tell me his name quickly, and where I may meet with him.'—'Sir,' replied the damsel, 'I am told he is in this country; and I will, in a few words, tell you his name and his story. That changeling, that ingrate, that felonious

nous man, is called Don Quixote de la Mancha; and the unhappy princess he has wronged is Dulcinea del Toboso. This perfidious knight, after having chosen her as his lady, after offering up his vows to her in a thousand adventures, which he could never have finished without the help of her peerless beauty, faithless and base as he is! hath undeservedly forsaken her, and is fallen in love with a fat Amazon queen, the refuse of Prince Hiperborean and of the scholars at Alcala. You change countenance, Sir Knight,' added the damsel; 'I perceive the account of this disloyalty displeases you; your generous heart rises at so base an action; and you could wish you had already freed the earth from that execrable monster: but let nothing stay you; make haste to seek him out, and shed his blood in recompence for his perjury.' This discourse, as may well be imagined, strangely troubled and annoyed the Knight of La Mancha: perceiving, however, that the damsel expected his answer, he spoke to her as follows. 'Trusty confidante of the Princess Dulcinea, I am too much an enemy to dissimulation to conceal the truth from you. I must, then, avow myself to be that deplorable knight-errant, whose death you require at my hands! you have before you the unfortunate Don Quixote de la Mancha.'—'Who? you!' exclaimed the damsel, with an air of astonishment. 'Are you that traitor my mistress complains of? Nay, then, I find there is no trusting to physiognomy!'—'I am more unfortunate than guilty,' answered Don Quixote: 'I take Heaven to witness, that I had still been the Infanta Dulcinea's true knight, had not she hated me; but I could no longer withstand her unworthy temptation of my love.'—'She neither despised nor hated you,' replied the damsel; 'and it was only her nice honour that made her misuse you. She was willing to make trial of your constancy before she would reward it; but understanding, by the voice of fame, that you were in love with another lady, she sent me immediately to acquaint you that she will never see you more; and that she forbids you, in future, from ever setting your foot in La Mancha. This is what I am ordered





Plate VI.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & C^o. Sept^r 25, 1784.

Angus, sculp.

Stothard del.

RACELIANEDAS PUXADES

ordered to tell you on her part, and this is what I must tell you on my own. Do not think, false knight, that Heaven will suffer you to go unpunished. It would no longer be just, should it forbear to punish the wrong you have done to the most beautiful of its works. May the enchanters your enemies mar the success of all your undertakings! May they blot out of the memory of man all the glory you have acquired! May they persuade all future generations, that the dreadful Bramarbas you overcame was nothing but a giant of pasteboard! And may they make posterity look upon all your heretic actions as ridiculous and foolish! These are the curses I bestow on you, inconstant Don Quixote! And, that your Squire, who has a share in your change, may not blame me for forgetting him, may he every day meet with Yanguesians to drub his sides, or with grileys-slaves to pelt him with brick-bats!—‘And may you, Madam Spitvenom!’ interrupted Sancho, angrily, ‘fall into the next cart-rut with your palfrey, and break your strumpet’s neck for you!—What the devil ails her? And what have I done to her, that she should wish me so much harm?’ The damsel, not regarding our squire’s replication, turned her horse’s head about in an instant, and whipped him on so briskly, that Don Quixote and Sancho soon lost sight of her.

CHAP. XV.

HOW STRANGELY DON QUIXOTE WAS PERPLEXED WHEN DULCINEA’S DAMSEL WAS GONE; WHAT INWARD STRUGGLES HE FELT, AND THE HAPPY RESOLUTION HE CAME TO AT LAST.

THE Knight of La Mancha, leaning pensively on the pommel of his saddle, found himself the prey to a thousand melancholy reflections, and knew not what measure to fix upon. Sometimes he had a mind to follow Dulcinea’s damsel; and then again he was withheld by the force of his new passion. Sancho, seeing him thus cast

down, said to him—‘Cheer up, Sir Knight of the Cupids! What! will you be troubled at the words of a gipsey?’—‘O my son!’ cried Don Quixote, ‘did you hear what she said? How wretched am I! But, alas! I deserve it. She said her mistress did not despise me; nay, she did not even hate me; and I, too ready to take a resolve, broke that glorious chain; and, through my impatience, lost the love of an adorable princess. Alas! poor cowardly knight, who hast no courage but in the field of battle! Your constancy ought not to have yielded to the rigour and disdain of that matchless princess. Return to your first chain. Run! Fly! Go swear to that lovely enemy that you will, for the future, only live for her! But I forget she has prohibited me from appearing in her presence. Shall I then provoke her just indignation by my disobedience? No; it is enough that I restore to her the sovereignty over my soul. She will not long remain unapprized that I have returned to my duty: Fame will take care to inform her of it. Let the Princess Dulcinea reign in my heart; then! May she reign there for ever! But what do I say? Senseless man! Shall I forsake the daughter of the Achbanterer of the Indies? Can I, in honour, do this, after what she has done for me? Justly as she will be incensed at the ingratitude with which I recompense her bounties, will not this princess have greater reason to detest me than even Dulcinea? O, ye gracious powers! how shall I acquit myself of this perplexity without detriment to my honour? I cannot be true to Dulcinea without being false to Banterina. What a heavy burden is honour! Whichever way I turn me, I see my memory blasted and my name covered with ignominy. But the time is short; the Infanta of the Indies presses to be gone with me this night. What shall I do? Heaven inspire me what course to follow!’

Here Don Quixote paused a while, deliberating on the means of extricating himself from this thorny dilemma without breach of his honour. At length, he suddenly turned to his squire, and

C H A P. XVI.

THE SORROWFUL SEPARATION OF
DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE.

said—‘Blessed be my favouring stars, son Sancho, I am now no longer dubious! I know what I am to follow. I remember what the Knight of the Sun did in the like circumstances, and I will imitate his example.’—‘What good was it he did?’ cried Sancho. ‘I will tell you,’ answered Don Quixote. ‘He was upon the point of marrying Landabrides, when his first mistress Claridiana sent her damsel Arcania to him to upbraid him with inconstancy. He was so touched with what she said, that he immediately left the Emperor Alexander’s court, and retired to a desert, resolving there to die for grief.’—‘Out upon it, Sir,’ cried Sancho; ‘what a beastly resolution was that! Heaven forbid you should ever do the like!’—‘You do not know what you say,’ replied Don Quixote. ‘Can I do better than tread in the steps of such a renowned knight? I must imitate him, my friend; and, surrendering myself accordingly to the impulse of a just repentance, I this moment banish Banderina from my heart and my memory; and will now remove at a distance from the court, to finish the sad course of my miserable life in some solitary wilderness.’ The squire, utterly averse to so preposterous and uncomfortable a project, bestirred himself with might and main to shake his master’s resolution; but his eloquence was all to no purpose. ‘Forbear, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote; ‘forbear vainly to oppose a resolution which so much concerns my glory. Follow me, without contradicting any more; or else never more keep me company.’ With these words he gave the reins to Rozinante, who took by chance the road which leads to Toledo. Bitter grievance was it to the squire, that he should be thus forced to leave the castle where he had fared so daintily; yet he preferred his duty before his inclination, and followed his master: whose eloquence proved a great disappointment to the ladies and gentlemen; for these having employed the fictitious damsel of Dulcinea with a view of diverting themselves with our knight’s embarrassment thereat, never once took into their account that it might possibly be the means of their losing him.

OUR adventurers were now near Illescas, when they turned out of the highway to strike into a little wood they espied in the plain. As soon as they reached it, they alighted, and sat down on the grass; and Don Quixote, thinking the place proper for the execution of his design, said to Sancho—‘It is here, my friend, that I will submit to my destiny, offering up myself a sacrifice to Dulcinea’s displeasure. We have but a few minutes more to pass together; we must now part for ever.’ The squire, hearing these dismal tidings, began to blubber again, crying—‘O my good master Don Quixote, what madness has possessed you to resolve to die for having changed your mistress? Does any body die now-a-days on that account?’—‘Check your sorrow,’ quoth the knight; and oppose all the strength of your reason against the rigour of our ill-fortune. Our parting troubles me as much as yourself. I had flattered myself with the hopes of a longer life; but, since my honour stands not in need of it, and that, dying, I have the comfort of leaving you governor of a good island, I am willing to end my days. I know you relied on me, and thought I would, by my advice, ease you of part of the weight of your government. I designed the same; but no matter: listen to me, my son; I will tell you how you shall govern your island so as to gain the love of all the inhabitants. Be severe without being rigid; be good without being too indulgent; be generous, watchful, and ready to relieve all that stand in need of you. Let not the affairs of the wealthy be expedited with more readiness than those of the poor. Let not favour or interest turn you away from the course of justice. In short, let all the people of your island live in peace, and quietly enjoy their own. I will say no more; for, besides that I will not burden your memory, I fear lest the sage who is to write my history, and who records

' records every thing that I utter, ' should fatigue his readers by a too prolix discourse.'—' Sir,' answered Sancho, ' it is needless to teach me how to govern my island. I renounce all the governments in the world: I will die here with you; and that will soon be done, for I have but one day's provision.'—' No, friend,' replied Don Quixote; ' I will not allow you to share in my fate. The interest of your family requires you should live, and keep your government. It is enough that I die. Dulcinea's wrath requires but one victim.'—' Alas!' cried the squire, redoubling his lamentations, ' what, if you die, will become of poor orphans? Who will defend giants against widows? O the cursed Dulcinea! Could she not have been quiet without sending her messengers after us?'—' Hold, Sancho!' cried Don Quixote; ' take heed, wretch, how you utter any blasphemies against that divine princess! I had rather all nature should return to its first chaos, than to hear one word of reflection on that sovereign lady! Instead of cursing, you must go to her from me, and you must tell her that, not being able to survive her indignation and the prohibition to appear before her, I have pined away to death in this desert. Then shall you fall down at her feet, and conjure her not to hate my memory; and you shall never rise till her royal mouth has granted it. This is what I require of you. Now you may depart. Go, my son,' added he, holding out his hand to him; ' go, and sometimes remember you of your master. Farewell; I freely give you all that is in the portmanteau.' This present, though pretty considerable, could not console Sancho; who, upon this dismal occasion, gave good proof that he entertained a sincere regard for his master; for, laying hold of his hand to kiss it, he bathed it with his tears; and appeared so transported with sorrow, that our knight could not help being touched by it; and found himself obliged to remove so affecting an object from his sight, by requiring his immediate departure.

When his squire was out of his sight, he drew near to Rozinante, who stood motionless on ali four, with his bridle

on his neck, and his eyes shut, peaceably expecting his doom. ' Faithful companion of my labours,' said the knight to him, weeping bitterly, ' Heaven can testify I am as much troubled to forsake you, as the Knight of the Sun was to part with his Corcelin. I will make the same speech to you, for you well deserve it, that he made to him in the island of the demoniack Faunus.—O my good horse! In recompence for the service you have done me, I must needs discharge you of your bands: I set you free. Go, you are no longer subject to the power of man; for the future follow your own inclination. Enjoy the same liberty which other creatures enjoy in this desert; for what knight would you serve after me?' This said, he took off his saddle and bridle, and giving him two gentle claps on the buttock with his open hand, added—' Go, then, beautiful horse; remove at a distance from this fatal spot which I have chosen to be my tomb.' The freed beast, insensible of the value of liberty, yet feeling himself eased of his accoutrements, laid down quietly upon the ground to rest himself. Don Quixote observing it—' My dear Rozinante,' cried he, ' you cannot leave me, then. You prefer death before your liberty, and will not survive my misfortunes. Be it so, then; let us both die here together: and, when future ages understand that I expired for grief of having offended my lady, let them with admiration learn, at the same time, that you died for grief of losing me.' Having spoken these words, the unfortunate knight began his bitter wailings to the neighbouring echoes; and, prostrating himself on the earth, invoked death to succour him, being resolutely prepared to yield up his life a sacrifice to his chagrin.

C H A P. XVII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE RECEIVED UNEXPECTED COMPANY.

IN the mean while, Sancho having regained the highway that leads to Toledo, jogged slowly on, his brain engrossed

cupied with a thousand woeful cogitations; often sighing, and stopping at every turn to look back to the place where he had left his master. But his dolors were now about to give place to joy; for, when he least thought of it, a man mounted on a scurvy beast passed by; and, staring earnestly at him, cried out—‘ By the Lord, I am not mistaken! It is certainly Signor Sancho Panza I behold! ’—‘ O, Mr. Barber! ’ quoth Sancho, recognizing master Nicholas his countryman, ‘ is it possible I have stumbled upon you? What chance brought you into this strange country? ’—‘ I will tell you that punctually,’ answered the barber, ‘ when you have informed me what is become of Don Quixote.’—‘ Alas, master Nicholas! ’ replied Sancho, ‘ all we can say of Don Quixote now is, God rest his soul! He needs nothing now but prayers.’—‘ O Heavens! ’ cried the barber in consternation, ‘ then your master is dead! ’—‘ Not yet,’ replied the squire; ‘ but his life is in great danger. I left him just now in the wood you see yonder, where he purposes to die through despair for Madam Dulcinea.’—‘ God be praised! ’ said master Nicholas; ‘ since he is not absolutely dead, all is well enough. Cheer up, my friend; Don Quixote shall not die: I come now to tell him such news as will put him out of conceit with his journey into the other world.’—‘ What news? ’ quoth Sancho. ‘ The most surprizing,’ answered the barber, ‘ and the most pleasing he can ever hear. But let us make haste to convey it to him; for let medicines be never so good, they are useless when applied too late.’ Sancho, who had great confidence in master Nicholas, laid much stress upon his words, and conducted him speedily to the spot where he had lately parted from the knight of La Mancha.

There they found Don Quixote, stretched out on the ground, leaning his head on his hand, and buried in profound meditation. ‘ Sir,’ cried Sancho, ‘ I beg your pardon for interrupting your penance, and disturbing the pleasure you take to die for despair; but it must be so, for here is master Nicholas the barber come with me,

‘ who brings you good news.’—‘ Alas?’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ what can he say that will avail me in the wretched condition I am in?’—‘ I know nothing of the matter,’ quoth the squire; ‘ but I rely on him, and am already overjoyed at what he is going to tell you.’—‘ You have a true foreboding, friend Sancho,’ replied the barber; ‘ and your master will rejoice as much as you do, when he is informed my errand is to acquaint him that the Princess Dulcinea del Toboso is resolved to make him happy.’—‘ What is it I hear?’ cried Don Quixote. ‘ What pleasing words are those have reached my ears? O my dear friend master Nicholas, perhaps you only utter them to divert my grief, and snatch me out of the hands of death.’—‘ No, no,’ replied the barber; ‘ I tell you nothing but the truth; and, to prove what I say, I have a letter for you from that noble infanta.’—‘ Gracious powers! a letter?’ cried Don Quixote in a transport; ‘ what thanks shall I be able to return you, Mr. Barber?’—‘ I am no longer a barber,’ answered master Nicholas: ‘ I have sold my razors, basin, and wash-balls; I am now squire to the Princess Dulcinea, and my name is Toboso.’—‘ Let me be hanged!’ cried Sancho, ‘ that is great news. What! you have no shop, then? And, pray, who is shaver at this present in our village?’—‘ There is no trimming at all there,’ replied master Nicholas; ‘ and I will presently tell you the reason. But let us now mind more important matters.’ Thus saying, he pulled out of his pocket a letter, and delivered it to Don Quixote, who took and read it aloud. The contents were as follows—

THE LETTER.

THE Princess Dulcinea del Toboso, the slave to the heavenly fire-brands; to thee, the cause of all my misfortunes, the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, health. I ought to shiver at thy very name; and, as a punishment for thy negligence in seeking tidings concerning me, I ought to blot out of my memory all thy exploits, which, to my sorrow, are

' are there engraved as it were on brass.
 ' But ladies do not always what they
 ' ought to do; and, therefore, instead
 ' of treating you with that rigour you
 ' deserve, I write to you, to command
 ' you, by the power Love gives me over
 ' your person, to return immediately,
 ' upon receipt hereof, into La Mancha.
 ' My squire, who is well known to
 ' you, will inform you how much I
 ' stand in need of your valour and
 ' assistance. Heaven keep you, and
 ' preserve my life; which I much fear
 ' till I can enjoy your unworthy and
 ' dear sight.'

' O Heavens!' exclaimed the knight,
 ' what a felicitous alteration! I can
 ' scarce believe this miracle! How
 ' obliging is this letter! I am the more
 ' surprized at it, because it differs so
 ' much from what the damsel told me
 ' whom we met this morning.'—
 ' What damsel did you meet?' said the
 barber. ' One of the Infanta Dul-
 ' cinea's damsels,' answered Don Quix-
 ote. ' And what did she say to you?'
 quoth master Nicholas. ' She told me,'
 answered Don Quixote, ' that her mis-
 ' tress forbade my ever appearing be-
 ' fore her, or returning to La Man-
 ' cha. Confounded at that fatal in-
 ' junction, I repaired to this solitude
 ' to fulfil my miserable destiny.'—
 ' Heaven forefend!' replied the barber,
 ' guessing by this information that some-
 ' body had been diverting himself at the
 knight's expence. ' It is true, the
 ' Princess Dulcinea was in a great pas-
 ' sion when she sent that damsel to you;
 ' but since then the case is altered
 ' with the infanta, and an accident has
 ' happened which obliges her to deal
 ' more favourably by you: in the con-
 ' dition she is in at present, it would ill
 ' become her to treat you like a Turk
 ' or a Moor; she has more need to make
 ' the best of it, and to court you; for,
 ' to deal plainly, she stands in need of
 ' your sword.'—' Explain yourself,
 ' master Tobolin!' cried Don Quixote,
 ' in a transport. ' What danger is my
 ' princess in? Inform me quickly!'

' She is in the greatest of dangers,' re-
 ' plied master Nicholas: ' she refused,
 ' some months since, to marry the Em-
 ' peror of Trebisond; who, to revenge
 ' himself, has laid a design to steal her
 ' away; and to that end he is come to
 ' Toboso with an army of six hundred
 ' thousand men.'—' Powers above!'
 ' exclaimed Don Quixote, interrupting
 him, ' can ye then favour such an out-
 ' rage? Tell me, my friend, what did
 ' the princess do in this extremity?'—
 ' She summoned the ban and arrear-
 ' ban to be in arms,' replied the bar-
 ' ber; ' and not only the gentry, but all
 ' the inhabitants, of the villages of To-
 ' boso and Argamasilla, are got toge-
 ' ther in her palace, with a resolution
 ' to defend her to the last drop of their
 ' blood; and have all vowed to let
 ' their beards grow till they have de-
 ' feated the enemy: and this is the
 ' reason why I told you they did not
 ' trim their beards. Now, you must
 ' understand, there have been several
 ' encounters; the arrear-ban has done
 ' wonders, as it used to do: the Pagans
 ' have always had the better; they have
 ' torn to pieces Peter Perez our curate's
 ' new cassock, and cut out the tongues
 ' of our two alcaldes for having given
 ' judgment wrongfully.'—' O Holy
 ' Virgin!' cried Sancho; ' then our
 ' alcaldes are finely brought to bed!'—
 ' In short, Don Quixote,' added the
 barber, ' though the Tobosines behave
 ' themselves bravely, they must needs
 ' fall at long run; and, though Dul-
 ' cinea's palace were better defended
 ' than the castle of Albracca*, sooner
 ' or later, the Emperor of Trebisond
 ' will make himself master of it. So,
 ' you see, that unless you speedily re-
 ' lieve my mistress, she is a lost infant.'—
 ' Away! awny!' cried Don Quixote;
 ' let us fly to her relief! I am as able
 ' to rout a numerous army as Orlando.
 ' Let us saddle Rozinante quickly, and
 ' be gone!'—' Don Quixote,' said the
 barber, ' I find I am not deceived in
 ' my expectation; I knew you could
 ' not fail being on fire when I told you
 ' this news. I assure you I am over-

* Albracca was the capital of the kingdom of Cathay. Angelica, daughter to Galaphir in the former thereof, having rejected Agrican King of Tartary, who demanded her in marriage, he raised a great army, and besieged her in Albracca. Agrican was at length slain in single combat by Orlando.—See Orlando Innamorato of B. yards.

‘ joved to see your readiness; and the Princess Dulcinea has good reason to ground all her hopes on you.’—‘ Is it possible, Mr. Tobosin,’ said the knight, ‘ that that beautiful queen should make any account of my valour?’—‘ How do you mean?’ replied the barber. ‘ By the Lord, she values you more than all the twelve peers of France put together! “ Go, my dear Tobosin,” said she to me at parting; “ go seek out the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect; bid him come to defend his princess. Ah! were he here, how little should I fear the Emperor of Trebisond!”

As the barber spoke these words, Don Quixote, catching him in his arms, hugged him heartily, in token of the pleasure with which such grateful intelligence inspired him.

At this time, Rozinante having smelt out master Nicholas’s beast, with whom he had formerly skipped in the meadows of Toboso, he got up very heavily, and began to neigh so loud, that the whole wood resounded. Don Quixote received it as a favourable preface. ‘ Rejoice, my friends!’ said he; ‘ Rozinante forebodes the victory I am going to gain over the Emperor of Trebisond! We cannot set out under better auspices.’—‘ No, truly!’ answered the barber, smiling; ‘ if there were still a college of augurs at Rome, he would well deserve to be one of them: but we must saddle and bridle him instantly; for time is precious. You may guess what an havock an army of six hundred thousand men will make in a country where they live at discretion.’—‘ O Lord!’ cried Sancho, ‘ what will become of my oxen, my six ewes, my goats, my eight hens, and my cock? I will warrant those dogs will soon dispatch them!’—‘ That is done already,’ quoth master Nicholas; ‘ it was the first thing they did. The very first day they came they devoured your oxen, your sheep, and your goats; and the emperor, who loves none but nice bits, eat your cock boiled with bacon.’—‘ And what became of my hens?’ said Sancho. ‘ They made broth for their sick men with them,’ replied Tobosin. ‘ Mercy on me!’ cried Sancho, ‘ I am utterly undone! Good

God! is it lawful to devour other men’s substance after that manner? The Holy Brotherhood ouglit to take up all those knaves, and send them to the galleys.’—‘ That is not so easily done,’ answered the barber: ‘ but cheer up, my friend! you serve a master who keeps fortune locked up in his sword-scabbard: and as for the loss you have sustained, I promise you the Princess Dulcinea shall make it good.’ This assurance somewhat comforted Sancho: he saddled and bridled Rozinante; and they all went out of the wood, taking the road to Toboso.

C H A P. XVIII.

WHAT THE BARBER’S DESIGN WAS;
WHAT DON QUIXOTE DID AFTER
THE EXAMPLE OF DON BELIANIS
OF GREECE; AND, LASTLY, OF
THE MOST UNFORTUNATE AD-
VENTURE THAT EVER BEFEL
HIM.

OUR Arabian historian begins this chapter by acquainting us with the barber’s design; and tells us, that Mr. Valentin being informed by the canons, to whom Sancho told his story of the geese, that Don Quixote was gone to Madrid, had written to the curate Peter Perez, giving him an account of it, and exhorting him in his charity not to suffer that honest gentleman to continue any longer the laughing-stock of Spain. This letter the curate shewed to master Nicholas; and, upon mature deliberation, they both agreed that Don Quixote must be once more secured in a cage; and, for the future, be so well watched, that he should have no opportunity of escaping; that the only way to draw him into La Mancha was to possess him with the idea of Dulcinea’s being in imminent danger, and to write a letter, in which that disconsolate princess should implore his assistance; that the barber should go directly to Madrid to deliver the letter; and, to give the better colour to this cheat, should pretend to be Dulcinea’s squire. This was accordingly exactly performed, as has been seen. Now let us return to our history.

Our adventurers were not yet got out of

of the wood, when Don Quixote said to the barber—‘ Mr. Tobolin, I remember I have read that Don Belianis, understanding that a puissant army lay before Babylon to carry off Floris bella, was four days without speaking one word, to express his concern. Would not you advise me to follow his example?’—‘ No doubt of it,’ answered master Nicholas; ‘ it is the best thing you can do. To what purpose do we read the actions of great men, if we do not imitate them? Do, Don Quixote, speak not in four days: Dulcinea will be charmed at such a notable testimony of your concern; and, upon my word, I will take care to magnify it to her.’—‘ Then I desire you both,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ not to interrupt my silence. Do you two discourse as if I were not with you.’ This said, he was silent on a sudden, to begin his imitation of Don Belianis. ‘ So, friend Sancho,’ said the barber, ‘ let us deal it about now; let us talk a little to divert ourselves.’—‘ By my faith,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ you have met with your match! I thank God, my tongue was never backward; and I know you can play your part: so that, betwixt us, we shall ring a brave peal.’—‘ Well,’ said the barber, ‘ to set you a-going then, recount to me all the adventures that have befallen you since your last sally, to the end that I may entertain the Princess Dulcinea with them when I get home.’ Sancho did as he was desired; and, when he had ended the relation, went on saying—‘ Now, master Nicholas Tobolin, pray do you explain one thing which very much puzzles me. Is it possible there should be a palace at Toboso, and that the sister of Basil and Bertrand Nogales is a princess? For, to say truth, when I carried her my master Don Quixote's letter, I could see nothing but a downright peasant; and yet her damsel we met this morning was clad like a lady of quality. Then it is likely I was enchanted when I saw Adelaida Dulcinea, and am no longer so.’—‘ There is no doubt to be made of that,’ answered the barber: ‘ it is clear that when you disenchanted that Infanta Bouncerina you tell me of, you disenchanted yourself at

the same time. Your fast might produce that effect.’—‘ My fast!’ cried Sancho, laughing as if he were mad. ‘ By my troth, that is a good notion!’—‘ Why do you laugh so heartily?’ quoth the barber. ‘ I never laughed with a better will,’ replied he; ‘ and, since my master cares no more for the Infanta Bouncerina, I will tell you how that matter was. All the archbanterer's court, and my master Don Quixote himself, think I fasted for her; but the devil take him that did! Yet, for all that, she is as well disenchanted as if I had not eaten a bit: and thus you see sometimes a good name is gotten by fibbing.’ Don Quixote, hearing this discourse, could not restrain himself. ‘ How now, scoundrel!’ cried he to his squire; ‘ did not you go to bed without your supper?’—‘ I grant it, Sir,’ quoth Sancho; ‘ but when you were in bed, do not you remember I got up?’—‘ Well, and what then?’ replied the knight. ‘ What then!’ answered the squire; ‘ why it was then I went to pillage the pullet and the piece of bread you had left upon the table.’—‘ What stories do you tell us!’ said Don Quixote. ‘ You talk of a dream as if it had been a reality.’—‘ I make no question of it,’ said the barber: ‘ that night when he fasted, he dreamed he got up to eat a pullet and a piece of bread, and the dream has made such an impression on him, that we need not wonder he looks upon it as truth.’ Master Nicholas spoke these words so gravely, that Sancho, not knowing what to think of it, cried out—‘ Good God! is it possible I only eat the pullet in a dream? Then a man, bread awake, cannot swear he is not asleep?’—‘ You are no good logician,’ answered Don Quixote: ‘ you must not say, that a man broad awake is not sure he is not then asleep; but you must say, that a man who thinks himself awake, may possibly be asleep; and then you will argue categorically.’—‘ Nay, faith, Sir,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ I do not understand these moods; but God knows the truth of it!’—‘ Since the infanta was disenchanted,’ replied the barber, ‘ you may be satisfied that you failed; for enchanters are not to be impeded upon.

“ upon.—But Don Quixote,” added he, “ to your silence again; and, lest you should be forced to break it a second time, do not listen to what we shall say.” The knight took his advice, gave over all attention to their discourse, and, occupying his thoughts with the great feats he was to perform before Dulcinea, was entirely wrapped in meditation, and punctually observed his silence for four days.

By this time, they drew near Argamasilla and Toboso, and were almost in sight of these two villages, when the barber said to Don Quixote—“ At length, Sir Knight, after a long journey, we are now near the place where your presence is so necessary.”—“ We can never come soon enough, my dear Tobosin,” answered Don Quixote. “ What a multitude of dismal notions occur to me! My valour is ready to sink under them. When I consider our country desolated, our fields thronged with Pagans, our crops carried away by strangers, our friends and townsmen slaughtered; and, above all, when I think on my princess in despair, counting as impatiently as myself, the moments I am wanting; good God! what a torment is this for a heart so tender as mine!”—“ I must confess,” said Tobosin, “ those are woeeful thoughts; but we must hope Dulcinea will be more afraid than hurt. Let us think of defending her; and all three of us resolve to cut and thrust.”—“ Why all thrice?” quoth Sancho. “ Must we, that are no knights, run our heads into the battle?”—“ Sure enough,” answered Master Nicolas. “ It is true, we cannot fight knights, but it is lawful for us to engage scoundrels and rakes; and, I believe, there are enough of them in an army of six hundred thousand men.”—“ You need not second me, my friends,” said Don Quixote. “ Though this army be very numerous, I shall soon put it to flight myself; for I will go directly to the emperor’s quarters; and, finding out that prince, by the three crowns he wears on his head, as is the custom of the emperors of Trebisond, I will make myself way through the soldiers and knights that encompass him, and then I will attack him.

‘ He will not be able to withstand my force: I will strike him down, and cut off his head; as one of his predecessors was served by Contumelian of Phoenicia. Then the news of his death being spread abroad among his troops, they will fall into consternation and fly.’—“ So our country,” quoth the barber, “ will be at once delivered from those Pagans. Heavens be praised! By my troth! well fare the books of chivalry! they teach us curious stratagems in war.” Thus they discoursed till they discovered Argamasilla; and, when they were come within two hundred paces of it, the barber, designing to get into the village to acquaint the curate with the arrival of their countryman, and to make ready the cage, said to the knight—“ Don Quixote, do you halt here with Sancho: I will go view the enemy; and will return in a moment with an account of the posture I find them in. Be you upon your guard, the mean while, for fear of a sur-prize.”—“ Go, brave Tobosin,” answered Don Quixote; “ and observe all things attentively.”—“ I will not fail,” replied the barber: “ I will examine all things nicely; but I will endeavour chiefly to discover where the emperor’s quarters are.” This said, he left Don Quixote, and made haste into the village. “ Sancho, my son,” said the knight, “ let us both stand sentinel: let us look about; and be so watchful that nothing may escape us.”—“ Would to God,” answered the squire, “ these six hundred thousand Pagans would make their escape! By my faith, I would never hinder them!” As they thus stood, looking around them on all sides, they chanced to espy ten or twelve men on horseback in the plain, making towards Toboso; and these were a party of the Holy Brotherhood. “ To arms! to arms!” cried Don Quixote. “ See there a strong detachment of the Pagan army! They are the flower of the knights of Trebisond, whom the emperor, being informed of my arrival, sends out to hem me in! But I will fall upon them; and, having put them all to the sword, will, by their defeat, strike a terror into the enemy’s army!” This said, he spurred on Rozinante





Stothard del.

Walker sculp.

Plate V.

Published as the Act directs, by Macmillan & C° Sept^r 18, 1784.

Rozinante towards the knights of Trebisond. Alas, poor Knight of La Mancha! whither is your valour hurrying you? What rueful spectacle, alas! are you now about to exhibit to the eyes of the universe? O ye Tartars and Chinese! ye nations who behold the bright Aurora ope the curtains of the day! and ye inhabitants of the new-found world, with whom the great luminary that lights us sets! ye scorched Ethiopians, and ye frozen Laplanders! Don Quixote advances to the combat: attend all of ye to this mighty event.

The troopers seeing Don Quixote make towards them, halted to expect him; but, though they were surprized at his mien and garb, they were much more amazed, when, being come within hearing, he cried out to them with a menacing voice—‘ O ye contemptible mortals, who do not deserve to be called knights, since you are not ashamed to support the base cause of the infamous prince you serve, stand upon your guard!’ The officer who commanded the party, understanding these words as a reflection on the king his master, replied hastily — ‘ Sure thou art mad, or some damned insolent fellow, that darest speak such words of the most honourable of all princes!’ Don Quixote, hearing himself called madman and damned fellow, set himself fast in his stirrups, couched his lance, and ran full tilt at the officer; who, having neither time nor skill to avoid the thrust, received it in his heart, and fell down dead under his horse’s belly. Upon this, the troopers drew their swords, and hemmed in the knight to seize him; but he drew as well as they, and charged so furiously, that he wounded two or three of them. The others, fearing the same fate, began to give way; when one of their number, ashamed that the whole party could not secure a single man, laid hold of his carbine; and, taking aim at the face of the unfortunate Manchegan, lodged a brace of bullets in his brain. The poor knight had no need of a second shot. His feeble hand dropped Rozinante’s bridle; and, tottering a while in the saddle, he fell off near the dead body of the officer he had slain. Sancho, who

beheld the combat at a distance, put on to help up his master; but finding him stretched out senseless on the ground, and his visage covered with blood, he broke forth into all the frantick excesses of a truly-afflicted squire. He wept, he tore his hair, beard, and eye-brows; and made the plain ring with his cries, sighs, and lamentations.

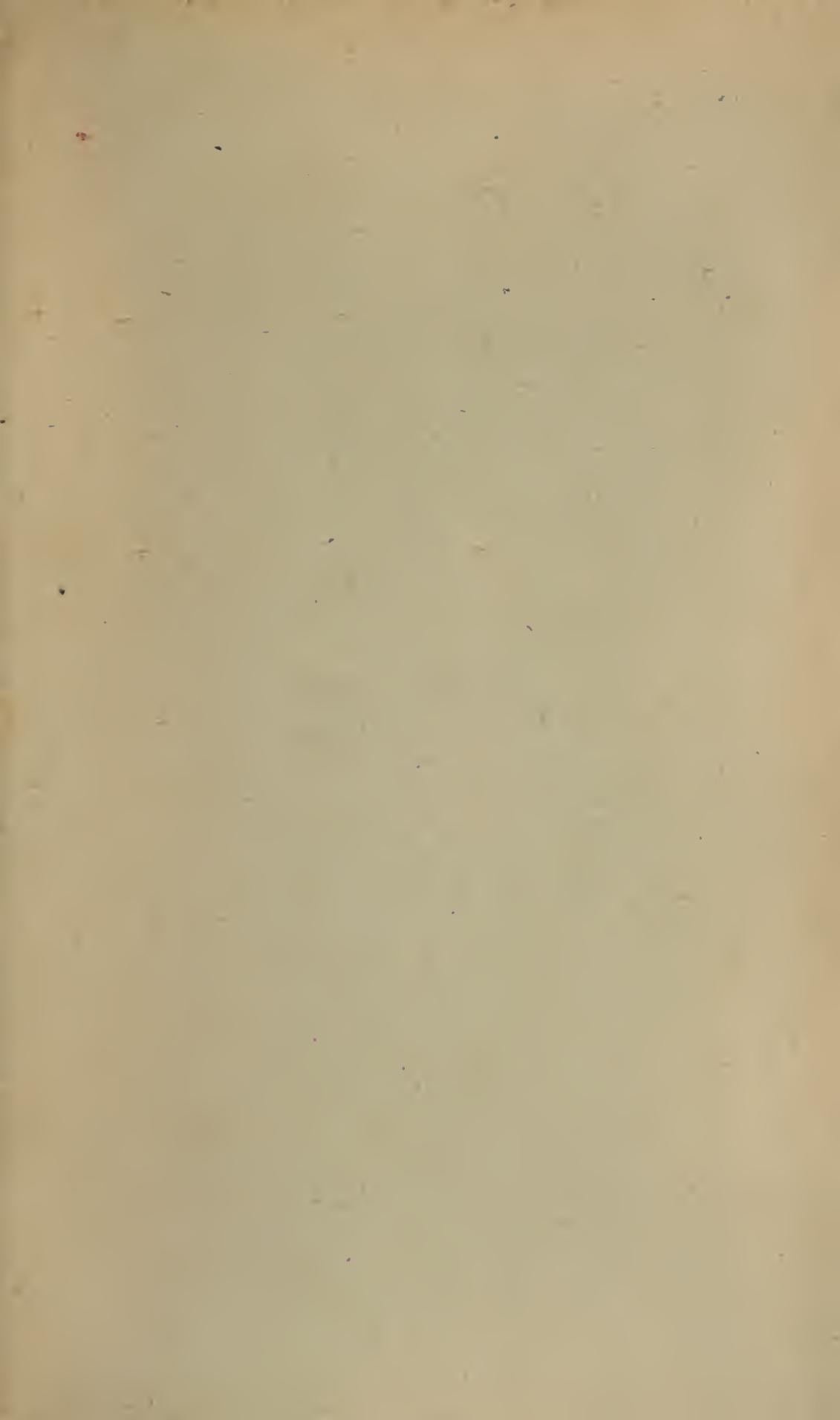
Whilst Sancho thus raved, the curate Peter Perez, and the barber, arrived on the field of battle; and, finding no signs of life in Don Quixote, were much troubled. The troopers were disposed, at first, to have taken possession of the dead knight’s body, in order to form a process against him as a common disturber of the peace, and render him and his memory infamous; but, as soon as they were made acquainted with his strange infirmity, they gave him up to the care of his countrymen, and retired with the carcass of their comrade, whom they buried in a place which the Arabian historian has omitted to specify. When they were gone, the curate and the barber began mutually to bewail the fate of Don Quixote; and were the more inconsolable, as having been themselves, though innocently, the occasion of it. Sancho, on his side, renewed his lamentations. ‘ O my good lord and master!’ cried he, shedding bitter tears, ‘ now it is we are parted! We shall never see one another more till we meet in the great valley! — Alas! poor orphans, your father is dead! Princesses may now cry, nobody will succour them; and chivalry will fall altogether, since it has lost the knight that supported it. — Alas! what shall I do in this world without you, my dear master? I have neither oxen, nor sheep; the Pagans have dispatched them; and the Emperor of Trebisond has eaten my cock, comb and all. I have nothing left but our portmanteau, which you gave me the other day; and I cannot tell but Mr. Curate may sweep that away for your burial.’ — ‘ No, Sancho,’ cried the curate, ‘ I shall ask nothing for that, my friend; and if your master has given you that portmanteau, you shall keep it.’ The barber, having added some

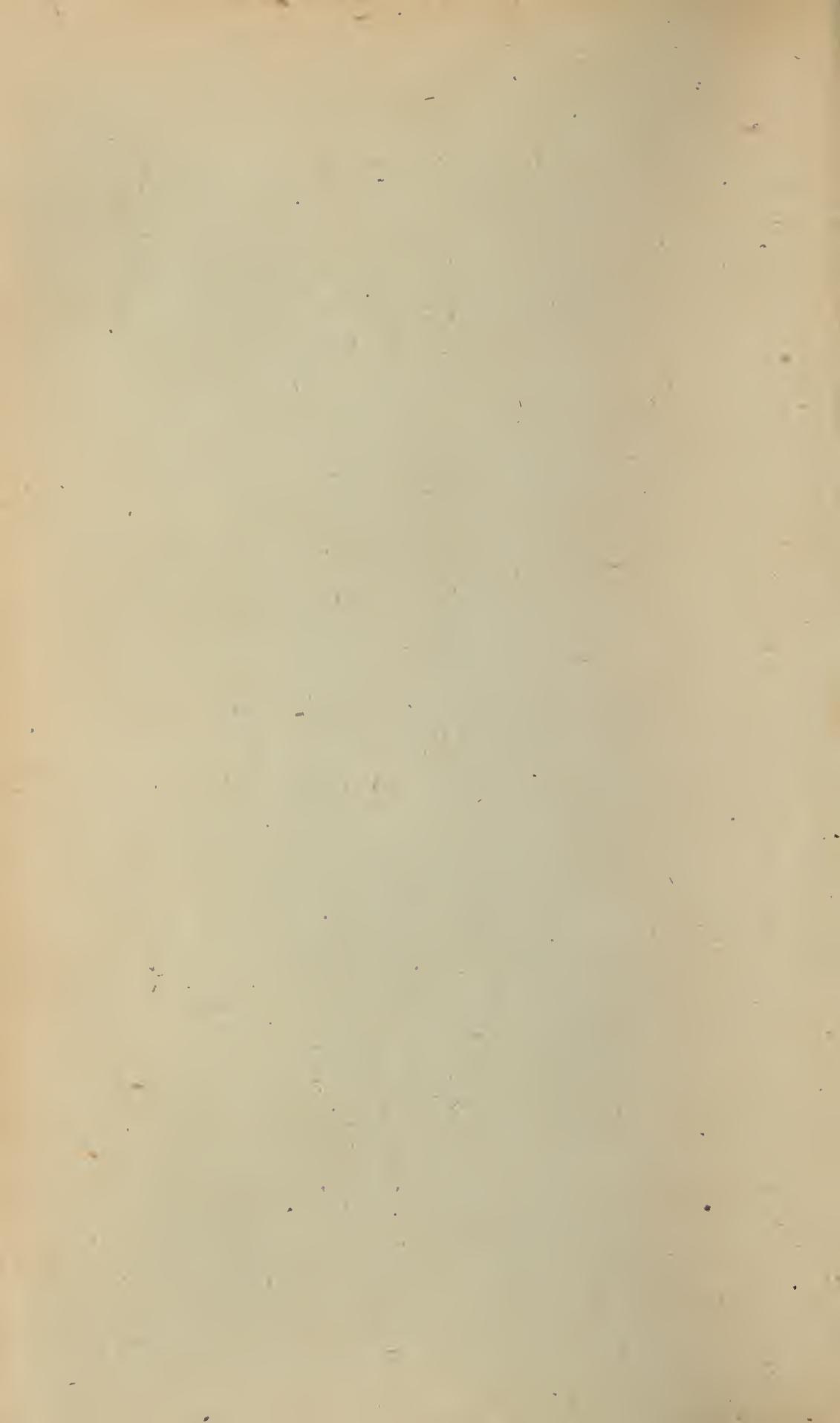
other words of comfort to the drooping squire, they all three set forth with the remains of Don Quixote for the village of Argamasilla, where it is to be supposed they rendered him the last sad offices with a pomp suited to the dignity of his character. It is to be

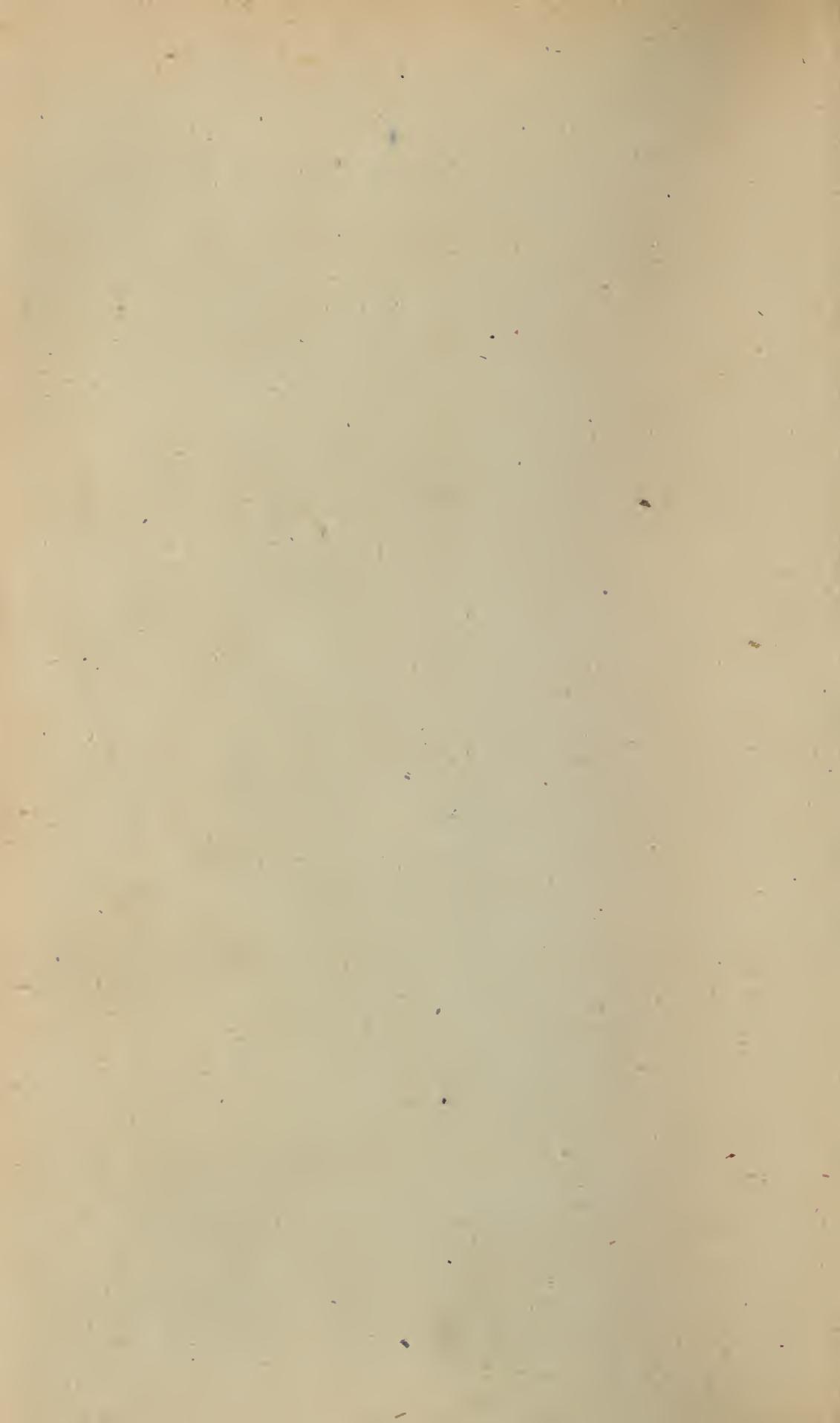
supposed, I say; for in this place the sage Alisolan, through grief, lets fall his pen. Melted with the melancholy situation in which he beholds his hero, he averts his eyes from the distressful spectacle; and, abandoning his work, concludes here this history*.

* This account of the death of Don Quixote originates with the French translator. Avellaneda does not terminate the knight's life at the close of his work; but, in consistency with the intention hinted in his preface of bringing out his hero in Old Castile, (which is alluded to by Cervantes at the conclusion of his Don Quixote) leaves him in health and readiness for farther achievements.

F I N I S.







Author *M*iguel de Cervantes Saavedra
Title *Don Quixote.*

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