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

VOL. II.

S. GOSWELL, Printer,
Little Queen Street, Holborn.

THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS

OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH

OF

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,

BY

CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

NOW CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED :

WITH A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE

Spanish Poetry.

To which is prefixed

A COPIOUS AND NEW LIFE

OF

CERVANTES;

INCLUDING A CRITIQUE ON THE QUIXOTE;

ALSO

A CHRONOLOGICAL PLAN OF THE WORK.

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

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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

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WHICH TREATS OF THE NEW AND AGREEABLE ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER IN THE SAME MOUNTAIN.

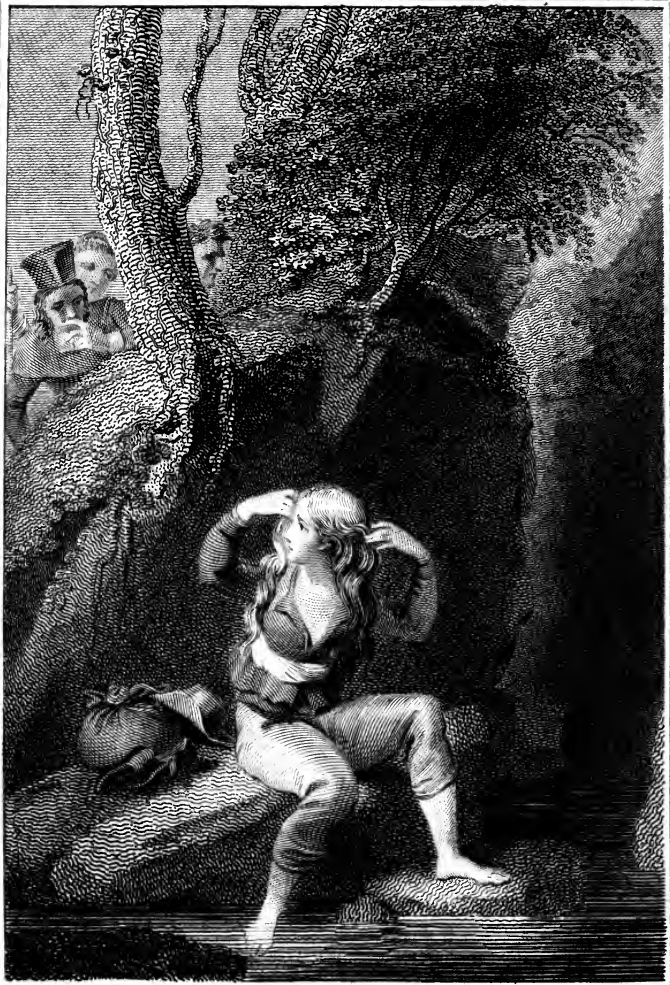
MOST happy and fortunate were the times, in which the most daring Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha was ushered into the world; since, through the so honourable resolution he took of reviving and restoring to the world the long since lost, and as it were buried, order of Knighterrantry, we, in these our times, barren and unfruitful of amusing entertainments, enjoy not only the sweets of his true history, but also the stories and episodes of it, which are, in some sort, no less pleasing, artificial, and true, than the history itself: which, resuming the broken thread of the narration, relates, that, as the Priest was preparing himself to comfort Cardenio,

he was hindered by a voice, which, with mournful accents, spoke in this manner :

“ Oh Heavens ! is it possible I have at last found a place, that can afford a secret grave for the irksome burden of this body, which I bear about so much against my will ? Yes, it is, if the solitude, which these rocks promise, do not deceive me. Ah, woe is me ! how much more agreeable society shall I find in these crags and brakes, which will, at least, afford me leisure to communicate my miseries to Heaven by complaints, than in the conversation of men, since there is no one living, from whom I can expect counsel in doubts, ease in complaints, or remedy in misfortunes.”

The Priest, and they, that were with him, heard all this very distinctly ; and perceiving, as indeed it was, that the voice was near them, they rose up in quest of the speaker ; and they had not gone twenty paces, when, behind a rock, they espied a youth, dressed like a peasant, sitting at the foot of an ash-tree ; whose face they could not then discern, because he hung down his head, as he was washing his feet in a rivulet, which ran by. They drew near so silently, that he did not hear them ; nor was he intent upon any thing but washing his feet, which were such, that they seemed to be two pieces of pure crystal, growing among the other pebbles of the brook. They stood in admiration at the whiteness and





Stothard R.A. del.

Heath A. sc.

Dorothea Bathing.

beauty of the feet, which did not seem to them to be made for breaking of clods, or following the plough, as their owner's dress might have persuaded them they were: and finding they were not perceived, the Priest, who went foremost, made signs to the other two, to crouch low, or hide themselves behind some of the rocks thereabouts: which they accordingly did, and stood observing attentively what the youth was doing. He had on a grey double-skirted jerkin, girt tight about his body with a linen towel. He wore also a pair of breeches and gamashes of grey cloth, and a grey huntsman's cap on his head. His gamashes were now pulled up to the middle of his leg, which really seemed to be of snowy alabaster. Having made an end of washing his beautiful feet, he immediately wiped them with an handkerchief, which he pulled out from under his cap; and, at the taking it from thence, he lifted up his face, and the lookers-on had an opportunity of beholding an incomparable beauty, and such a beauty, that Cardenio said to the Priest, with a low voice; "Since this is not Lucinda, it can be no human, but must be a divine creature." The youth took off his cap, and shaking his head, there began to flow down, and spread over his shoulders, a quantity of lovely hair, that Apollo himself might envy. By this they found, that the person, who seemed to be a peasant, was, in reality, a woman, and a delicate

one, nay, the handsomest, that two of the three had ever beheld with their eyes, or even Cardenio himself, if he had never seen and known Lucinda; for, as he afterwards affirmed, the beauty of Lucinda alone could come in competition with hers. Her long and golden tresses not only fell on her shoulders, but covered her whole body, except her feet. Her fingers served instead of a comb; and if her feet in the water seemed to be of crystal, her hands in her hair were like driven snow. All which excited a still greater admiration and desire in the three spectators to learn, who she was. For this purpose, they resolved to show themselves; and, at the rustling they made in getting upon their feet, the beautiful maiden raised her head, and, with both her hands, parting her hair from before her eyes, saw those, who had made the noise; and scarcely had she seen them, when she rose up, and, without staying to put on her shoes, or replace her hair, she hastily snatched up something like a bundle of clothes, which lay close by her, and betook herself to flight, all in confusion and surprise: but she had not gone six steps, when, her tender feet not being able to endure the sharpness of the stones, she fell down: which the three perceiving, they went up to her, and the Priest was the first, who said: "Stay, Madam, whoever you are; for those, you see here, have no other intention, but that of serving you: there is no reason, why you should endea-

your to make so needless an escape, which neither your feet can bear, nor ours permit." To all this she answered not a word, being astonished and confounded. Then the Priest, taking hold of her hand, went on saying; "What your dress, Madam, would conceal from us, your hair discovers; a manifest indication, that no slight cause has disguised your beauty in so unworthy a habit, and brought you to such a solitude as this, in which it has been our good luck to find you, if not to administer a remedy to your misfortunes, at least to assist you with our advice, since no evil, which does not destroy life itself, can afflict so much, or arrive to that extremity, as to make the sufferer refuse to hearken to advice, when given with a sincere intention; and therefore, dear Madam, or dear Sir, or whatever you please to be, shake off the surprise, which the sight of us has occasioned, and relate to us your good or ill fortune; for you will find us jointly, or severally, disposed to sympathize with you in your misfortunes."

While the Priest was saying this, the disguised maiden stood like one stupified, her eyes fixed on them all, without moving her lips, or speaking a word: just like a country clown, when he is shown of a sudden something curious, or never seen before. But the Priest adding more to the same purpose, she fetched a deep sigh, and, breaking silence, said: "Since neither the soli-

tude of these rocks has been sufficient to conceal me, nor the discomposure of my hair has suffered my tongue to belie my sex, it would be in vain for me now to dress up a fiction, which, if you seemed to give credit to, would be rather out of complaisance, than for any other reason. This being the case, I say, Gentlemen, that I take kindly the offers, you have made me, which have laid me under an obligation to satisfy you, in whatever you have desired of me; though I fear the relation, I shall make of my misfortunes, will raise in you a concern equal to your compassion; since it will not be in your power, either to remedy, or alleviate them. Nevertheless, that my honour may not suffer in your opinions, from your having already discovered me to be a woman, and your seeing me young, and alone, in this garb, any one of which circumstances is sufficient to bring discredit on the best reputation, I must tell you, what I would gladly have concealed, if it were in my power." All this she, who appeared so beautiful a woman, spoke without hesitating, so readily, and with so much ease, and sweetness both of tongue and voice, that her good sense surprised them no less than her beauty. And they again repeating their kind offers, and entreaties to her, that she would perform her promise; she, without more asking, having first modestly put on her shoes and stockings, and gathered up her hair, seated herself upon a flat

flat stone ; and the three being placed round her, after she had done some violence to herself in restraining the tears, that came into her eyes, she began the history of her life, with a clear and sedate voice, in this manner :

“ There is a place in this country of Andalusia, from which a Duke takes a title, which makes him one of those they call Grandees of Spain. This Duke has two sons ; the elder, heir to his estate, and in appearance, to his virtues ; and the younger, heir to, I know not what, unless it be to the treachery of Vellido¹, and the deceitfulness of Galalon². My parents are vassals to this nobleman : it is true, they are of low extraction, but so rich, that, if the advantages of their birth had equalled those of their fortune, neither would they have had any thing more to wish for, nor should I have had any reason to fear being exposed to the misfortunes, I am now involved in ; for, it is probable, my misfortunes arise from their not being nobly born. It is true, indeed, they are not so low, that they need to be ashamed of their condition, nor so high, as to hinder me from thinking, that their meanness is the cause of my unhappiness. In a word, they are farmers, plain people, without mixture of bad blood, and, as they usually say, old rusty Christians³ ; but so rusty, that their wealth, and handsome way of living, is, by degrees, acquiring them the name of gentlemen, and even of cavaliers ; though the

riches and nobility they valued themselves most upon, were, their having me for their daughter : and, as they had no other child to inherit, what they possessed, and were besides very affectionate parents, I was one of the most indulged girls, that ever father or mother fondled. I was the mirror, in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their old age, and she, whose happiness was the sole object of all their wishes, under the guidance of Heaven : to which, being so good, mine were always entirely conformable. And, as I was mistress of their affections, so was I of all, they possessed. As I pleased, servants were hired and discharged ; through my hands passed the account and management of what was sowed and reaped. The oil-mills, the wine-presses, the number of herds, flocks, and bee-hives ; in a word, all that so rich a farmer as my father has, or can be supposed to have, was intrusted to my care : I was both steward and mistress, with so much diligence on my part, and satisfaction on theirs, that I cannot easily enhance it to you. The hours of the day that remained, after giving directions, and assigning proper tasks to the head-servants, overseers, and day-labourers, I employed in such exercises as are not only allowable, but necessary to young maidens, such as, in handling the needle, making lace, and sometimes spinning : and if now and then, to recreate my mind, I quitted these exercises, I entertained

rich myself with reading some book of devotion, or touching the harp; for experience showed me, that music composes the mind, when it is disordered, and relieves the spirits after labour. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and, if I have been so particular in recounting it, it was not out of ostentation, nor to give you to understand, that I am rich, but that you may be apprized how little I deserved to fall from that state into the unhappy one I am now in. While I passed my time in so many occupations, and in a retirement, which might be compared to that of a nunnery, without being seen, as I imagined, by any one besides our own servants (because, when I went to mass, it was very early in the morning, and always in company with my mother, and some of the maid-servants, and I was so closely veiled and reserved, that my eyes scarcely saw more ground than the space I set my foot upon); it fell out, I say, notwithstanding all this, that the eyes of love, or rather of idleness, to which those of a lynx are not to be compared, discovered me through the industrious curiosity of Don Fernando; for that is the name of the Duke's younger son, whom I told you of."

LOVE She had no sooner named Don Fernando, than Cardenio's colour changed, and he began to sweat with such violent perturbation, that the Priest and the Barber, who perceived it, were afraid he was falling into one of the mad fits, to

which they had heard he was now and then subject. But Cardenio did nothing but sweat, and sat still, fixing his eyes most attentively on the country-maid, imagining, who she must be: she, taking no notice of the emotions of Cardenio, continued her story, saying:

“ Scarcely had he seen me, when, as he afterwards declared, he fell desperately in love with me, as the proofs he then gave of it sufficiently evinced. But to shorten the account of my misfortunes, which are endless, I pass over in silence the diligence Don Fernando used in getting an opportunity to declare his passion to me. He bribed our whole family; he gave and offered presents, and did favours to several of my relations. Every day was a festival and day of rejoicing in our street: nobody could sleep in the night for serenades. Infinite were the billets-doux that came, I knew not how, to my hands, filled with amorous expressions, and offers of kindness, with more promises and oaths in them than letters. All which was so far from softening me, that I grew the more obdurate, as if he had been my mortal enemy, and all the measures, he took to bring me to his lure, had been designed for a quite contrary purpose; not that I disliked the gallantry of Don Fernando, or thought him too importunate; for it gave me, I know not what, secret satisfaction to see myself thus courted and respected by so considerable a cavalier, and

it was not disagreeable to me to find my own praises in his letters: for let us women be never so ill-favoured, I take it, we are always pleased to hear ourselves called handsome. But all this was opposed by my own virtue, together with the repeated good advice of my parents, who plainly saw through Don Fernando's design; for, indeed, he took no pains to hide it from the world. My parents told me, that they reposed their credit and reputation in my virtue and integrity alone: they bid me consider the disproportion between me and Don Fernando, from whence I ought to conclude, that his thoughts, whatever he might say to the contrary, were more intent upon his own pleasure, than upon my good: and if I had a mind to throw an obstacle in the way of his designs, in order to make him desist from his unjust pretensions, they would marry me, they said, out of hand, to whomsoever I pleased, either of the chief of our town, or of the whole neighbourhood around us; since their considerable wealth, and my good character, put it in their power easily to provide a suitable match for me. With this promise, and the truth of what they said, I fortified my virtue, and would never answer Don Fernando the least word, that might afford him the most distant hope of succeeding in his design. All this reserve of mine, which he ought to have taken for disdain, served rather to quicken his lascivious appetite; for I cannot give a better

Virtue

Reserve

Virtue

name to the passion he showed for me, which, had it been such as it ought, you would not now have known it, since there would have been no occasion for my giving you this account of it.

“ At length Don Fernando discovered, that my parents were looking out for a match for me, in order to deprive him of all hope of gaining me, or at least were resolved to have me more narrowly watched. And this news, or suspicion, put him upon doing what you shall presently hear: which was, that, one night, as I was in my chamber, attended only by a maid, that waited upon me, the doors being fast locked, lest by any neglect my virtue might be endangered, without my knowing or imagining how, in the midst of all this care and precaution, and the solitude of this silence and recluseness, he stood before me; at seeing him I was struck blind and dumb, and had not power to cry out; nor do I believe he would have suffered me to have done it: for he instantly ran to me, and, taking me in his arms, for, as I said, I had no power to struggle, being in such confusion, he began to say such things, that one would think it impossible that falsehood should be able to frame them with such an appearance of truth. The traitor made his tears give credit to his words, and his sighs to his designs. I, an innocent girl, bred always at home, and not at all versed in affairs of this nature, began, I know

not how, to deem for true so many and so great falsities: not that his tears or sighs could move me to any criminal compassion. And so my first surprise being over, I began a little to recover my lost spirits; and, with more courage than I thought I could have had, said: 'If, Sir, as I am between your arms, I were between the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance depended upon my doing or saying any thing to the prejudice of my virtue, it would be as impossible for me to do or say it, as it is impossible for that, which has been, not to have been: so that, though you hold my body confined between your arms, I hold my mind restrained within the bounds of virtuous inclinations, very different from yours, as you will see, if you proceed to use violence. I am your vassal, but not your slave: the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have, the privilege to dishonour and insult the meanness of mine; and though a country-girl, and a farmer's daughter, my reputation is as dear to me, as yours can be to you, who are a noble Cavalier. Your employing force will do little with me; I set no value upon your riches; your words cannot deceive me, nor can your sighs and tears mollify me. If I saw any of these things in a person, whom my parents should assign me for a husband, my will should conform itself to theirs, and not transgress the bounds, which they prescribed it. And therefore,

Sir, with the safety of my honour, though I sacrificed my private satisfaction, I might freely bestow on you, what you are now endeavouring to obtain my force. I have said all this, because I would not have you think, that any one, who is not my lawful husband, shall ever prevail on me.'

“ ‘If that be all you require, most beautiful Dorothea,’ for that is the name of this unhappy woman, said the treacherous Cavalier, ‘I here give you my hand to be yours, and let the Heavens, from which nothing is hidden, and this image of our Lady, you have here, be witnesses to this truth.’” When Cardenio heard her call herself Dorothea, he fell again into his disorder, and was thoroughly confirmed in his first opinion: but he would not interrupt the story, being desirous to hear the event of what he partly knew already; only he said: “What! Madam, is your name Dorothea? I have heard of one of the same name, whose misfortunes very much resemble yours. But proceed; for some time or other I may tell you things, that will equally move your wonder and compassion.” Dorothea took notice of Cardenio’s words, and of his strange and tattered dress; and desired him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to tell it presently; for if fortune had left her any thing, that was good, it was the courage she had to bear any disaster whatever, that might befall her, secure in this,

courage

that none could possibly happen, that could in the least add to those she already endured. "Madam," replied Cardenio, "I would not be the means of destroying that courage in you, by telling you what I think, if what I imagine should be true; and hitherto there is no opportunity lost, nor is it of any importance, that you should know it as yet."—"Be that as it will," answered Dorothea; "I go on with my story. Don Fernando, taking the image, that stood in the room, and placing it for a witness of our espousals, with all the solemnity of vows and oaths, gave me his word to be my husband; although I warned him, before he had done, to consider well what he was about, and the uneasiness it must needs give his father to see him married to a farmer's daughter, and his own vassal; and therefore he ought to beware, lest my beauty, such as it was, should blind him, since that would not be a sufficient excuse for his fault; and, if he intended me any good, I conjured him, by the love he bore me, that he would suffer my lot to fall equal to what my rank could pretend to; for such disproportionate matches are seldom happy, or continue long in that state of pleasure, with which they set out.

"All these reasons here recited, and many more, which I do not remember, I then urged to him; but they availed nothing towards making him desist from prosecuting his design; just as he,

who never intends to pay, hesitates at nothing in making a bargain. Upon that occasion I briefly reasoned thus with myself: ' Well! I shall not be the first, who, by the way of marriage, has risen from a low to an high condition, nor will Don Fernando be the first, whom beauty, or rather blind affection, has induced to take a wife beneath his quality. Since, then, I neither make a new world, nor a new custom, surely I may be allowed to accept this honour, which fortune throws in my way, even though the inclination he shows for me should last no longer than the accomplishment of his will; for, in short, in the sight of God, I shall be his wife. Besides, should I reject him with disdain, I see him prepared to set aside all sense of duty, and to have recourse to violence; and so I shall remain dishonoured, and without excuse, when I am censured by those, who do not know how innocently I came into this strait. For what reasons can be sufficient to persuade my parents, and others, that this Cavalier got into my apartment without my consent?' All these questions and answers I revolved in my imagination in an instant. But what principally inclined and drew me, thoughtless as I was, to my ruin, was, Don Fernando's oaths, the witnesses by which he swore, the tears he shed, and, in short, his genteel carriage and address, which, together with the many tokens, he gave me of unfeigned love, might have capti-

vated any heart, though before as much disengaged, and as reserved, as mine. I called in my waiting-maid, to be a joint witness on earth with those in Heaven. Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his oaths. He attested new saints, and imprecated a thousand curses on himself, if he failed in the performance of his promise. The tears came again into his eyes; he redoubled his sighs, and pressed me closer between his arms, from which he had never once loosed me. And with this, and my maid's going again out of the room, I ceased to be one, and he became a traitor and perjured.

traitor

“ The day, that succeeded the night of my misfortune, came on, but not so fast as, I believe, Don Fernando wished. For, after the accomplishment of our desires, the greatest pleasure is to get away from the place of enjoyment. I say this, because Don Fernando made haste to leave me; and, by the diligence of the same maid, who had betrayed me, he got into the street before break of day. And, at parting, he said, though not with the same warmth and vehemency as at his coming, I might entirely depend upon his honour, and the truth and sincerity of his oaths: and, as a confirmation of his promise, he drew a ring of great value from his finger, and put it on mine. In short, he went away, and I remained, I know not whether sad or joyful: this I can truly say, that I remained con-

maid

honour

fused and thoughtful, and almost distracted at what had passed; and either I had no heart, or I forgot to chide my maid for the treachery she had been guilty of in conveying Don Fernando into my chamber: for, indeed, I had not yet determined with myself, whether what had befallen me was to my good or harm. I told Don Fernando, at parting, he might, if he pleased, since I was now his own, see me on other nights by the same method he had now taken, until he should be pleased to publish what was done to the world. But he came no more after the following night, nor could I get a sight of him in the street, or at church, in above a month, though I tired myself with looking after him in vain; and though I knew he was in the town, and that he went almost every day to hunt, an exercise he was very fond of. Those days, and those hours, I too well remember, were sad and dismal ones to me; for in them I began to doubt, and at last to disbelieve, the fidelity of Don Fernando. I remember too, that I, then, made my damsel hear those reproofs for her presumption, which she had escaped before. I was forced to set a watch over my tears, and the air of my countenance, that I might avoid giving my parents occasion to inquire into the cause of my discontent, and laying myself under the necessity of inventing lies to deceive them. But all this was soon put an end to by an accident, which bore down

all respect and regard to my reputation, which deprived me of all patience, and exposed my most secret thoughts on the public stage of the world: it was this. Some few days after, a report was spread in the town, that Don Fernando was married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady of extreme beauty, and whose parents were of considerable quality, but not so rich, that her dowry might make her aspire to so noble an alliance. Her name, it was said, was Lucinda, and many strange things were reported to have happened at their wedding."

Cardenio heard the name of Lucinda, but did nothing more than shrug up his shoulders, bite his lips, arch his brows, and soon after let fall two streams of tears from his eyes. Dorothea did not, however, discontinue her story, but went on, saying: "This sad news soon reached my ears; and my heart, instead of being chilled at hearing it, was so incensed and inflamed with rage and anger, that I could scarcely forbear running out into the streets, crying out and publishing aloud, how basely and treacherously I had been used. But this fury was moderated, for the present, by a resolution I took, and executed that very night; which was, to put myself into this garb, which was given me by one of those, who, in farmers' houses, are called swains, to whom I discovered my whole misfortune, and begged of him to accompany me to the city, where I was

informed my enemy then was. He, finding me bent upon my design, after he had condemned the rashness of my undertaking, and blamed my resolution, offered himself to bear me company, as he expressed it, to the end of the world. I immediately put up, in a pillow-case, a woman's dress, with some jewels and money, to provide against whatever might happen : and in the dead of that very night, without letting my treacherous maid into the secret, I left our house accompanied only by my servant, and a thousand anxious thoughts, and took the way, that led to the town on foot ; the desire of getting thither adding wings to my flight, that, if I could not prevent what I concluded was already done, I might at least demand of Don Fernando, with what conscience he had done it. In two days and a half I arrived at the place, and, going into the town, I inquired where Lucinda's father lived ; and the first person I addressed myself to answered me more than I desired to hear. He told me, where I might find the house, and related to me the whole story of what had happened at the young lady's wedding ; all which was so public in the town, that the people assembled in every street to talk of it. He told me, that on the night Don Fernando was married to Lucinda, after she had pronounced the *Yes*, by which she became his wedded wife, she fell into a swoon ; and the bridegroom, in unclasping her bosom to give her air, found a

paper written with Lucinda's own hand, in which she affirmed and declared, that she could not be wife to Don Fernando, because she was already Cardenio's, who, as the man told me, was a very considerable Cavalier of the same town, and that she had given her consent to Don Fernando, merely in obedience to her parents. In short, the paper gave them to understand, that she designed killing herself as soon as the ceremony was over, and contained likewise her reasons for so doing: all which, they say, was confirmed by a poignard, they found about her, in some part of her clothes. Don Fernando, seeing all this, and concluding himself deluded, mocked, and despised by Lucinda, made at her, before she recovered from her fainting fit, and, with the same poignard that was found, endeavoured to stab her; and had certainly done it, if her parents, and the rest of the company had not prevented him. They said farther, that Don Fernando immediately absented himself, and that Lucinda did not come to herself, until the next day, when she confessed to her parents, that she was really wife to the Cavalier aforesaid. I learned, moreover, it was rumoured, that Cardenio was present at the ceremony, and on seeing her married, which he could never have thought, he went out of the town in despair, leaving behind him a written paper, in which he set forth at large the wrong Lucinda had done him, and his resolution

of going, where human eyes should never more behold him. All this was public and notorious over the town, and in every body's mouth; but the talk increased, when it was known, that Lucinda also was missing from her father's house; at which her parents were almost distracted, not knowing what means to use, in order to find her. This news rallied my scattered hopes, and I was better pleased not to find Don Fernando, than to have found him married, flattering myself, that the door to my relief was not quite shut; and hoping that, possibly, Heaven might have laid this impediment in the way of his second marriage, to reduce him to a sense of what he owed to the first; and to make him reflect, that he was a Christian, and obliged to have more regard to his soul, than to any worldly considerations. All these things I revolved in my imagination, and, having no real consolation, comforted myself with framing some faint and distant hopes, in order to support a life I now abhor.

“ Being, then, in the town, without knowing what to do with myself, since I did not find Don Fernando, I heard a public crier promising a great reward to any one, who should find me, describing my age and the very dress I wore. And, as I heard, it was reported, that I was run away from my father's house with the young fellow, that attended me: a thing, which struck me to the very soul, to see how low my credit was

sunk ; as if it was not enough to say, that I was gone off, but it must be added with whom, and he too a person so much below me, and so unworthy of my better inclinations. At the instant I heard the crier, I went out of the town with my servant, who already began to discover some signs of staggering in his promised fidelity ; and that night we got into the thickest of this mountain, for fear of being found. But, as it is commonly said, that one evil calls upon another, and that the end of one disaster is the beginning of a greater, so it befell me ; for my good servant, until then faithful and trusty, seeing me in this desert place, and incited by his own baseness rather than by any beauty of mine, resolved to lay hold of the opportunity this solitude seemed to afford him ; and, with little shame, and less fear of God, or respect to his mistress, began to make love to me : but, finding that I answered him with such language as the impudence of his attempt deserved, he laid aside entreaties, by which, at first, he hoped to succeed, and began to use force. But just Heaven, that seldom or never fails to regard and favour righteous intentions, favoured mine in such a manner, that, with the little strength I had, and without much difficulty, I pushed him down a precipice, where I left him, I know not whether alive or dead. And then, with more nimbleness than could be expected from my surprise and weariness, I entered into

this desert mountain, without any other thought or design than to hide myself here from my father, and others, who, by his order, were in search after me. It is I know not how many months since, with this design, I came hither, where I met with a shepherd, who took me for his servant to a place in the very midst of these rocks. I served him, all this time, as a shepherd's boy, endeavouring to be always abroad in the field, the better to conceal my hair, which has now so unexpectedly discovered me. But all my care and solitude were to no purpose; for my master at length discovered that I was not a man, and the same wicked thoughts sprung up in his breast, that had possessed my servant. But, as fortune does not always with the difficulty present the remedy, and as I had now no rock nor precipice to rid me of the master, as before of the servant, I thought it more advisable to leave him, and hide myself once more among these brakes and cliffs, than to venture a trial of my strength or dissuasions with him. I say then, I again betook myself to these deserts, where, without molestation, I might beseech Heaven, with sighs and tears, to have pity on my disconsolate state, and either to assist me with ability to struggle through it, or to put an end to my life among these solitudes, where no memory might remain of this wretched creature, who, without any fault of hers, has ministered matter

to be talked of, and censured, in her own and in other countries.

CHAP. XXIX.

WHICH TREATS OF THE BEAUTIFUL DOROTHEA'S DISCRETION, WITH OTHER VERY INGENIOUS AND ENTERTAINING PARTICULARS.

“THIS, Gentlemen, is the true history of my tragedy : see now, and judge, whether you might not reasonably have expected more sighs than those you have listened to, more words than those you have heard, and more tears than have yet flowed from my eyes : and, the quality of my misfortune considered, you will perceive, that all counsel is in vain, since a remedy is no where to be found. All I desire of you is, what with ease you can and ought to do, that you would advise me, where I may pass my life, without the continual dread and apprehension of being discovered by those, who are searching after me ; for, though I know I may depend upon the great love of my parents toward me for a kind reception, yet so great is the shame, that overwhelms me, at the bare thought of appearing before them not such as they expected, that I choose rather to banish myself for ever from their sight, than to behold their face under the thought, that they see mine estranged from that integrity they had good reason to promise themselves from me.”

Here she held her peace, and her face was overspread with such a colour, as plainly discovered the concern and shame of her soul. The hearers felt in theirs no less pity than admiration at her misfortune. The Priest was just going to administer to her some present comfort and counsel: but Cardenio prevented him, saying: "It seems then, Madam, you are the beautiful Dorothea, only daughter of the rich Clenardo." Dorothea was surprised at hearing her father's name, and to see what a sorry figure he made, who named him; for we have already taken notice how poorly Cardenio was appalled: and she said to him; "Pray, Sir, who are you, that are so well acquainted with my father's name; for, to this minute, if I remember right, I have not mentioned his name in the whole series of the account of my misfortune?"—"I am," answered Cardenio, "that unfortunate person, whom, according to your relation, Lucinda owned to be her husband. I am the unhappy Cardenio, whom the base actions of him, who has reduced you to the state you are in, have brought to the pass you see, to be thus ragged, naked, destitute of all human comfort, and, what is worst of all, deprived of reason; for I enjoy it only, when Heaven is pleased to bestow it on me for some short interval. I, Dorothea, am he, who was an eye-witness of the wrong Don Fernando did me; he, who waited to hear the fatal *Yes*, by which Lu-

Lucinda confirmed herself his wife. I am he, who had not the courage to stay, and see what would be the consequence of her swooning, nor what followed the discovery of the paper in her bosom: for my soul could not bear such accumulated misfortunes: and therefore I abandoned the house and my patience together; and, leaving a letter with my host, whom I entreated to deliver it into Lucinda's own hands, I betook myself to these solitudes, with a resolution of ending here my life, which, from that moment, I abhorred as my mortal enemy. But fate would not deprive me of it, contenting itself with depriving me of my senses, perhaps to preserve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting with you; and, as I have no reason to doubt of the truth of what you have related, Heaven, perhaps, may have reserved us both for a better issue out of our misfortunes than we think. For, since Lucinda cannot marry Don Fernando, because she is mine, as she has publicly declared, nor Don Fernando Lucinda, because he is yours, there is still room for us to hope, that Heaven will restore to each of us our own, since it is not yet alienated, nor past recovery. And, since we have this consolation, not arising from very distant hopes, nor founded in extravagant conceits, I entreat you, Madam, to entertain other resolutions in your honourable thoughts, as I intend to do in mine, preparing yourself to expect better fortune. For I

swear to you upon the faith of a Cavalier and a Christian, not to forsake you, until I see you in possession of Don Fernando, and if I cannot, by fair means, persuade him to acknowledge, what he owes to you, then to take the liberty, allowed me as a gentleman, of calling him to an account with my sword for the wrong, he has done you; without reflecting on the injuries done to myself, the revenge of which I leave to Heaven, that I may the sooner redress yours on earth."

Dorothea was quite amazed at what Cardenio said; and, not knowing what thanks to return him for such great and generous offers, she would have thrown herself at his feet, to have kissed them; but Cardenio would by no means suffer her. The Licentiate answered for them both, and approved of Cardenio's generous resolution, and, above all things, besought and advised them to go with him to his village, where they might furnish themselves with whatever they wanted, and there consult how to find Don Fernando, or to carry back Dorothea to her parents, or do whatever they thought most expedient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him, and accepted of the favour he offered them. The Barber, who all this time had stood silent and in suspense, paid also his compliment, and, with no less good-will than the Priest, made them an offer of whatever was in his power for their service.

He told them also, briefly, the cause that brought them thither, with the strange madness of Don Quixote, and that they were then waiting for his Squire, who was gone to seek him. Cardenio hereupon remembered, as if it had been a dream, the quarrel he had with Don Quixote, which he related to the company, but could not recollect whence it arose.

At this instant they heard a voice, and, knowing it to be Sancho Panza's, who, not finding them, where he had left them, was calling as loud as he could to them; they went forward to meet him, and asking him after Don Quixote, he told them, that he had found him naked to his shirt, feeble, wan, and half dead with hunger, and sighing for his Lady Dulcinea; and though he had told him, that she laid her commands on him to come out from that place, and repair to Toboso, where she expected him, his answer was, that he was determined not to appear before her beauty, until he had performed exploits, that might render him worthy of her favour: and, if his master persisted in that humour, he would run a risk of never becoming an Emperor, as he was in honour bound to be, nor even an Archbishop, which was the least he could be: therefore they should consider, what was to be done to get him from that place. The Licentiate bid him be in no pain about that matter; for they would get him away, whether he would or no.

He then recounted to Cardenio and Dorothea what they had contrived for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon which Dorothea said, she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the Barber, especially since she had there a woman's apparel, with which she could do it to the life; and they might leave it to her to perform what was necessary for carrying on their design, she having read many books of chivalry, and being well acquainted with the style the distressed damsels were wont to use, when they begged their boons of their Knights-errant. "Then there needs no more," said the Priest, "to put the design immediately in execution; for, doubtless, fortune declares in our favour, since she has begun so unexpectedly to open a door for your relief, and furnished us so easily with what we stood in need of." Dorothea presently took out of her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk; and, out of a casket, a necklace, and other jewels, with which, in an instant, she adorned herself in such a manner, that she had all the appearance of a rich and great lady. All these, and more, she said, she had brought from home, to provide against what might happen; but until then she had had no occasion to make use of them. They were all highly delighted with the gracefulness of her person, the gaiety of her disposition, and her beauty; and they

agreed, that Don Fernando must be a man of little judgment or taste, who could slight so much excellence. But he, who admired most, was Sancho Panza, who thought, and it was really so, that in all the days of his life, he had never seen so beautiful a creature; and therefore he earnestly desired the Priest to tell him, who that extraordinary beautiful Lady was, and what she was looking for in those parts?"—"This beautiful Lady, friend Sancho," answered the Priest, "is, to say the least of her, heiress in the direct male line of the great kingdom of Micomicon; and she comes in quest of your Master, to beg a boon of him, which is, to redress her a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant: for it is the fame of your Master's prowess, which is spread over all Guinea, that has brought this Princess to seek him."—"Now, a happy seeking, and a happy finding," quoth Sancho Panza, "and especially if my Master prove so fortunate as to redress that injury, and right that wrong, by killing that whoreson giant you mention; and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him, unless he be a goblin; for my Master has no power at all over goblins. But one thing, among others, I would beg of your Worship, Signor Licentiate, which is, that you would not let my Master take it into his head to be an Archbishop, which is what I fear, but that you would advise him to marry this Princess out of hand, and then

he will be disqualified to receive archiepiscopal orders; and so he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes: for I have considered the matter well, and find, by my account, it will not be convenient for me, that my Master should be an Archbishop; for I am unfit for the church, as being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding church-livings, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, Sir, the whole business rests upon my Master's marrying this lady out of hand. I do not yet know her Grace, and therefore do not call her by her name."—"She is called," replied the Priest, "the Princess Micomicona; for her kingdom being called Micomicon, it is clear she must be called so."—"There is no doubt of that," answered Sancho; "for I have known many take their title and surname from the place of their birth, as, Pedro de Alcala, John de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and, for aught I know, it may be the custom, yonder in Guinea, for Queens to take the names of their kingdoms."—"It is certainly so," said the Priest; "and, as to your Master's marrying, I will promote it to the utmost of my power." With which assurance Sancho rested as well satisfied, as the Priest was amazed at his simplicity; and to see how strongly the same absurdities were riveted in his fancy as in his Master's,

since he could so firmly persuade himself, that Don Quixote would, one time or other, come to be an Emperor.

By this time Dorothea had got upon the Priest's mule, and the Barber had fitted on the ox-tail beard; and they bid Sancho conduct them to the place, where Don Quixote was, cautioning him not to say he knew the Licentiate or the Barber, for that the whole stress of his Master's coming to be an Emperor depended upon his not seeming to know them. Neither the Priest, nor Cardenio would go with them; the latter, that he might not put Don Quixote in mind of the quarrel he had with him; and the Priest, because his presence was not then necessary: and therefore they let the others go on before, and followed them fair and softly on foot. The Priest would have instructed Dorothea in her part; who said, they need give themselves no trouble about that, for she would perform all to a tittle, according to the rules and precepts of the books of chivalry.

They had gone about three quarters of a league, when, among some intricate rocks, they discovered Don Quixote, by this time clothed, but not armed: and as soon as Dorothea espied him, and was informed by Sancho that was his Master, she wipped on her palfrey, being attended by the well-bearded Barber; and, when she was come up to Don Quixote, the Squire threw himself

off his mule, and went to take down Dorothea in his arms, who, alighting briskly, went and kneeled at Don Quixote's feet: and, though he strove to raise her up, she, without getting up, addressed him in this manner.

“ I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted Knight, until your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to the honour and glory of your person, and to the weal of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And if it be so, that the valour of your puissant arm be correspondent to the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to protect an unhappy wight, who is come from regions so remote, led by the odour of your renowned name, to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes.”—“ I will not answer you a word, fair Lady,” replied Don Quixote, “ nor will I hear a jot more of your business, until you arise from the ground.”—“ I will not arise, Signor,” answered the afflicted damsel, “ if, by your courtesy, the boon I beg be not first vouchsafed me.”—“ I do vouchsafe, and grant it you,” answered Don Quixote, “ provided my compliance therewith be of no detriment or disservice to my King, my country, or her, who keeps the key of my heart and liberty.”—“ It will not be to the prejudice or disservice of any of these, dear Sir,” replied the doleful damsel. And, as she was saying this, Sancho

Panza approached his Master's ear, and said to him softly: "Your Worship, Sir, may very safely grant the boon ^{request} she asks; for it is a mere trifle; only to kill a great lubberly giant: and she, who begs it, is the mighty Princess Micomicona, Queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon in Æthiopia."—"Let her be who she will," answered Don Quixote, "I shall do what is my duty, and what my conscience dictates, in conformity to the rules of my profession." And, turning himself to the damsel, he said: "Fair-est Lady, arise; for I vouchsafe you, whatever boon you ask."—"Then, what I ask," said the damsel, "is, that your magnanimous person will go with me; whither I will conduct you; and that you will promise me not to engage in any other adventure, or comply with any other demand whatever, until you have avenged me on a traitor, who, against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom."—"I repeat it, that I grant your request," answered Don Quixote; "and therefore, Lady, from this day forward, shake off the melancholy, that disturbs you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh force and spirits: for, by the help of God, and of my arm, you shall soon see yourself restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in despite of all the miscreants, that shall oppose it: and therefore all hands to the work; for the danger, they say, lies in the

delay." The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands; but Don Quixote, who was in every thing a most gallant and courteous Knight, would by no means consent to it, but, making her arise, embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to get Rozinante ready, and to help him on with his armour instantly. Sancho took down the arms, which were hung like a trophy on a tree, and, having got Rozinante ready, helped his master on with his armour in an instant; who, finding himself armed, said: "Let us go hence, in God's name, to succour this great Lady." The Barber was still kneeling, and had enough to do to forbear laughing, and to keep his beard from falling, which, had it happened, would probably have occasioned the miscarriage of their ingenious device: and seeing that the boon was already granted, and with what alacrity Don Quixote prepared himself to accomplish it, he got up, and took his Lady by the other hand; and thus, between them both, they set her upon the mule. Don Quixote immediately mounted Rozinante, and the Barber settled himself upon his beast, Sancho remaining on foot; which renewed his grief for the loss of his Dapple: but he bore it cheerfully, because he thought, that his Master was now in the right road, and just upon the point, of being an Emperor: for he made no doubt, that he was to marry that Princess, and be at least

King of Micomicon; only he was troubled to think, that the kingdom was in the land of the Negroes, and that the people, who were to be his subjects, were all blacks; but he presently bethought himself of a special remedy, and said to himself: "What care I, if my subjects be blacks? What have I to do, but to ship them off, and bring them over to Spain, where I may sell them for ready money; with which money I may buy some title or employment, on which I may live, at my ease, all the days of my life? No! sleep on, and have neither sense nor capacity to manage matters, nor to sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turn of a hand. Before God, I will make them fly, little and big, or as I can: and, let them be never so black, I will transform them into white and yellow: let me alone to lick my own fingers." With these conceits he went on, so busied, and so satisfied, that he forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

All this Cardenio and the Priest beheld from behind the bushes, and did not know how to contrive to join companies: but the Priest, who was a grand schemer, soon hit upon an expedient; which was, that with a pair of scissars, which he carried in a case, he should whip off Cardenio's beard in an instant; then put him on a grey capouch, and gave him his own black cloak, himself remaining in his breeches and doublet: and now Cardenio made so different a

figure from what he did before, that he would not have known himself, though he had looked in a glass. This being done, though the others were got a good way before them, while they were thus disguising themselves, they easily got first into the high road; for the ruggedness and narrowness of the way would not permit those on horseback to go on so fast as those on foot. In short, they got into the plain at the foot of the mountain; and, when Don Quixote and his company came out, the Priest set himself to gaze at him very earnestly for some time; giving signs as if he began to know him: and after he had stood a pretty while viewing him, he ran to him with open arms, crying aloud: "In an happy hour are you met, Mirror of Chivalry, my noble countryman Don Quixote de la Mancha, the flower and cream of gentility, the shelter and relief of the needy, the quintessence of Knights-errant!" And, in saying this, he embraced Don Quixote by the knee of his left leg; who being amazed at what he saw and heard, set himself to consider him attentively: at length he knew him, and was surprised to see him, and made no small effort to alight; but the Priest would not suffer it: whereupon Don Quixote said: "Permit me, Signor Licentiate, to alight; for it is not fit I should be on horseback, and so reverend a person as your Worship on foot."—"I will by no means consent to it," said the Priest; "let

your Greatness continue on horseback; for on horseback you achieve the greatest exploits and adventures, that our age hath beheld: as for me, who am a Priest, though unworthy, it will suffice me to get up behind some one of these Gentlemen, who travel with you, if it be not too troublesome to them; and I shall fancy myself mounted on Pegasus, or on a Cebra⁴, or the sprightly courser bestridden by the famous Moor Muzaraque, who lies to this day enchanted in the great Mountain Zulema, not far distant from the grand Compluto⁵.”—“ I did not think of that, dear Signor Licentiate,” said Don Quixote; “ and I know, my Lady the Princess will, for my sake, order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule; and he may ride behind, if the beast will carry double.”—“ I believe she will,” answered the Princess; “ and I know it will be needless to lay my commands upon my squire; for he is so courteous and well-bred, that he will not suffer an Ecclesiastic to go on foot, when he may ride.”—“ Very true,” answered the Barber: and alighting in an instant, he complimented the Priest with the saddle, which he accepted of without much intreaty. But it unluckily happened, that as the Barber was getting up behind, the mule, which was no other than an hackney, and consequently a vicious jade, flung up her hind legs twice or thrice into the air; and had they met with Master Ni-

cholas's breast or head, he would have given his coming for Don Quixote to the devil. However he was so frightened, that he tumbled to the ground, with so little heed of his beard, that it fell off: and perceiving himself without it, he had no other shift but to cover his face with both hands, and to cry out that his jaw-bone was broke. Don Quixote, seeing that bundle of beard, without jaws, and without blood, lying at a distance from the face of the fallen squire, said: "On my life, this is very wonderful; no barber could have shaved off his beard more clean and smooth." The Priest, who saw the danger their project was in of being discovered, immediately picked up the beard, and ran with it to Master Nicholas, who still lay bemoaning himself; and holding his head close to his breast, at one jerk he fixed it on again, muttering over him some words, which he said were a specific charm for fastening on beards, as they should soon see: and when all was adjusted, he left him, and the squire remained as well bearded, and as whole, as before. At seeing this Don Quixote marvelled greatly, and desired the Priest, when he had leisure, to teach him that charm; for he was of opinion, that its virtue must extend farther than to the fastening on of beards, since it was clear, that where the beard was torn off, the flesh must be left wounded and bloody, and since it wrought a perfect cure, it must be good for other things

besides beards.”—“ It is so,” said the Priest, and promised to teach it him the very first opportunity. They now agreed, that the Priest should get up first, and that they should all three ride by turns, until they came to the inn, which was about two leagues off.

The three being mounted, that is to say, Don Quixote, the Princess, and the Priest : and the other three on foot, namely, Cardenio, the Barber, and Sancho Panza ; Don Quixote said to the damsel : “ Your Grandeur, Madam, will be pleased to lead on which way, you like best.” And before she could reply, the Licentiate said : “ Toward what kingdom would your Ladyship go, toward that of Micomico, I presume ? For it must be thither, or I know little of kingdoms.” She, being perfect in her lesson, knew very well she was to answer *Yes*, and therefore said : “ Yes, Signor, my way lies toward that kingdom.”—“ If it be so,” said the Priest, “ we must pass through our village ; and from thence you must go straight to Cartagena, where, with God’s permission, you may take shipping ; and, if you have a fair wind, a smooth sea, and no storms, in little less than nine years, you may get sight of the great lake Meona, I mean Meotis, which is little more than an hundred days journey on this side of your highness’s Kingdom.”—“ You are mistaken, good Sir,” said she ; “ for it is not two years, since I left it ;

and though, in truth, I had very bad weather during the whole passage, I am already got hither, and behold with my eyes, what I so much longed for; namely, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, the fame of whose valour reached my ears, the moment I set foot in Spain; and put me upon finding him out, that I might recommend myself to his courtesy, and commit the justice of my cause to the valour of his invincible arm.”—“No more; cease your compliments;” said Don Quixote, “for I am an enemy to all sort of flattery; and though this be not such, still my chaste ears are offended at this kind of discourse. What I can say, dear Madam, is, that whether I have valour or not, what I have, or have not, shall be employed in your service, even to the loss of my life: and so, leaving these things to a proper time, I desire, that Signor the Licentiate would tell me, what has brought him into these parts, so alone, so unattended, and so lightly clad, that I am surprised at it.”—“To this I shall answer briefly,” replied the Priest. “Your Worship, then, is to know, Signor Don Quixote, that I, and Master Nicholas, our friend and Barber, were going to Seville to receive some monies, which a relation of mine, who went many years ago to the Indies, had sent me: and it was no inconsiderable sum; for it was above sixty thousand pieces of eight, all of due weight, which is no trival matter: and passing yesterday through these parts, we were

set upon by four highway robbers, who stripped us of all we had, to our very beards, and in such a manner, that the Barber thought it expedient to put on a counterfeit one : and as for this youth here (pointing to Cardenio) you see how they have transformed his. And the best of the story is, that it is publicly reported hereabouts, that the persons, who robbed us, were certain galley-slaves, who, they say, were set at liberty near this very place, by a man so valiant, that in spite of the commissary and all his guards, he let them all loose : and without all doubt, he must needs have been out of his senses, or as great a rogue as they, or one void of all conscience and humanity, that could let loose the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the hens, and the wasps among the honey. He has defrauded justice of her due, and has set himself up against his King and natural Lord, by acting against his lawful authority : he has, I say, disabled the gallies of their hands, and disturbed the many years repose of the holy Brotherhood : in a word, he has done a deed, whereby he may lose his soul, and not gain his body." Sancho had related to the Priest and the Barber the adventure of the galley-slaves, achieved with so much glory by his master ; and therefore the Priest laid it on thick in the relation, to see what Don Quixote would do, or say, whose colour changed at every word ; and yet he durst not own, that he had been the

deliverer of those worthy gentlemen. "These," said the Priest, "were the persons that robbed us; and God of his mercy pardon him, who prevented their being carried to the punishment they so richly deserved."



CHAP. XXX.

WHICH TREATS OF THE PLEASANT AND INGENIOUS METHOD OF DRAWING OUR ENAMOURED KNIGHT FROM THE VERY RIGOROUS PENANCE HE HAD IMPOSED ON HIMSELF.

SCARCELY had the Priest done speaking, when Sancho said: "By my troth, Signor Licentiate, it was my Master, who did this feat: not but that I gave him fair warning, and advised him to beware what he did, and said it was a sin to set them at liberty, for that they were all going to the gallies for being most notorious villains."—"Blockhead," said Don Quixote, "Knight-errants have nothing to do, nor does it concern them, to inquire, whether the afflicted, enchained, and oppressed, whom they meet upon the road, are reduced to those circumstances, or that distress, by their faults, or their misfortunes: they are bound to assist them merely as being in distress, and to regard their sufferings alone, and not their crimes. I lighted on a bead-roll and string of miserable wretches, and did by them what my

profession requires of me ; and for the rest I care not : and whoever takes it amiss, saving the holy dignity of Signor the Licentiate, and his honourable person, I say, he knows little of the principles of chivalry, and lies like a base-born son of a whore : and this I will make good with my sword in the most ample manner." This he said, setting himself in his stirrups, and clapping down the vizor of his helmet ; for the Barber's basin, which, in his account, was Mambrino's helmet, hung at his saddle-bow, until it could be repaired of the damages it had received from the galley-slaves.

Dorothea, who was of a witty and pleasant disposition, already perceiving Don Quixote's frenzy, and that every body, except Sancho Panza, made a jest of him, resolved not to be behind hand with the rest ; and seeing him in such a heat, said to him : " Sir Knight, be pleased to remember the boon, you have promised me, and that you are thereby engaged not to intermeddle in any other adventure, be it ever so urgent : therefore assuage your wrath ; for if Signor the Licentiate had known, that the galley-slaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would sooner have sewed up his mouth with three stitches, and thrice have bit his tongue, than he would have said a word, that might redound to the disparagement of your Worship."—" I would so, I swear," said the Priest, " and

even sooner have pulled off a Mustachio.”—“ I will say no more, Madam,” said Don Quixote ; “ and I will repress that just indignation raised in my breast, and will go on peaceably and quietly, until I have accomplished for you the promised boon. But, in requital of this good intention, I beseech you to tell me, if it be not too much trouble, what is your grievance, and who, how many, and of what sort, are the persons, on whom I must take due, satisfactory, and complete revenge.”—“ That I will do, with all my heart,” answered Dorothea, “ if it will not prove tedious and irksome to you to hear nothing but afflictions and misfortunes.” — “ Not at all, dear Madam,” answered Don Quixote. To which Dorothea replied : “ Since it is so, pray favour me with your attention.” She had no sooner said this, but Cardenio and the Barber placed themselves on each side of her, to hear what kind of story the ingenious Dorothea would invent. The same did Sancho, who was as much deceived about her as his Master. And she, after settling herself well in her saddle, with a hem or two, and the like preparatory airs, began, with much good humour, in the manner following.

“ In the first place, you must know, Gentlemen, that my name is—” here she stopped short, having forgotten the name the Priest had given her : but he presently helped her out ; for he knew

what she stopped at, and said, “ It is no wonder, Madam, that Your Grandeur should be disturbed, and in some confusion, at recounting your misfortunes ; for they are often of such a nature, as to deprive us of our memory, and make us forgot our very names ; as they have now done by your high Ladyship, who have forgotten, that you are called the Princess Micomicona, rightful heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon : and with this intimation Your Grandeur may easily bring back to your doleful remembrance, whatever you have a mind to relate.”—“ You are in the right,” answered Dorothea, “ and henceforward I believe it will be needless to give me any more hints ; for I shall be able to conduct my true history to a conclusion without them.

“ My father, who was called Tinacrio the Wise, was very learned in what they call art magic, and knew, by his science, that my mother, who was called Queen Xaramilla, should die before him, and that he himself must, soon after, depart this life, and I be left an orphan, deprived both of father and mother. But this, he used to say, did not trouble him so much, as the certain foreknowledge he had, that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island, almost bordering upon our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the glomy Aspect ; for it is averred, that though his eyes stand right, and in their proper place, he always looks askew, as if he squinted ; and this he does

out of pure malignity, to scare and frighten those, he looks at : I say, he knew that this giant would take the advantage of my being an orphan, and invade my kingdom with a mighty force, and take it all from me, without leaving me the smallest village to hide my head in : but that it was in my power to avoid all this ruin and misfortune, by marrying him : though, as far as he could understand, he never believed I would hearken to so unequal a match : and in this he said the truth, for it never entered into my head to marry this giant, nor any other, though never so huge and unmeasureable. My father said also, that, after his death, when I should find Pandafilando begin to invade my kingdom, he advised me not to stay to make any defence, for that would be my ruin ; but, if I would avoid death, and prevent the total destruction of my faithful and loyal subjects, my best way was, freely to leave the kingdom to him without opposition, since it would not be possible for me to defend myself against the hellish power of the giant ; and immediately to set out, with a few attendants, for Spain, where I should find a remedy for my distress, by meeting with a Knight-errant, whose fame, about that time, should extend itself all over this kingdom, and whose name, if I remember right, was to be Don Azote, or Don Gigote⁶.”—“ Don Quixote, you would say, Madam,” quoth Sancho Panza, “ or as others call

him, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. "You are in the right," added Dorothea. "And he said farther, that he was to be tall and thin-visaged, and that, on his right side, under the left shoulder, or thereabouts, he was to have a grey mole, with hair-like bristles."

Don Quixote, hearing this, said to his squire: "Here, son Sancho, help me to strip: I would know, whether I am the Knight prophesied of by that wise king."—"Why would you pull off your clothes, Sir?" said Dorothea. "To see whether I have the mole, your father spoke of," answered Don Quixote. "You need not strip," said Sancho: "I know you have a mole with those same marks on the ridge of your back, which is a sign of being a strong man?"—"It is enough," said Dorothea; "for, among friends, we must not stand upon trifles: and, whether it be on the shoulder or on the back-bone, imports little: it is sufficient, that there is a mole, let it be, where it will, since it is all the same flesh: and doubtless my good father hit right in every thing, and I have not aimed amiss in recommending myself to Signor Don Quixote; for he must be the Knight, of whom my father spoke, since the features of his face correspond exactly with the great fame he has acquired, not only in Spain, but in all la Mancha: for I was hardly landed in Ossuna, before I heard so many exploits

of his recounted, that my mind immediately gave me, that he must be the very person I came to seek."—"But, dear Madam, how came you to land at Ossuna," answered Don Quixote, "since it is no sea-port town⁸?" But before Dorothea could reply, the Priest, interposing, said: "Doubtless the Princess meant to say, that, after she had landed at Malaga, the first place, where she heard news of your Worship, was Ossuna."—"That was my meaning," said Dorothea. "It is very likely," replied the Priest; "please your Majesty to proceed."—"I have little more to add," replied Dorothea, "but that, having, at last, had the good fortune to meet with Signor Don Quixote, I already look upon myself as Queen and mistress of my whole kingdom, since he, out of his courtesy and generosity, has promised, in compliance with my request, to go with me, wherever I please to carry him; which shall be only where he may have a sight of Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect, that he may slay him, and restore to me what is so unjustly usurped from me: for all this is to come about with the greatest ease, according to the prophecy of Tinacrio, the Wise, my good father; who, moreover, left it written in letters Chaldean or Greek, for I cannot read them, that, if this Knight of the prophecy, after he has cut off the giant's head, should have a mind to marry me, I should im-

mediately submit to be his lawful wife, without any reply, and give him possession of my kingdom, together with my person^o."

"What think you now, friend Sancho?" said Don Quixote: "do you not hear what passes? Did not I tell you so? See, whether we have not now a kingdom to command, and a queen to marry?"—"I swear it is so," quoth Sancho, "and pox take him for a son of a whore, who will not marry as soon as Signor Pandafillando's weason is cut. About it then: her Majesty's a dainty bit; I wish all the fleas in my bed were no worse." And so saying, he cut a couple of capers, with signs of very great joy; and presently laying hold of the reins of Dorothea's mule, and making her stop, he fell down upon his knees before her, beseeching her to give him her hand to kiss, in token, that he acknowledged her for his Queen and mistress. Which of the by-standers could forbear laughing, to see the madness of the master, and the simplicity of the man? In short, Dorothea held out her hand to him, and promised to make him a great lord in her kingdom, when Heaven should be so propitious, as to put her again in possession of it. Sancho returned her thanks in such expressions, as set the company again a laughing.

"This, Gentlemen," continued Dorothea, "is my history: it remains only to tell you, that, of all the attendants I brought with me out of

my kingdom, I have none left but this honest squire with the long beard; for the rest were all drowned in a violent storm, which overtook us in sight of the port. He and I got ashore on a couple of planks, as it were by a miracle; and indeed the whole progress of my life is miracle and mystery, as you may have observed. And, if I have exceeded in any thing, or not been so exact as I ought to have been, let it be imputed to what Signor the Licentiate said, at the beginning of my story, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the sufferers of their very memory.”—“ I will preserve mine, Oh high and worthy Lady,” said Don Quixote, “ under the greatest, that can befall me in your service; and so I again confirm the promise I have made you, and I swear to bear you company to the end of the world, until I come to grapple with that fierce enemy of yours, whose proud head I intend, by the help of God, and of this my arm, to cut off, with the edge of this, I will not say good, sword; thanks to Gines de Passamonte, who carried off my own.” This he muttered between his teeth, and went on saying: “ And, after having cut it off, and put you into peaceable possession of your dominions, it shall be left to your own will to dispose of your person as you shall think proper; since, while my memory is taken up, my will enthralled, and my understanding subjected, to her—I say no more, it is

impossible I should prevail upon myself so much as to think of marrying, though it were a phoenix."

What Don Quixote said last, about not marrying, was so displeasing to Sancho, that in a great fury, he said, raising his voice: "I vow and swear, Signor Don Quixote, your Worship cannot be in your right senses: how else is it possible you should scruple to marry so high a Princess as this Lady is? Think you, fortune is to offer you, at every turn, such good luck as she now offers? Is my Lady Dulcinea more beautiful? No indeed, not by half: nay, I could almost say, she is not worthy to tie this lady's shoe-string. I am like, indeed, to get the earldom I expect, if your Worship stands fishing for mushrooms in the bottom of the sea! Marry, marry out of hand, in the devil's name, and take this kingdom, that is ready to drop into your mouth; and, when you are a King, make me a marquis, or a lord-lieutenant, and then the devil take all the rest, if he will." Don Quixote, hearing such blasphemies against his Lady Dulcinea, could not bear it, and, lifting up his lance, without speaking a word to Sancho, or giving him the least warning, gave him two such blows, that he laid him flat on the ground; and, had not Dorothea called out to him to hold his hand, doubtless he had killed him there upon the spot. "Thinkest thou," said he to him, after some pause, "pitiful

Scoundrel, that I am always to stand with my hands in my pockets, and that there is nothing to be done, but transgressing on thy side, and pardoning on mine? Never think it, excommunicated varlet; for so doubtless thou art, since thou hast dared to speak ill of the peerless Dulcinea. Knowest thou not, rustic, slave, beggar, that, were it not for the force she infuses into my arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, envenomed scoffer, who, thinkest thou, has gained this kingdom, and cut off the head of this giant, and made thee a marquis, for all this I look upon as already done, but the valour of Dulcinea, employing my arm as the instrument of her exploits? She fights in me, and overcomes in me; and in her I live and breathe, and of her I hold my life and being. Oh, whoreson Villain! what ingratitude! when thou seest thyself exalted from the dust of the earth to the title of a lord, to make so base a return for so great a benefit, as to speak contemptuously of the hand, that raised thee!" Sancho was not so much hurt, but he heard all his Master said to him; and, getting up pretty nimbly, he ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, and from thence said to his Master: "Pray, Sir, tell me; if you are resolved not to marry this Princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be yours, and then what favours will you be able to bestow on me? This is what I complain of. Marry her, Sir, once for all, now we have her,

as it were, rained down upon us from Heaven, and afterwards you may converse with my Lady Dulcinea ; for, I think, it is no new thing for Kings to keep misses. As to the matter of beauty, I have nothing to say to that ; for, if I must speak the truth, I really think them both very well to pass, though I never saw the Lady Dulcinea.”—“ How ! never saw her, blasphemous Traitor !” said Don Quixote : “ have you not just brought me a message from her ?” —“ I say, I did not see her so leisurely,” said Sancho, “ as to take particular notice of her beauty, and her features, piece by piece ; but, take her altogether, she looks well enough.”—“ Now I excuse you,” said Don Quixote, “ and pardon me the displeasure I have given you ; for the first motions are not in our own power.”—“ I have found it so,” answered Sancho ; “ and so, in me, the desire of talking is always a first motion, and I cannot forbear uttering, for once at least, whatever comes to my tongue’s end.”—“ For all that,” said Don Quixote, “ take heed, Sancho, what it is you utter ; for the pitcher, that goes so often to the well—I say no more.”—“ Well then,” answered Sancho, “ God, who is in Heaven, and sees all guiles, and shall be judge, who does most harm, I, in not speaking well, or your Worship, in not doing so.”—“ Let there be no more of this,” said Dorothea : “ run, Sancho, and kiss your Master’s hand, and ask him for-

givenness ; and henceforward go more warily to work with your praises and dispraises ; and speak no ill of that Lady Toboso, whom I do not know any otherwise than as I am her humble servant ; and put your trust in God, for there will not be wanting an estate for you to live upon like a prince." Sancho went hanging his head, and begged his Master's hand, which he gave him with great gravity ; and, when he had kissed it, Don Quixote gave Sancho his blessing, and told him he would have him get on a little before, for he had some questions to put to him, and wanted to talk with him about some matters of great consequence. Sancho did so ; and, when they had got a little before the rest, Don Quixote said : " Since your return, I have had neither opportunity nor leisure to inquire after many particulars concerning the message you carried, and the answer you brought back ; and now, that fortune affords us time and leisure, do not deny me the satisfaction you may give me by such good news."—" Ask me what questions you please, Sir," answered Sancho : " I warrant I shall get out as well as I got in. But I beseech your Worship, dear Sir, not to be so very revengeful for the future."—" Why do you press that, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. " Because," replied Sancho, " the blows, you were pleased to bestow on me, even now, were rather on account of the quarrel the devil raised between us the other

night, than for what I said against my Lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence, like any relic, though she be not one, only as she belongs to your Worship."—"No more of these discourses, Sancho, on your life," said Don Quixote; "for they offend me: I forgave you before, and you know the common saying, a new sin a new penance."

While they were thus talking, they saw coming along the same road, in which they were going, a man riding upon an ass; and, when he came near, he seemed to be a gipsy: but Sancho Panza, who, wherever he saw an ass, had his eyes and his soul fixed there, had scarce seen the man, when he knew him to be Gines de Passamonte, and, by the clue of the gipsy, found the bottom of his ass: for it was really Dapple, upon which Passamonte rode; who, that he might not be known, and that he might sell the ass the better, had put himself into the garb of a gipsy, whose language, as well as several others, he could speak as readily, as if they were his own native tongues. Sancho saw and knew him; and scarcely had he seen and known him, when he cried out to him aloud: "Ah, rogue Ginesillo! leave my Darling, let go my Life, rob me not of my repose, quit my ass, leave my Delight; fly, whoreson! get you gone, thief! and relinquish what is not your own." There needed not so many words, nor so much railing; for, at the

first word, Gines nimbly dismounted, and, taking to his heels, as if it had been a race, was gone in an instant, and out of reach of them all. Sancho ran to his Dapple, and, embracing him, said: "How hast thou done, my dearest Dapple, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion?" And then he kissed and caressed him, as if he had been a human creature. The ass held his peace, and suffered himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without answering him one word. They all came up, and wished him joy of the finding his Dapple; especially Don Quixote, who assured him, that he did not, for all this, revoke the order for the three colts. Sancho thanked him heartily.

While this passed, the Priest told Dorothea, that she had performed her part very ingeniously, as well in the contrivance of the story, as in its brevity, and the resemblance it bore to the narration in books of chivalry. She said, she had often amused herself with reading such kind of books, but that she did not know the situation of provinces or of sea-ports, and therefore had said, at a venture, that she landed at Ossuna. "I found it was so," said the Priest; "and therefore I immediately said what you heard, which set all to rights. But is it not strange to see how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all these inventions and lies, only because they resemble the style and manner of his foolish books?"—"It is,

indeed," said Cardenio; "and something so rare, and unseen before, that I much question, whether, if one had a mind to dress up a fiction like it, any genius could be found capable of succeeding in it."—"There is another thing remarkable in it," said the Priest, "which is, that, setting aside the follies this honest gentleman utters in every thing relating to his madness, he can discourse very sensibly upon other points, and seems to have a clear and settled judgment in all things; insomuch that, if you do not touch him upon the subject of chivalries, you would never suspect but that he had a sound understanding."

While the rest went on in this conversation, Don Quixote proceeded in his, and said to Sancho: "Friend Panza, let us forget what is past; and tell me now, all rancour and animosity apart, where, how, and when, did you find Dulcinea? What was she doing? What did you say to her? What answer did she return? How did she look, when she read my letter? Who transcribed it for you? And tell me besides whatever else, in this case, is worth knowing, inquiring after, or being satisfied in; inform me of all, without adding or diminishing to give me pleasure, or curtailing aught to deprive me of any satisfaction."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "if I must tell the truth, nobody transcribed the letter for me; for I carried no letter at all."—"It is as you say," replied Don Quixote; "for I found the pocket-book, I

had written it in, two days after your departure ; which troubled me exceedingly, not knowing what you would do, when you should find you had no letter ; and I still believed you would come back, as soon as you should miss it.”—“ So I should have done,” answered Sancho, “ had I not got it by heart, when your Worship read it to me, and so perfectly, that I repeated it to a parish-clerk, who wrote it down, as I dictated it, so exactly, that he said, though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen or read so pretty a letter as that in all the days of his life.”—“ And have you it still by heart, Sancho ?” said Don Quixote. “ No, Sir,” answered Sancho : “ for, after I had delivered it, seeing it was to be of no farther use, I forgot it on purpose ; and if I remember aught of it, it is that of *high and subterrane*, I mean *sovereign Lady*, and the conclusion, *thine, until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*: and, between these two things, I put above three hundred *souls and lives, and dear eyes.*”

CHAP. XXXI.

OF THE RELISHING CONVERSATION, WHICH PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHE PANZA, WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS.

“ALL this does not displeasè me; go on,” said Don Quixote. “You arrived; and what was that Queen of beauty doing? Without doubt, you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive Knight.” — “No, I did not,” answered Sancho, “but I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back yard of her house.” — “Then make account,” said Don Quixote, “that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl, when touched by her hands. And did you take notice, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or the ordinary sort?” — “It was neither,” answered Sancho, “but of the reddish kind.” — “Be assured, however,” said Don Quixote, “that, when winnowed by her hands, it certainly made the finest manchet bread: but go on. When you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it upon her head? Did she use any ceremony worthy of such a letter? Or what did she do?” — “When I was going to give it her,” answered Sancho, “she was very busy in winnowing a good sieve-full of the wheat; and she said to me: ‘Lay the letter, friend, upon that sack; for I cannot read it, until I have done winnowing all

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that is here.'"—“Discreet Lady!” said Don Quixote; “this was, to be sure, that she might read it, and entertain herself with it, at leisure. Proceed, Sancho: while she was thus employed, what discourse had she with you? What did she inquire of you concerning me? And what did you answer? Make an end: tell it me all; leave nothing at the bottom of the ink-horn.”—She asked me nothing,” said Sancho; “but I told her how your Worship was doing penance; for her service, among these rocks, naked from the waist upwards, as if you were a savage, sleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, nor combing your beard, weeping and cursing your fortune.”—“In saying, that I cursed my fortune, you said amiss,” replied Don Quixote: “I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso.”—“So high, indeed,” answered Sancho, “that, in good faith, she is a handful taller than I am.”—“Why, how, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “have you measured with her?”—“I measured thus,” answered Sancho: “as I was helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass, we stood so close, that I perceived she was taller than I by more than a full span.”—“If it be so,” replied Don Quixote, “does she not accompany and set off this stature of body with a thousand millions of graces of the mind?”

“ But, Sancho, conceal not one thing from me: when you stood so near her, did you not perceive a Sabean odour, an aromatic fragrancy, and something so sweet, that I know not what name to give it? I say, a scent, a smell, as if you were in some curious glover’s shop?”—“ All I can say is,” quoth Sancho, “ that I perceived somewhat of a mannish smell, which must have proceeded from her being in a dripping sweat with over-much pains-taking.”—“ It could not be so,” answered Don Quixote: “ you must either have had a cold in your head, or have smelt your own self; for I very well know the scent of that rose among thorns, that lily of the valley, that liquid’ amber.”—“ All that may be,” answered Sancho; “ for the same smell often comes from me, as, methought, then came from my Lady Dulcinea; but where’s the wonder, that one devil should be like another?”—“ Well, then,” continued Don Quixote, “ she has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do, when she had read the letter?”—“ The letter,” quoth Sancho, “ she did not read; for she told me, she could neither read nor write: on the contrary, she tore it to pieces, saying, she would not give it to any body to read, that her secrets might not be known in the village; and that what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the love your Worship bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were

doing for her sake, was enough : lastly, she bid me tell your Worship, that she kissed your hands, and that she remained with greater desire to see you, than to write to you ; and therefore she humbly intreated, and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit these brakes and bushes, and leave off these foolish extravagances, and set out immediately for Toboso, if some other business of greater importance did not intervene ; for she had a mighty mind to see your Worship. She laughed heartily, when I told her how you called yourself the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. I asked her, whether the Biscainer of t'other day had been there with her : she told me, he had, and that he was a very honest fellow : I asked her also after the galley-slaves ; but she told me she had not yet seen any of them."—" All goes well, as yet," said Don Quixote. " But, tell me what jewel did she give you at your departure, for the news you had brought her of me ? For it is an usual and ancient custom among Knights, and Ladies-errant, to bestow some rich jewel on the squires, damsels, or dwarfs, who bring them news of their mistresses or servants, as a reward or acknowledgment for their welcome news."—" Very likely," quoth Sancho, " and a very good custom it was ; but it must have been in days of yore ; for, now-a-days, the custom is, to give only a piece of bread and cheese : for that was what my Lady Dulcinea gave me, over the pales

of the yard, when she dismissed me; by the same token that the cheese was made of sheep's-milk."

—"She is extremely generous," said Don Quixote; "and if she did not give you a jewel of gold, it must be, because she had not one about her: but sleeves are good after Easter^o. I shall see her, and all shall be set to rights.

"But, do you know, Sancho, what I am surprised at? It is, that you must have gone and come through the air; for you have been little more than three days in going and coming, between this and Toboso, though it is more than thirty leagues from hence thither: from whence I conclude, that the sage enchanter, who has the superintendance of my affairs, and is my friend, for such a one there is, and must of necessity be, otherwise I should be no true Knight-errant; I say, this same enchanter must have assisted you in travelling, without your perceiving it: for there are sages, who will take you up a Knight-errant sleeping in his bed; and, without his knowing how, or in what manner, he awakes the next day above a thousand leagues from the place, where he fell asleep. And, were it not for this, the Knights-errant could not succour one another in their dangers, as they now do at every turn. For a Knight happens to be fighting, in the mountains of Armenia, with some dreadful monster, or fierce goblin, or some other Knight, and has the worst of the combat, and is just upon

the point of being killed; and, when he least expects it, there appears upon a cloud, or in a chariot of fire, another Knight, his friend, who just before was in England; who succours him, and delivers him from death: and that night he finds himself in his own chamber, supping with a very good appetite, though there be the distance of two or three thousand leagues between the two countries. And all this is brought about by the industry and skill of those sage enchanters, who undertake the care of those valorous Knights. So that, friend Sancho, I make no difficulty in believing, that you went and came, in so short a time, between this place and Toboso, since, as I have already said, some sage, our friend, must have expedited your journey, without your being sensible of it.”—“It may be so,” quoth Sancho, “for, in good faith, Rozinante went like any gipsy’s ass with quicksilver in his ears.”—“With quicksilver!” said Don Quixote, “ay, and with a legion of devils to-boot; a sort of cattle, that travel, and make others travel, as fast as they please, without being tired.”

“But, setting this aside, what would you advise me to do now, as to what my Lady commands me, about going to see her? For, though I know I am bound to obey her commands, I find myself, at present, under an impossibility of doing it, on account of the boon I have promised to grant the Princess, who is now with us; and

the laws of chivalry oblige me to comply with my word, rather than indulge my pleasure. On the one hand, the desire of seeing my Lady persecutes and perplexes me: on the other, I am incited and called by my promised faith, and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprize. But what I propose to do, is, to travel fast, and get quickly to the place, where this giant is, and presently after my arrival, to cut off his head, and settle the Princess peaceably in her kingdom, and that instant to return and see that sun, which enlightens my senses; to whom I will make such an excuse, that she shall allow my delay was necessary; for she will perceive, that all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have won, do win, or shall win, by force of arms, in this life, proceeds wholly from the succour she affords me, and from my being hers."—"Ah!" quoth Sancho, "how is your Worship disordered in your head! Pray, tell me, Sir, do you intend to take this journey for nothing? And will you let slip so considerable a match as this, when the dowry is a kingdom, which, as I have heard say, is above twenty thousand leagues in circumference, and abounding in all things necessary for the support of human life, and bigger than Portugal and Castile together? For the love of God say no more, and take shame to yourself for what you have said already: follow my advice, and pardon me, and be married out of hand at the

first place, where there is a Priest; and, if there be none, here is our Licentiate, who will do it cleverly. And, pray take notice, I am of age to give advice, and what I now give is as fit as if it were cast in a mould for you: for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard on the wing; and he that may have good, if he will, it is his own fault, if he chooses ill.”—“Look you, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “if you advise me to marry, that, by killing the giant, I may immediately become a king, and have it in my power to reward you by giving you what I promised you, I would have you to know, that, without marrying, I can easily gratify your desire: for I will covenant, before I enter into the battle, that, upon my coming off victorious, without marrying the Princess, I shall be entitled to a part of the kingdom, to bestow it on whom I please; and, when I have it, to whom do you think I should give it, but to yourself?”—“That is clear,” answered Sancho: “but pray, Sir, take care to choose it toward the sea, that, if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black subjects, and dispose of them as I said before.” And trouble not yourself now to go and see my Lady Dulcinea, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business; for, before God, I verily believe it will bring us much honour and profit.”—“You are in the right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote;

“and I take your advice as to going first with the Princess, before I go to see Dulcinea. And be sure you say nothing to any body, no, not to those, who are in our company, of what we have been discoursing and conferring upon : for since Dulcinea is so reserved, that she would not have her thoughts known, it is not fit that I, or any one else for me, should discover them.”—“If it be so,” quoth Sancho, “why does your Worship send all those, you conquer by the might of your arm, to present themselves before my Lady Dulcinea, this being to give it under your hand, that you are in love with her? If these persons must fall upon their knees before her, and declare they come from you to pay their obeisance to her, how can your mutual inclinations be a secret?”—“How dull and foolish you are!” said Don Quixote. “You perceive not, Sancho, that all this redounds the more to her exaltation. For you must know, that, in this our style of chivalry, it is a great honour for a lady to have many Knights-errant, who serve her merely for her own sake, without expectation of any other reward of their manifold and good desires, than the honour of being admitted into the number of her Knights.” — “I have heard it preached,” quoth Sancho, “that God is to be loved with this kind of love, for himself alone, without our being moved to it by the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment: though, for my part, I am

inclined to love and serve him for what he is able to do for me.”—“The devil take you, for a bumkin,” said Don Quixote; “you are ever and anon saying such smart things, that one would almost think you have studied.”—“And yet, by my faith,” quoth Sancho, “I cannot so much as read.”

While they were thus talking, master Nicholas called aloud to them to halt a little; for they had a mind to stop and drink at a small spring hard by. Don Quixote stopped, much to the satisfaction of Sancho, who began to be tired of telling so many lies, and was afraid his Master should at last catch him tripping: for, though he knew Dulcinea was a farmer’s daughter of Toboso, he had never seen her in all his life. In the meanwhile Cardenio had put on the clothes, which Dorothea wore, when they found her; and, though they were none of the best, they were far beyond those he had put off. They all alighted near the fountain, and, with what the Priest had furnished himself with at the inn, they somewhat appeased the violence of their hunger.

While they were thus employed, a young lad happened to pass by, travelling along the road; who, looking very earnestly at those, who were at the fountain, presently ran to Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, fell a weeping in good earnest, and said: “Ah! dear Sir, does not your Worship know me? Consider me well: I am

Andres, the lad, whom you delivered from the oak, to which I was tied." Don Quixote knew him again, and, taking him by the hand, he turned to the company, and said: "To convince you of what importance it is, that there should be Knights-errant in the world, to redress the wrongs and injuries committed in it by insolent and wicked men; you must know, good people, that, a few days ago, as I was passing by a wood, I heard certain outcries, and a very lamentable voice, as of some person in affliction and distress. I hastened immediately, prompted by my duty, toward the place, from which the voice seemed to come; and I found, tied to an oak, this lad, whom you see here. I am glad, in my soul, he is present; for he will attest the truth of what I say. I say, he was tied to the oak, naked from the waist upward; and a country fellow, whom I afterward found to be his master, was cruelly lashing him with the reins of a bridle: and, as soon as I saw it, I asked him the reason of so severe a whipping. The clown answered, that he was his servant, and that he whipped him for some instances of neglect, which proceeded rather from knavery than simplicity. On which this boy said: 'Sir, he whips me, only because I ask him for my wages.' The master replied with I know not what speeches and excuses, which I heard indeed, but did not admit. In short, I made him untie the boy, and swear to take him

home, and pay him every real down upon the nail, and perfumed into the bargain. Is not all this true, son Andres? And did you not observe, with what authority I commanded, and how submissively he promised to do whatever I enjoined, notified, and required of him? Answer; be under no concern, but tell these gentlefolks what passed, that they may see and consider, how useful it is, as I said, that there should be Knights-errant upon the road.”—“All, that your Worship has said, is very true,” answered the lad: “but the business ended quite otherwise than you imagine.”—“How otherwise?” replied Don Quixote: “did not the rustic instantly pay you?”—“He not only did not pay me,” answered the boy, “but, as soon as your Worship was got out of the wood, and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me so many fresh strokes, that I was flayed like any Saint Bartholomew; and, at every lash he gave me, he said something by way of scoff or jest upon your Worship; at which, if I had not felt so much pain, I could not have forborne laughing. In short, he laid on me in such manner, that I have been ever since in an hospital, under cure of the bruises the barbarous countryman then gave me. And your Worship is in the fault of all this; for had you gone on your way, and not come where you was not called, nor meddled with other folks business, my master

would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two of lashes, and then would have loosed me, and paid me what he owed me. But, by your Worship's abusing him so unmercifully, and calling him so many hard names, his wrath was kindled; and, not having it in his power to be revenged on you, no sooner had you left him, but he discharged the tempest upon me, in such sort, that I shall never be a man again, while I live."

"The mischief," said Don Quixote, "was in my going away; I should not have stirred, until I had seen you paid; for I might have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word, if he finds it inconvenient for him so to do. But you may remember, Andres, that I swore, if he did not pay you, I would seek him out, and find him, though he hid himself in the whale's belly."—"That is true," quoth Andres; "but it signified nothing."—"You shall see now, whether it signifies," said Don Quixote: and so saying, he arose up very hastily, and ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was grazing, while they were eating. Dorothea asked him what it was he meant to do? He answered, that he would go and find out the rustic, and chastise him for so base a proceeding, and make him pay Andres to the last farthing, in spite and defiance of all the rustics in the world. She desired he would consider what he did, since, ac-

according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any other adventure, until he had accomplished hers; and, since he could not but know this better than any body else, she intreated him to moderate his resentment, until his return from her kingdom¹². “You are in the right,” answered Don Quixote, “and Andres must have patience until my return, as you say, Madam; and I again swear and promise not to rest, until he is revenged and paid.”—“I do not depend upon these oaths,” said Andres: “I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to Seville, than all the revenges in the world. If you have any thing to give me to eat, and to carry with me, let me have it; and God be with your Worship, and with all Knights-errant, and may they prove as luckily errant to themselves, as they have been to me.” Sancho pulled a piece of bread, and another of cheese, out of his knapsack, and giving it to the lad, said to him: “Here, brother Andres, we all have a share in your misfortune.”—“Why, what share have you in it?” said Andres. “This piece of bread and cheese, which I give you,” answered Sancho: “God knows, whether I may not want it myself; for I would have you to know, friend, that we squires to Knights-errant are subject to much hunger, and to ill luck, and to other things too, which are more easily conceived than told.” Andres laid hold on the bread and cheese, and seeing, that nobody

else gave him any thing, he made his bow, and marched off. It is true, he said, at parting, to Don Quixote: "For the love of God, Signor Knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, though you see they are beating me to pieces, do not succour nor assist me, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great, but a greater will follow from your Worship's aid, whom may the curse of God light upon, and upon all the Knights-errant, that ever were born in the world." Don Quixote was getting up to chastise him; but he fell a running so fast, that no body offered to pursue him. Don Quixote was mightily abashed at Andres's story: and the rest were forced to refrain, though with some difficulty, from laughing, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.

CHAP. XXXII.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE'S
WHOLE COMPANY IN THE INN.

THE notable repast being ended, they saddled immediately, and, without any thing happening to them worthy to be related, they arrived the next day at the inn, that dread and terror of Sancho Panza, who, though he would fain have declined going in, could not avoid it. The hostess, the host, their daughter, and Maritornes,

seeing Don Quixote and Sancho coming, went out to meet them, with signs of much joy; and he received them with a grave deportment, and a nod of approbation, bidding them prepare him a better bed than they had done the time before: to which the hostess answered, that provided he would pay better than the time before, she would get him a bed for a prince. Don Quixote said he would: and so they made him a tolerable one in the same large room, where he had lain before; and he immediately threw himself down upon it; for he arrived very much shattered, both in body and brains. He was no sooner shut into his chamber, but the hostess fell upon the Barber, and taking him by the beard, said: "By my faith, you shall use my tail no longer for a beard: give me my tail again; for my husband's thing is tossed up and down, that it is a shame; I mean the comb I used to stick in my good tail." The Barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, until the Licentiate bid him give it her; for there was no farther need of that artifice, but he might now discover himself, and appear in his own shape, and tell Don Quixote, that, being robbed by those thieves the galley slaves, he had fled to this inn; and, if he should ask for the Princess's squire, they should tell him, she had dispatched him before with advice to her subjects, that she was coming and bringing with her their common deliverer. With this, the Barber willingly

surrendered to the hostess the tail, together with all the other appurtenances, she had lent them, in order to Don Quixote's enlargement. All the folks of the inn were surprised, both at the beauty of Dorothea, and the comely personage of the shepherd Cardenio. The Priest ordered them to get ready what the house afforded, and the host, in hopes of being better paid, soon served up a tolerable supper. All this time Don Quixote was asleep, and they agreed not to awaken him; for he had more occasion for sleep than food.

The discourse at supper, at which were present the innkeeper, his wife, his daughter, and Martines and all the passengers, turned upon the strange madness of Don Quixote, and the condition, in which they had found him. The hostess related to them, what befell him with the carrier; and looking about to see, whether Sancho was by, and not seeing him, she gave them a full account of his being tossed in a blanket, at which they were not a little diverted. And the Priest happening to say, that the books of chivalry, which Don Quixote had read, had turned his brain, the innkeeper said: "I cannot conceive how that can be; for really as far as I can understand, there is no choicer reading in the world; and I have by me three or four of them, with some manuscripts, which, in good truth have kept me alive, and not me only, but many others beside. For, in harvest-time, many of the reapers come hither every

day for shelter, during the noon-day heat ; and there is always one or other among them, that can read, who takes one of these books in hand, and above thirty of us place ourselves round him, and listen to him with so much pleasure, that it prevents a thousand hoary hairs : at least, I can say for myself, that, when I hear of those furious and terrible blows, which the Knights-errant lay on, I have a month's mind to be doing as much, and could sit and hear them day and night."—" I wish you did," quoth the hostess : " for I never have a quiet moment in my house, but when you are listening to the reading ; for then you are so besotted, that you forget to scold for that time."—" It is true," said Maritornes, " and, in good faith, I too am very much delighted at hearing those things ; for they are very fine, especially when they tell us how such a lady, and her Knight, lie embracing each other under an orange tree, and how a Duenna stands upon the watch, dying with envy, and her heart going pit-a-pat. I say all this is pure honey."—" And pray, miss, what is your opinion of these matters ?" said the Priest, addressing himself to the innkeeper's daughter. " I do not know, indeed, Sir," answered the girl : " I listen too ; and truly, though I do not understand it, I take some pleasure in hearing it : but I have no relish for those blows and slashes, which please my father so much ; what I chiefly like, is, the complaints the Knights

make, when they are absent from their mistresses ; and really, sometimes, they make me weep, out of the pity I have for them.”—“ You would soon afford them relief, young gentlewoman,” said Dorothea, “ if they wept for you.”—“ I do not know what I should do,” answered the girl ; “ only I know, that several of those ladies are so cruel, that their Knights call them tigers and lions and a thousand other ugly names. And, Jesu ! I cannot imagine what kind of folks they be, who are so hard-hearted and unconscionable, that rather than bestow a kind look on an honest gentleman, they will let him die, or run mad. And, for my part, I cannot see why all this coyness : if it is out of honesty, let them marry them ; for that is what the gentlemen would be at.”—“ Hold your tongue, hussey,” said the hostess : “ methinks, you know a great deal of these matters ; and it does not become young maidens to know, or talk, so much.”—“ When this gentleman asked me a civil question,” replied the girl, “ I could do no less sure, than answer him.”

“ It is mighty well,” said the Priest ; “ pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them.”—“ With all my heart,” answered the host : and going into his chamber, he brought out a little old cloak-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers, written in a very fair character. The first book he opened.

he found to be Don Cirongilio of Thrace, the next Felixmarte of Hyrcania, and the third the History of the Grand Captain Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova, with the Life of Diego Garcia de Paredes. When the Priest had read the titles of the two first he turned about to the Barber, and said: "We want here our friend's Housekeeper and Niece."—"Not at all," answered the Barber; "for I myself can carry them to the yard, or to the chimney, where there is a very good fire."—"What, Sir! would you burn my books?" said the innkeeper. "Only these two," said the Priest; "that of Don Cirongilio and that of Felixmarte."—"What, then, are my books heretical, or flegmatical, that you have a mind to burn them?"—"Schismatical, you would say, friend," said the Barber, "and not flegmatical."—"It is true," replied the innkeeper; "but if you intend to burn any, let it be this of the Grand Captain, and this of Diego de Garcia; for I will sooner let you burn one of my children, than either of the others."—"Dear brother," said the Priest, "these two books are great liars, and full of extravagant and foolish conceits; and this of the Grand Captain is a true history, and contains the exploits of Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova, who, for his many and brave actions, deserved to be called by all the world the Grand Captain; a name renowned and illustrious, and merited by him alone. As for Diego Garcia de Paredes, he was a gentleman of

note, born in the town of Truxillo in Estramadura, a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength, that he could stop a windmill, in its greatest rapidity, with a single finger; and being once posted with a two-handed sword at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army, and prevented their passage over it. And he performed other such things, that if, instead of being related by himself, with the modesty of a cavalier, who is his own historian, they had been written by some other dispassionate and unprejudiced author, they would have eclipsed the actions of the Hectors, the Achilleses, and Orlandos."— "Persuade my grandmother to that," quoth the innkeeper; "do but see what it is he wonders at, the stopping of a mill-wheel! before God, your Worship should have read, what I have read, concerning Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who, with one back-stroke, cut asunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods, of which the children make little puppet-friars¹³. At another time he encountered a very great and powerful army, consisting of above a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from head to foot, and defeated them all, as if they had been a flock of sheep. But what will you say of the good Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was so stout and valiant, as you may see in the book, wherein is related, that, as he was sailing on a river, a fiery serpent appeared above water; and

as soon as he saw it, he threw himself upon it, and getting astride upon its scaly shoulders, squeezed its throat with both his hands, with so much force, that the serpent, finding itself in danger of being choked had no other remedy, but to let itself sink to the bottom of the river, carrying along with him the Knight, who would not quit his hold: and when they were got to the bottom, he found himself in a fine palace, and in so pretty a garden, that it was wonderful; and presently the serpent turned into a venerable old man, who said so many things to him, that the like was never heard. Therefore, pray say no more, Sir; for, if you were but to hear all this, you would run mad with pleasure. A fig for the Grand Captain, and for that Diego Garcia you speak of."

Dorothea, hearing this, said softly to Cardenio: "Our landlord wants but little to make the second part of Don Quixote."—"I think so too," answered Cardenio: "for, according to the indications he gives, he takes all, that is related in these books, for gospel, and neither more or less than matters of fact; and the bare-footed friars themselves could not make him believe otherwise."—"Look you, brother," said the Priest; "there never was in the world such a man as Felixmarte of Hyrcania, nor Don Cirongilio of Thrace, nor any other Knights, such as the books of chivalry mention: for all is but the contrivance and invention of idle wits, who composed them for the purpose of

whiling away time, as you see your readers do in reading them; for I vow and swear to you, there never were any such Knights in the world, nor did such feats, or extravagant things, ever happen in it."—"To another dog with this bone," answered the host; "as if I did know how many make five, or where my own shoe pinches: Do not think, Sir, to feed me with pap: for, before God, I am no suckling. A good jest, indeed, that your Worship should endeavour to make me believe, that all the contents of these good books are lies and extravagances, being printed with the license of the King's privy council; as if they were people, that would allow the impressions of such a pack of lies, battles, and enchantments, as are enough to make one distracted."—"I have already told you friend," replied the Priest, "that it is done for the amusement of our idle thoughts: and as, in all well-instituted commonwealths, the games of chess, tennis, and billiards, are permitted for the entertainment of those, who have nothing to do, and who ought not, or cannot, work; for the same reason they permit such books to be written and printed, presuming, as they well may, that nobody can be so ignorant as to take them for true histories. And, if it were proper at this time, and my hearers required it, I could lay down such rules for the composing books of chivalry, as should, perhaps, make them agreeable, and even useful to many persons: but I hope the time will

come, that I may communicate this design to those, who can remedy it; and, in the meanwhile, Signor Innkeeper, believe what I have told you, and here take your books, and settle the point, whether they contain truths or lies, as you please; and much good may do you with them; and God grant you do not halt on the same foot your guest Don Quixote does."—"Not so," answered the innkeeper, "I shall not be so mad as to turn Knight-errant; for I know very well, that times are altered, since those famous Knights-errant wandered about the world."

Sancho came in about the middle of this conversation, and was much confounded, and very pensive, at what he heard said, that Knights-errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were mere lies and fooleries; and he resolved with himself to wait the event of this expedition of his Master's; and if it did not succeed as happily as he expected, he determined to leave him, and return home to his wife and children, and to his accustomed labour.

The innkeeper was carrying away the cloak-bag and the books; but the Priest said to him: "Pray stay, for I would see what papers those are, that are written in so fair a character." The host took them out, and having given them to him to read, he found about eight sheets in manuscript, and at the beginning a large title, which was, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent,*

The Priest read three or four lines to himself, and said: "In truth I do not dislike the title of this novel, and I have a mind to read it all. To which the innkeeper answered: "Your Reverence may well venture to read it; for I assure you, that some of my guests, who have read it, liked it mightily, and begged it of me with great earnestness; but I would not give it them, designing to restore it to the person, who forgot and left behind him this cloak-bag, with these books and papers; for perhaps their owner may come this way again some time or other; and though I know I shall have a great want of the books, in faith I will restore them; for, though I am an innkeeper, thank God, I am a Christian." —"You are much in the right, friend," said the Priest; "nevertheless, if the novel pleases me, you must give me leave to take a copy of it." —"With all my heart," answered the innkeeper. While these two were thus talking, Cardenio had taken up the novel, and began to read it; and, being likewise pleased with it, he desired the Priest to read it, so that as they might all hear it. "I will," said the Priest, "if it be not better to spend our time in sleeping than in reading." —"It will be as well for me," said Dorothea, "to pass the time in listening to some story; for my spirits are not yet so composed as to give me leave to sleep, though it were needful." —"Well then," said the Priest, "I will read

it, if it were but for curiosity; perhaps it may contain something that is entertaining." Master Nicholas and Sancho joined in the same request: on which the Priest, perceiving that he should give them all pleasure, and receive some himself, said: "Be all attentive then, for the novel begins in the following manner."

CHAP. XXXIII.

IN WHICH IS RECITED THE NOVEL OF THE CURIOUS
IMPERTINENT ¹⁴.

IN Florence, a rich and famous city of Italy, in the province called Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lothario, two gentlemen of fortune and quality, and such great friends, that all, who knew them, stiled them, by way of eminence and distinction, the Two Friends. They were both bachelors, young, of the same age, and of the same manners: all which was a sufficient foundation for their reciprocal friendship. It is true, indeed, that Anselmo was somewhat more inclined to amorous dalliance than Lothario, who was fonder of country sports; but, upon occasion, Anselmo neglected his own pleasures, to pursue those of Lothario; and Lothario quitted his, to follow those of Anselmo: and thus their inclinations went hand in hand, with such harmony, that no clock kept such exact time. An-

selmo fell desperately in love with a beautiful young lady of condition in the same city, called Camilla, daughter of such good parents, and herself so good, that he resolved, with the approbation of his friend Lothario, without whom he did nothing, to demand her of her father in marriage; which he accordingly did. It was Lothario, who carried the message; and it was he, who concluded the match, so much to the liking of his friend, that, in a little time, he found himself in the possession of what he desired, and Camilla so satisfied with having obtained Anselmo for her husband, that she ceased not to give thanks to Heaven, and to Lothario, by whose means such good fortune had befallen her. For some days after the wedding, which are usually dedicated to mirth, Lothario frequented his friend Anselmo's house as he was wont to do, striving to honour, please, and entertain him to the utmost of his power: but the nuptial season being over, and compliments of congratulation at an end, Lothario began to remit the frequency of his visits to Anselmo, thinking, as all discreet men should, that one ought not to visit and frequent the houses of one's friends, when married, in the same manner as when they were bachelors. For, though true and real friendship neither can nor ought to be suspicious in any thing, yet so nice is the honour of a married man, that it is thought it may suffer even by a brother, and much more

by a friend. Anselmo took notice of Lothario's remissness, and complained greatly of it, telling him, that, had he suspected his being married would have been the occasion of their not conversing together as formerly, he would never have done it; and since, by the entire harmony between them, while both bachelors, they had acquired so sweet a name as that of the Two Friends, he desired he would not suffer so honourable and so pleasing a title to be lost, by overacting the cautious part; and therefore he besought him, if such a term might be used between them, to return, and be master of his house, and come and go as before; assuring him, that his wife Camilla had no other pleasure, or will, than what he desired she should have; and that, knowing how sincerely and ardently they loved each other, she was much surprised to find him so shy.

To all these, and many other reasons, which Anselmo urged to Lothario, to persuade him to use his house as before, Lothario replied with so much prudence, discretion, and judgment, that Anselmo rested satisfied with the good intention of his friend; and they agreed, that, two days in a week, besides holydays, Lothario should come and dine with him: and, though this was concerted between these two, Lothario resolved to do what he should think most for the honour of his friend, whose reputation was dearer to him

than his own. He said, and he said right, that a married man, on whom Heaven has bestowed a beautiful wife, should be as careful what men he brings home to his house, as what female friends she converses with abroad; for that, which cannot be done, nor concerted, in the markets, at churches, at public shows, or assemblies (things, which husbands must not always deny their wives), may be concerted and brought about at the house of a she-friend or relation, of whom we are most secure. Lothario said also, that a married man stood in need of some friend to inform him of any mistakes in his conduct; for it often happens, that the fondness a man has at first for his wife, makes him either not take notice, or not tell her, for fear of offending her, that she ought to do, or avoid doing, some things, the doing, or not doing whereof, may reflect honour or disgrace; all which might be easily remedied by the timely admonition of a friend. But where shall we find a friend, so discreet, so faithful, and sincere, as Lothario here seems to require? Indeed, I cannot tell, unless in Lothario himself, who, with the utmost diligence and attention, watched over the honour of his friend, and contrived to retrench, cut short, and abridge the number of visiting days agreed upon, lest the idle vulgar, and prying malicious eyes, should censure the free access of a young and rich cavalier, so well born, and of such accomplishments, as he could not but be

'conscious to himself he was master of, to the house of a lady so beautiful as Camilla ; and though his integrity and worth might bridle the tongues of the censorious, yet he had no mind, that his own honour, or that of his friend, should be in the least suspected ; and therefore, on most of the days agreed upon, he busied and employed himself about such things as he pretended were indispensable. And thus the time passed on in complaints on the one hand, and excuses on the other.

Now it happened one day, as they were walking in a meadow without the city, Anselmo addressed Lothario in words to this effect. " I know very well, friend Lothario, I can never be thankful enough to God for the blessings he has bestowed upon me ; first, in making me the son of such parents as mine were, and giving me with so liberal a hand what men call the goods of nature and fortune ; and especially in having given me such a friend as yourself, and such a wife as Camilla ; two jewels, which, if I value not so high as I ought, I value, at least, so high as I am able. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, which usually are sufficient to make men live contented, I live the most uneasy and dissatisfied man in the whole world ; having been for some time past harrassed and oppressed with a desire, so strange, and so much out of the common track of other men, that I wonder at myself, and blame

and rebuke myself for it, when I am alone, endeavouring to stifle and conceal it even from my own thoughts, and yet I have succeeded no better in my endeavours to stifle and conceal it, than if I had made it my business to publish it to all the world. And since, in short, it must one day break out, I would fain have it lodged in the archives of your breast; not doubting but that, through your secrecy, and friendly application to relieve me, I shall soon be freed from the vexation it gives me, and that, by your diligence, my joy will rise to as high a pitch as my discontent has done by my own folly." Lothario was in great suspense at Anselmo's discourse, and unable to guess at what he aimed by so tedious a preparation and preamble; and though he revolved in his imagination what desire it could be that gave his friend so much disturbance, he still shot wide of the mark; and, to be quickly rid of the perplexity into which this suspense threw him, he said to him, that it was doing a notorious injury to their great friendship, to seek for roundabout ways to acquaint him with his most hidden thoughts, since he might depend upon him, either for advice or assistance in what concerned them. "It is very true," answered Anselmo; "and in this confidence I give you to understand, friend Lothario, that the thing, which disquiets me, is, a desire to know, whether my wife Camilla be as good and as perfect as I

imagine her to be ; and I cannot be thoroughly informed of this truth, but by trying her in such a manner, that the proof may manifest the perfection of her goodness, as fire does that of gold. For it is my opinion, my friend, that a woman is honest only so far as she is, or is not, courted and solicited : and that she alone is really chaste, who has not yielded to the force of promises, presents, and tears, or the continual solicitations of importunate lovers. For, what thanks are due to a woman for being virtuous, when nobody persuades her to be otherwise ? What mighty matter, if she be reserved and cautious, who has no opportunity given her of going astray, and knows she has a husband, who, the first time he catches her transgressing, will be sure to take away her life ? The woman, therefore, who is honest out of fear, or for want of opportunity, I shall not hold in the same degree of esteem with her, who, after solicitation and importunity, comes off with the crown of victory. So that, for these reasons, and for many more I could assign in support of my opinion, my desire is, that my wife Camilla may pass through these trials, and be purified and refined in the fire of courtship and solicitation, and that by some person worthy of placing his desires on her : and if she comes off from this conflict, as I believe she will, with the palm of victory, I shall applaud my matchless fortune : I shall then have it to say, that I have

attained the utmost of my wishes, and may safely boast, that the virtuous woman is fallen to my lot, of whom the wise man says, *Who can find her?* And if the reverse of all this should happen, the satisfaction of being confirmed in my opinion will enable me to bear, without regret, the trouble so costly an experiment may reasonably give me. And, as nothing you can urge against my design can be of any avail towards hindering me from putting it in execution, I would have you, my friend Lothario, dispose yourself to be the instrument of performing this work of my fancy; and I will give you opportunity to do it, and you shall want for no means, that I can think necessary towards gaining upon a modest, virtuous, reserved, and disinterested woman. And, among other reasons, which induce me to trust this nice affair to your management, one is, my being certain, that, if Camilla should be overcome, you will not push the victory to the last extremity, but only account that for done, which, for good reasons, ought not to be done; and thus I shall be wronged only in the intention, and the injury will remain hidden in the virtue of your silence, which, in what concerns me, will, I am assured, be eternal as that of death. Therefore, if you would have me enjoy a life, that deserves to be called such, you must immediately enter upon this amorous combat, not languidly and lazily, but with all the

fervour and diligence my design requires, and with the confidence our friendship assures me of."

This was what Anselmo said to Lothario; to all which he was so attentive, that, excepting what he is already mentioned to have said, he opened not his lips, until his friend had done: but now, perceiving that he was silent, after he had gazed at him earnestly for some time, as if he had been looking at something he had never seen before, and which occasioned in him wonder and amazement, he said to him: "I cannot persuade myself, friend Anselmo, but that what you have been saying to me is all in jest; for, had I thought you in earnest, I would not have suffered you to proceed so far; and, by not listening to you, I should have prevented your long harangue. I cannot but think, either that you do not know me, or that I do not know you. But, no: I well know, that you are Anselmo, and you know, that I am Lothario: the mischief is, that I think you are not the Anselmo, you used to be, and you must imagine I am not that Lothario, I ought to be: for neither is what you have said to me becoming that friend of mine, Anselmo; nor is what you require of me to be asked of that Lothario, whom you know. For true friends ought to prove and use their friends, as the poet expresses it, *usque ad aras*; as much as to say, they ought not to employ their friendship in matters against the law of God. If an

heathen had this notion of friendship, how much more ought a Christian to have it, who knows, that the divine friendship ought not to be forfeited for any human friendship whatever. And, when a friend goes so far, as to set aside his duty to Heaven, in compliance with the interests of his friend, it must not be for light and trivial matters, but only when the honour and life of his friend are at stake. Tell me then, Anselmo, which of these two are in danger, that I should venture to compliment you with doing a thing in itself so detestable, as that you require of me? Neither, assuredly: on the contrary, if I understand you right, you would have me take pains to deprive you of honour and life, and, at the same time, myself too of both. For, if I must do that, which will deprive you of your honour, it is plain I take away your life, since a man, without honour, is worse than if he were dead: and I being the instrument, as you would have me to be, of doing you so much harm, shall I not bring dishonour upon myself, and, by consequence, rob myself of life? Hear me, friend Anselmo, and have patience, and forbear answering, until I have done urging, what I have to say; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and for me to hear you.”—“With all my heart,” said Anselmo; “say what you please.”

Then Lothario went on, saying: “Methinks, oh Anselmo, you are at this time in the same

disposition, that the Moors are always in, whom you cannot convince of the error of their sect, by citations from holy scripture, nor by arguments drawn from reason, or founded upon articles of faith; but you must produce examples, that are plain, easy, intelligible, demonstrative, and undeniable, with such mathematical demonstrations as cannot be denied; as when it is said: *If from equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are also equal.* And, when they do not comprehend this in words, as in reality they do not, you must show it to them with your hands, and set it before their very eyes; and, after all, nothing can convince them of the truths of our holy religion. In this very way and method must I deal with you; for this desire, which possesses you, is so extravagant and wide of all that has the least shadow of reason, that I look upon it as mispending time to endeavour to convince you of your folly; for at present I can give it no better name; and I am even tempted to leave you to your indiscretion, as a punishment of your preposterous desire: but the friendship I have for you will not let me deal so rigorously with you, nor will it consent, that I should desert you in such manifest danger of undoing yourself. And, that you may clearly see that it is so, say, Anselmo, have you not told me, that I must solicit her, who is reserved, persuade her, who is virtuous, bribe her, who is disinterested, and

court her, who is prudent? Yes, you have told me so. If, then, you know, that you have a reserved, virtuous, disinterested, and prudent wife, what is it you would have? And, if you are of opinion she will come off victorious from all my attacks, as doubtless she will, what better titles do you think to bestow on her afterwards, than those she has already? Or what will she be more then, than she is now? Either you do not take her for what you pretend, or you do not know what it is you ask. If you do not take her for what you say you do, to what purpose would you try her, and not rather suppose her guilty, and treat her as such? But, if she be as good as you believe she is, it is absurd to try experiments upon truth itself; since, when that is done, it will remain but in the same degree of esteem it had before. And therefore we must conclude, that to attempt things, from whence mischief is more likely to ensue, than any advantage to us, is the part of rash and inconsiderate men; and especially when they are such as we are no way forced, nor obliged to attempt, and when it may be easily seen at a distance, that the enterprise itself is downright madness. Difficult things are undertaken for the sake of God, of the world, or of both together: those, which are done for God's sake, are such as are enterprised by the saints, while they endeavour to live a life of angels in human bodies: those, which are

taken in hand for love of the world, are done by those, who pass various oceans, various climates, and many foreign nations, to acquire what are usually called the goods of fortune: and those, which are undertaken for the sake of God and the world together, are the actions of brave soldiers, who no sooner espy in the enemy's wall so much breach as may be made by a single cannon-ball, but laying aside all fear, without deliberating, or regarding the manifest danger, that threatens them, and borne upon the wings of desire to act in defence of their faith, their country, and their king, they throw themselves intrepidly into the midst of a thousand opposing deaths, that await them. These are the difficulties, which are commonly attempted; and it is honour, glory, and advantage, to attempt them, though so full of dangers and inconveniences. But that, which you say you would have attempted and put in execution, will neither procure you glory from God, the goods of fortune, nor reputation among men. For, supposing the event to answer your desires, you will be neither happier, richer, nor more honoured, than you are at present: and, if you should miscarry, you will find yourself in the most miserable condition, that can be imagined; for then it will avail you nothing to think, that nobody else knows the misfortune, which has befallen you: it will sufficiently afflict and undo you, to know it yourself. And, as a father confirmation of this truth, I will repeat

the following stanza of the famous poet Louis Tansilo, at the end of his first part of the 'Tears of Saint Peter'¹⁵.

When morning's dawn illumes the eastern skies
 In Peter's breast remorse and sorrow rise ;
 And though no human form his eye can scan,
 His blushes rise, and conscience stings the man.—
 'Tis thus in noble souls ; they feel the shame,
 Not only when mankind their crime proclaim ;
 From blushing at themselves they ne'er are free,
 Though Heav'n and earth alone their error see.

And, therefore, its being a secret will not prevent your sorrow, but rather make it perpetual, and be a continual subject for weeping, if not tears from your eyes, tears of blood, from your heart, such as that simple doctor wept, who, as the poet¹⁶ relates of him, made trial of the cup, which the prudent Reinaldo more wisely declined doing. And, though this be a poetical fiction, there is a concealed moral in it, worthy to be observed, understood, and imitated. But I have still something more to say upon this subject ; which I hope, will bring you to a full conviction of the great error, you are going to commit.

“ Tell me, Anselmo ; if Heaven, or good fortune, had made you master and lawful possessor of a superlatively fine diamond, of whose goodness and beauty all jewellers, who had seen it, were fully satisfied, and should unanimously declare, that in weight, goodness, and beauty,

it came up to whatever the nature of such a stone is capable of, and you yourself should believe as much, as knowing nothing to the contrary; would it be right, that you should take a fancy to lay this diamond between the anvil and the hammer, and, by mere dint of blows, try whether it was so hard, and so fine, as it was thought to be? And further, supposing this put in execution, and that the stone resists so foolish a trial, would it acquire thereby any additional value or reputation? And, if it should break, as it might, would not all be lost? Yes certainly, and make its owner to pass for a simple fellow in every body's opinion. Suppose then, friend Anselmo, that Camilla is an exquisitely fine diamond, both in your own opinion, and in that of other people, and that it is unreasonable to put her to the hazard of being broken; since, though she should remain entire, she cannot rise in her value; and, should she fail, and not resist, consider in time what a condition you would be in without her, and how justly you might blame yourself for having been the cause both of her ruin and your own. There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a chaste and virtuous woman; and all the honour of women consists in the good opinion the world has of them: and since that of your wife is unquestionably good, why will you bring this truth into doubt? Consider, friend, that woman is an imperfect creature,

and that one should not lay stumbling-blocks in her way, to make her trip and fall, but rather remove them, and clear the way before her, that she may, without hindrance, advance towards her proper perfection, which consists in being virtuous. Naturalists inform us, that the ermine is a little white creature with a fine fur, and that, when the hunters have a mind to catch it, they make use of this artifice: knowing the way it usually takes, or the places it haunts, they lay all the passes with dirt, and then frighten the creature with noise, and drive it toward those places; and when the ermine comes to the dirt, it stands still, suffering itself rather to be taken, than, by passing through the mire, destroy and sully its whiteness, which it values more than liberty or life. The virtuous and modest woman is an ermine, and the virtue of chastity is whiter and cleaner than snow; and he, who would not have her lose, but rather guard and preserve it, must take a quite different method from that, which is used with the ermine: for he must not lay in her way the mire of the courtship and assiduity of importunate lovers, since it is more than probable, she may not have virtue and natural strength enough to enable her, of herself, to trample down and get clear over those impediments: it is necessary, therefore, to remove such things out of her way, and set before her pure and unspotted virtue, and the charms of an

unblemished reputation. A good woman may also be compared to a mirror of crystal, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied and dimmed by every breath, that comes near it. The virtuous woman is to be treated in the same manner as relics are, to be adored, but not handled. The good woman is to be looked after and prized, like a fine garden full of roses and other flowers, the owner of which suffers nobody to walk among them, or touch any thing, but only at a distance, and through iron rails, to enjoy its fragrancy and beauty. Lastly, I will repeat to you some verses, which I remember to have heard in a modern comedy, and which seem very applicable to our present purpose. A prudent old man advises another, who is a father of a young maiden, to look well after her, and lock her up; and, among other reasons, gives these following:

I.

A woman oft is made like glass,
 But surely that's no reason why
 To break her we should ever try;
 Because all things may come to pass.

II.

To practise such, 't is easy sure,
 Though 't is of sense no proof at all
 To place, in danger of a fall,
 What, if once broke, you ne'er can cure.

III.

This is the maxim too of all,
And fram'd I ween on reason sound,
Wherever Danaës are found
A golden show'r will always fall.

“ All that I have hitherto said, O Anselmo, relates only to you ; it is now fit I should say something concerning myself ; and pardon me, if I am prolix ; for the labyrinth, into which you have run yourself, and out of which you would have me extricate you, requires no less. You look upon me as your friend, and yet, against all rules of friendship, would deprive me of my honour : nor is this all ; you would have me take away yours. That you will rob me of mine, is plain ; for, when Camilla finds, that I make love to her, as you desire I should, it is certain, she will look upon me as a man void of honour, and base, since I attempt, and do a thing so contrary to what I owe to myself, and to your friendship. That you would have me deprive you of yours, there is no doubt : for Camilla, perceiving that I make addresses to her, must think I have discovered some mark of lightness in her, which has emboldened me to declare to her my guilty passion ; and her looking upon herself as dishonoured, affects you as being her husband. And hence arises what we so commonly find, that the husband of the adulterous wife, though he does not know it, nor has given his wife any

reason for transgressing her duty, and though his misfortunes be not owing to his own neglect, or want of care, is nevertheless called by a vilifying and opprobrious name; and those, who are not unacquainted with his wife's incontinence, are apt to look upon him with an eye, rather of contempt, than of pity. But I will tell you the reason, why the husband of a vicious wife is justly dishonoured, though he does not know, that he is, or has been, at all in fault, or connived at, or given her occasion to become such. And be not weary of hearing me, since the whole will redound to your own advantage.

“ When God created our first parent in the terrestrial paradise, as the holy Scripture informs us, he infused a sleep into Adam; and, while he slept, he took a rib out of his left side, of which he formed our mother Eve: and, when Adam awoke, and beheld her, he said; *This is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.* And God said; *For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh.* And at that time the holy sacrament of marriage was instituted, with such ties as death only can loose. And this miraculous sacrament is of such force and virtue, that it makes two different persons to be but one flesh; nay, it does more in the properly married; for though they have two souls, they have but one will. And hence it is, that, as the flesh of the wife is the very same with that

of the husband, the blemishes or defects thereof are participated by the flesh of the husband, though, as is already said, he was not the occasion of them. For, as the whole body feels the pain of the foot, or of any other member, because they are all one flesh; and the head feels the smart of the ankle, though it was not the cause of it; so the husband partakes of the wife's dishonour by being the self-same thing with her. And as the honours and dishonours of the world all proceed from flesh and blood, and those of the vicious wife being of this kind, the husband must of necessity bear his part in them, and be reckoned dishonoured without his knowing it. Behold then, O Anselmo, the danger to which you expose yourself, in seeking to disturb the quiet your virtuous consort enjoys. Consider, through how vain and impertinent a curiosity, you would stir up the humours, that now lie dormant in the breast of your chaste wife. Reflect, that what you adventure to gain is little, and what you may lose will be so great, that I will pass over in silence what I want words to express. But, if all I have said be not sufficient to dissuade you from your preposterous design, you must look out for some other instrument of your disgrace and misfortune, for I am resolved not to act this part, though I should thereby lose your friendship; which is the greatest loss I am able to conceive."

Here the virtuous and discreet Lothario ceased; and Anselmo was so confounded and pensive, that, for some time, he could not answer him a word; but at last he said: "I have listened, friend Lothario, to all you have been saying to me, with the attention you may have observed; and in your arguments, examples, and comparisons, I plainly discover your great discretion, and the perfection of that friendship you have attained to: I see, also, and acknowledge, that, in rejecting your opinion, and adhering to my own, I fly the good, and pursue the evil. Yet, this supposed, you must consider, that I labour under the infirmity, to which some women are subject, who have a longing to eat dirt, chalk, coals, and other things still worse, even such as are loathsome to the sight, and much more so to the taste. And therefore some art must be made use of to cure me; and it may be done with ease, only by your beginning to court Camilla, though but coldly and feignedly, who cannot be so yielding and pliant, that her modesty should fall to the ground at the first onset; and with this faint beginning I shall rest satisfied, and you will have complied with what you owe to our friendship, not only in restoring me to life, but by persuading me not to be the cause of my own dishonour. And there is one reason especially, which obliges you to undertake this business, which is, that, as I am determined to put this experiment in practice, it be-

hoves you not to let me disclose my frenzy to another person, and so hazard that honour, you are endeavouring to preserve: and though your own should lose ground in Camilla's opinion, while you are making love to her, it is of little or no consequence; since, in a short time, when we have experienced in her the integrity we expect, you may then discover to her the pure truth of our contrivance; whereupon you will regain your former credit with her. And, since you hazard so little, and may give me so much pleasure by the risk, do not decline the task, whatever inconveniences may appear to you in it; since, as I have already said, if you will but set about it, I shall give up the cause for determined."

Lothario, perceiving Anselmo's fixed resolution, and not knowing what other examples to produce, nor what farther reasons to offer, to dissuade him from his purpose, and finding he threatened to impart his extravagant desire to some other person, resolved, in order to avoid a greater evil, to gratify him, and undertake what he desired; but with a full purpose and intention to order the matter so, that, without giving Camilla any disturbance, Anselmo should rest satisfied: and therefore he returned for answer, that he desired he would not communicate his design to any other person whatever, for he would take the business upon himself, and would begin

it, whenever he pleased. Anselmo embraced him with great tenderness and affection, thanking him for this offer, as if he had done him some great favour; and it was agreed between them, that he should set about the work the very next day, when he would give him opportunity and leisure to talk with Camilla alone, and would also furnish him with money and jewels to present her with. He advised him to entertain her with music, and write verses in her praise, and, if he did not care to be at the pains, he would make them for him. Lothario consented to every thing, but with an intention very different from what Anselmo imagined. Things thus settled, they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camilla waiting with great uneasiness and anxiety for her husband, who had staid abroad longer that day than usual. Lothario, after some time, retired to his own house, and Anselmo remained in his, as contented as Lothario was pensive, who was at a loss what stratagem to invent to extricate himself handsomely out of this unpleasant and foolish business. That night, however, he fixed on a plan to deceive Anselmo, without offending Camilla: and the next day he came to dine with his friend, and was kindly received by Camilla, who always entertained and treated him with much good-will, knowing the affection her husband had for him. Dinner being ended, and the cloth taken away, Anselmo desired Lothario

to stay with Camilla, while he went upon an urgent affair, which he would dispatch and be back in about an hour and half. Camilla prayed him not to go, and Lothario offered to bear him company: but it signified nothing with Anselmo; on the contrary, he importuned Lothario to stay and wait for him; for he had a matter of great importance to talk to him about. He also desired Camilla to bear Lothario company, until his return. In short, he knew so well how to counterfeit a necessity for his absence, though that necessity proceeded only from his own folly¹⁷, that no one could perceive it was feigned.

Anselmo went away, and Camilla and Lothario remained by themselves at table, the rest of the family being all gone to dinner. Thus Lothario found himself entered the lists, as his friend had desired, with an enemy before him able to conquer, by her beauty alone, a squadron of armed cavaliers: think then, whether Lothario had not cause to fear. But the first thing, he did, was to lay his elbow on the arm of the chair, and his cheek on his hand; and, begging Camilla to pardon his ill manners, he said he would willingly repose himself a little, until Anselmo's return. Camilla answered, that he might repose himself more at ease on the couch¹⁸ than in the chair, and therefore desired him to walk in, and lie down there. Lothario excused himself, and slept, where he was, until Anselmo's return; who,

finding Camilla retired to her chamber, and Lothario asleep, believed that, as he had staid so long, they had had time enough both to talk and to sleep; and he thought it long, until Lothario awoke, that he might go out with him, and inquire after his success. All fell out as he wished. Lothario awoke, and presently they went out together, and Anselmo asked him concerning what he wanted to be informed of. Lothario answered, that he did not think it proper to open too far the first time, and therefore all he had done was to tell her she was very handsome, and that the whole town rung of her wit and beauty; and this he thought a good introduction, as it might insinuate him into her good-will, and dispose her to listen to him the next time with pleasure: in which he employed the same artifice, which the devil uses to deceive a person, who is on his guard; who, being in reality an angel of darkness, transforms himself into one of light, and, setting plausible appearances before him, at length discovers himself, and carries his point, if his deceit be not found out at the beginning. Anselmo was mightily pleased with all this, and said he would give him the like opportunity every day, without going abroad; for he would so employ himself at home, that Camilla should never suspect his stratagem.

Now many days passed, and Lothario, though he spoke not a word to Camilla on the subject,

told Anselmo that he had, and that he could never perceive in her the least sign of any thing, that was amiss, or even discover the least glimpse or shadow of hope for himself; on the contrary, that she threatened to tell her husband, if he did not quit his base design. "It is very well," said Anselmo; "hitherto Camilla has resisted words; we must next see, how she will resist deeds: tomorrow I will give you two thousand crowns in gold to present her with, and as many more to buy jewels by way of lure; for women, especially if they are handsome, though never so chaste, are fond of being fine and well dressed: and, if she resists this temptation, I will be satisfied, and give you no farther trouble." Lothario answered, that, since he had begun, he would go through with this affair, though he was sure he should come off wearied and repulsed. The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand confusions, not knowing what new lie to invent: but, in short, he resolved to tell him, that Camilla was as inflexible to presents and promises, as to words, so that he need not weary himself any farther, since all the time was spent in vain.

But fortune, which directed matters otherwise, so ordered it, that Anselmo, having left Lothario and Camilla alone as usual, shut himself up in an adjoining chamber, and stood looking and listening through the key-hole, how they behaved

themselves, and saw, that, in above half an hour, Lothario said not a word to Camilla ; nor would he have said a word, had he stood there an age. On which he concluded, that all his friend had told him of Camilla's answers was mere fiction. And to try, whether it was so or not, he came out of the chamber, and, calling Lothario aside, asked him, what news he had for him, and what disposition he found Camilla in ? Lothario replied, that he was resolved not to mention the business any more to her, for she had answered him so sharply and angrily, that he had not the courage to open his lips again to her. Ah ! Lothario, Lothario !" said Anselmo, " how ill do you keep your engagement with me, and deserve the great confidence, I repose in you ! I am just come from looking through the key-hole of that door, and have found, that you have not spoken a word to Camilla ; whence I conclude, that you have never yet spoken to her at all. If it be so, as doubtless it is, why do you deceive me ? Or why would you industriously deprive me of those means, I might otherwise find to compass my desire ?" Anselmo said no more ; but what he had said was sufficient to leave Lothario abashed and confounded : who, thinking his honour touched by being caught in a lie, swore to Anselmo, that from this moment he took upon him to satisfy him, and would tell him no more lies, as he should find, if he had the curiosity to

watch him ; which, however, he might save himself the trouble of doing ; for he would endeavour so earnestly to procure him satisfaction, that there should be no room left for suspicion. Anselmo believed him ; and, to give him an opportunity, more secure and less liable to surprise, he resolved to absent himself from home for eight days, and to visit a friend of his, who lived in a village not far from the city. And, to excuse his departure to Camilla, he contrived, that his friend should press earnestly for his company. Rash and unhappy Anselmo ! what is it you are doing ? What is it you intend ? What is it you are contriving ? Consider, you are acting against yourself, designing your own dishonour, and contriving your own ruin. Your wife Camilla is virtuous : you possess her peaceably and quietly : nobody disturbs your enjoyment of her : her thoughts do not stray beyond the walls of her house : you are her Heaven upon earth, the aim of her desires, the accomplishment of her wishes, and the rule, by which she measures her will, adjusting it wholly according to yours, and that of Heaven. If then the mine of her honour, beauty, virtue, and modesty, yield you, without any toil, all the wealth they contain, or you can desire, why will you ransack those mines for other veins of new and unheard-of treasures, and thereby put the whole in danger of ruin ; since, in truth, it is supported only by the feeble props of woman's weak nature ?

Consider, that he, who seeks after what is impossible, ought in justice to be denied what is possible; as a certain poet has better expressed it in these verses :

In death alone I life would find,
And health in racking pain ;
Fair honour in a traitor's mind,
Or freedom in a chain.

But since I ask what ne'er can be,
The Fates, alas ! decide ;
What they would else have granted me,
Shall ever be denied.

The next day, Anselmo went to his friend's house in the country, telling Camilla, that, during his absence, Lothario would come to take care of his house, and dine with her, and desiring her to treat him as she would do his own person. Camilla, as a discreet and virtuous woman should, was troubled at the order her husband gave her, and represented to him, how improper it was, that any body, in his absence, should take his place at his table; and, if he did it, as doubting her ability to manage his family, she desired he would try her for this time, and he should see, by experience, that she was equal to trusts of greater consequence. Anselmo replied, it was his pleasure it should be so, and that she had nothing to do but to acquiesce and be obedient. Camilla said, she would, though much against

her inclination. Anselmo went away, and the next day Lothario came to his house, where he was received by Camilla with a kind and modest welcome. But she never exposed herself to be left alone with Lothario, being constantly attended by her men and maid-servants, especially by her own maid called Leonela, whom, as they had been brought up together from their infancy in her father's house, she loved very much, and, upon her marriage with Anselmo, had brought with her. Lothario said nothing to her the three first days, though he had opportunities, when the cloth was taken away, and the servants were gone to make a hasty dinner: for so Camilla had directed; and farther, Leonela had orders to dine before her mistress, and never to stir from her side: but she, having her thoughts intent upon other matters of her own pleasure, and wanting to employ those hours, and that opportunity, to her own purposes, did not always observe her mistress's orders, but often left them alone, as if she had been expressly commanded so to do. Nevertheless, the modest presence of Camilla, the gravity of her countenance, and her composed behaviour, were such, that they awed and bridled Lothario's tongue. But the influence of her virtues in silencing Lothario's tongue redounded to the greater prejudice of them both. For, if his tongue lay still, his thoughts were in motion; and he had leisure to contemplate, one by one,

all those perfections of goodness and beauty, of which Camilla was mistress, and which were sufficient to inspire love into a statue of marble, and how much more into a heart of flesh. Lothario gazed at her all the while he might have talked to her, and considered how worthy she was to be beloved: and this consideration began, by little and little, to undermine the regards he had for Anselmo; and, a thousand times, he thought of withdrawing from the city, and going, where Anselmo should never see him, nor he Camilla: but the pleasure he took in beholding her had already thrown an obstacle in the way of his intention. He did violence to himself, and had frequent struggles within him, to get the better of the pleasure he received in gazing on Camilla. He blamed himself, when alone, for his folly; he called himself a false friend, and a bad Christian. He reasoned upon, and made comparisons between, his own conduct, and that of Anselmo; and still concluded, that Anselmo's folly and presumption were greater than his own infidelity: and, if what he had in his thoughts were but as excusable before God, as it was before men, he should fear no punishment for his fault. In short, the beauty and goodness of Camilla, together with the opportunity, which the thoughtless husband had put into his hands, quite overturned Lothario's integrity. And, without regarding any thing but what tended to

the gratification of his passion, at the end of three days from the time of Anselmo's absence, during which he had been in perpetual struggle with his desires, he began to solicit Camilla, with such earnestness and disorder, and with such amorous expressions, that Camilla was astonished, and could only rise from her seat, and retire to her chamber, without answering a word. But, notwithstanding this sudden blast, Lothario's hope was not withered: for hope, being born with love, always lives with it. On the contrary, he was the more eager in the pursuit of Camilla; who, having discovered in Lothario what she never could have imagined, was at a loss how to behave. But thinking it neither safe, nor right, to give him opportunity or leisure of talking to her any more, she resolved to send that very night one of her servants to Anselmo with a letter, in which she wrote as follows.

CHAP. XXXIV.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE NOVEL OF THE CURIOUS
IMPERTINENT.

CAMILLA'S LETTER TO ANSELMO.

“AN army, it is commonly said, makes but an
“ ill appearance without its general, and a castle
“ without its governor; but a young married wo-
“ man, I say, makes a worse without a husband,

“ when there is no just cause for his absence. I am
“ so uneasy without you, and so entirely unable to
“ support this absence, that, if you do not return
“ speedily, I must go and pass my time at my fa-
“ ther’s house, though I leave yours without a
“ guard : for the guard you left me, if you left him
“ with that title, is, I believe, more intent upon
“ his own pleasure, than upon any thing, which
“ concerns you : and, since you are wise, I shall
“ say no more, nor is it proper I should.”

Anselmo received this letter, and understood by it, that Lothario had begun the attack, and that Camilla must have received it according to his wish : and overjoyed at this good news, he sent Camilla a verbal message, not to stir from her house upon any account, for he would return very speedily. Camilla was surprised at Anselmo’s answer, which increased the perplexity she was under : for now she durst neither stay in her own house, nor retire to that of her parents ; since in staying she hazarded her virtue, and in going she should act contrary to her husband’s positive command. At length, she resolved upon that, which proved the worst for her ; which was, to stay, and not to shun Lothario’s company, lest it might give her servants occasion to talk ; and she already began to be sorry she had written what she did to her husband, fearing, lest he should think Lothario must have observed some signs of lightness in her, which had emboldened

him to lay aside the respect, he owed her. But, conscious of her own integrity, she trusted in God, and her own virtuous disposition, resolving to resist, by her silence, whatever Lothario should say to her, without giving her husband any farther account, lest it should involve him in any quarrel or trouble. She even began to consider, how she might excuse Lothario to Anselmo, when he should ask her the cause of her writing that letter.

With these thoughts, more honourable than proper or beneficial, the next day she sat still, and heard what Lothario had to say to her; who plied her so warmly, that Camilla's firmness began to totter; and her virtue had much ado to get into her eyes, and prevent some indications of an amorous compassion, which the tears and arguments of Lothario had awakened in her breast. All this Lothario observed, and all contributed to inflame him the more. In short, he thought it necessary, whilst he had the time and opportunity, which Anselmo's absence afforded him, to shorten the siege of this fortress: and therefore he attacked her pride with the praises of her beauty; for there is nothing, which sooner reduces and levels the towering castles of the vanity of the fair-sex, than vanity itself, when posted upon the tongue of flattery. In effect, he undermined the rock of her integrity with such engines, that, though she had been made of

brass, she must have fallen to the ground. Lothario wept, entreated, flattered, and solicited with such earnestness and demonstrations of sincerity, that he quite overthrew all Camilla's reserve, and at last triumphed over, what he least expected, and most desired. She surrendered; even Camilla surrendered; and what wonder, when even Lothario's friendship could not stand its ground? A plain example, showing us, that the passion of love is to be vanquished only by flying, and that we must not pretend to grapple with so powerful an enemy, since divine succours are necessary to subdue such force, though human. Leonela alone was privy to her lady's frailty; for the two faithless friends, and new lovers, could not hide it from her. Lothario would not acquaint Camilla with Anselmo's project, nor with his having designedly given him the opportunity of arriving at that point, lest she should esteem his passion the less, or should think he had made love to her by chance, rather than out of choice.

A few days after, Anselmo returned home, and did not miss what he had lost, which was what he took least care of, and yet valued most. He presently went to make a visit to Lothario, and found him at home. They embraced each other, and the one inquired what news concerning his life or death. "The news I have for you, O friend Anselmo," said Lothario, "is, that you have a

wife worthy to be the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I have said to her are given to the wind; my offers have been despised, my presents refused; and, when I shed some few feigned tears, she made a mere jest of them. In short, as Camilla is the sum of all beauty, she is also the repository, in which modesty, good nature, and reserve, with all the virtues, that can make a good woman praiseworthy, and happy, are treasured up. Therefore, friend, take back your money: here it is; I had no occasion to make use of it; for Camilla's integrity is not to be shaken by things so mean as presents and promises. Be satisfied, Anselmo, and make no farther trials; and since you have safely passed the gulf of those doubts and suspicions, we are apt to entertain of women, do not again expose yourself on the deep sea of new disquiets, nor make a fresh trial, with another pilot, of the goodness and strength of the vessel, which Heaven has allotted you for your passage through the ocean of this world: but make account, that you are arrived safe in port; and secure yourself with the anchor of serious consideration, and lie by, until you are required to pay that duty, from which no human rank is exempted."

Anselmo was entirely satisfied with Lothario's words, and believed them, as if they had been delivered by some oracle. Nevertheless, he desired him not to give over the undertaking, though he

carried it on merely out of curiosity and amusement; however, he need not, for the future, ply her so close as he had done: all, that he now desired of him, was, that he would write some verses in her praise under the name of Chloris, and he would give Camilla to understand, that he was in love with a lady, to whom he had given that name, that he might celebrate her with the regard due to her modesty; and, if Lothario did not care to be at the trouble of writing the verses himself, he would do it for him. "There will be no need of that," said Lothario; "for the Muses are not so unpropitious to me, but that, now and then, they make me a visit. Tell Camilla your thoughts of my counterfeit passion, and leave me to make the verses; which, if not so good as the subject deserves, shall, at least, be the best I can make." Thus agreed the impertinent and the treacherous friends. And Anselmo, being returned to his house, inquired of Camilla, what she wondered he had not already inquired; namely, the occasion of her writing the letter, she had sent him. Camilla answered, that she then fancied Lothario looked at her a little more licentiously than when he was at home; but that now she was undeceived, and believed it to be but a mere imagination of her own: for Lothario had, of late, avoided seeing, and being alone with her. Anselmo replied, that she might be very secure from that suspicion; for, to his knowledge, Lo-

thario was in love with a young lady of condition in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Chloris; and, though it were not so, she had nothing to fear, considering Lothario's virtue, and the great friendship, that subsisted between them. Had not Camilla been beforehand advertised by Lothario, that this story of his love for Chloris was all a fiction, and that he had told it Anselmo, that he might have an opportunity, now and then, of employing himself in the praises of Camilla herself, she had doubtless fallen into the desperate snare of jealousy: but, being prepared for it, it gave her no disturbance.

The next day, when they were all at table together, Anselmo desired Lothario to recite some of the verses, he had composed on his beloved Chloris; for, since Camilla did not know her, he might safely repeat what he pleased. "Though she did know her," answered Lothario, "I should have no reason to conceal what I have written; for when a lover praises his mistress's beauty, and at the same time taxes her with cruelty, he casts no reproach upon her good name. But, be that as it will, I must tell you, that yesterday I made a sonnet on the ingratitude of Chloris; and it is this:

In the deep silence of the midnight hour,
When gentle sleep her honey'd dew lets fall,
I wake to tell my mournful tale, and call
In vain on Chloris, and each heav'nly pow'r,

When young-ey'd Morn, a blushing maid, appears,
Gilding the roseate portals of the east,
Still from my eyelids drop their wonted tears,
Its wonted sigh still heaves my tortur'd breast :
And when the sun in noontide lustre glows,
And when his weary coursers westward tend,
My pangs no respite know, my griefs no end ;
And night returning but renews my woes.
Yet Heav'n and Chloris still alike I find
Deaf to my pray'rs, and to my suff'rings blind.

Camilla was very well pleased with the sonnet, but Anselmo more : he commended it, and said, the lady was extremely cruel, who made no return to so much truth. "What then !" replied Camilla, "are we to take all, that the enamoured poets tell us, for truth ?"—"Not all they tell us as poets," answered Lothario, "but as lovers ; for though, as poets, they may exceed, as lovers they always fall short of the truth."—"There is no doubt of that," replied Anselmo, resolved to second and support the credit of every thing Lothario said with Camilla, who was now become as indifferent to Anselmo's artifice, as she was in love with Lothario. Being therefore pleased with every thing, that was his, and besides taking it for granted, that all his desires and verses were addressed to her, and that she was the true Chloris, she desired him, if he could recollect any other sonnet or verses, to repeat them. "I remember one," answered Lothario ; "but I believe it is

not so good as the former, or, to speak properly, less bad ; as you shall judge ; for it is this."

SONNET.

Believe me, Nymph, I feel th' impending blow,
 And glory in the near approach of death ;
 For when thou seest my corse devoid of breath
 My constancy and truth thou sure wilt know.
 Welcome to me oblivion's shade obscure !
 Welcome the loss of fortune, life, and fame !
 But thy lov'd features and thy honour'd name
 Deep graven on my heart shall still endure.
 And these, as sacred relics, will I keep,
 Till that sad moment, when to endless night
 My long-tormented soul shall take her flight :
 Alas ! for him, who on the darken'd deep
 Floats idly, sport of the tempestuous tide,
 No port to shield him, and no star to guide !

Anselmo commended this second sonnet as much as he had done the first ; and thus he went on, adding link after link to the chain, where-with he bound himself, and secured his own dishonour ; for when Lothario dishonoured him most, he then assured him his honour was safest. And thus, every step of the ladder Camilla descended toward the centre of her disgrace, she ascended, in her husband's opinion, toward the uppermost round of virtue and her good fame.

Now it happened one day, that Camilla, being alone with her maid, said to her : " I am

ashamed, dear Leonela, to think how little value I set upon myself, in not making it cost Lothario more time to gain the entire possession of my inclinations, which I gave up so soon : I fear he will look upon my easiness in surrendering as levity, without reflecting on the violence he used, which put it out of my power to resist him.”—

“ Dear Madam,” answered Leonela, “ let not this trouble you ; for there is nothing in it : the value of a gift, if it be good in itself and worthy of esteem, is not lessened by being soon given ; and therefore they say, he who gives quickly, gives twice.”—“ They say also,” quoth Camilla, “ that which costs little, is less valued.”—

“ This does not affect your case,” answered Leonela ; “ for love, as I have heard say, sometimes flies and sometimes walks ; runs with one person, and goes leisurely with another ; some he warms, and some he burns ; some he wounds, and others he kills : in one and the same instant he begins and concludes the career of his desires. He often in the morning lays siege to a fortress, and in the evening has it surrendered to him : for no force is able to resist him. And, this being so, what are you afraid of, if this be the very case of Lothario, love having made my master’s absence the instrument to oblige you to surrender to him, and it being absolutely necessary to finish, in that interval, what love had decreed, without giving Time himself any time to bring back An-

selmo, and, by his presence, render the work imperfect? For love has no surer minister to execute his designs than opportunity: he makes use of it in all his exploits, especially in the beginning. All this I am well acquainted with, and from experience rather than hearsay; and, one day or other, Madam, I may let you see, that I also am a girl of flesh and blood. Besides, Madam, you did not declare your passion, nor engage yourself, before you had first seen, in his eyes, in his sighs, in his expressions, in his promises, and his presents, Lothario's whole soul; and in that, and all his accomplishments, how worthy he was of your love. Then, since it is so, let not these scruples and niceties disturb you, but rest assured, that Lothario esteems you no less than you do him; and live contented and satisfied, that, since you are fallen into the snare of love, it is with a person of worth and character, and one, who possesses not only the four SS¹⁹, which they say, all true lovers ought to have, but the whole alphabet. Do but hear me, and you shall see how I have it by heart. He is, if I judge right²⁰, amiable, bountiful, constant, daring, enamoured, faithful, gallant, honourable, illustrious, kind, loyal, mild, noble, obliging, prudent, quiet, rich, and the SS, as they say; lastly, true, valiant, and wise: the X suits him not, because it is a harsh letter; the Y, he is young; the Z, zealous of your honour."

Camilla smiled at her maid's alphabet, and took her to be more conversant in love-matters than she had hitherto owned; and, indeed, she now confessed to Camilla, that she had a love-affair with a young gentleman of the same city. At which Camilla was much disturbed, fearing lest, from that quarter, her own honour might be in danger. And therefore she sifted her, to know, whether her amour had gone farther than words. She, with little shame, and much boldness, owned it had. For it is certain, that the slips of the mistress take off all shame from the maid-servants, who, when they see their mistresses trip, make nothing of downright halting, nor of its being known. Camilla could do no more but beg of Leonela to say nothing of her affair to the person she said was her lover, and to manage her own with such secrecy, that it might not come to the knowledge of Anselmo or of Lothario. Leonela answered, she would do so: but she kept her word in such a manner, as justified Camilla's fears, that she might lose her reputation by her means. For the amorous and bold Leonela, when she found, that her mistress's conduct was not the same it used to be, had the assurance to introduce and conceal her lover in the house, presuming, that her lady durst not speak of it, though she knew it. For this inconvenience, among others, attends the failings of mistresses, that they become slaves to their

very servants, and are obliged to conceal their dishonesty and lewdness; as was the case with Camilla. For, though she saw, not once only, but several times, that Leonela was with her gallant in a room of her house, she was so far from daring to chide her, that she gave her opportunities of locking him in, and did all she could to prevent his being seen by her husband. But all could not hinder Lothario from seeing him once go out of the house at break of day; who, not knowing who he was, thought, at first, it must be some apparition. But, when he saw him steal off, muffling himself up, and concealing himself with care and caution, he changed one foolish opinion for another, which must have been the ruin of them all, if Camilla had not remedied it. Lothario was so far from thinking, that the man, whom he had seen coming out of Anselmo's house, at so unseasonable an hour, came thither upon Leonela's account, that he did not so much as remember there was such a person as Leonela in the world. What he thought, was, that Camilla, as she had been easy and complying to him, was so to another also: for the wickedness of a bad woman carries this additional mischief along with it, that it weakens her credit even with the man, to whose entreaties and persuasions she surrendered her honour; and he is ready to believe, upon the

slightest grounds, that she yields to others even with greater facility.

All Lothario's good sense, and prudent reasonings, seem to have failed him upon this occasion; for, without making one proper, or even rational reflection, he became impatient, and blinded with a jealous rage, that gnawed his bowels; and dying to be revenged on Camilla, who had offended him in nothing, he went to Anselmo before he was up, and said to him: "Know, Anselmo, that, for several days past, I have struggled with myself, to keep from you what it is no longer possible nor just to conceal. Know, that Camilla's fort is surrendered, and submitted to my will and pleasure; and if I have delayed discovering to you this truth, it was, to satisfy myself, whether it was any wanton desire in her, or whether she had a mind to try me, and to see, whether the love I made to her, with your connivance, was in earnest. And I still believed, if she was what she ought to be, and what we both thought her, she would, before now, have given you an account of my solicitations. But, since I find she has not, I conclude she intends to keep the promise she has made me of giving me a meeting, the next time you are absent from home, in her dressing-room (and in fact that was the very place where he and Camilla used to meet). And, since the fault is not yet committed, except

in thought, I would not have you run precipitately to take revenge; for, perhaps, between this and the time of putting it in execution, Camilla may change her mind, and repent. And therefore, as you have hitherto always followed my advice, in whole or in part, follow and observe this I shall now give you, that, without possibility of being mistaken, and upon maturest deliberation, you may satisfy yourself as to what is most fitting for you to do. Pretend an absence of three or four days, as you used to do at other times, and contrive to hide yourself in the dressing-room, where the tapestry, and other moveables, may serve to conceal you: and then you will see with your own eyes, and I with mine, what Camilla intends; and if it be wickedness, as is rather to be feared than expected, you may then, with secrecy and caution, be the avenger of your own injury."

Anselmo was amazed, confounded, and astonished at Lothario's words, which came upon him at a time when he least expected to hear them; for he already looked upon Camilla as victorious over Lothario's feigned assaults, and began to enjoy the glory of the conquest. He stood a good while with his eyes fixed motionless on the ground, and at length said: "Lothario, you have done what I expected from your friendship; I must follow your advice in every thing; do what you will, and be as secret as so unlooked

for an event requires. Lothario promised him he would ; and scarcely had he left him, when he began to repent of all he had said, and was convinced he had acted foolishly, since he might have revenged himself on Camilla by a less cruel and less dishonourable method. He cursed his want of sense, condemned his heedless resolution, and was at a loss how to undo what was done, or to get tolerably well out of the scrape. At last he resolved to discover all to Camilla ; and, as he could not long want an opportunity of doing it, that very day he found her alone ; and immediately, on his coming in, she said : “ Know, dear Lothario, that I have an uneasiness at heart, which tortures me in such a manner, that methinks it is ready to burst it, and, indeed, it is a wonder it does not ; for Leonela’s impudence is arrived to that pitch, that she, every night, entertains a gallant in the house, who stays with her until daylight, so much to the prejudice of my reputation, that it will leave room for censure to all, who shall see him go out at such unseasonable hours ; and what gives me the most concern is, that I cannot chastise, or so much as reprimand her : because she is in the secret of our correspondence, which puts a bridle into my mouth, and obliges me to conceal hers ; and I am afraid of some unlucky event from this quarter.”

At first, when Camilla said this, Lothario

believed it a piece of cunning to deceive him, by persuading him that the man, he saw go out, was Leonela's gallant, and not Camilla's; but, perceiving that she wept, and afflicted herself, and begged his assistance in finding a remedy, he soon came into the belief of what she said; and so was filled with confusion and repentance for what he had done. He desired Camilla to make herself easy, for he would take an effectual course to restrain Leonela's insolence. He also told her what the furious rage of jealousy had instigated him to tell Anselmo, and how it was agreed that Anselmo should hide himself in the dressing-room, to be an eye-witness of her disloyalty to him. He begged her to pardon this madness, and desired her advice how to remedy what was done, and extricate them out of so perplexed a labyrinth, as his rashness had involved them in. Camilla was astonished at hearing what Lothario said, and, with much resentment, reproached him for the ill thoughts, he had entertained of her; and, with many discreet reasons, set before him the folly and inconsiderateness of the resolution he had taken. But, as women have naturally a more ready invention, either for good or bad purposes, than men, though it often fails them, when they set themselves purposely to deliberate; Camilla instantly hit upon a way to remedy an affair seemingly incapable of all remedy. She bid Lothario see,

that Anselmo hid himself the next day, where he had proposed ; for by this very hiding she proposed to secure, for the future, their mutual enjoyment, without fear of surprise : and, without letting him into the whole of her design, she only desired him, after Anselmo was posted, to be ready at Leonela's call, and that he should take care to answer to whatever she should say to him, just as he would do, if he did not know, that Anselmo was listening. Lothario pressed her to explain to him her whole design, that he might, with the more safety and caution, be upon his guard in all, that he thought necessary. " No other guard," said Camilla, " is necessary, but only to answer me directly to what I shall ask you." For she was not willing to let him into the secret of what she intended to do, lest he should not come into that design, which she thought so good, and should look out for some other, not likely to prove so successful.

Lothario then left her ; and, the next day, Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's villa, went from home, but turned presently back to hide himself ; which he might conveniently enough do, for Camilla and Leonela were out of the way on purpose. Anselmo being now hidden, with all that palpitation of heart, which may be imagined in one, who expected to see with his own eyes the bowels of his honour ripped up, and was upon the point of losing that supreme bliss, he thought himself possessed of in

his beloved Camilla; she and Leonela, being well assured, that Anselmo was behind the hangings, came together into the dressing-room; and Camilla had scarce set her foot in it, when, fetching a deep sigh, she said: "Ah, dear Leonela, would it not be better, before I put that in execution, which I would keep secret from you, lest you should endeavour to prevent it, that you should take Anselmo's dagger, and plunge it into this infamous breast? But do it not; for it is not reasonable I should bear the punishment of another's fault. I will first know, what the bold and wanton eyes of Lothario saw in me, that could give him the assurance to discover so wicked a design, as that he has discovered to me, in contempt of his friend, and of my honour. Step to the window, Leonela, and call him; for, doubtless, he is waiting in the street, in hopes of putting his wicked design in execution. But first my cruel, but honourable, purpose shall be executed."—"Ah, dear Madam!" answered the cunning and well-instructed Leonela, "what is it you intend to do with this dagger? Is it to take away your own life, or Lothario's? Whichever of the two you do, will redound to the ruin of your credit and fame. It is better you should dissemble your wrong, than to let this wicked man now into the house, while we are alone. Consider, Madam, we are weak women, and he a man, and resolute; and, as he comes blinded

and big with his wicked purpose, he may, perhaps, before you can execute yours, do what would be worse for you, than taking away your life. A mischief take my master Anselmo, for giving this impudent fellow such an ascendant in his house. But pray, Madam, if you kill him, as I imagine you intend, what should we do with him after he is dead?"—"What, child?" answered Camilla; "why, leave him here for Anselmo to bury him: for it is but just he should have the agreeable trouble of burying his own infamy. Call him, without more ado; for all the time I lose in delaying to take due revenge for my wrong, methinks I offend against that loyalty I owe to my husband."

All this Anselmo listened to, and, at every word Camilla spoke, his sentiments changed. But, when he understood, that she intended to kill Lothario, he was inclined to prevent it, by coming out and discovering himself; but was withheld by the strong desire he had to see what would be the end of so brave and virtuous a resolution; purposing however to come out time enough to prevent mischief. And now Camilla was taken with a strong fainting fit; and throwing herself upon a bed that was there, Leonela began to weep bitterly, and to say: "Ah, woe is me! that I should be so unhappy as to see die here, between my arms, the flower of the world's virtue, the crown of good women, the pattern

of chastity!" with other such expressions, that nobody, who had heard her, but would have taken her for the most compassionate and faithful damsel in the universe, and her lady for another persecuted Penelope. Camilla soon recovered from her swoon, and, when she was come to herself, she said: "Why do you not go, Leonela, and call the most faithless of all friends, that the sun ever saw, or the night covered? Be quick, run, fly: let not the fire of my rage evaporate and be spent by delay, and the just vengeance I expect pass off in empty threatenings and curses."—"I am going to call him," said Leonela; "but, dear Madam, you must first give me that dagger, lest, when I am gone, you should do a thing, which might give those, who love you, cause to weep all their lives long."—"Go, dear Leonela, and fear not," said Camilla; "I will not do it: for though I am resolute, and, in your opinion, sincere in defending my honour, I shall not be so to the degree, that Lucretia was, of whom it is said, that she killed herself without having committed any fault, and without first killing him, who was the cause of her misfortune. Yes, I will die, if die I must; but it shall be after I have satiated my revenge on him, who is the occasion of my being now here to bewail his insolence, which proceeded from no fault of mine."

Leonela wanted a great deal of entreaty, before she would go and call Lothario ; but at last she went, and, while she was away, Camilla, as if she was talking to herself, said : “ Good God ! would it not have been more advisable to have dismissed Lothario, as I have done many other times, than to give him room, as I have now done, to think me dishonest and naught, though it be only for the short time I defer the deceiving him ? Without doubt it would have been better : but I shall not be revenged, nor my husband’s honour satisfied, if he get off so clean, and so smoothly, from an attempt, to which his wicked thoughts have led him. No ! let the traitor pay with his life for what he undertakes with so lascivious a desire. Let the world know (if perchance it comes to know it) that Camilla not only preserved her loyalty to her husband, but revenged him on the person, who dared to wrong him. But, after all, it would perhaps be better to give an account of the whole matter to Anselmo : but I have already hinted it to him in the letter I wrote him into the country ; and I fancy his neglecting to remedy the mischief I pointed out to him, must be owing to pure good-nature, and a confidence in Lothario, which would not let him believe, that the least thought, to the prejudice of his honour, could be lodged in the breast of so faithful a friend : nor did I

myself believe it for many days, nor should ever have given credit to it, if his insolence had not risen so high, and his avowed presents, large promises, and continual tears, put it past all dispute. But why do I talk thus? Does a brave resolution stand in need of counsel? No, certainly. Traitor, avaunt! come vengeance! Let the false one come, let him enter, let him die, and then befall what will. Unspotted I entered into the power of him, whom Heaven allotted me for my husband, and unspotted I will leave him, though bathed in my own chaste blood, and the impure gore of the falsest friend, that friendship ever saw." And saying this, she walked up and down the room, with the drawn dagger in her hand, taking such irregular and huge strides, and with such gestures, that one would have thought her beside herself, and have taken her, not for a soft and delicate woman, but for some desperate ruffian.

Anselmo observed all, from behind the arras, where he had hidden himself, and was amazed, and already thought what he had seen and heard sufficient to balance still greater suspicions; and began to wish that Lothario might not come, for fear of some sudden disaster. And being now upon the point of discovering himself, and coming out to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by seeing Leonela return with Lothario by the hand; and, as soon as Camilla

saw him, she drew with the dagger a long line between her and him, and said: "Take notice, Lothario, of what I say to you: if you shall dare to pass this line, you see here; or but come up to it; the moment I see you attempt it, I will pierce my breast with this dagger I hold in my hand: but, before you answer me a word to this, hear a few more I have to say to you, and then answer me as you please. In the first place, Lothario, I desire you to tell me, whether you know Anselmo my husband, and in what estimation you hold him? And, in the next place, I would be informed whether you know me? Answer me this, and be under no concern, nor study for an answer; for they are no difficult questions I ask you." Lothario was not so ignorant, but that, from the instant Camilla bid him hide Anselmo, he guessed what she intended to do, and accordingly humoured her design so well, that they were able, between them, to make the counterfeit pass for something more than truth; and therefore he answered Camilla in this manner: "I did not imagine, fair Camilla, that you called me to answer to things so wide of the purpose, for which I came hither. If you do it to delay me the promised favour, why did you not adjourn it to a still farther day? For the nearer the prospect of possession is, the more eager we are to enjoy the desired good. But, that you may not say, I do not answer to your questions, I re-

ply, that I do know your husband Anselmo, and that we have known each other from our tender years. Of our friendship I will say nothing, that I may not be a witness against myself of the wrong, which love, that powerful excuse for greater faults, has made me do him. You too I know, and prize you as highly as he does: for, were it not so, I should not, for less excellence, have acted so contrary to my duty as a gentleman, and so much against the holy laws of true friendship, which I have now broken and violated, through the tyranny of that enemy, love.”—“ If you acknowledge so much,” replied Camilla, “ mortal enemy of all, that justly deserves to be loved, with what face dare you appear before her, whom you know to be the mirror, in which Anselmo looks, and in which you might have seen upon what slight grounds you injure him? But ah! unhappy me! I now begin to find what it was, that made you forget yourself: it was, doubtless, some indiscretion of mine; for I will not call it immodesty, since it proceeded not from design, but from some one of those inadvertences, which women frequently fall into unawares, when there is nobody present before whom, they think, they need be upon the reserve. But tell me, O traitor, when did I ever answer your addresses with any word or sign, that could give you the least shadow of hope, that you should ever accomplish your infamous desires? When were not

your amorous expressions repulsed and rebuked with rigour and severity? When were your many promises, and greater presents, believed or accepted? But, knowing, that no one can persevere long in an affair of love, unless it be kept alive by some hope, I take upon myself the blame of your impertinence; since, without doubt, some inadvertence of mine has nourished your hope so long, and therefore I will chastise, and inflict that punishment on myself, which your offence deserves. And, to convince you that, being so severe to myself, I could not possibly be otherwise to you, I had a mind you should come hither to be a witness to the sacrifice I intend to make to the offended honour of my worthy husband, injured by you with the greatest deliberation imaginable, and by me too through my carelessness in not shunning the occasion, if I gave you any, of countenancing and authorizing your wicked intentions. I say again, that the suspicion I have, that some inadvertence of mine has occasioned such licentious thoughts in you, is what disturbs me the most, and what I most desire to punish with my own hands: for should some other executioner do it, my crime, perhaps, would be more public. Yes, I will die, but I will die killing, and carry with me one, who shall entirely satisfy the thirst of that revenge I expect, and partly enjoy already, as I shall have before my eyes, to what place soever I go, the

vengeance of impartial justice strictly executed on him, who has reduced me to this desperate condition."

At these words, she flew upon Lothario, with the drawn dagger, so swiftly, with such incredible violence, and with such seeming earnestness to stab him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt himself, whether those efforts were feigned or real; and he was forced to make use of all his dexterity and strength to prevent his being wounded by Camilla, who played the counterfeit so to the life, that, to give this strange imposture a colour of truth, she resolved to stain it with her own blood. For perceiving, or pretending, that she could not wound Lothario, she said: "Since fortune denies a complete satisfaction to my just desires, it shall not however be in its power to defeat that satisfaction entirely:" and so struggling to free her dagger-hand, held by Lothario, she got it loose, and, directing the point to a part, where it might give but a slight wound, she stabbed herself above the breast, near the left shoulder, and presently fell to the ground as in a swoon. Leonela and Lothario stood in suspense, and astonished, at this accident, and were in doubt what to think of it, especially when they saw Camilla lying on the floor, and bathed in her own blood. Lothario ran hastily, frightened and breathless, to draw out the dagger; but perceiving the slightness of the wound, the fear he

had been in vanished, and he admired still more the sagacity, prudence, and great ingenuity of the fair Camilla. And now, to act his part, he began to make a long and sorrowful lamentation over the body of Camilla, as if she were dead, imprecating heavy curses, not only on himself, but on him, who had been the cause of bringing him to that pass; and, knowing that his friend Anselmo overheard him, he said such things, that whoever had heard them would have pitied him more than they would have done Camilla herself, though they had judged her to be really dead. Leonela took her in her arms, and laid her on the bed, beseeching Lothario to procure somebody to dress Camilla's wound secretly. She also desired his advice and opinion what they should say to Anselmo about it, if he should chance to come home before it was healed. He answered, that they might say what they pleased; that he was not in a condition of giving any advice worth following; he bid her endeavour to stop the blood; and, as for himself, he would go, where he should never be seen more. And so, with a show of much sorrow and concern, he left the house: and when he found himself alone, and in a place where nobody saw him, he ceased not to cross himself in admiration at the cunning of Camilla, and the suitable behaviour of Leonela. He considered, what a thorough assurance Anselmo must have of his wife's being a second

Portia, and wanted to be with him, that they might rejoice together at the imposture and the truth, the most artfully disguised, that can be imagined.

Leonela, as she was bidden, stanch'd her mistress's blood, which was just as much as might serve to colour her stratagem; and washing the wound with a little wine, she bound it up the best she could, saying such things, while she was dressing it, as were alone sufficient to make Anselmo believe, that he had in Camilla an image of chastity. To the words Leonela said Camilla added others, calling herself coward and poor spirited, because she wanted the resolution, at a time, when she stood most in need, to deprive herself of that life, she so much abhorred. She asked her maid's advice, whether she should give an account of what had happened to her beloved husband, or no. Leonela persuaded her to say nothing about it, since it would lay him under a necessity of revenging himself on Lothario, which he could not do without great danger to himself; and a good woman was obliged to avoid all occasion of involving her husband in a quarrel, and should rather prevent all such as much as she possibly could. Camilla replied, she approved of her opinion, and would follow it; but that by all means they must contrive what to say to Anselmo about the wound, which he must needs see. To which Leonela answered, that, for her

part, she knew not how to tell a lie, though but in jest. "How then, pray," replied Camilla, "should I know, who dare neither invent nor remain guilty of one, though my life were at stake? If we cannot contrive to come well off, it will be better to tell him the plain truth, than that he should catch us in a false story."—"Be in no pain, Madam," answered Leonela; "for, between this and to-morrow morning, I will study what we shall tell him; and, perhaps, the wound being where it is, you may conceal it from his sight, and Heaven may be pleased to favour our just and honourable intentions. Compose yourself, good Madam; endeavour to quiet your spirits, that my master may not find you in so violent a disorder; and leave the rest to my care, and to that of Heaven, which always favours honest designs."

Anselmo stood, with the utmost attention, listening to, and beholding, the tragedy of the death of his honour; which the actors performed with such strange and moving passions, that it seemed, as if they were transformed into the very characters, they personated. He longed for the night, and for an opportunity of slipping out of his house, that he might see his dear friend Lothario, and rejoice with him on finding so precious a jewel, by the perfectly clearing up of his wife's virtue. They both took care to give him a convenient opportunity of going out;

which he made use of, and immediately went to seek Lothario ; and, having found him, it is impossible to recount the embraces he gave him, the satisfaction he expressed, and the praises he bestowed on Camilla. All which Lothario hearkened to, without being able to show any signs of joy ; for he could not but reflect how much his friend was deceived, and how ungenerously he treated him. And though Anselmo perceived, that Lothario did not express any joy, he believed it was because Camilla was wounded, and he had been the occasion of it. And therefore, among other things, he desired him to be in no pain about Camilla ; for, without doubt, the wound must be very slight, since her maid and she had agreed to hide it from him : and, as he might depend upon it there was nothing to be feared, he desired, that thenceforward he would rejoice and be merry with him ; since, through his diligence, and by his means, he found himself raised to the highest pitch of happiness, he could wish to arrive at ; and, for himself, he said, he would make it his pastime and amusement to write verses in praise of Camilla, to perpetuate her memory to all future ages. Lothario applauded his good resolution, and said, that he too would lend a helping hand towards raising so illustrious an edifice.

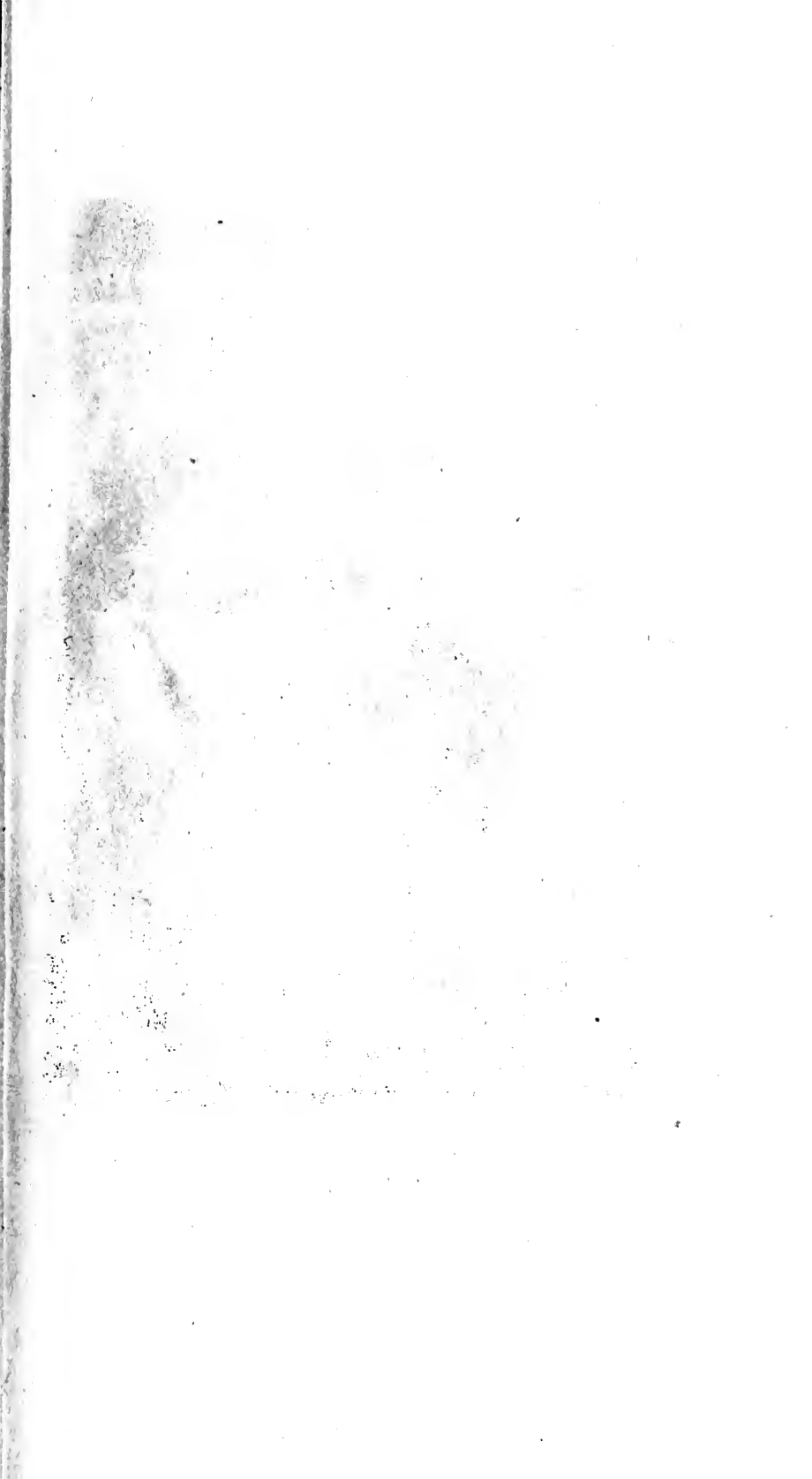
Anselmo now remained deceived in the most agreeable way possible. He led home by the

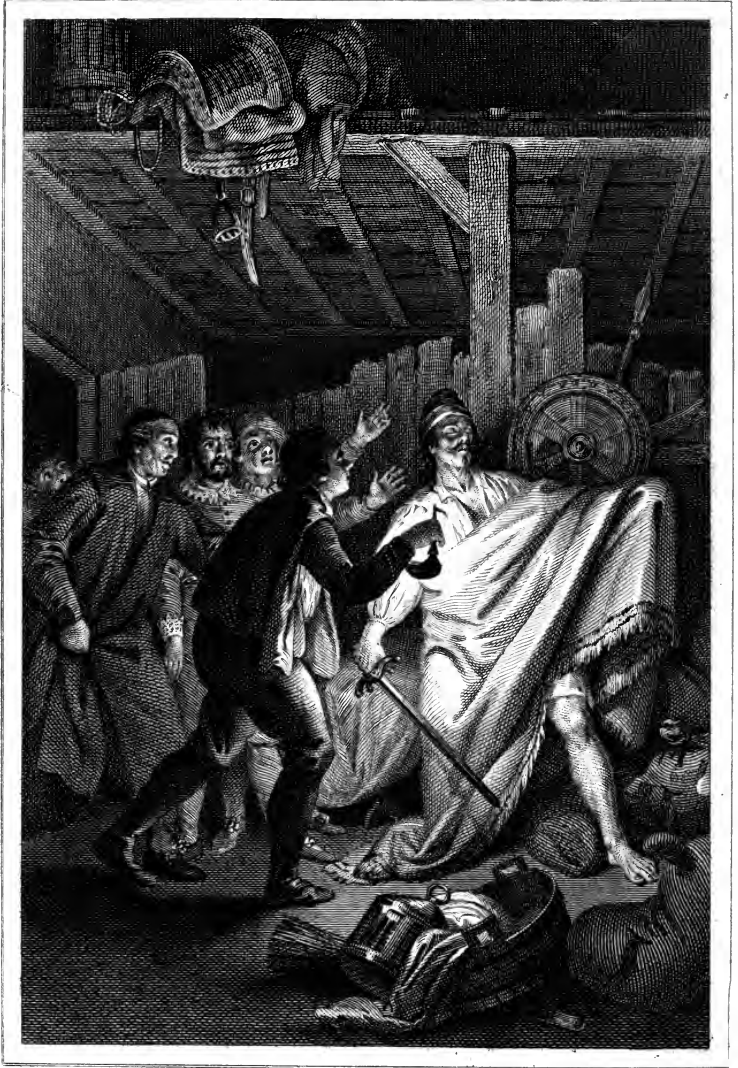
hand, the instrument, as he thought, of his glory, but, in reality, the ruin of his fame. Camilla received Lothario with a countenance seemingly shy, but with inward gladness of heart. This imposture lasted some time, until, a few months after, fortune turned her wheel, and the iniquity, thus far so artfully concealed, came to light, and his impertinent curiosity cost poor Anselmo his life.

CHAP. XXXV.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE NOVEL OF THE CURIOUS
IMPERTINENT, WITH THE DREADFUL BATTLE BE-
TWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND CERTAIN WINE-SKINS.

THERE remained but little more of the novel to be read, when from the room, where Don Quixote lay, Sancho Panza came running out all in a fright, crying aloud: "Run, Sirs, quickly, and succour my master, who is over head and ears in the toughest and closest battle my eyes have ever beheld. As God shall save me, he has given the giant, that enemy of the Princess Micomicona, such a stroke, that he has cut off his head close to his shoulders, as if it had been a turnip."—"What say you, brother?" cried the Priest, leaving off reading the remainder of the novel. "Are you in your senses, Sancho? How the devil can this be, since the giant is two thousand leagues off?" At that instant they heard a





A. Smith A. jr.

Don Quixote breaking the wine skins.

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great noise in the room, and Don Quixote calling aloud, "Stay, cowardly thief, robber, rogue; for here I have you, and your scimitar shall avail you nothing." And it seemed as if he gave several hacks and slashes against the walls. "Do not stand listening," quoth Sancho; "but go in and part the fray, or aid my master: though by this time there will be no occasion; for doubtless the giant is already dead, and giving an account to God of his past wicked life; for I saw the blood run about the floor, and the head cut off, and fallen on one side, and as big as a great wine-skin."—"I will be hanged," quoth the innkeeper at this juncture, "if Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not given a gash to some of the wine-skins, that stand at his bed's head, and the wine he has let out must be what this honest fellow takes for blood:" and so saying, he went into the room, and the whole company after him; and they found Don Quixote in the strangest situation in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not quite long enough before to cover his thighs, and was six inches shorter behind: his legs were very long and lean, full of hair, and not over-clean: he had on his head a little red cap, somewhat greasy, which belonged to the innkeeper. About his left arm he had twisted the blanket (to which Sancho owed a grudge, and he very well knew why), and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying

about him on all sides, and uttering words as if he had really been fighting with some giant: and the best of it was, his eyes were shut; for he was asleep, and dreaming, that he was engaged in battle with the giant: for his imagination was so taken up with the adventure he had undertaken, that it made him dream, he was already arrived at the kingdom of Micomicon, and engaged in fight with his enemy; and, fancying he was cleaving the giant down, he had given the skins so many cuts, that the whole room was afloat with wine. The innkeeper perceiving it, fell into such a rage, that he set upon Don Quixote, and, with his clenched fists, began to give him so many cuffs, that, if Cardenio and the Priest had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor gentleman did not awake, until the Barber brought a large bucket of cold water from the well, and soused it all over his body at a dash; Don Quixote awoke, but not so thoroughly as to be sensible of the pickle he was in. Dorothea, perceiving how scantily and airily he was arrayed, would not go in to see the fight between her champion and her adversary. Sancho was searching all about the floor for the head of the giant; and not finding it, he said: "Well, I see plainly, that every thing about this house is enchantment: for, the time before, in this very same place, where I now am,

I had several punches and thumps given me, without knowing from whence they came, or seeing any body: and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, and the blood spouting from the body like any fountain."—"What blood, and what fountain, thou enemy to God and his saints?" said the innkeeper. "Dost thou not see, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins pierced and ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? I wish I may see his soul floating in hell, that pierced them!"—"I know nothing," said Sancho; "only that I should be so unfortunate, that for want of finding this head, my earldom will melt away like salt in water." Now Sancho awake, was more mad than his master asleep; so besotted was he with the promises he had made him. The innkeeper lost all patience to see the squire's phlegm, and the Knight's wicked handy-work; and he swore they should not escape, as they did the time before, without paying; and that, this bout, the privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him from discharging both reckonings, even to the patches of the torn skins.

The Priest held Don Quixote by the hands; who, imagining he had finished the adventure²¹, and that he was in the presence of the Princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before the Priest, and said: "High and renowned Lady, well may

your Grandeur, from this day forward, live more secure, now this ill-born creature can do you no hurt: and I also, from this day forward, am freed from the promise I gave you, since, by the assistance of the most high God, and through the favour of her, by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished it.”—“ Did not I tell you so?” quoth Sancho, hearing this; “ so that I was not drunk: see, if my Master has not already put the giant in pickle: here are the bulls²²; my earldom is safe.” Who could forbear laughing at the absurdities of both master and man? They all laughed, except the innkeeper, who cursed himself to the devil. But, at length, the Barber, Cardenio, and the Priest, with much ado, threw Don Quixote on the bed; who fell fast asleep, with signs of very great fatigue. They left him to sleep on, and went out to the inn-door, to comfort Sancho for not finding the giant’s head: though they had most to do to pacify the innkeeper, who was out of his wits for the murder of his wine-skins. The hostess muttered, and said: “ In an unlucky minute, and in an evil hour, came this Knight-errant into my house: Oh that my eyes had never seen him! He has been a dear guest to me. The last time, he went away with a night’s reckoning, for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself, and for his squire, for a horse and an ass, telling us, forsooth, that he was a Knight-adventurer! Evil

adventures befall him, and all the adventurers in the world! And therefore he said, he was not obliged to pay any thing; for so it was written in the registers of Knight-errantry: and now again, on his account too, comes this other gentleman, and carries off my tail, and returns it me with two-penny worth of damage, all the hair off, so that it can serve no more for my husband's purpose. And, after all, to rip open my skins, and let out my wine! would I could see his blood so let out! But let him not think to escape; for, by the bones of my father, and the soul of my mother, they shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or may I never be called by my own name, nor be my own father's daughter." The hostess said all this, and more, in great wrath; and honest Maritornes, her maid, seconded her. The daughter held her peace, but now and then smiled. The Priest quieted all, promising to make them the best reparation he could for their loss, as well in the wine-skins as the wine, and especially for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so much. Dorothea comforted Sancho Panza, telling him, that whenever it should really appear, that his Master had cut off the giant's head, she promised, when she was peaceably seated on her throne, to bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. With this Sancho was comforted, and assured the Princess, she might depend upon it, that he had seen

the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle; and if it was not to be found, it was, because every thing passed in that house by way of enchantment, as he had experienced the last time he lodged there. Dorothea said she believed so, and bid him be in no pain; for all would be well, and succeed to his heart's desire. All being now pacified, the Priest had a mind to read the remainder of the novel; for he saw it wanted but little. Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest entreated him so to do; and he, willing to please all the company, and himself among the rest, went on with the story as follows.

“ Now so it was, that Anselmo, through the satisfaction he took in the supposed virtue of Camilla, lived with all the content and security in the world; and Camilla purposely looked shy on Lothario, that Anselmo might think she rather hated than loved him: and Lothario, for farther security in his affair, begged Anselmo to excuse his coming any more to his house, since it was plain, the sight of him gave Camilla great uneasiness. But the deceived Anselmo would by no means comply with his request: and thus, by a thousand different ways, he became the contriver of his own dishonour, while he thought he was so of his pleasure. As for Leonela, she was so pleased to find herself thus at liberty to follow her amour, that, without minding any thing else, she let loose the reins, and took her swing, being confident

that her lady would conceal it, and even put her in the most commodious way of carrying it on.

In short, one night, Anselmo perceived somebody walking in Leonela's chamber; and, being desirous to go in to know who it was, he found the door was held against him, which increased his desire of getting in; and he made such an effort, that he burst open the door, and, just as he entered, he saw a man leap down from the window into the street: and running hastily to stop him, or to see, who he was, he could do neither; for Leonela clung about him, crying; "Dear Sir, be calm, and be not so greatly disturbed, nor pursue the man, who leaped out: he belongs to me; in short, he is my husband." Anselmo would not believe Leonela, but blind with rage, drew his poniard, and offered to stab her, assuring her, that if she did not tell him the whole truth, he would kill her. She, with the fright, not knowing what she was saying, said: "Do not kill me, Sir, and I will tell you things of greater importance than any you can imagine."—"Tell me then quickly," said Anselmo, "or you are a dead woman."—"At present it is impossible," said Leonela, "I am in such confusion: let me alone until to-morrow morning, and then you shall know from me what will amaze you: in the mean time be assured, that the person, who jumped out of the window, is a young man of this city, who has given me a promise of marriage."

With this Anselmo was somewhat pacified, and was content to wait the time she desired, not dreaming he should hear any thing against Camilla, of whose virtue he was so satisfied and secure ; and so leaving the room, he locked Leonela in, telling her she should not stir from thence, until she had told him what she had to say to him. He went immediately to Camilla, and related to her all, that had passed with her waiting-woman, and the promise she had given him to acquaint him with things of the utmost importance. It is needless to say, whether Camilla was disturbed or not : so great was the consternation she was in, that verily believing, as indeed it was very likely, that Leonela would tell Anselmo all she knew of her disloyalty, she had not the courage to wait, until she saw, whether her suspicion was well or ill grounded : and that very night, when she found Anselmo was asleep, taking with her all her best jewels, and some money, without being perceived by any body, she left her house, and went to Lothario's, to whom she recounted what had passed, desiring him to conduct her to some place of safety, or to go off with her, where they might live secure from Anselmo. Camilla put Lothario into such confusion, that he knew not how to answer her a word, much less to resolve what was to be done. At length he bethought himself of carrying Camilla to a convent, the prioress of which was a sister of his. Camilla con-

sented, and Lothario conveyed her thither with all the haste the case required, and left her in the monastery; and he too presently left the city, without acquainting any body with his absence.

When it was daybreak, Anselmo, without missing Camilla from his side, so impatient was he to know what Leonela had to tell him, got up and went to the chamber, where he had left her locked in. He opened the door, and went in, but found no Leonela there: he only found the sheets tied to the window, an evident sign that by them she had slid down, and was gone off. He presently returned, full of concern, to acquaint Camilla with it; and, not finding her in bed, nor any where in the house, he stood astonished. He inquired of the servants for her, but no one could give him any tidings. It accidentally happened, as he was searching for Camilla, that he found her cabinet open, and most of her jewels gone; and this gave him the first suspicion of his disgrace, and that Leonela was not the cause of his misfortune. And so, just as he then was, but half dressed, he went sad and pensive, to give an account of his disaster to his friend Lothario: but not finding him, and his servants telling him, that their master went away that night, and took all the money he had with him, he was ready to run mad. And to complete all, when he came back to his house, he found not one of all his servants, man nor maid, but the house left alone

and deserted. He knew not what to think, say, or do, and, by little and little, his wits began to fail him. He considered, and saw himself, in an instant, deprived of wife, friend, and servants; abandoned, as he thought, by the Heaven that covered him, but above all, robbed of his honour, since in missing Camilla, he saw his own ruin. After some thought, he resolved to go to his friend's country-house, where he had been, when he gave the opportunity for plotting this unhappy business. He locked the doors of his house, got on horseback, and set forward with great oppression of spirits: and scarcely had he gone half way, when, overwhelmed by his melancholy thoughts, he was forced to alight, and tie his horse to a tree, at the foot of which he dropped down, breathing out bitter and mournful sighs, and stayed there until almost night; about which time he saw a man coming on horseback from the city; and having saluted him he inquired what news there was in Florence? "The strangest," replied the citizen, "that has been heard these many days: for it is publicly talked, that last night Lothario, that great friend of Anselmo the Rich, who lived at Saint John's, carried off Camilla, wife to Anselmo, and that he also is missing. All this was told by a maid-servant of Camilla's, whom the governor caught in the night letting herself down by a sheet from a window of Anselmo's house. In short, I do not know the particulars; all I know

is, that the whole town is in wonder at this accident ; for no one could have expected any such thing, considering the great friendship between them, which it is said was so remarkable, that they were styled the two friends."--" Pray, is it known," said Anselmo, " which way Lothario and Camilla have taken ?"—" It is not," replied the citizen, " though the governor has ordered diligent search to be made after them."—" God be with you," said Anselmo."—" And with you also," said the citizen, and went his way.

This dismal news reduced Anselmo almost to the loss not only of his wits, but his life. He got up as well as he could, and arrived at his friend's house, who had not yet heard of his misfortune ; but seeing him come in pale, spiritless, and faint, he concluded he was oppressed by some heavy affliction. Anselmo begged him to lead him immediately to a chamber, and to let him have pen, ink, and paper. They did so, and left him alone on the bed, locking the door, as he desired. And now, finding himself alone, he so overcharged his imagination with his misfortunes, that he plainly perceived he was drawing near his end ; and therefore resolved to leave behind him some account of the cause of his strange death : and beginning to write, before he had set down all he had intended, his breath failed him, and he yielded up his life into the hands of that sorrow, which was occasioned by his impertinent curiosity. The master of

the house, finding it grow late, and that Anselmo did not call, determined to go in to him, to know whether his indisposition increased, and found him with his face downward, half of his body in bed, and half leaning on the table, with the paper he had written open, and his hand still holding the pen. His friend, having first called to him, went and took him by the hand; and finding he did not answer him, and that he was cold, he perceived that he was dead. He was very much surprised and troubled, and called the family to be witnesses of the sad misfortune, that had befallen Anselmo: afterwards he read the paper, which he knew to be written with Anselmo's own hand, in which were these words.

ANSELMO'S PAPER.

“ A foolish and impertinent desire has deprived me of life. If the news of my death reaches Camilla's ears, let her know, I forgive her; for she was not obliged to do miracles, nor was I under a necessity of desiring she should: and, since I was the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why——”

Thus far Anselmo wrote; by which it appeared, that, at this point, without being able to finish the sentence, he gave up the ghost. The next day his friend sent his relations an account of his death, who had already heard of his misfortune, and of

Camilla's retiring to the convent, where she was almost in a condition of bearing her husband company in that inevitable journey; not through the news of his death, but of her lover's absenting himself. It is said, that, though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent, nor take the veil; until, not many days after, news being come of Lothario's having been killed in a battle, fought about that time between Monsieur de Lautrec, and the great captain Gonzalo Fernandez of Cordova, in the kingdom of Naples, whither the too-late repenting friend had made his retreat; she then took the religious habit, and soon after gave up her life into the rigorous hands of grief and melancholy. This was the end of them all: an end sprung from an extravagant rashness at the beginning."

"I like this novel very well," said the Priest; "but I cannot persuade myself it is a true story; and if it be a fiction, the author has erred against probability: for it cannot be imagined, there can be any husband so senseless, as to desire to make such a dangerous experiment as Anselmo did. Had this case been supposed between a gallant and his mistress, it might pass; but, between husband and wife, there is something impossible in it: however, I am not displeas'd with the manner of telling it."

CHAP. XXXVI.

WHICH TREATS OF OTHER UNCOMMON ACCIDENTS,
THAT HAPPENED AT THE INN.

WHILE these things passed, the host, who stood at the inn door, said: "Here comes a goodly company of guests: if they stop here, we shall sing *O be joyful*."—"What folks are they?" said Cardenio. "Four men," answered the host, "on horseback à la Gineta²³, with lances and targets, and black masks on their faces²⁴; and with them a woman on a side-saddle, dressed in white, and her face likewise covered; and two lads besides on foot."—"Are they near at hand?" demanded the Priest. "So near," replied the innkeeper, "that they are already at the door." Dorothea, hearing this, veiled her face; and Cardenio went into Don Quixote's chamber; and scarcely had they done so, when the persons, the host mentioned, entered the yard; and the four horsemen, who, by their appearance, seemed to be persons of distinction, having alighted, went to help down the lady, who came on the side-saddle: and one of them, taking her in his arms, set her down in a chair, which stood at the door of the room, into which Cardenio had withdrawn. In all this time, neither she, nor they, had taken off their masks,

or spoken one word : only the lady, at sitting down in the chair, fetched a deep sigh, and let fall her arms, like one sick, and ready to faint away. The servants on foot took the horses to the stable. The Priest, seeing all this, and desirous to know who they were in that odd guise, and that kept such silence, went where the lads were, and inquired of one of them ; who answered him : “ In truth, Signor, I cannot inform you, who these gentlefolks are ; I can only tell you, they must be people of considerable quality, especially he, who took the lady down in his arms : I say this, because all the rest pay him such respect, and do nothing but what he orders and directs.”—“ And the lady, pray, who is she ?” demanded the Priest. “ Neither can I tell that,” replied the lacquey ; “ for I have not once seen her face during the whole journey : I have indeed often heard her sigh, and utter such groans, that one would think any one of them enough to break her heart : and it is no wonder we know no more than what we have told you ; for it is not above two days since my comrade and I came to serve them : for, having met us upon the road, they asked and persuaded us to go with them as far as Andalusia, promising to pay us very well.”—“ And have you heard any of them called by their names ?” said the Priest. “ No, indeed,” answered the lad ; “ for they all travel with so much silence, that you would

wonder ; and you hear nothing among them but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, which move us to pity her ; and, whithersoever it is that she is going, we believe it must be against her will ; and, by what we can gather from her habit, she must be a nun, or going to be one, which seems most probable : and, perhaps, because the being one does not proceed from her choice, she goes thus heavily.”—“ Very likely,” said the Priest ; and, leaving them, he returned to the room, where he had left Dorothea : who, hearing the lady in the mask sigh, moved by a natural compassion, went to her, and said : “ What is the matter, dear Madam ? If it be any thing, that we women can assist you in, speak ; for, on my part, I am ready to serve you with great good-will.” To all this the afflicted lady returned no answer ; and, though Dorothea urged her still more, she persisted in her silence, until the cavalier in the mask, who, the servant said, was superior to the rest, came up, and said to Dorothea : “ Trouble not yourself, Madam, to offer any thing to this woman ; for it is her way not to be thankful for any service done her ; nor endeavour to get an answer from her, unless you would hear some lie from her mouth.”—“ No,” said she, who hitherto had held her peace ; “ on the contrary, it is for being so sincere, and so averse to lying and deceit, that I am now reduced to such hard fortune : and of this you may be a witness your-

self, since it is my truth alone, which makes you act so false and treacherous a part."

Cardenio heard these words plainly and distinctly, being very near her, who spoke them; for Don Quixote's chamber-door only was between; and as soon as he heard them, he cried out aloud: "Good God! what is this I hear? What voice is this, which has reached my ears?" The lady, all in surprise, turned her head at these exclamations; and, not seeing who uttered them, she got up, and was going into the room: which the cavalier perceiving, he stopped her, and would not suffer her to stir a step. With this perturbation, and her sudden rising, her mask fell off, and she discovered a beauty incomparable, and a countenance miraculous, though pale and full of horror: for she rolled her eyes round as far as she could see, examining every place with so much eagerness, that she seemed distracted; at which Dorothea, and the rest, without knowing why she did so, were moved to great compassion. The cavalier held her fast by the shoulders; and, his hands being thus employed, he could not keep on his mask, which was falling off, as indeed at last it did; and Dorothea, who had clasped the lady in her arms, lifting up her eyes, discovered, that the person, who also held her, was her husband, Don Fernando: and scarcely had she perceived it was he, when, fetching from the bottom of her heart a deep and

dismal "Oh!" she fell backward in a swoon; and had not the Barber, who stood close by, caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The Priest ran immediately, and took off her veil, to throw water in her face; and no sooner had he uncovered it, but Don Fernando, for it was he, who held the other in his arms, knew her, and stood like one dead at the sight of her; nevertheless, he did not let go Lucinda, who was the lady that was struggling so hard to get from him; for she knew Cardenio's voice in his exclamations, and he knew hers. Cardenio heard also the "Oh," which Dorothea gave, when she fainted away; and believing it came from his Lucinda, he ran out of the room in a fright, and the first he saw was Don Fernando holding Lucinda close in his arms. Don Fernando presently knew Cardenio; and all three, Lucinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea, were struck dumb, hardly knowing what had happened to them. They all stood silent, and gazing on one another, Dorothea on Don Fernando, Don Fernando on Cardenio, Cardenio on Lucinda, and Lucinda on Cardenio. But the first, that broke silence, was Lucinda, who addressed herself to Don Fernando in this manner: "Suffer me, Signor Don Fernando, as you are a gentleman, since you will not do it upon any other account, suffer me to cleave to that wall, of which I am the ivy; to that prop, from which

neither your importunities, your threats, your promises, nor your presents, were able to separate me. Observe, how Heaven, by unusual, and to us hidden, ways, has brought me into the presence of my true husband; and well you know, by a thousand dear-bought experiences, that death alone can efface him out of my memory. Then, since all farther attempts are vain, let this open declaration convert your love into rage, your good-will into revenge, and thereby put an end to my life; for if I lose it in the presence of my dear husband, I shall reckon it well disposed of; and perhaps my death may convince him of the fidelity I have preserved for him to my last moment."

By this time Dorothea was come to herself, and had listened to all that Lucinda said, by which she discovered, who she was: but, seeing that Don Fernando did not yet let her go from between his arms, nor make any answer to what she said, she got up as well as she could, and went and kneeled down at his feet, and, pouring forth an abundance of lovely and piteous tears, she began to say thus:

"If, my dear Lord, the rays of that sun, you hold now eclipsed between your arms, had not dazzled and obscured your eyes, you must have seen, that she, who lies prostrate at your feet, is the unhappy, so long as you are pleased to have it so, and unfortunate Dorothea. I am

that humble country girl, whom you, through goodness or love, deigned to raise to the honour of calling herself yours. I am she, who, confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life, until to the voice of your importunities, and seemingly sincere and real passion, she opened the gates of her reserve, and delivered up to you the keys of her liberty : a gift by you so ill requited, as appears by my being driven into the circumstances in which you find me, and forced to see you in the posture you are now in. Notwithstanding all this, I would not have you imagine, that I am brought hither by any dishonest motives, but only by those of grief and concern, to see myself neglected and forsaken by you. You would have me be yours, and would have it in such a manner, that though now you would not have it be so, it is not possible you should cease to be mine. Consider, my Lord, that the matchless affection I have for you may balance the beauty and nobility of her, for whom I am abandoned. You cannot be the fair Lucinda's, because you are mine ; nor can she be yours, because she is Cardenio's. And it is easier, if you take it right, to reduce your inclination to love her, who adores you, than to bring her to love, who abhors you. You importuned my indifference ; you solicited my integrity ; you were not ignorant of my condition ; you know very well in what manner I gave myself up entirely to your will ;

you have no room to pretend any deceit : and if this be so, as it really is, and if you are as much a Christian as a gentleman, why do you, by so many evasions, delay making me as happy at last, as you did at first ? And if you will not acknowledge me for what I am, your true and lawful wife, at least admit me for your slave ; for, so I be under your power, I shall account myself happy and very fortunate. Do not, by forsaking and abandoning me, give the world occasion to censure and disgrace me. Do not so sorely afflict my aged parents, whose constant and faithful services, as good vassals to yours, do not deserve it. And if you fancy your blood is debased by mixing it with mine, consider, there is little or no nobility in the world but what has run in the same channel, and that what is derived from women is not essential in illustrious descents : besides, true nobility consists in virtue ; and if you forfeit that by denying me what is so justly my due, I shall then remain with greater advantages of nobility than you. In short, Sir, I shall only add, that, whether you will or no, I am your wife : witness your words, which, if you value yourself on that account, on which you undervalue me, ought not to be false ; witness your hand-writing ; and witness Heaven, which you invoked to bear testimony to what you promised me. And though all this should fail, your conscience will not fail to whisper you in the midst

of your joys ; justifying this truth I have told you, and disturbing your greatest pleasures and satisfaction."

These and other reasons did the afflicted Dorothea urge so feelingly, and with so many tears, that all, who accompanied Don Fernando, and all, who were present besides, sympathized with her. Don Fernando listened to her without answering a word, until she had put an end to what she had to say, and began to lament so bitterly, that it must have been a heart of brass, which the signs of so much sorrow could not soften. Lucinda gazed at her, with no less pity for her affliction, than admiration at her wit and beauty : and, though she had a mind to go to her, and endeavour to comfort her, she was prevented by Don Fernando's still holding her fast in his arms : who, full of confusion and astonishment, after he had attentively beheld Dorothea for a good while, opened his arms, and, leaving Lucinda free, said : " You have conquered, fair Dorothea ; you have conquered ; for there is no withstanding so many united truths."

Lucinda was so faint, when Don Fernando let her go, that she was just falling to the ground. But Cardenio, who was near her, and had placed himself behind Don Fernando, that he might not know him, now laying aside all fear, and at all adventures, ran to support Lucinda ;

and, catching her between his arms, he said : “ If it pleases pitying Heaven, that now at last you should have some rest, my dear, faithful, and constant Mistress, I believe you can find it no where more secure than in these arms, which now receive you, and did receive you heretofore, when fortune was pleased to allow me to call you mine.” At these expressions Lucinda fixed her eyes on Cardenio : and having begun first to know him by his voice, and being now assured by sight, that it was he, she was almost beside herself, and without any regard to the forms of decency, and throwing her arms about his neck, and joining her face to his, she said to him : “ You, my dear Cardenio, you are the true owner of this your slave, though fortune were yet more adverse, and though my life, which depends upon yours, were threatened yet more than it is.”

This was a strange sight to Don Fernando, and all the bystanders, who were astonished at so unexpected an event. Dorothea fancied, that Don Fernando changed colour, and looked as if he had a mind to revenge himself on Cardenio ; for she saw him put his hand toward his sword ; and no sooner did she perceive it, but she ran immediately, and, embracing his knees, and kissing them, she held him so fast, that he could not stir ; and, her tears trickling down without intermission, she said to him : “ What is it you intend to do, my only refuge, in this unexpected

crisis? You have your wife at your feet, and she, whom you would have to be yours, is in the arms of her own husband: consider, whether it be fit or possible for you to undo what Heaven has done, or whether it will become you to raise her to an equality with yourself, who, regardless of all obstacles, and confirmed in her truth and constancy, is bathing the bosom of her true husband, before your face, with the tears of love flowing from her eyes. For God's sake, and your own character, I beseech you, that this public declaration, so far from increasing your wrath, may appease it, and that these two lovers may be permitted, without any impediment from you, to live together in peace all the time Heaven shall be pleased to allot them: and by this you will show the generosity of your noble and illustrious breast, and the world will see, that reason sways more with you than appetite."

While Dorothea was saying this, Cardenio, though he held Lucinda between his arms, kept his eyes fixed on Don Fernando, with a resolution, if he saw him make any motion towards assaulting him, to endeavour to defend himself, and also to act offensively, as well as he could, against all, who should take part against him, though it should cost him his life. But now Don Fernando's friends, together with the Priest and the Barber, who were present all the while, not omitting honest Sancho Panza, ran, and sur-

rounded Don Fernando, entreating him to have regard to Dorothea's tears ; and, as they verily believed she had said nothing but what was true, they begged of him, that he would not suffer her to be disappointed in her just expectations. They desired he would consider, that, not by chance, as it seemed, but by the particular providence of Heaven, they had all met in a place, where one would have least imagined they should ; and the Priest put him in mind, that nothing but death could part Lucinda from Cardenio, and that, though they should be severed by the edge of the sword, they would account their deaths most happy : and that, in a case, which could not be remedied, the highest wisdom would be, by forcing and overcoming himself, to show a greatness of mind, in suffering this couple, by his mere good-will, to enjoy that happiness, which Heaven had already granted them. He desired him, also, to turn his eyes on the beauty of Dorothea, and see how few, if any, could equal, much less exceed her ; and that to her beauty he would add her humility, and the extreme love she had for him : but especially that he would remember, that, if he valued himself on being a gentleman, and a Christian, he could do no less than perform the promise he had given her, and that, in so doing, he would please God, and do what was right in the eyes of all wise men, who know and understand, that it is the prerogative

of beauty, though in a mean subject, if it be accompanied with modesty, to be able to raise and equal itself to any height, without any disparagement to him, who raises and makes it equal to himself: and that, in complying with the strong dictates of appetite, there is nothing blameworthy, provided there be no sin in the action. In short, to these they all added such and so many powerful arguments, that the generous heart of Don Fernando being nourished with noble blood, was softened, and suffered itself to be overcome by that truth, which, if he had had a mind, he could not have resisted: and the proof he gave of surrendering himself, and submitting to what was proposed, was, to stoop down, and embrace Dorothea, saying to her: " Rise, dear Madam; for it is not fit she should kneel at my feet, who is mistress of my soul: and if hitherto I have given no proof of what I say, perhaps it has been so ordered by Heaven, that, by finding in you the constancy of your affection to me, I may know how to esteem you as you deserve. What I beg of you, is, not to reproach me with my past unkind behaviour and great neglect of you: for the very same cause and motive, that induced me to take you for mine, influenced me to endeavour not to be yours; and, to show you the truth of what I say, turn and behold the eyes of the now satisfied Lucinda, and in them you will see an excuse for all my

errors : and since she has found and attained to what she desired, and I have found in you all I want, let her live secure and contented many happy years with her Cardenio ; and I will beseech Heaven, that I may do the like with my dear Dorothea." And saying this, he embraced her again, and joined his face to hers, with such tenderness of passion, that he had much ado to prevent his tears from giving undoubted signs of his love and repentance. It was not so with Lucinda and Cardenio, and almost all the rest of the company present ; for they began to shed so many tears, some for joy on their own account, and some on the account of others, that one would have thought some heavy and dismal disaster had befallen them all. Even Sancho Panza wept, though he owned afterwards, that, for his part, he wept only to see, that Dorothea was not, as he imagined, the Queen Micomicona, from whom he expected so many favours.

Their joint wonder and weeping lasted for some time ; and then Cardenio and Lucinda went, and kneeled before Don Fernando, thanking him for the favour he had done them, in such terms of respect, that Don Fernando knew not what to answer : and so he raised them up, and embraced them with much courtesy and many demonstrations of affection. Then he desired Dorothea to tell him how she came to that place so far from home ? She related, in few and discreet words,

all she had before told Cardenio; with which Don Fernando and his company were so pleased, that they wished the story had lasted much longer, such was the grace with which Dorothea recounted her misfortunes. And when she had made an end, Don Fernando related what had befallen him in the city, after his finding the paper in Lucinda's bosom, wherein she declared that she was wife to Cardenio, and could not be his. He said, that he had a mind to have killed her, and should have done it, if her parents had not hindered him; upon which he left the house, enraged and ashamed, with a resolution of revenging himself at a more convenient time; that, the following day, he heard that Lucinda was missing from her father's house, without any body's knowing, whither she was gone; in short, that, at the end of some months, he came to know, that she was in a convent, purposing to remain there all her days, unless she could spend them with Cardenio; and that, as soon as he knew it, choosing those three gentlemen for his companions, he went to the place, where she was, but did not speak to her, fearing, if she knew he was there, the monastery would be better guarded; and so waiting for a day, when the porter's lodge was open, he left two to secure the door, and he with the other entered into the convent in search of Lucinda, whom they found in the cloisters talking to a nun; and snatching her away, with-

out giving her time for any thing, they came with her to a place, where they accommodated themselves with whatever was needful for the carrying her off: all which they could very safely do, as the monastery was in the fields, and a good way from the town. He said, that, when Lucinda saw herself in his power, she swooned away, and that, when she came to herself, she did nothing but weep, and sigh, without speaking one word: and that in this manner, accompanied with silence and tears, they arrived at that inn, which to him was arriving at Heaven, where all earthly misfortunes have an end.

CHAP. XXXVII.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS
INFANTA MICOMICONA, WITH OTHER PLEASANT AD-
VENTURES.

SANCHO heard all this with no small grief of mind, because he saw the hope of his preferment disappearing and vanishing into smoke; and that the fair Princess Micomicona was turned into Dorothea, and the giant into Don Fernando, while his master lay in a sound sleep, without troubling his head about what passed. Dorothea could not be sure, whether the happiness she enjoyed was not a dream. Cardenio was in the same doubt; and Lucinda knew not what to think.

Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for the blessing bestowed on him, in bringing him out of that perplexed labyrinth, in which he was upon the brink of losing his honour and his soul. In short, all that were in the inn were pleased at the happy conclusion of such intricate and hopeless affairs. The Priest, like a man of sense, placed every thing in its true light, and congratulated every one upon their share of the good, that had befallen them. But she, who rejoiced most, and was most delighted, was the hostess; Cardenio and the Priest having promised to pay her with interest for all the damages sustained upon Don Quixote's account. Sancho, as has been said, was the only afflicted, unhappy, and sorrowful person: and so, with dismal looks, he went in to his master, who was then awake, to whom he said: "Your Worship may very well sleep your fill, Signor Sorrowful Figure, without troubling yourself about killing any giant, or restoring the Princess to her kingdom; for all is done and over already."—"I verily believe it," answered Don Quixote; "for I have had the most monstrous and dreadful battle with the giant, that, I believe, I shall ever have in all the days of my life; and with one back-stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed from it, that the streams ran along the ground, as if it had been water."—"As if it had been red wine, your Worship might better

say," answered Sancho: "for I would have you to know, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a pierced skin; and the blood eighteen gallons of red wine contained in its belly: and the head cut off is—the whore that bore me, and the devil take all for me."—"What is it you say, fool?" replied Don Quixote; "are you in your senses?"—"Pray, get up, Sir," quoth Sancho, "and you will see what a fine spot of work you have made, and what a reckoning we have to pay; and you will see the Queen converted into a private lady called Dorothea, with other accidents, which, if you take them right, will astonish you."—"I shall wonder at nothing of all this," replied Don Quixote; "for, if you remember well, the last time we were here, I told you, that all things in this place went by enchantment, and it would be no wonder, if it should be so now."—"I should believe so too," answered Sancho, "if my being tossed in the blanket had been a matter of this nature: but it was downright real and true; and I saw the innkeeper, who was here this very day, holding a corner of the blanket, and canting me towards Heaven with notable alacrity and vigour, and with as much laughter as force; and where it happens, that we know persons, in my opinion, though simple and a sinner, there is no enchantment at all, but much misuseage and much mishap."—

“ Well, God will remedy it,” said Don Quixote; “ give me my clothes, that I may go and see the accidents and transformations, you talk of.”

Sancho reached him his apparel; and, while he was dressing, the Priest gave Don Fernando and the rest an account of Don Quixote's madness, and of the artifice they had made use of to get him from the barren rock, to which he imagined himself banished, through his lady's disdain. He related also to them almost all the adventures, which Sancho had recounted; at which they wondered and laughed not a little, thinking, as every body did, that it was the strangest kind of madness, that ever entered into an extravagant imagination. The Priest said farther, that, since Dorothea's good fortune would not permit her to go on with their design, it was necessary to invent and find out some other way of getting him home to his village. Cardenio offered to assist in carrying on the project, and proposed, that Lucinda should personate Dorothea. “ No,” said Don Fernando, “ it must not be so; “ for I will have Dorothea herself go on with her contrivance: and as it is not far from hence to this good gentleman's village, I shall be glad to contribute to his cure.”—“ It is not above two days journey,” said the Priest. “ Though it were farther,” said Don Fernando, “ I would undertake it with pleasure, to accomplish so good a work.”

By this time Don Quixote sallied forth, completely armed with his whole furniture; Mambrino's helmet, though bruised and battered, on his head, his target braced on, and resting on his sapling or lance. The strange appearance he made greatly surprised Don Fernando and his company, especially when they perceived his tawny and withered lantern jaws, his ill-matched armour, and the stiffness of his measured pace; and they stood silent to hear what he would say, when, with much gravity and solemnity, fixing his eyes on the fair Dorothea, he said: "I am informed, fair Lady, by this, my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated, and your very being demolished, and that, from a Queen and great Lady, which you were wont to be, you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. If this has been done by order of the necromantic King your father, out of fear lest I should not afford you the necessary and due aid, I say, he neither knows, nor ever did know, one half of his trade, and that he is but little versed in histories of Knight-errantry: for had he read and considered them as attentively, and as much at his leisure, as I have read and considered them, he would have found at every turn, how other Knights, of a great deal less fame than myself, have achieved matters much more difficult, it being no such mighty business to kill a pitiful giant, be he never so arrogant: for not many hours are past, since I had a

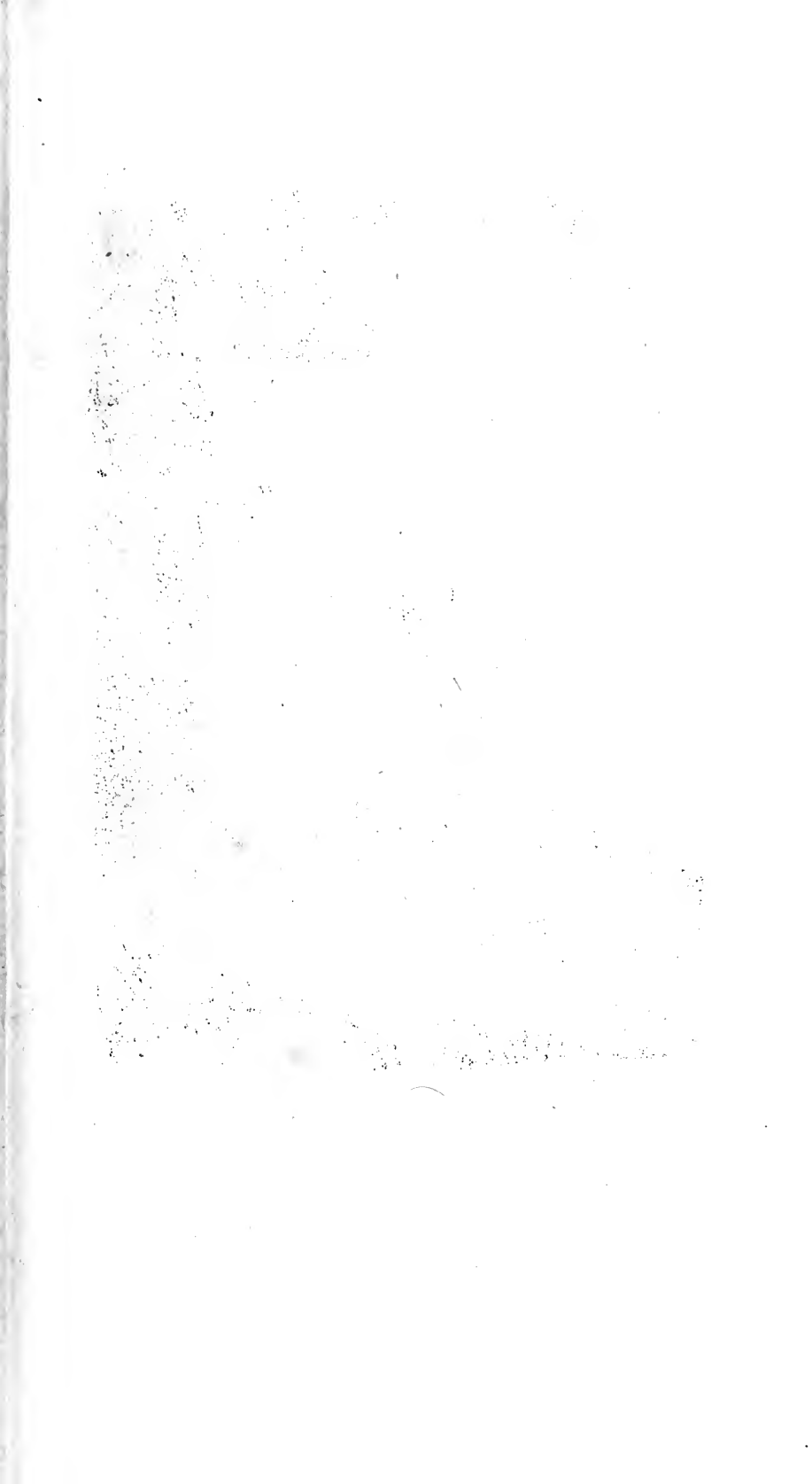
bout with one myself, and—I say no more, lest I should be thought to lie; but time, the revealer of all things, will tell it, when we least think of it.”—“It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant,” cried the innkeeper: but Don Fernando commanded him to hold his peace, and in no wise to interrupt Don Quixote’s discourse, who went on, saying: “In short, high and disinherited Lady, if, for the cause aforesaid, your father has made this metamorphosis in your person, I would have you give no heed to it at all: for there is no danger upon earth, through which my sword shall not force a way, and, by bringing down the head of your enemy to the ground, place the crown of your kingdom upon your own in a few days.”

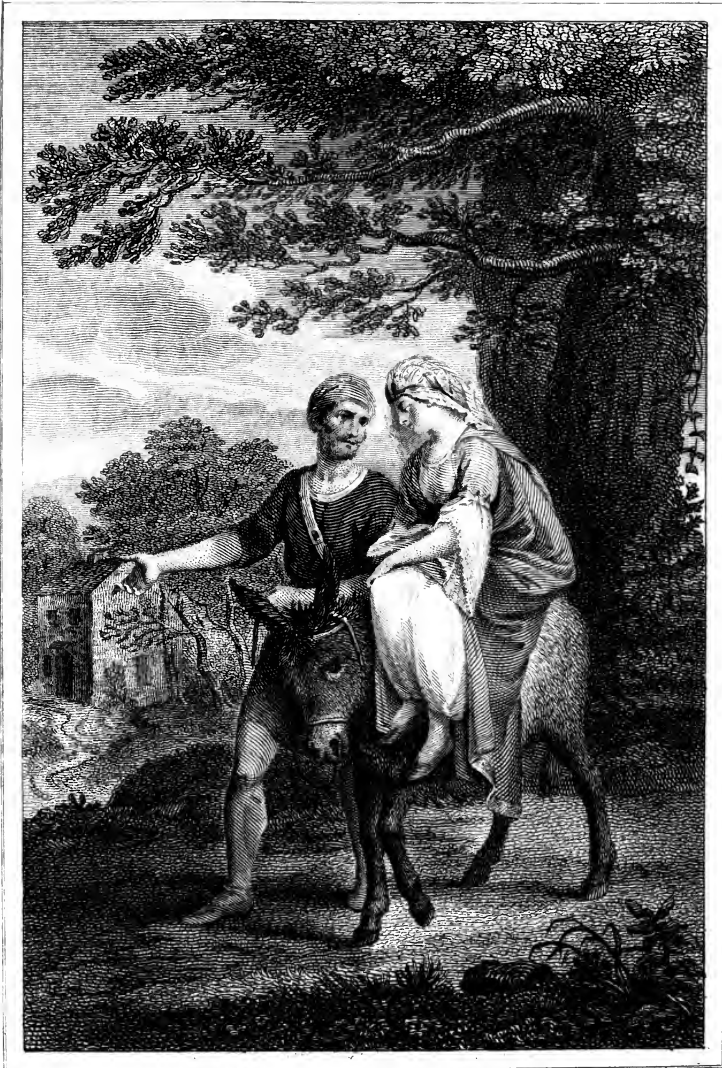
Don Quixote said no more, but awaited the Princess’s answer; who, knowing Don Fernando’s inclination, that she should carry on the deceit, until Don Quixote was brought home to his house, with much grace and gravity answered him: “Whoever told you, valorous Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that I was changed and altered from what I was, did not tell you the truth; for I am the same to-day that I was yesterday: it is true, indeed, some fortunate accidents, that have befallen me, to my heart’s desire, have made some alteration in me for the better: yet, for all that, I do not cease to be what I was before, and to have the same thoughts I always had

of employing the prowess of your redoubted and invincible arm. So that, dear Sir, of your accustomed bounty, restore to the father, who begot me, his honour, and esteem him to be a wise and prudent man, since by his skill he found out so easy and certain a way to remedy my misfortune: for I verily believe, had it not been for you, Sir, I should never have lighted on the happiness I now enjoy; and in this I speak the very truth, as most of these gentlemen here present can testify. What remains is, that to-morrow morning we set forward on our journey; for to-day we could not go far: and for the rest of the good success I expect, I refer it to God, and to the valour of your breast."

Thus spoke the discreet Dorothea, and Don Quixote, having heard her, turned to Sancho, and, with an air of much indignation, said to him: "I tell thee now, little Sancho, that thou art the greatest little rascal in all Spain: tell me, thief, vagabond; didst thou not say just now, that this Princess was transformed into a damsel called Dorothea; and that the head, which, as I take it, I lopped off from a giant, was the whore, that bore thee; with other absurdities, which put me into the greatest confusion I ever was in all the days of my life? I vow" (and here he looked up to Heaven, and gnashed his teeth) "I have a great mind to make such havock of thee, as shall put wit into the noddles of all the lying squires of

Knights-errant, that shall be from henceforward in the world.”—“ Pray, dear Sir, be pacified,” answered Sancho; “ for I may easily be mistaken as to the transformation of Madam the Princess Micomicona; but as to the giant’s head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and the blood’s being but red wine, I am not deceived, as God liveth: for the skins yonder at your Worship’s bed’s-head are cut and slashed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond; and if not, it will be seen in the frying of the eggs²⁵, I mean, you will find it, when his Worship Signor Inn-keeper here demands damages. As for the rest, I rejoice in my heart, that Madam the Queen is as she was; for I have my share in it, as every neighbour’s child has.”—“ I tell thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ thou art an ass; forgive me, that’s enough.”—“ It is enough,” said Don Fernando, “ and let no more be said of this; and since Madam the Princess says we must set forward in the morning, it being too late to-day, let us do so, and let us pass this night in agreeable conversation, until to-morrow, when we will all bear Signor Don Quixote company: for we desire to be eye-witnesses of the valorous and unheard-of deeds, which he is to perform in the progress of this grand enterprise, that he has undertaken.”—“ It is I, that am to wait upon you, and bear you company,” answered Don Quixote; “ and I am much obliged to you for the favour





Jones del.

Boyer Smith A. sc.

Loraïda and the Captive arriving at the Inn

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you do me, and the good opinion you have of me; which it shall be my endeavour not to disappoint, or it shall cost me my life, and even more, if more it could cost me."

Many compliments, and many offers of service, passed between Don Quixote and Don Fernando: but all was put a stop to by a traveller, that just then entered the inn; who by his garb seemed to be a Christian newly come from among the Moors; for he had on a blue cloth loose coat, with short skirts, half sleeves, and no collar: his breeches also were of blue cloth, and he wore a cap of the same colour: he had on a pair of date-coloured stockings, and a Moorish scimitar hung in a shoulder-belt, that came cross his breast. There came immediately after him a woman mounted on an ass in a Moorish dress, her face veiled, a brocade turban on her head, and covered with a mantle from her shoulders to her feet. The man was of a robust and agreeable make, a little above forty years old, of a brownish complexion, large whiskers, and a well-set beard: in short, his mien, if he had been well dressed, would have denoted him a person of quality and well born. At coming in, he asked for a room, and, being told there was none to spare at the inn, he seemed to be troubled, and going to the woman, who by her habit seemed to be a Moor, he took her down in his arms. Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter, and Mari-

tornes, gathered about the Moorish lady, on account of the novelty of her dress, the like of which they had never seen before : and Dorothea, who was always obliging, complaisant, and discreet, imagining that both she and her conductor were uneasy for want of a room, said to her : “ Be not much concerned, Madam, about proper accommodations ; it is what one must not expect to meet with at inns. And since it is so, if you please to take share with us” (pointing to Lucinda), “ perhaps, in the course of your journey, you may have met with worse entertainment.” The veiled lady returned no answer, but only, rising from her seat, and laying her hands across on her breast, bowed her head and body, in token that she thanked her. By her silence they concluded she must be a Moor, and could not speak the Christian language.

By this time her companion, who had hitherto been employed about something else, came in, and seeing, that they were all standing about the woman, who came with him, and that, whatever they said to her, she continued silent, he said : “ Ladies, this young woman understands scarcely any thing of our language, nor can she speak any other than that of her own country ; and this is the reason she has not answered to any thing, you may have asked her.”—“ Nothing has been asked her,” answered Lucinda, “ but only whether she would accept of our company for this night, and

take part of our lodging, where she shall be accommodated, and entertained, as well as the place will afford, and with that good will, which is due to all strangers, that are in need of it, and especially from us to her, as she is of our own sex."—"Dear Madam," answered the stranger, "I kiss your hands for her and myself, and highly prize, as I ought, the favour offered us, which, at such a time, and from such persons as you appear to be, must be owned to be very great."—"Pray tell me, Signor," said Dorothea, "is this lady a Christian or a Moor? For her habit and her silence make us think she is what we wish she were not."—"She is a Moor," answered the stranger, "in her attire and in her body; but, in her soul, she is already very much a Christian, having a very strong desire to become one."—"She is not yet baptized then?" added Lucinda. "There has been no time for that yet," answered the stranger, "since she left Algiers, her native country and place of abode, and she has not hitherto been in any danger of death so imminent, as to make it necessary to have her baptized, before she be instructed in all the ceremonies our holy Mother the Church enjoins; but I hope, if it please God, she shall soon be baptized, with the decency becoming her quality, which is above what either her habit or mine seem to denote."

This discourse gave all, who heard him, a de-

sire to know, who the Moor and the stranger were: but nobody would ask them just then, seeing it was more proper, at that time, to let them take some rest, than to be inquiring into their lives. Dorothea took her by the hand, and led her to sit down by her, desiring her to uncover her face. She looked at the stranger, as if she asked him what they said, and what she should do. He told her in Arabic, that they desired she would uncover her face, and that he would have her do so: accordingly she did, and discovered a face so beautiful, that Dorothea thought her handsomer than Lucinda, and Lucinda than Dorothea; and all the bystanders saw, that, if any beauty could be compared with theirs, it must be that of the Moor; nay, some of them thought, she surpassed them in some things. And as beauty has the prerogative and power to reconcile minds, and attract inclinations, they all presently fell to caressing and making much of the beautiful Moor. Don Fernando asked of the stranger the Moor's name, who answered, Lela Zoraida; and as soon as she heard this, understanding what they had inquired of the Christian, she said hastily, with a sprightly but concerned air, "No, not Zoraida; Maria, Maria;" letting them know her name was Maria, and not Zoraida. These words, and the great earnestness with which she pronounced them, extorted more than one tear from those, who heard

her; especially from the women, who are naturally tender-hearted and compassionate. Lucinda embraced her very affectionately, saying to her: "Yes, yes, Maria, Maria;" to whom the Moor answered: "Yes, yes, Maria, Zoraida macange:" as much as to say, not Zoraida.

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and, by order of Don Fernando and his company, the innkeeper had taken care to provide a collation for them, the best it was possible for him to get; which being now ready, they all sat down at a long table, like those in halls, there being neither a round, nor a square one, in the house. They gave the upper end and principal seat, though he would have declined it, to Don Quixote, who would needs have the Lady Micomicona sit next him, as being her champion. Then sat down Lucinda and Zoraida, and opposite to them Don Fernando and Cardenio, and then the stranger and the rest of the gentlemen; and next to the ladies sat the Priest and the Barber: and thus they banqueted much to their satisfaction; and it gave them an additional pleasure to hear Don Quixote, who, moved by such another spirit, as that which had moved him to talk so much, when he supped with the goatherds, instead of eating, spoke as follows:

"In truth, Gentlemen, if it be well considered, great and unheard-of things do they see, who profess the order of Knight-errantry. If

any one thinks otherwise, let me ask him, what man living, that should now enter at this castle-gate, and see us sitting in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are? Who could say, that this Lady, sitting here by my side, is that great Queen that we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame? There is no doubt, but that this art and profession exceeds all, that have been ever invented by men; and so much the more honourable is it, by how much it is exposed to more dangers. Away with those who say, that letters have the advantage over arms: I will tell them, be they who they will, that they know not what they say. For the reason they usually give, and which they lay the greatest stress upon, is, that the labours of the brain exceed those of the body, and that arms are exercised by the body alone; as if the use of them were the business of porters, for which nothing is necessary but downright strength; or as if in this, which we, who profess it, call chivalry, were not included the acts of fortitude, which require a very good understanding to execute them; or as if the mind of the warrior, who has an army, or the defence of a besieged city, committed to his charge, does not labour with his understanding as well as his body. If not, let us see how, by mere bodily strength, he will be able to penetrate into the de-

signs of the enemy, to form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent dangers which threaten : for all these things are acts of the understanding, in which the body has no share at all. It being so then, that arms employ the mind as well as letters, let us next see whose mind labours most, the scholar's, or the warrior's. And this may be determined by the scope and ultimate end of each : for that intention is to be the most esteemed, which has the noblest end for its object. Now the end and design of letters (I do not now speak of divinity, which has for its aim the raising and conducting souls to Heaven; for to an end so endless as this no other can be compared), I speak of human learning, whose end, I say, is to regulate distributive justice, and give to every man his due; to know good laws, and cause them to be strictly observed; an end most certainly generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation; but not equal to that, which is annexed to the profession of arms, whose object and end is peace, the greatest blessing men can wish for in this life. Accordingly, the first good news the world and men received, was what the angels brought, on that night which was our day, when they sung in the clouds, *Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace and good-will towards men:* and the salutation, which the best Master of earth or Heaven taught his followers and disciples, was, that, when they en-

tered into any house, they should say, *Peace be to this house*: and many other times he said; *My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you, peace be amongst you*. A jewel and legacy, worthy of coming from such a hand! A jewel, without which there can be no happiness either in earth or in Heaven! This peace is the true end of war; for to say arms or war is the same thing. Granting therefore this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end proposed by letters, let us come now to the bodily labours of the scholar, and to those of the professor of arms; and let us see, which are the greatest."

Don Quixote went on with his discourse, in such a manner, and in such proper expressions, that none of those, who heard him at that time, could take him for a madman. On the contrary, most of his hearers being gentlemen, to whom the use of arms properly belongs, they listened to him with pleasure, and he continued, saying:

"I say then, that the hardships of the scholar are these: in the first place, poverty: not that they are all poor, but I would put the case in the strongest manner possible: and when I have said, that he endures poverty, methinks no more need be said to show his misery; for he, who is poor, is destitute of every good thing: he endures poverty in all its parts, sometimes in hunger and cold, sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in

all these together. Notwithstanding all this, it is not so great, but that still he eats, though somewhat later than usual, either of the rich man's scraps and leavings, or, which is the scholar's greatest misery, by what is called among them going a-sopping. Neither do they always want a fire-side or chimney-corner of some other person, which, if it does not quite warm them, at least abates their extreme cold: and lastly, at night, they sleep somewhere under cover. I will not mention other trifles, such as want of shirts, and no plenty of shoes, the thinness and threadbareness of their clothes, nor that laying about them with so much eagerness and pleasure, when good fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. By the way, that I have described, rough and difficult, here stumbling, there falling, now rising, then falling again, they arrive to the degree they desire; which being attained, we have seen many who, having passed these Syrtes, these Scyllas, these Charybdis's, buoyed up as it were by favourable fortune; I say, we have seen them from a chair command and govern the world; their hunger converted into satiety, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidery, and their sleeping on a mat to reposing in holland and damask: a reward justly merited by their virtue. But their hardships, opposed to and compared with those of the warrior, fall far short of them, as I shall presently show."

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE CONTINUATION OF DON QUIXOTE'S CURIOUS DIS-
COURSE UPON ARMS AND LETTERS.

DON Quixote, continuing his discourse, said :
“ Since, in speaking of the scholar, we began
with his poverty, and its several branches, let us
see, whether the soldier be richer. And we shall
find, that poverty itself is not poorer : for he
depends on his wretched pay, which comes late,
or perhaps never ; or else on what he can pilfer,
with great peril of his life and conscience. And
sometimes his nakedness is such, that his slashed
buff-doublet serves him both for finery and shirt ;
and in the midst of winter, being in the open
field, he has nothing to warm him but the breath
of his mouth, which, issuing from an empty
place, must needs come out cold, against all the
rules of nature. But let us wait until night, and
see whether his bed will make amends for these
inconveniences : and that, if it be not his own
fault, will never offend in point of narrowness ;
for he may measure out as many feet of earth as
he pleases, and roll himself upon it at pleasure
without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose now
the day and hour come of taking the degree of
his profession ; I say, suppose the day of battle
come ; and then his doctorial cap will be of lint,
to cure some wound made by a musket-shot,
which, perhaps, has gone through his temples, or

lamed him in the leg or the arm. And though this should not happen, but merciful Heaven should keep and preserve him alive and unhurt, he will remain, perhaps, in the same poverty as before; and there must happen a second and a third engagement, and battle after battle, and he must come off victor from them all, to get any thing considerable by it. But these miracles are seldom seen. And tell me, Gentlemen, if you have observed it, how much fewer are they, who are rewarded for their services in war, than those, who have perished in it? Doubtless, you must answer, that there is no comparison between the numbers; that the dead cannot be reckoned up, whereas those, who live and are rewarded, may be numbered with three figures. All this is quite otherwise with scholars, who from the gown (I am loth to say the sleeves²⁶) are all handsomely provided for. Thus, though the hardships of the soldier are greater, his reward is less. But to this it may be answered, that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars, than thirty thousand soldiers; for the former are rewarded by giving them employments, which must of course be given to men of their profession; whereas the latter cannot be rewarded but with the very property of the master, whom they serve: and this impossibility serves to strengthen my assertion.

“But, setting aside this, which is a very intricate point, let us turn to the pre-eminence of arms over

letters ; a controversy hitherto undecided, so strong are the reasons, which each party alleges on its own side : for, besides those I have already mentioned, letters say, that, without them, arms could not subsist : for war also has its laws, to which it is subject, and laws are the province of letters, and learned men. To this arms answer, that laws cannot be supported without them : for by arms republics are defended, kingdoms are preserved, cities are guarded, highways are secured, and the seas are cleared from corsairs and pirates ; in short, were it not for them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journies by land and voyages by sea, would be subject to the cruelties and confusion, which war carries along with it, while it lasts, and is at liberty to make use of its privileges and its power. Besides, it is past dispute, that what costs most the attaining, is, and ought to be, most esteemed. Now, in order to arrive at a degree of eminence in learning, it costs time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the head, weakness of the stomach, and other similar inconveniences, as I have already mentioned in part. But for a man to rise gradually to be a good soldier, costs him all it can cost the scholar, and that in so much a greater degree, that there is no comparison, since at every step he is in imminent danger of his life. And what dread of necessity and poverty can affect or distress a scholar, equal to that, which a sol-

dier feels, who, being besieged in some fortress, and placed as a centinel in some ravelin or cavalier²⁷, perceives that the enemy is mining toward the place, where he stands, and yet must on no account stir from his post, or shun the danger, that so nearly threatens him? All that he can do, in such a case, is, to give notice to his officer of what passes, that he may remedy it by some countermine, and, in the mean time, he must stand his ground, fearing and expecting when of a sudden he is to mount to the clouds without wings, and then descend headlong to the deep against his will. And if this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see, whether it be equalled or exceeded by the encounter of two gallies, prow to prow, in the midst of the wide sea; which being locked and grappled together, there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the beakhead: and though he sees as many threatening ministers of death before him, as there are pieces of artillery and small arms pointed at him from the opposite side, not the length of a lance from his body; and though he knows, that the first slip of his foot will send him to visit the profound depths of Neptune's bosom; notwithstanding all this, with an undaunted heart, carried on by honour, that inspires him, he exposes himself as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours, by that narrow pass, to force his way into the enemy's vessel: and what

is most to be admired, is, that scarcely is one fallen, whence he cannot arise until the end of the world, when another takes his place; and if he also falls into the sea, which lies in wait for him like an enemy, another and another succeeds without any intermission between their deaths; an instance of bravery and intrepidity the greatest that is to be met with in all the extremities of war. A blessing on those happy ages, strangers to the dreadful fury of those devilish instruments of artillery, whose inventor, I verily believe, is now in hell receiving the reward of his diabolical invention; by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the bravest cavalier, and to which is owing, that, without knowing how, or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery, which inflames and animates gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one, who, perhaps, fled and was frightened at the very flash in the pan, and in an instant cuts short, and puts an end to the thoughts and life of him, who deserved to have lived for many ages. And therefore, when I consider this, I could almost say, I repent of having undertaken this profession of Knight-errantry, in so detestable an age as this, in which we live; for though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern, to think that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and re-

nowned, by the valour of my arm and edge of my sword, over the face of the whole earth. But Heaven's will be done : I have this satisfaction, that I shall acquire so much the greater fame, if I succeed, in proportion as the perils, to which I expose myself, are greater than those, to which the Knights-errant of past ages were exposed."

Don Quixote made this long harangue, while the rest were eating, forgetting to reach a bit to his mouth, though Sancho Panza ever and anon desired him to mind his victuals, telling him, he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased. Those, who heard him, were moved with fresh compassion, to see a man who, to every body's thinking, had so good an understanding, and could talk so well upon every other subject, so egregiously want it, whenever the discourse happened to turn upon his unlucky and cursed chivalry. The Priest told him, there was great reason in all he had said in favour of arms, and that he, though a scholar and a graduate, was of his opinion.

The collation being over, and the cloth taken away, while the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes were preparing the chamber, where Don Quixote de la Mancha lay, in which it was ordered, that the ladies should be lodged by themselves that night, Don Fernando desired the stranger to relate to them the history of his life, since it could not but be extraordinary and entertaining,

if they might judge by his coming in company with Zoraida. To which the stranger answered, that he would very willingly do what they desired, and that he only feared the story would not prove such as might afford them the pleasure he wished; however, rather than not comply with their request, he would relate it. The Priest and all the rest thanked him, and entreated him to begin. And he, finding himself courted by so many, said: "There is no need of entreaties, Gentlemen, where you may command; and therefore, pray, be attentive, and you will hear a true story, not to be equalled, perhaps, by any feigned ones, though usually composed with the most curious and studied art." What he said made all the company seat themselves in order, and observe a strict silence; and he, finding they held their peace, expecting what he would say, with an agreeable and composed voice, began as follows:

CHAP. XXXVIII.

WHEREIN THE CAPTIVE RELATES HIS LIFE AND
ADVENTURES.

"**I**N a certain town in the mountains of Leon, my lineage had its beginning; to which nature was more kind and liberal than fortune: though, amidst the penury of those parts, my father passed for a rich man, and really would have been such, had he had the art of saving, as he had of squan-

dering, his estate. This disposition of his to prodigality and profusion proceeded from his having been a soldier in his younger days; for the army is a school, in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous prodigal; and if there are some soldiers misers, they are a kind of monsters, but very rarely seen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered near upon being prodigal: a thing very inconvenient to married men, who have children to inherit their name and quality. My father had three sons, all men, and of age to choose their way of life: and seeing, as he himself said, that he could not bridle his natural propensity, he resolved to deprive himself of the means, that made him a prodigal and a spendthrift, and this was to rid himself of his riches, without which Alexander himself could not be generous. Accordingly, one day, calling us all three into a room by ourselves, he spoke to us in this or a similar manner:

“ ‘ My Sons, to tell you, that I love you, it is sufficient that I say, you are my children; and to make you think, that I do not love you, it is sufficient, that I am not master enough of myself to forbear dissipating your inheritance. But, that from henceforth you may see, that I love you like a father, and have no mind to ruin you like a step-father, I design to do a thing by you, which I have had in my thoughts this good while,

and weighed with mature deliberation. You are all now of an age to choose for yourselves a settlement in the world, or at least to pitch upon some way of life, which may be for your honour and profit, when you are grown up. Now, what I have resolved upon, is, to divide what I possess into four parts: three I will give to you, share and share alike, without making any difference; and the fourth I will reserve to subsist upon for the remaining days of my life. But when each has the share that belongs to him in his own power, I would have him follow one of these ways I shall propose. We have a proverb here in Spain, in my opinion a very true one, as most proverbs are, being short sentences, drawn from long and wise experience; and it is this: *The church, the sea, or the court*; as if one should say more plainly: Whoever would thrive and be rich, let him either get into the church, or go to sea and exercise the art of merchandising, or serve the King in his court; for it is a saying, that *the King's bit is better than the Lord's bounty*. I say this, because it is my will, that one of you follow letters, another merchandise, and the third serve the King in his wars; for it is difficult to get admission into his household: and though the wars do not procure a man much wealth, they usually procure him much esteem and reputation. Within eight days I will give you each your share in money, without wronging you of a farthing,

as you will see in effect. Tell me now, whether you will follow my opinion and advice in what I have proposed ;' and then he desired me, being the eldest, to answer. After I had requested him not to part with what he had, but to spend whatever he pleased, we being young enough to shift for ourselves, I concluded with assuring him I would do as he desired, and take to the army, there to serve God and the king. My second brother complied likewise, and chose to go to the Indies, turning his portion into merchandise. The youngest, and I believe the wisest, said, he would take to the church, and finish his studies at Salamanca.

“ As soon as we had agreed, and chosen our several professions, my father embraced us all ; and, with the dispatch he had promised, put his design in execution, giving to each his share, which, as I remember, was three thousand ducats ; for an uncle of ours bought the whole estate, and paid for it in ready money, that it might not be alienated from the main branch of the family. In one and the self-same day, we all took leave of our good father ; and it then seeming to me inhuman to leave my father so old, and with so little to subsist on, I prevailed upon him to take back two thousand ducats out of my three, the remainder being sufficient to equip me with what was necessary for a soldier. My two brothers, incited by my example, returned him each

a thousand ducats ; so that my father now had four thousand in ready money, and three thousand more, which was the value of the land, that fell to his share, and which he would not sell. To be short, we took our leaves of him, and of our aforesaid uncle, not without much concern and tears on all sides, they charging us to acquaint them with our success, whether prosperous or adverse, as often as we had opportunity. We promised so to do ; and they having embraced us, and giving us their blessings, one of us took the road to Salamanca, the other to Seville, and I to Alicant, where I heard of a Genoese ship, that loaded wool there for Genoa. It is now two-and-twenty years, since I first left my father's house ; and in all that time, though I have written several letters, I have had no news, either of him, or of my brothers. As to what has befallen me in the course of that time, I will briefly relate it.

“I embarked at Alicant, and had a good passage to Genoa : from thence I went to Milan, where I furnished myself with arms, and some military finery ; and from thence determined to go into the service in Piedmont : and being upon the road to Alexandria de la Paglia, I was informed that the great Duke d'Alva was passing into Flanders with an army. Upon this I changed my mind, went with him, and served under him in all his engagements. I was present at the

death of the Counts d'Egmont and Horn. I got an ensign's commission in the company of a famous captain of Guadalajara, called Diego de Urbina. And, soon after my arrival in Flanders, news came of the league concluded between Pope Pius V. of happy memory, and Spain, against the common enemy, the Turk; who, about the same time, had taken with his fleet the famous island of Cyprus, which was before subject to the Venetians; a sad and unfortunate loss! It was known for certain, that the most serene Don John of Austria, natural brother of our good King Philip, was appointed generalissimo of this league, and great preparations for war were every where talked of. All which incited a vehement desire in me to be present in the battle, that was expected; and though I had reason to believe, and had some promises, and almost assurances, that, on the first occasion, that offered, I should be promoted to the rank of a captain, I resolved to quit all, and go, as I did, into Italy. And my good fortune would have it, that Don John of Austria was just then come to Genoa, and was going to Naples to join the Venetian fleet, as he afterwards did at Messina. In short, I was present at that glorious action, being already made a captain of foot, to which honourable post I was advanced, rather by my good fortune, than by my deserts. But that day, which was so fortunate to Christendom, for all nations were

then undeceived of their error, in believing that the Turks were invincible by sea ; on that day, I say, on which the Ottoman pride and haughtiness were broken ; among so many happy persons as were there, for surely the Christians, who died there, had better fortune than the survivors and conquerors, I alone remained unfortunate, since, instead of what I might have expected, had it been in the times of the Romans, some naval crown, I found myself, the night following that famous day, with chains on my feet, and manacles on my hands. Which happened thus.

“ Uchali King of Algiers, a bold and successful corsair, having boarded and taken the captain-galley of Malta, three Knights only being left alive in her, and those desperately wounded ; the captain-galley of John Andrea d’Oria came up to her relief, on board of which I was with my company ; and, doing my duty upon this occasion, I leaped into the enemy’s galley, which getting off suddenly from ours, my soldiers could not follow me ; and so I was left alone among my enemies, whom I could not resist, as they were so many : in short, I was carried off prisoner, and sorely wounded. And, as you must have heard, Gentlemen, that Uchali escaped with his whole squadron, by that means I remained a captive in his power, being the only sad person, when so many were joyful ; and a slave, when so many were freed ; for fifteen

thousand Christians, who were at the oar in the Turkish gallies, that day recovered their long-wished-for liberty. They carried me to Constantinople, where the Grand Signor Selim made my master general of the sea, for having done his duty in the fight, and having brought off, as a proof of his valour, the flag of the order of Malta. The year following, which was seventy-two, I was at Navarino, rowing in the captain-galley of the Three Lanterns; and there I saw and observed the opportunity that was then lost of taking the whole Turkish navy in port. For all the Levantines and Janizaries on board took it for granted they should be attacked in the very harbour, and had their baggage and their passamaques, or shoes, in readiness for running away immediately by land, without staying for an engagement: such terror had our navy struck into them. But Heaven ordered it otherwise, not through any fault or neglect of the general, who commanded our men, but for the sins of Christendom, and because God permits and ordains, that there should always be some scourges to chastise us. In short, Uchali gót into Modon, an island near Navarino, and putting his men on shore, he fortified the entrance of the port, and lay still, until the season of the year forced Don John to return home. In this campaign, the galley, called the Prize, whose captain was a son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was taken by the captain-galley of Naples, called the She-

wolf, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father of the soldiers; that fortunate and invincible captain, Don Alvaro de Basan, Marquis of Santa Cruz. And I cannot forbear relating what happened at the taking of the Prize.

“ The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his slaves so ill, that, as soon as they, who were at the oar, saw that the She-wolf was ready to board and take them, they all at once let fall their oars, and, laying hold on their captain, who stood near the poop²⁸, calling out to them to row hard, and passing him along from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, they gave him such blows, that he had passed but little beyond the mast, before his soul was passed to hell : such was the cruelty with which he treated them, and the hatred they bore to him.

We returned to Constantinople, and the year following, which was seventy three, it was known there, that Don John had taken Tunis, and that kingdom from the Turks, and put Muley Hamet in possession thereof, cutting off the hopes that Muley Hamida had of reigning again there, who was one of the cruellest, and yet bravest Moors, that ever was in the world. The Grand Turk felt this loss very sensibly, and putting in practice that sagacity, which is inherent in the Ottoman family, he clapped up a peace with the Venetians, who desired it more than he : and, the year following, being that of seventy-four, he attacked the fortress

of Goleta, and the fort, which Don John had left half finished near Tunis. During all these transactions, I was still at the oar without any hope of redemption: at least I did not expect to be ransomed; for I was determined not to write an account of my misfortune to my father. In short, the Goleta was lost, and the fort also; before which places the Turks had seventy-five thousand men in pay, besides above four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs from all parts of Africa: and this vast multitude was furnished with such quantities of ammunition, and such large warlike stores, together with so many pioneers, that, each man bringing only a handful of earth, they might therewith have covered both the Goleta and the fort. The Goleta, until then thought impregnable, was first taken, not through default of the besieged, who did all that men could do, but because experience had now shown, how easily trenches might be raised in that desert sand; for though the water used to be within two spans of the surface, the Turks now met with none within two yards; and so by the help of a great number of sacks of sand, they raised their works so high as to overlook and command the fortifications: and leveling from a cavalier, they put it out of the power of the besieged to make any defence. It was the general opinion, that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the Goleta, but have met the enemy in the open field, at the place of

debarkment : but they, who talk thus, speak at random, and like men little experienced in affairs of this kind. For, if there were scarcely seven thousand soldiers in the Goleta, and in the fort, how could so small a number, though ever so resolute, both take the field and garrison the forts, against such a multitude as that of the enemy ? And how can a place be maintained, which is not relieved, and especially when besieged by an army, that is both numerous and obstinate, and in their own country too ? But many were of opinion, and I was of the number, that Heaven did a particular grace and favour to Spain, in suffering the destruction of that forge and refuge of all iniquity, that devourer, that sponge, and that moth of infinite sums of money, idly spent there, to no other purpose, than to preserve the memory of its having been a conquest of the invincible Emperor Charles the Fifth. The fort also was taken at last : but the Turks were forced to purchase it inch by inch ; for the soldiers, who defended it, fought with such bravery and resolution, that they killed above twenty-five thousand of the enemy in two and twenty general assaults. And of three hundred, that were left alive, not one was taken prisoner unwounded : an evident proof of their courage and bravery, and of the vigorous defence they had made. A little fort also, or tower, in the middle of the lake, commanded by Don John Zanoguera, a cavalier of Valencia, and a famous soldier, sur-

rendered upon terms. They took prisoner Don Pedro Portocarrero, general of Goleta, who did all that was possible for the defence of his fortress, and took the loss of it so much to heart, that he died for grief on the way to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him prisoner. They took also the commander of the fort, called Gabrio Cerbellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer, and a most valiant soldier. Several persons of distinction lost their lives in these two garrisons; among whom was Pagan d'Oria, Knight of Malta, a gentleman of great generosity, as appeared by his exceeding liberality to his brother, the famous John Andrea d'Oria: and what made his death the more lamented was, his dying by the hands of some African Arabs, who, upon seeing that the fort was lost, offered to convey him, disguised as a Moor, to Tabarca, a small haven, or settlement, which the Genoese have on that coast for the coral-fishing. These Arabs cut off his head, and carried it to the general of the Turkish fleet, who made good upon them our Castilian proverb, that, *Though we love the treason, we hate the traitor*: for it is said, the general ordered those, who brought him the present, to be instantly hanged, because they had not brought him alive. Among the Christians, who were taken in the fort, was one Don Pedro d'Aguilar, a native of some town in Andalusia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a good

soldier, and a man of excellent parts : in particular he had a happy talent in poetry. I mention this, because his fortune brought him to be slave to the same patron with me, and we served in the same galley, and at the same oar : and before we parted from that port, this cavalier made two sonnets, by way of epitaphs, one upon Goleta, and the other upon the fort. And indeed I have a mind to repeat them ; for I have them by heart, and I believe they will rather be entertaining than disagreeable to you."

At the instant the Captive named Don Pedro d'Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, and all three smiled : and when he mentioned the sonnets, one of them said : " Pray, Sir, before you go any further, be so good as to tell me, what became of that Don Pedro d'Aguilar you talk of?"—" All I know," answered the Captive, " is, that, after he had been two years at Constantinople, he escaped in the habit of an Arnaut²⁹, with a Greek spy, and I cannot tell, whether he recovered his liberty : though I believe he did ; for, about a year after, I saw the Greek in Constantinople, but had not an opportunity of asking him the success of that journey."—" He returned to Spain," said the gentleman ; " for that Don Pedro is my brother, and is now in our town, in health, and rich ; is married, and has three children."—" Thanks be to God," said the Captive, " for the blessings bestowed on

him ; for, in my opinion, there is not on earth a satisfaction equal to that of recovering one's liberty."—" Besides," replied the gentleman, " I have by heart the sonnets my brother made."—" Then, pray, Sir, repeat them," said the Captive ; " for you will be able to do it better than I can."—" With all my heart," answered the gentleman : " that upon Goleta was thus.

CHAP. XXXIX.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE HISTORY OF THE
CAPTIVE.

SONNET.

Bless'd souls! that now remov'd from mortal strife,
 And from this sublunary scene below,
 Enjoy above a calm release from woe,
 And Heav'n's high attribute, eternal life :
 Heroic ardour, honourable zeal,
 Your mortal frames to death undaunted bore,
 Your blood incarnadin'd the sea and shore,
 O brave defenders of Goleta's weal !
 Nor did your valour cease, but with your breath,
 Your wearied arms, still conqu'ring in defeat,
 Now hold the laurel crown and victor's seat
 Yes! fate decreed you victory in death !
 And this your fall beneath the murd'rous blade,
 Claims endless glory for each honour'd shade."

" You have it right," said the Captive. " That on the fort," said the gentleman, " if I do not forget, was as follows :

SONNET.

Out of this dreary barren spot of earth,
 With fragments huge and broken walls o'erspread,
 Three thousand spirits of the mighty dead
 Arose to scenes of heav'nly joy and mirth.
 The vigour of their nervous arm was vain !
 Vain was the valour of their dauntless breast !
 Worn out in action, and by numbers prest,
 They met the sabre, and were proudly slain.
 Though countless ages on this blood-stain'd soil
 Should see renew'd its ancient feats of glory,
 No daring deed, no boast of martial toil,
 Shall live more nobly in recorded story :
 Nor e'er to Heav'n's ethereal realms shall rise
 Spirits more pure, more just, more brave, more wise."

The sonnets were not disliked ; and the Cap-
 tive, pleased with the news they told him of his
 comrade, went on with his story, saying :

" Goleta and the fort being delivered up, the
 Turks gave orders to dismantle Goleta : as for
 the fort, it was in such a condition, that there
 was nothing left to be demolished. And to do
 the work more speedily, and with less labour,
 they undermined it in three places : it is true,
 they could not blow up what seemed to be least
 strong, the old walls ; but whatever remained of
 the new fortification, made by the engineer
 Fratin, came very easily down. In short, the
 fleet returned to Constantinople victorious and
 triumphant ; and, within a few months, died my
 master the famous Uchali, whom people called

Uchali Fartax, that is to say in the Turkish language, *the Scabby Renegado*: for he was so; and it is customary among the Turks to nickname people from some personal defect, or give them a name from some good quality belonging to them. And the reason is, because there are but four surnames of families, which contend for nobility with the Ottoman: and the rest, as I have said, take names and surnames either from the blemishes of the body, or the virtues of the mind. This leper had been at the oar fourteen years, being a slave of the Grand Signior's; and, at about thirty-four years of age, being enraged at a blow given him by a Turk while he was at the oar, to have it in his power to be revenged on him, he renounced his religion. And so great was his valour, that, without rising by those base methods, by which the minions of the Grand Signior usually rise, he came to be King of Algiers, and afterwards general of the sea, which is the third command in that empire. He was born in Calabria, and was a good moral man, and treated his slaves with great humanity. He had three thousand of them, and they were divided after his death, as he had ordered by his last will, one half to the Grand Signior, who is every man's heir in part, sharing equally with the children of the deceased, and the other among his renegadoes. I fell to the lot of a Venetian renegado, who, having been cabin-

boy in a ship, was taken by Uchali, and was so beloved by him, that he became one of his most favourite boys. He was one of the cruellest renegadoes, that ever was seen : his name was Azanaga. He grew very rich, and became King of Algiers ; and with him I came from Constantinople, a little comforted by being so near Spain : not that I intended to write an account to any body of my unfortunate circumstances, but in hopes fortune would be more favourable to me in Algiers, than it had been in Constantinople, where I had tried a thousand ways of making my escape, but none rightly timed or successful : and in Algiers I purposed to try other means of compassing what I desired : for the hope of recovering my liberty never entirely abandoned me ; and whenever what I devised, contrived, and put in execution, did not answer my design, I presently, without desponding, searched out and formed to myself fresh hopes to sustain me, though they were slight and inconsiderable.

“ Thus I made a shift to support life, shut up in a prison, or house, which the Turks call a bath, where they keep their Christian captives locked up, as well those, who belong to the King, as some of those, belonging to private persons, and those also, whom they call of the Almazen, that is to say, *captives of the council*, who serve the city in its public works, and in other offices. This kind of captives find it very difficult to re-

cover their liberty; for as they belong to the public, and have no particular master, there is nobody for them to treat with about their ransom, though they should have it ready. To these baths, as I have said, private persons sometimes carry their slaves, especially when their ransom is agreed upon; for there they keep them without work, and in safety, until their ransom comes. The King's slaves also, who are to be ransomed, do not go out to work with the rest of the crew, unless it be, when their ransom is long in coming: for then, to make them write for it with greater importunity, they are made to work, and go for wood with the rest; which is no small toil and pains. As they knew I had been a captain, I was one upon ransom; and, though I assured them I wanted both interest and money, it did not hinder me from being put among the gentlemen, and those, who were to be ransomed. They put a chain on me, rather as a sign of ransom, than to secure me; and so I passed my life in that bath, with many other gentlemen and persons of condition, distinguished and accounted as ransomable. And though hunger and nakedness often, and indeed generally, afflicted us, nothing troubled us so much as to see, at every turn, the unparalleled and excessive cruelties, with which our master used the Christians. Each day he hanged one, impaled another, and cut off the ears of a third; and that upon the least provoca-

tion, and sometimes none at all; insomuch that the very Turks were sensible he did it for the mere pleasure of doing it, and to gratify his murderous and inhuman disposition. One Spanish soldier only, called such an one de Saavedra³⁰, happened to be in his good graces; and though he did things, which will remain in the memory of those people for many years, and all towards obtaining his liberty, yet he never gave him a blow, nor ordered one to be given him, nor ever reproached him with so much as a hard word: and for the least of many things he did, we all feared he would be impaled alive, and he feared it himself more than once: and, were it not that the time will not allow me, I would now tell you of some things done by this soldier, which would be more entertaining, and more surprising, than the relation of my story.

“ But to return. The court-yard of our prison was overlooked by the windows of a house belonging to a rich Moor of distinction, which, as is usual there, were rather peep-holes than windows; and even these had their thick and close lattices. It fell out then, that one day, as I was upon a terrace of our prison, with three of my companions, trying, by way of pastime, who could leap farthest with his chains on, and being by ourselves, for all the rest of the Christians were gone out to work, by chance I looked up, and saw, from out of one of those little windows I have mentioned, a cane appear, with a handker-

impalo-
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 ka
 ka

chief tied at the end of it: the cane moved up and down, as if it made signs for us to come and take it. We looked earnestly up at it, and one of my companions went and placed himself under the cane, to see whether they, who held it, would let it drop, or what they would do: but as he came near, they advanced the cane, and moved it from side to side, as if they had said, *No*, with the head. The Christian came back, and the cane was let down with the same motions as before. Another of my companions went, and the same happened to him as to the former: then the third went, and he had the same success with the first and second. Seeing this, I resolved to try my fortune likewise; and, as soon as I had placed myself under the cane, it was let drop, and fell just at my feet. I immediately untied the handkerchief, and in a knot at a corner of it I found ten zianiys, a sort of base gold coin used by the Moors, each piece worth about ten reals³¹ of our money. I need not tell you, whether I rejoiced at the prize; and indeed I was no less pleased, than surprised, to think from whence this good fortune could come to us, especially to me; for the letting fall the cane to me alone, plainly showed, that the favour was intended to me alone. I took my welcome money; I broke the cane to pieces, and returned to the terrace; I looked back to the window, and perceived a very white hand go out and in, to open and shut it hastily. By this

we understood, or fancied, that it must be some woman, who lived in that house, who had been thus charitable to us; and, to express our thanks, we made our reverences after the Moorish fashion, inclining the head, bending the body, and laying the hands on the breast.

“ Soon after, there was put out of the same window a little cross made of cane, which was presently drawn in again. On this signal we concluded, that some Christian woman was a captive in that house, and that it was she, who had done us the kindness: but the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets we had a glimpse of, soon destroyed that fancy. Then again we imagined it must be some Christian renegade, whom their masters often marry, reckoning it happy to get one of them; for they value them more than the women of their own nation. All our reasonings and conjectures were very wide of the truth; and now all our entertainment was to gaze at and observe the window, as our north, from whence that star, the cane, had appeared. But full fifteen days passed, in which we saw neither hand, nor any other signal whatever. And though in this interval we endeavoured all we could to inform ourselves, who lived in that house, and whether there was any Christian renegade there, ^{we were never able to find out} we never could learn any thing more, than that the house was that of a considerable and rich Moor, named Agimorato, who had been Alcaide of

Pata, an office among them of great authority. But, when we least dreamed of its raining any more zianiys from thence, we perceived, unexpectedly, another cane appear, and another handkerchief tied to it, with another knot larger than the former; and this was at a time, when the bath, as before, was empty, and without people. We made the same trial as before, each of my three companions going before me; but the cane was not let down to either of them; but when I went up to it, it was let fall. I untied the knot, and found in it forty Spanish crowns in gold, and a paper written in Arabic; and at the top of the writing was a large cross. I kissed the cross, took the crowns, and returned to the terrace: we all made our reverences; the hand appeared again; I made signs, that I would read the paper; the hand shut the window; and we all remained amazed, yet overjoyed, at what had happened: and as none of us understood Arabic, great was our desire to know what the paper contained, and greater the difficulty to find one to read it.

“ At last I resolved to confide in a renegado, a native of Murcia, who professed himself very much my friend, and we had exchanged such pledges of our mutual confidence, as obliged him to keep whatever secret I should commit to him. For it is usual with renegadoes, when they have a mind to return to Christendom, to carry with them certificates from the most considerable cap-

tives, attesting, in the most ample manner, and best form they can get, that such a renegado is an honest man, and has always been kind and obliging to the Christians, and that he had a desire to make his escape the first opportunity, that offered. Some procure these certificates with a good intention: others make use of them occasionally, and out of cunning only; for going to rob and plunder on the Christian coasts, if they happen to be shipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, and pretend, that those papers will show the design they came upon, namely, to get into some Christian country, which was the reason of their going as pirates with the Turks. By these means they escape the first fury, reconcile themselves to the church, and live unmolested; and, when an opportunity offers, they return to Barbary, and to their former course of life. Others there are, who procure, and make use of, these papers with a good design, and remain in the Christian countries. Now this friend of mine was a renegado of this sort, and had gotten certificates from all of us, in which we recommended him as much as possible; and if the Moors had found these papers about him, they would certainly have burnt him alive. I knew he understood Arabic very well, and could not only speak, but write it. But, before I would let him into the whole affair, I desired him to read that paper, which I found by chance in a

hole of my cell. He opened it, and stood a good while looking at it, and translating it to himself. I asked him, if he understood it. He said, he did very well, and, if I desired to know its contents word for word, I must give him pen and ink, that he might translate it with more exactness. We gave him presently what he required, and he went on translating it in order, and having done, he said: ‘What is here set down in Spanish, is precisely what is contained in this Moorish paper; and you must take notice, that where it says, *Lela Marien*, it means our Lady the Virgin Mary.’ We read the paper, which was as follows:

“ ‘When I was a child, my father had a woman-slave, who instructed me in the Christian worship, and told me many things of *Lela Marien*. This Christian died, and I know she did not go to the fire, but to *Ala*; for I saw her twice afterwards, and she bid me go to the country of the Christians to see *Lela Marien*, who loved me very much. I know not how it is: I have seen many Christians from this window, and none has looked like a gentleman but yourself. I am very beautiful, and young, and have a great deal of money to carry away with me. Try, if you can find out how we may get away, and you shall be my husband there, if you please; and if not, I shall not care; for *Lela Marien* will provide me a husband. I write this myself: be careful to whom you give it to read: trust not to

any Moor ; for they all are treacherous : therefore I am very much perplexed ; for I would not have you discover it to any body : for if my father comes to know it, he will immediately throw me into a well, and cover me with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane ; tie your answer to it : and if you have nobody, that can write Arabic, tell me by signs ; for Lela Marien will make me understand you. She and Ala keep you, and this cross, which I very often kiss ; for so the captive directed me to do.'

“ Think, Gentlemen, whether we had not reason to be overjoyed and surprised at the contents of this paper : and both our joy and surprise were so great, that the renegado perceived, that the paper was not found by accident, but was written to one of us ; and therefore he entreated us, if what he suspected was true, to confide in him, and tell him all ; for he would venture his life for our liberty : and, saying this, he pulled a brass crucifix out of his bosom, and with many tears, swore by the God, that image represented, in whom he, though a great sinner, truly and firmly believed, that he would faithfully keep secret whatever we should discover to him : for he imagined, and almost divined, that, by means of her, who had written that letter, himself and all of us should regain our liberty, and he, in particular, attain what he so earnestly desired, which was, to be restored to the bosom of

holy church his mother, from which, like a rotten member, he had been separated and cut off through his sin and ignorance. The renegado said this with so many tears, and signs of so much repentance, that we unanimously agreed to tell him the truth of the case; and so we gave him an account of the whole, without concealing any thing from him. We showed him the little window, out of which the cane had appeared, and by that he marked the house, and resolved to take especial care to inform himself, who lived in it. We also agreed, it would be right to answer the Moor's billet; and, as we now had one, who knew how to do it, the renegado that instant wrote what I dictated to him, which was exactly what I shall repeat to you; for of all the material circumstances, which befell me in this adventure, not one has yet escaped my memory, nor shall I ever forget them, whilst I have breath. In short, the answer to the Moor was this:

“ ‘ The true Ala preserve you, dear Lady, and that blessed Marien, who is the true mother of God, and is she, who has put into your heart the desire of going into the country of the Christians, because she loves you. Pray to her, that she will be pleased to instruct you how to bring about what she commands you to do; for she is so good, she will assuredly do it. On my part, and that of all the Christians with me, I offer to do for you all we are able, at the hazard of

our lives. Do not fail writing to me, and acquainting me with whatever resolution you take, and I will constantly answer you ; for the great Ala has given us a Christian captive, who speaks and writes your language well, as you may perceive by this paper. So that you may, without fear, give us notice of your intentions. As to what you say of becoming my wife, when you get into a Christian country, I promise you, on the word of a good Christian, it shall be so ; and know, that the Christians keep their words better than the Moors. Ala and Marien his mother have you in their keeping, dear Lady.'

“ This letter being written and folded up, I waited two days, until the bath was empty, as before, and then presently I took my accustomed post upon the terrace, to see if the cane appeared, and it was not long before it did so. As soon as I saw it, though I could not discern who held it out, I showed the paper, as giving them notice to put the thread to it ; but it was already fastened to the cane, to which I tied the letter, and, in a short time after, our star appeared again with the white flag of peace, the handkerchief. It was let drop, and I took it up, and found in it, in all kinds of coin, both silver and gold, above fifty crowns ; which multiplied our joy fifty times, confirming the hopes we had conceived of regaining our liberty. That same evening, our renegado returned, and told us, he had learned,

that the same Moor, we were before informed of, dwelt in that house, and that his name was Agimorato; that he was extremely rich, and had one only daughter, heiress to all he had; that it was the general opinion of the whole city, that she was the most beautiful woman in all Barbary; and that several of the viceroys, who had been sent thither, had sought to marry her, but that she never would consent: and he also learned, that she had a Christian woman slave, who died some time before: all which agreed perfectly with what was in the paper. We presently consulted with the renegado, what method we should take to carry off the Moorish lady, and make our escape into Christendom: and, in short, it was agreed for that time, that we should wait for a second letter from Zoraida; for that was the name of her, who now desires to be called Maria: and it was easy to see, that she, and no other, could find the means of surmounting the difficulties, that lay in our way. After we were come to this resolution, the renegado bid us not be uneasy; for he would set us at liberty, or lose his life. The bath, after this, was four days full of people, which occasioned the cane's not appearing in all that time; at the end of which, the bath being empty as usual, it appeared with the handkerchief so pregnant, that it promised a happy birth. The cane and the linen inclined toward me; I found in it another paper, and an

hundred crowns in gold only, without any other coin. The renegado being present, we gave him the paper to read in our cell, and he told us it said thus :

“ ‘ I do not know, dear Sir, how to contrive a method for our going to Spain, nor has Lela Marien informed me, though I have asked it of her. What may be done, is ; I will convey to you through this window a large sum of money in gold : redeem yourself and your friends with it, and let one of you go to the country of the Christians, and buy a bark, and return for the rest ; and he will find me in my father’s garden, at the Babazon gate close to the sea-side, where I am to be all this summer with my father and my servants. Thence you may carry me off by night without fear, and put me on board the bark. And remember you are to be my husband ; for, if not, I will pray to Marien to punish you. If you can trust nobody to go for the bark, ransom yourself and go ; for I shall be more secure of your return than another’s, as you are a gentleman and a Christian. Take care not to mistake the garden ; and when I see you walking where you now are, I shall conclude the bath is empty, and will furnish you with money enough. Ala preserve thee, dear Sir !’

“ These were the contents of the second letter : which being heard by us all, every one offered himself, and would fain be the ransomed person, promising to go and return very punctually. I

also offered myself: but the renegado opposed these offers, saying, he would in no wise consent, that any one of us should get his liberty before the rest, experience having taught him, how ill men, when free, keep the promises they have made, while in slavery; for several considerable captives, he said, had tried this expedient, ransoming some one, who should go to Valencia or Majorca, with money, to buy and arm a vessel, and return for those, who ransomed him; but the person sent has never come back: for liberty once regained, and the fear of losing it again, effaces out of the memory all obligations in the world. And, in confirmation of this truth, he told us briefly a case, which had happened very lately to certain Christian gentlemen, the strangest that had ever fallen out even in those parts, where every day the most surprising and wonderful things come to pass. He concluded with saying, that the best way would be, to give him the money designed for the ransom of a Christian, to buy a vessel there in Algiers, upon pretence of turning merchant, and trading to Tetuan, and on that coast; and that, being master of the vessel, he could easily contrive how to get them all out of the bath, and put them on board. But if the Moor, as she promised, should furnish money enough to redeem them all, it would be a very easy matter for them, being free, to go on board even at noon-day: the greatest difficulty, he

said, was, that the Moors do not allow any renegado to buy or keep a vessel, unless it be a large one for the purpose of piracy; as they suspect, that he, who buys a small vessel, especially if he be a Spaniard, designs only to get into Christendom with it: but this inconvenience, he said, he would obviate, by taking in a Tagarin Moor for partner of the vessel, and in the profits of the merchandise; and under this colour he should become master of the vessel, and then he reckoned the rest as good as done. Now, though to me and my companions it seemed better to send for the vessel to Majorca, as the Moorish lady said, yet we did not dare to contradict him; fearing, if we did not do as he would have us, he should betray our design, and put us in danger of losing our lives, in case he discovered Zoraida's intrigue, for whose life we would all have laid down our own: and therefore we resolved to commit ourselves into the hands of God, and those of the renegado. And in that instant we answered Zoraida, that we would do all, that she had advised; for she had directed as well as if Lela Marien herself had inspired her; and that it depended entirely upon her, either that the business should be delayed, or set about immediately. I again promised to be her husband: and so the next day, the bath happening to be clear, she, at several times, with the help of the cane and handkerchief, gave us two thousand

crowns in gold, and a paper, in which she said, that the first Juma, that is Friday, she was to go to her father's garden, and that, before she went, she would give us more money : and if that was not sufficient, she bid us let her know, and she would give us as much as we desired ; for her father had so much, that he would never miss it ; and besides she kept the keys of all.

“ We immediately gave five hundred crowns to the renegado, to buy the vessel. With eight hundred I ransomed myself, depositing the money with a merchant of Valencia, then at Algiers, who redeemed me from the King, passing his word for me, that the first ship that came from Valencia, my ransom should be paid. For if he had paid the money down, it would have made the King suspect, that the money had been a great while in his hands, and that he had employed it to his own use. In short, my master was so jealous, that I did not dare upon any account to pay the money immediately. The Thursday preceding the Friday, on which the fair Zoraida was to go to the garden, she gave us a thousand crowns more, and advertised us of her going thither, and entreated me, if I ransomed myself first, immediately to find out her father's garden, and by all means get an opportunity of going thither and seeing her. I answered her in few words, that I would not fail, and desired, that she would take care to recommend us to Lela

Marion, using all those prayers the captive had taught her. When this was done, means were concerted for redeeming our three companions, and getting them out of the bath, lest, seeing me ransomed, and themselves not, and knowing there was money sufficient, they should be uneasy, and the devil should tempt them to do something to the prejudice of Zoraida: for, though their being men of honour might have freed me from such an apprehension, I had no mind to run the hazard, and so got them ransomed by the same means I had been ransomed myself, depositing the whole money with the merchant, that he might safely and securely pass his word for us: to whom nevertheless we did not discover our management and secret, because of the danger it would have exposed us to.

CHAP. XL.

WHEREIN THE CAPTIVE CONTINUES THE STORY OF HIS ADVENTURES.

“**I**N less than fifteen days our renegado had bought a very good bark, capable of holding above thirty persons; and to make sure work, and give the business a colour, he made a short voyage to a place called Sargel, thirty leagues from Algiers towards Oran, to which there is a great trade for dried figs. Two or three times he made this trip, in company of the Tagarin aforesaid. The Moors of Aragon are called in

Barbary Tagarins; and those of Granada Mudajares: and in the kingdom of Fez the Mudajares are called Elches, who are the people the King makes most use of in his wars. You must know, that, each time he passed with his bark, he cast anchor in a little creek, not two bow-shots distant from the garden, where Zoraida expected us: and there the renegado designedly set himself, together with the Moors that rowed, either to perform the zala ³², or to practise by way of jest, what he intended to execute in earnest; and with this view he would go to Zoraida's garden, and beg some fruit, which her father would give him, without knowing who he was. His design was, as he afterwards told me, to speak to Zoraida, and to tell her, that he was the person, who, by my direction, was to carry her to Christendom, and that she might be easy and secure: but it was impossible for him to do it, the Moorish women never suffering themselves to be seen either by Moor or Turk, unless when commanded by their husbands or fathers. Christian slaves, indeed, are allowed to keep company and converse with them, with more freedom perhaps than is proper. But I should have been sorry, if he had talked to her, because it might have frightened her, to see that the business was intrusted to a renegado. But God, who ordered it otherwise, gave the renegado no opportunity of effecting his good design: who, finding how securely he went to and from

Sargel, and that he lay at anchor, when, how, and where he pleased, and that the Tagarin, his partner, had no will of his own, but approved whatever he directed; that I was ransomed, and that there wanted nothing but to find some Christians to help to row; he bid me consider, who I would bring with me, besides those already ransomed, and bespeak them for the first Friday; for that was the time he fixed for our departure. Upon this I spoke to twelve Spaniards, all able men at the oar, and such as could most easily get out of the city unsuspected: and it was no easy matter to find so many at that juncture; for there were twenty corsairs out pirating, and they had taken almost all the rowers with them; and these had not been found, but that their master did not go out that summer, having a galiot to finish, that was then upon the stocks. I said nothing more to them, but that they should steal out of the town one by one, the next Friday in the dusk of the evening, and wait for me somewhere about Agimorato's garden. I gave this direction to each of them separately, with this caution, that, if they should see any other Christians there, they should only say, I ordered them to stay for me in that place.

“ This point being taken care of, one thing was yet wanting, and that the most necessary of all; which was, to inform Zoraida how matters stood, that she might be in readiness, and on the watch,

so as not to be frightened, if we rushed upon her on a sudden, before the time she could think that the vessel from Christendom could be arrived. And therefore I resolved to go to the garden, and try if I could speak to her: and under pretence of gathering some herbs, one day before our departure, I went thither, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language, which, all over Barbary, and even at Constantinople, is spoken among captives and Moors, and is neither Morisco nor Castilian, nor of any other nation, but a medley of all languages, and generally understood. He, I say, in that jargon, asked me, what I came to look for in that garden, and to whom I belonged? I answered him, I was a slave of Arnauté Mami, who, I knew, was a very great friend of his; and that I came for a few herbs of several sorts to make a salad. He then asked me, if I was upon ransom or not, and how much my master demanded for me? While we were thus talking, the fair Zoraida, who had espied me some time before, came out of the house: and as the Moorish women make no scruple of appearing before the Christians, nor are at all shy towards them, as I have already observed, she made no difficulty of coming, where I stood with her father, who, seeing her walking slowly toward us, called to her, and bid her come on. It would be too hard a task for me, at this time, to express the great beauty, the genteel air,

the finery and richness of attire, with which my beloved Zoraida appeared then before my eyes. More pearls, if I may so say, hung about her beauteous neck, and more jewels were in her ears and hair, than she had hairs on her head. About her ancles, which were bare, according to custom, she had two Carcaxes, so they call the enamelled foot-bracelets in Morisco, of the purest gold, set with so many diamonds, that, as she told me since, her father valued them at ten thousand pistoles: and those, she wore on her wrists, were of equal value. The pearls were in abundance, and very good; for the greatest finery and magnificence of the Moorish women consists in adorning themselves with the finest seed-pearls: and therefore there are more of that sort among the Moors, than among all other nations; and Zoraida's father had the reputation of having a great many, and those the very best in Algiers, and to be worth besides above two hundred thousand Spanish crowns; of all which, she, who is now mine, was once mistress. Whether, with all these ornaments, she then appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in the days of her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after so many fatigues. For it is well known, that the beauty of some women has days and seasons, and depends upon accidents, which diminish or increase it: nay, the very passions of the mind naturally improve or impair it, and very

often utterly destroy it. In short, she came, extremely adorned, and extremely beautiful; to me at least she seemed the most so of any thing I had ever beheld: which, together with my obligations to her, made me think her an angel from Heaven, descended for my pleasure and relief.

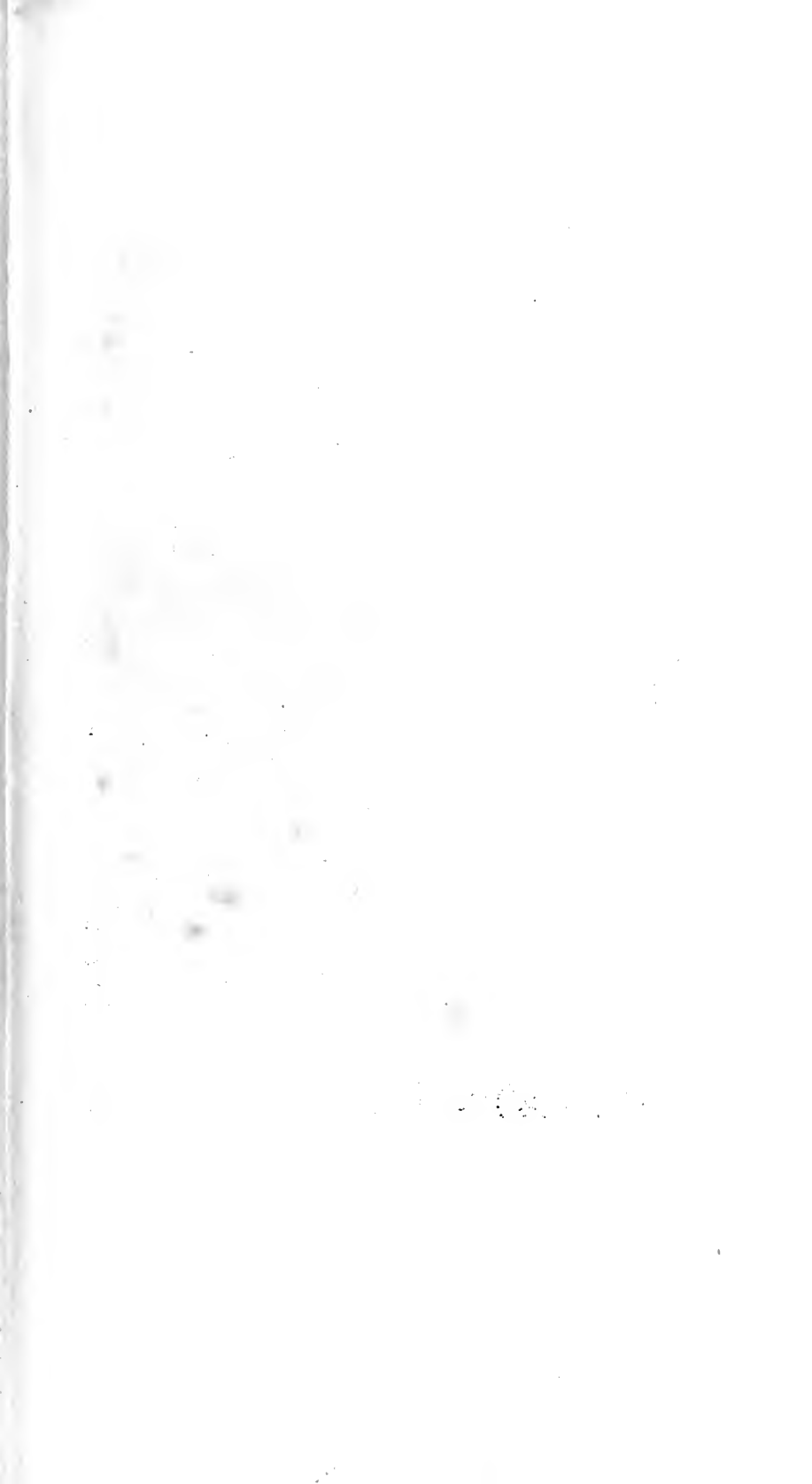
“ When she was come up to us, her father told her, in his own tongue, that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnauté Mami, and that I came to look for a salad. She took up the discourse, and, in the aforesaid medley of languages, asked me, whether I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I told her, I was already ransomed, and by the price she might guess what my master thought of me, since he had got fifteen hundred pieces of eight for me. To which she answered: ‘ Truly had you belonged to my father, he should not have parted with you for twice that sum: for you Christians always falsify in your accounts of yourselves, pretending to be poor, in order to cheat the Moors.’—‘ It may very well be so, Madam,’ answered I; ‘ but, in truth, I dealt sincerely with my master, and ever did, and shall do the same by every body in the world.’—‘ And when go you away?’ said Zoraida. ‘ To-morrow, I believe,’ said I: ‘ for there is a French vessel, which sails to-morrow, and I intend to go in her.’—‘ Would it not be better,’ replied Zoraida, ‘ to stay, until some ships come from Spain, and go with them; and not

with those of France, who are not your friends?'—'No, Madam,' answered I; 'but should the news we have of a Spanish ship's coming suddenly prove true, I would perhaps stay a little for it, though it is more likely I shall depart to-morrow: for the desire I have to be in my own country, and with the persons I love, is so great, that it will not suffer me to wait for any other conveniency, though ever so much better.'—'You are married, doubtless, in your own country,' said Zoraida, 'and therefore you are so desirous to be gone, and be at home with your wife?'—'No,' replied I, 'I am not married; but I have given my word to marry, as soon as I get thither.'—'And is the lady, whom you have promised, beautiful?' said Zoraida. 'So beautiful,' answered I, 'that, to compliment her, and tell you the truth, she is very like yourself.' Her father laughed heartily at this, and said: 'Really, Christian, she must be beautiful indeed, if she resembles my daughter, who is accounted the handsomest woman in all this kingdom: observe her well, and you will see I speak the truth.' Zoraida's father served us as an interpreter to most of this conversation, as understanding Spanish; for though she spoke the bastard language, in use there, as I told you, yet she expressed her meaning more by signs than by words.

“ While we were thus engaged in discourse, a Moor came running to us, crying aloud, that four Turks had leaped over the pales, or wall, of

the garden, and were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. The old man was put into a fright, and so was Zoraida : for the Moors are naturally afraid of the Turks, especially of their soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious over the Moors, who are subject to them, that they treat them worse than if they were their slaves. Therefore Zoraida's father said to her : ' Daughter, retire into the house, and lock yourself in, while I go and talk to these dogs ; and you, Christian, gather your herbs, and be gone in peace, and Ala send you safe to your own country.' I bowed myself, and he went his way to find the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraida, who also made as if she was going, whither her father bid her. But scarcely was he got out of sight among the trees of the garden, when she turned back to me, with her eyes full of tears, and said : ' Amexi, Christiano, amexi ?' that is, *Are you going away, Christian, are you going away ?*' I answered, ' Yes, Madam, but not without you : expect me the next Juma, and be not frightened, when you see us ; for we shall certainly get to Christendom.' I said this in such a manner, that she understood me very well ; and, throwing her arm about my neck, she began to walk softly and trembling toward the house : and fortune would have it, which might have proved fatal, if Heaven had not ordained otherwise, that, while we were going in the posture and manner I told you, her

arm being about my neck, her father, returning from driving away the Turks, saw us in that posture, and we were sensible, that he discovered us. But Zoraida had the discretion and presence of mind not to take her arm from about my neck, but rather held me closer; and leaning her head against my breast, and bending her knees a little, gave plain signs of fainting away: and I also made as if I held her up only to keep her from falling. Her father came running to us, and, seeing his daughter in that posture, asked what ailed her. But she not answering, he said: ‘Without doubt these dogs have frightened her into a swoon:’ and, taking her from me, he inclined her gently to his bosom. And she, fetching a deep sigh, and her eyes still full of tears, said again: ‘Amexi, Christiano, amexi:’ *Be gone, Christian, be gone.* To which her father answered: ‘There is no occasion, child, why the Christian should go away; he has done you no harm, and the Turks are gone off: let nothing frighten you; there is no danger; for, as I have already told you, the Turks, at my request, have returned by the way they came.’—‘Sir,’ said I to her father, ‘they have frightened her, as you say; but, since she bids me be gone, I will not disturb her: God be with you, and, with your leave, I will come again, if we have occasion for herbs, to this garden; for my master says, there are no better for a salad any where than here.’—‘You may come





Banks R.A. inv.

Fittler. sc.

The captive & Lora yda surprized by her Father.

Published Jan^y 1801 for W Miller. Old Bond Street.

whenever you will,' answered Agimorato; 'for my daughter does not say this, as having been offended by you or any other Christian; but, instead of bidding the Turks be gone, she bid you be gone, or because she thought it time for you to go and gather your herbs.' I now took my leave of them both, and she, seeming as if her soul had been rent from her, went away with her father. And I, under pretence of gathering herbs, walked over, and took a view of, the whole garden, at my leisure, observing carefully all the inlets and outlets, and the strength of the house, and every conveniency, which might tend to facilitate our business.

"When I had so done, I went and gave an account to the renegado and my companions of all that had passed, longing eagerly for the hour, when, without fear of surprise, I might enjoy the happiness, which fortune presented me in the beautiful Zoraida. In a word, time passed on, and the day appointed, and by us so much wished for, came; and we, all observing the order and method, which, after mature deliberation and long debate, we had agreed on, had the desired success. For, the Friday following the day, when I talked with Zoraida in the garden, Morrenago, for that was the renegado's name, at the close of the evening, cast anchor with the bark almost opposite to where Zoraida dwelt. The Christians, who were to be employed at the

oar, were ready, and hidden in several places thereabouts. They were all in suspense, their hearts beating in expectation of my coming, being eager to surprise the bark, which lay before their eyes; for they knew nothing of what was concerted with the renegado, but thought they were to regain their liberty by mere force, and by killing the Moors, who were on board the vessel. As soon therefore as I and my friends appeared, all they that were hidden came out, and joined us one after another. It was now the time, that the city gates were shut, and nobody appeared abroad in all that quarter. Being met together, we were in some doubt, whether it would be better to go first to Zoraida, or secure the Moors, who rowed the vessel. While we were in this uncertainty, our renegado came to us, asking us, what we staid for; for now was the time, all his Moors being thoughtless of danger, and most of them asleep. We told him what we demurred about, and he said, that the thing of the most importance was, first to seize the vessel, which might be done with all imaginable ease, and without any manner of danger; and then we might presently go and fetch Zoraida. We all approved of what he said, and so, without farther delay, he being our guide, we came to the vessel; and he, leaping in first, drew a cutlass, and said in Morisco: ‘Let not one man of you stir, unless he has a mind it should cost him his life.’ By this time all the Christians

were got on board ; and the Moors, who were timorous fellows, hearing the master speak thus, were in a great fright ; and, without making any resistance, for indeed they had few or no arms, silently suffered themselves to be bound ; which was done very expeditiously, the Christians threatening the Moors, that, if they raised any manner of cry, or made the least noise, they would in that instant put them all to the sword.

“ This being done, and half our number remaining on board to guard them, the rest of us, the renegado being still our leader, went to Agimorato’s garden, and, as good luck would have it, the door opened as easily to us as if it had not been locked : and we came up to the house with great stillness and silence, and without being perceived by any one. The lovely Zoraida was expecting us at a window, and, when she heard people coming, she asked in a low voice, whether we were Nazareni, that is, Christians ? I answered, we were, and desired her to come down. When she knew it was I, she staid not a moment, but, without answering me a word, came down in an instant, and, opening the door, appeared to us all so beautiful, and richly attired, that I cannot easily express it. As soon as I saw her, I took her hand and kissed it : the renegado did the same, and my two comrades also ; and the rest, who knew not the meaning of it, followed our example, thinking we only meant to express our

thanks and acknowledgments to her, as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegado asked her in Morisco, whether her father was in the house: she answered, he was, and asleep. 'Then we must awaken him,' replied the renegado, 'and carry him with us, and all that he has of value in this beautiful villa.'—'No,' said she, 'my father must by no means be touched, and there is nothing considerable here, but what I have with me, which is sufficient to make you all rich and content: stay a little, and you shall see.' And, so saying, she went in again, and bid us be quiet, and make no noise, for she would come back immediately. I asked the renegado what she said: he told me, and I bid him be sure to do just as Zoraida would have him, who was now returned with a little trunk so full of gold crowns, that she could hardly carry it.

"Ill fortune would have it, that her father in the mean time happened to awake, and, hearing a noise in the garden, looked out at the window, and presently found there were Christians in it. Immediately he cried out as loud as he could in Arabic, 'Christians, Christians, thieves, thieves!' which outcry put all into the utmost terror and confusion. But the renegado seeing the danger we were in, and considering how much it imported him to go through with the enterprise, before it was discovered, ran up with the greatest speed to the room where Agimorato was; and with

him ran up several others: but I did not dare to quit Zoraida, who had sunk into my arms almost in a swoon. In short, they that went up acquitted themselves so well, that in a moment they came down with Agimorato, having tied his hands, and stopped his mouth with a handkerchief, so that he could not speak a word, and threatening, if he made the least noise, that it should cost him his life. When his daughter saw him, she covered her eyes, that she might avoid his sight, and her father was astonished at finding her, not knowing how willingly she had put herself into our hands. But at that time it being of the utmost consequence to us to fly, we got as speedily as we could to the bark, where our comrades already expected us with impatience, fearing we had met with some cross accident. Scarcely two hours of the night were passed, when we were all got on board, and then we untied the hands of Zoraida's father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth: but the renegado warned him again not to speak a word, for, if he did, they would take away his life. When he saw his daughter there, he began to weep most tenderly, and especially when he perceived, that I held her closely embraced, and that she, without making any show of opposition, complaint, or coyness, sat so still and quiet: nevertheless he held his peace, lest we should put the renegado's threats in execution.

“ Zoraida now, finding herself in the bark, and that we began to handle our oars, and seeing her father there, and the rest of the Moors, who were bound, spoke to the renegado, to desire me to do her the favour to loose those Moors, and set her father at liberty; for she would sooner throw herself into the sea, than see a father, who loved her so tenderly, carried away captive before her eyes, and upon her account. The renegado told me what she desired, and I answered, that I was entirely satisfied it should be so: but he replied, it was not convenient; for, should they be set on shore there, they would presently raise the country, and alarm the city, and cause some light frigates to be sent out in quest of us, and so we should be beset both by sea and land, and it would be impossible for us to escape: but what might be done, was, to give them their liberty at the first Christian country we should touch at. We all came in to this opinion, and Zoraida also was satisfied, when we told her what we had determined, and the reasons why we could not at present comply with her request. And then immediately, with joyful silence, and cheerful diligence, each of our brave rowers handled his oar, and, recommending ourselves to God with all our hearts, we began to make toward the island of Majorca, which is the nearest Christian land. But, the north wind beginning to blow fresh, and the sea being somewhat rough,

it was not possible for us to steer the course of Majorca, and we were forced to keep along shore towards Oran, not without great apprehensions of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies on that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers. We were afraid likewise of meeting, in our passage, with some of those galiots, which come usually with merchandise from Tetuan; though, each relying on his own courage, and that of his comrades in general, we presumed, that, if we should meet a galiot, provided it were not a cruiser, we should be so far from being ruined, that we should probably take a vessel, in which we might more securely pursue our course. While we proceeded in our voyage, Zoraida kept her head between my hands, that she might not look on her father; and I could perceive she was continually calling upon Lela Marien to assist us.

“ We had rowed about thirty miles, when day-break came upon us, and we found ourselves not above three musket-shot distant from the shore, which seemed to be quite a desert, and without any creature to discover us: however, by mere dint of rowing, we made a little out to sea, which was by this time become more calm; and when we had advanced about two leagues, it was ordered they should row by turns, whilst we took a little refreshment; the bark being well provided; but the rowers said, that it was not a time to take

any rest, and that they would by no means quit their oars, but would eat and row, if those, who were unemployed, would bring the victuals to them. They did so; and now the wind began to blow a brisk gale, which forced us to set up our sails, lay down our oars, and steer directly to Oran, it being impossible to hold any other course. All this was done with great expedition; and we sailed above eight miles an hour, without any other fear than that of meeting some corsair. We gave the Moorish prisoners something to eat, and the renegado comforted them, telling them they were not slaves, and that they should have their liberty given them the first opportunity; and he said the same to Zoraida's father, who answered: 'I might, perhaps, expect or hope for any other favour from your liberality and generous usage, O Christians; but as to giving me my liberty, think me not so simple as to imagine it; for you would never have exposed yourselves to the hazard of taking it from me, to restore it me so freely, especially since you know who I am, and the advantage, that may accrue to you by my ransom; which do but name, and from this moment I promise you whatever you demand, for myself, and for this my unhappy daughter, or else for her alone, who is the greater and better part of my soul.' In saying this, he began to weep so bitterly, that it moved us all to compassion, and forced Zo-

raida to look up at him ; who, seeing him weep in that manner, was so melted, that she got up from me, and ran to embrace her father ; and laying her face to his, they began so tender a lamentation, that many of us could not forbear keeping them company. But when her father observed, that she was adorned with her best attire, and had so many jewels about her, he said to her in his language : ‘ How comes it, daughter, that yesterday evening, before this terrible misfortune befell us, I saw you in your ordinary and household dress, and now, without having had time to dress yourself, or having received any joyful news, fit to be solemnized by adorning and dressing yourself out, I see you set off with the best clothes, that I could possibly give you, when fortune was more favourable to us ? Answer me to this ; for it holds me in greater suspense and astonishment, than the misfortune itself, into which I am fallen.’ The renegado interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, who answered him not a word : but when he saw in a corner of the vessel the little trunk, in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew very well he had left in Algiers, and had not brought with him to the garden, he was still more confounded, and asked her, how that trunk had come to our hands, and what was in it ; to which the renegado, without staying until Zoraida spoke, answered : ‘ Trouble not yourself, Signor,

about asking your daughter so many questions ; for with one word I can satisfy them all : and therefore be it known to you, that she is a Christian, and has been the instrument to file off our chains, and give us the liberty we enjoy : she is here, with her own consent, and well pleased, I believe, to find herself in this condition, like one, who goes out of darkness into light, from death to life, and from suffering to glory.’—‘ Is this true, daughter ?’ said the Moor. ‘ It is,’ answered Zoraida. ‘ In effect then,’ replied the old man, ‘ you are become a Christian, and are she, who has put her father into the power of his enemies ?’ To which Zoraida answered : ‘ I am indeed a Christian ; but not she, who has reduced you to this condition : for my desire never was to do you harm, but only myself good.’—‘ And what good have you done yourself, my daughter ?’—‘ Ask that,’ answered she, ‘ of Lela Marien, who can tell you better than I can.’

“ The Moor had scarcely heard this, when, with incredible precipitation, he threw himself headlong into the sea, and without doubt had been drowned, if the wide and cumbersome garments he wore had not kept him a little while above water. Zoraida cried out to save him ; and we all presently ran, and, laying hold of his garment, dragged him out, half drowned and senseless ; at which sight Zoraida was so affected, that she set up a tender and sorrowful lamentation over

him, as if he had been dead. We turned him with his mouth downward, and he voided a great deal of water, and in about two hours came to himself. In the mean time, the wind being changed, we were obliged to ply our oars, to avoid running upon the shore: but by good fortune we came to a creek by the side of a small promontory, or head, which by the Moors is called the cape of Cava Rumia, that is to say, in our language, *The wicked Christian woman*; for the Moors have a tradition, that Cava³³, who occasioned the loss of Spain, lies buried there; Cava signifying in their language a *wicked woman*, and Rumia, a *Christian*; and farther, they reckon it an ill omen to be forced to anchor there; and otherwise they never do so: though to us it proved, not the shelter of a wicked woman, but a safe harbour and retreat, considering how high the sea ran. We placed scouts on shore, and never dropped our oars: we ate of what the renegado had provided, and prayed to God and to our Lady very devoutly for assistance and protection, that we might give a happy ending to so fortunate a beginning. Order was given, at Zoraida's entreaty, to set her father on shore with the rest of the Moors, who, until now, had been fast bound; for she had not the heart, nor could her tender feelings brook, to see her father, and her countrymen, carried off prisoners before her face. We promised her it should be done at our going off,

since there was no danger in leaving them in so desolate a place. Our prayers were not in vain: Heaven heard them; for the wind presently changed in our favour, and the sea was calm, inviting us to return and prosecute our intended voyage.

“ Seeing this, we unbound the Moors, and set them one by one on shore; at which they were greatly surprised: but, when we came to disembark Zoraida’s father, who was now perfectly in his senses, he said: ‘ Why, Christians, think you, is this wicked woman desirous of my being set at liberty? Think you it is out of any filial piety she has towards me? No, certainly, but it is on account of the disturbance my presence would give her, when she has a mind to put her evil inclinations in practice. And think not that she is moved to change her religion because she thinks yours is preferable to ours: no, but because she knows, that libertinism is more allowed in your country than in ours.’ And, turning to Zoraida, whilst I and another Christian held him fast by both arms, lest he should commit some outrage, he said: ‘ O infamous girl, and ill-advised maiden! whither goest thou, blindfold and precipitate, in the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour in which I begat thee, and cursed be the indulgence and luxury, in which I brought thee up!’ But perceiving he was not likely to give over in haste, I hurried him

ashore, and from thence he continued his execrations and wailings, praying to Mahomet, that he would beseech God to destroy, confound, and make an end of us: and when, being under sail, we could no longer hear his words, we saw his actions; which were, tearing his beard, plucking off his hair, and rolling himself on the ground: and once he raised his voice so high, that we could hear him say: ‘Come back, beloved daughter, come back to shore; for I forgive thee all: let those men keep the money they already have, and do thou come back, and comfort thy disconsolate father, who must lose his life in this desert land, if thou forsakest him.’ All this Zoraida heard; all this she felt, and bewailed; but could not speak, nor answer him a word, only, ‘May it please Ala, my dear father, that Lela Marien, who has been the cause of my turning Christian, may comfort you in your affliction. Ala well knows, that I could do no otherwise than I have done, and that these Christians are not indebted to me for any particular good will to them, since, though I had had no mind to have gone with them, but rather to have stayed at home, it was impossible; for my mind would not let me be at rest, until I performed this work, which to me seems as good, as you, my dearest father, think it bad.’ This she said, when we were got so far off, that her father could not hear her, nor we see him any

more. So I comforted Zofaida, and we all minded our voyage, which was now made so easy to us by a favourable wind, that we made no doubt of being next morning upon the coast of Spain.

“ But, as good seldom or never comes pure and unmixed, without being accompanied or followed by some ill to alarm or disturb it, our fortune would have it, or perhaps the curses the Moor bestowed on his daughter, for such are always to be dreaded, let the father be what he will; I say, it happened, that being now got far out to sea, and the third hour of the night well nigh past; being under full sail, and the oars being lashed, for the fair wind eased us of the labour of making use of them,—by the light of the moon, which shone very bright, we discovered a round vessel, with all her sails out, a little ahead of us, but so very near, that we were forced to strike sail, to avoid running foul of her; and they also put the helm hard up, to give us room to go by. The men had posted themselves on the quarter-deck, to ask who we were, whither we were going, and from whence we came: but asking us in French, our renegado said; ‘ Let no one answer; for these without doubt are French corsairs, to whom all is fish, that comes to net.’ Upon this caution nobody spoke a word: and having sailed a little on, their vessel being under the wind, on a sudden they

let fly two pieces of artillery, and both, as it appeared, with chain-shot; for one cut our mast through the middle, which, with the sail, fell into the sea, and the other at the same instant came through the middle of our bark, so as to lay it quite open, without wounding any of us. But, finding ourselves sinking, we all began to cry aloud for help, and to beg of those in the ship to take us in, for we were drowning. They then struck their sails, and hoisting out the boat or pinnace, with about twelve Frenchmen in her, well armed with muskets, and their matches lighted, they came up close to us, and, seeing how few we were, and that the vessel was sinking, they took us in, telling us, that this had befallen us because of our incivility in returning them no answer. Our renegado took the trunk, in which was Zoraida's treasure, and without being perceived by any one, threw it overboard into the sea. In short, we all passed into the French ship, where, after they had informed themselves of whatever they had a mind to know concerning us, immediately, as if they had been our capital enemies, they stripped us of every thing, and Zoraida even of the bracelets she wore upon her ancles: but the uneasiness they gave her, gave me less than the apprehension I was in, lest they should proceed, from plundering her of her rich and precious jewels, to the depriving her of the jewel of most worth, and that, which she

valued most. But the desires of this sort of men seldom extend farther than to money, with which their avarice is never satisfied, as was evident at that time; for they would have taken away the very clothes we wore as slaves, if they had thought they could have made any thing of them. Some of them were of opinion, it would be best to throw us all overboard, wrapped up in a sail: for their design was to trade in some of the Spanish ports, pretending to be of Britany; and, should they carry us with them thither, they would be seized on and punished, upon discovery of the robbery. But the captain, who had rifled my dear Zoraida, said, he was contented with the prize he had already got, and that he would not touch at any port of Spain, but pass the Straits of Gibraltar by night, or as he could, and make the best of his way for Rochelle, from whence he came; and therefore in conclusion they agreed to give us their ship-boat, and what was necessary for so short a voyage as we had to make: which they did the next day in view of the Spanish coast; at which sight all our troubles and miseries were forgotten as entirely as if they had never happened to us; so great is the pleasure of regaining one's lost liberty. It was about noon, when they put us into the boat, giving us two barrels of water, and some biscuit; and the captain, moved by I know not what compassion, gave the beautiful Zoraida, at her going off,

about forty crowns in gold, and would not permit his soldiers to strip her of these very clothes, she has now on.

“ We went on board, giving them thanks for the favour they did us, and showing ourselves rather pleased than dissatisfied. They stood out to sea, steering toward the Straits; and we, without minding any other north-star than the land before us, rowed so hard, that we were, at sunset, so near it, that we might easily, we thought, get thither before the night should be far spent: but the moon not shining, and the sky being cloudy, as we did not know the coast we were upon, we did not think it safe to land, as several among us would have had us, though it were among the rocks, and far from any town; for by that means, they said, we should avoid the danger we ought to fear from the corsairs of Tetuan, who are overnight in Barbary, and the next morning on the coast of Spain, where they commonly pick up some prize, and return to sleep at their own homes. However, it was agreed at last, that we should row gently towards the shore, and, if the sea proved calm, we should land, wherever we could. We did so; and, a little before midnight, we arrived at the foot of a very large and high mountain, not so close to the shore, but there was room enough for our landing commodiously. We run our boat into the sand; we all got on shore, and kissed the ground, and, with

tears of joy and satisfaction, gave thanks to God our Lord for the unparalleled mercy he had shown us in our voyage. We took our provisions out of the boat, which we dragged on shore, and then ascended a good way up the mountain; and, though it was really so, we could not satisfy our minds, nor thoroughly believe, that the ground we were upon was Christian ground. We thought the day would never come: at last we got to the top of the mountain, to see if we could discover any houses, or huts of shepherds; but as far as ever we could see, neither habitation, nor person, nor path, nor road, could we discover at all. However, we determined to go farther into the country, thinking it impossible but we must soon see somebody, to inform us, where we were. But what vexed me most was to see Zoraida travel on foot through those craggy places; for, though I sometimes took her on my shoulders, my weariness tired her more than her own resting relieved her: and therefore she would not suffer me to take that trouble any more; and so went on with very great patience, and signs of joy, I still leading her by the hand.

“ We had gone in this manner little less than a quarter of a league, when the sound of a little bell reached our ears, a certain signal, that some flocks were near us; and all of us looking out attentively to see, whether any appeared, we discovered a young shepherd at the foot of a cork-

tree, in great tranquillity and repose, shaping a stick with his knife. We called out to him, and he, lifting up his head, got up nimbly on his feet; and, as we came to understand afterwards, the first, who presented themselves to his sight, being the renegado and Zoraida, he, seeing them in Moorish habits, thought all the Moors in Barbary were upon him; and making toward the wood before him with incredible speed, he cried out as loud as ever he could; Moors! the Moors are landed: Moors! Moors! arm, arm! We, hearing this outcry, were confounded, and knew not what to do: but, considering that the shepherd's outcries must needs alarm the country, and that the militia of the coast would presently come to see what was the matter, we agreed, that the renegado should strip off his Turkish habit, and put on a jerkin, or slave's cassock, which one of us immediately gave him, though he, who lent it, remained only in his shirt and breeches. And so, recommending ourselves to God, we went on, the same way we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment when the coast-guard would be upon us: nor were we deceived in our apprehension; for, in less than two hours, as we came down the hill into the plain, we discovered above fifty horsemen coming towards us on a half-gallop; and, as soon as we saw them, we stood still, to wait their coming up. But as they drew near, and found, instead of the Moors they

looked for, a company of poor Christian captives, they were surprised, and one of them asked us, whether we were the occasion of the shepherd's alarming the country? I answered, we were; and being about to acquaint him, whence we came, and who we were, one of the Christians, that came with us, knew the horsemen, who had asked us the question, and, without giving me time to say any thing more, he cried: 'God be praised, Gentlemen, for bringing us to so good a part of the country; for if I am not mistaken, the ground we stand upon is the territory of Velez Malaga, and, if the length of my captivity has not impaired my memory, you, Sir, who are asking us these questions, are Pedro de Bustamante, my uncle.' Scarcely had the Christian captive said this, when the horseman threw himself from his horse, and ran to embrace the young man, saying to him: 'Dear nephew of my soul and of my life, I know you; and we have often bewailed your death, I, and my sister your mother, and all your kindred, who are still alive; and God has been pleased to prolong their lives, that they may have the pleasure of seeing you again. We knew you were in Algiers, and, by the appearance of your dress, and that of your companions, I guess you must have recovered your liberty in some miraculous manner.'—'It is so,' answered the young man, 'and we shall have time enough hereafter to tell you the whole

story.' As soon as the horsemen understood that we were Christian captives, they alighted from their horses, and each of them invited us to accept of his horse to carry us to the city of Velez Malaga, which was a league and a half off. Some of them went back to carry the boat to the town, being told by us where we had left it. Others of them took us up behind them, and Zoraida rode behind our captive's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, having heard the news of our coming from some, who went before. They did not come to see captives freed, or Moors made slaves; for the people of that coast are accustomed to see both the one and the other: but they came to gaze at the beauty of Zoraida, which was at that time in its full perfection; for, what with the fatigue of walking, and the joy of being in Christendom, without the fear of being lost, such colours showed themselves in her face, that if my affection did not then deceive me, I will venture to say, there never was in the world a more beautiful creature; at least none that I had ever seen.

“ We went directly to the church, to give God thanks for the mercy we had received; and Zoraida, at first entering, said, there were faces there very like that of Lela Marien. We told her they were pictures of her, and the renegado explained to her the best he could what they signified, that she might adore them, just as if every

one of them were really that very Lela Marien, who had spoken to her. She, who has good sense, and a clear and ready apprehension, presently understood what was told her concerning the images. After this they carried us, and lodged us in different houses of the town: but the Christian, who came with us, took the renegado, Zoraida, and me, to the house of his parents, who were in pretty good circumstances, and treated us with as much kindness, as they did their own son. We staid in Velez six days, at the end of which the renegado, having informed himself of what was proper for him to do, repaired to the city of Granada, there to be re-admitted, by means of the holy inquisition, into the bosom of our holy mother the church. The rest of the freed captives went every one which way he pleased: as for Zoraida and myself, we remained behind, with those crowns only which the courtesy of the Frenchmen had bestowed on Zoraida; with part of which I bought the beast, she rides on; and hitherto I have served her as a father and gentleman-usher, and not as an husband. We are going with the design to see, if my father be living, or whether either of my brothers have had better fortune than myself; though considering that Heaven has given me Zoraida, no other fortune could have befallen me, which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience, with which Zoraida bears the incon-

veniences poverty brings along with it, and the desire she seems to express of becoming a Christian, is such and so great, that I am in admiration, and look upon myself as bound to serve her all the days of my life. But the delight I take in seeing myself hers, and her mine, is sometimes interrupted, and almost destroyed by my not knowing, whether I shall find any corner in my own country in which to shelter her, and whether time and death have not made such alterations in the affairs and lives of my father and brothers, that, if they are no more, I shall hardly find any body, who knows me.

“ This, Gentlemen, is my history: whether it be an entertaining and uncommon one, you are to judge. For my own part I can say, I would willingly have related it still more succinctly, though the fear of tiring you has made me omit several circumstances, which were at my tongue’s end.”



CHAP. XLI.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT FARTHER HAPPENED IN THE INN, AND OF MANY OTHER THINGS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN.

HERE the Captive ended his story; to whom Don Fernando said: “ Truly, Captain, the manner of your relating this strange adventure

has been such, as equals the novelty and surprising nature of the event itself. The whole is extraordinary, uncommon, and full of accidents, which astonish and surprise those, who hear them. And so great is the pleasure we have received in listening to it, that, though the story should have held until to-morrow, we should have wished it were to begin again." And, upon saying this, Cardenio and the rest of the company offered him all the service in their power, with such expressions of kindness and sincerity, that the Captain was extremely well satisfied of their good-will. Don Fernando in particular offered, that, if he would return with him, he would prevail with the Marquis, his brother, to stand godfather at Zoraida's baptism, and that, for his own part, he would accommodate him in such a manner, that he might appear in his own country with the dignity and distinction due to his person. The Captive thanked him most courteously, but would not accept of any of his generous offers.

By this time night was come on; and, about the dusk, a coach arrived at the inn, with some men on horseback. They asked for a lodging. The hostess answered, there was not an inch of room in the whole inn, but what was taken up. "Though it be so," said one of the men on horseback, "there must be room made for my Lord Judge here in the coach." At this name the

nostess was troubled, and said: "Sir, the truth is, I have no bed; but if his Worship, my Lord Judge, brings one with him, as I believe he must, let him enter in God's name; for I and my husband will quit our own chamber to accommodate his Honour."—"Then let it be so," replied the squire. But by this time there had already alighted out of the coach a man, who by his garb presently discovered the office and dignity he bore: for the long gown and tucked up sleeves he had on showed him to be a judge, as his servant had said. He led by the hand a young lady, seemingly about sixteen years of age, in a riding-dress, so genteel, so beautiful, and so gay, that her presence struck them all with admiration, insomuch that, had they not seen Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zoraida, who were in the inn, they would have believed that such another beautiful damsel could hardly have been found. Don Quixote was present at the entrance of the Judge and the young lady; and so, as soon as he saw him, he said: "Your Worship may securely enter here, and walk about in this castle; for, though it be narrow and ill accommodated, there is no narrowness nor incommodiousness in the world, which does not make room for arms and letters, especially if arms and letters bring beauty for their guide and conductor, as your Worship's letters do in this fair maiden, to whom not only castles ought to throw open

and offer themselves, but rocks to separate and divide, and mountains to bow their lofty heads, to give her entrance and reception. Enter, Sir, I say, into this paradise; for here you will find stars and suns to accompany that Heaven you bring with you. Here you will find arms in their zenith, and beauty in perfection." The Judge marvelled greatly at this speech of Don Quixote's, whom he set himself to look at very earnestly, wondering no less at his figure than at his words: and not knowing what to answer, he began to gaze at him again, when he saw Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zoraida, whom the report of these new guests, and the account the hostess had given them of the beauty of the young lady, had brought to see and receive her. But Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the Priest, complimented him in a more intelligible and polite manner. In short, my Lord Judge entered, no less confounded at what he saw, than at what he heard; and the beauties of the inn welcomed the fair stranger. The Judge easily perceived, that all there were persons of distinction; but the mien, visage, and behaviour of Don Quixote distracted him. After the usual civilities passed on all sides, and inquiry made into what conveniences the inn afforded, it was again ordered, as it had been before, that all the women should lodge in the great room aforesaid, and the men remain without as their guard. The Judge was contented

that the young lady, who was his daughter, should accompany those ladies; which she did with all her heart. And with part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, together with what the Judge had brought with him, they accommodated themselves that night better than they expected.

The Captive, who, from the very moment he saw the Judge, felt his heart beat, and had a suspicion that this gentleman was his brother, asked one of the servants, that came with him, what his name might be, and if he knew what country he was of? The servant answered, that he was called the licentiate John Perez de Viedma, and that he had heard say he was born in a town in the mountains of Leon. With this account, and with what he had seen, he was entirely confirmed in the opinion, that this was that brother of his, who by the advice of his father had applied himself to learning: and overjoyed and pleased herewith, he called aside Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the Priest, and told them what had passed, assuring them, that the Judge was his brother. The servant had also told him, that he was going to the Indies in quality of judge of the courts of Mexico. He understood also, that the young lady was his daughter, and that her mother died in childbed of her, and that the Judge was become very rich by her dowry, which came to him by his having this child by her. He asked their advice, what way he should

take to discover himself, or how he should first know whether, after the discovery, his brother, seeing him so poor, would be ashamed to own him, or would receive him with bowels of affection. "Leave it to me to make the experiment," said the Priest, "and there is no reason to doubt, Signor Captain, but that you will be very well received: for the worth and prudence, which appear in your brother's looks, give no signs of his being arrogant or wilfully forgetful, or of his not knowing how to make due allowances for the accidents of fortune."—"Nevertheless," said the Captain, "I would fain make myself known to him by some roundabout way, and not suddenly and unawares."—"I tell you," answered the Priest, "I will manage it after such a manner, that all parties shall be satisfied."

By this time supper was ready, and they all sat down at table, excepting the Captive and the ladies, who supped by themselves in their chamber. In the midst of supper, the Priest said: "My Lord Judge, I had a comrade of your name in Constantinople, where I was a slave some years; which comrade was one of the bravest soldiers and captains in all the Spanish infantry; but as unfortunate, as he was resolute and brave."—"And pray, Sir, what was this captain's name?" said the Judge. "He was called," answered the Priest, "Ruy Perez de Viedma, and he was born in a village in the

mountains of Leon. He related to me a circumstance, which happened between his father, himself, and his two brethren, which, had it come from a person of less veracity than himself, I should have taken for a tale, such as old women tell by a fire-side in winter. For he told me, his father had divided his estate equally between himself and his three sons, and had given them certain precepts better than those of Cato. And I can assure you, that the choice he made to follow the wars succeeded so well, that, in a few years, by his valour and bravery, without other help than that of his great virtue, he rose to be a captain of foot, and saw himself in the road of becoming a colonel very soon. But fortune proved adverse; for, where he might have expected to have her favour, he lost it, together with his liberty, in that glorious action, whereby so many recovered theirs: I mean, in the battle of Lepanto. Mine I lost in Goleta; and afterwards, by different adventures, we became comrades in Constantinople. From thence he came to Algiers, where, to my knowledge, one of the strangest adventures in the world befell him." The Priest then went on, and recounted to him very briefly what had passed between his brother and Zoraida. To all which the Judge was as attentive as possible. The Priest went no farther than that point, where the French stripped the Christians that came in the bark, and the poverty

and necessity in which his comrade and the beautiful Moor were left: pretending that he knew not what became of them afterwards, whether they arrived in Spain, or were carried by the Frenchmen to France.

The Captain stood at some distance, listening to all the Priest said, and observed all the emotions of his brother; who, perceiving the Priest had ended his story, fetching a deep sigh, and his eyes standing with water, said: "Oh! Sir, you know not how nearly I am affected by the news you tell me; so nearly, that I am constrained to show it by these tears, which flow from my eyes in spite of all my discretion and reserve. That gallant Captain you mention is my elder brother, who, being of a stronger constitution, and of more elevated thoughts, than I or my younger brother, chose the honourable and worthy profession of arms; which was one of the three ways proposed to us by our father, as your comrade told you, when you thought he was telling you a fable. I applied myself to learning, which, by God's blessing on my industry, has raised me to the station you see me in. My younger brother is in Peru, so rich, that, with what he has sent to my father and me, he has made large amends for what he took away with him, and besides has enabled my father to indulge his natural disposition to liberality. I also have been enabled to prosecute my studies with more decorum and

authority, until I arrived at the rank, to which I am now advanced. My father is still alive, but dying with desire to hear of his eldest son, and begging of God with incessant prayers, that death may not close his eyes, until he has once again beheld his son alive. And I wonder extremely, considering his discretion, how, in so many troubles and afflictions, or in his prosperous successes, he could neglect giving his father some account of himself; for had he, or any of us, known his case, he needed not to have waited for the miracle of the cane to have obtained his ransom. But what at present gives me the most concern, is, to think whether those Frenchmen have set him at liberty, or killed him to conceal their robbery. This thought will make me continue my voyage, not with that satisfaction I began it, but rather with melancholy and sadness. Oh my dear brother! did I but know, where you now are, I would go and find you, to deliver you from your troubles, though at the expense of my own repose. Oh! who shall carry the news to our aged father, that you are alive? Though you were in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, his wealth, my brother's, and mine, would fetch you thence. O beautiful and bountiful Zoraida, who can repay the kindness you have done my brother? Who shall be so happy as to be present at your regeneration by baptism, and at your nuptials, which would give us all so much de-

light?" These and similar expressions the Judge uttered, so full of compassion at the news he had received of his brother, that all, who heard him, bore him company in demonstrations of a tender concern for his sorrow.

The Priest then, finding he had gained his point according to the Captain's wish, would not hold them any longer in suspense; and so, rising from table, and going in where Zoraida was, he took her by the hand; and behind her came Lucinda, Dorothea, and the Judge's daughter. The Captain stood expecting what the Priest would do; who, taking him also by the other hand, with both of them together went into the room where the Judge and the rest of the company were, and said: "My Lord Judge, cease your tears, and let your wish be crowned with all the happiness you can desire, since you have before your eyes your good brother, and your good sister-in-law. He, whom you behold, is Captain Viedma, and this the beautiful Moor, who did him so much good. The Frenchmen I told you of reduced them to the poverty you see, to give you an opportunity of showing the liberality of your generous breast." The Captain ran to embrace his brother, who set both his hands against the Captain's breast, to look at him a little more asunder: but, when he thoroughly knew him, he embraced him so closely, shedding such melting tears of joy, that most of those present bore

him company in weeping. The words both the brothers uttered to each other, and the concern, they showed, can, I believe, hardly be conceived, much less written. Now they gave each other a brief account of their adventures: now they demonstrated the height of brotherly affection: now the Judge embraced Zoraida, offering her all he had: now he made his daughter embrace her: now the beautiful Christian and most beautiful Moor renewed the tears of all the company. Now Don Quixote stood attentive, without speaking a word, pondering upon these strange events, and ascribing them all to chimeras of Knight-errantry. Now it was agreed, that the Captain and Zoraida should return with their brother to Seville, and acquaint their father with his being found and at liberty, that the old man might contrive to be present at the baptism and nuptials of Zoraida, it being impossible for the Judge to discontinue his journey, having received news of the flota's departure from Seville for New Spain in a month's time, and as it would be a great inconvenience to him to lose his passage. In short, they were all satisfied, and rejoiced at the Captive's success; and, two parts of the night being well nigh spent, they agreed to retire, and repose themselves during the remainder. Don Quixote offered his service to guard the castle, lest some giant or other miscreant-errant, for the sake of the treasure of beauty enclosed

there, should make some attempt and attack them. They, who knew him, returned him thanks, and gave the Judge an account of his strange frenzy, with which he was not a little diverted. Sancho Panza alone was out of all patience at the company's sitting up so late; and after all he was better accommodated than any of them, throwing himself upon the accoutrements of his ass, which will cost him so dear, as you shall be told by and by. The ladies being now retired to their chamber, and the rest accommodated as well as they could, Don Quixote sallied out of the inn, to stand centinel at the castle gate, as he had promised.

It fell out then, that, a little before day, there reached the ladies ears a voice so tuneable and sweet, that it forced them all to listen attentively; especially Dorothea, who lay awake, by whose side slept Donna Clara de Viedma, for so the Judge's daughter was called. Nobody could imagine who the person was, that sung so well, and it was a single voice without any instrument to accompany it. Sometimes they fancied the singing was in the yard, and at other times, that it was in the stable. While they were thus in suspense, Cardenio came to the chamber-door, and said: "You, that are not asleep, pray listen, and you will hear the voice of one of the lads, that take care of the mules, who sings enchantingly."—"We hear him already, Sir," answered

Dorothea. Cardenio then went away; and Dorothea, listening with the utmost attention, heard him sing as follows.

CHAP. XLII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE AGREEABLE HISTORY OF THE YOUNG MULETEER, WITH OTHER STRANGE ACCIDENTS, THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

SONG.

LOVE's mariner, but fortune's sport,
 In vain my vessel's borne
 O'er troubled seas;—no shelt'ring port
 Receives this heart forlorn.

No common splendour guides my way,
 Far off a star I view;
 Its lustre darts a brighter ray
 Than Palinurus knew.

Ah! whither would it me invite?
 Perplex'd my course I bear;
 With soul intent I view its light,
 But, ah! with heedless care.

When most I try to feast my eyes
 On that transcendent light;
 Coyness and modesty arise,
 And veil it from my sight.

O star sublime! whose radiance clear
 Calls forth my constant fire,
 So soon as thou shalt disappear,
 That moment I expire.

When the singer came to this point, Dorothea thought it would be wrong to let Donna Clara lose the opportunity of hearing so good a voice ; and so, jogging her gently to and fro, she awakened her, saying : “ Pardon me, Child, that I wake you ; for I do it, that you may have the pleasure of hearing the best voice, perhaps, you have ever heard in all your life.” Clara awoke, quite sleepy, and at first did not understand what Dorothea had said to her ; and having asked her, she repeated it ; whereupon Clara was attentive. But scarcely had she heard two verses, which the singer was going on with, when she fell into so strange a trembling, as if some violent fit of a quartan ague had seized her ; and, clasping Dorothea close in her arms, she said to her : “ Ah ! dear Lady of my soul and life, why did you awaken me ? For the greatest good, that fortune could do me at this time, would be to keep my eyes and ears closed, that I might neither see nor hear this unhappy musician.” — “ What is it you say, Child ? Pray take notice, we are told he that sings is but a muleteer.” — “ Oh no, he is no such thing,” replied Clara ; “ he is a young gentleman of large possessions, and so much master of my heart, that, if he has no mind to part with it, it shall be his eternally.” Dorothea was astonished at the passionate expressions of the girl, thinking them far beyond what her tender years might promise : and therefore she said to her : “ You

speak in such a manner, Miss Clara, that I cannot understand you: explain yourself farther, and tell me, what it is you say of heart, and possessions, and of this musician, whose voice disturbs you so much. But say nothing now; for I will not lose the pleasure of hearing him sing, to mind your trembling; for methinks he is beginning to sing again, a new song and a new tune."—"With all my heart," answered Clara, and stopped both her ears with her hands, that she might not hear him; at which Dorothea wondered very much: and being attentive to what was sung, she found it was to this purpose.

SONG.

O LOVELY Hope! life's greatest charm,
 All obstacles before thee fly,
 Thou tread'st the path without alarm,
 Plann'd in thine own persuasive eye:
 Nay fear'st not, though with ghastly mien
 Death near thy footsteps oft is seen.

Who does not make all dangers yield,
 Triumphant glory shall not gain;
 Who for ill fortune quits the field,
 To happiness shall ne'er attain.
 Nor bliss nor honour can prevail,
 If indolence the soul assail.

That Love should sell his treasures dear,
 Is by the feeling soul deem'd best;
 For joys like purest gold appear,
 Which bides the fire's repeated test:

But what is for a trifle gain'd,
Is, like a trifle, soon disdain'd.

What else in contest Love denies
By perseverance oft is found ;
Thus then I follow, though he flies,
Where difficulties most abound.
Nor shall despair to fear give birth,
I'll gain my Heaven e'en on earth.

Here the voice ceased, and Donna Clara began to sigh afresh : all which excited Dorothea's curiosity to know the cause of so sweet a song, and so sad a plaint. And, therefore, she again asked her, what it was she would have said a while ago. Then Clara, lest Lucinda should hear her, embracing Dorothea, put her mouth so close to Dorothea's ear, that she might speak securely, without being overheard, and said to her : " The singer, dear Madam, is son of a gentleman of the kingdom of Arragon, lord of two towns, who lived opposite to my father's house at court. And though my father kept his windows with canvass in the winter, and lattices in summer, I know not how it happened, that this young gentleman, who then went to school, saw me ; nor can I tell, whether it was at church, or elsewhere : but, in short, he fell in love with me, and gave me to understand his passion from the windows of his house, by so many signs, and so many tears, that I was forced to believe, and even to love him,

without knowing what I desired. Among other signs, which he used to make, one was, to join one hand with the other, signifying his desire to marry me; and though I should have been very glad it might have been so, yet, being alone and without a mother, I knew not whom to communicate the affair to; and therefore I let it rest, without granting him any other favour, than, when his father and mine were both abroad, to lift up the canvass or lattice window³⁴, and give him a full view of me; at which he would be so transported, that one would think he would run stark mad. Now the time of my father's departure drew near, of which he heard, but not from me; for I never had an opportunity to tell it him. He fell sick, as far as I could learn, of grief; so that, on the day we came away, I could not see him to bid him farewell, though it were but with my eyes. But, after we had travelled two days, at going into an inn in a village a day's journey from hence, I saw him at the door, in the habit of a muleteer, so naturally dressed, that, had I not carried his image so deeply imprinted in my soul, it had been impossible for me to know him. I knew him, and was both surprised and overjoyed. He stole looks at me unobserved by my father, whom he carefully avoids, when he crosses the way before me, either on the road, or at our inn. And knowing what he is, and considering that he comes on

on foot, and takes such pains for love of me, I die with concern, and continually set my eyes, where he sets his feet. I cannot imagine what he proposes to himself, nor how he could escape from his father, who loves him passionately, having no other heir, and he being so very deserving, as you will perceive, when you see him. I can assure you besides, that all he sings is of his own invention; for I have heard, he is a very great scholar and a poet. And now, every time I see him, or hear him sing, I tremble all over, and am in a fright, lest my father should come to know him, and so discover our inclinations. In my life I never spoke a word to him, and yet I love him so violently, that I shall never be able to live without him. This, dear Madam, is all I can tell you of this musician, whose voice has pleased you so much; by that alone you may easily perceive he is no muleteer, but master of hearts and towns, as I have already told you."

"Say no more, my dear Clara," said Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times; "pray say no more, and stay until to-morrow; for I hope in God so to manage your affair, that the conclusion shall be as happy as so innocent a beginning deserves."—"Ah! Madam," said Donna Clara, "what conclusion can be hoped for, since his father is of such quality, and so wealthy, that he will not think me worthy to be so much as his son's servant, and how much less his wife?"

And as to marrying without my father's consent or knowledge, I would not do it for all the world. I would only have this young man go back, and leave me; perhaps, by not seeing him, and by the great distance of place and time, the pains I now endure may be abated; though, I dare say, this remedy is likely to do me little good. I know not what sorcery this is, nor which way this love possessed me, he and I being both so young; for I verily believe we are of the same age, and I am not yet full sixteen, nor shall be, as my father says, until next Michaelmas." Dorothea could not forbear smiling, to her how childishly Donna Clara talked, to whom she said: "Let us try to rest the short remainder of the night: to-morrow is a new day, and we shall speed, or my hand will be mightily out."

Then they composed themselves to rest, and there was a profound silence all over the inn: only the innkeeper's daughter, and her maid Maritornes, did not sleep; who, very well knowing Don Quixote's peccant humour, and that he was standing without doors, armed, and on horseback, keeping guard, agreed to put some trick upon him, or at least to have a little pastime, by overhearing some of his extravagant speeches.

Now you must know, that the inn had no window towards the field, only a kind of spike-hole to the straw-loft, by which they took in or threw out their straw. At this hole, then, this

pair of demi-lasses planted themselves, and perceived, that Don Quixote was on horseback, leaning forward on his lance, and uttering every now and then such mournful and profound sighs, that one would think each of them sufficient to tear away his very soul. They heard him also say, in a soft, soothing, and amorous tone: "Oh my dear Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, perfection of all beauty, sum total of discretion, treasury of wit and good-humour, and pledge of modesty; lastly, the idea and exemplar of all, that is profitable, decent, or delightful in the world! what may your Ladyship be now doing? Art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive Knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils, merely for thy sake? Oh! thou triformed luminary, bring me tidings of her: perhaps thou art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she is walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, considering how, without offence to her modesty and grandeur, she may assuage the torment this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her sake; or perhaps considering what glory to bestow on my sufferings, what rest on my cares, and, lastly, what life on my death, and what reward on my services. And thou, sun, who by this time must be hastening to harness thy steeds, to come abroad early, and visit my mistress, I entreat thee, as soon as thou seest her, salute her in my name:

but beware, when thou seest and salutest her, that thou dost not kiss her face; for I shall be more jealous of thee, than thou wast of that swift ingrate, who made thee sweat, and run so fast over the plains of Thessaly, or along the banks of Peneus; for I do not well remember over which of them thou rannest at that time."

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his piteous soliloquy, when the innkeeper's daughter began to call softly to him, and to say: "Sir, pray come a little this way, if you please." At which signal and voice, Don Quixote turned about his head, and perceived by the light of the moon, which then shone very bright, that somebody called him from the spike-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, fit for rich castles, such as he fancied the inn to be: and instantly it came again into his mad imagination, as it had done before, that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, being irresistibly in love with him, was come to solicit him again: and with this thought, that he might not appear discourteous and ungrateful, he turned Rozinante about, and came up to the hole; and, as soon as he saw the two wenches, he said: "I pity you, fair Lady, for having placed your amorous inclinations, where it is impossible for you to meet with a suitable return, such as your great worth and beauty deserve: yet ought you not to blame this unfortunate enamoured Knight,

whom love has made incapable of engaging his affections to any other than to her, whom, the moment he laid his eyes on her, he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, good Lady, and retire to your chamber; and do not, by a farther discovery of your desires, force me to seem still more ungrateful: and if, through the passion you have for me, you can find any thing else in me to satisfy you, provided it be not downright love, pray command it; for I swear to you by that absent sweet enemy of mine, to bestow it upon you immediately, though you should ask me for a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or even the sun-beams enclosed in a vail."

—"Sir," said Maritornes, "my Lady wants nothing of all this."—"What is it then your Lady wants, discreet Duenna?" answered Don Quixote. "Only one of your beautiful hands," replied Maritornes, "whereby partly to satisfy that longing, which brought her to this window so much to the peril of her honour, that, if her lord and father should come to know it, the least slice he would whip off would be one of her ears."—"I would fain see that," answered Don Quixote: "he had best have a care what he does, unless he has a mind to come to the most disastrous end, that ever father did in the world, for having laid violent hands on the delicate members of his beloved daughter." Maritornes made no doubt but Don Quixote would give his

hand, as they had desired; and so, resolving with herself what she would do, she went down into the stable, from whence she took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass, and returned very speedily to her spike-hole, just as Don Quixote had got upon Rozinante's saddle, to reach the gilded window, where he imagined the enamoured damsel stood: and, at giving her his hand, he said: "Take, Madam, this hand, or rather this chastiser of the evil-doers of the world: take, I say, this hand, which no woman's hand ever touched before, not even hers, who has the entire right to my whole body. I do not give it you to kiss, but only that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may gather what must be the strength of that arm, which has such a hand."—"We shall soon see that," cried Maritornes; and making a running knot on the halter, she clapped it on his wrist, and, descending from the hole, she tied the other end of it very fast to the staple of the door of the hay-loft. Don Quixote, feeling the harshness of the rope about his wrist, said; "You seem rather to rasp than grasp my hand: pray, do not treat it so roughly, since that is not to blame for the injury my inclination does you; nor is it right to discharge the whole of your displeasure on so small a part: consider, that lovers do not take revenge at this cruel rate."

But nobody heard a word of all this discourse; for, as soon as Maritornes had tied Don Quixote up, they both went away, ready to die with laughing, and left him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose.

He stood, as has been said, upright on Rozinante, his arm within the hole, and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door, in the utmost fear and dread, that, if Rozinante stirred ever so little one way or other, he must remain hanging by the arm: and therefore he durst not make the least motion; though he might well expect from the sobriety and patience of Rozinante, that he would stand stock-still an entire century. In short, Don Quixote, finding himself tied, and that the ladies were gone, began presently to imagine, that all this was done in the way of enchantment, as the time before, when, in that very same castle, the enchanted Moor of a carrier so mauled him. Then, within himself, he cursed his own inconsiderateness and indiscretion, since, having come off so ill before, he had ventured to enter in a second time; it being a rule with Knights-errant, that, when they had once tried an adventure, and cannot accomplish it, it is assign of its not being reserved for them, but for somebody else, and therefore there is no necessity for them to try it a second time. However, he pulled his arm, to see if he could loose himself: but he was so fast tied, that all his efforts were

in vain. It is true, indeed, he pulled gently, lest Rozinante should stir; and though he would fain have got into the saddle, and have sat down, he could not, but must stand up, or pull off his hand. Now he wished for Amadis's sword, against which no enchantment had any power; and now he cursed his fortune. Then he exaggerated the loss the world would have of his presence, all the while he should stand there enchanted, as, without doubt, he believed he was. Then he bethought himself afresh of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso. Then he called upon his good squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in sleep, and stretched upon his ass's pannel, did not, at that instant, so much as dream of the mother, that bore him. Then he invoked the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife, to help him: then he called upon his special friend Urganda, to assist him: at last the morning overtook him, so despairing and confounded, that he bellowed like a bull; for he did not expect, that the day would bring him any relief; for, accounting himself enchanted, he concluded it would be eternal: and he was the more induced to believe it, seeing Rozinante budged not at all; and he verily thought, that himself and his horse must remain in that posture, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, until that evil influence of the stars was overpast, or until some more sage enchanter should disenchant him.

But he was much mistaken in his belief; for

scarcely did the day begin to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, very well appointed and accoutred, with carbines hanging at the pommels of their saddles. They called at the inn-door, which was not yet opened, knocking very hard: which Don Quixote perceiving, from the place, where he still stood centinel, he cried out, with an arrogant and loud voice: "Knights, or squires, or whoever you are, you have no business to knock at the gate of this castle; for it is very plain, that, at such hours, they, who are within, are either asleep, or do not use to open the gates of their fortress, until the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon: get farther off, and stay until clear daylight, and then we shall see, whether it is fit to open to you or no."—"What the devil of a fortress or castle is this," cried one of them, "to oblige us to observe all this ceremony? If you are the innkeeper, make somebody open the door; for we are travellers, and only want to bait our horses, and go on, for we are in haste."—"Do you think, Gentlemen, that I look like an innkeeper?" answered Don Quixote. "I know not what you look like," replied the other; but I am sure you talk preposterously, to call this inn a castle."—"It is a castle," said Don Quixote, "and one of the best in this whole province; and it has in it persons, who have had sceptres in their hands, and crowns on their heads."—"You had better

have said the very reverse," replied the traveller : " the sceptre on the head, and the crown in the hand : but, perhaps, some company of strolling players is within, who frequently wear those crowns and sceptres you talk of : otherwise, I do not believe, that, in so small and paltry an inn, and where all is so silent, there can be lodged persons worthy to wear crowns, and wield sceptres."—" You know little of the world," replied Don Quixote, " if you are ignorant of the accidents, which usually happen in Knight-errantry." The querist's comrades were tired with the dialogue between him and Don Quixote, and so they knocked again with greater violence, and in such a manner, that the innkeeper awoke, and all the rest of the people, that were in the inn : and the host got up to ask, who knocked.

Now it fell out, that one of the four strangers' horses came to smell at Rozinante, who, melancholy and sad, his ears hanging down, bore up his distended master without stirring : but, being in fact of flesh, though he seemed to be of wood, he could not but be sensible of it, and smell him again, that came so kindly to caress him : and scarcely had he stirred a step, when Don Quixote's feet slipped, and, tumbling from the saddle, he had fallen to the ground, had he not hung by the arm : which put him to so much torture, that he fancied his wrist was cutting off, or his arm tearing from his body : yet he hung so near

the ground, that he could just reach it with the tips of his toes, which turned to his prejudice: for, feeling how little he wanted to set his feet to the ground, he strove and stretched as much as he could to reach it quite: like those, who are tortured by the strappado, who, being placed just above the surface, are themselves the cause of increasing their own pain, by their eagerness to extend themselves, deceived by the hope, that, if they stretch ever so little further, they shall reach the ground.

CHAP. XLIII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURES
OF THE INN.

IN short, Don Quixote roared out so terribly, that the host, in a fright, opened the inn-door hastily, to see who it was, that made those outcries; nor were the strangers less surprised. Maritornes, who was also wakened by the same noise, imagining what it was, went to the straw-loft, and, without any body's seeing her, untied the halter, which held up Don Quixote, who straight fell to the ground in sight of the inn-keeper and the travellers; who, coming up to him, asked him what ailed him, that he so cried out? He, without answering a word, slipped the rope from off his wrist, and raising himself up on his feet, mounted Rozinante, braced his tar-

get, couched his lance, and, taking a good compass about the field, came up at a half-gallop, saying: "Whoever shall dare to affirm, that I was fairly enchanted, provided my sovereign Lady the Princess Micomicona gives me leave, I say, he lies, and I challenge him to single combat." The new comers were amazed at Don Quixote's words; but the innkeeper removed their wonder by telling them, who Don Quixote was; and that they should not mind him, for he was beside himself. They then inquired of the host, whether there was not in the house a youth about fifteen years old, habited like a muleteer, with such and such marks, describing the same clothes, that Donna Clara's lover had on. The host answered, there were so many people in the inn, that he had not taken particular notice of any such. But one of them, espying the coach the Judge came in, said: "Without doubt he must be here; for this is the coach, it is said, he follows: let one of us stay at the door, and the rest go in to look for him; and it would not be amiss for one of us to ride round the inn, that he may not escape over the pales of the yard."—"It shall be so done," answered one of them; and accordingly two went in, leaving the third at the door, while the fourth walked the rounds: all which the innkeeper saw, and could not judge certainly, why they made this search, though he

believed they sought the young-lad, they had been describing to him.

By this time it was clear day, which, together with the noise Don Quixote had made, had raised the whole house, especially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept but indifferently, the one through concern at being so near her lover, and the other through the desire of seeing him. Don Quixote, perceiving that none of the four travellers minded him, nor answered to his challenge, was dying and running mad with rage and despite; and could he have found a precedent in the statutes and ordinances of chivalry, that a Knight-errant might lawfully undertake or begin any other adventure, after having given his word and faith not to engage in any new enterprise, until he had finished what he had promised, he would have attacked them all, and made them answer, whether they would or no. But thinking it not convenient, nor decent, to set about a new adventure, until he had reinstated Micomicona in her kingdom, he thought it best to say nothing and be quiet, until he saw what would be the issue of the inquiry and search those travellers were making: one of whom found the youth, he was in quest of, sleeping by the side of a muleteer, little dreaming of any body's searching for him, or finding him. The man, pulling him by the arm, said: "Upon my word, Signor

Don Louis, the dress you are in is very becoming such a gentleman as you; and the bed you lie on is very suitable to the tenderness, with which your mother brought you up." The youth rubbed his drowsy eyes, and, looking wistfully at him, who held him, presently knew him to be one of his father's servants: which so surprised him, that he could not speak a word for a good while; and the servant went on, saying: "There is no more to be done, Signor Don Louis, but for you to have patience, and return home, unless you have a mind my master, your father, should depart to the other world; for nothing less can be expected from the pain he is in at your absence."—"Why, how did my father know," said Don Louis, "that I was come this road, and in this dress?"—"A student," answered the servant, "to whom you gave an account of your design, discovered it, being moved to pity by the lamentations your father made the instant he missed you: and so he dispatched four of his servants in quest of you; and we are all here at your service, overjoyed beyond imagination at the good dispatch we have made, and that we shall return with you so soon, and restore you to those eyes, that love you so dearly."—"That will be as I shall please, or as Heaven shall ordain," answered Don Louis. "What should you please, or Heaven ordain, otherwise than that you should re-

turn home?" added the servant; "for there is no possibility of avoiding it."

The muleteer, who lay with Don Louis, hearing this contest between them, got up, and went to acquaint Don Fernando and Cardenio, and the rest of the company, who were all by this time up and dressed, with what had passed. He related to them, how the man had stiled the young lad Don, and repeated the discourse, which passed between them, and how the man would have him return to his father's house, and that the youth refused to go. Hearing this, and considering besides how fine a voice Heaven had bestowed upon him, they had all a great longing to know, who he was, and to assist him, if any violence should be offered him: and so they went towards the place, where he was talking and contending with his servant. Dorothea now came out of her chamber, and behind her Donna Clara in great disorder: and Dorothea, calling Cardenio aside, related to him in few words the history of the musician and Donna Clara; and he on his part told her what had passed in relation to the servants coming in search after him: and he did not speak so low, but Donna Clara overheard him; at which she was in such an agony, that, had not Dorothea caught hold of her, she had sunk down to the ground. Cardenio desired Dorothea to go back with Donna Clara to their

chamber, while he would endeavour to set matters to rights. Now all the four, who came in quest of Don Louis, were in the inn, and had surrounded him, pressing him to return immediately to comfort his father, without delaying a moment. He answered, that he could in no wise do so, until he had accomplished a business, in which his life, his honour, and his soul, were concerned. The servants urged him, saying, they would by no means go back without him, and that they were resolved to carry him, whether he would or no. "That you shall not do," replied Don Louis, "except you kill me; and, whichever way you carry me, it will be without life." Most of the people, that were in the inn, were got together to hear the contention, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando and his companions, the Judge, the Priest, the Barber, and Don Quixote, who now thought there was no farther need of continuing upon the castle-guard. Cardenio, already knowing the young man's story, asked the men, who were for carrying him away, why they would take away the youth against his will?"—"Because," replied one of the four, "we would save the life of his father, who is in danger of losing it by this gentleman's absence." Then Don Louis said: "There is no need of giving an account of my affairs here; I am free, and will go back, if I please; and if not, none of you shall force me."—"But reason will

force you," answered the servant; "and though it should not prevail upon you, it must upon us, to do what we came about, and what we are obliged to."—"Hold," said the Judge, "let us know what this business is to the bottom." The man, who knew him, as being his master's near neighbour, answered: "Pray, my Lord Judge, does not your Honour know this gentleman? He is your neighbour's son, and has absented himself from his father's house in an indecent garb, as your Honour may see." Then the Judge observed him more attentively, and, knowing and embracing him, said: "What childish frolic is this, Signor Don Louis? Or what powerful cause has moved you to come in this manner, and this dress, so little becoming your quality?" The tears came into the young gentleman's eyes, and he could not answer a word. The Judge bid the servants be quiet, for all would be well; and taking Don Louis by the hand, he went aside with him, and asked him, why he came in that manner?

While the Judge was asking this and some other questions, they heard a great outcry at the door of the inn, and the occasion was, that two guests, who had lodged there that night, seeing all the folks busy about knowing what the four men searched for, had attempted to go off without paying their reckoning. But the host, who minded his own business more than other peo-

ple's, laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money, giving them such hard words for their evil intention, that he provoked them to return him an answer with their fists; which they did so roundly, that the poor innkeeper was forced to call out for help. The hostess, and her daughter, seeing nobody so disengaged, and so proper to succour him, as Don Quixote, the daughter said to him: "Sir Knight, I beseech you, by the valour God has given you, come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating to mummy." To whom Don Quixote answered, very leisurely, and with much phlegm: "Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at present, because I am incapacitated from intermeddling in any other adventure, until I have accomplished one I have already engaged my word for: but what I can do for your service, is, what I will now tell you: run, and bid your father maintain the fight the best he can, and in no wise suffer himself to be vanquished, while I go and ask permission of the Princess Micomicona to relieve him in his distress; which if she grants me, rest assured I will bring him out of it."—"As I am a sinner," cried Maritornes, who was then by, "before your Worship can obtain the licence you talk of, my master may be gone into the other world."—"Permit me, Madam, to obtain the licence I speak of," answered Don Quixote:

“ for if I have it, no matter though he be in the other world; for from thence would I fetch him back, in spite of the other world itself, should it dare to contradict or oppose me; or at least I will take such ample revenge on those, who shall have sent him thither, that you shall be more than moderately satisfied.” And, without saying a word more, he went and kneeled down before Dorothea, beseeching her, in knightly and errant-like expressions, that her Grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to go and succour the governor of that castle, who was in grievous distress. The Princess gave it him very graciously; and he presently, bracing on his target, and drawing his sword, ran to the inn-door, where the two guests were still lugging and worrying the poor host: but when he came he stopped short and stood irresolute, though Maritornes and the hostess asked him why he delayed succouring their master and husband.”— “ I delay,” said Don Quixote, “ because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against squire-like folks: but call hither my squire Sancho; for to him this defence and revenge does most properly belong.” This passed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing went about briskly, to the innkeeper’s cost, and the rage of Maritornes, the hostess, and her daughter, who were ready to run distracted to behold the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the injury

then doing to their master, husband, and father.

But let us leave him there awhile; for he will not want somebody or other to relieve him; or, if not, let him suffer and be silent, who is so fool-hardy as to engage in what is above his strength; and let us turn fifty paces back, to see what Don Louis replied to the Judge, whom we left apart asking the cause of his coming on foot, and so meanly apparelled. To whom the youth, squeezing him hard by both hands, as if some great affliction was wringing his heart, and pouring down tears in great abundance, said: "All I can say, dear Sir, is, that, from the moment Heaven was pleased, by means of our neighbourhood, to give me a sight of Donna Clara, your daughter, from that very instant I made her sovereign mistress of my affections; and if you, my true lord and father, do not oppose it, this very day she shall be my wife. For her I left my father's house, and for her I put myself into this dress, to follow her whithersoever she went, as the arrow to the mark, or the mariner to the north-star. As yet she knows no more of my passion, than what she may have perceived from now and then seeing at a distance my eyes full of tears. You know, my Lord, the wealthiness and nobility of my family, and that I am sole heir: if you think these motives sufficient for you to venture the making me entirely happy, receive me imme-

diately for your son ; for, though my father, biassed by other views of his own, should not approve of this happiness I have found for myself, time may work some favourable change, and alter his mind." Here the enamoured youth was silent, and the Judge remained in suspense, no less surprised at the manner and ingenuity of Don Louis in discovering his passion, than confounded and at a loss what measures to take in so sudden and unexpected an affair ; and therefore he returned no other answer, but only bid him be easy for the present, and not let his servants go back that day, that there might be time to consider, what was most expedient to be done. Don Louis kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with tears, enough to soften a heart of marble, and much more that of the Judge, who, being a man of sense, soon saw how advantageous and honourable this match would be for his daughter ; though, if possible, he would have effected it with the consent of Don Louis's father, who, he knew, had pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time the innkeeper and his guests had made peace, more through the persuasion and arguments of Don Quixote than his threats, and had paid him all he demanded ; and the servants of Don Louis were waiting, until the Judge should have ended his discourse, and their master determined what he would do ; when the devil,

who sleeps not, so ordered it, that, at that very instant, the barber came into the inn, from whom Don Quixote had taken Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza the ass-furniture, which he trucked for his own: which barber, leading his beast to the stable, espied Sancho Panza, who was mending something about the pannel; and, as soon as he saw him, he knew him, and made bold to attack him, saying: "Ah! mister thief, have I got you! give me my basin and my pannel, with all the furniture you robbed me of." Sancho, finding himself attacked so unexpectedly, and hearing the opprobrious language given him, with one hand held fast the pannel, and with the other gave the barber such a douse, that he bathed his mouth in blood. But for all that the barber did not let go his hold: on the contrary, he raised his voice in such a manner, that all the folks of the inn ran together at the noise and scuffle; and he cried out: "Help, in the king's name, and in the name of justice; for this rogue and highway-robber would murder me for endeavouring to recover my own goods."—"You lie," answered Sancho, "I am no highway-robber: my master Don Quixote won these spoils in fair war." Don Quixote was now present, and not a little pleased to see how well his squire performed both on the defensive and offensive, and from thenceforward took him for a man of mettle, and resolved in his mind to dub him a Knight the first opportunity

that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be very well bestowed upon him.

Now, among other things, the barber during the skirmish said, "Gentlemen, this pannel is as certainly mine as the death I owe to God, and I know it as well, as if it were a child of my own body, and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lie: pray do but try it, and, if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be infamous: and moreover, by the same token, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, never handselled, that was worth a crown." Here Don Quixote could not forbear answering; and thrusting himself between the two combatants, and parting them, and making them lay down the pannel on the ground in public view, until the truth should be decided, he said: "Sirs, you shall presently see clearly and manifestly the error this honest squire is in, in calling that a basin, which was, is, and ever shall be, Mambrino's helmet: I won it in fair war, so am its right and lawful possessor. As to the pannel, I intermeddle not: what I can say of that matter is, that my squire Sancho asked my leave to take the trappings of this conquered coward's horse, to adorn his own with: I gave him leave; he took them, and, if from horse-trappings they are metamorphosed into an ass's pannel, I can give no other reason for it, but that common one, that these kind of

transformations are frequent in adventures of chivalry: for confirmation of which, run, son Sancho, and fetch hither the helmet, which this honest man will needs have to be a basin.”—“In faith, Sir,” quoth Sancho, “if we have no other proof of our cause but what your Worship mentions, Mambrino’s helmet will prove as errant a basin, as this honest man’s trappings are a pack-saddle.”—“Do what I bid you,” replied Don Quixote; “for sure all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment.” Sancho went for the basin, and brought it; and as soon as Don Quixote saw it, he took it in his hands, and said: “Behold, Gentlemen; with what face can this squire pretend this to be a basin, and not the helmet I have mentioned? I swear by the order of Knighthood, which I profess, this helmet is the very same I took from him, without addition or diminution.”—“There is no doubt of that,” quoth Sancho; “for, from the time my master won it until now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was, when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves; and had it not been for his basin-helmet, he had not then got off over-well; for he had a power of stones hurled at him in that skirmish.”

CHAP. XLIV.

IN WHICH THE DISPUTE CONCERNING MAMBRINO'S HELMET, AND THE PANNEL, IS DECIDED; WITH OTHER ADVENTURES, THAT REALLY AND TRULY HAPPENED.

“**P**RAY, Gentlemen,” cried the barber, “what is your opinion of what these gentlefolks affirm? for they persist in it, that this is no basin but a helmet.”—“And whoever shall affirm the contrary,” said Don Quixote, “I will make him know, if he be a Knight, that he lies, and, if a squire, that he lies and lies again a thousand times.” Our Barber, who was present all the while, and well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, had a mind to work up his madness, and carry on the jest, to make the company laugh; and so, addressing himself to the other barber, he said: “Signor Barber, or whoever you are, know, that I also am of your profession, and have had my certificate of examination above these twenty years, and am very well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery, without missing one. I have likewise been a soldier in my youthful days, and therefore know what is a helmet, and what a morion, or steel-cap, and what a casque with its beaver, as well as other matters relating to soldiery, I mean to all kinds of arms commonly used by soldiers.

And I say, with submission always to better judgments, that this piece here before us, which this honest gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so, as white is from black, and truth from falsehood. I say also, that, though it be an helmet, it is not a complete one."—"No, certainly," said Don Quixote; "for the beaver, that should make half of it, is wanting."—"It is so," added the Priest, who perceived his friend the Barber's design; and Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions, confirmed the same: and even the Judge, had not his thoughts been so taken up about the business of Don Louis, would have helped on the jest; but the concern he was in so employed his thoughts, that he attended but little, or not at all, to these pleasantries.

"Lord have mercy upon me!" exclaimed the bantered barber, "how is it possible so many honest gentlemen should maintain, that this is not a basin, but an helmet! a thing enough to astonish a whole university, though never so wise. Well, if this basin be an helmet, then this pannel must needs be a horse's furniture, as this gentleman has said."—"To me it seems, indeed, to be a pannel," answered Don Quixote; "but I have already told you, I will not intermeddle with the dispute, whether it be an ass's pannel, or a horse's furniture."—"All that remains," said the Priest, "is, for Signor Don Quixote to declare

his opinion ; for, in matters of chivalry, all these gentlemen, and myself, yield him the preference.” —“ By the living God, Gentlemen,” said Don Quixote, “ so many and such unaccountable things have befallen me twice, that I have lodged in this castle, that I dare not venture to vouch positively for any thing, that may be asked me about it : for I am of opinion, that every thing passes in it by the way of enchantment. The first time, I was very much harassed by an enchanted Moor, that was in it, and Sancho fared little better among some of his followers ; and to-night I hung almost two hours by this arm, without being able to guess how I came to fall into that mischance. And, therefore, for me to meddle now in so confused a business, and to be giving my opinion, would be to spend my judgment rashly. As to the question, whether this be a basin, or an helmet, I have already answered : but as to declaring, whether this be a pannel or a caparison, I dare not pronounce a definitive sentence, but remit it, Gentlemen, to your discretion : who perhaps, not being dubbed Knights as I am, the enchantments of this place may have no power over you, and you may have your understandings free, and so may judge of the things of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to me.” —“ There is no doubt,” answered Don Fernando, “ but that Signor Don Quixote has said very right, that the decision of

this case belongs to us ; and, that we may proceed in it upon better and more solid grounds, I will take the votes of these gentlemen in secret, and then give you a clear and full account of the result."

To those, acquainted with Don Quixote, all this was matter of most excellent sport ; but to those, who knew not his humour, it seemed to be the greatest absurdity in the world, especially to Don Louis's four servants, and to Don Louis himself as much as the rest, besides three other passengers, who were by chance just then arrived at the inn, and seemed to be troopers of the holy Brotherhood, as in reality they proved to be. As for the barber, he was quite at his wit's end, to see his basin converted into Mambrino's helmet before his eyes, and made no doubt but his pannel would be turned into a rich caparison for a horse. Every body laughed to see Don Fernando walking the round, and taking the opinion of each person at his ear, that he might secretly declare, whether that precious piece, about which there had been such a bustle, was a pannel or a caparison ; and, after he had taken the votes of those, who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud : " The truth is, honest friend, I am quite weary of collecting so many votes ; for I ask nobody, that does not tell me, it is ridiculous to say, this is an ass's pannel, and not a horse's caparison, and even that of a well-

bred horse: so that you must have patience; for, in spite of you and your ass too, this is a caparison, and no pannel, and the proofs you have alleged on your part are very trivial and invalid.” —“ Let me never enjoy a place in Heaven,” cried the bantered barber, “ if your Worships are not all mistaken; and so may my soul appear before God, as this appears to me a pannel, and not a caparison: but, so go the laws—I say no more; and verily I am not drunk, for I am fasting from every thing but sin.”

The barber’s simplicities caused no less laughter than the follies of Don Quixote, who, at this juncture, said: “ There is now no more to be done, but for every one to take what is his own; and to whom God has given it, may St. Peter give his blessing.” One of Don Louis’s four servants said: “ If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot persuade myself, that men of so good understanding, as all here are, or seem to be, should venture to say, and affirm, that this is not a basin, nor that a pannel; but seeing they do actually say and affirm it, I suspect there must be some mystery in obstinately maintaining a thing so contrary to truth and experience: for, by—(and out he rapped a round oath) all the men in the world shall never persuade me, that this is not a barber’s basin, and that a jack-ass’s pannel.” —“ May it not be a she-ass’s?” cried the Priest. “ That is all one,” said the servant;

“ for the question is only, whether it be, or be not, a pannel, as your Worships say.” One of the officers of the holy Brotherhood, who came in, and had overheard the dispute, full of choler and indignation, said: “ It is as much a pannel as my father is my father; and whoever says, or shall say to the contrary, must be drunk.”— “ You lie like a pitiful scoundrel,” answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his lance, which he never had let go out of his hand, he went to give him such a blow over the head, that, had not the officer slipped aside, he had been laid flat on the spot. The lance was broke to splinters on the ground; and the other officers, seeing their comrades abused, cried out, “ Help, help the the holy Brotherhood.” The innkeeper, who was one of the troop, ran in that instant for his wand and his sword, and prepared himself to stand by his comrades. Don Louis’s servants got about him, lest he should escape during the hurly-burly. The barber, perceiving the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his pannel, and Sancho did the same. Don Quixote drew his sword, and fell upon the troopers. Don Louis called out to his servants, to leave him, and assist Don Quixote, Cardenio, and Don Fernando, who all took part with Don Quixote. The Priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter roared, Maritornes wept, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda stood amazed, and Donna

Clara fainted away. The barber cuffed Sancho, and Sancho pommelled the barber. Don Louis gave one of his servants, who laid hold of him by the arm lest he should escape, such a dash on the chops, that he bathed his mouth in blood. The Judge interposed in his defence. Don Fernando got one of the troopers down, and kicked him to his heart's content. The innkeeper reinforced his voice, demanding aid for the holy Brotherhood. Thus the whole inn was nothing but weeping, cries, shrieks, confusion, fears, frights, mischances, cuffs, cudgellings, kicks, and effusion of blood. And in the midst of this chaos, this mass, and labyrinth of things, it came into Don Quixote's fancy, that he was plunged over head and ears in the discord of King Agramante's camp³⁵; and therefore he said, with a voice which made the inn shake: "Hold all of you; all put up your swords; be pacified all, and hearken to me, if you would all continue alive." At which tremendous voice they all desisted, and he went on, saying: "Did I not tell you, Sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must certainly inhabit it? In confirmation of which, I would have you see with your own eyes, how the discord of Agramante's camp is passed over and transferred hither among us: behold, how there they fight for the sword, here for the horse, yonder for the eagle, here again for the helmet; and we all

fight, and no one understands another. Come therefore, my Lord Judge, and you master Priest, and let one of you stand for king Agramante, the other for king Sobrino³⁶, and make peace among us ; for by the eternal God, it is a thousand pities, so many gentlemen of quality, as are here of us, should kill one another for such trivial matters." The troopers, who did not understand Don Quixote's language, and found themselves roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified ; but the barber submitted ; for both his beard and his pannel were demolished in the scuffle. Sancho, as became a dutiful servant, obeyed the least voice of his master. Don Louis's four servants were also quiet, seeing how little they got by being otherwise. The innkeeper alone was refractory, and insisted, that the insolences of that madman ought to be chastised, who at every foot turned the inn upside down. At last the bustle ceased for that time : the pannel was to remain a caparison, the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle, in Don Quixote's imagination, until the day of judgment.

Now all being pacified, and all made friends, by the persuasion of the Judge and the Priest, Don Louis's servants began again to press him to go with them that moment ; and, while they were debating, and settling the point, the Judge consulted Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the Priest, what he should do in this emergency, telling them

all, that Don Louis had said. At last it was agreed, that Don Fernando should tell Don Louis's servants who he was, and that it was his desire Don Louis should go alone with him to Andalusia, where he should be treated by the Marquis his brother according to his quality and worth; for he well knew his intention and resolution not to return, just at that time, into his father's presence, though they should tear him to pieces. Now, Don Fernando's quality, and Don Louis's resolution, being known to the four servants, they determined among themselves, that three of them should return to give his father an account of what had passed, and the other should stay to wait upon Don Louis, and not leave him, until the rest should come back for him, or until they knew what his father would order. Thus this mass of contentions was appeased by the authority of Agramante, and the prudence of king Sobrino. But the enemy of peace and concord, finding himself illuded and disappointed, and how thin a crop he had gathered from that large field of confusion, resolved to try his hand once more, by contriving fresh frays and disturbances.

Now the case was this: the troopers, upon notice of the quality of those, that had attacked them, had desisted and retreated from the fray, as thinking that, let matters go how they would, they were likely to come off by the worst. But one of them, namely, he, who had been kicked and mauled

by Don Fernando, bethought himself, that, among some warrants he had about him for apprehending certain delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, whom the holy Brotherhood had ordered to be taken into custody for setting at liberty the galley-slaves, as Sancho had very justly feared. Having this in his head, he had a mind to be satisfied, whether the person of Don Quixote answered to the description; and, pulling a parchment out of his bosom, he presently found what he looked for; and setting himself to read it leisurely, for he was no great clerk, at every word he read, he fixed his eyes on Don Quixote, and then went on, comparing the marks in his warrant with the lines of Don Quixote's physiognomy, and found, that without all doubt he must be the person therein described: and, as soon as he had satisfied himself, rolling up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, with his right he laid so fast hold on Don Quixote by the collar, that he did not suffer him to draw breath, crying out aloud: "Help the holy Brotherhood! and, that every body may see I require it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein it is expressly commanded to apprehend this highway-robber." The Priest took the warrant, and found it all true, that the trooper had said, the marks agreeing exactly with Don Quixote; who, finding himself so roughly handled by this scoundrel, his choler being mounted to

the utmost pitch, and all his joints trembling with rage, caught the trooper by the throat, as well as he could, with both hands; and, had he not been rescued by his comrades, he had lost his life before Don Quixote had loosed his hold. The innkeeper, who was bound to aid and assist his brethren in office, ran immediately to his assistance. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, raised her voice anew. Her daughter and Maritornes joined in the same tune, praying aid from Heaven, and from the standers-by. Sancho, seeing what passed, said: "As God shall save me, my master says true, concerning the enchantments of this castle; for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet in it." At length Don Fernando parted the officer and Don Quixote, and, to both their contents, unlocked their hands, from the doublet-collar of the one, and from the wind-pipe of the other. Nevertheless the troopers did not desist from demanding their prisoner, and to have him bound and delivered up to them; for so the King's service, and that of the holy Brotherhood, required, in whose name they again demanded help and assistance in apprehending that common robber, padder, and highwayman. Don Quixote smiled to hear these expressions, and, with great calmness, said: "Come hither, base and ill-born crew; call ye it robbing on the highway, to loose the chains of the captived, to set the imprisoned

free, to succour the miserable, to raise the fallen and depressed, and to relieve the needy and distressed? Ah, scoundrel race! undeserving, by the meanness and baseness of your understandings, that Heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in Knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not reverencing the very shadow, and much more the presence, of any Knight-errant whatever! Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers, highwaymen with the licence of the holy Brotherhood, tell me, who was the blockhead that signed the warrant for apprehending such a Knight-errant as I am? Who was he that knew not, that Knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their sword is their law, their bravery their privileges, and their will their edicts? Who was the madman, I say again, that is ignorant, that no patent of gentility contains so many privileges and exemptions, as are acquired by the Knight-errant, the day he is dubbed, and gives himself up to the rigorous exercise of chivalry? What Knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, portorage, or ferry-boat? What taylor ever brought in a bill for making his clothes? What governor, that lodged him in his castle, ever made him pay a reckoning? What King did not seat him at his table? What damsel was not in love with him, and did not yield herself up to his whole pleasure and will? And lastly, what Knight-

errant has there ever been, is, or shall be, in the world, who has not courage singly to bestow four hundred bastinadoes on four hundred troopers of the holy Brotherhood, that shall dare to present themselves before him ?”

CHAP. XLV.

IN WHICH IS FINISHED THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE TROOPERS OF THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD, WITH THE GREAT FEROCITY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE.

WHILE Don Quixote was talking at this rate, the Priest was endeavouring to persuade the troopers, that Don Quixote was out of his wits, as they might easily perceive by what he did and said, and that they need not give themselves any farther trouble upon that subject; for, though they should apprehend and carry him away, they must soon release him as being a madman. To which the officer, that had produced the warrant, answered, that it was no business of his to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to obey the orders of his superior; and that, when he had once secured him, they might set him free three hundred times, if they pleased. “For all that,” said the Priest, “for this once you must not take him, nor do I think he will suffer himself to be taken.” In effect, the Priest said so much, and Don Quixote

did such extravagancies, that the officers must have been more mad than he, had they not discovered his infirmity: and therefore they judged it best to be quiet, and moreover to be mediators for making peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their scuffle with great rancour. At last they, as officers of justice, compounded the matter, and arbitrated it in such a manner, that both parties rested, if not entirely contented, at least somewhat satisfied; for they exchanged pannels, but not girths nor halters. As for Mambrino's helmet, the Priest, underhand and unknown to Don Quixote, gave eight reals for the basin, and the barber gave him a discharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud from thenceforth and for evermore, amen.

These two quarrels, as being the chief and of the greatest weight, being thus made up, it remained, that three of Don Louis's servants should be contented to return home, and leave one of their fellows behind to wait upon him, wherever Don Fernando pleased to carry him. And, as good luck and better fortune had now begun to pave the way, and smooth the difficulties, in favour of the lovers and heroes of the inn, so fortune would carry it quite through, and crown all with prosperous success: for the servants were contented to do as Don Louis commanded, at which Donna Clara was so highly pleased, that nobody could look in her face without discovering the

joy of her heart. Zoraida, though she did not understand all she saw, yet grew sad or cheerful in conformity to what she observed in their several countenances, especially that of her Spaniard, on whom her eyes were fixed, and her soul depended. The innkeeper, observing what recompense the Priest had made the barber, demanded Don Quixote's reckoning, with ample satisfaction for the damage done to his skins, and the loss of his wine; swearing, that neither Rozinante nor the ass should stir out of the inn, until he had paid the uttermost farthing. The Priest pacified him, and Don Fernando paid him all, though the Judge very generously offered payment: and thus they all remained in peace and quietness, and the inn appeared no longer the discord of Agramante's camp, as Don Quixote had called it, but peace itself, and the very tranquillity of Octavius Cæsar's days: and it was the general opinion, that all this was owing to the good intention and great eloquence of the Priest, and the incomparable liberality of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote, finding himself now freed, and clear of so many quarrels, both of his squire's and his own, thought it was high time to pursue his voyage, and put an end to that grand adventure, to which he had been called and elected: and therefore, being thus resolutely determined, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, who would not suffer him to speak a word, until he stood up;

which he did in obedience to her, and said : “ It is a common saying, fair Lady, that *diligence is the mother of good success* ; and experience has shown, in many and weighty matters, that the care of the solicitor brings the doubtful suit to a happy issue : but this truth is in nothing more evident, than in matters of war, in which expedition and dispatch prevent the designs of the enemy, and carry the victory, before the adversary is in a posture to defend himself. All this I say, high and deserving Lady, because our abode in this castle seems to me now no longer necessary, and may be so far prejudicial, that we may repent it one day : for who knows but your enemy the giant may, by secret and diligent spies, get intelligence of my coming to destroy him ? And, time giving him opportunity, he may fortify himself in some impregnable castle or fortress, against which my industry, and the force of my unwearied arm, may little avail. And therefore, sovereign Lady, let us prevent, as I have said, his designs by our diligence, and let us depart quickly in the name of good-fortune, which you can want no longer than I delay to encounter your enemy.” Here Don Quixote was silent, and said no more, expecting with great sedateness the answer of the beautiful Infanta ; who, with an air of grandeur, and in a style accommodated to that of Don Quixote, answered in this manner : “ I am obliged to you, Sir Knight, for the in-

clination you show to favour me in my great need, like a true Knight, whose office and employment it is to succour the orphans and distressed, and Heaven grant, that your desire and mine be soon accomplished, that you may see there are some grateful women in the world. As to my departure, let it be instantly, for I have no other will but yours: and, pray, dispose of me entirely at your own pleasure; for she, who has once committed the defence of her person, and the restoration of her dominions, into your hands, must not contradict whatever your wisdom shall direct.”—“In the name of God,” added Don Quixote, “since a lady so humbles herself, I will not lose the opportunity of exalting her, and setting her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart instantly; for I am spurred on by the eagerness of my desire, and the length of the journey; and they say, delays are dangerous. And since Heaven has not created, nor hell seen, any danger, that can daunt or affright me, Sancho, saddle Rozinante, and get ready your ass, and her Majesty’s palfrey; and let us take our leaves of the governor of the castle, and of these nobles, and let us depart hence this instant.”

Sancho, who was present all the while, said, shaking his head from side to side: “Ah, master, master, there are more tricks in a town than are dreamt of, with respect to the honourable coifs be it spoken.”—“What tricks can there be

to my discredit, in any town, or in all the towns in the world, thou bumpkin?" said Don Quixote. "If your Worship puts yourself into a passion," answered Sancho, "I will hold my tongue, and forbear to say what I am bound to tell, as a faithful squire and a dutiful servant ought to his master."—"Say what you will," replied Don Quixote, "so your words tend not to making me afraid: if you are afraid, you do but like yourself; and if I am not afraid, I do like myself."—"Nothing of all this, as I am a sinner to God," answered Sancho; "only that I am sure and positively certain, that this lady, who calls herself Queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a Queen than my mother: for, were she what she pretends to be, she would not be nuzzling, at every turn, and in every corner, with somebody that is in the company." Dorothea's colour came at what Sancho said, it being true indeed, that her husband, Don Fernando, now and then by stealth, had snatched with his lips an earnest of that reward his affections deserved: which Sancho having espied, he thought this freedom more becoming a lady of pleasure, than a queen of so vast a kingdom. Dorothea neither could, nor would, answer Sancho a word, but let him go on with his discourse, which he did, saying: "I say this, Sir, because, supposing that, after we have travelled through thick and thin, and passed many bad

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Sancho
espies
after
Dorothea

nights and worse days, one, who is now solacing himself in this inn, should chance to reap the fruit of our labours, I need be in no haste to saddle Rozinante, nor to get the ass and the palfrey ready; for we had better be quiet; and let every drab mind her spinning, and let us to dinner." Good God! how great was the indignation of Don Quixote, at hearing his squire speak thus disrespectfully! I say, it was so great, that, with speech stammering, tongue faltering, and living fire darting from his eyes, he said: "Scoundrel! designing, unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent, murmuring, and back-biting villain! darest thou utter such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious Ladies? And hast thou dared to entertain such rude and insolent thoughts in thy confused imagination? Avoid my presence, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceits, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and enemy of the respect due to royal personages! Be gone; appear not before me, on pain of my indignation." And in saying this, he arched his brows, puffed his cheeks, stared round about him, and gave a violent stamp with his right foot on the floor; all manifest tokens of the rage locked up in his breast. At these words and furious gestures Sanchico was so frightened, that he would have been glad the earth had opened that instant, and

swallowed him up. And he knew not what to do, but to turn his back, and get out of the enraged presence of his master.

But the discreet Dorothea, who so perfectly understood Don Quixote's humour, to pacify his wrath said: "Be not offended, good Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, at the follies your good squire has uttered: for, perhaps, he has not said them without some ground; nor can it be suspected, considering his good understanding and Christian conscience, that he would slander, or bear false witness against any body; and therefore we must believe, without all doubt, as you yourself say, Sir Knight, that, since all things in this castle fall out in the way of enchantment, perhaps, I say, Sancho, by means of the same diabolical illusion, may have seen what he says he saw, so much to the prejudice of my honour."—"By the omnipotent God I swear," cried Don Quixote, "your Grandeur has hit the mark, and some wicked apparition must have appeared to this sinner, and have made him see what was impossible for him to see by any other way but that of enchantment; for I am perfectly assured of the simplicity and innocence of this unhappy wretch, and that he knows not how to invent a slander on any body."—"So it is, and so it shall be," said Don Fernando: "wherefore, Signor Don Quixote, you ought to pardon him, and restore him to the bosom of your favour, *sicut*

erat in principio, before these illusions turned his brain." Don Quixote answered, that he pardoned him; and the Priest went for Sancho, who came in very humble, and, falling down on his knees, begged his master's hand, who gave it him; and, after he had let him kiss it, he gave him his blessing, saying: "Now you will be thoroughly convinced, son Sancho, of what I have often told you before, that all things in this castle are done by way of enchantment."—"I believe so too," quoth Sancho, "excepting the business of the blanket, which really fell out in the ordinary way."—"Do not believe it," answered Don Quixote; "for, were it so, I would have revenged you at that time, and even now. But neither could I then, nor can I now, find on whom to revenge the injury." They all desired to know what that business of the blanket was, and the innkeeper gave them a very circumstantial account of Sancho Panza's tossing; at which they were not a little diverted. And Sancho would have been no less ashamed, if his master had not assured him afresh, that it was all enchantment. And yet Sancho's folly never rose so high, as to believe, that it was not downright truth, without any mixture of illusion or deceit, being convinced he had been tossed in the blanket by persons of flesh and blood, and not by imaginary or visionary phantoms, as his master supposed and affirmed.

Two days had already passed since all this illustrious company had been in the inn; and thinking it now time to depart, they contrived how, without giving Dorothea and Don Fernando the trouble of going back with Don Quixote to his village, under pretence of restoring the Queen of Micomicon, the Priest and the Barber might carry him as they desired, and endeavour to get him cured of his madness at home. While this was in agitation, Don Quixote was laid down upon a bed, to repose himself after his late fatigues; and in the mean time they agreed with a waggoner, who chanced to pass by with his team of oxen, to carry him in this manner. They made a kind of cage with poles gratewise, large enough to contain Don Quixote at his ease: and immediately Don Fernando and his companions, with Don Louis's servants, and the officers of the holy Brotherhood, together with the inn-keeper, all by the contrivance and direction of the Priest, covered their faces, and disguised themselves, some one way, some another, so as to appear to Don Quixote to be quite other persons than those he had seen in that castle. This being done, with the greatest silence they entered the room, where Don Quixote lay fast asleep, and not dreaming of any such accident; and laying fast hold of him, they bound him hand and foot, so that, when he awoke with a start, he could not stir, nor do any thing but look round him,

and wonder to see such strange visages about him. And presently he fell into the usual conceit, that his disordered imagination was perpetually presenting to him, believing that all these shapes were goblins of that enchanted castle, and that, without all doubt, he must be enchanted, since he could not stir, nor defend himself: all precisely as the Priest, the projector of this stratagem, fancied it would fall out. Sancho alone of all, that were present, was in his perfect senses, and in his own figure; and, though he wanted but little of being infected with his master's disease, yet he was not at a loss to know, who all these counterfeit goblins were; but he durst not open his lips, until he saw what this surprisal and imprisonment of his master meant. Neither did the Knight utter a word, waiting to see the issue of his disgrace: which was, that, bringing the cage thither, they shut him up in it, and nailed the bars so fast, that there was no breaking them open, though you pulled never so hard. They then hoisted him on their shoulders, and, at going out of the room, a voice was heard, as dreadful as the Barber could form (not he of the pannel, but the other) saying: "O Knight of the Sorrowful Figure! let not the confinement you are under afflict you; for it is expedient it should be so, for the more speedy accomplishment of the adventure, in which your great valour has engaged you;

which shall be finished, when the furious Manchegan lion shall be coupled with the white Tobosian dove, after having submitted their stately necks to the soft matrimonial yoke; from which unheard-of conjunction shall spring into the light of the world brave whelps, who shall emulate the tearing claws of their valorous sire. And this shall come to pass before the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have made two rounds, to visit the bright constellations, in his rapid and natural course. And thou, oh the most noble and obedient squire, that ever had sword in belt, beard on face, and smell in nostrils, be not dismayed nor afflicted, to see the flower of Knighterrantry carried thus away before thine eyes. For, ere long, if it so please the fabricator of the world, thou shalt see thyself so exalted and sublimated, that thou shalt not know thyself, and shalt not be defrauded of the promises made thee by thy noble lord. And I assure thee, in the name of the sage Mentironiana³⁷, that thy wages shall be punctually paid thee, as thou wilt see in effect: follow therefore the footsteps of the valorous and enchanted Knight, for it is expedient for you to go, where ye may both rest: and because I am permitted to say no more, God be with you; for I return I well know whither." And, at finishing the prophecy, he raised his voice very high, and then sunk it by degrees, with so soft an accent, that even they, who were

in the secret of the jest, were almost ready to believe, that what they heard was true.

Don Quixote remained much comforted by the prophecy he had heard ; for he presently apprehended the whole signification of it, and saw, that it promised he should be joined in holy and lawful wedlock with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb should issue the whelps, his sons, to the everlasting honour of La Mancha. And, with this firm persuasion, he raised his voice, and, fetching a deep sigh, he said : “ Oh thou, whoever thou art, who hast prognosticated me so much good, I beseech thee to entreat, on my behalf, the sage enchanter, who has the charge of my affairs, that he suffers me not to perish in this prison, in which I am now carried, until I see accomplished those joyous and incomparable promises now made me : for, if they come to pass, I shall account the pains of my imprisonment glory, the chains, with which I am bound, refreshment, and this couch, whereon I am laid, not a hard field of battle, but a soft bridal bed of down. And, as touching the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I trust in his goodness and integrity, that he will not forsake me, either in good or evil fortune. And though it should fall out, through his or my hard fortune, that I should not be able to give him the island, or something else equivalent, that I have promised him, at least he cannot

lose his wages; for, in my will, which is already made, I have declared what shall be given him, not indeed proportionable to his many and good services, but according to my own poor ability." Sancho Panza bowed with great respect, and kissed both his master's hands; for one alone he could not, they being both tied together. Then the goblins took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it on the waggon.

CHAP. XLVI.

OF THE STRANGE AND WONDERFUL MANNER, IN WHICH
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA WAS ENCHANTED;
WITH OTHER REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

DON Quixote, finding himself cooped up in this manner, and placed upon a cart, said: "Many and most grave histories have I read of Knights-errant; but I never read, saw, or heard of enchanted Knights being carried away after this manner, and so slowly as these lazy, heavy, animals seem to promise. For they always used to be carried through the air with wonderful speed, wrapped up in some thick and dark cloud, or in some chariot of fire, or mounted upon a hippogriff or some such beast. But to be carried upon a waggon drawn by oxen, by the living God, it puts me into confusion. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of these our times

may have taken a different turn from those of the ancients; and perhaps also, as I am a new Knight in the world, and the first, who have revived the long-forgotten exercise of Knight-errantry, there may have been lately invented other kinds of enchantments, and other methods of carrying away those, that are enchanted. What think you of this, son Sancho?"—"I do not know what I think," answered Sancho, "not being so well read as your Worship in scriptures-errant. Yet I dare affirm and swear, that these hobgoblins here about us are not altogether catholic."—"Catholic indeed!" answered Don Quixote: "how can they be catholic, being devils, who have assumed fantastic shapes, on purpose to come and put me into this state? And if you would be convinced of this, touch them and feel them, and you will find they have no bodies but of air, consisting in nothing but appearance only."—"Before God, Sir," replied Sancho, "I have already touched them, and this devil, who is so very busy here about us, is as plump as a partridge, and has another property very different from what people say your devils are wont to have: for it is said, they all smell of brimstone, and other worse scents; but this spark smells of amber at half a league's distance." Sancho meant this of Don Fernando, who being a cavalier of such quality, must have smelt as Sancho hinted. "Wonder not at it, friend Sancho,"

answered Don Quixote ; “ for you must know, that the devils are a knowing sort of people ; and, supposing they do carry perfumes about them, they have no scents in themselves, because they are spirits ; or, if they do smell, it can be of nothing that is good, but of something bad and stinking : and the reason is, because, let them be where they will, they carry their hell about them, and can receive no kind of ease from their torments : now, a perfume being a thing delightful and pleasing, it is not possible they should smell of so good a thing : and if you think, that this devil smells of amber, either you deceive yourself, or he would deceive you, that you may not take him for a devil.” All this discourse passed between the master and the man ; and Don Fernando and Cardenio, fearing lest Sancho, who already had no small suspicion, should discover their plot, they resolved to hasten their departure, and, calling the innkeeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rozinante and pannel the ass, which he did with great expedition.

In the mean while the Priest had agreed, for so much a day, with the troopers of the holy Brotherhood, that they should accompany Don Quixote home to his village. Cardenio took care to hang the buckler on one side, and the basin on the other, of the pommel of Rozinante’s saddle, and made signs to Sancho to mount his ass, and take Rozinante by the bridle, and placed

two troopers with their carbines on each side of the waggon. But, before the car moved forward, the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take their leaves of Don Quixote, pretending to shed tears for grief at his misfortune; to whom Don Quixote said: "Weep not, my good Ladies; for these kinds of misfortunes are incident to those, who profess what I profess; and if such calamities did not befall me, I should not take myself for a Knight-errant of any considerable fame: for such accidents as these never happen to Knights of little name and reputation, since nobody in the world thinks of them at all: but to the valorous, indeed, they often fall out; for many princes and other Knights, envious of their extraordinary virtue and courage, are constantly endeavouring by indirect ways to destroy them. Notwithstanding all which, so powerful is virtue, that of herself alone, in spite of all the necromancy, that its first inventor, Zoroaster, ever knew, she will come off victorious from every encounter, and spread her lustre round the world, as the sun does over the Heavens. Pardon me, fair Ladies, if I have, through inadvertency, done you any displeasure; for willingly and knowingly I never offended any body: and pray to God, that he would deliver me from these bonds, into which some evil-minded enchanter has thrown me; for, if ever I find myself at liberty, I shall not forget the favours you have

done me in this castle, but shall acknowledge and requite them as they deserve."

While this passed between the ladies of the castle and Don Quixote, the Priest and the Barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, and of the Captain and his brother the Judge, and of all the now happy ladies, especially of Dorothea and Lucinda. They all embraced, promising to give each other an account of their future fortunes. Don Fernando gave the Priest directions where to write to him, and acquaint him with what became of Don Quixote, assuring him, that nothing would afford him a greater pleasure than to know it; and that, on his part, he would inform him of whatever might amuse or please him, either in relation to his own marriage, or the baptizing of Zoraida, as also concerning Don Louis's success, and Lucinda's return to her parents. The Priest promised to perform all, that was desired of him, with the utmost punctuality. They again embraced, and renewed their mutual offers of service. The innkeeper came to the Priest, and gave him some papers, telling him, he found them in the lining of the wallet, in which the novel of the Curious Impertinent was found, and, since the owner had never come back that way, he might take them all with him; for, as he could not read, he had no desire to keep them. The Priest thanked him, and, opening the papers,

found at the head of them this title, "The Novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo³⁸;" from whence he concluded it must be some tale; and imagined, because that of the Curious Impertinent was a good one, this must be so too, it being probable they were both written by the same author: and therefore he kept it, with a design to read it, when he had an opportunity. Then he and his friend the Barber mounted on horseback, with their masks on, that Don Quixote might not know them, and placed themselves behind the waggon; and the order of the cavalcade was this: first marched the car, guided by the owner; on each side went the troopers with their firelocks, as has been already said; then followed Sancho upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle; the Priest and the Barber brought up the rear on their puissant mules, and their faces masked, with a grave and solemn air, marching no faster than the slow pace of the oxen allowed. Don Quixote sat in the cage, with his hands tied, and his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much patience and silence, as if he had not been a man of flesh and blood, but a statue of stone. And thus, with the same slowness and silence, they travelled about two leagues, when they came to a valley, which the waggoner thought a convenient place for resting and baiting his cattle; and acquainting the Priest with his purpose, the Barber was of opinion they

should travel a little farther, telling them, that, behind a rising ground not far off, there was a vale, which afforded more and much better grass, than that, in which they had a mind to stop. They took the Barber's advice, and so went on.

Now the Priest, happening to turn his head about, perceived behind them about six or seven horsemen, well mounted and accoutred, who soon came up with them; for they travelled, not with the phlegm and slowness of the oxen, but as persons mounted on ecclesiastic mules, and in haste to arrive quickly, and pass the heat of the day in the inn, which appeared to be not a league off. The speedy overtook the slow, and the companies saluted each other courteously; and one of the travellers, who, in short, was a canon of Toledo, and master of the rest, observing the orderly procession of the waggon, the troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the Priest, and the Barber, and especially Don Quixote caged up and imprisoned, could not forbear inquiring what was the meaning of carrying that man in that manner; though he already guessed, by seeing the badges of the holy Brotherhood, that he must be some notorious robber, or other criminal, the punishment of whom belonged to that fraternity. One of the troopers, to whom the question was put, answered thus: "Sir, if you would know the meaning of this gentleman's going in this manner, let him tell you himself; for we know nothing of

the matter." Don Quixote overheard the discourse, and said: "If perchance, Gentlemen, you are versed and skilled in matters in chivalry, I will acquaint you with my misfortunes; but if not, I need not trouble myself to recount them." By this time the Priest and the Barber, perceiving the travellers were in discourse with Don Quixote de la Mancha, were come close up, to be ready to give such an answer as might prevent the discovery of their plot. The Canon, in answer to what Don Quixote said, replied; "In truth, Brother, I am more conversant in books of chivalry, than in Villalpando's Summaries; so that, if that be all, you may safely communicate to me whatever you please."—"With Heaven's permission," replied Don Quixote, "since it is so, you must understand, Signor Cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage, through the envy and fraud of wicked necromancers; for virtue is more persecuted by the wicked, than beloved by the good. I am a Knight-errant; not one of those, whose names fame has forgotten to eternize, but one of those, who, maugre and in despite of envy itself, and of all the magicians Persia ever bred, the Brahmins of India, and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia, shall enrol his name in the temple of immortality, to serve as an example and mirror to future ages, in which Knights-errant may see the track they are to follow, if they are ambitious of reaching the honourable summit and pinnacle

of arms.”—“Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha says the truth,” cried the Priest at this time: “for he goes enchanted in this waggon, not through his own fault or demerit, but through the malice of those, to whom virtue is odious; and courage offensive. This, Sir, is the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, if ever you have heard him spoken of, whose valorous exploits and heroic deeds shall be written on solid brass and everlasting marble, though envy take never so much pains to obscure, and malice to conceal, them.” When the Canon heard him, that was imprisoned, and him at liberty, both talk in such a style, he was ready to cross himself with amazement, not being able to imagine what had befallen him; and all his followers were in equal admiration.

Now Sancho, being come up to them, and overhearing their discourse, to set all to rights, said, “Look ye, Gentlemen, let it be well or ill taken, I will out with it: the truth of the case is, my master Don Quixote is just as much enchanted as my mother; he is in his perfect senses, he eats, and drinks, and does his occasions like other men, and as he did yesterday before they cooped him up. This being so, will you persuade me he is enchanted? Have I not heard many people say, that persons enchanted neither eat, sleep, nor speak? And my master, if nobody thwarts him, will talk ye more than thirty

barristers." And, turning his eyes on the Priest, he went on saying: " Ah, master Priest, master Priest, do you think I do not know you? And think you I do not perceive and guess what these new enchantments drive at? Let me tell you, I know you, though you disguise your face never so much; and I would have you to know, I understand you, though you manage your contrivances never so slyly. In short, virtue cannot live, where envy reigns, nor liberality subsist with niggardliness. Evil befall the devil! had it not been for your Reverence, my master had been married by this time to the Infanta Micomicon, and I had been an earl at least; for I could expect no less, as well from the generosity of my master, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, as from the greatness of my services. But I find the proverb true, that *the wheel of fortune turns swifter than a mill-wheel*, and they, who were yesterday at the top, are to-day on the ground. I am grieved for my poor wife and children; for, when they might reasonably expect to see their father come home a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, they will now see him return a mere groom. All this, that I have said, master Priest, is only intended to put your paternity in mind to make a conscience of the evil treatment of my master; and take heed, that God does not call you to an account in the next life for this imprisonment of my lord, and require at your hands all those suc-

cours, and all the good, he might have done, during this time of his confinement.”—“Snuff me these candles,” cried the Barber at this juncture; “what! Sancho, are you also of your master’s confraternity? As God shall save me, I begin to think you are likely to keep him company in the cage, and to be as much enchanted as he, for your share of his humour and his chivalry. In an evil hour were you with child by his promises, and in an evil hour the island you so long for entered into your pate.”—“I am not with child by any body,” answered Sancho, “nor am I man to suffer myself to be got with child by the best king that may be; and though I am a poor man, I am an old Christian, and owe nobody any thing; and if I covet islands, there are others, who covet worse things; and every one is the son of his own works; and, being a man, I may come to be pope, and much more easily governor of an island, especially since my master may win so many, that he may be at a loss, on whom to bestow them. Pray, master Barber, take heed what you say; for shaving of beards is not all, and there is some difference between Pedro and Pedro. I say this, because we know one another, and there is no putting false dice upon me: as for my master’s enchantment, God knows the truth, and let that rest; for it is the worse for stirring.” The Barber would not answer Sancho, lest, by his simplicity, he should

discover what he and the Priest took so much pains to conceal: and for the same reason the Priest desired the Canon to get on a little before, and he would let him into the secret of the engaged gentleman, with other particulars that would divert him.

The Canon did so, and rode on before with his servants, listening to all the Priest had to tell him of the quality, manner of life, and customs of Don Quixote; recounting to him briefly the beginning and cause of his distraction, with the whole progress of his adventures, to be putting him into that cage; and the design they had to carry him home, and try, if by any means they might find a cure for his madness. The servants admired afresh, and the Canon also, to hear the strange history of Don Quixote; and when he had heard it all, he said to the Priest: "Truly, Sir, I am convinced, that those they call books of chivalry are prejudicial to the common-weal; and though, led away by an idle and false taste, I have read the beginning of almost all that are printed, I could never prevail with myself to read any of them from the beginning to the end, because to me they appear to be all of the same stamp, and this to have no more in it than that, nor that than the other. And, in my opinion, this kind of writing and composition falls under the denomination of the fables they call Milesian, which are extravagant stories, tending only to

please, and not to instruct; quite contrary to the moral fables, which at the same time both delight and instruct. And though the principal end of such books is to please, I know not how they can attain it, being stuffed with so many and such monstrous absurdities. For the pleasure, which is conceived in the mind, must proceed from the beauty and harmony it sees or contemplates in the things, which the sight or the imagination sets before it; and nothing, in itself ugly or deformed, can afford any real satisfaction. For what beauty can there be, or what proportion of the parts to the whole, and of the whole to the parts, in a book or fable, in which a youth of sixteen years hews down with his sword a giant as big as a steeple, and splits him in two, as if he were made of paste? And when they would give us a description of a battle, after having said, that, on the enemies side there are a million of combatants, let but the hero of the book be against them, we must of necessity, and in despite of our teeth, believe, that such or such a Knight carried the victory by the single valour of his strong arm. Then, what shall we say to that facility, with which a Queen or an Empress throws herself into the arms of an errant and unknown Knight? What genius, not wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can be satisfied with reading, that a vast tower, full of Knights, scuds through the sea, like a ship before the wind, and this

night is in Lombardy, and the next morning in the country of Prester John in the Indies, or in some other, that Ptolemy never discovered, nor Marcus Paulus³⁹ ever saw? And if it should be answered, that the authors of such books write them professedly as lies, and therefore are not obliged to stand upon niceties, or truth; I reply, that fiction is so much the better, the nearer it resembles truth; and pleases so much the more, the more it has of the doubtful and possible. Fables should be suited to the reader's understanding, and so contrived, that, by facilitating the impossible, lowering the vast, and keeping the mind in suspense, they may at once surprise, delight, amuse, and so entertain, that admiration and pleasure may be united, and go hand in hand: all which cannot be performed by him, who pays no regard to probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing consists. I have never yet seen any book of chivalry, which makes a complete body of fable with all its members, so that the middle corresponds to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and middle: on the contrary, they are composed of so many members, that the authors seem rather to design a chimera or monster, than to intend a well-proportioned figure. Besides all this, their style is harsh, their exploits incredible, their amours lascivious, their civility impertinent, their battles tedious, their reasonings foolish, and their

voyages extravagant ; and, lastly, they are devoid of all ingenious artifice, and therefore deserve to be banished the Christian commonwealth, as an unprofitable race of people.”

The Priest listened to him with great attention, and took him to be a man of good understanding, and in the right in all he said ; and therefore he told him, that, being of the same opinion, and bearing an old grudge to books of chivalry, he had burnt all those belonging to Don Quixote, which were not a few. Then he gave him an account of the scrutiny he had made, telling him which of them he had condemned to the fire, and which he had reprieved : at which the Canon laughed heartily, and said, notwithstanding all the ill he had spoken of such books, he found one thing good in them, which was, the subject they presented for a good genius to display itself, affording a large and ample field, in which the pen may expatiate without any let or incumbrance, describing shipwrecks, tempests, encounters, and battles ; delineating a valiant captain with all the qualifications requisite to make him such, showing his prudence in preventing the stratagems of his enemy, his eloquence in persuading or dissuading his soldiers ; mature in council, prompt in execution, equally brave in expecting, as in attacking the enemy : sometimes painting a sad and tragical accident, then a joyful and unexpected event ; here a most beautiful

lady, modest, discreet, and reserved; there a Christian Knight, valiant and courteous; now an unruly and barbarous braggadocio; then an affable, valiant, and good natured prince: describing the goodness and loyalty of subjects, the greatness and generosity of nobles. Then again he may show himself an excellent astronomer or geographer, a musician, or a statesman; and, some time or other, he may have an opportunity, if he pleases, of showing himself a necromancer. He may set forth the subtilty of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the bravery of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the valour of Cæsar, the clemency and probity of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and finally all those actions, which may serve to make an illustrious person perfect; sometimes placing them in one person alone, then dividing them among many: and this being done in a smooth and agreeable style, and with ingenious invention, approaching as near as possible to truth, will, doubtless, weave a web of such various and beautiful contexture, that, when it is finished, the perfection and excellency of it may attain to the ultimate end of writing; that is, both to instruct and delight, as I have already said: because the unconfined way of writing these books gives an author room to show his skill in the epic or lyric, in tragedy or comedy,

with all the parts included in the sweet and charming sciences of poetry and oratory: for the epic may be written as well in prose as in verse."

CHAP. XLVII.

IN WHICH THE CANON PROSECUTES THE SUBJECT OF BOOKS OF CHIVALRY, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF HIS GENIUS.

"IT is as you say, Sir," replied the Priest to the Canon; "and for this reason those, who have hitherto composed such books, are the more to blame, proceeding, as they do, without any regard to good sense, or art, or to those rules, by the observation of which they might become as famous in prose, as the two princes of the Greek and Latin poetry are in verse."—"I myself," answered the Canon, "was once tempted to write a book of Knight-errantry, in which I purposed to observe all the restrictions I have mentioned; and, to confess the truth, I had gone through above a hundred sheets of it; and, to try whether they answered my own opinion of them, I communicated them to some learned and judicious persons, who were very fond of this kind of reading, and to other persons, who were ignorant, and regarded only the pleasure of reading extravagancies; and I met with a kind approbation

from all of them: nevertheless I would proceed no farther, as well because I looked upon it as a thing foreign to my profession, as because the number of the unwise is greater than that of the prudent: and though it is better to be praised by the few wise, than mocked by a multitude of fools, yet I am unwilling to expose myself to the confused judgment of the giddy vulgar, to whose lot the reading such books, for the most part, falls. But that, which chiefly moved me to lay it aside, and to think no more of finishing it, was an argument, I formed to myself, deduced from the modern comedies, that are daily represented, saying: ‘ If all or most of those now in fashion, whether fictitious or historical, are known absurdities, and things without head or tail, and yet the vulgar take a pleasure in listening to them, and maintain and approve them for good; and the authors, who compose, and the actors, who represent them, say, such they must be, because the people will have them so, and no otherwise: and those, which are regular, and carry on the plot according to the rules of art, serve only for half a score of men of sense, who understand them, while all the rest are at a loss, and can make nothing of the contrivance; and, for their part, it is better for them to get bread by the many, than reputation by the few:’ thus, probably, it would have fared with my book, after I had burnt my eyebrows with poring over the

aforesaid precepts, and I should have got nothing but my labour for my pains ⁴⁰. And though I have often endeavoured to convince the actors of their mistake, and that they would draw more company, and gain more credit, by acting plays written according to art, than by such ridiculous pieces, they are so attached and wedded to their own opinion, that no reason, nor even demonstration, can wrest it from them. I remember, that, talking one day to one of these headstrong fellows, ‘Tell me,’ said I, ‘do you not remember, that, a few years ago, there were three tragedies acted in Spain, composed by a famous poet of this kingdom, which were such, that they surprised, delighted, and raised the admiration of all, who saw them, as well the ignorant as the judicious, as well the vulgar as the better sort; and that these alone got the players more money than any thirty of the best that have been written since?’—‘Doubtless,’ answered the actor I speak of, ‘your Worship means the Isabella, Phyllis, and Alexandra.’—‘The same,’ replied I; ‘and pray see, whether they did not carefully observe the rules of art, and whether that hindered them from appearing what they really were, and from pleasing all the world. So that the fault is not in the people’s coveting absurdities, but in those, who know not how to exhibit any thing better. For there is nothing absurd in the play of “Ingratitude revenged,” nor in the “Numantia;”

nor can you find any in the "Merchant Lover," much less in the "Favourable She-enemy," and in some others, composed by ingenious and judicious poets, to their own fame and renown, and to the advantage of those, who acted them.' And to these I added other reasons, at which I fancied he was somewhat confounded, but not convinced nor satisfied, so as to make him retract his erroneous opinion."

"Signor Canon," said the Priest, "you have touched upon a subject, which has awakened in me an old grudge I bear to the comedies now in vogue, equal to that I have against books of chivalry: for, as comedy, according to the opinion of Cicero, ought to be a mirror of human life, an exemplar of manners, and an image of truth; those, that are represented now, are mirrors of inconsistency, patterns of folly, and images of wantonness. For what greater absurdity can there be in the subject we are treating of, than for a child to appear, in the first scene of the first act, in swaddling-clothes, and in the second enter a grown man with a beard? And what can be more ridiculous than to draw the character of an old man valiant, a young man a coward, a footman a rhetorician, a page a privy-counsellor, a king a water-carrier, and a princess a scullion? Then what shall we say to their observance of the time and place, in which the actions they represent are supposed to have happened? I have seen a co-

medy, the first act of which was laid in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third in Africa ; and, had there been four acts⁴¹, the fourth would doubtless have concluded in America ; and so the play would have taken in all the four parts of the world. If imitation be the principal thing required in comedy, how is it possible any tolerable understanding can endure to see an action, which passed in the time of King Pepin or Charlemagne, ascribed to the Emperor Heraclius, who is introduced carrying the cross into Jerusalem, or recovering the holy sepulchre, like Godfrey of Bouillon ; numberless years having passed between these actions ; and besides, the comedy being grounded upon a fiction, to see truths applied out of history, with a mixture of facts relating to different persons and times ; and all this with no appearance of probability, but, on the contrary, full of manifest and altogether inexcusable errors ? But the worst of it is, that some are so besotted, as to call this perfection, and to say, that all besides is mere pedantry. If we come to the comedies upon divine subjects, how many false miracles do they invent, how many apocryphal and ill-understood, ascribing to one saint the miracles of another ? And, even in the plays upon profane subjects, the authors take upon them to work miracles, for no other reason in the world, but because they think such a miracle will do well, and make a figure in such a

place, that ignorant people may admire, and be induced to see the comedy. Now all this is to the prejudice of truth, and discredit of history, and even to the reproach of our Spanish wits: for foreigners, who observe the laws of comedy with great punctuality, take us for barbarous and ignorant, seeing the absurdities and extravagancies of those we write. It would not be a sufficient excuse to say, that the principal intent of well-governed commonwealths, in permitting plays to be acted, is, that the populace may be entertained with some innocent recreation, to divert, at times, the ill-humours, which idleness is wont to produce; and, since this end may be attained by any play, whether good or bad, there is no need of prescribing laws, or confining those, who write or act them, to the strict rules of composition, since, as I have said, any of them serve to compass the end proposed by them. To this I would answer, that this end is, beyond all comparison, much better attained by those, that are good, than by those, that are not so: for the hearer, after attending to an artful and well-contrived play, would go away diverted by what is witty, instructed by what is serious, wondering at the incidents, improved by the reasoning, forewarned by the frauds, made wise by the examples, incensed against vice, and in love with virtue: for a good comedy will awaken all these passions in the mind of the hearer, let him never

be so gross or stupid. And, of all impossibilities, it is the most so not to be pleased, entertained, and satisfied much more with that comedy, which has all these requisites, than by one, which is defective in them, as most of our comedies now are. Nor is this abuse to be charged chiefly on the poets themselves: for there are some among them, who know very well wherein they err, and are perfectly acquainted with what they ought to do: but, as plays are made a saleable commodity, they say, and they say right, that the actors would not buy them, if they were not of that stamp; and therefore the poet endeavours to accommodate himself to what is required by the player, who is to pay him for his work. And, that this is the truth, may be evinced by the infinite number of plays composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms, with so much sprightliness, such elegant verse, expressions so good, and such excellent sentiments, and lastly with such richness of elocution, and loftiness of style, that the world resounds with his fame. Yet, by his sometimes adapting himself to the taste of the actors, they have not all reached that point of perfection that some of them⁴² have done. Others, in writing plays, so little consider what they are doing, that the actors are often under a necessity of absconding for fear of being punished, as has frequently happened, for having acted things to the prejudice of the crown, or the

dishonour of families. But all these inconveniences, and many more, I have not mentioned, would cease, if some intelligent and judicious person of the court were appointed to examine all plays before they are acted, not only those made about the court, but all that should be acted throughout all Spain; without whose approbation under hand and seal, the civil officers should suffer no play to be acted: and thus the comedians would be obliged to send all their plays to the court, and might then act them with entire safety; and the writers of them would take more care and pains about what they did, knowing their performances must pass the rigorous examination of somebody, that understands them. By this method good plays would be written, and the design of them happily attained; namely, the entertainment of the people, the reputation of the wits of Spain, the interest and security of the players, and the saving the magistrate the trouble of chastising them. And if some other, or the same person, were commissioned to examine the books of chivalry, that shall be written for the future, without doubt some might be published with all the perfection you speak of, enriching our language with the pleasing and precious treasure of eloquence, and might cause the old books to be laid aside, being obscured by the lustre of the new ones, which would come out, for the innocent amusement, not only of the idle, but also

of those, who have most business; for the bow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature, or human frailty, subsist without some lawful recreation."

Thus far had the Canon and the Priest proceeded in their dialogue, when the Barber, coming up to them, said to the Priest: "Here, Signor Licentiate, is the place I told you was proper for us to pass the heat of the day in, and where the cattle would have fresh grass in abundance."—"I think so too," answered the Priest; and acquainting the Canon with his intention, he also would stay with them, invited by the beauty of a pleasant valley, which presented itself to their view: and therefore, that he might enjoy the pleasure of the place and the conversation of the Priest, of whom he began to be fond, and be informed likewise more particularly of Don Quixote's exploits, he ordered some of his servants to go to the inn, which was not far off, and bring from thence what they could find to eat for the whole company; for he resolved to stay there that afternoon. Upon this one of the servants answered, that the sumpter-mule, which by that time must have reached the inn, carried provisions enough for them all, and that they need take nothing at the inn but barley. "Since it is so," said the Canon, "take thither the other mules, and bring back the sumpter hither."

While this passed, Sancho, perceiving he might

talk to his master without the continual presence of the Priest and the Barber, whom he looked upon as suspicious persons, came up to his master's cage, and said to him: "Sir, to disburden my conscience, I must tell you something about this enchantment of yours; and it is this, that they, who are riding along with us, and with their faces covered, are the Priest and the Barber of our town; and I fancy they have played you this trick, and are carrying you in this manner, out of the pure envy they bear you for surpassing them in famous achievements: and supposing this to be true, it follows, that you are not enchanted, but gulled and besotted; for proof whereof I would ask you one thing, and if you answer me, as I believe you must, you shall lay your finger upon this palpable cheat, and find, that you are not enchanted, but distracted."—"Ask whatever you will, son Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for I will satisfy you, and answer to your whole will. But as to what you tell me, that those yonder, who come with us, are the Priest and the Barber, our townsmen and acquaintance, it may very easily be, that they may seem to be so; but, that they are so really and in effect, do not by any means believe it. What you ought to understand and believe is, that, if they seem to be those you say, it must be, that they, who have enchanted me, have assumed that appearance and likeness: for en-

chanters can easily take what form they please, and may have taken that of our two friends, in order to make you think as you do, and to involve you in such a labyrinth of imaginations, that you shall not be able to find your way out, though you had Theseus's clue. Besides, they may have done it to make me also waver in my judgment, and not be able to guess from what quarter this injury comes. For if, on the one side, you tell me, that the Priest and the Barber of our village bear us company, and, on the other side, I find myself locked up in a cage, and know of myself, that no force but that, which is supernatural, could be sufficient to imprison me; what can I say or think, but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds all I have ever read of in the histories of Knights-errant, that have been enchanted? So that you may set your heart at rest as to their being what you say; for they are just as much so, as I am a Turk. As to what concerns your asking me questions, ask them; for I will answer you, though you should continue asking from this time until to-morrow morning."—"Blessed Virgin!" answered Sancho, raising his voice, "and is it then possible your Worship can be so thick-skulled and devoid of brains, that you cannot perceive what I tell you to be the very truth, and that there is more roguery than enchantment in this confinement and disgrace of yours; and since it is so, I will prove most evidently, that

you are really not enchanted. Now tell me, as God shall save you from this storm, and as you hope to find yourself in my Lady Dulcinea's arms, when you least think of it——” “Cease entreating me,” said Don Quixote, “and ask what questions you will; for I have already told you, I will answer them with the utmost punctuality.” —“That is what I would have you do,” replied Sancho; “and what I have a mind to know is, that you tell me, without adding or diminishing a tittle, and with all truth and candour, as is expected from, and practised by all, who profess the exercise of arms, as your Worship does, under the title of Knights-errant——” “I tell you I will lie in nothing,” answered Don Quixote: “therefore make either a beginning or an end of asking; for, in truth, you tire me out with so many salvos, postulatum, and preparatives, Sancho.”—“I say,” replied Sancho, “that I am fully satisfied of the goodness and veracity of my master, and that being to the purpose in our affair, I ask, with respect be it spoken, whether, since your being cooped up, or as you say, enchanted in this cage, your Worship has not had an inclination to open the greater or the lesser sluices, as people are wont to say?”—“I do not understand, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “what you mean by opening sluices: explain yourself, if you would have me give you a direct answer.” —“Is it possible,” quoth Sancho, “your Wor-

ship should not understand that phrase, when the very children at school are weaned with it? Know then it means, whether you have not had a mind to do what nobody can do for you?"—"Ay, now I comprehend you, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and, in truth, I have often had such a mind, and have at this very instant: help me out of this strait; for I doubt all is not so clean as it should be."



CHAP. XLVIII.

OF THE INGENIOUS CONFERENCE BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE.

"**H**A," quoth Sancho, "now I have caught you: this is what I longed to know with all my heart and soul. Come on, Sir; can you deny what is commonly said every where, when a person is in the dumps: I know not what such or such a one ails; he neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose, when he is asked a question; he looks, as if he were enchanted. From whence it is concluded, that they, who do not eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor perform the natural actions I speak of, such only are enchanted, and not they, who have such calls as your Worship has, and who eat and drink, when they can get it, and answer to all that is asked them."—"You say right, Sancho,"

answered Don Quixote : “ but I have already told you, that there are sundry sorts of enchantments, and it may have so fallen out, that, in process of time, they may have been changed from one to another, and that now it may be the fashion for those, who are enchanted, to do as I do, though formerly they did not ; so that there is no arguing, nor drawing consequences, against the custom of the times. I know, and am verily persuaded, that I am enchanted ; and that is sufficient for the discharge of my conscience, which would be heavily burdened, if I thought I was not enchanted, and should suffer myself to lie in this cage like a coward, defrauding the necessitous and oppressed of that succour I might have afforded them, when, perhaps, at this very moment, they may be in extreme want of my aid and protection.”—“ But for all that,” replied Sancho, “ I say, for your greater and more abundant satisfaction, your Worship would do well to endeavour to get out of this prison ; which I will undertake to facilitate with all my might, and to effect it too : and then you may once more mount your trusty Rozinante, who seems as if he were enchanted too, so melancholy and dejected is he. And, when this is done, we may again try our fortune in search of adventures : and should it not succeed well, we shall have time enough to return to the cage, in which I promise, on the faith of a trusty and loyal squire, to shut myself

up with your Worship, if perchance you prove so unhappy, or I so simple, as to fail in the performance of what I say.”—“ I am content to do what you advise, brother Sancho,” replied Don Quixote ; “ and when you see a proper opportunity for working my deliverance, I will be ruled by you in every thing ; but, Sancho, depend upon it, you will find how mistaken you are in your notion of my disgrace.”

With these discourses the Knight-errant and the evil-errant squire amused themselves, until they came, where the Priest, the Canon, and the Barber, who were already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner presently unyoked the oxen, and turned them loose in that green and delicious place, whose freshness invited to the enjoyment of it, not only persons as much enchanted as Don Quixote, but as considerate and discreet as his squire, who besought the Priest to permit his master to come out of the cage for a while ; otherwise that prison would not be quite so clean as the decorum of such a Knight as his master required. The Priest understood him, and said, that he would, with all his heart, consent to what he desired, were it not that he feared lest his master, finding himself at liberty, should play one of his old pranks, and be gone ; where nobody should set eyes on him more. “ I will be security for his not running away,” replied Sancho. “ And I also,” said the Canon, “ es-

pecially if he will pass his word as a Knight, that he will not leave us without our consent.”—“ I do pass it,” answered Don Quixote, who was listening to all they said, “ and the rather, because whoever is enchanted, as I am, is not at liberty to dispose of himself as he pleases ; for he, who has enchanted him, can make him unable to stir in three centuries, and, if he should attempt an escape, will fetch him back on the wing.” And, since this was the case, they might, he said, safely let him loose, especially it being so much for the advantage of them all ; for should they not loose him, he protested, if they did not get farther off, he must needs offend their noses. The Canon took him by the hand, though he was still manacled, and, upon his faith and word, they uncaged him ; at which he was infinitely and above measure rejoiced to see himself out of the cage. And the first thing he did was, to stretch his whole body and limbs : then he went, where Rozinante stood ; and, giving him a couple of slaps on the buttocks with the palm of his hand, he said : “ I have still hope in God, and in his blessed mother, O flower and mirror of steeds, that we two shall soon see ourselves in that state our hearts desire, thou with thy lord on thy back, and I mounted on thee, exercising the function, for which Heaven sent me into the world.” And so saying, Don Quixote, with his squire Sancho, retired to some little distance ;

from whence he came back more lightsome, and more desirous to put in execution what his squire had projected. The Canon gazed earnestly at him, and stood in admiration at his strange and unaccountable madness, perceiving, that in all his discourse and answers he discovered a very good understanding, and only lost his stirrups, as has been already said, when the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of chivalry. And so, after they were all sat down on the green grass, in expectation of the sumpter-mule, the Canon, being moved with compassion, said to him: "Is it possible, worthy Sir, that the crude and idle study of books of chivalry should have had that influence upon you, as to turn your brain in such manner as to make you believe you are now enchanted, with other things of the same stamp, which are as far from being true as falsehood itself is from truth? How is it possible any human understanding can persuade itself there ever was in the world that infinity of Amadis's, that rabble of famous Knights, so many Emperors of Trapisonda, so many Felixmartes of Hyrcania, so many palfreys, so many damsels-errant, so many serpents, so many dragons, so many giants, so many unheard-of adventures, so many kinds of enchantments, so many battles, so many furious encounters, so much bravery of attire, so many princesses in love, so many squires become earls, so many witty dwarfs, so many billets-doux,

so many courtships, so many valiant women, and lastly, so many and such absurd accidents, as your books of Knight-errantry contain? For my own part, when I read them, without reflecting that they are all falsehood and folly, they give me some pleasure: but, when I consider what they are, I throw the very best of them against the wall, and should into the fire, had I one near me, as well deserving such a punishment, for being false and inveigling, and out of the road of common sense, as broachers of new sects and new ways of life, and as giving occasion to the ignorant vulgar to believe, and look upon as truths, the multitude of absurdities they contain. Nay, they have the presumption to dare to disturb the understandings of ingenious and well-born gentlemen, as is but too notorious in the effect they have had upon your Worship, having reduced you to such a pass, that you are forced to be shut up in a cage, and carried on a waggon from place to place, like some lion or tiger, to be shown for money. Ah, Signor Don Quixote, have pity on yourself, and return into the bosom of discretion, and learn to make use of those great abilities Heaven has been pleased to bestow upon you, by employing that happy talent you are blessed with in some other kind of reading, which may redound to the benefit of your conscience, and to the increase of your honour. But if a strong natural impulse must still lead you to

books of exploits and chivalries, read, in the holy scripture, the book of Judges, where you will meet with wonderful truths, and achievements no less true than heroic. Portugal had a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernando Gonzales, Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Xerez a Garci Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilasso, and Seville a Don Manuel de Leon ; the reading of whose valorous exploits may entertain, instruct, delight, and raise admiration in the most elevated genius. This, indeed, would be a study worthy of your good understanding, my dear friend, whereby you will become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, instructed in goodness, bettered in manners, valiant without rashness, and cautious without cowardice . and all this will redound to the glory of God, to your own profit, and the fame of La Mancha, from whence, as I understand, you derive your birth and origin."

Don Quixote listened with great attention to the Canon's discourse ; and when he found he had done, after having stared at him a pretty while, he said ; " I find, Sir, the whole of what you have been saying tends to persuade me there never were any Knights-errant in the world, and that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, mischievous, and unprofitable to the common-

wealth; and that I have done ill in reading, worse in believing, and worst of all in imitating them, by taking upon me the rigorous profession of Knight-errantry, which they teach: and you deny, that ever there were any Amadis's, either of Gaul or of Greece, or any other Knights, such as those books are full of."—"It is all precisely as you say," replied the Canon. To which Don Quixote answered: "You also were pleased to add, that those books had done me much prejudice, having turned my brain, and reduced me to the being carried about in a cage; and that it would be better for me to amend and change my course of study, by reading other books more true, more pleasant, and more instructive."—"True," answered the Canon. "Why then," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion you are the madman and the enchanted person, since you have set yourself to utter so many blasphemies against a thing so universally received in the world, and held for such truth, that he, who should deny it, as you do, deserves the same punishment you are pleased to say you bestow on those books, when you read them, and they vex you. For to endeavour to make people believe, that there never was an Amadis in the world, nor any other of the Knights-adventurers, of which histories are full, would be to endeavour to persuade them, that the sun does not enlighten, the frost give cold, nor the earth yield suste-

nance. What genius can there be in the world able to persuade another, that the affair of the Infanta Floripes and Guy of Burgundy was not true; and that of Fierabras at the bridge of Mantible, which fell out in the time of Charlemagne; which, I vow to God, is as true as that it is now daylight? And, if these be lies, so must it also be, that there ever was a Hector or an Achilles, or a Trojan war, or the twelve Peers of France, or King Arthur of England, who is still wandering about transformed into a raven, and is every minute expected in his kingdom. And will any one presume to say, that the history of Guarino Mezquino, and that of the lawsuit of Saint Grial, are lies⁴³; or that the amours of Sir Tristram and the Queen Iseo, and those of Ginebra and Lancelot, are also apocryphal; whereas there are persons, who almost remember to have seen the Duenna Quintannona, who was the best skinker of wine, that ever Great Britain could boast of? And this is so certain, that I remember my grandmother by my father's side, when she saw any Duenna reverently coifed, would say to me; 'Look, grandson, that old woman is very like the Duenna Quintannona.' From whence I infer, that she must either have known her, or at least have seen some portrait of her. Then, who can deny the truth of the history of Peter of Provence and the fair Magalona, since, to this very day, is to be seen, in the

king's armory, the peg, wherewith he steered the wooden horse, upon which he rode through the air; which peg is somewhat bigger than the pole of a coach: and close by the peg stands Babieca's saddle. And in Roncesvalles is to be seen Orlando's horn, as big as a great beam. From all which I conclude, that there were the twelve Peers, the Peters, the Cids, and such other Knights as those the world calls adventurers. If not, let them also tell me, that the valiant Portuguese John de Merlo was no Knight-errant; he, who went to Burgundy, and in the city of Ras fought the famous lord of Charni, Monseigneur⁴⁴ Pierre, and afterwards, in the city of Basil, with Monseigneur Enrique of Remestan, coming off from both engagements conqueror, and loaded with honourable fame: besides the adventures and challenges, accomplished in Burgundy, of the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba, and Gutierre Quixada, from whom I am lineally descended, who vanquished the sons of the Count Saint Paul. Let them deny likewise, that Don Fernando de Guevara travelled into Germany in quest of adventures, where he fought with Messire⁴⁵ George, a Knight of the Duke of Austria's court. Let them say, that the jousts of Suero de Quinones of the Pass⁴⁶ were all mockery: with the enterprises of Monseigneur Louis de Falses against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Castilian Knight; with many more exploits, performed by Christian

Knights of these and of foreign kingdoms ; all so authentic and true, that, I say again, whoever denies them must be void of all sense and reason."

The Canon stood in admiration to hear the medley Don Quixote made of truths and lies, and to see how skilled he was in all matters any way relating to Knight-errantry ; and therefore answered him : " I cannot deny, Signor Don Quixote, but there is some truth in what you say, especially in relation to the Spanish Knights-errant ; and I am also ready to allow, that there were the twelve Peers of France : but I can never believe they did all those things ascribed to them by Archbishop Turpin : for the truth is, they were Knights chosen by the Kings of France, and called peers, as being all equal in quality and prowess : at least, if they were not, it was fit they should be so : and in this respect they were not unlike our religious military orders of Saint Jago or Calatrava, which presuppose that the professors are, or ought to be, cavaliers of worth, valour, and family : and, as now we say, a Knight of St. John, or of Alcantara, in those times they said, a Knight of the twelve Peers, those of that military order being twelve in number, and all equal. That there was a Cid, is beyond all doubt, as likewise a Bernardo del Carpio ; but that they performed the exploits told of them, I believe there is great reason to suspect. As to Peter of Provence's peg, and its standing

close by Babiéca's saddle, in the king's armory; I confess my sin, in being so ignorant, or short-sighted, that, though I have seen the saddle, I never could discover the peg; which is somewhat strange, considering how big you say it is."—"Yet, without all question, there it is," replied Don Quixote, "since they say it is kept in a leathern case, that it may not take rust."—"It may be so," answered the Canon; "but, by the holy orders I have received, I do not remember to have seen it. But supposing I should grant you it is there, I do not therefore think myself bound to believe the stories of so many Amadis's, nor those of such a rabble rout of Knights as we hear of: nor is it reasonable, that a gentleman, so honourable, of such excellent parts, and endued with so good an understanding as yourself, should be persuaded, that such strange follies, as are written in the absurd books of chivalry, are true."

CHAP. XLIX.

OF THE INGENIOUS CONTEST BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE
AND THE CANON, WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS.

"A GOOD jest, indeed!" answered Don Quixote, "that books, printed with the licence of Kings, and the approbation of the examiners, read with general pleasure, and applauded by great and small, poor and rich, learned and ig-

norant, gentry and commonalty, in short, by all sorts of people, of what state or condition soever they be, should be all lies, and especially carrying such an appearance of truth ! For do they not tell us the father, the mother, the country, the kindred, the age, the place, with a particular detail of every action performed daily by such a Knight or Knights ? Good Sir, be silent, and do not utter such blasphemies ; and believe me, I advise you to act in this affair like a discreet person : do but peruse them, and you will find what pleasure attends this kind of reading. For, pray, tell me ; can there be a greater satisfaction than to see, placed as it were before our eyes, a vast lake of boiling pitch, and in it a prodigious number of serpents, snakes, crocodiles, and divers other kinds of fierce and dreadful creatures, swimming up and down ; and from the midst of the lake to hear a most dreadful voice, saying : ‘ O Knight, whoever thou art, that standest beholding this tremendous lake, if thou art desirous to enjoy the happiness, that lies concealed beneath these sable waters, show the valour of thy undaunted breast, and plunge thyself headlong into the midst of this black and burning liquor ; for, if thou dost not, thou wilt be unworthy to see the mighty wonders enclosed therein, and contained in the seven castles of the seven enchanted nymphs, who dwell beneath this horrid blackness.’ And scarcely has the Knight heard the

fearful voice, when, without farther consideration, or reflecting upon the danger, to which he exposes himself, and even without putting off his cumbersome and weighty armour, recommending himself to God and his mistress, he plunges into the middle of the boiling pool ; and, when he neither heeds nor considers what may become of him, he finds himself in the midst of flowery fields, with which those of Elysium can in no wise compare. There the sky seems more transparent, and the sun shines with a fresher brightness. Beyond it appears a pleasing forest, so green and shady, that its verdure rejoices the sight, whilst the ears are entertained with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little painted birds, hopping to and fro among the intricate branches. Here he discovers a warbling brook, whose cool waters, resembling liquid crystal, run murmuring over the fine sands and snowy pebbles, out-glittering sifted gold and purest pearl. There he espies an artificial fountain of variegated jasper and polished marble. Here he beholds another of rustic work, in which the minute shells of the muscle, with the white and yellow wreathed houses of the snail, placed in orderly confusion, interspersed with pieces of glittering crystal and pellucid emeralds, compose a work of such variety, that art imitating nature seems here to surpass her. Then on a sudden he descries a strong castle, or

stately palace, whose walls are of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, and the gates of hyacinths : in short, the structure is so admirable, that, though the materials, of which it is framed, are no less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, yet the workmanship is still more precious. And, after having seen all this, can any thing be more charming than to behold, sallying forth at the castle-gate, a goodly troop of damsels, whose bravery and gorgeous attire should I pretend to describe, as the histories do at large, I should never have done ; and then she, who appears to be the chief of them all, presently takes by the hand the daring Knight, who threw himself into the burning lake, and, without speaking a word, carries him into the rich palace, or castle, and, stripping him as naked as his mother bore him, bathes him in milk-warm water, and then anoints him all over with odoriferous essences, and puts on him a shirt of the finest lawn, all sweet-scented and perfumed. Then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle, reckoned worth, at the very least, a city or more. What a sight is it then, when after this he is carried to another hall, to behold the tables spread in such order, that he is struck with suspense and wonder ! Then to see him wash his hands in water distilled from amber and sweet-scented flowers ! To see him seated in a chair of ivory !

To behold the damsels waiting upon him in marvellous silence ! Then to see such variety of delicious viands, so savourily dressed, that the appetite is at a loss to direct the hand ! To hear soft music while he is eating, without knowing who it is, that sings, or from whence the sounds proceed ! And when dinner is ended, and the cloth taken away, the Knight lolling in his chair, and perhaps picking his teeth, according to custom, enters unexpectedly at the hall door a damsel much more beautiful than any of the former, and, seating herself by the Knight's side, begins to give him an account what castle that is, and how she is enchanted in it, with sundry other matters, which surprise the Knight, and raise the admiration of those, who read his history. I will enlarge no further upon this ; for from hence you may conclude, that whatever part one reads of whatever history of Knights-errant, must needs cause delight and wonder in the reader. Believe me then, Sir, and as I have already hinted, read these books, and you will find, that they will banish all your melancholy, and meliorate your disposition, if it happens to be a bad one. This I can say for myself, that, since I have been a Knight-errant, I am become valiant, civil, liberal, well-bred, generous, courteous, daring, affable, patient, a sufferer of toils, imprisonments, and enchantments : and though it be so little a while since I saw myself locked up in a cage like a

madman, yet I expect, by the valour of my arm, Heaven favouring, and fortune not opposing, in a few days to see myself King of some kingdom, in which I may display the gratitude and liberality enclosed in this breast of mine: for, upon my faith, Sir, the poor man is disabled from practising the virtue of liberality, though he possess it in never so eminent a degree; and the gratitude, which consists only in inclination, is a dead thing, even as faith without works is dead. For which reason I should be glad, that fortune would offer me speedily some opportunity of becoming an Emperor, that I may show my heart by doing good to my friends, especially to poor Sancho Panza here, my squire, who is the honestest man in the world; and I would fain bestow on him an earldom, as I have long since promised him, but that I fear he will not have ability sufficient to govern his estate."

Sancho overheard his master's last words, to whom he said: "Take you the pains, Signor Don Quixote, to procure me this same earldom, so often promised by you, and so long expected by me; for I assure you I shall not want for ability sufficient to govern it. But supposing I had not, I have heard say, there are people in the world, who take lordships to farm, paying the owners so much a year, and taking upon themselves the whole management thereof, whilst the lord himself, with outstretched legs, lies along

at his ease, enjoying the rent they give him, without concerning himself any further about it. Just so will I do, and give myself no more trouble than needs must, but immediately surrender all up, and live upon my rents like any duke, and let the world rub.”—“ This, brother Sancho,” replied the Canon, “ is to be understood only as to the enjoyment of the revenue: but as to the administration of justice, the lord himself must look to that; and for this ability, sound judgment, and especially an upright intention, are required; for if these be wanting in the beginnings, the means and ends will always be erroneous; and therefore God usually prospers the good intentions of the simple, and disappoints the evil designs of the cunning.”—“ I do not understand these philosophies,” answered Sancho; “ I only know, I wish I may as speedily have the earldom, as I should know how to govern it; for I have as large a soul as another, and as large a body as the best of them; and I should be as much king of my own dominion as any one is of his: and being so, I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there’s an end of it; and let the estate come, and God be with ye; and let us see it, as one blind man said to another.”—“ These are no bad phi-

losophies, as you say, Sancho," added the Canon; "nevertheless there is a great deal more to be said upon the subject of earldoms." To which Don Quixote replied: "I know not what more may be said; only I govern myself by the example of the great Amadis de Gaul, who made his squire Knight of the Firm Island; and therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, make an earl of Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires, that ever Knight-errant had." The Canon was amazed at Don Quixote's methodical and orderly madness, the manner of his describing the adventure of the Knight of the lake, the impression made upon him by those premeditated lies he had read in his books: and lastly, he admired at the simplicity of Sancho, who so vehemently desired to obtain the earldom his master had promised him.

By this time the Canon's servants, who went to the inn for the sumpter-mule, were come back; and spreading a carpet on the green grass, they sat down under the shade of some trees, and dined there, that the waggoner might not lose the conveniency of that fresh pasture, as we have said before. And while they were eating, they heard on a sudden a loud noise, and the sound of a little bell in a thicket of briers and thorns, that was hard by; and at the same instant they saw a very beautiful she-goat, speckled with black, white, and gray, run out of the thicket.

After her came a goatherd, calling to her aloud, in his wonted language, to stop and come back to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling and affrighted, betook herself to the company, as it were for their protection, and there she stopped. The goatherd came up, and taking her by the horns, as if she were capable of discourse and reasoning, he said to her: "Ah, wanton, spotted fool! what caprice hath made thee halt thus of late days? What wolves wait for thee, child? Wilt thou tell me, pretty one, what this means? But what else can it mean, but that thou art a female, and therefore canst not be quiet? A curse on thy humours, and on all theirs, whom thou resemblest so much! Turn back, my love, turn back; for though, perhaps, you will not be so contented, at least, you will be more safe in your own fold, and among your own companions: and if you, who are to look after, and guide them, go yourself so much astray, what must become of them?" The goatherd's words delighted all the hearers extremely, especially the Canon, who said to him: "I entreat you, brother, be not in such a hurry to force back this goat so soon to her fold; for since, as you say, she is a female, she will follow her own natural instinct, though you take never so much pains to hinder her. Come, take this morsel, and then drink; whereby you will temper your choler, and in the mean while the goat will rest herself."

And in saying this he gave him the hinder quarter of a cold rabbit on the point of a fork. The goatherd took it, and thanked him; then drank, and sat down quietly, and said: "I would not have you, Gentlemen, take me for a foolish fellow, for having talked sense to this animal: for in truth the words I spoke to her are not without a mystery. I am a country fellow, it is true, yet not so much a rustic, but I know the difference between conversing with men and beasts."—"I verily believe you," said the Priest; "for I have found by experience, that the mountains breed learned men, and the cottages of shepherds contain philosophers."—"At least, Sir," replied the goatherd, "they afford men, who have some knowledge from experience; and to convince you of this truth, though I seem to invite myself without being asked, if it be not tiresome to you, and if you please, Gentlemen, to lend me your attention, I will tell you a true story, which will confirm what I and this same gentleman (pointing to the Priest) have said."

To this Don Quixote answered: "As this business has somewhat of the face of an adventure, I for my part will listen to you, brother, with all my heart, and so will all these gentlemen, being discreet and ingenious persons, and such as love to hear curious movelties, that surprise, gladden, and entertain the senses, as I do not doubt but your story will do. Begin then, friend, for we

will all hearken.”—“ I draw my stake,” quoth Sancho, “ and hie me with this pasty to yonder brook, where I intend to stuff myself for three days ; for I have heard my master Don Quixote say, that the squire of a Knight-errant must eat, when he has it, until he can eat no longer, because it often happens, that they get into some wood so intricate, that there is no hitting the way out in six days ; and then, if a man has not his belly well lined, or his wallet well provided, there he may remain, and often does remain, until he is turned into mummy.”—“ You are in the right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote : “ go whither you will, and eat what you can ; for I am already sated, and want only to give my mind its repast, which I am going to do by listening to this honest man’s story.”—“ We all do the same,” added the Canon, and then desired the goatherd to begin the tale he had promised. The goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two slaps on the back with the palm of his hand, saying : “ Lie down by me, speckled fool ; for we have time and to spare for returning to our fold.” The goat seemed to understand him ; for, as soon as her master was seated, she laid herself close by him very quietly, and looking up in his face, seemed to signify she was attentive to what the goatherd was going to relate, who began his story in this manner.

CHAP. L.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT THE GOATHERD RELATED
TO ALL THOSE, WHO ACCOMPANIED DON QUIXOTE.

“**T**HREE leagues from this valley there is a town, which, though but small, is one of the richest in all these parts: and therein dwelt a farmer of so good a character, that, though esteem is usually annexed to riches, yet he was more respected for his virtue, than for the wealth he possessed. But that, which completed his happiness, as he used to say himself, was his having a daughter of such extraordinary beauty, rare discretion, gracefulness, and virtue, that whoever knew and beheld her was in admiration at the surpassing endowments, wherewith Heaven and nature had enriched her. When a child, she was pretty, and, as she grew up, became still more and more beautiful, until, at the age of sixteen, she was beauty itself. And now the fame of her beauty began to extend itself through all the neighbouring villages: do I say, through the neighbouring villages only? It spread itself to the remotest cities, and even made its way into the palaces of kings, and reached the ears of all sorts of people, who came to see her from all parts, as if she had been some relic, or wonder-working image. Her father guarded her, and she guarded herself; for there are no pad-

locks, bolts, nor bars, that secure a maiden better than her own reserve. The wealth of the father, and the beauty of the daughter, induced many, both of the town and strangers, to demand her to wife. But he, whose right it was to dispose of so precious a jewel, was perplexed, not knowing, amidst the great number of importunate suitors, on whom to bestow her. Among the many, who were thus disposed, I was one, and flattered myself with many and great hopes of success, as being known to her father, born in the same village, untainted in blood, in the flower of my age, tolerably rich, and of no despicable understanding. With the very same advantages another of our village demanded her also in marriage; which occasioned a suspense and balancing of her father's will, who thought his daughter would be very well matched with either of us; and, to get out of this perplexity, he determined to acquaint Leandra with it; for that is the rich maiden's name, who has reduced me to this wretched state, considering that, since our pretensions were equal, it was best to leave the choice to his beloved daughter; an example worthy the imitation of all parents, who would marry their children. I do not say they should give them their choice in things prejudicial; but they should propose to them good ones, and out of them let them choose to their minds. For my part, I know not what was Leandra's liking: I only

know, that her father put us both off by pleading the too tender age of his daughter, and with such general expressions as neither laid any obligation upon him, nor disobliged either of us. My rival's name is Anselmo, and mine Eugenio ; for it is fit you should know the names of the persons concerned in this tragedy, the catastrophe of which is still depending, though one may easily foresee it will be disastrous.

“ About that time there came to our town one Vincent de la Rosa, son of a poor farmer of the same village: which Vincent was come out of Italy, and other countries, where he had served in the wars. A captain, who happened to march that way with his company, had carried him away from our town at twelve years of age, and the young man returned, at the end of twelve years more, in the garb of a soldier, set off with a thousand colours, and hung with a thousand crystal trinkets and fine steel-chains. To-day he put on one finery, to-morrow another: but all slight and counterfeit, of little weight and less value. The country-folks, who are naturally malicious, and, if they have ever so little leisure, are malice itself, observed, and reckoned up all his trappings and gewgaws, and found that he had three suits of apparel, of different colours, with hose and garters to them: but he disguised them so many different ways, and with many inventions, that, if one had not counted them,

you would have sworn he had had above ten suits, and above twenty plumes of feathers. And let not what I have been saying of his dress be looked upon us impertinent or superfluous; for it makes a considerable part of this story. He used to seat himself on a stone-bench, under a great poplar-tree in our market-place, and there he would hold us all gaping, and listening to the exploits he would be telling us. There was no country on the whole globe he had not seen, nor battle he had not been in. He had slain more Moors than are in Morocco and Tunis, and fought more duels, as he said, than Gante, Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredes, and a thousand others, and always came off victorious, without having lost a drop of blood. Then again he would be showing us marks of wounds, which, though they were not to be discerned, he would persuade us were so many musket-shots received in several actions and fights. In a word, with an unheard-of arrogance, he would *Thou* his equals and acquaintance, saying, his arm was his father, his deeds his pedigree, and that, under the title of soldier, he owed the King himself nothing. To these bravadoes was added, his being somewhat of a musician, and scratching a little upon the guitar, which some said he would make speak. But his graces and accomplishments did not end here; for he was also a bit of a poet, and would compose a ballad, a league and a half

in length, on every childish accident that passed in the village.

“ Now this soldier, whom I have here described, this Vincent de la Rosa, this hero, this gallant, this musician, this poet, was often seen and admired by Leandra, from a window of her house, which faced the market-place. She was struck with the tinsel of his gaudy apparel: his ballads enchanted her; and he gave at least twenty copies about of all he composed: the exploits he related of himself reached her ears: lastly (for so, it seems, the devil has ordained) she fell downright in love with him, before he had entertained the presumption of courting her. And as, in affairs of love, none are so easily accomplished as those, which are favoured by the inclination of the lady, Leandra and Vincent easily came to an agreement, and, before any of the multitude of her suitors had the least suspicion of her design, she had already accomplished it: for she left the house of her dear and beloved father (for mother she had none), and absented herself from the town with the soldier, who came off with this attempt more triumphantly than from any of those others he had so arrogantly boasted of. This event amazed the whole town, and all that heard any thing of it. I, for my part, was confounded, Anselmo astonished, her father sad, her kindred ashamed, justice alarmed, and the troopers of the holy Brotherhood in rea-

diness. They beset the highways, and searched the woods, leaving no place unexamined; and, at the end of three days, they found the poor fond Leandra in a cave of a mountain, naked to her shift, and stripped of a large sum of money, and several valuable jewels, she had carried away from home. They brought her back into the presence of her disconsolate father: they asked her how this misfortune had befallen her; she readily confessed, that Vincent de la Rosa had deceived her, and, upon promise of marriage, had persuaded her to leave her father's house, telling her he would carry her to Naples, the richest and most delicious city of the whole world; that she, through too much credulity and inadvertency, had believed him, and, robbing her father, had put all into his hands the night she was first missing; and that he conveyed her to a craggy mountain, and shut her up in that cave, in which they had found her. She also related to them how the soldier plundered her of every thing but her honour, and left her there, and fled: a circumstance, which made us all wonder afresh; for it was no easy matter to persuade us of the young man's continency: but she affirmed it with so much earnestness, that her father was in some sort comforted, making no great account of the other riches the soldier had taken from his daughter, since he had left her that jewel, which, once lost, can never be recovered.

“ The very same day that Leandra returned, she disappeared again from our eyes, her father sending and shutting her up in a nunnery belonging to a town not far distant, in hopes that time might wear off a good part of the reproach his daughter has brought upon herself. Her tender years were some excuse for her fault, especially with those, who had no interest in her being good or bad : but they, who are acquainted with her good sense and understanding, could not ascribe her fault to her ignorance, but to her levity, and to the natural propensity of the sex, which is generally unthinking and disorderly. Leandra being shut up, Anselmo’s eyes were blinded ; at least they saw nothing, that could afford them any satisfaction : and mine were in darkness, without light to direct them to any pleasurable object. The absence of Leandra increased our sadness, and diminished our patience : we cursed the soldier’s finery, and detested her father’s want of precaution. At last, Anselmo and I agreed to quit the town, and betake ourselves to this valley, where, he feeding a great number of sheep of his own, and I a numerous herd of goats of mine, we pass our lives among these trees, giving vent to our passions, either singing together the praises or reproaches of the fair Leandra, or sighing alone, and each apart communicating our complaints to Heaven. Several others of Leandra’s suitors, in imitation of us, are come to these

rocky mountains, practising the same employments; and they are so numerous, that this place seems to be converted into the pastoral Arcadia, it is so full of shepherds and folds; nor is there any part of it, where the name of the beautiful Leandra is not heard. One utters execrations against her, calling her fond, fickle, and immodest: another condemns her forwardness and levity: some excuse and pardon her; others arraign and condemn her: one celebrates her beauty; another rails at her ill qualities: in short, all blame, and all adore her; and the madness of all rises to that pitch, that some complain of her disdain, who never spoke to her: yea, some there are, who bemoan themselves, and feel the raging disease of jealousy, though she never gave any occasion for it; for, as I have said, her guilt was known before her inclination. There is no hollow of a rock, nor brink of a rivulet, nor shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, who is recounting his misfortunes to the air: the echo, wherever it can be formed, repeats the name of Leandra: the mountains resound with Leandra; the brooks murmur Leandra: in short, Leandra holds us all in suspense and enchanted, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowing what. Among these extravagant madmen, he, who shows the least and the most sense, is my rival Anselmo, who, having so many other causes of complaint, complains only

of absence: and to the sound of a rebec, which he touches to admiration, pours forth his complaints in verses, which discover an excellent genius. I follow an easier, and, in my opinion, a better way, which is, to inveigh against the levity of women, their inconstancy, and double-dealing, their lifeless promises, and broken faith; and, in short, the little discretion they show in placing their affections, or making their choice.

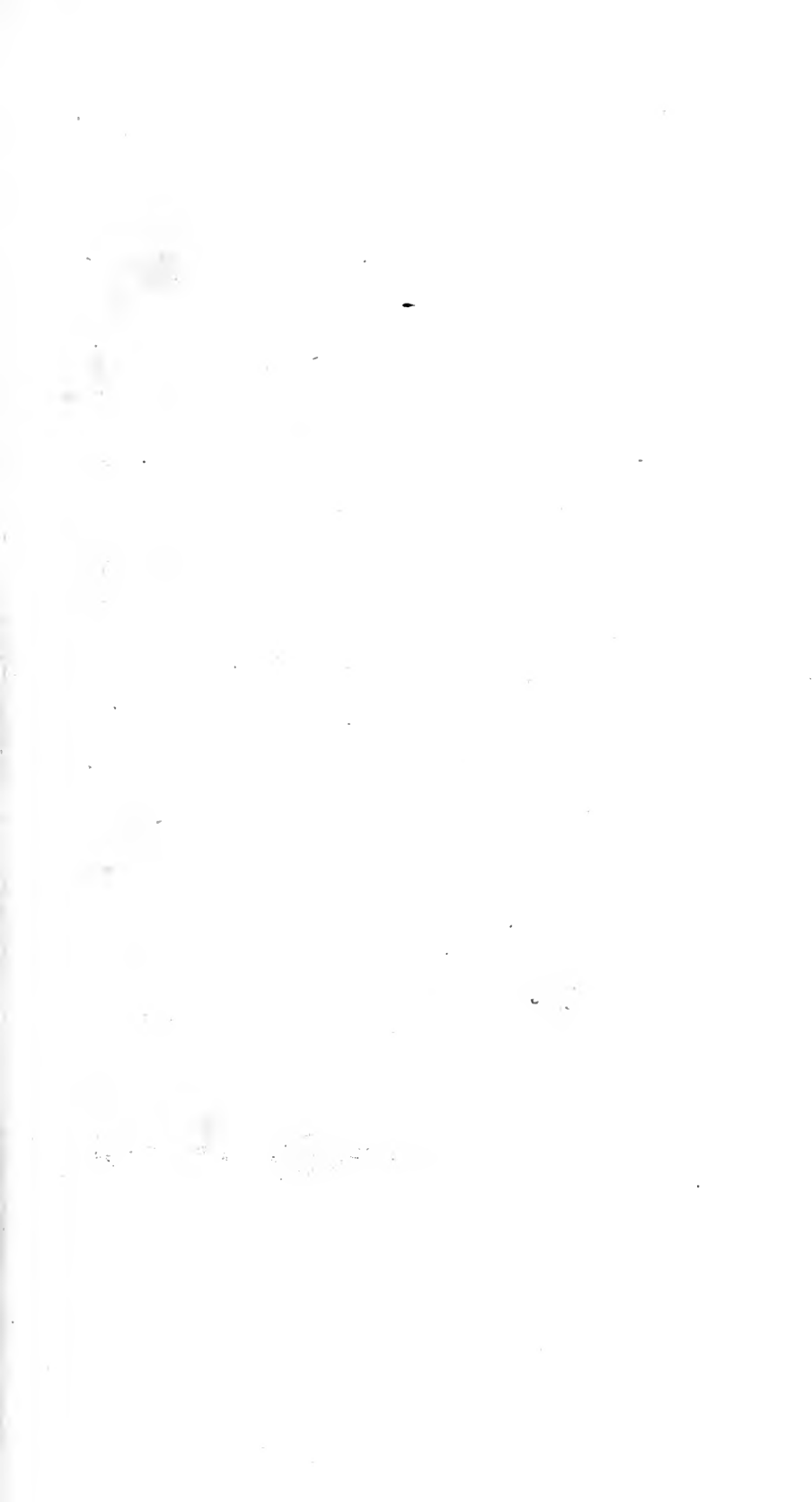
“ This, Gentlemen, was the occasion of the expressions and language I used to this goat, when I came hither; for, being a female, I despise her, though she be the best of all my flock. This is the story I promised to tell you: if I have been tedious in the relation, I will endeavour to make you amends by my service: my cottage is hard by, where I have new milk, and very savoury cheese, with variety of fruits of the season, not less agreeable to the sight than to the taste.”

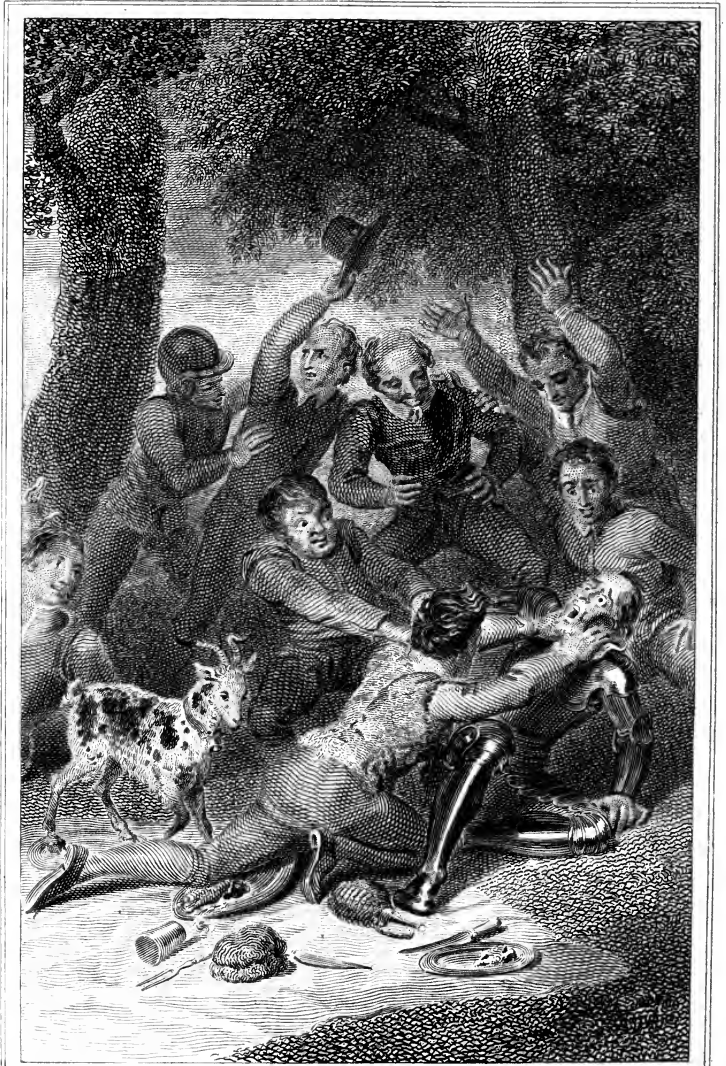
CHAP. LI.

OF THE QUARREL BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GOATHERD, WITH THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE DISCIPLINANTS, WHICH HE HAPPILY ACCOMPLISHED WITH THE SWEAT OF HIS BROWS.

THE goatherd's tale gave a general pleasure to all, that heard it, especially to the Canon, who, with an unusual curiosity, took notice of his

manner of telling it, in which he discovered more of the polite courtier than of the rude goatherd; and therefore he said, that the Priest was very much in the right in affirming, that the mountains produced men of letters. They all offered their service to Eugenio: but the most liberal of his offers upon this occasion was Don Quixote, who said to him: "In truth, brother goatherd, were I in a capacity of undertaking any new adventure, I would immediately set forward to do you a good turn, by fetching Leandra out of the nunnery, in which, doubtless, she is detained against her will, in spite of the abbess and all opposers, and putting her into your hands, to be disposed of at your pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, which enjoin, that no kind of violence be offered to damsels: though I hope in God our Lord, that the power of one malicious enchanter shall not be so prevalent, but that the power of another and a better intentioned one may prevail over it; and then I promise you my aid and protection, as I am obliged by my profession, which is no other than to favour the weak and necessitous." The goatherd stared at Don Quixote; and observing his bad plight and scurvy appearance, he whispered the Barber, who sat next him; "Pray, Sir, who is this man, who makes such a strange figure, and talks so extravagantly?" — "Who should it be," answered the Barber, "but the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha,





Richard del.

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The Quarrel between Don Quixote & the Gouthero.

the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the relief of maidens, the dread of giants, and the conqueror of battles?"—"This," said the goatherd, "is like what we read of in the books of Knights-errant, who did all, that you tell me of this man; though, as I take it, either your Worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentleman's skull are unfurnished."—"You are a very great rascal," said Don Quixote at this instant, "and you are the empty-skulled and the shallow-brained; for I am fuller than ever was the whoreson drab, that bore thee:" and, so saying, and muttering on, he snatched up a loaf that was near him, and with it struck the goatherd, full in the face, with so much fury, that he laid his nose flat. The goatherd, who did not understand raillery, perceiving how much in earnest he was treated, without any respect to the carpet or table-cloth, or to the company that sat about it, leaped upon Don Quixote, and, griping him by the throat with both hands, would doubtless have strangled him, had not Sancho Panza come up in that instant, and, taking him by the shoulders, thrown him back on the table, breaking the dishes and platters, and spilling and overturning all that was upon it. Don Quixote, finding himself loose, ran at the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by Sancho, and his face all over blood, was feeling about, upon all four, for some knife or other, to take a bloody

revenge : but the Canon and the Priest prevented him ; and the Barber contrived it so, that the goatherd got Don Quixote under him, on whom he poured such a shower of buffets, that there rained as much blood from the visage of the poor Knight as there did from his own. The Canon and the Priest were ready to burst with laughter ; the troopers of the holy Brotherhood danced and capered for joy ; and they stood hallooing them on, as people do dogs, when they are fighting : only Sancho was at his wits end, not being able to get loose from one of the Canon's servants, who held him from going to assist his master. In short, while all were in high joy and merriment, excepting the two combatants, who were still worrying one another, on a sudden they heard the sound of a trumpet, so dismal, that it made them turn their faces towards the way, from whence they fancied the sound came : but he, who was most surprised at hearing it, was Don Quixote, who, though he was under the goatherd, sorely against his will, and more than indifferently mauled, said to him : " Brother devil (for it is impossible you should be any thing else, since you have had the valour and strength to subdue mine), truce, I beseech you, for one hour ; for the dolorous sound of that trumpet, which reaches our ears, seems to summon me to some new adventure." The goatherd, who by this time was pretty well weary of mauling and

being mauled, immediately let him go, and Don Quixote, getting upon his legs, turned his face toward the place whence the sound came, and presently saw several people descending from a rising ground, arrayed in white, after the manner of disciplinants ⁴⁷.

The case was, that the clouds, that year, had failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, and throughout all the villages of that district they made processions, disciplines, and public prayers, beseeching God to open the hands of his mercy, and send them rain: and for this purpose the people of a town hard by were coming in procession to a devout hermitage, built upon the side of a hill bordering upon that valley. Don Quixote perceiving the strange attire of the disciplinants, without recollecting how often he must have seen the like before, imagined it was some adventure, and that it belonged to him alone, as a Knight-errant, to undertake it: and he was the more confirmed in this fancy by thinking, that an image they had with them, covered with black ⁴⁸, was some lady of note, whom those miscreants and discourteous ruffians were forcing away. And no sooner had he taken this into his head, than he ran with great agility to Rozinante, who was grazing about; and taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of the saddle, he bridled him in a trice, and, demanding from Sancho his sword, he mounted

Rozinante, and braced his target, and with a loud voice said to all, that were present: "Now, my worthy Companions, you shall see of what consequence it is, that there are in the world such as profess the order of chivalry: now, I say, you shall see, by my restoring liberty to that good lady, who is carried captive yonder, whether Knights-errant are to be valued or not." And so saying, he laid legs to Rozinante, for spurs he had none, and on a hand-gallop, for we no where read, in all this faithful history, that ever Rozinante went full-speed, he ran to encounter the disciplinants; the Priest, the Canon, and the Barber, in vain endeavouring to stop him; and in vain did Sancho cry out, saying: "Whither go you, Signor Don Quixote? What devils are in you, that instigate you to assault the Catholic faith? Consider, a curse on me! that this is a procession of disciplinants, and that the lady, carried upon the bier, is an image of the blessed and immaculate Virgin: have a care what you do; for this once I am sure you do not know." Sancho wearied himself to no purpose; for his master was so bent upon encountering the men in white, and delivering the mourning lady, that he heard not a word, and, if he had, would not have come back, though the King himself had commanded him.

Being now come up to the procession, he checked Rozinante, who already had a desire to

rest a little, and, with a disordered and hoarse voice, said: "You there, who cover your faces, for no good I suppose, stop, and give ear to what I shall say." The first who stopped were they, who carried the image; and one of the four ecclesiastics, who sung the litanies, observing the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, and other ridiculous circumstances attending the Knight, answered him, saying: "Good brother, if you have any thing to say to us, say it quickly; for these our brethren are tearing their flesh to pieces, and we cannot, nor is it reasonable we should, stop to hear any thing, unless it be so short, that it may be said in two words."—"I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote, "and it is this; that you immediately set at liberty that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance are evident tokens of her being carried away against her will, and that you have done her some notorious injury; and I, who was born into the world on purpose to redress such wrongs, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther, until you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves." By these expressions, all that heard them gathered, that Don Quixote must be some madman; upon which they fell a-laughing very heartily; which was adding fuel to the fire of Don Quixote's choler: for, without saying a word more, he drew his sword, and attacked the bearers; one

of whom, leaving the burden to his comrades, stept forward to encounter Don Quixote, brandishing a pole, on which he rested the bier, when they made a stand: and receiving on it a huge stroke, which the Knight let fly at him, and which broke it in two, with what remained of it he gave Don Quixote such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm, that, his target not being able to ward off so furious an assault, poor Don Quixote fell to the ground in evil plight. Sancho Panza, who came puffing close after him, perceiving him fallen, called out to his adversary not to strike him again, for he was a poor enchanted Knight, who never had done any body harm in all the days of his life. But that, which made the rustic forbear, was not Sancho's crying out, but his seeing that Don Quixote stirred neither hand nor foot; and so, believing he had killed him, in all haste he tucked up his frock under his girdle, and began to fly away over the field as nimble as a buck.

By this time all Don Quixote's company was come up, and the processioners, seeing them running toward them, and with them the troopers of the holy Brotherhood with their cross-bows, began to fear some ill accident, and drew up in a circle round the image; and, lifting up their hoods⁴⁹, and grasping their whips, as the ecclesiastics did their tapers, they stood expecting the assault, determined to defend themselves, and,

if they could, to offend their aggressors. But fortune ordered it better than they imagined: for all that Sancho did was to throw himself upon the body of his master, and to pour forth the most dolorous and ridiculous lamentation in the world, believing verily that he was dead. The Priest was known by another, who came in the procession, and their being acquainted dissipated the fear of the two squadrons. The first Priest gave the second an account in two words who Don Quixote was; upon which he and the whole rout of disciplinants went to see, whether the poor Knight was dead or not, and they overheard Sancho Panza say, with tears in his eyes: "O flower of chivalry, who by one single thwack hast finished the career of thy well-spent life! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of La Mancha, yea of the whole world, which, by wanting thee, will be over-run with evil doers, who will no longer fear the being chastised for their iniquities! O liberal above all Alexanders, seeing that, for eight months service only, thou hast given me the best island the sea doth compass or surround! O thou, that wert humble with the haughty, and arrogant with the humble, undertaker of dangers, sufferer of affronts, in love without cause, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the base; in a word, Knight-errant, which is all that can be said⁵⁰!" At Sancho's cries and lamentations Don Quixote

revived, and the first word he said was : “ He, who lives absented from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than these. Help, friend Sancho, to lay me upon the enchanted car ; for I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of Rozinante, all this shoulder being mashed to pieces.”—“ That I will do with all my heart, dear Sir,” answered Sancho ; “ and let us return home in company of these gentlemen, who wish you well, and there we will give order about another sally, that may prove of more profit and renown.”—“ You say well, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “ and it will be great prudence in us to wait, until the evil influence of the stars, which now reigns, is overpassed⁵¹.” The Canon, the Priest, and the Barber, told him, they approved his resolution ; and so, having received a great deal of pleasure from the simplicities of Sancho Panza, they placed Don Quixote in the waggon, as before.

The procession resumed its former order, and went on its way. The goatherd bid them all farewell. The troopers would go no farther, and the Priest paid them what they had agreed for. The Canon desired the Priest to give him advice of what befell Don Quixote, and whether his madness was cured or continued, and so took leave, and pursued his journey. In short, they all parted, and took their several ways, leaving the Priest, the Barber, Don Quixote, and San-

cho, with good Rozinante, who bore all accidents as patiently as his master. The waggoner yoked his oxen, and accommodated Don Quixote on a truss of hay, and with his accustomed pace jogged on the way the Priest directed. On the sixth day they arrived at Don Quixote's village, and entered it about noon; and it being Sunday, all the people were standing in the market-place, through the midst of which Don Quixote's car must of necessity pass. Every body ran to see, who was in the waggon, and, when they found it was their townsman, they were greatly surprised, and a boy ran full speed to acquaint the housekeeper and niece, that their uncle and master was coming home, weak and pale, and stretched upon a truss of hay, in a waggon drawn by oxen. It was piteous to hear the outcries the two good women raised, to see the buffets they gave themselves, and how they cursed afresh the damned books of chivalry; and all this was renewed by seeing Don Quixote coming in at the gate.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival, Sancho Panza's wife, who knew her husband was gone with him to serve him as his squire, repaired thither; and as soon as she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked him was, whether the ass was come home well. Sancho answered he was, and in a better condition than his master. "The Lord be praised," replied she, "for

so great a mercy to me. But tell me, friend, what good have you got by your squireship? What petticoat do you bring home to me, and what shoes to your children?"—"I bring nothing of all this, dear wife," quoth Sancho; "but I bring other things of greater moment and consequence."—"I am very glad of that," answered the wife: "pray, show me these things of greater moment and consequence, my friend; for I would fain see them, to rejoice this heart of mine, which has been so sad and discontented all the long time of your absence."—"You shall see them at home, wife," quoth Sancho, "and be satisfied at present; for if it please God, that we make another sally in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or governor of an island, and not an ordinary one neither, but one of the best that is to be had."—"Grant Heaven it may be so, husband," said the wife, "for we have need enough of it. But pray tell me what you mean by islands; for I do not understand you."—"Honey is not for the mouth of an ass," answered Sancho: "in good time you shall see, wife, yea, and admire to hear yourself styled Ladyship by all your vassals."—"What do you mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands, and vassals?" answered Teresa Panza; for that was Sancho's wife's name, though they were not of kin, but because it is the custom in La Mancha for the wife to take the husband's name. "Be

not in so much haste, Teresa, to know all this," said Sancho: "let it suffice, that I tell you the truth, and sew up your mouth. But for the present know, that there is nothing in the world so pleasant to an honest man, as to be squire to a Knight-errant, and seeker of adventures. It is true, indeed, most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish; for ninety-nine of a hundred one meets with fall out cross and unlucky. This I know by experience; for I have sometimes come off tossed in a blanket, and sometimes well cudgelled. Yet for all that it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at discretion, and the devil a farthing to pay."

All this discourse passed between Sancho Panza, and his wife Teresa Panza, while the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote, and, having pulled off his clothes, laid him in his old bed. He looked at them with eyes askew, not knowing perfectly where he was. The Priest charged the niece to take great care, and make much of her uncle, and to keep a watchful eye over him, lest he should once more give them the slip, telling her what difficulty they had to get him home to his house. Here the two women exclaimed afresh, and renewed their execrations against all books of chivalry, begging of Heaven to confound to the centre of the abyss the authors

of so many lies and absurdities. Lastly, they remained full of trouble and fear, lest they should lose their uncle and master, as soon as ever he found himself a little better : and it fell out as they imagined. But the author of this history, though he applied himself, with the utmost curiosity and diligence, to trace the exploits Don Quixote performed in his third sally, could get no account of them, at least from any authentic writings. Only fame has preserved in the memoirs of La Mancha, that Don Quixote, the third time he sallied from home, went to Saragossa⁵², where he was present at a famous tournament in that city, and that there befell him things worthy of his valour and good understanding. Nor should he have learned any thing at all concerning his death, if a lucky accident⁵³ had not brought him acquainted with an aged physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, found, as he said, under the ruins of an ancient hermitage then rebuilding : in which box was found a manuscript of parchment written in Gothic characters, but in Castilian verse, containing many of his exploits, and giving an account of the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the figure of Rozinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the burial of Don Quixote himself, with several epitaphs and eulogies on his life and manners. All, that could be read, and perfectly made out, were those inserted here by the faithful

author of this strange and never-before-seen history: which author desires no other reward from those, who shall read it, in recompense of the vast pains it has cost him to inquire into and search all the archives of La Mancha to bring it to light, but that they would afford him the same credit, that ingenious people give to books of Knight-errantry, which are so well received in the world; and herewith he will reckon himself well paid, and will rest satisfied; and will moreover be encouraged to seek and find out others, if not as true, at least of as much invention and entertainment. The first words, written in the parchment which was found in the leaden box, were these:

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA, A TOWN OF LA MANCHA, ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, WROTE THIS:

Monicongo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulture of Don Quixote.

EPITAPH.

He, whose wild valour to La Mancha bore
 More spoils than Jason to the Cretan shore;
 Whose wit, more quick than any weather-cock,
 Led him through hair-breadth 'scapes, and scrapes
 unceasing;
 Whose arm, its native force by rage increasing,
 At once Gaëta and Cathay could shock;

Whose vein poetic could each muse surpass,
That ever wrote on adamant or glass ;

He, who for gallant deeds and speeches courteous
The Amadis left at distance far ;
More brave than noble Galaor in war ;

Than Belianis more discreet and virtuous ;
Who round the world on Rozinante hurried,
He, even he, beneath this stone lies buried!!!

*Paniaguado, Academician of Argamasilla, in Praise of
Dulcinea del Toboso.*

SONNET.

She, whom you see, the nymph with ruddy face,
Full-swelling bosom, and large rolling eye,
Is Dulcinea, fair Toboso's grace,

To whom great Quixote pour'd th' enamour'd sigh.
For love of her he travell'd sad and weary,

Backward and forward many a mile in vain,
Through the Black Mountain's wilds and deserts dreary,
Montiel's fam'd field, and Aranjuez' plain.

Why didst thou suffer that renown'd commander,
O Rozinante, thus on foot to wander ?

And oh ! sad fortune, that Death's wintry touches
Should blast the beauties of so bright a maiden !

Oh ! that the Knight, this tomb of marble laid in,
Should thus be trapp'd in crafty Cupid's clutches !

*Caprichoso, a most ingenious Academician of Argamasilla,
in Praise of Don Quixote's Horse, Rozinante.*

SONNET.

Where Mars had fixt his adamantine throne,

At once the dread and glory of the sky,

The mad Manchegan dar'd advance alone,

And plant his spear, and wave his banner high.

There, cas'd in coat of glitt'ring mail, he strode,
 Hacking and slashing round with looks so furious,
 That mortal speech wants terms concise and curious
 To tell the terror of the trembling God.
 No longer in thy Amadis, O Gaul,
 Exult; nor glory in thy famous Paladins,
 O Greece, who beat their Solymans and Saladins;
 Lo, matchless Quixote has excell'd them all;
 Crown'd of Bellona's tree the topmost branch-a,
 And talk'd of far and near through all La Mancha!
 Eke shall the fame of Rozinante soar
 Above Bayardo bright, or beauteous Briglador.

*Burlador, the little Academician of Argamasilla, on
 Sancho Panza.*

SONNET.

This Sancho Panza was of stature little,
 But yet a miracle of valour rare;
 Of craft and cunning not a single tittle
 Possess'd he ever, I can safely swear.
 Most certain sure an earldom he had gotten,
 But that this envious age, in virtue rotten,
 Conspir'd to rob of its reward his merit;
 Wrongs such as these had surely rous'd the spirit
 E'en of the patient ass our squire bestrode.
 Meek animal! methinks I see thee amble,
 Sober and slow along the rugged road,
 Wherever Rozinante chose to ramble.
 Fruitless, alas! your toils, O gentle pair,
 For all your hopes are—castles in the air!

*Cachidiablo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulture
of Don Quixote.*

EPITAPH.

A luckless Errant-Knight lies here,
A brave unyielding cavalier,
Though often drubb'd full sore,
Him Rozinante, fam'd in story,
O'er plains, and hills, and mountains, bore
In search of glory.

And by him, in the arms of death,
Like dagger rusted in its sheath,
A worthy squire is laid ;
For sure, since squireship first began,
If any understood the trade,
He was the man !

*Tiquitoc, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulture of
Dulcinea del Toboso.*

EPITAPH.

Hic jacet heav'nly Dulcinea ;
Alas ! how mournful the idea,
That flesh more tender, fat, and plump,
Than breast of goose, or capon's rump,
Should thus be turn'd to dust and cinders !
Thy blow, grim Death, no beauty hinders ;
For she was sure of race divine,
Descended in unbroken line :
Her blazing charms scorch'd up the soul
Of am'rous Quixote to a coal,
Spread through the universe her fame,
And set Toboso all in flame.

These were all the verses, that could be read: the rest, the characters being worm-eaten, were consigned to one of the Academicians, to find out their meaning by conjectures. We are informed he has done it, after many lucubrations, and much pains, and that he designs to publish them, giving us hopes of Don Quixote's third sally.

“Forsi altro cantarà con miglior plectro.”

NOTES.

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- 1 — 7 “V ELLIDO.” He murdered Sancho, King of Castile, when he was at the siege of Camora.
- 2 — 7 “Galalon.” He betrayed the French army at Roncesvalles.
- 3 — 7 “Rusty Christians.” That is, original Spaniards, without mixture of Moor, or Jew, for several generations; such only being qualified for titles of honour.
- 4 — 39 “A Cebra.” A native of Africa, something like a mule, and very swift.
- 5 — 39 “Grand Compluto.” The name of this university is now changed to Alcala de Henares.
- 6 — 48 “Don Azote, or Don Gigote.” That is, *Don Horse-whip* or *Don Mincemeat*.
- 7 — 49 “A strong man.” Esplandian had seven red letters on his shoulder, which Urganda, the enchantress, interpreted to signify, that his heart should be inflamed with violent love. Amadis de Gaul, B. iii. Ch. 31.
The same Knight strips off his shirt in the company of Kings, Emperors, and Princes, to show the characters he was born with. Ibid. Ch. 54.
- 8 — 50 “No sea-port town.” This geographical error is probably a satire upon the historian Mariana, who relates, that Quintus Fabius, the consul,

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having sent fifteen thousand men against Viriatus, they were landed at a city called Orsuna, or Ossuna, in Andalusia, when in fact this city is many leagues from the coast.

- 9 — 51 “With my person.” Thus Arlanda, Princess of Thrace, desiring Don Florisel of Niquea to revenge the death of her brother, offers to make him master of her crown and person. *Amadis de Gaul*, B. ix. Ch. 14.

The giant Gudulfo, resolving to marry the infanta of the Cytherea islands, whether she will or no, is killed by the Knight of the Green Armour, to whom the lady makes an offer of her dominions, as a reward of his service. *Ibid.* Ch. 36.

- 10 — 65 “Sleeves are good after Easter.” This is a sort of proverbial expression, signifying that a good thing is always seasonable. The Spaniards, for the sake of warmth, wear sleeves in winter, until about Easter; but, if the weather continues cold, sleeves may be proper after Easter.

- 11 — 68 “As I said before.” Sancho had not in fact told Don Quixote what he intended to do with his negroes, but had only settled it with himself. Cervantes probably introduced it to show how much Sancho was absorbed in this adventure.

- 12 — 74 “From her kingdom.” Thus the stranger Knight in *Amadis de Gaul* (B. ix. Ch. 24.), fighting with Florisel, in order to carry off Sylvia from him, is interrupted in the combat by a damsel, who reminds the stranger, that he cannot undertake any new adventure, till he has performed his promise to her.—This is common in the old romances.

- 13 — 81 “Puppet friars.” Children in Spain make little

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figures out of bean-cods, by breaking as much of the upper end as discovers part of the first bean, which represents the bald head; and letting the broken part hang back to represent the cowl.

14 — 86 “The Curious Impertinent.” This is the literal meaning of “Curioso Impertinente.” But perhaps it ought to be “The Impertinently Curious:” since it was the *curiosity* and not the *impertinence* of Anselmo, which is the subject of this novel.

15 — 99 “Tears of St. Peter.” This is translated into Spanish, from the Italian, by Juan Sedeno.

16 — 99 “The Poet.” Ariosto in Orlando Furioso.

17 — 109 “His own folly.” In the original it is “supo tan bien fingir lo necesidad, ò necedad de su ausencia, &c.,” that is, *he knew so well how to feign the necessity, or rather folly, of his absence, &c.* But as it was impossible to retain the play upon “necesidad” and “necedad,” the sentence has been turned differently.—It is entirely omitted in other translations.

18 — 109 “The couch.” Estrado is a space in the visiting rooms of ladies, raised about a foot above the floor, and covered with carpets or mats, on which they sit with cushions.

19 — 127 “The four S’S.” As if we should say: “He was sightly, sprightly, secret, and sincere.”

20 — 127 “Judge right.” It is impossible to translate this accurately, as it was necessary to follow the initials in the translation.

21 — 151 “Finished the adventure.” See a similar one in Amadis de Gaul, B. viii. Ch. 31.

22 — 152 “Here are the bulls.” Alluding to the joy of the mob in Spain, when they see the bulls coming.

23 — 162 “A la Gineta.” A mode of riding with very short stirrups, which the Spaniards took from

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- the Arabs; and it is still used in Africa and some eastern nations.
- 24 — 162 “Black masks on their faces.” The original word is “Antifaces.” “Antifez” means a piece of thin black silk, which they wear in Spain when travelling, not for disguise, but to avoid the sun and dust. Therefore they are not strictly masks.
- 25 — 184 “In the frying of the eggs.” This means, the disaster will be discovered, when the wine is wanted to be drunk. As eggs are not known to be good or bad, till they are broken.
- 26 — 195 “The sleeves.” This passage is translated literally. The original is “porque de faldas (que no quiero dezir de mangas), &c.” The author’s meaning is not very obvious. It is, perhaps, as we might express it, *who from the lawyer’s (judge’s) gown, (to say nothing of the lawn sleeves), &c.*
- 27 — 197 “Cavalier.” This is a sort of mound, raised on, or near, any fortification, which is situated in the neighbourhood of any rising ground, whence an enemy might overlook the works. A cavalier is to prevent this. Or perhaps a sort of battery to play upon such rising ground.
- 28 — 208 “The poop.” Literally the “Estanterol,” which is a pillar near the poop, to which the awning is affixed.
- 29 — 212 “Arnaut.” The name of a trooper of Epirus, Dalmatia, or some of the adjacent countries.
- 30 — 218 “Such a one de Saavedra.” Cervantes most probably here alludes to himself.
- 31 — 219 “Ten reals.” Equal to about a crown.
- 32 — 233 “The Zala.” This is a religious ceremony of the Moors.
- 33 — 251 “Cava.” She was the daughter of Count Ju-

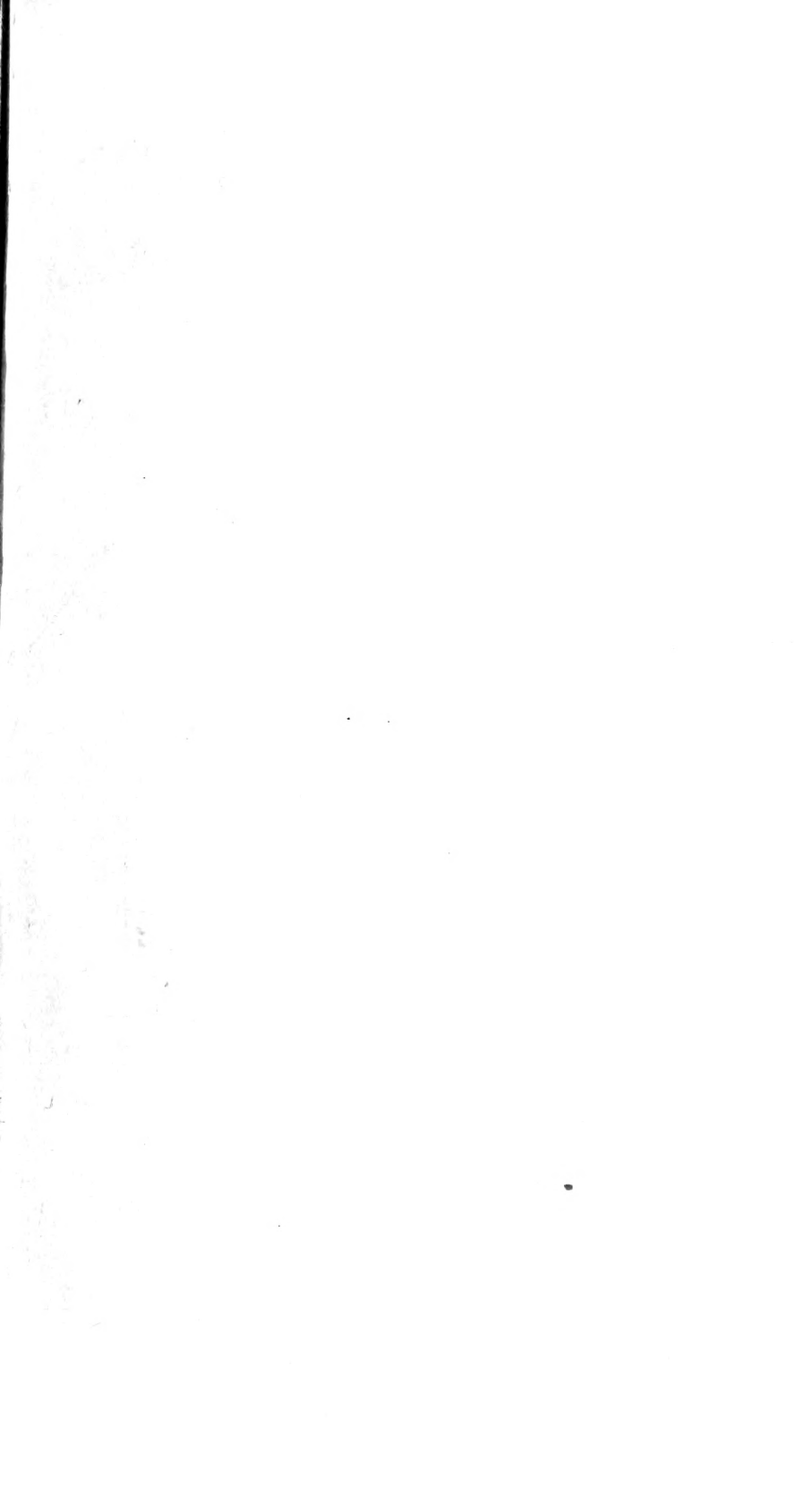
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- lian, and the cause of the Moors settling in Spain.
- 34 — 279 “Lattice window.” The casements are made of canvass in winter, and lattice-work in summer, like our Venetian blinds, which admit the air, and exclude the sun and light.
- 35 — 310 “Agramante’s camp.” Agramante, in Ariosto, is king of the infidels at the siege of Paris.
- 36 — 311 “Sobrino.” This is another in the “Orlando Furioso.”
- 37 — 327 “Mentirouiana.” This is a ludicrous word derived from “mentira,” *a lie*.
- 38 — 334 “Rinconete and Cortadillo.” Cervantes wrote this novel.
- 39 — 342 “Marcus Paulus.” He travelled over Syria, Persia, and India, in the thirteenth century.
- 40 — 347 “For my pains.” It is literally thus: “I should have been like the tailor at the street corner.” The whole of the proverb is “Ser como el sastre de la encrucixáda, que cosia de valde, y ponía el hilo de su casa.” *To be like the tailor of the cross way, who sewed for nothing, and found himself thread.*
- 41 — 349 “Four acts.” The Spanish plays then consisted of but three acts. Cervantes had himself set the example of confining them within that space. They were called, “jornadas,” *days*.
- 42 — 351 “Some of them.” Cervantes here means Lope de Vega. The latter, in his work called “The new Art of making Comedies,” mentions only six plays, which he had quite perfected. A very small number out of four hundred and eighty-three, which he says he wrote.
- 43 — 365 “St. Grial—and Queen Iseo.” They should have been written “Gaal” and “Isatta.”
- 44 — 366 “Monseigneur.” This is written “Mosen,” in

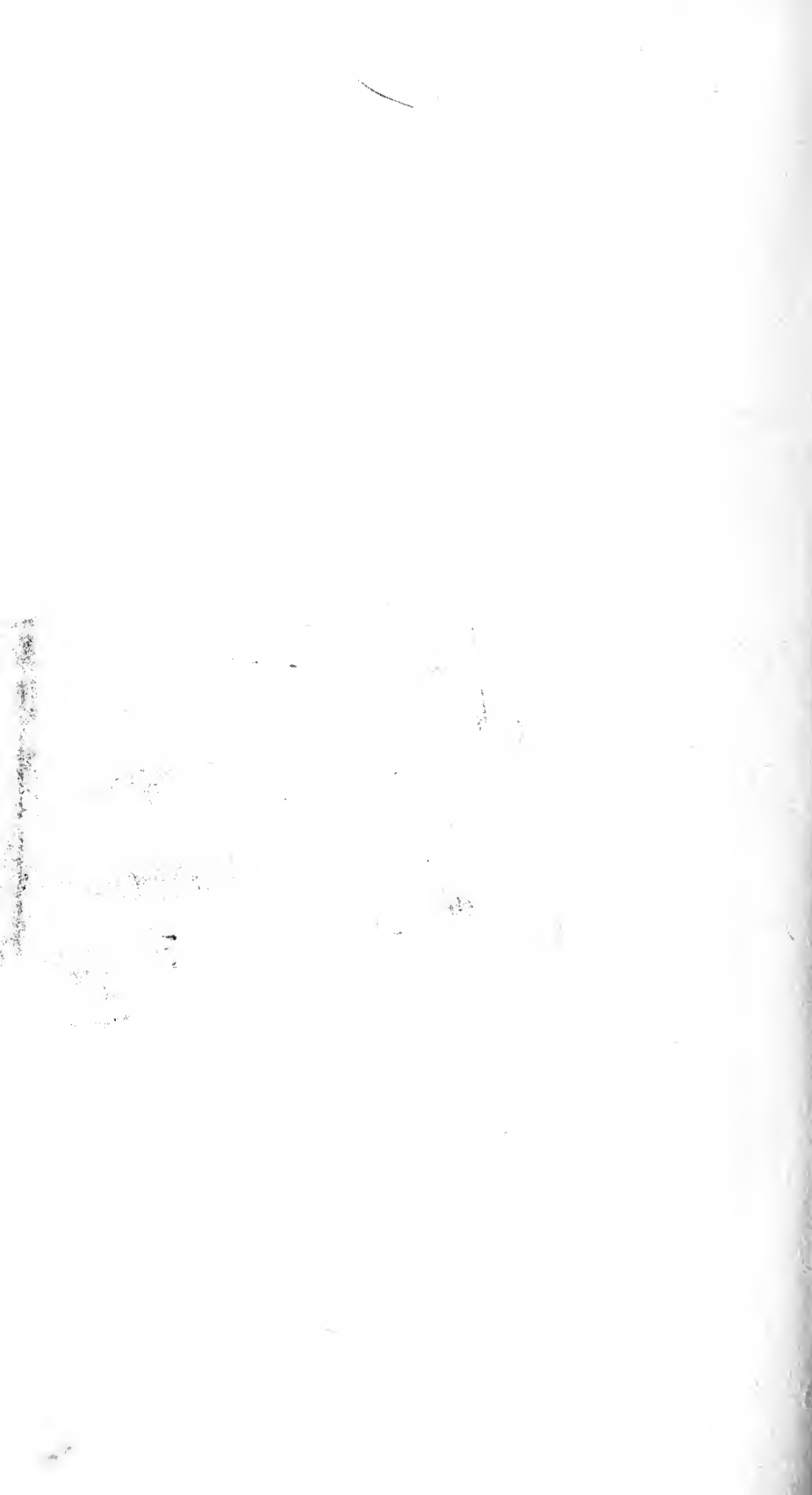
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- Spanish: probably an abbreviation of Monseigneur.
- 45 — 366 “Messire.” The Spanish term is “Micer.”
- 46 — 366 “Suero de Quinones of the Pass.” It was the custom of Knights-errant to remain at certain passes, or passages in the mountains or roads, and to compel all that came that way to break a lance with them in honour of their mistresses. Hence perhaps the origin of tilts and tournaments.
- 47 — 391 “Disciplinants.” These are persons, who freely, or for hire, march in procession, and whip themselves, as a sort of public penance.
- 48 — 391 “Covered with black.” These images are usually made of wood as large as life, and being often used, at length, by the smoke of the torches, become black.
- 49 — 394 “Their hoods.” The disciplinants wear hoods with holes to see through, that they may not be known.
- 50 — 395 “Can be said.” See *Amadis de Gaul*, B. iii. Ch. 9.
- 51 — 396 “Is overpassed.” See also *Amadis de Gaul*, B. vi. Ch. 18.
- 52 — 400 “Saragossa.” Hence Avellaneda, the fictitious name of the author of the spurious second part, took the hint to send Don Quixote to Saragossa.
- 53 — 400 “Lucky accident.” In this passage, Cervantes follows the manner of most of the old romance-writers, who pretend always to have found an ancient copy of their work in some hidden place.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.







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