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NO. 46

DON QUIXOTE
OF
THE MANCHA



The Death of Don Quixote.

THE HISTORY OF THE VALOROUS
AND WITTY KNIGHT-ERRANT
DON QUIXOTE
OF THE MANCHA

BY
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS SHELTON

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DANIEL VIERGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

IN FOUR VOLUMES VOLUME IV



LONDON
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THE HISTORY OF THE VALOROUS
AND WITTY KNIGHT-ERRANT
DON QUIXOTE OF THE
MANCHA

THE SECOND PART

—

CONTINUED



CHAPTER XXXV

WHERE IS PROSECUTED THE NOTICE THAT DON
QUIXOTE HAD OF DISENCHANTING DULCINEA,
WITH OTHER ADMIRABLE ACCIDENTS

WHEN the delightful music was ended they might see one of those you call triumphant chariots come towards them, drawn by six dun mules, but covered with white linen, and upon each of them came a penitentiary with a torch, clothed likewise all in white. The cart was twice or thrice as big as the three former, and at the top and sides of it were twelve other penitentiaries, as white as snow, all with their torches lighted, a sight that admired and astonished jointly; and in a high throne sat a nymph, clad in a veil of cloth of silver, a world of golden spangles glimmering about

D O N Q U I X O T E

her; her face was covered with a fine cloth of tiffany, for all whose wrinkles the face of a most delicate damsel was seen through it, and the many lights made them easily distinguish her beauty and years, which, in likelihood, came not to twenty, nor were under seventeen. Next her came a shape clad in a gown of those you call side-garments, down to her foot; her head was covered with a black veil; but, even as the cart came to be just over against the dukes and Don Quixote, the music of the hautboys ceased, and the harps and lutes that came in the cart began; and the gowned shape rising up, unfolding her garment on both sides, and taking her veil off from her head, she discovered plainly the picture of raw-boned Death, at which Don Quixote was troubled, and Sancho afraid, and the dukes made show of some timorous resenting. This live Death standing up, with a drowsy voice, and a tongue not much waking, began in this manner:

‘ I Merlin am,¹ he that in histories,
They say, the devil to my father had
(A tale by age succeeding authorised),
The prince and monarch of the magic art
And register of deep astrology.
Succeeding ages, since, me emulate,
That only seek to sing and blazon forth
The rare exploits of those knights-errant brave
To whom I bore and bear a liking great.

‘ And howsoever of enchanters, and
Those that are wizards or magicians be,
Hard the condition, rough and devilish is,
Yet mine is tender, soft, and amorous,
And unto all friendly, to do them good.

¹ Verses made on purpose absurdly, as the subject required, and so translated *ad verbum*.

THE MAGIC PAGEANT

‘In the obscure and darkest caves of Dis,
Whereas my soul hath still been entertained
In forming circles and of characters,
I heard the lamentable note of fair
And peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.

‘I knew of her enchantment and hard hap,
Her transformation from a goodly dame
Into a rustic wench; I sorry was,
And shutting up my spirit within this hollow,
This terrible and fierce anatomy,
When I had turned a hundred thousand books
Of this my dev’lish science and uncouth,
I come to give the remedy that’s fit
To such a grief, and to an ill so great.

‘O glory thou of all that do put on
Their coats of steel and hardest diamond,
Thou light, thou lanthorn, path, North-star, and guide
To those that, casting off their sluggish sleep
And feather-beds, themselves accommodate
To use the exercise of bloody arms,—
To thee, I say, O never praised enough,
Not as thou oughtst to be! O valiant!

‘O jointly wise! to thee, O Don Quixote,
The Mancha’s splendour and the star of Spain,
That, to recover to her first estate,
The peerless Dulcinea del Tobos,
It is convenient that Sancho thy squire,
Himself three thousand and three hundred give
Lashes upon his valiant buttocks, both
Unto the air discovered, and likewise
That they may vex and smart, and grieve him sore.
And upon this let all resolved be
That of her hard misfortunes authors were.
My masters, this my cause of coming was.’

‘By Gad,’ quoth Sancho, ‘I say not three thousand, but I will as soon give myself three stabs as three. The devil take this kind of disenchanting. What have my buttocks to do with

D O N Q U I X O T E

enchantments? Verily, if Master Merlin have found no other means to disenchant the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she may go enchanted to her grave.'

'Goodman-rascal,' quoth Don Quixote, 'you garlic stinkard, I shall take you, and bind you to a tree, as naked as your mother brought you forth, and let me not say three thousand and three hundred, but I'll give you six thousand and six hundred, so well laid on that you shall not claw them off at three thousand and three hundred plucks. And reply not a word: if thou dost, I'll tear out thy very soul.'

Which when Merlin heard, quoth he, 'It must not be so, for the stripes that honest Sancho must receive must be with his good will, and not perforce, and at what time he will, for no time is prefixed him; but it is lawful for him, if he will redeem one half of this beating, he may receive it from another's hand that may lay it on well.'

'No other, nor laying on,' quoth Sancho; 'no hand shall come near me. Am I Dulcinea del Toboso's mother, trow ye? that my buttocks should pay for the offence of her eyes? My master, indeed, he is a part of her, since every stitch-while he calls her "my life," "my soul," "my sustenance," "my prop"; he may be whipped for her, and do all that is fitting for her disenchanting, but for me to whip myself I bernounce.'

Sancho scarce ended his speech when the silver nymph that came next to Merlin's ghost, taking off her thin veil, she discovered her face, which seemed unto all to be extraordinary fair, and with a manly grace and voice not very amiable, directing her speech to Sancho, she said, 'O thou unhappy squire, soul of lead, and heart of cork, and entrails of flint, if thou hadst been bidden, thou face-flying thief, to cast thyself

¹Mistaken instead of 'renounce,' for so it goes in the Spanish.



Martin and Dulcinea.

DULCINEA'S ENCHANTMENT

from a high tower down to the ground; if thou hadst been wished, enemy of mankind, to eat a dozen of toads, two of lizards, and three of snakes; if thou hadst been persuaded to kill thy wife and children with some truculent and sharp scimitar, no marvel though thou shouldst show thyself nice and squeamish: but to make ado for three thousand and three hundred lashes (since the poorest school-boy that is, hath them every month) admires, astonishes, and affrights all the pitiful entrails of the auditors, and of all them that in process of time shall come to hear of it: put, O miserable and flinty breast—put, I say, thy skittish moil's eyes upon the balls of mine, compared to shining stars, and thou shalt see them weep drop after drop, making furrows, careers, and paths upon the fair fields of my cheeks. Let it move thee, knavish and untoward monster, that my flourishing age (which is yet but in its ten and some years; for I am nineteen, and not yet twenty) doth consume and wither under the bark of a rustic labourer; and if now I seem not so to thee, 'tis a particular favour that Signior Merlin hath done me, who is here present, only that my beauty may make thee relent; for the tears of an afflicted fairness turn rocks into cotton, and tigers into lambs. Lash, lash that thick flesh of thine, untame beast, and rouse up thy courage from sloth, which makes thee only fit to eat till thou burst, and set my smooth flesh at liberty, the gentleness of my condition, and the beauty of my face; and if for my sake thou wilt not be mollified, and reduced to some reasonable terms, yet do it for that poor knight that is by thee—for thy master, I say, whose soul I see is traversed in his throat, not ten fingers from his lips, expecting nothing but thy rigid or soft answer, either to come out of his mouth or to turn back to his stomach.'

D O N Q U I X O T E

Don Quixote, hearing this, felt to his throat, and turning to the duke, said, 'Before God, sir, Dulcinea hath said true; for my soul indeed is traversed in my throat like the nock of a cross-bow.' 'What say you to this, Sancho?' quoth the duchess. 'I say what I have said,' quoth Sancho, 'that the lashes I bernounce.' 'Renounce, thou wouldst say, Sancho,' said the duke. 'Let your greatness pardon me,' said Sancho; 'I am not now to look into subtleties, nor your letters too many or too few; for these lashes that I must have do so trouble me that I know not what to do or say; but I would fain know of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso where she learned this kind of begging she hath; she comes to desire me to tear my flesh with lashes, and calls me leaden soul, and untamed beast, with a catalogue of ill names that the devil would not suffer. Does she think my flesh is made of brass? Or will her disenchantment be worth anything to me or no? What basket of white linen, of shirts, caps, or socks (though I wear none) doth she bring with her, to soften me with? Only some kind of railing or other, knowing the usual proverb is, "An ass laden with gold will go lightly uphill"; and that Gifts do enter stone walls; and serve God and work hard; and better a bird in the hand than two in the bush. And my master too, that should animate me to this task, and comfort me, to make me become as soft as wool, he says that he will tie me naked to a tree and double the number of my lashes; and therefore these compassionate gentles should consider that they do not only wish a squire to whip himself, but a governor also, as if it were no more but drink to your cherries: let 'em learn, let 'em learn, with a pox, to know how to ask and to demand; for all times are not alike, and men are not always in a good-humour: I am now ready to burst with grief to see my torn coat, and

SANCHO'S WHIPPING

now you come to bid me whip myself willingly, I being as far from it as to turn cacique.'¹

'By my faith, Sancho,' quoth the duke, 'if you do not make yourself as soft as a ripe fig, you finger not the government. 'Twere good, indeed, that I should send a cruel flinty-hearted governor amongst my islanders, that will not bend to the tears of afflicted damsels, nor to the entreaties of discreet, imperious, ancient, wise enchanters. To conclude, Sancho, either you must whip yourself, or be whipped, or not be governor.'

'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'may I not have two days' respite to consider?' 'No, by no means,' quoth Merlin; 'now at this instant, and in this place, this business must be despatched, or Dulcinea shall return to Montesinos' Cave, and to her pristine being of a country-wench, or as she is she shall be carried to the Elysian Fields, there to expect till the number of these lashes be fulfilled.' 'Go to, honest Sancho,' said the duchess, 'be of good cheer, show your love for your master's bread that you have eaten, to whom all of us are indebted for his pleasing condition and his high chivalry. Say ay, son, to this whipping-cheer, and hang the devil, and let fear go whistle; a good heart conquers ill fortune, as well thou knowest.'

To this Sancho yielded these foolish speeches, speaking to Merlin: 'Tell me, Signior Merlin,' said he, 'when the devil-post passed by here, and delivered his message to my master from Signior Montesinos, bidding him from him he should expect him here, because he came to give order that my Lady Dulcinea should be disenchanted,—where is he, that hitherto we have neither seen Montesinos or any such thing?'

To which said Merlin, 'Friend Sancho, the devil is an ass

¹Caciques are great lords amongst the West Indians.

DON QUIXOTE

and an errant knave. I sent him in quest of your master, but not with any message from Montesinos, but from me, for he is still in his cave, plotting, or, to say truer, expecting his disenchantment, for yet he wants something toward it; and if he owe thee aught, or thou have anything to do with him, I'll bring him thee, and set him where thou wilt: and therefore now make an end, and yield to this disciplining, and believe me it will do thee much good, as well for thy mind as for thy body—for thy mind, touching the charity thou shalt perform; for thy body, for I know thou art of a sanguine complexion, and it can do thee no hurt to let out some blood.'

'What a company of physicians there be in the world!' said Sancho. 'Even the very enchanters are physicians. Well, since everybody tells me so, that it is good—yet I cannot think so—I am content to give myself three thousand and three hundred lashes, on condition that I may be giving of them as long as I please, and I will be out of debt as soon as 'tis possible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, since it appears, contrary to what I thought, that she is fair. On condition likewise that I may not draw blood with the whip, and if any lash go by, too, it shall pass for current. Item, that Signior Merlin, if I forget any part of the number (since he knows all), shall have a care to tell them, and to let me know how many I want, or if I exceed.' 'For your exceeding,' quoth Merlin, 'there needs no telling, for, coming to your just number, forthwith Dulcinea shall be disenchanting, and shall come in all thankfulness to seek Sancho, to gratify and reward him for the good deed. So you need not be scrupulous, either of your excess or defect, and God forbid I should deceive anybody in so much as a hair's-breadth.'

'Well,' quoth Sancho, 'a God's name be it! I yield to my

THE RETURN TO THE CASTLE

ill fortune, and with the aforesaid condition accept of the penitence.'

Scarce had Sancho spoken these words when the waits began to play, and a world of guns were shot off, and Don Quixote hung about Sancho's neck, kissing his cheeks and forehead a thousand times. The duke, the duchess, and all the bystanders, were wonderfully delighted, and the cart began to go on, and, passing by, the fair Dulcinea inclined her head to the dukes, and made a low courtesy to Sancho. And by this the merry morn came on apace, and the flowers of the field began to bloom and rise up, and liquid crystal of the brooks, murmuring through the grey pebbles, went to give tribute to the rivers, that expected them; the sky was clear, and the air wholesome, the light perspicuous; each by itself, and all together, showed manifestly that the day, whose skirts Aurora came trampling on, should be bright and clear.

And the dukes being satisfied with the chase, and to have obtained their purpose so discreetly and happily, they returned to their castle, with an intention to second their jest; for to them there was no earnest could give more content.

CHAPTER XXXVI

OF THE STRANGE AND UNIMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE
AFFLICTED MATRON, ALIAS THE COUNTESS TRIFALDI,
WITH A LETTER THAT SANCHO PANZA WROTE TO
HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA

THE duke had a steward of a very pleasant and conceited wit, who played Merlin's part, and contrived the whole furniture for the past adventure; he it was that made the verses, and that a page should act Dulcinea. Finally, by his lord's leave, he plotted another piece of work, the pleasantest and strangest that may be imagined.

The duchess asked Sancho the next day if he had yet begun his task of the penance, for the disenchanting of Dulcinea: he told her yes, and that as that night he had given himself five lashes. The duchess asked him, with what. He answered, with his hand. 'Those,' quoth the duchess, 'are rather claps than lashes. I am of opinion that the sage Merlin will not accept of this softness; 'twere fitter that Sancho took the discipline of rowels, or bullets with prickles, that may smart, for the business will be effected with blood; and the liberty of so great a lady will not be wrought so slightly, or with so small a price. And know, Sancho, that works of charity are not to be done so slow and lazily, for they will merit nothing.'

To which Sancho replied, 'Give me, madam, a conven-

SANCHO'S LETTER

ient lash of some bough, and I will lash myself, that it may not smart too much; for let me tell your worship this, that, though I am a clown, yet my flesh is rather cotton than mattress; and there's no reason I should kill myself for another's good.' 'You say well,' quoth the duchess; 'to-morrow I'll give you a whip that shall fit you, and agree with the tenderness of your flesh as if it were akin to them.' To which quoth Sancho, 'Lady of my soul, I beseech you know that I have written a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, letting her know all that hath happened to me since I parted from her; here I have it in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the superscription: I would your discretion would read it; for methinks it goes fit for a governor—I mean, in the style that governors should write.' 'And who penned it?' said the duchess. 'Who should,' said he, 'sinner that I am, but I myself?' 'And did you write it?' quoth she. 'Nothing less,' said he; 'for I can neither write nor read, though I can set to my firm.' 'Let's see your letter,' quoth the duchess; 'for I warrant thou showest the ability and sufficiency of thy wit in it.'

Sancho drew the letter open out of his bosom; and the duchess, taking it of him, read the contents, as followeth:

'SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE

TERESA PANZA

'If I were well lashed, I got well by it: if I got a government, it cost me many a good lash. This, my Teresa, at present thou understandest not, hereafter thou shalt know it. Know now, Teresa, that I am determind thou go in thy coach; for all other kind of going is to go upon all four. Thou art now a governor's wife; let's see if anybody will gnaw thy stumps. I have sent thee a green hunter's suit, that my lady the duchess

DON QUIXOTE

gave me; fit it so that it may serve our daughter for a coat and bodice. My master Don Quixote, as I have heard say in this country, is a mad wise-man, and a conceited coxcomb; and that I am ne'er a whit behind him. We have been in Montesinos' Cave: and the sage Merlin hath laid hands on me for the disenchanting my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, whom you there call Aldonsa Lorenzo. With three thousand and three hundred lashes lacking five, that I give myself, she shall be disenchanted as the mother that brought her forth: but let nobody know this; for put it thou to descant on, some will cry white, others black. Within this little while I will go to my government, whither I go with a great desire to make money; for I have been told that all your governors at the first go with the same desire. I will look into it, and send thee word whether it be fit for thee to come to me or no. Dapple is well, and commends him heartily to thee; and I will not leave him, although I were to go to be Great Turk. My lady the duchess kisses thy hands a thousand times. Return her two thousand; for there's nothing costs less, nor is better cheap, as my master tells me, than compliment. God Almighty hath not yet been pleased to bless me with a cloak-bag, and another hundred pistols, as those you wot of: but be not grieved, my Teresa; there's no hurt done; all shall be recompensed when we lay the government a-bucking: only one thing troubles me; for they tell me that after my time is expired I may die for hunger; which if it should be true, I have paid dear for it, though your lame and maimed men get their living by begging and alms; so that, one way or other, thou shalt be rich and happy. God make thee so, and keep me to serve thee. From this castle, the twentieth of July, 1614.—The governor thy husband,

SANCHO PANZA.'

A S A D P R O C E S S I O N

When the duchess had made an end of reading the letter, she said to Sancho, 'In two things the good governor is out of the way: the one in saying, or publishing, that this government hath been given him for the lashes he must give himself, he knowing, for he cannot deny it, that when my lord the duke promised it him there was no dreaming in the world of lashes; the other is that he shows himself in it very covetous, and I would not have it so prejudicial to him; for covetousness is the root of all evil, and the covetous governor does ungoverned justice.' 'I had no such meaning, madam,' quoth Sancho; 'and, if your worship think the letter be not written as it should be, let it be torn and we'll have a new, and perhaps it may be worse, if it be left to my noddle.' 'No, no,' quoth the duchess; 'tis well enough, and I'll have the duke see it.'

So they went to a garden where they were to dine that day. The duchess showed Sancho's letter to the duke, which gave him great content. They dined, and when the cloth was taken away, and that they had entertained themselves a pretty while with Sancho's savoury conversation, upon a sudden they heard a doleful sound of a flute, and of a hoarse and untuned drum. All of them were in some amazement at this confused, martial, and sad harmony, especially Don Quixote, who was so troubled he could not sit still in his seat; for Sancho, there is no more to be said but that fear carried him to his accustomed refuge, which was the duchess's side or her lap; for, in good earnest, the sound they heard was most sad and melancholy. And, all of them being in this maze, they might see two men come in before them into the garden, clad in mourning weeds, so long that they dragged on the ground; these came beating of two drums, covered likewise with black; with them came the fife, black and besmeared as well as the rest. After these

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there followed a personage of a giantly body, bemantled, and not clad, in a coal-black cassock, whose skirt was extraordinary long; his cassock likewise was girt with a broad black belt, at which there hung an unmeasurable scimitar, with hilts and scabbard; upon his face he wore a transparent black veil, through which they might see a huge long beard as white as snow. His pace was very grave and staid, according to the sound of the drum and fife. To conclude, his hugeness, his motion, his blackness, and his consorts, might have held all that knew him not, and looked on him, in suspense.

Thus he came with the state and prosopopeia aforesaid, and kneeled before the duke, who, with the rest that stood up there, awaited his coming: but the duke would not by any means hear him speak till he rose, which the prodigious scarecrow did; and, standing up, he plucked his mask from off his face, and showed the most horrid, long, white, and thick beard that e'er till then human eyes beheld; and straight he let loose and roared out from his broad and spreading breast a majestic loud voice, and, casting his eyes toward the duke, thus said:

‘High and mighty sir, I am called Trifaldin with the White Beard, squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, from whom I bring an ambassage to your greatness, which is that your magnificence be pleased to give her leave and licence to enter and relate her griefs, which are the most strange and admirable that ever troubled thoughts in the world could think. But, first of all, she would know whether the valorous and invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha be in your castle, in whose search she comes afoot and hungry from the kingdom of Candaya, even to this your dukedom—a thing miraculous, or by way of enchantment: she is



Squire Trifaldin in the Duke's Garden.

SQUIRE TRIFALDIN

at your fortress gate, and only expects your permission to come in.'

Thus he spoke, and forthwith coughed and wiped his beard from the top to the bottom with both his hands, and with a long pause attended the duke's answer, which was: 'Honest squire Trifaldin with the White Beard, long since the misfortune of the Countess Trifaldi hath come to our notice, whom enchanters have caused to be styled the Afflicted Matron. Tell her, stupendious squire, she may come in, and that here is the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from whose generous condition she may safely promise herself all aid and assistance; and you may also tell her from me that, if she need my favour, she shall not want it, since I am obliged to it by being a knight, to whom the favouring of all sorts of her sex is pertained and annexed, especially matron-widows ruined and afflicted, as her ladyship is.' Which when Trifaldin heard, he bent his knee to the ground, and making signs to the drum and fife, that they should play to the same pace and sound as when they entered, he returned back out of the garden, and left all in admiration of his presence and posture.

And the duke, turning to Don Quixote, said, 'In fine, sir knight, neither the clouds of malice or ignorance can darken or obscure the light of valour and virtue. This I say because it is scarce six days since that your bounty' hath been in this my castle, when the sad and afflicted come from remote parts on foot, and not in caroches and on dromedaries, to seek you, confident that in this most strenuous arm they shall find the remedy for their griefs and labours, thanks be to your brave exploits, that run over and compass the whole world.'

'Now would I, my lord,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that that

¹ A forced word put in, in mockage purposely.

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same blessed clergyman were present who the other day at table seemed to be so distasted, and to bear such a grudge against knights-errant, that he might see with his eyes whether those knights are necessary to the world; he might feel too with his hands that your extraordinary afflicted and comfortless, and great affairs and enormous mishaps, go not to seek redress to book-men's houses, or to some poor country sexton's, nor to your gentleman that never stirred from home, nor to the lazy courtier that rather hearkens after news which he may report again, than procures to perform deeds and exploits that others may relate and write. The redress of griefs, the succouring of necessities, the protection of damsels, the comfort of widows is had from no sort of persons so well as from knights-errant; and that I am one I give Heaven infinite thanks, and I think my disgrace well earned that I may receive in this noble calling. Let this matron come and demand what she will; for I will give her redress with this my strong arm and undaunted resolution of my courageous spirit.'

CHAPTER XXXVII

OF THE PROSECUTION OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE AFFLICTED MATRON

THE duke and duchess were extremely glad to see how well Don Quixote satisfied their intentions; and then Sancho said, 'I should be loth this mistress matron should lay any stumbling-block in the promise of my government; for I have heard a Toledo apothecary say (and he spoke like a bullfinch) that where these kind of women were intermeddling there could no good follow.' Lord! what an enemy that apothecary was to them! for since all your matrons, of what condition or quality soever they be, are irksome and foolish, what kind of ones shall your Afflicted be? as this Countess Three Skirts, or Three Tails; for tails and skirts, all is one.'²

'Peace, friend Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for, since this matron-lady comes from so remote parts to seek me, she is none of those that the apothecary hath in his bead-roll. Besides, this is a countess; and, when your countesses are waiting-women, 'tis either to queens or empresses, who in their

¹ Duennas: here Sancho takes duenna in the former sense for an old waiting-woman.

² Alluding to the name 'Trifaldi,' as if she had been called 'tres faldes,' which signifies three skirts; and this was his mistake.



A duenna

houses are most absolute, and are served by other waiting-women.' To this quoth Donna Rodriguez, that was present, 'My lady the duchess hath women in her service that might have been countesses, if fortune had been pleased: but the weakest go to the walls, and let no man speak ill of waiting-women, and especially of ancient maids; for, although I am none, yet I well and clearly perceive the advantage that your maiden waiting-women have over widow-women, and one pair of shears went between us both.'

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‘For all that,’ quoth Sancho, ‘there is so much to be sheared in your waiting-women, according to mine apothecary, that “the more you stir this business the more it will stink.”’ ‘Always these squires,’ quoth Donna Rodriguez, ‘are malicious against us; for, as they are fairies that haunt the out-rooms, and every foot spy us, the times that they are not at their devotions (which are many) they spend in backbiting us, undigging our bones, and burying our reputation. Well, let me tell these moving blocks that, in spite of them, we will live in the world and in houses of good fashion, though we starve for it, or cover our delicate or not delicate flesh with a black monk’s weed, as if we were old walls covered with tapestry, at the passing of a procession. I’ faith, if I had time and leisure enough, I would make all that are present know that there is no virtue but is contained in a waiting-woman.’ ‘I believe,’ said the duchess, ‘my honest Donna Rodriguez is in the right; but she must stay for a fit time to answer for herself and the rest of waiting-women, to confound the apothecary’s ill opinion, and to root it out altogether from Sancho’s breast.’ To which quoth Sancho, ‘Since the governorship smokes in my head, all squirely fumes are gone out, and I care not a wild fig for all your waiting-women.’

Forward they had gone with this waiting-woman discourse, had they not heard the drum and fife play, whereby they knew that the Afflicted Matron was entering. The duchess asked the duke if they should meet her, since she was a countess and noble personage. ‘For her countship,’ quoth Sancho, before the duke could answer, ‘I like it that your greatness meet her; but, for her matronship, that ye stir not a foot.’ ‘Who bids thee meddle with that, Sancho?’ quoth Don Quixote. ‘Who, sir?’ said he: ‘I myself, that may meddle, that, as a squire,

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have learned the terms of courtesy in your worship's school, that is the most courteous and best-bred knight in all courtship; and, as I have heard you say in these things, "Better play a card too much than too little," and "Good wits will soon meet." "'Tis true as Sancho says,' quoth the duke; 'we will see what kind of countess she is, and by that guess what courtesy is due to her.'

By this the drum and fife came in, as formerly; and here the author ended this brief chapter, beginning another, which continues the same adventure, one of the notablest of all the history.



CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE AFFLICTED MATRON RECOUNTS HER ILL ERRANTRY

AFTER the music there entered in at the garden about some twelve matron-waiters, divided into two ranks, all clad in large monks' weeds, to see to of fulled serge, with white stoles of thin calico, so long that they only showed the edge of their black weeds. After them came the Countess Trifaldi, whom Trifaldin with the White Beard led by the hand, clad all in finest unnapped baize; for, had it been napped, every grain of it would have been as big as your biggest pease. Her tail or her train—call it whether you will—had three corners, which was borne by three pages, clad likewise in mourning. Thus making a sightly and mathematical show with those three sharp corners, which the pointed skirt made, for which

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belike she was called the Countess Trifaldi,¹ as if we should say the Countess of the Three Trains—and Benengeli says it was true, and that her right name was the Countess Lobuna, because there were many wolves bred in her country; and if they had been foxes, as they were wolves, they would have called her the Countess Zorruna,² by reason that in those parts it was the custom that great ones took their appellations from the thing or things that did most abound in their states;—but this countess, taken with the strangeness of the three-fold train, left her name of Lobuna, and took that of Trifaldi.

The twelve waiters and their lady came a procession pace, their faces covered with black veils, and not transparent, as was Trifaldin's, but so close that nothing was seen through. Just as the matronly squadron came in, the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote stood up, and all that beheld the large procession. The twelve made a stand and a lane, through the midst of which the Afflicted came forward, Trifaldin still leading her by the hand, which the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote seeing, they advanced some dozen paces to meet her. She, kneeling on the ground, with a voice rather coarse and hoarse than fine and clear, said, 'May it please your great-nesses to spare this courtesy to your servant; I say, to me your servant, for as I am the Afflicted I shall not answer you as I ought, by reason that my strange and unheard-of misfortune hath transported my understanding I know not whither, and sure 'tis far off, since the more I seek it the less I find it.' 'He should want it, lady,' quoth the duke, 'that by your person could not judge of your worth, the which, without any more looking into, deserves the cream of courtesy, and the flower of

¹ The word in Spanish importing so.

² *Zorra*, in Spanish, a fox.

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all mannerly ceremonies.' So, taking her up by the hand, he led her to sit down in a chair by the duchess, who welcomed her also with much courtesy.

Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho longed to see the Trifaldi's face, and some of her waiting-women: but there was no possibility, till they of their own accords would show them; so all being quiet and still, they expected who should first break silence, which was done by the Afflicted Matron, with these words: 'Confident I am, most powerful sir, most beautiful lady, and most discreet auditors, that my most miserable-ness¹ shall find in your most valorous breasts shelter, no less pleasing than generous and compassionate; for it is such as is able to make marble relent, to soften the diamonds and to mollify the steel of the hardest hearts in the world; but, before it come into the market-place of your hearing (I will not say your ears) I should be glad to know if the most purifiediferous Don Quixote of the Manchissima, and his squiriferous Panza, be in this lap, this quire, this company.'

'Panza is here,' quoth Sancho, before anybody else could answer, 'and Don Quixotissimo too; therefore, most Afflict-edissimous Matronissima, speak what you willissimus,² for we are all ready and most forward to be your servitorissimus.'

Then Don Quixote rose up, and directed his speech to the Afflicted Matron, and said, 'If your troubles, straitened lady, may promise you any hope of remedy by the valour and force of any knight-errant, behold here are my poor and weak arms, that shall be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose function is to succour the needy, which being so as it is, you need not, lady, to use any rhetoric or to seek

¹ A fustian speech on purpose and so continued.

² Sancho strives to answer in the same key.

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any preambles; but plainly and without circumstances tell your griefs; for they shall be heard by those that, if they cannot redress them, yet they will commiserate them.'

Which when the Afflicted Matron heard, she seemed to fall at Don Quixote's feet, and cast herself down, striving to embrace them, and said, 'Before these feet and legs I cast myself, O invincible knight! since they are the basis and columns of knight-errantry; these feet will I kiss, on whose steps the whole remedy of my misfortunes doth hang and depend. O valorous errant, whose valorous exploits do obscure and darken the fabulous ones of the Amadis, Esplandians, and Belianises!' And, leaving Don Quixote, she laid hold on Sancho Panza, and, gripping his hands, said, 'O thou the loyallest squire that ever served knight-errant in past or present times! longer in goodness than my usher Trifaldin's beard! well mayst thou vaunt that in serving Don Quixote thou servest in cipher the whole troop of knights that have worn arms in the world—I conjure thee, by thy most loyal goodness, that thou be a good intercessor with thy master, that he may eftsoons favour this most humble most unfortunate countess.'

To which said Sancho, 'That my goodness, lady, be as long as your squire's beard, I do not much stand upon; the business is, bearded or with mustachoes, let me have my soul go to heaven when I die, for for beards here I care little or nothing. But, without these clawings or entreaties, I will desire my master (for I know he loves me well, and the rather because now in a certain business he hath need of me) that he favour and help your worship as much as he may; but pray uncage your griefs, and tell them us, and let us alone to understand them.'

The dukes were ready to burst with laughter, as they that

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had taken the pulse of this adventure, and commended within themselves the wit and dissimulation of the Trifaldi, who, sitting her down, said:

‘Of the famous kingdom of Taprobana, which is between the great Taprobana and the South Sea, some two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, was queen the Lady Donna Maguncia, widow to King Archipielo, her lord and husband, in which matrimony they had the Princess Antonomasia, heir to the kingdom. The said princess was brought up and increased under my tutorage and instruction, because I was the ancientest and chiefest matron that waited on her mother. It fell out then that, times coming and going, the child Antonomasia being about fourteen years of age, she was so fair that nature could give no further addition. Discretion itself was a snotty-nose to her, that was as discreet as fair, and she was the fairest in the world, and is, if envious fates and inflexible destinies have not cut the thread of her life; but sure they have not, for Heaven will not permit that earth suffer such a loss as would be the lopping of a branch of the fairest vine in the world. On this beauty, never sufficiently extolled by my rude tongue, a number of princes were enamoured, as well neighbours as strangers, amongst whom a private gentleman durst raise his thoughts to the heaven of that beauty, one that lived in court, confident in his youth and gallantry, and other abilities, and happy facilities of wit; for let me give your greatnesses to understand, if it be not tedious, he played on a gittern as if he made it speak; he was a poet and a great dancer, and could very well make birdcages, and only with this art might have gotten his living, when he had been in great necessity; so that all these parts and adornments were able to throw down a mountain, much more a delicate damsel; but all his gentry, all

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his graces, all his behaviour and abilities, could have little prevailed to render my child's fortress, if the cursed thief had not conquered me first. First, the cursed rascal vagamund sought to get by good will, and to bribe me, that I, ill keeper, should deliver him the keys of my fortress. To conclude, he inveigled my understanding, and obtained my consent, with some toys and trifles (I know not what) that he gave me; but that which most did prostrate me and made me fall was certain verses, that I heard him sing one night from a grated window, toward a lane where he lay, which were, as I remember, these:

“An ill upon my soul doth steal
From my sweetest enemy;
And it more tormenteth me
That I feel, yet must conceal.”

The ditty was most precious to me, and his voice as sweet as sugar, and many a time since have I thought, seeing the mishap I fell into by these and such other like verses, and have considered, that poets should be banished from all good and well-governed commonwealths, as Plato counselled,—at least lascivious poets, for they write lascivious verses; not such as those of the Marquis of Mantua,¹ that delight and make women and children weep, but piercing ones, that like sharp thorns, but soft, traverse the soul and wound it like lightning, leaving the garment sound. And again he sung:

“Come death, hidden, without pain
(Let me not thy coming know),
That the pleasure to die so,
Make me not to live again.”

Other kinds of songs he had, which, being sung enchanted, and written suspended; for when they deigned to make a kind

¹ Old ballad verses; the author speaks here satirically.

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of verse in Candaya then in use, called roundelays, there was your dancing of souls, and tickling with laughter and unquietness of the body; and, finally, the quicksilver of all the senses. So, my masters, let me say, that such rithmers ought justly to be banished to the Island of Lizards; but the fault is none of theirs, but of simple creatures that commend them, and foolish wenches that believe in them; and, if I had been as good a waiting-woman as I ought to have been, his overnight's conceits would not have moved me, neither should I have given credit to these kind of speeches: "I live dying," "I burn in the frost," "I shake in the fire," "I hope hopeless," "I go and yet I stay," with other impossibilities of this scum, of which his writings are full; and then, your promising the phoenix of Arabia, Ariadne's crown, the locks of the sun, the pearls of the south, the gold of Tiber, and balsamum of Pancaia; and here they are most liberal in promising that which they never think to perform. But whither, ay me unhappy! do I divert myself? What folly or what madness makes me recount other folk's faults, having so much to say of mine own? Ay me again, unfortunate! for not the verses, but my folly, vanquished me; not his music, but my lightness, my ignorance softened me; that and my ill foresight opened the way and made plain the path to Don Clavixo, for this is the aforesaid gentleman's name; so that, I being the bawd, he was many times in the chamber of the (not by him, but me) betrayed Antonomasia, under colour of being her lawful spouse; for, though a sinner I am, I would not have consented that, without being her husband, he should have come to the bottom of her shoe-sole. No, no, matrimony must ever be the colour in all these businesses that shall be treated of by me. Only there was one mischief in it, that Don Clavixo was not her equal,

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he being but a private gentleman, and she such an inheritrix. Awhile this juggling was hid and concealed, with the sagacity of my wariness, till a kind of swelling in Antonomasia's belly at last discovered it, the fear of which made us all three enter into counsel, and it was agreed that before the mishap should come to light Don Clavixo should demand Antonomasia for wife before the vicar, by virtue of a bill of her hand, which she had given him to be so; this was framed by my invention so forcibly, that Samson himself was not able to break it. The matter was put in practice, the vicar saw the bill, and took the lady's confession; who [having] confessed plainly, he committed her prisoner to a sergeant's house.'

'Then,' quoth Sancho, 'have you sergeants too in Candaya, poets, and roundelays? I swear I think the world is the same everywhere. But make an end, Madam Trifaldi; for it is late, and I long to know the end of this large story.'

'I will,' answered the countess.

CHAPTER XXXIX

WHERE THE TRIFALDI PROSECUTES HER STUPENDIOUS
AND MEMORABLE HISTORY

AT every word that Sancho spoke, the duchess was as well pleased as Don Quixote out of his wits; and, commanding him to be silent, the Afflicted went on, saying, 'The short and the long was this: after many givings and takings, by reason the princess stood ever stiffly to her tackling, the vicar sentenced in Don Clavixo's favour, whereat the queen Donna Maguncia, Antonomasia's mother, was so full of wrath that some three days after we buried her.'

'Well, sir squire,' quoth Sancho, 'it hath been seen ere now that one that hath been but in a swoon hath been buried, thinking he was dead; and methinks that Queen Maguncia might but rather have been in a swoon, for with life many things are remedied; and the princess's error was not so great that she should so resent it. If she had married with a page or any other servant of her house, as I have heard many have done, the mischance had been irreparable; but to marry with so worthy a gentleman, and so understanding as hath been painted out to us, truly, truly, though 'twere an oversight, yet 'twas not so great as we think for; for according to my master's rules, here present, who will not let me lie, as scholars

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become bishops, so private knights, especially if they be errant, may become kings and emperors.'

'Thou hast reason, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for a knight-errant, give him but two inches of good fortune, he is "in potentia proxima" to be the greatest sovereign of the world. But let the Afflicted proceed; for to me it appears the bitterest part of her sweet history is behind.'

'The bitterest, quoth you?' said she. 'Indeed, so bitter that, in comparison of this, treacle and elicampane is sweet. The queen being stark dead, and not in a trance, we buried her, and scarce had we covered her with earth, and took our ultimum vale, when—"Quis talia fanda temperet a lacrymis?"—the giant Malambruno, Maguncia's cousin-german, appeared before her grave upon a wooden horse, who besides his cruelty was also an enchanter, who with his art, to revenge his cousin's death, and for Don Clavixo's boldness, and for despite of Antonomasia's oversight, enchanted them upon the same tomb, turning her into a brazen ape, and him into a fearful crocodile of unknown metal, and betwixt them both is likewise set a register of metal, written in the Syriac tongue, which being translated into the Candayan, and now into the Castilian, contains this sentence:

"These two bold lovers shall not recover their natural form till the valiant Manchegan come to single combat with me; for the destinies reserve this unheard-of adventure only for his great valour."

'This done, he unsheathed a broad and unwieldy scimitar, and, taking me by the hair of the head, he made as if he would have cut my throat, or sheared off my neck at a blow. I was amazed, my voice cleaved to the roof of my mouth; I was troubled extremely: but I enforced myself as well as I could,



The Bearded Waiting-Women.

THE AFFLICTED MATRON

and, with a dolorous and trembling voice, I told him such and so many things as made him suspend the execution of his rigorous punishment. Finally he made all the waiting-women of the court be brought before him, which are here present now also, and after he had exaggerated our faults, and reviled the conditions of waiting-women, their wicked wiles and worse sleights, and laying my fault upon them all, he said he would not capitally punish us, but with other dilated pains, that might give us a civil and continue death; and, in the very same instant and moment that he had said this, we all felt that the pores of our faces opened, and that all about them we had prickles, like the pricking of needles. By and by we clapped our hands to our faces, and found them just as you see them now.'

With this the Afflicted and the rest of the waiting-women lifted up their masks which they had on, and showed their faces all with beards, some red, some black, some white and lime-smear'd, at sight of which the duke and duchess admired, Don Quixote and Sancho were astonished, and all the bystanders wonder-stricken, and the Trifaldi proceeded: 'Thus that felon and hard-hearted Malambruno punished us, covering the softness and smoothness of our faces with these rough bristles. Would God he had beheaded us with his unwieldy scimitar, and not so dimmed the light of our faces with these blots that hide us; for, my masters, if we fall into reckoning (and that which now I say, I would speak it with mine eyes running a fountain of tears, but the consideration of our misfortunes, and the seas that hitherto have rained, have drawn them as dry as ears of corn, and therefore let me speak without tears), whither shall a waiting-woman with a beard go? What father or mother will take compassion on her? For

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when her flesh is at the smoothest, and her face martyred with a thousand sorts of slobber-slappers and waters, she can scarce find anybody that will care for her. What shall she do then when she wears a wood upon her face? O matrons, companions mine, in an ill time were we born, in a luckless hour our fathers begat us.' And saying this, she made show of dismaying.

CHAPTER XL

OF MATTERS THAT TOUCH AND PERTAIN TO THIS ADVENTURE, AND MOST MEMORABLE HISTORY

CERTAINLY, all they that delight in such histories as this must be thankful to Cid Hamet, the author of the original, for his curiosity in setting down every little tittle, without leaving out the smallest matter that hath not been distinctly brought to light; he paints out conceits; discovers imaginations, answers secrets, clears doubts, resolves arguments—to conclude, manifests the least mote of each curious desire. O famous author! O happy Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O pleasant Sancho! All together, and each in particular, long may you live, to the delight and general recreation of mortals.

The story then goes on, that just as Sancho saw the Afflicted dismayed he said, ‘As I am honest man, and by the memory of the Panzas, I never heard nor saw, nor my master never told me, nor could he ever conceit in his fancy, such an adventure as this. A thousand Satans take thee—not to curse thee for an enchanter as thou art—Giant Malambruno! and hadst thou no kind of punishment for these sinners but this bearding them? What, had it not been better and fitter for them to have bereaved them of half their noses, though they

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had snuffled for it, and not to have clapped these beards on them? I hold a wager they have no money to pay for their shaving.' 'You say true, sir,' quoth one of the twelve; 'we have nothing to cleanse us with, therefore some of us have used a remedy of sticking-plasters, which, applied to our faces, and clapped on upon a sudden, make them as plain and smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar; for, though in Candaya there be women that go up and down from house to house to take away the hair of the body, and to trim the eyebrows, and other slobber-sauces touching women, yet we, my lady's women, would never admit them, because they smell something of the bawd; and, if Signior Don Quixote do not help us, we are like to go with beards to our graves.' 'I would rather lose mine amongst infidels,' quoth Don Quixote, 'than not ease you of yours.'

By this the Trifaldi came to herself again, and said, 'The very jingling of this promise came into my ears in the midst of my trance, and was enough to recover my senses; therefore once again, renowned Errant and untamed Sir, let me beseech you that your gracious promise be put in execution.' 'For my part, it shall,' quoth Don Quixote. 'Tell me, lady, what I am to do, for my mind is very prompt and ready to serve you.'

'Thus it is,' quoth the Afflicted: 'from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, you have five thousand leagues, wanting two or three; but, if you go in the air, some three thousand two hundred and seven and twenty by a direct line. You must likewise know that Malambruno told me that when fortune should bring me to the knight that must free us, that he would send a horse much better and with fewer tricks than your hirelings, which is the selfsame horse of wood on which the valiant Pierres stole and carried away the fair Magalona, which horse is governed by a pin that he hath in his



The magic horse, Clavileno

forehead, that serves for a bridle; and flies in the air so swiftly as if the devils themselves carried him. This horse, according to tradition, was made by the sage Merlin, and he lent him to his friend Pierres, who made long voyages upon him,

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and stole away, as is said, the fair Magalona, carrying her in the air at his crupper, leaving all that beheld them on earth in a staring gaze; and he lent him to none but those whom he loved, or that paid him best; and, since the grand Pierres, hitherto we have not heard that any else hath come upon his back. Malambruno got him from thence by his art, and keeps him, making use of him in his voyages, which he hath every foot through all parts of the world; and he is here to-day, and to-morrow in France, and the next day at Jerusalem; and the best is that this horse neither eats nor sleeps; nor needs shoeing; and he ambles in the air without wings, that he that rides upon him may carry a cup full of water in his hand, without spilling a jot, he goes so soft and so easy, which made the fair Magalona glad to ride upon him.'

'Then,' quoth Sancho, 'for your soft and easy going, my Dapple bears the bell, though he go not in the air; but upon earth I'll play with him with all the amblers in the world.'

All of them laughed, and the Afflicted went on: 'And this horse, if Malambruno will grant an end of our misfortune, within half an hour at night will be with us; for he told me that the sign that I had found the knight that should procure our liberty should be the sending of that horse, whither he should come speedily.' 'And how many,' quoth Sancho, 'may ride upon that horse?' The Afflicted answered, 'Two, one in the saddle and the other at the crupper; and most commonly such two are knight and squire, when some stolen damsel is wanting.' 'I would fain know, afflicted madam,' quoth Sancho, 'what this horse's name is.' 'His name,' quoth she, 'is not like Bellerophon's horse Pegasus, or Alexander's the Great Bucephalus, or Orlando Furioso's Briliadoro, or Bayarte Reynaldo's de Montalvan, or Rogero's Frontino, or Boötes, or

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Perithoa, the horses of the sun, nor Orelia, Rodrigo the last unhappy king of the Goths his horse, in that battle where he lost his life and kingdom together.'

'I hold a wager,' said Sancho, 'that, since he hath none of all these famous known names, that his name neither is not Rozinante my master's horse's name, which goes beyond all those that have been named already.'

'Tis true,' quoth the bearded countess, 'notwithstanding he hath a name that fits him very well, which is Clavileno the swift'; first, because he is of wood; and then because of the pin in his forehead; so that, for his name he may compare with Rozinante.' 'I dislike not his name,' said Sancho; 'but what bridle or what halter is he governed with?' 'I have told,' said the Trifaldi, 'that with the pin, turned as pleaseth the party that rides on him, he will go either in the air, or raking and sweeping along the earth, or in a mean which ought to be sought in all well-ordered actions.'

'I would fain see him,' quoth Sancho; 'but to think that I'll get up on him, either in the saddle or at the crupper, were to ask pears of the elm. 'Twere good, indeed, that I that can scarce sit upon Dapple, and a pack-saddle as soft as silk, should get up upon a wooden crupper without a cushion or pillow-bere. By Gad, I'll not bruise myself to take away anybody's beard; let every one shave himself as well as he can, for I'll not go so long a voyage with my master; besides, there is no use of me for the shaving of these beards, as there is for the disenchanting my Lady Dulcinea.' 'Yes, marry, is there,' said the Trifaldi, 'and so much that I believe without you we shall do nothing.' 'God and the king!'² quoth Sancho. 'What

¹ *Clavo*, a nail or wooden pin; *Leno*, wood, in Spanish.

² *Aqui del Roy*: the usual speech of officers in Spain, when any arrested person resists.

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have the squires to do with their masters' adventures; they must reap the credit of ending them, and we must bear the burden? Body of me! if your historians would say, "Such a knight ended such an adventure, but with the help of such and such a squire, without whom it had been impossible to end it," 'twere something; but that they write drily, "Don Parlalipomenon, Knight of the Three Stars, ended the adventure of the six hobgoblins," without naming his squire's person that was present at all, as if he were not alive, I like it not, my masters; I tell you again my master may go alone—much good may it do him—and I'll stay here with my lady the duchess, and it may be when he comes back he shall find the Lady Dulcinea's business three-fold, nay, five-fold bettered; for I purpose at idle times and when I am at leisure to give myself a bout of whipping, bare-breeched.' 'For all that,' quoth the duchess, 'if need be you must accompany him, honest Sancho; for all good people will entreat that for your unnecessary fear these gentlewomen's faces be not so thick-bearded, for it were great pity.'

'God and the king again!' quoth Sancho, 'when this charity were performed for some retired damosels, as some working girls, a man might undertake any hazard; but for to unbeard waiting-women—a pox! I would I might see 'em bearded from the highest to the lowest, from the nicest to the neatest.' 'You are still bitter against waiting-women, friend,' quoth the duchess; 'you are much addicted to the Toledonian apothecary's opinion; but, on my faith, you have no reason, for I have women in my house that may be a pattern for waiting-women; and here is Donna Rodriguez, that will not contradict me.' 'Your Excellency,' quoth Rodriguez, 'may say what you will, God knows all. Whether we be good or bad, bearded or

THE BEARDED WAITING-WOMEN

smooth, as we are our mothers brought us forth as well as other women, and, since God cast us into the world, He knows to what end; and I rely upon His mercy, and nobody's beard.'

'Well, Mistress Rodriguez and Lady Trifaldi,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I hope to God he will behold your sorrows with pitying eyes, and Sancho shall do as I will have him, if Clavileno were come once, and that I might encounter Malambruno; for I know no razor would shave you with more facility than my sword should shave Malambruno's head from his shoulders, for God permits the wicked, but not forever.'

'Ah!' quoth the Afflicted, 'now all the stars of the heavenly region look upon your greatness, valorous knight, with a gentle aspect, and infuse all prosperity into your mind, and all valour, and make you the shield and succour of all dejected and reviled waiting-womanship, abominable to apothecaries, backbited by squires, and scoffed at by pages. And the devil take the quean that in the flower of her youth put not herself in a nunnery rather than be a waiting-woman, unfortunate as we are; for, though we descend in a direct line, by man to man, from Hector the Trojan, yet our mistresses will never leave bethouing of us, though they might be queens for it. O giant Malambruno! (for though thou beest an enchanter, thou art most sure in thy promises), send the matchless Clavileno unto us, that our misfortune may have an end; for, if the heats come in, and these beards of ours last, woe be to our ill fortune!'

This the Trifaldi said with so much feeling that she drew tears from all the spectators' eyes, and stroked them even from Sancho's; so that now he resolved to accompany his master to the very end of the world, so he might obtain the taking of the wool from those venerable faces.



CHAPTER XLI

OF CLAVILENO'S ARRIVAL, WITH THE END OF THIS
DILATED ADVENTURE

IT grew now to be night, and with it the expected time when Clavileno the famous horse should come, whose delay troubled Don Quixote, thinking that Malambruno deferring to send him argued that either he was not the knight for whom the adventure was reserved, or that Malambruno durst not come to single combat with him; but look ye now, when all unexpected four savages entered the garden, clad all in green ivy, bearing upon their shoulders a great wooden horse; they set him upon his legs on the ground, and one of

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them said, 'Let him that hath the courage get up upon this engine.' 'Then,' quoth Sancho, 'not I, I have no courage, I am no knight.' And the savage replied, saying, 'And let his squire ride behind; and let him be assured that no sword but Malambruno's shall offend him. And there is no more to be done but to turn that pin which is upon the horse's neck, and he will carry them in a moment where Malambruno attends; but, lest the height and distance from earth make them light-headed, let them cover their eyes till the horse neigh, a sign that they have then finished their voyage.' This said, with a slow pace, they marched out the same way they came.

The Afflicted, as soon as she saw the horse, with very tears in her eyes, she said to Don Quixote, 'Valorous knight, Malambruno hath kept his word; the horse is here, our beards increase, and each of us with every hair of them beseech thee to shave and shear us, since there is no more to be done, but that thou and thy squire both mount and begin this your happy new voyage.' 'That will I willingly,' said Don Quixote, 'my Lady Trifaldi, without a cushion or spurs, that I may not delay time, so much, lady, I desire to see you and all these gentlewomen smooth and clear.' 'Not I,' quoth Sancho, 'neither willingly nor unwillingly; and, if this shaving cannot be performed without my riding at the crupper, let my master seek some other squire to follow him, and these gentlewomen some other means of smoothing themselves; for I am no hag that love to hurry in the air; and what will my islanders say when they hear their governor is hovering in the wind? Besides, there being three thousand leagues from hence to Candaya, if the horse should be weary, or the giant offended, we might be these half-dozen of years ere we return; and then perhaps there would be neither island nor dry land in the world to acknowledge me.

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And, since 'tis ordinarily said that delay breeds danger, and he that will not when he may, etc., these gentlewomen's beards shall pardon me, for 'tis good sleeping in a whole skin; I mean, I am very well at home in this house, where I receive so much kindness, and from whose owner I hope for so great a good as to see myself a governor.'

To which quoth the duke, 'Friend Sancho, the island that I promised you is not moveable nor fugitive; it is so deep-rooted in the earth that a great many pulls will not root it up; and, since you know that I know there is none of these prime kind of officers that pays not some kind of bribe, some more, some less, yours for this government shall be that you accompany your master Don Quixote to end and finish this memorable adventure—that, whether you return on Clavileno with the brevity that his speed promiseth, or that your contrary fortune bring and return you home on foot like a pilgrim from inn to inn, and from alehouse to alehouse, at your coming back you shall find the island where you left it, and the islanders with the same desire to receive you for their governor that they have always had, and my good will shall always be the same; and doubt not, Signior Sancho, of this, for you should do much wrong, in so doing, to the desire I have to serve you.'

'No more, sir,' quoth Sancho. 'I am a poor squire, and cannot carry so much courtesy upon my back. Let my master get up and blindfold me, and commend me to God Almighty, and tell me if, when I mount into this high-flying, I may recommend myself to God, or invoke the angels, that they may favour me.'

To which the Trifaldi answered, 'You may recommend yourself to God, or to whom you will; for Malambruno, though he be an enchanter, yet he is a Christian, and performs his en-

THE MAGIC HORSE

chantments with much sagacity, and very warily, without meddling with anybody.' 'Go to, then,' quoth Sancho; 'God and the Holy Trinity of Gaeta help me!'

'Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I never saw Sancho so fearful as now; and, if I were as superstitious as some, his pusillanimity would tickle my conscience. But hark thee, Sancho; by these gentles' leaves, I will speak a word or two with thee.' And carrying Sancho amongst some trees in the garden, taking him by both the hands, he said, 'Thou seest, brother Sancho, the large voyage that we are like to have, and God knows when we shall return from it, nor the leisure that our affairs hereafter will give us. I prithee therefore retire thyself to thy chamber, as if thou wentst to look for some necessary for the way, and give thyself in a trice, of the three thousand and three hundred lashes, in which thou standest engaged, but five hundred only; so that the beginning of a business is half the ending of it.'

'Verily,' quoth Sancho, 'I think you have lost your wits. This is just! I am going, and thou art crying out in haste for thy maidenhead; I am now going to sit upon a bare piece of wood, and you would have my bum smart. Believe me, you have no reason; let's now go for the shaving these matrons, and when we return I'll promise you to come out of debt; let this content you, and I say no more.' Don Quixote made answer, 'Well, with this promise, Sancho, I am in some comfort, and I believe thou wilt accomplish it; for, though thou beest a fool, yet I think thou art honest.'

So now they went to mount Clavileno, and, as they were getting up, Don Quixote said, 'Hoodwink thyself, Sancho,

¹ Here I left out a line or two of a dull conceit; so it was no great matter; for in English it could not be expressed.

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and get up; for he that sends from so far off for us will not deceive us, for he will get but small glory by it; and, though all should succeed contrary to my imagination, yet no malice can obscure the glory of having undergone this adventure.' 'Let's go, master,' quoth Sancho, 'for the beards and tears of these gentlewomen are nailed in my heart, and I shall not eat a bit to do me good till I see them in their former smoothness. Get you up, sir, and hoodwink yourself first; for, if I must ride behind you, you must needs get up first in the saddle.'

'Tis true indeed,' said Don Quixote; and, taking a handkerchief out of his pocket, he desired the Afflicted to hide his eyes close. And when it was done he uncovered himself again, and said, 'As I remember, I have read in Virgil of the Palladium, that horse of Troy, that was of wood, that the Grecians presented to the goddess Pallas, with child with armed knights, which after were the total ruin of all Troy; and so it were fit first to try what Clavileno hath in his stomach.' 'You need not,' said she, 'for I dare warrant you, and know that Malamb Bruno is neither traitor nor malicious. You may get up without any fear, and upon me be it if you receive any hurt.'

But Don Quixote thought that everything thus spoken to his safety was a detriment of his valour; so, without more exchanging of words, up he got, and tried the pin that easily turned up and down. So with his legs at length, without stirrups, he looked like an image painted in a piece of Flanders arras, or woven in some Roman triumph. Sancho got up fair and softly, and with a very ill will, and settling himself the best he could upon the crupper, found it somewhat hard, and nothing soft, and desired the duke that, if it were possible, he might have a cushionet, or, for failing, one of the duchess's cushions of state, or a pillow from one of the pages' beds; for that horse's

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crupper, he said, was rather marble than wood. To this quoth Trifaldi, 'Clavileno will suffer no kind of furniture nor trapping upon him; you may do well, for your ease, to sit on him woman-ways, so you will not feel his hardness so much.'

Sancho did so, and, saying farewell, he suffered himself to be bound about the eyes, and after uncovered himself again, and looking pitifully round about the garden, with tears in his eyes, he desired that they would in that doleful trance join with him each in a Paternoster and an Ave Maria as God might provide them some to do them that charitable office when they should be in the like trance.

To which quoth Don Quixote, 'Rascal, are you upon the gallows, trow, or at the last gasp, that you use these kind of supplications? Art thou not, thou soulless cowardly creature, in the same place where the fair Magalona sat, from whence she descended not to her grave but to be Queen of France, if histories lie not? And am not I by thee? cannot I compare with the valorous Pierres, that pressed this seat that I now press? Hoodwink, hoodwink thyself, thou disheartened beast, and let not thy fear come forth of thy mouth, at least in my presence.' 'Hoodwink me,' quoth Sancho; 'and, since you will not have me pray to God, nor recommend me, how can I choose but be afraid, lest some legion of devils be here that may carry us headlong to destruction?'

Now they were hoodwinked, and Don Quixote, perceiving that all was as it should be, laid hold on the pin, and scarce put his fingers to it when all the waiting-women, and as many as were present, lifted up their voices, saying, 'God be thy speed, valorous knight! God be with thee, undaunted squire! now, now you fly in the air, cutting it with more speed than an arrow; now you begin to suspend and astonish as many as

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behold you from earth. Hold, hold, valorous Sancho! for now thou goest waving in the air; take heed thou fall not, for thy fall will be worse than the bold youth's that desired to govern his father the sun's chariot.'

Sancho heard all this, and, getting close to his master, he girt his arms about him and said, 'Sir, why do they say we are so high if we can hear their voices? and methinks they talk here hard by us.' 'Ne'er stand upon that,' quoth Don Quixote, 'for, as these kinds of flyings are out of the ordinary course of thousands of leagues, thou mayst hear and see anything. And do not press me so hard, for thou wilt throw me down; and, verily, I know not why thou shouldst thus tremble and be afraid; for I dare swear in all my life I never rode upon an easier-paced horse; he goes as if he never moved from the place. Friend, banish fear; for the business goes on successfully, and we have wind at will.' 'Indeed 'tis true,' quoth Sancho; 'for I have a wind comes so forcibly on this side of me as if I were blowed upon by a thousand pair of bellows.' And it was true indeed; they were giving him air with a very good pair of bellows.

This adventure was so well contrived by the duke, the duchess, and the steward that there was no requisite a-wanting to make it perfect. Don Quixote too, feeling the breath, said: 'Undoubtedly, Sancho, we are now come to the middle region, where hail, snow, thunder and lightning, and the thunderbolt, are engendered in the third region, and if we mount long in this manner we shall quickly be in the region of fire; and I know not how to use this pin, that we mount not where we shall be scorched.'

Now they heated their faces with flax set on fire, and easy to be quenched, in a cane afar off; and Sancho, that felt the heat, said: 'Hang me, if we be not now in that place where



Don Quixote and Sancho on Clavileno.

THE SCHOLAR TORALVA

the fire is; for a great part of my beard is singed. I'll unblind-fold myself, master, and see whereabouts we are.' 'Do not,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and remember that true tale of the scholar Toralva, whom the devil hoisted up into the air a-horseback on a reed, with his eyes shut;¹ and in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and lighted at the tower of Nona, which is one of the streets of the city, and saw all the mischance, the assault and death of Borbon, and the morrow after returned back to Madrid, relating all he had seen, and said that as he went in the air, the devil bid him open his eyes, which he did, and saw himself, as he thought, so near the body of the moon that he might have touched her with his hands, and that he durst not look toward the earth, for fear to be made giddy. So that, Sancho, there is no uncovering us, for he that hath the charge of carrying us will look to us, and peradventure we go doubling of points, and mounting on high to fall even with the kingdom of Candaya, as doth the saker or hawk upon the heron, to catch her, mount she never so high; and, though it seem to us not half an hour since we parted from the garden, believe me we have travelled a great way.' 'I know not what belongs to it,' quoth Sancho; 'but this I know, that if your Lady Magallanes, or Magalona, were pleased with my seat she was not very tender-breeched.'

All these discourses of the two most valiant were heard by the duke and duchess, and them in the garden, which gave them extraordinary content; who, willing to make an end of this strange and well-composed adventure, clapped fire with some flax at Clavileno's tail; and straight the horse, being stuffed with crackers, flew into the air, making a strange noise, and threw Don Quixote and Sancho both on the ground, and

¹ A story believed in Spain as gospel.

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singed. And now all the bearded squadron of the matrons vanished out of the garden, and Trifaldi too and all; and they that remained counterfeited a dead swoon, and lay all along upon the ground.

Don Quixote and Sancho, ill-entreated, rose up, and, looking round about, they wondered to see themselves in the same garden from whence they had parted, and to see such a company of people laid upon the ground; and their admiration was the more increased when on one side of the garden they saw a great lance fastened in the ground, and a smooth white piece of parchment hanging at it, with two twisted strings of green silk, in which the following words were written with letters of gold:

‘The famous and valorous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha finished and ended the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, and her company, only with undertaking it.

‘Malambruno is satisfied and contented with all his heart, and now the waiting-women’s chins are smooth and clean, and the princes Don Clavixo and Antonomasia are in their pristine being; and when the squire’s whipping shall be accomplished the white pigeon shall be free from the pestiferous jer-falcons that persecute her, and in her loved luller’s arms; for so it is ordained by the sage Merlin, proto-enchanter of enchanter.’

When Don Quixote had read these letters of the parchment, he understood plainly that they spoke of the disenchanting of Dulcinea; and, giving many thanks to Heaven, that with so little danger he had ended so great an exploit as reducing the faces of the venerable waiting-women to their former smoothness, that were now gone, he went towards the duke

THE ADVENTURE ACHIEVED

and the duchess, who were not as yet come to themselves; and, taking the duke by the hand, he said, 'Courage, courage, noble sir; all's nothing, the adventure is now ended, without breaking of bars, as you may plainly see by the writing there in that register.'

The duke, like one that riseth out of a profound sleep, by little and little came to himself, and in the same tenor the duchess, and all they that were down in the garden, with such shows of marvel and wonderment that they did even seem to persuade that those things had happened to them in earnest which they counterfeited in jest. The duke read the scroll with his eyes half-shut; and straight with open arms he went to embrace Don Quixote, telling him he was the bravest knight that ever was. Sancho looked up and down for the Afflicted, to see what manner of face she had, now she was disbearded, and if she were so fair as her gallant presence made show for: but they told him that as Clavileno came down burning in the air, and lighted on the ground, all the squadron of waiting-women with Trifaldi vanished, and now they were shaved and unfeathered.

The duchess asked Sancho how he did in that long voyage. To which he answered, 'I, madam, thought, as my master told me, we passed by the region of fire, and I would have uncovered myself a little, but my master, of whom I asked leave, would not let me; but I, that have certain curious itches, and a desire to know what is forbidden me, softly, without being perceived, drew up the handkerchief that blinded me a little above my nose, and there I saw the earth, and methoughts it was no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men that walked upon it somewhat bigger than hazel-nuts, that you may see how high we were then.'

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To this said the duchess, 'Take heed, friend Sancho, what you say; for it seems you saw not the earth, but the men that walked on it; for it is plain that, if the earth showed no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and every man like a hazel-nut, one man alone would cover the whole earth.' 'Tis true indeed,' quoth Sancho; 'but I looked on one side of it, and saw it all.' 'Look you, Sancho,' quoth the duchess; 'one cannot see all of a thing by one side.' 'I cannot tell what belongs to your seeing, madam,' quoth Sancho; 'but you must think that, since we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might see the whole earth and all the men, which way soever I looked. And, if you believe not this, neither will you believe that, uncovering myself about my eyebrows, I saw myself so near heaven that betwixt it and me there was not a handful and a half. And I dare swear, madam, that 'tis a huge thing; and it happened that we went that way where the seven she-goat stars were; and, in my soul and conscience, I having been a goat-herd in my youth, as soon as I saw them I had a great desire to pass some time with them, which had I not done, I thought I should have burst. Well, I come then, and I take; what do I do? without giving notice to anybody—no, not to my master himself—fair and softly I lighted from Clavileno, and played with the goats, that were like white violets, and such pretty flowers, some three-quarters of an hour, and Clavileno moved not a whit all this while.'

'And while Sancho was playing with the goats all this while,' quoth the duke, 'what did Signior Don Quixote?' To which quoth Don Quixote, 'As all these things are quite out of their natural course, 'tis not much that Sancho hath said: only for me I say, I neither perceived myself higher or lower; neither saw I heaven or earth, or seas or sands. True it is, that I per-

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ceived I passed through the middle region, and came to the fire; but to think we passed from thence, I cannot believe it; for the region of fire being between the moon and heaven, and the latter region of the air, we could not come to heaven, where the seven goats are, that Sancho talks of, without burning ourselves: which since we did not, either Sancho lies or dreams.'

'I neither lie nor dream,' quoth Sancho; 'for ask me the signs of those goats, and by them you shall see whether I tell true or no.' 'Tell them, Sancho,' quoth the duchess. 'Two of them,' quoth Sancho, 'are green, two blood-red, two blue, and one mixed colour.' 'Here's a new kind of goats;' quoth the duke; 'in our region of the earth we have no such coloured ones.' 'Oh, you may be sure,' quoth Sancho, 'there's difference between those and these.' 'Tell me, Sancho,' quoth the duke, 'did you see amongst those shes any he-goat?'¹ 'No, sir,' quoth Sancho, 'for I heard say that none passed the horns of the moon.'

They would ask him no more touching his voyage; for it seemed to them that Sancho had a clue to carry him all heaven over, and to tell all that passed there, without stirring out of the garden.

In conclusion, this was the end of the adventure of the Afflicted Matron, that gave occasion of mirth to the dukes, not only for the present, but for their whole lifetime, and to Sancho to recount for many ages, if he might live so long. But Don Quixote, whispering Sancho in the ear, told him, 'Sancho, since you will have us believe all that you have seen in heaven, I pray believe all that I saw in Montesinos' Cave, and I say no more.'

¹ An equivocal question; for in Spain they use to call cuckolds *cabrones*, he-goats.

CHAPTER XLII

OF THE ADVICE THAT DON QUIXOTE GAVE SANCHO
PANZA, BEFORE HE SHOULD GO TO GOVERN
THE ISLAND, WITH OTHER MATTER
WELL DIGESTED

THE dukes were so pleased with the happy and pleasant success of the adventure of the Afflicted that they determined to go on with their jests, seeing the fit subject they had to make them pass for earnest; so, having contrived and given orders to their servants and vassals that they should obey Sancho in his government of the promised island, the next day after the jest of Clavileno's flight, the duke bade Sancho prepare and put himself in order to go to be governor, for that now his islanders did as much desire him as showers in May.

Sancho made an obeisance to him, and said, 'Since I came down from heaven, and since from on high I beheld the earth, and saw it so small, I was partly cooled in my desire to be a governor; for what greatness can there be to command in a grain of mustard-seed? or what dignity or power to govern half a dozen of men about the bigness of hazel-nuts? for, to my thinking, there were no more in all the earth. If it would please your lordship to give me never so little in heaven,

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though 'twere but half a league, I would take it more willingly than the biggest island in the world.' 'Look ye, friend Sancho,' quoth the duke, 'I can give no part of heaven to nobody, though it be no bigger than my nail; for these favours and graces are only in God's disposing. What is in my power I give you, that is, an island, right and straight, round and well proportioned, and extraordinarily fertile and abundant, where, if you have the art, you may with the riches of the earth hoard up the treasure of heaven.'

'Well, then,' quoth Sancho, 'give us this island, and, in spite of rascals, I'll go to heaven; and yet for no covetousness to leave my poor cottage, or to get me into any palaces, but for the desire I have to know what kind of thing it is to be a governor.'

'If once you prove it, Sancho,' quoth the duke, 'you will be in love with governing; so sweet a thing it is to command, and to be obeyed. I warrant, when your master comes to be an emperor, for without doubt he will be one (according as his affairs go on), that he will not be drawn from it, and it will grieve him to the soul to have been so long otherwise.'

'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I suppose 'tis good to command, though it be but a head of cattle.'

'Let me live and die with thee, Sancho,' quoth the duke, 'for thou knowest all, and I hope thou wilt be such a governor as thy discretion promiseth, and let this suffice; and note that to-morrow about this time thou shalt go to the government of thy island, and this afternoon thou shalt be fitted with convenient apparel to carry with thee, and all things necessary for thy departure.'

'Clad me,' quoth Sancho, 'how you will, for, howsoever ye clad me, I'll be still Sancho Panza.'

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‘You are in the right,’ quoth the duke, ‘but the robes must be suitable to the office or dignity which is professed; for it were not fit that a lawyer should be clad like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, shall be clad partly like a lawyer and partly like a captain; for in the island that I give you, arms are as requisite as learning.’

‘I have little learning,’ quoth Sancho, ‘for as yet I scarce know my A B C, but ’tis enough that I have my Christ’s-cross ready in my memory to be a good governor. I’ll manage my weapon till I fall again, and God help me.’ ‘With so good a memory,’ quoth the duke, ‘Sancho cannot do amiss.’

By this time Don Quixote came, and knowing what passed, and that Sancho was so speedily to go to his government, with the duke’s leave, he took him by the hand, and carried him aside, with a purpose to advise him how he should behave himself in his office. When they came into Don Quixote’s chamber, the door being shut, he forced Sancho, as it were, to sit down by him, and, with a staid voice, said:

‘I give infinite thanks, friend Sancho, that before I have received any good fortune thou hast met with thine: I that thought to have rewarded thy service with some good luck of mine to have saved that labour, and thou suddenly, past all expectation, hast thy desires accomplished. Others bribe, importune, solicit, rise early, entreat, grow obstinate, and obtain not what they sue for; and another comes hab-nab, and goes away with the place or office that many others sought for, and here the proverb comes in, and joins well, that “Give a man luck, and cast him in the sea.” Thou, that in my opinion art a very goose, without early rising, or late sitting up, without any labour, only the breath of knight-errantry breathing on thee, without any more ado, art governor of an island, a mat-



Sancho Exhorted to Govern Well.

ADVICE TO SANCHO

ter of nothing. All this I say, Sancho, that thou attribute not this happiness to thy deserts, but that thou give God thanks, that sweetly disposeth things; next, thou shalt impute them to the greatness of the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart then disposed to believe what I have said, be attentive, O my son, to this thy Cato, that will advise thee, be thy north-star and guide to direct and bring thee to a safe port, out of this troublesome sea, where thou goest to engulf thyself in; for your offices and great charges are nothing else but a profound gulf of confusions.

‘First of all, O son, thou must fear God; for to fear Him is wisdom, and, being wise, thou canst err in nothing.

‘Secondly, thou must consider who thou art, and know thyself, which is the hardest kind of knowledge that may be imagined: from this knowledge thou shalt learn not to be swoln like the frog, that would equal himself with the ox; for, if thou do this, thou shalt (falling down the wheel of thy madness) come to know thou wert but a hog-keeper.’

‘That’s true,’ quoth Sancho, ‘but ’twas when I was a boy; but after, when I grew to be somewhat mannish, I kept geese, and not hogs: but this methinks is nothing to the purpose, for all they that govern come not from the loins of kings.’

‘’Tis true,’ said Don Quixote, ‘therefore those that have no noble beginnings must mix the gravity of their charge they exercise with mild sweetness, which, guided with wisdom, may free them from malicious murmuring, from which no state or calling is free.

‘Rejoice, O Sancho, in the humility of thy lineage, and scorn not to say thou comest of labouring men, for, when thou art not ashamed thyself, nobody will seek to make thee so; and always strive to be held mean and virtuous rather than

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proud and vicious: an infinite number from low beginnings have come to great risings, as pontifical and imperial dignities; and, to confirm this, I could bring thee so many examples as should weary thee.

‘Note, Sancho, that if you follow virtue for your mean, and strive to do virtuous deeds, you need not envy those that are born of princes and great men, for blood is inherited, but virtue is achieved; virtue is of worth by itself alone, so is not birth.

‘Which being so, if perchance any of thy kindred come to see thee when thou art in thy island, refuse him not, nor affront him, but entertain, welcome, and make much of him, for with this God will be pleased, that would have nobody despise His making, and thou shalt also in this correspond to good nature.

‘If thou bring thy wife with thee (for it were not fit that those who are to govern long should be without them), teach her, instruct her, refine her natural rudeness; for, many times, all that a discreet governor gets, a clownish foolish woman spills and loses.

‘If thou chance to be a widower (a thing that may happen) and desire to marry again, take not such a one as may serve thee for a bait and fishing-rod to take bribes; for, let me tell thee, the husband must give an account of all that (being a judge) his wife receives, and at the general resurrection shall pay four-fold what he hath been accused for in his lifetime.

‘Never pronounce judgment rash or wilfully, which is very frequent with ignorant judges, that presume to be skilful.

‘Let the tears of the poor find more compassion (but not more justice) than the informations of the rich.

‘Seek as well to discover the truth from out the promises

ADVICE TO SANCHO

and corruptions of the rich as the sobs and importunities of the poor.

‘When equity is to take place, lay not all the rigour of the law upon the delinquent; for the fame of the rigorous judge is not better than of the compassionate.

‘If thou slacken justice, let it not be with the weight of a bribe, but with the weight of pity.

‘When thou happenest to judge thine enemy’s case, forget thy injury, and respect equity.

‘Let not proper passion blind thee in another man’s cause, for the errors thou shalt commit in that most commonly are incurable, or if they be helped, it must be with thy wealth and credit.

‘If any fair woman come to demand justice of thee, turn thy eyes from her tears and thy ears from her lamentations, and consider at leisure the sum of her requests, except thou mean that thy reason be drowned in her weeping, and thy goodness in her sighs.

‘Him that thou must punish with deeds, revile not with words, since to a wretch the punishment is sufficient, without adding ill language.¹ For the delinquent that is under thy jurisdiction, consider that the miserable man is subject to the temptations of our depraved nature, and as much as thou canst, without grievance to the contrary party, show thyself mild and gentle, for, although God’s attributes are equal, yet to our sight His mercy is more precious and more eminent than His justice.

‘If, Sancho, thou follow these rules and precepts, thy days shall be long, thy fame eternal, thy rewards full, thy happiness indelible; thou shalt marry thy children how thou wilt, they

¹ A good item to our judges of the common law.

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shall have titles, and thy grandchildren; thou shalt live in peace and love of all men; and when thy life is ending death shall take thee in a mature old age, and thy nephews shall close thy eyes with their tender and delicate hands.

‘Those I have told thee hitherto are documents concerning thy soul, to adorn it; hearken now to those that must serve for the adorning thy body.’



CHAPTER XLIII

OF THE SECOND ADVICE THAT DON QUIXOTE GAVE
SANCHO PANZA

WHO could have heard this discourse and not held Don Quixote for a most wise personage, and most honest? But, as it hath been often told in the progress of this large history, he was only besotted when he touched upon his cavallery, and in the rest of his talk he showed a clear and current apprehension; so that every foot his works bewrayed his judgment, and his judgment his works: but, in these second documents he gave now to Sancho, he

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showed a great deal of lenity, and balanced his judgment and his madness in an equal scale. Sancho hearkened most attentively unto him, and strove to bear in mind his instructions, as thinking to observe them, and by them to be very well delivered of his big swoln government. Don Quixote proceeded, saying:

‘Touching the governing thine own person and household, Sancho, the first thing I enjoin thee to is to be cleanly, and to pare thy nails, not letting them grow, as some do, whose ignorance hath made them think ’tis a fine thing to have long nails; as if that excrement and superfluity that they let grow were only their nails, rather the claws of a lizard-bearing kestrel; and a foul abuse it is.

‘Go not ungirt or loose, for a slovenly garment is a sign of a careless mind, if so be this kind of slovenly looseness be not to some cunning end, as it was judged to be in Julius Caesar.

‘Consider with discretion what thy government may be worth, and, if it will afford thee to bestow liveries on thy servants, give them decent and profitable ones, rather than gaudy or sightly, and so give thy cloth amongst thy servants and the poor: I mean, that if thou have six pages, give three of them liveries, and three to the poor; so shalt thou have pages in earth and in heaven: and your vain-glorious have not attained to this kind of giving liveries.

‘Eat not garlic or onions that thy peasantry may not be known by thy breath. Walk softly, and speak staidly; but not so as if it appeared thou hearkenest to thyself, for all kind of affectation is nought.

‘Eat little at dinner, but less at supper, for the health of the whole body is forged in the forge of the stomach.

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‘Be temperate in drinking, considering that too much wine neither keeps secret nor fulfils promise.

‘Take heed, Sancho, of chewing on both sides, or to ruct before anybody.’

‘I understand not your ructing,’ quoth Sancho.

‘To ruct,’ quoth he, ‘is as much as to belch; and this is one of the foulest words our language hath, though it be very significant: so your more neat people have gotten the Latin word, and call belching ructing, and belchers ructers; and though some perhaps understand not this, ’tis no great matter, for use and custom will introduce them that they may easily be understood; and the power that the vulgar and custom hath is the enriching of a language.’

‘Truly,’ said Sancho, ‘one of your advices that I mean to remember shall not be to belch, for I am used to do it often.’

‘Ruct, Sancho, not belch,’ quoth Don Quixote.

‘Ruct, I will say,’ quoth he, ‘henceforward, and not forget it.’

‘Likewise, Sancho, you must not intermix your discourse with that multiplicity of proverbs you use; for though proverbs be witty short sentences, yet thou bringest them in so by head and shoulders that they are rather absurdities than sentences.’

‘This,’ quoth Sancho, ‘God Almighty can only help; for I have more proverbs than a book will hold, and when I speak they come so thick to my mouth that they fall out, and strive one with another who shall come out first; but my tongue casts out the first it meets withal, though they be nothing to the purpose; but I will have a care hereafter to speak none but shall be fitting to the gravity of my place; for “Where there is plenty the guests are not empty”; and “He that works doth

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not care for play"; and "He is in safety that stands under the bells"; and "His judgment's rare that can spend and spare."

'Now, now,' quoth Don Quixote, 'glue, thread, fasten thy proverbs together; nobody comes: the more thou art told a thing, the more thou dost it; I bid thee leave thy proverbs, and in an instant thou hast cast out a litany of them, that are as much to the purpose as To-morrow I found a horse-shoe. Look thee, Sancho, I find not fault with a proverb brought in to some purpose, but to load and heap on proverbs, huddling together, makes a discourse wearisome and base.

'When thou gettest on horseback, do not go casting thy body all upon the crupper, nor carry thy legs stiff down and straddling from the horse's belly, nor yet so loosely as if thou wert still riding on thy Dapple; for your horse-riding makes some appear gentlemen, others grooms.

'Let thy sleep be moderate; for he that riseth not with the sun loseth the day: and observe, Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good fortune, and sloth the contrary, that never could satisfy a good desire.

'This last advice that I mean to give thee, though it be not to the adorning of the body, yet I would have thee bear it in thy memory; for I believe it will be of no less use to thee than those that I have hitherto given thee; and it is—

'That thou never dispute of lineages, comparing them together, since of necessity, amongst those that are compared, one must be the better; and of him thou debasest thou shalt be abhorred, and of him [thou] ennoblest not a whit rewarded.

'Let thy apparel be a paned hose and long stockings, a long-skirted jacket, and a cloak of the longest; but long hose by no means; for they become neither gentlemen nor governors.

'This is all, Sancho, I will advise thee to for the present:

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as the time and occasions serve hereafter, so shall my instructions be, so that thou be careful to let me know how thou dost.'

'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I see well that you have told me nothing but what is good, holy, and profitable; but to what purpose, if I remember nothing? True it is, that that of not letting my nails grow, and to marry again if need be, I shall not forget; but your other slabber-sauces, your tricks and quilllets, I cannot remember them, nor shall not, no more than last year's clouds; therefore I pray let me have them in writing, for though I can neither write nor read, I'll give them to my confessor, that he may frame them into me, and make me capable of them at time of need.'

'Wretch that I am,' quoth Don Quixote, 'how ill it appears in a governor not to write or read! for know, Sancho, that for a man not to read, or to be left-handed, argues that either he was a son of mean parents, or so unhappy and untowardly that no good would prevail on him.'

'I can set to my name,' quoth Sancho, 'for when I was constable of our town I learned to make certain letters, such as are set to mark trusses of stuff, which they said spelt my name: besides now, I'll feign that my right hand is maimed, and so another shall firm for me; for there's a remedy for everything but death, and since I bear sway I'll do what I list; for, according to the proverb,' "He that hath the judge to his father," etc., and I am governor, which is more than judge. Ay, ay, let 'em come and play at bo-peep, let 'em back-bite me, let 'em come for wool, and I'll send them back shorn; whom God loves, his house is savoury to him, and every man bears with the rich man's follies; so I being rich, and a governor, and liberal too,

¹A troop of absurd speeches still to Sancho's part.

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as I mean to be, I will be without all faults. No, no, pray be dainty, and see what will become on't; have much, and thou shalt be esteemed much, quoth a grandame of mine; and might overcomes right.'

'Oh, a plague on thee, Sancho!' quoth Don Quixote; 'three-score thousand Satans take thee and thy proverbs; this hour thou hast been stringing them one upon another, and giving me tormenting potions with each of them: I assure thee that one of these days these proverbs will carry thee to the gallows; for them thy vassals will bereave thee of thy government, or there will be a community amongst them. Tell me, ignorant, where dost thou find them all? or how dost thou apply them, ninny-hammer? for, for me to speak one, and apply it well, it makes me sweat and labour, as if I had digged.'

'Assuredly, master mine,' quoth Sancho, 'a small matter makes you angry: why the devil do you pine that I make use of my own goods? for I have no other, nor any other stock but proverbs upon proverbs: and now I have four that fall out jump to the purpose, like pears for a working-basket: but I will say nothing, for now Sancho shall be called Silence.'

'Rather Babbling,' quoth Don Quixote, 'or Obstinacy itself; yet I would fain know what four proverbs they be that came into thy mind so to the purpose; for I can think upon none, yet I have a good memory.'

'What better,' said Sancho, 'than "Meddle not with a hollow tooth"; and "Go from my house, What will you have with my wife?" there's no answering; and "If the pot fall upon the stone, or the stone on the pot, ill for the pot, ill for the stone"; all which are much to the purpose. That nobody meddle with their governor, nor with their superior, lest they have the worst, as he that puts his hand to his teeth (so they

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be not hollow, 'tis no matter if they be teeth). Whatsoever the governor says, there is no replying, as in saying, "Get you from my house," and "What will you have with my wife?" and that of the pot and the stone, a blind man may perceive it: so that he that sees the mote in another man's eye, let him see the beam in his own, that it may not be said by him, The dead was afraid of her that was flayed. And you know, sir, that the fool knows more in his own house than the wise man doth in another's.'

'Not so, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for the fool, neither in his own house nor another's, knows aught, by reason that no wise edifice is seated upon the increase of his folly: and let us leave this, Sancho, for if thou govern ill thou must bear the fault, and mine must be the shame; but it comforts me that I have done my duty in advising thee truly, and as discreetly as I could, and with this I have accomplished with my obligation; and God speed thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and bring me out of the scruple I am in, that thou wilt turn thy government with the heels upwards; which I might prevent, by letting the duke know thee better, and telling him, that all that fatness, and little corpse of thine, is nothing but a sack of proverbs and knavery.'

'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'if you think I am not fit for this government, from henceforward I lose it: I had rather have a poor little scrap of the nail of my soul than my whole body; and I can as well keep myself with plain Sancho, a loaf and an onion, as a governor with capons and partridges; and whilst we are asleep, all are alike, great and small, poor and rich; and if you consider on't, you shall find that you only put me into this vein of governing, for I know no more what belongs to governing of islands than a vulture; and rather than in being a governor

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the devil shall fetch my soul—I had rather be Sancho and go to heaven, than a governor and go to hell.’

‘Truly, Sancho,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘for these last words thou hast spoken I deem thee worthy to govern a thousand islands; thou hast a good natural capacity, without which no science is worth aught; serve God, and err not in thy main intentions; I mean that thou always have a firm purpose and intent to be sure in all businesses that shall occur, because Heaven always favours good desires; and let’s go dine, for I believe now the lord expects us.’



CHAPTER XLIV

HOW SANCHO PANZA WAS CARRIED TO HIS GOVERNMENT, AND OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE

'**T**IS said that in the original of this history it is read that when Cid Hamet came to write this chapter, the interpreter translated it not as he had written it, which was a kind of complaint of himself, that he undertook so dry

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and barren a story as this of Don Quixote, because it seemed that Don Quixote and Sancho were the sole speakers, and that he durst not enlarge himself with other digressions, or graver accidents, and more delightful: and he said that to have his invention, his hand, and his quill tied to one sole subject, and to speak by the mouths of few, was a most insupportable labour, and of no benefit to the author; so that to avoid this inconvenience, in the First Part he used the art of novels, as one of *The Curious-Impertinent*, another of *The Captived Captain*, which are, as it were, separated from the history, though the rest that are there recounted are matters that happened to Don Quixote which could not but be set down. He was of opinion likewise, as he said, that many being carried away with attention to Don Quixote's exploits, would not heed his novels, and skip them, either for haste or irksomeness, without noting the cunning workmanship and framing of them which would be plainly shown if they might come to light by themselves alone, without Don Quixote's madness or Sancho's simplicities; therefore in this Second Part he would not engraft loose novels, or adjoining to the story, but certain accidents that might be like unto them, sprung from the passages that the truth itself offers; and these, too, sparingly, and with words only proper to declare them. And since he is shut up and contained in the limits of this narration, having understanding, sufficiency, and ability to treat of all, his request is that his labour be not contemned, but rather that he be commended, not for what he writes, but for what he hath omitted to write: so he goes on with his history, saying,—

That when Don Quixote had dined, the same day that he gave Sancho his instructions, in the afternoon he let him have them in writing, that he might seek somebody to read them

SANCHO DEPARTS

to him; but as soon as ever he had given him them, he lost them, and they came to the duke's hands, who showed them to the duchess; and both of them afresh admired Don Quixote's madness and his understanding together; and so, going forward with their jests, that afternoon they sent Sancho, well accompanied, to the place that to him seemed an island.

It fell out then that the charge of this business was laid upon a steward of the duke's, a good wise fellow, and very conceited, for there can be no wit that is not governed with discretion: he it was that played the Countess Trifaldi's part, with the cunning that hath been related: with this, and with his master's instructions how he should behave himself towards Sancho, he performed his task marvellously. I say, then, that it happened that as Sancho saw the steward, the very face of Trifaldi came into his mind, and, turning to his master, he said, 'Sir, the devil bear me from hence just as I believe, if you do not confess that this steward of the duke's here present hath the very countenance of the Afflicted.'

Don Quixote earnestly beheld the steward, and having thoroughly seen him, said to Sancho, 'There is no need of the devil's taking thee just as thou believest (for I know not what thou meanest), for the Afflicted's face is just the same that the steward's is; but, for all that, the steward is not the Afflicted; for to be so were a manifest contradiction, and now 'tis no time to sift out these things, which were to enter into an intricate labyrinth. Believe me, friend, 'twere fit to pray to God very earnestly to deliver us from these damned witches and enchanters.'

'Tis no jesting matter,' quoth Sancho, 'for I heard him speak before, and methought the very voice of Trifaldi sounded in my ears. Well, I will be silent: but yet I will see hence-

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forward if I can discover any sign to confirm or forego my jealousy.'

'You may do so, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and you shall give me notice of all in this business you can discover, and of all that shall befall you in your government.'

Sancho in conclusion departed with a great troop, clad like a lawyer, and upon his back he had a goodly tawny riding-coat of watered camlet, a hunter's cap of the same: he rode upon a he-moil after the jennet fashion,¹ and behind him, by the duke's order, his Dapple was led, with trappings and ass-like ornaments all of silk. Sancho turned his head now and then to look upon his ass, with whose company he was so well pleased that he would not have changed to have been Emperor of Germany. At parting he kissed the duke's hands, and received his master's benediction, who gave it him with tears, and Sancho received it with blubberings.

Now, reader, let honest Sancho part in peace, and in good time, and expect two bushels of laughter, which his demeanour in his government will minister to thee: and in the meantime mark what befel his master that very night, for if it make thee not laugh outright, yet it will cause thee to show thy teeth, and grin like an ape; for Don Quixote's affairs must either be solemnised with admiration or laughter.

'Tis said, then, that Sancho was scarce departed when Don Quixote resented his solitariness; and if it had been possible for him to have revoked his commission, or taken away his government, he would have done it. The duchess knew his melancholy, and asked him why he was so sad; for if it were for Sancho's absence, she had squires and waiting-women and damsels in her house, that would do him all service.

¹ The stirrups short, and his legs trussed up.



Sancho Departs for His Island.

DON QUIXOTE'S MODESTY

'True it is, madam,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that I resent Sancho's absence; but that is not the principal cause that makes me appear sad: and of those many kindnesses that your Excellency offers me, I only accept and make choice of the good will with which they are offered, and for the rest, I humbly beseech your Excellency that you give me leave in my chamber to serve myself.'

'Truly, Signior Don Quixote,' quoth the duchess, 'it must not be so; for four of my damsels shall wait upon you as fair as flowers.'

'They shall be no flowers to me,' quoth he, 'but very thorns that prick my soul. They shall fly as soon as enter into my chamber, or come near me. If your greatness will continue in your favours towards me, let this be one, that I may serve myself within mine own doors, that I may put a wall in midst of my desires and honesty; and I will not forego this custom for all the liberality that your highness will show unto [me]. To conclude, I will rather sleep in my clothes than yield that anybody shall help to undress me.'

'Enough, enough, Signior Don Quixote,' quoth the duchess; 'for my part, I'll give order that not so much as a fly shall come within your distance, much less a damsel. I am none of those that would make Signior Don Quixote transcend his decency; for, as I have a kind of glimmering, one of Signior Don Quixote's most eminent virtues is his honesty: undress yourself, and go to bed alone after your own fashion, how you will, and nobody shall hinder you, and in your chamber you shall have all things necessary, and lock your door to you. Your vessels shall be ready, that no natural cause make you rise to open your door. Long live the grand Dulcinea del Toboso, and her name far extended upon the globe of the

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earth, since she deserved to be beloved of so honest and valiant a knight; and the gracious heavens infuse into Sancho Panza our governor his heart a desire to finish the disciplining of himself quickly, that the world may re-enjoy the beauty of so great a lady.'

To which quoth Don Quixote, 'Your highness hath spoken like yourself; for no ill thing can proceed from the mouth of so good a lady; and Dulcinea shall be the more happy, and more esteemed in the world, in that your greatness hath praised her, than if she had had the praises of the best rhetoricians in the world.'

'Well, go to, Signior Don Quixote,' quoth the duchess, 'tis now supper-time, and the duke expects us; come, sir, let's sup, and to bed betimes; for your voyage yesterday from Candaya was not so short but it hath left some weariness in you.'

'None at all, lady,' quoth he, 'for I may swear to your Excellency that in my lifetime I never rode upon a gentler nor better-paced beast than Clavileno; and I know no reason why Malambruno should lose so swift and so gentle a horse, and so burn him without more ado.'

'You may imagine,' quoth she, 'that he repenting him of the hurt he had done Trifaldi and her company and many others, and of the wickedness that as a witch and enchanter he had committed, would destroy the instruments of his office, and so burnt Clavileno as the chiefest of them, and that which did most disquiet him, roving up and down; and so with his burnt ashes, and the trophy of the scroll, Don Quixote's valour is eternalised.'

Don Quixote afresh gave fresh thanks to the duchess, and when he had supped he retired to his chamber alone, without permitting anybody to serve him, he was so afraid to meet

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with occasions that might induce him to forget the honest decorum due to his lady Dulcinea, Amadis his goodness being always in his imagination, the flower and looking-glass of knights-errant.

The door he shut after him, and undressed himself by the light of two wax candles. As he pulled off his stockings (O ill-luck, unworthy such a personage!) there broke from him, not sighs, or any such thing that might discredit his cleanly neatness, but some four-and-twenty stitches and a half, that made his stocking look like a lattice-window. The good knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given for a drachm of green silk an ounce of silver: green silk, I say, for his stockings were green.

And here Benengeli exclaimed, saying, 'O poverty! poverty! I know not what moved that famous Cordovan poet to call thee holy thankless gift. For I that am a Moor know very well, by the communication I have had with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, obedience, and poverty. But yet a man had need have a special grace from God, that can be contented, being poor, except it be with such a kind of poverty as one of the greatest saints speaks of, "Esteem of all things as if you had them not," and this is called poorness of spirit. But thou, second poverty (of that kind that I mean), why dost thou mix thyself with gentlemen and those that be well-born? Why dost thou make them cobble their shoes? and that the buttons of their jerkins be some silk, others hair, others glass? Why must their ruffs, for the most part, be unset lattice-ways, and not set with the stick?' And by this you may perceive how ancient the use of starch is, and of setting ruffs. He proceeds: 'Unhappy he, that being well-born, puts his credit to shifts, as by ill-faring, with his door locked

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to him,' making his toothpicker an hypocrite, with which he comes to the street-door picking his teeth, though he have eat nothing that should require such cleanliness. Unhappy he, I say, whose credit is scarred, and thinks that a patch upon his shoe is spied a league off, or the thorough sweating of his hat, or the threadbareness of his cloak, or the hunger of his maw.'

All this was renewed in Don Quixote by the breach in his stocking; but his comfort was that Sancho had left him a pair of boots, which he thought to put on the next day. Finally, to bed he went, heavy and pensative, as well for want of Sancho's company as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, whose stitches he would have taken up, though it had been with silk of another colour, which is one of the greatest signs of misery that may befall a gentleman in the progress of his prolix necessity. He put out the lights, 'twas hot, and he could not sleep; so he rose from his bed, and opened a little the lid of an iron window that looked toward a fair garden; and, opening it, he perceived and heard people stirring and talking in the garden; they below raised their voices insomuch that these speeches might be heard.

'Be not so earnest with me, O Emerencia, to have me sing; for thou knowest that ever since this stranger hath been in the castle, and that mine eyes beheld him, I cannot sing, but weep; besides, my lady's sleep is rather short than sound, and I would not that she should know we were here, for all the goods in the world; and though she should sleep, and not wake, my singing yet were in vain, if this new Aeneas sleep, and wake not to give ear to it—this, that is come into my kingdom to leave me scorned and forsaken.'

'Think not of that, friend Altisidora,' said they, 'for doubt-

* He describes the right custom of his hungry countrymen in general.

ALTISIDORA

less the duchess and everybody else in the house is asleep, except the master of thy heart and thy soul's alarm; for now I



Don Quixote listens at the window

heard him open his window, and he is certainly awake: sing, poor grieved wretch, in a low and sweet tune, to the sound of thy harp, and if the duchess should perceive it, our excuse should be that we are here by reason 'tis so hot within doors.'

'Tis not for our being here, O Emerencia,' quoth Altisidora, 'but that I am not willing my song should discover my heart; and that I should be held by those that have no notice of the powerful force of love for a longing and light housewife; but come what will on it, better shame in the face than a spot in the heart.'

And with this she heard a harp most sweetly played on, which when Don Quixote heard, it amazed him; and in the instant, an infinite com-

pany of adventures came into his mind, of windows, grates, gardens, music, courting, and fopperies, that he had read in his sottish books of knighthood; and straight he imagined

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that some damsel of the duchess's was enamoured on him, and that her honesty enforced her to conceal her affection; he was afraid lest he should yield, but firmly purposed not to be vanquished; so, recommending himself, heart and soul, to his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to hearken to the music; and that they might know he was there, he feigned a sneeze, which not a little pleased the damsels, that desired nothing else; so Altisidora running on, and tuning her harp, began this song:

'Thou that in thy bed dost lie,
In midst of Holland sheets,
Sleeping with thy legs outstretch'd,
All night long until the morn.

O thou knight the valiantest
That all Mancha hath produc'd,
More honest, and more blest withal,
Than the finest Arabian gold.

Hear a damsel sorrowful,
Tall of growth, but ill sh'hath thriv'd,
That with light of thy two suns,
Feels her soul inflam'd and scorch'd.

Thou thy adventures followest,
Others' misadventures find'st;
Thou giv'st wounds, and yet deny'st
To give healing remedy.

Tell me, O thou valiant youth
(God increase thy maladies),
Wert thou bred in Africa,
Or in Jaca mountainous?

Serpents nourish thee with milk,
Or perhaps thy nurses were
Th'uncouth thickness of the woods,
Or the mountains horrible?

ALTISIDORA'S SONG

Well may Dulcinea, she,
That same damsel, plump and sound,
Brag that she hath conquer'd a
Tiger and a savage beast.

For which she shall famous be,
From Henares to Xarama,
Tagus, Mansanares, and
Pisuerga, and Arlanza too.

Oh that I might change with her,
I would give my coat to boot;
And the gaudy'st that I have,
All bedaub'd with golden fringe.

Oh that I were in thy arms,
If not so, but near thy bed,
That I might but scratch thy head,
And the dandruff rid from thee.

Much I ask, but not deserve
Favours so remarkable;
Let me then but touch thy foot.
Fit for my humility.

Oh, what nightcaps I would give,
And what silver socks to thee,
What damask breeches eke,
And what cloaks of Holland too!

Likewise of the finest pearls,
Each as big as any gall,
Which, if that there were but one,
Might be called The One alone.

Do not from thy Tarpey view
This same fire that doth me scorch,
Manchegan Nero of the world,
Nor kindle't with thy cruelty.

Young I am, a tender chick,
Not yet my age is past fifteen,
Fourteen am I, three months more,
I swear to thee in conscience.

DON QUIXOTE

I do not limp, I am not lame,
Nothing about me maim'd;
And my looks like lilies are
That do drag upon the ground.

And although my mouth be wide,
Yet my nose is something flat,
And my teeth are topazes:
Beauty lifts me to the clouds.

My voice you see, if that you hark,
To the sweetest equal is,
And my disposition, too,
Less than reasonable is.

These, and other graces more,
Of thy quiver are the spoils,
Of this house I damsel am,
And Altisidora call'd.'

Here the sore-wounded Altisidora ended her song, and the fright of the required Don Quixote began, who, fetching a deep sigh, said within himself, 'That I must be so unhappy an errant that no damsel that sees me but is enamoured on me; that Dulcinea del Toboso should be so unfortunate that they will not let her alone enjoy my incomparable firmness! Queens, what mean you toward her? Empresses, why do you persecute her? Damsels of fourteen or fifteen years, why do you bait her? Leave, leave the poor creature, let her triumph, joy, and rejoice, with the lot that love gave her, in yielding her my heart and delivering her my soul. Look, ye enamoured troop, for Dulcinea only am I of paste and sugar-pellets, and for all else of flint: for her, I am honey; for you, bitter aloes. Dulcinea only is to me fair, discreet, honest, gallant, well-born; and others, foul, foolish, light, and worse-born. Nature threw me into the world to be only hers, and nobody's else. Let Altisidora weep or sing; let the lady despair for whom I was

T O B E D

banged in the castle of the enchanted Moor, ' for, sod or roasted, I am Dulcinea's, clean, well-nurtured, and honest, in spite of all the powerful witchcrafts of the earth.'

And with this he clapped to the window suddenly, and, all angry and despicable, as if some disgrace had befallen him, he got him to bed, where for the present we will leave him, for the grand Sancho Panza calls upon us, who means to begin his famous government.

¹ His adventure in the First Part with the Carrier and Maritornes in the vent.

CHAPTER XLV

HOW THE GRAND SANCHO PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF
HIS ISLAND, AND THE MANNER OF HIS
BEGINNING TO GOVERN

O PERPETUAL discoverer of the antipodes, torch to the world, eye of heaven, sweet stirrer of wine-cooling vessels, one while Titan, another Phoebus, sometimes an archer, other whiles a physician, father of poesy, inventor of music, thou that always risest, and (though it seems so) yet never settest,—to thee I speak, O sun, by which man begets man; to thee I speak, help me, and lighten my obscure wit, that I may punctually run thorough the narration of the grand Sancho Panza's government; for without thee I am dull, unmoulded, and confused. I proceed, then, thus:

Sancho, with all his troop, came to a town, which had in it about a thousand inhabitants, which was one of the best the duke had; they told him the island was called Barataria, either because the town was called Baratario, or else because he had obtained his government so cheap. When he came to the town-gates (for it was walled), the officers came out to welcome him, the bells rung, and all the inhabitants made show

SANCHO'S GOVERNMENT

of a general gladness, and they carried him in great pomp to the high church, to give God thanks; and straight after some ridiculous ceremonies they delivered him the keys, and admitted him for perpetual governor of the island Barataria. His apparel, his beard, his fatness, and the shortness of this new governor, made all the people admire that knew not the jig of the matter, and those also that knew it, which were many.

Finally, when he came out of the church, they carried him to the judgment-seat, and seated him in it, and the duke's steward told him, 'It is an old custom, sir governor, in this island, that he that comes to take possession of this famous island must answer to a question that shall be asked him, that must be somewhat hard and intricate; by whose answer the town guesseth and taketh the pulse of their new governor's capacity, and, accordingly, is either glad or sorry at his coming.'

Whilst the steward said this to Sancho, he was looking upon certain great letters that were written upon the wall over-against his seat; and because he himself could not read, he asked what painting that was in the wall. It was answered him, 'Sir, the day is set down there in which your honour took possession of this island, and the epitaph says thus: "This day, such a day of the month and year, Signior Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, long may he enjoy it."' 'And whom call they Don Sancho Panza?' said Sancho. 'Your honour,' quoth the steward, 'for no other Panza hath come into this island but he that is seated in that seat.' 'Well, mark you, brother,' quoth Sancho, 'there belongs no Don to me, neither ever was there any in all my lineage: I am plain Sancho, my father was called Sancho, my grandfather, and all were Panzas, without any additions of Dons or Donnas, and I

DON QUIXOTE

believe this island is as full of Dons as stones; but 'tis enough, God knows my meaning, and perhaps, if my government last but four days to an end, I'll weed out these Dons, that with their multiplicity do weary and trouble like mosquitoes. On with your question, master steward. I'll answer you as well I can, let the town be sorry or not sorry.'

At this instant two men came into the judgment-place, the one clad like a husbandman, and the other like a tailor, having shears in his hand. The tailor said, 'Sir governor, I and this husbandman are come before you for this cause: this honest man came yesterday to my shop—and I, saving your reverence, am a tailor, and a free man, God be thanked—and, showing me a piece of cloth, asked me, "Sir, will there be enough here to make a capouch?" I, measuring the cloth, answered him, "Yes." He thought as I did, and I thought true, that I would steal some of his cloth, being maliciously bent, and out of the ill opinion he had of tailors; and he replied again, that I should tell if there were enough to make two. I smelt his drift, and told him, "Ay"; and my gallant, in his first knavish intention, went adding more capouches, and I answered with more yes-es, till we came to five; and even now he came for them. I gave them him, but he will not pay me for the making, rather he demands that I pay him, or return him his cloth.' 'Is it true this?' quoth Sancho. 'Yes,' said the fellow; 'but pray, sir, let him show his five capouches that he hath made me.' 'With a very good will,' quoth the tailor, and, incontinently taking his hand from under his cloak, he showed five capouches in it, upon each finger one, and said, 'Behold here the five capouches that this man would have me make, and in my soul and conscience I have not a jot of cloth left, as any workman shall judge.'

SANCHO'S JUDGMENTS

All the bystanders laughed at the number of the capouches and the strange contention. Sancho, after a little consideration, said, 'Methinks in this suit there need no delays, but a quick and plain judgment; my sentence therefore is, that the tailor lose his labour, and the husbandman his cloth, and that the capouches be carried to the poor in the prison, without any more ado.'

If the sentence that passed of the grazier bred admiration in the bystanders, this moved them to laughter; but what the governor commanded was fulfilled: before whom two ancient men were now presented. The one had a hollow cane instead of a staff, the other had none; he without the staff said, 'Sir, I lent this honest man, long since, ten crowns in good gold, to do him a kindness; I let him alone a good while, without asking for them, because I would not put him to more trouble to repay me than he had to borrow them of me; but because I saw him careless of the payment, I have asked him more than once or twice for my money, which he not only doth not return me, but denies, and says he never received the ten crowns I lent him, or, that if I did lend them him, he hath paid me. I have no witnesses, neither of the lending or of the payment: I pray, sir, will you take his oath? and if he will swear that he hath paid me, I give him an acquittance from henceforth, and before God.' 'What say you to this, honest old man with the staff?' quoth Sancho. 'Sir, I confess that he lent them me, and hold down your rod,' and since he will have me swear, I will, that I have paid him really and truly.' The governor held out his rod, and, in the meantime, he with the staff gave it to the other old man to hold whilst he was to swear, as if it had hindered him; so with his hand he made a cross over the rod of justice,

¹ The custom in Spain being that he who is to swear makes a cross over the rod of justice.

DON QUIXOTE

saying 'twas true that he had lent him the ten crowns that he demanded, but that he had truly restored them to him again, and that his forgetting of it made him continually demand them. Which when the grand governor saw, he asked the creditor what he could say against his adversary. He said that surely his debtor said true, for he held him to be an honest man and a good Christian, and that it might be he had forgotten how or when he paid him, and that from henceforward he would never demand him aught. The debtor took his staff again, and, making an obeisance, was going out of the judgment-place; which when Sancho saw, and that he was going without any more ado, and seeing likewise the other's patience, he nodded with his head on his breast, and clapped the index of his right hand upon his nose and eyebrows, and a pretty while was as it were considering, and by and by lifted up his head and commanded that the old man with the staff should be brought to him; and Sancho, seeing him, said, 'Honest man, give me that staff, for I have use for it.' 'With a very good will,' quoth the old man; 'here 'tis, sir,' and gave it him. Sancho took it, and, giving it to the other old man, said, 'Go, on God's name, now you are paid.' 'Ay, sir?' said the old man. 'Why, can this cane be worth ten crowns?' 'Yes,' said the governor, 'or else I am the veriest blockhead in the world: and now you shall see whether I have a brain or no to govern a whole kingdom'; so he commanded that before them all the cane should be broken, which was done, and in the midst of it they found the ten crowns.

All of them admired at this, and held their governor for a second Solomon. They asked him how he gathered that the ten crowns was in the cane. He answered that because he saw the old man that was to swear give his adversary the staff

SANCHO'S JUDGMENTS

whilst he took his oath, and that he swore he had given him the money truly and really, and that when he had ended his oath he demanded his staff of him again, it came into his imagination that within it the money was hidden; whereby it may be collected that although many governors are stark asses, yet sometimes it pleaseth God to direct them in their judgments; for besides, he had heard the vicar of his parish tell of such an accident as this, and that he had a special memory, for if it were not for forgetting all he desired to remember, there were not such a memory in the whole island.

At last, one of the old men ashamed, and the other paid his money, they departed, and those that were present were astonished; and he that wrote down Sancho's words, deeds, and behaviour could not resolve whether he should set him down a fool or a wise man.

As soon as this suit was ended, there came a woman into the place of judgment, laying hold strongly on a man clad, to see to, like a rich grazier, who came crying aloud, and saying, 'Justice, lord governor, justice! and if I have it not on earth, I will seek it in heaven. Sweet governor, this wicked man met me on the highway, and hath abused my body as if it had been an unwashed rag; and, unhappy that I am, he hath gotten that that I have kept these three-and-twenty years, defending it from Moors and Christians, from home-bred ones and strangers; I have been as hard as a cork-tree, and kept myself as entire as the salamander in the fire, or as the wool amongst the briars and this man must come now with a washed hand and handle me.'

'This is to be tried yet,' quoth Sancho, 'whether this gallant's hands be washed or no'; and, turning to the fellow, he said, 'What answer you to yonder woman's complaint?' who,

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all in a fright, answered, 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I am a poor grazier, and deal in swine, and this morning I went (with pardon be it spoken) from this town to sell four hogs, and the tallage and other fees cost me little less than they were worth. As I went homeward, by the way I met with this good matron, and the devil, the author of all mischief, yoked us together. I gave her sufficient pay; but she, not satisfied, laid hold on me, and would not let me go till she had brought me hither. She says that I forced her, and I swear she lies; and this is true, every jot of it.'

Then the governor asked him if he had any money about him, who answered him yes, that he had in a leathern purse in his bosom some twenty crowns in silver. He commanded him to take it out and to deliver it just as it was to the plaintiff, which he did, trembling. The woman received it, and, making a thousand Moorish ducks to the company, and praying to God for the governor's life and health, that was so charitable to poor orphans and maidens, she went out from the place of judgment, laying fast hold with both her hands on the purse, though first she looked whether 'twere silver within or no. She was scarce gone when Sancho said to the grazier, that had tears standing in his eyes, and his heart going after his purse, 'Honest fellow, run after yonder woman, and take her purse from her whether she will or no, and bring it me hither.' He spoke not to a fool or a deaf man, for straight he parted like lightning, and went to perform what was commanded him. All that were present were in suspense and expectation of the end of that suit; and a little after, both man and woman returned together, more fastened and clung together than formerly, she with her coat up, and her purse in her lap, and he striving to get it from her, which was not possible, she did so

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resist, crying out, and saying, 'Justice of God and the world! Look ye, sir governor, mark the little shame or fear of this desperate man, that in the midst of a congregation and in the midst of a street would take away my purse that you commanded him to give me.'

'And hath he got it?' said the governor. 'Got it?' said she. 'I had rather lose my life than the purse. I were a pretty child, 'faith, then; you must set other manner of colts upon me than this poor nasty sneak-up; pincers, hammers, beetles, scraping-tools, shall not get it out of my claws, out of my lion's paws; they shall rather get one half of my soul out of my flesh.' 'She says right,' quoth the fellow. 'I yield to her; I have no more power; I confess my force is not sufficient to take it away.'

Then said the governor to the woman, 'You, honest virago, give me that purse hither,' which she did, and the governor restored it again to the man, and said to the forcible woman, but not forced, 'Do you hear, sister? if you had showed but half your valour and breath to defend your body that you did for your purse, Hercules his force could not have forced you. Get you gone with a pox, come not into this island, nor in six leagues round about it, on pain of two hundred lashes; get you gone straight, I say, makebate, shameless cozener!'

The woman was affrighted, and away she went like a sheep-biter, and melancholy; and the governor said to the man, 'Honest fellow, get you home on God's name with your money, and henceforward, if you mean not to lose it, pray have no mind to yoke with anybody.' The man, as clownishly as he could, thanked him, and went his way: the bystanders admired afresh at the judgment and sentences of their new governor.

DON QUIXOTE

All which, noted by his chroniclist, was straight written to the duke, that with much desire expected it. And leave we honest Sancho here; for his master hastens us now, that was all in a hurly-burly with Altisidora's music.



CHAPTER XLVI

OF THE FEARFUL LOW-BELL-CALLY HORROR, THAT DON
QUIXOTE RECEIVED IN THE PROCESS OF HIS LOVE,
BY THE ENAMOURED ALTISIDORA

WE left the grand Don Quixote enveloped in the im-
aginations which the music of the enamoured
damsel Altisidora had caused in him. To bed
he went with them, and, as if they had been fleas, they gave
him no rest or quiet; and to these were added those of his torn
stockings; but, as time is swift, and no stumbling-block will
stay him, he went on horseback on the hours, and the morn-
ing came on speedily; which when Don Quixote saw, he left

DON QUIXOTE

his soft bed, and, nothing lazy, put on his chamoised apparel, and his boots, to hide the hole of his stockings; he cast his scarlet mantle upon him, and put on his head his hunter's cap of green velvet, laced with silver lace; his belt he hung at his shoulder, with his trusty cutting blade; he laid hold on a rosary which he used to carry with him, and with his goodly representation and gait, he went towards an out-room, where the duke and duchess were ready dressed, and, as it were, expecting him: and as he was to pass through a gallery, Altisidora and the other damsel her friend were greedily expecting him, and as soon as Altisidora saw him she feigned a swooning, and her friend got her into her lap, and in all haste went to unlace her.

Don Quixote that saw it, coming near them, said, 'Now I know from whence these fits proceed.'

'I know not from whence,' said her friend, 'for Altisidora is the healthiest damsel in all this house, and I never perceived so much as a sigh from her since I have known her: a mischief on all knights-errant in the world, if all be so ungrateful. Pray, Signior Don Quixote, get you gone; for as long as you are here this poor wench will not come to herself.'

To which said Don Quixote, 'Get me, mistress, a lute into my chamber soon at night, and I'll comfort this afflicted damsel as well as I can; for in amorous beginnings plain dealing is the most approved remedy.' So he went away, because they that passed by should not note or observe him.

He was no sooner gone when the dismayed Altisidora, coming to herself, said to her companion, 'By all means let him have the lute, for undoubtedly Don Quixote will give us music; and being his, it cannot be bad.'

Straight they went to let the duchess know what passed,



Don Quixote Bursts into Song

ALTISIDORA ANSWERED

and of the lute that Don Quixote required; and she, jocund above measure, plotted with the duke and her damsels to play a trick with him that should be more pleasant than hurtful; and so with much longing they expected till it should be night, which came on speedily as the day had done; which the dukes passed in savoury discourse with Don Quixote: and that day the duchess indeed despatched a page of hers, that in the wood acted the enchanted Dulcinea's part, to Teresa Panza, with her husband Sancho's letter, and with the bundle of stuff that he had left to be sent her, charging him to bring her a true relation of all that he passed with her.

This done, and it growing towards eleven of the clock at night, Don Quixote found a viol in his chamber: he tuned it, opened the window, and heard people walk in the garden; and having run over the frets of the viol, and ordering it as well as he could, he spit and cleared his breast, and straight with a voice somewhat hoarsish, though tunable, he sung the ensuing romance, which the same day he had composed:

'The powerful force of love
Oft doth unhinge the soul,
Taking for his instrument
Ever careless idleness.

To use to sew and work,
And to be ever occupied,
Is the only antidote
'Gainst the poison of love's griefs.

Damsels that live retired,
With desire of marriage,
Honesty their portion is,
And the trumpet of their praise.

¹ These verses, and the former of *Altisidora*, are made to be scurvy on purpose by the author, fitting the occasions and the subjects, so he observes neither verse nor time.

DON QUIXOTE

They that knights-errant be,
They that in court do live,
Court the looser sort of maids,
And the honest make their wives.

Some loves are of the east,
Loves that are held with hostesses,
That straight set in the west,
End when the parting is.

The love that new-come is,
Come to-day, to-morrow parts,
Never leaves the images
In the souls imprinted well.

Picture upon picture drawn
Shows not well, nay, leaves no draught;
Where a former beauty is,
Second needs must lose the trick.

Painted, Dulcinea, I,
Del Toboso, so well have
In smooth tablet of my soul,
That there's nought can blot her out.

Constancy in lovers is
The part most to be esteem'd;
For which love doth miracles,
And doth raise us up aloft.'

Here Don Quixote ended his song, which was hearkened to by the duke, duchess, Altisidora, and almost all the folk of the castle; when suddenly, from the top of an open turret, there fell heavily down upon Don Quixote's window, by the letting down of a cord, a great sack of cats, with little low-bells tied at their tails, the noise of which was so great, and the mewling of the cats, that although the dukes were the inventors of the jest, yet they themselves were even affrighted, and Don Quixote was timorous and amazed: and such was his ill

THE CATS

luck, that two or three of the cats got in at the window of his cabin, and, leaping up and down on every side, it seemed to him that there were a legion of devils in his chamber. They put out the candles that were burning there, and now they sought how to get out. The rising and falling of the cord at which the low-bells were hanged ceased not; and the most of the people in the castle, that knew not the certainty of the business, were astonished.

Don Quixote got him on his legs, and, laying hold on his sword, began to thrust and slash at the window, crying out aloud, 'Avaunt, ye wicked enchanter! avaunt, ye haggish scum! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your wicked plots cannot prevail or have any power'; and, turning to the cats that were in his chamber, he struck many blows at them; they got to the iron window, and there got out: but one of them that saw himself so baited with Don Quixote's slashes, leapt upon his face, and with his nails and teeth laid hold on his nose with the paw. Don Quixote roared out as loud as he could; which when the duke and duchess heard, and considering what it might be, they run up in all haste to his chamber, and, opening it with a master key, they found the poor knight striving with all his might to uproot the cat from his face. They called for lights, and saw the unequal combat. The duke came to part the fray, and Don Quixote cried aloud, 'Let him alone, leave me hand to hand with this devil, this witch, this enchanter; for I'll make him know the difference betwixt me and him, and who Don Quixote de la Mancha is'; but the cat, careless of these threats, purred, and held fast.

But at length the duke unloosed him and flung him out of the window. Don Quixote's face was sifted over, and his nose

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was not very sound yet; he was very angry that they would not let him finish the battle, that was so long drawn out between him and that cursed enchanter. They made some oil of aparice to be brought, and Altisidora herself, with her fair hands, bound up the wounds; and, laying to the cloths, she told him in his ear, ‘All these mishaps befall thee, flinty knight, for the sin of thy hard-hearted obstinacy: and God grant that Sancho thy squire may forget to whip himself, that thy beloved Dulcinea may still be enchanted; neither mayst thou enjoy her, or come to her bed, at least while I live, that adore thee.’

To all this Don Quixote answered not a word, but fetched a deep sigh, and straight laid him down on his bed, thanking the dukes for their courtesy; not for that he was afraid of that cattish, low-belly, enchanting crew, but that he was persuaded of their good wills to come to relieve him.

The dukes left him to his rest, and went away sorrowful for the ill success of the jest: for they thought that adventure would not have lighted so heavily on Don Quixote, which cost him five days’ retirement and keeping his bed; where another adventure befel him more pleasing than the former, which the historian will not recount yet, because of repairing to Sancho Panza, that was very careful and conceited in his government.

CHAPTER XLVII

HOW SANCHO DEMEANED HIMSELF IN HIS GOVERNMENT

THE story tells us that Sancho, from the judgment-seat, was carried to a sumptuous palace, where in a great and spacious hall was spread a royal and plentiful table: the wind-music played, and four pages came in to minister water to him, which he used with much state. The wind-instruments ceased, and Sancho sat him down at the upper end of the table, because there was no other seat, nor no other napkin laid but that.

At his elbow there stood a certain personage, that after showed to be a physician, with a whalebone rod in his hand. Then they took off a rich white towel, which covered many sorts of fruits, and a great variety of several dishes of meats. One that seemed to be a kind of student said grace, and a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin; and another, that played the carver's part, set a dish of fruit before him; but he had no sooner eaten a bit when he with the rod touching the dish, it was very suddenly taken from before him; but the carver set another dish of meat before him. Sancho would have tasted of it; but before he could touch it he with the rod was at it, and a page set it away with as much celerity as the fruit; which when Sancho saw, he began to be in suspense, and, beholding

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all that were by, asked if that meat were to be eaten like your children's coral.'

To which he with the rod made answer, 'It must be eaten, sir governor,' quoth he, 'according to the use and custom of governors in other islands. I, sir, am a physician, and am stipended in this island to be so to the governors of it; and I am much more careful of their health than of my own, studying night and day, and weighing the complexion of the governor, that I may hit the better upon the curing him whensoever he falls sick: and the principal thing I do is to be present with him at meats, and to let him eat what I think fit for him, and to take away what I imagine may do him hurt or be naught for his stomach; and therefore I now commanded the dish of fruit to be taken away, because it is too moist; and the other dish, because it was too hot, and had much spice, that provoked thirst: and he that drinks much kills and consumes his humidum radicale, wherein life consists.'

'So that,' quoth Sancho, 'yon dish of partridges there roasted, and, in my opinion, well seasoned, will do me no hurt at all.'

To which said the physician, 'You shall not eat of them, sir, as long as I live.'

'Why so?' quoth Sancho.

The physician answered, 'Because Hippocrates our master, north-star and light of physic, says in an aphorism of his, "Omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima"; the meaning is, All surfeit is ill, but that of a partridge is worst of all.'

'If it beso,' quoth Sancho, 'pray see, master doctor, which of all these dishes will be most wholesome for me and do me least hurt, and let me eat of that, without banging of it with

¹ Only to be touched, but not swallowed.



Sancho Deprived of His Food.

SANCHO'S DINNER

your rod; for, in good sadness, I tell you plain, I am ready to die with hunger; and to deny me my victuals, in spite of master doctor, let him say what he will, is rather to take away my life than to increase it.'

'You say true, sir governor,' quoth the physician, 'and therefore my opinion is that you touch not those boiled conies nor that veal, for it is waterish meat: if it were roasted or powdered—but 'twere much about one.' Then quoth Sancho, 'That great dish that stands fuming there before me, methinks 'tis an olla podrida;' and by reason of the diversities of things it hath in it, I cannot but meet with something that will do me good.' 'Absit,' quoth the physician, 'far be such an ill thought from us,' quoth the physician; 'there is nothing in the world that worse nourisheth than an olla podrida, fit only for your prebends and rectors of colleges, or for your country marriages: let your governor's tables be without them, and let them be furnished with all prime dainties and quaintness; and the reason is, because always, and wheresoever, and by whomsoever, your simple medicines are in more request than your compounds; because in simples there can be no error, in compounds there are many, altering the quantity of things of which they are composed; but that that I know is fit for the governor to eat at present, to preserve his health, and corroborate it, is some hundred of little hollow wafers, and some pretty slice or two of quince marmalade, that may settle his stomach, and help his digestion.'

When Sancho heard this, he leaned himself to the back of his chair, and by fits now and then looked at the physician, and with a grave voice asked him his name, and where he had studied.

¹A pot of all kind of flesh sod together.

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To which he answered, 'My name, sir governor, is Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero. I was born in a town called Tirteafuera, which is between Caraguel and Almodovar del Campo, upon the right hand, and I took my degree of doctor in the University of Osuna.'

To which quoth Sancho, all inflamed with choler, 'Well, Master Doctor Pedro Rezio of Aguero, born at Tirteafuera, a town on the right hand as we go from Caraguel to Almodovar del Campo, graduated in Osuna, get you straight out of my sight, or I vow by the sun I'll get me a cudgel, and with bangs begin with you, and so forward, till I leave not a physician in all the island, at least such as I know to be ignorant; for your wise, prudent, and discreet physicians, I will hug them, and honour them as divine persons. I say again, Pedro Rezio, get you gone, or else I'll take the chair I sit upon and dash it upon your head, and let me be called in question for it when I give up my office; for I can discharge myself by saying that I did God service to kill such a physician, the commonwealth's hangman: and let me eat, or else take your government again; for an office that will not afford a man his victuals is not worth two beans.'

The doctor was in an uproar to see the governor so choleric, and would have gone out of the hall, but that at that instant a posting-horn sounded in the street, and the carver, peeping out of the window, turned back, saying, 'A post is come from my lord the duke, that brings some important despatch.' The post came straight in, sweating and amazed, and, drawing a packet out of his bosom, he delivered it to the governor. Sancho gave it to the steward, and bade him read the superscription, which was this: 'To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria; to his own hands, or to his

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secretary.' Which when Sancho heard, he said, 'Who is here my secretary?' and one that was by answered, 'I, sir; for I can write and read, for I am a Biscayner.' 'With that addition,' quoth Sancho, 'you may well be secretary to the emperor himself: open your packet, and let's hear the contents.'

The new-born secretary did so, and having viewed the contents, said that it was a business to be imparted in private. Sancho commanded those in the presence to withdraw, and only the steward and the carver to remain; and the rest, with the physician, went out, and presently the secretary read the letter following:

'I am given to understand, Signior Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine, and of that island, mean one of these nights to give it a furious assault. 'Twere fit you caused watch and ward to be kept, that they take you not unprovided. I know also, by faithful spies, that four persons have entered there (the island) disguised to kill you; for they stand much in awe of your abilities. Have a care to see who comes to speak to you, and eat of nothing that shall be presented unto you. I will be careful to send you aid, if you be in necessity; and in the rest I hope you will proceed as is expected from your understanding. From hence the 4th of August, at four of the clock in the morning.

YOUR FRIEND, THE DUKE.'

Sancho was astonished, and the standers-by seemed to be no otherwise; and, turning to the steward, he said, 'I'll tell you what is fit to be done, and that presently. Clap me Doctor Rezio into dungeon; for if anybody kill me, it is he, and with so vile and trivial a death as hunger.' 'Methinks, too,'

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said the carver, 'you should do well to eat nothing of all this meat upon the table; for this dinner was presented by nuns, and it is an old saying, "The nearer the church, the farther from God."' 'I grant ye so,' quoth Sancho; 'and therefore for the present give me only a piece of bread and some four pound of grapes; for in them there can be no poison, and indeed I cannot live without eating. For if we must provide ourselves for these wars that threaten us, 'twere fit to be well victualled; for the guts uphold the heart, and not the heart the guts. And you, secretary, answer my lord the duke: tell him that his commands shall be fulfilled most punctually; and commend me to the duchess, and say that I request her that she forget not to send my letter by a special messenger, and likewise the fardel to my wife Teresa Panza, and in it she shall do me a particular favour, and I will be careful to serve her to the uttermost of my power: and by the way you may clap in a commendation to my master, Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am thankful for his bread; and you, like a good secretary, and an honest Biscayner, may in the rest add what you will, or shall think fitting. And take away here, and yet leave me something to eat, and let these spies, these murderers and enchanterers, come upon me and my island, I'll deal with them well enough.'

And now a page came in, saying, 'Here's a husbandman, a suitor that would speak with your honour in a business of importance, as he says.' 'Tis a strange thing of these suitors,' quoth Sancho, 'is it possible they should be so foolish as not to perceive that these be not times for them to negotiate in? Be like, we that govern, we that are judges, are not men of flesh and blood! and is it not fit that we should ease ourselves, when necessity requires, except they think we should be made of

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marble? Verily, and in my conscience, if my government last, as I have a glimmering it will not, I'll lay one of these fellows up for it. Well, bid this honest fellow come in for this once; but see first that he be none of the spies or any of my murderers.' 'No, sir,' quoth the page, 'for he is a very dull soul to see to: either I know little, or he hath no more harm than a piece of good bread.' 'There's no fearing him,' said the steward, 'for we all are here.' 'Carver,' quoth Sancho, 'were it not possible, now that Doctor Rezio is not here, that I might eat a bit of some substantial meat, though 'twere but a crust and an onion?' 'To-night at supper,' quoth the carver, 'your dinner shall be amended, and your honour shall be satisfied.' 'God grant it,' quoth Sancho.

And now the husbandman came in, one of a very goodly presence, and that you might see a thousand miles off was a good hurtless soul. The first thing that he said was, 'Which is my lord the governor?' 'Who should it be,' quoth the secretary, 'but he that sits there in the chair?' 'I humble myself to his presence, then,' quoth the husbandman, and, kneeling on his knees, desired his hand to kiss. Sancho denied it, and commanded him to rise and to say what he would have. The husbandman did so, and said, 'I, sir, am a husbandman, born in Miguel Turra, a town some two leagues from Ciudad Real.' 'Here's another Tirteafuera,' quoth Sancho. 'Say on, brother; for, let me tell you, I know the place very well, and it is not far from my town.' 'The business, sir, is this,' quoth the husbandman: 'I, by God's blessing, and the full consent of the Catholic Roman Church, am married, have two sons that be students; the youngest studies to be bachelor, and the eldest to be master. I am a widower, for my wife died, or, to say trulier, a wicked physician killed her, that purged her when

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she was great with child, and if it had pleased God that she had been delivered, and it had been a son, I would have set him to study to have been doctor, that he might not have envied his brothers, the bachelor and master.'

'So that,' quoth Sancho, 'if your wife had not been dead, or if they had not killed her, you had not now been a widower?' 'No, sir, by no means,' quoth the husbandman. 'We are much the nearer,' quoth Sancho; 'forward, brother, 'tis time to sleep. Have you any more to say?'

'I say,' quoth the husbandman, 'that my son that was to be the bachelor fell in love in the same town with a maiden called Clara Perlerina, daughter to Andrew Perlerina, a rich farmer; and this name of Perlerina comes not to them by any offspring or descent, but that all of this race and name are palsyish, and, to better the name, they were called Perlerinas; and, indeed, the maid is as fair as an oriental pearl; and, looking upon her right side, she is like a flower in the field, but on her left, otherwise; for there she wants an eye, that flew out of her head with the smallpox; and though she have many holes left still in her face, many say, that love her well, that those are not holes, but graves where her lovers' souls are buried. She is so cleanly that, because she will not beray her face, she wears her nose, as you would say, tucked up, as if it fled from her mouth, and for all that, it becomes her passing well, for she hath a wide mouth, and were it not that she wanted ten or twelve teeth, and her grinders, she might pass, and set a mark for the well-favouredst to come to. For her lips, I say nothing, for they are so thin and delicate that if they did use to reel lips, they might make a skein of hers; but because they are of a more different colour than we see ordinarily in lips, they are miraculous, for they are jaspered with

THE HUSBANDMAN

blue and green, and berengena-coloured: and under correction, sir governor, since I paint out the parts of her that I mean to make my daughter so exactly, it is a sign I love her, and that I do not dislike her.'

'Paint what you will,' quoth Sancho, 'for I recreate myself with the painting; and if I had dined, there were no better dish of fruit to me than your picture.'

'I humbly thank you, sir, for that,' quoth the husbandman, 'but time will come that I may be thankful, if I be not now; and if I should paint out to you her gentleness, and the height of her body, 'twould admire you; but that cannot be, for she is crooked, her knees and her mouth meet, and, for all that, 'tis well seen that if she could stand upright she would touch the roof with her head; and long ere this she would have given her hand to my son to be his spouse, but that she cannot stretch it out, 'tis so knotted and crumpled up; for all that, her goodness and good shape appears in her long and guttered nails.'

'Tis very well,' quoth Sancho; 'and make account, brother, that now you have painted her from head to foot. What would you now? Come to the matter without fetches, or lanes, or digressions, or additions.'

'I would desire you,' quoth the husbandman, 'to give me a letter of favour to my brother by marriage, her father, to desire him to consent that this marriage may go forward, since our fortunes be equal and our births; for, to say true, sir governor, my son is possessed with the devil, and there's not a day passeth but the wicked spirits torment him, and once falling in the fire hath made his face as wrinkled as a piece of parchment, and his eyes are somewhat bleared and running, and he is as soft-conditioned as an angel; for if it were not for buffeting of himself, now and then, he were a very saint.'

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‘Will you anything else, honest friend?’ quoth Sancho. ‘One thing more,’ quoth he, ‘but that I do not tell it, but let it out; it shall not rot in my breast, speed how it will. I desire, sir, that you would give me three hundred or six hundred ducats to help my bachelor’s portion; I mean, to help him to furnish his house, for they will live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinencies of fathers-in-laws.’

‘Will you have anything else?’ quoth Sancho, ‘and be not abashed or ashamed to tell it.’ ‘No, truly,’ quoth the husbandman; and he had scarce said this when the governor, rising up, laid hold on the chair that he sat on, saying, ‘I vow to you, goodman splayfoot, unmannerly clown, if you go not straight and hide yourself out of my presence, I’ll break your head with this chair here, ye whoreson rascal, the devil’s painter! Comest thou at this time of day to ask me six hundred ducats? and where have I them, stinkard? and if I had them, why should I give them thee, sottish knave? What a pox care I for Miguel Turra, or all the lineage of the Perlerinas? Get thee out of my sight, or I swear by my lord the duke’s life, that I’ll do as I have said. Thou art not of Miguel Turra, but some crafty knave sent from hell to tempt me. Tell me, desperate man! ’tis not yet a day and a half since I came to the government, how wouldst thou have me have six hundred ducats?’

The carver made signs to the husbandman to get him out of the hall; who did so like a sheep-biter, and, to see to, very fearful, lest the governor should execute his choler on him, for the cunning knave very well knew what belonged to his part.

But leave we Sancho to his choler, and peace be in the quire, and return we to Don Quixote; for we left his face

THE WOUNDED KNIGHT

bound up and dressed, for his cattish wounds, of which he was not sound in eight days; in one of which this befel him that Cid Hamet promiseth to recount with all the punctuosity and truth that he usually doth in the most trivial matters of this history.



CHAPTER XLVIII

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE WITH DONNA RODRIGUEZ, THE DUCHESS'S WAITING-WOMAN; WITH OTHER SUCCESSES, WORTHY TO BE WRITTEN, AND HAD IN ETERNAL REMEMBRANCE

THE ill-wounded Don Quixote was exceeding musty and melancholy, with his face bound up, and scarred not by the hand of God, but by the nails of a cat (misfortunes annexed to knight-errantry). Six days passed ere he came abroad; in one of which, in a night, when he was awake, and watching, thinking upon his mishaps, and his being persecuted by Altisidora, he perceived that somebody opened his chamber door with a key, and straight he imagined that the enamoured

DONNA RODRIGUEZ

damsel came to set upon his honesty, and to put him to the hazard of foregoing his loyalty due to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. 'No,' said he, believing in his imagination, and this so loud that he might easily be heard, 'no beauty in the world shall make me leave her that is graved and stamped in the midst of my heart and in my innermost entrails; be thou, mistress mine, either transformed into an onion-like husband-woman, or into a nymph of the golden Tagus weaving webs made of silk and gold twist; be thou in Merlin's power, or in Montesinos his, where'er they will have thee; for wheresoever thou art, thou art mine; and wheresoever I am, I will be thine.' His speech ended and the door opened both together.

Up he stood upon the bed, wrapped from head to foot in a quilt of yellow satin, a woollen cap upon his head, his face and mustachoes bound up, his face for his scratches, his mustachoes because they should not dismay or fall down, in which posture he looked like the strangest apparition that can be imagined.

He nailed his very eyes upon the door; and whereas he thought to have seen the vanquished and pitiful Altisidora enter, he saw that it was a most reverend matron, with a long white gathered stole, so long that it did cover and bemantle her from head to foot; betwixt her left-hand fingers she had half a candle lighted, and with her right hand she shadowed herself, to keep the light from her eyes, which were hid with a great pair of spectacles; she came treading softly, and moving her feet gently.

Don Quixote from his watch-tower beheld her, and when he saw her furniture, and noted her silence, he thought it had been some hag or magician, which came in that shape to do him some shrewd turn, and he began apace to bless himself.

The vision came somewhat nearer, but being in the midst

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of the chamber, she lifted up her eyes, and saw with what haste Don Quixote was crossing himself; and, if he were afraid to see such a shape, she was no less affrighted with his, for seeing him so lank and yellow in the quilt, and with the bands that disfigured him, she cried out, saying, 'Jesus, what's this?' and, with the sudden fright, the candle dropped out of her hand, and being in the dark, she turned her back to be gone, but, for fear, stumbled upon her coats, and had a sound fall.

Don Quixote, timorous, began to say, 'I conjure thee, Apparition, or whatsoe'er thou art, to tell me who thou art, and what thou wilt have with me. If thou be'st a soul in purgatory, tell me, and I will do what I am able for thee; for I am a Catholic Christian, and love to do good to all the world; for for this cause I took upon me the order of knight-errant, which I profess, whose practice extends even to do good to the souls in purgatory.'

The broken matron, that heard herself thus conjured, by her fear guessed at Don Quixote's, and, with a low and pitiful voice, she answered him, 'Signior Don Quixote (if you be he I mean), I am no apparition, nor vision, nor soul of purgatory, as you have thought; but Donna Rodriguez, my lady the duchess's honoured matron, that come to you with a case of necessity of those that you usually give redress to.'

'Tell me, Donna Rodriguez,' quoth Don Quixote, 'come you happily about some piece of brokage? For let me tell you, if you do, there's no good to be done with me for anybody, thanks to the peerless beauty of my mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. So that, let me tell you, Donna Rodriguez, setting aside all amorous messages, you may go light your candle again, and return, and impart what you will command me, and anything you please, excepting, I say, all kind of inciting niceties.'



Don Quixote Surprised by Donna Rodriguez.

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‘I, sir, messages from anybody? You know not me, i’ faith; I am not so stale yet that I should fall to those trifles; for, God be praised, I have life and flesh, and all my teeth and my grinders in my mouth, except some few, that the catarrhs which are so common in this country of Aragon have usurped on. But stay a little, sir; I’ll go out and light my candle, and I’ll come in an instant, and relate my griefs to you as to the redresser of all such-like in the world.’

And so, without staying for an answer, she left the room, where Don Quixote remained still and pensative, expecting her; but straight a thousand imaginations came into his mind, touching this new adventure, and he thought it would be very ill done, or worse imagined, to endanger the breach of his vowed loyalty to his mistress, and said to himself, ‘Who knows whether the devil, that is so subtle and crafty, may deceive me now with this matron? which he hath not been able to do with empresses, queens, duchesses, marquesses; and I have heard say often, by many well-experienced men, that he will rather make a man sin with a foul than a fair one; and who knows whether this privacy, this opportunity and silence, may not awake my desires now sleeping, and that now in my old age I may fall, where I never stumbled? in such-like chances ’tis better fly than try the combat. But sure I am out of my wits, since I talk thus idly; and sure it is not possible that a white-stoled, lank, spectacled matron should move or stir up a lascivious thought in the ungodliest breast in the world. Is there any matron in the world that hath soft flesh? Is there any that is not foolish, nice, and coy? Avaunt, then, you matronly troops, unprofitable for man’s delight! How well did that lady, of whom it was observed that she had two matrons statueways of wood, with their spectacles and pin-pillows, at

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the end of her seat of state, as if they had been at work! and those statues served as well to authorise her room as if they had been real matrons.'

And this said, he flung from the bed to have shut the door and not have let Mistress Rodriguez come in; but, as he was going to do it, she was come back with her candle lighted of white wax; and when she saw Don Quixote near her, wrapped in his quilt, his bands, his woollen cap, and a thick cloth about his neck, she began to fear again; and, stepping two or three steps backward, she asked, 'Am I safe, sir knight? For I hold it not a very honest sign that you are up from your bed.' 'Twere fit I asked that question of you,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and therefore let me know whether I shall be free from ravishing?' 'By whom?' quoth she. 'By you,' said Don Quixote; 'for neither am I of marble or you of brass; neither is it now ten a-clock at day-time, but mid-night and something more, as I think; and we are in a more secret and close couch than the cave in which the bold, traitorous Aeneas enjoyed the fair and pitying Dido; but give me your hand, mistress, and I'll have no other assurance than mine own continency and wariness'; and in saying this, he kissed her right hand, and she laid hold of his, which she gave him with the same solemnity.

Here Cid Hamet makes a parenthesis, and earnestly protesteth he would have given the best coat he had to have seen them both go so joined and linked from the chamber door to the bed.

In fine, Don Quixote went to his bed, and Donna Rodriguez sat down in a chair a pretty way from it, without taking off her spectacles or setting down the candle. Don Quixote crowded up together, and covered himself all over, leaving nothing but his face uncovered; so both of them being quiet, the first that

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broke off their silence was Don Quixote, saying, 'Now Mistress Rodriguez, you may unrip yourself, and dismaw all that you have in your troubled heart and grieved entrails, which shall be heard by my chaste ears, and relieved with my pious works.'

'I believe no less,' said the matron, 'for from your gentle and pleasing presence there could not be but a Christian answer expected. Thus, then, it is, Signior Don Quixote, that though you see me set in this chair, and in the midst of the kingdom of Aragon, in the habit of a poor and waybeaten matron, I was born in the Asturias¹ and kingdom of Oviedo, and of a lineage allied to the best of that province; but my hard fortune, and my father's lavishing, that grew to be a beggar before his time, God knows how, brought me to the court at Madrid, where very quietly, and to avoid other inconveniences, my friends placed me to serve as a chambermaid to a worthy lady; and, though I say it, that for white-work, hemming and stitching, I was never yet put down in all my life. My friends left me at service, and returned homeward, and not long after went, in likelihood, to heaven, for they were wonderful good Catholic Christians; thus was I an orphan, and stinted to the miserable wages and hard allowance that at court is given to such kind of servants; and at that time, I not giving any occasion thereto, a squire of the house fell in love with me, somewhat an elderly man, big-bearded and personable, and above all, as good a gentleman as the king; for he was of the mountains. We kept not our loves so close but that they came to my lady's ears, who, without any more ado, with full consent of our Holy Mother the Catholic Roman Church, caused us to be married; by which matrimony, to end my good fortune, if I

¹ A barren mountainous country in Spain, like our Wales.

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had any, I had a daughter,—if I had any, I say, it was ended; not that I died of childbed, for I miscarried not, but that my husband not long after died of a fright he had, and had I time now to tell you of it, 'twould admire you'; and with this, she began to weep most tenderly, and said, 'Pardon me, Signior Don Quixote, for I cannot do withal; as often as I remember my unfortunate husband the tears trickle down mine eyes. Lord God! and how stately he would carry my lady behind him, upon a lusty black mule, as black as jet; for then they used no coaches nor hand-chairs, as now they say they do, and then gentlewomen rode behind their squires; and I cannot but tell you this tale, that you may see the punctualness and good manners of my husband.

'As he was going in at St. Jaques' Street in Madrid, which was somewhat narrow, a judge of the court, with two sergeants before him, was coming out; and as soon as my honest squire saw him, he turned his mule's reins, making show as if he would wait upon him. My lady, that rode behind, asked him softly, "What dost thou, knave? Dost not see that I am here?" The judge very mannerly laid hold on his rein, and said, "Keep your way, sir, for it were fitter for me to wait upon my lady Casilda," for that was my lady's name. Yet still my husband was earnest, with his cap in his hand, and would have waited on the judge; which when my lady saw, full of wrath and anger, she pulled out a great pin, or rather, as I believe, a little bodkin out of her estoises, and thrust him into the rump; inso-much that my husband cried out, and, wriggling his body, my lady and he came to the ground together.

'Two of her lackeys came to raise her, and the judge and the sergeants likewise; the gate of Guadalaxara was in an uproar, I mean the idle people up and down there.

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‘My lady was fain to walk on foot, and my husband got him to a barber’s house, saying that he was run quite thorough and thorough. This mannerliness of my husband’s was bruited up and down, insomuch that the very boys in the streets mocked him; so that for this, and because, too, he was somewhat purblind, my lady the duchess turned him away; for grief of which, I verily believe, he died, and I remained widow and succourless, with a child to boot, that went on increasing in beauty like the foam of the sea.

‘Finally, for as much as I had the report of an excellent sempstress, my lady the duchess, that was newly married to my lord the duke, would needs bring me with her here to this kingdom of Aragon together with my daughter, where in process of time she grew up, and with her all the prettiness that could be; she sings like a lark; she danceth in company as quick as thought, and alone like a castaway; she writes and reads like a schoolmaster, and casts account like a usurer; for her cleanliness I say nothing, the water that runs is not clearer; and she is now, if I forget not, about sixteen years old, five months, and three days, one or two more or less. In fine, a rich farmer’s son fell in love with my daughter, one that liveth in one of my lord the duke’s villages, not far from hence; in effect, I know not how, but they met, and under colour of marriage he mocked my daughter, and will not keep his promise; and though the duke know it, for I have complained to him often of it, and beseeched him to command the young farmer to marry my daughter, but he hath a tradesman’s ears, and will not hear me: the reason is, because the cozening knave’s father is rich, and lends him money, and lets him have credit every foot to go on with his juggling, and will by no means discontent or trouble him.

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‘I beseech you, sir, therefore, to take upon you the redressing of this wrong, either by entreaties or by force; since, as all the world says, you were born to right wrongs and protect the needy. Consider that my daughter is an orphan; consider her gentleness, her youth, and all the good parts that I have told you of; for in my soul and conscience, amongst all the damsels that my lady hath, there is none worthy to untie her shoe; and one of them they call Altisidora, which is the lustiest and gallantest, in comparison of my daughter, is nobody. For let me tell you, sir, all is not gold that glisters; for this Altisidora is more bold than beauteous, more gamesome than retired; besides, she is not very sound, for she hath a certain breath that annoys, and you cannot endure her to stand by you a moment; and my lady the duchess, too—but mum, they say walls have ears.’

‘What ails my lady duchess, by your life, Mistress Rodriguez?’ quoth Don Quixote.

‘By that,’ said she, ‘I cannot but answer you with all truth. Do you mark, sir,’ quoth she, ‘that beauty of my lady’s, that smoothness of her face that is like a polished sword, those two cheeks of milk and vermilion, in one of which she hath the sun, in the other the moon, and that state with which she goes, trampling and despising the ground, as if she went dealing of health up and down? Know, sir, that first she may thank God for it; and next, two issues that she hath in both her legs, at which all the ill humour is let out, of which physicians say she is full.’

‘Saint Mary,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘and is it possible that my lady the duchess hath such outlets? I should not have believed it if barefoot friars had told me so; but since Donna Rodriguez tells me, it is so; but from such issues, and such

DONNA RODRIGUEZ

places, no ill humour, but liquid amber, is distilled. I now verily believe that this making of issues is a thing very necessary for the health.'

Scarce had Don Quixote ended this speech when at one pluck the chamber door was opened, and with the sudden fright Donna Rodriguez's candle fell out of her hand, and the room was as dark as pitch. Straight the matron felt that they had laid hands upon her throat so hard that they gave her no time to yawl; and one of them, very quickly lifting up her coats, with a slipper, in likelihood, began to give her so many jerks that 'twas pity; and though Don Quixote had some compassion on her, yet he stirred not from his bed, and knew not what might be the matter; quiet was he, and silent, fearing lest the whipping-task and tawing might light upon him: and his fear was not needless; for when the silent executioners had left the matron well curried, who durst not cry out, they came to Don Quixote, and, unwrapping him from the sheet and the quilt, they pinched him so hard and so often that he could but go to buffets to defend himself; and all this passed in admirable silence. The combat lasted some half an hour, the apparitions vanished; Donna Rodriguez tucked up her coats, and, bewailing her mishap, got her out of the door, not speaking a word to Don Quixote, who, heavy and all-to-bepinched, sad and pensative, remained alone, where we will leave him desirous to know who was the perverse enchanter that had so dressed him; but that shall be told in due time. For Sancho Panza calls us, and the decorum of this history.



CHAPTER XLIX

WHAT HAPPENED TO SANCHO IN WALKING THE ROUND
IN HIS ISLAND

WE left the famous governor moody and angry with the knavish husbandman-painter, who, instructed by the steward, and the steward by the duke, all made sport with Sancho; but he held them all tack, though a fool, a dullard, and a block, and said to those about him, and to Doctor Pedro Rezio—for as soon as he had ended the secret of the duke's letter he came into the hall again—

SANCHO'S TROUBLES

‘Certainly,’ said he, ‘I think now judges and governors had need be made of brass, that they may have no feeling of the importunities of suitors, that would that at all hours and all times they should give them audience and despatch them, intending only their business, let them have never so much of their own; and if the poor judge hear them not, or despatch them not, either because he cannot, or because they come not in a fit time to have audience, straight they backbite and curse him, gnaw his bones, and unbury his ancestors. O foolish suitor, and idle! make not such haste, stay for a fit season and conjuncture to negotiate in; come not at dinner-time or bed-time, for judges are flesh and blood, and must satisfy nature, except it be I, that give myself nothing to eat, thanks to Master Doctor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera here present, that would have me die for hunger, and yet stands in it that this death is life: such a life God grant him and all of his profession! I mean such ill physicians, for the good deserve laurel and palm.’

All that knew Sancho admired him when they heard him speak so elegantly, and knew not to what they should attribute it, except it were that offices and great charges do either season the understanding or altogether dull it. Finally, the Doctor Pedro Rezio Aguero de Tirteafuera promised him he should sup that night, though he exceeded all Hippocrates his aphorisms.

With this the governor was well pleased, and very greedily expected the coming of the night and suppertime; and though time, as he thought, stood still, not moving a jot from his place, yet at length it came, so longed for by him, and he had to supper a cold mince-meat of beef and onions, with a calves-foot somewhat stale, and fell to as contentedly as if they had given him a goodwit of Milan, or a pheasant of Rome, or veal of

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Sorrentum, or partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavaxos; and in the midst of his supper he turned to the doctor and said, 'Look ye, master doctor, henceforward never care to give me dainties or exquisite meats to eat; for you will pluck my stomach quite off the hinges, which is used only to goat, beef, and bacon, pork, and turnips, and onions; and if you come to me with your court-dishes, they make my stomach squeamish, and many times I loath 'em. Carver, let it be your care to provide me a good olla podrida, and the more podrida it is, the better, and more savoury; and in your ollas you may boil and ballast in what you will, so it be victuals; and I will be mindful of you, and make you amends one day. And let no man play the fool with me; for either we are, or we are not. Let's be merry and wise; when the sun shines, he shines upon all: I'll govern this island without looking my due, or taking bribes; and therefore let all the world be watchful and look to their bolt, for I give 'em to understand there's rods in piss for them; and if they put me to it, they shall see wonders. Ay, ay, cover yourselves with honey, and you shall see the flies will eat you.'

'Truly, sir governor,' quoth the carver, 'you have reason in all you speak; and let me promise you, in the behalf of all the islanders of this island, that they will serve you with all diligence, love, and goodwill; for the sweet and mild kind of governing that hitherto in the beginning you have used makes them neither do nor speak aught that may redound to your contempt.'

'I believe it,' quoth Sancho, 'and they were very asses if they did or thought otherwise; and therefore let me say again, let there be a care had for the maintenance of my person and Dapple's, which is very important, and to the matter. And

SANCHO'S RESOLVES

so, when 'tis time to walk the round, let us go; for my purpose is to cleanse this island from all kind of filth, from vagamunds, lazy, and masterless persons: for know, friends, that slothful and idle people in a commonwealth are the same [with] drones in hives, that eat the honey which the labouring bees make. I purpose to cherish the husbandman, and to grant the gentlemen their pre-eminences, to reward the virtuous, and above all, to have religion in reverence, and to honour religious persons. What think ye of this, friends? Say I aught? or do I talk idly?'

'So well, sir,' said the steward, 'that I wonder to see that a man so without learning as you (for I think you cannot skill of a letter) should speak such sentences and instructions, so contrary to what was expected from your wit by all that sent you, and by all us that came with you. Every day we see novelties in the world; jests turned to earnest, and those that mock are mocked at.'

Well, it was night, and the governor supped with Master Doctor Rezio's licence. They made ready to walk the round; the steward, the secretary, and carver went with him, and the chroniclist, that was careful to keep a register of his actions, together with constables and notaries, so many that they might well make a reasonable squadron. Sancho went in the midst of them with his rod of justice, which was the only chief sight: and when they had walked some few streets of the town, they heard a noise of slashing; thither they made, and found that they were two men only that were together by the ears; who, seeing the justice coming, stood still, and one of them said, 'Here for God and the king! shall I be suffered to be robbed in the midst of a town, and that the midst of the streets be made the highway?'

D O N Q U I X O T E

'Softly, honest friend,' quoth Sancho, 'and tell me what's the reason of this fray, for I am the governor.'

The other, his contrary, said, 'Sir governor, I'll tell you briefly the matter. You shall understand, sir, that this gentleman, even now at a gaming house here over the way, got a thousand ryals (God knows by what tricks), and I being present, judged many a doubtful cast on his side, contrary to what my conscience told me: he came away a winner, and when I thought he would have given me a pistolet at least for recompense, according to the use and custom¹ of giving to men of my fashion, which stand by upon all occasions to order differences and to take up quarrels, he pursed up his money, and got him out of the house: I came hastily after him, yet with courteous language entreated him to give me only a matter of four shillings, since he knew me to be a good fellow, and that I had no other kind of trade or living; for my friends brought me up to nothing, nor left me nothing; and this cunning scab, no more thief than Cacus, nor less cheater than Andradilla,² would give me but two shillings: so you may see, sir governor, how shameless and void of conscience he is. But i' faith, if you had not come, I would have made him vomit out his winning, and he should have known how many pounds he had had in the scale.'

'What say you to this?' quoth Sancho. And the other answered that true it was which his contrary had said, that he would give him but two shillings, because he had often before given him; and they that expect what shall be given them in courtesy must be mannerly, and take anything that is given

¹*Barato* signifies originally cheap, but amongst gamesters '*dar barato*' is when a gamester, by way of courtesy, gives something to a stander-by: and this in Spain is so frequent that, from the king to the beggar, all both give and take this *barato*.

² Some famous cheater in Spain.



Sancho Comes Upon the Brawlers.

THE NIGHT-ROUND

them in good part, without standing upon terms with the winner, except they knew him to be a cheater, and that his money was unlawfully gotten; and that it might be seen that he for his part was honest, and not a thief, as the other said, there was no greater sign than his giving so little, for your cheaters are always large tributaries to the lookers-on that know them.

‘He says true,’ quoth the steward; ‘and therefore what is your pleasure, sir, to do with these men?’

‘Marry, thus,’ quoth Sancho: ‘you, sir, that have won, honest, or knave, or indifferent, give your hackster here presently a hundred ryals; besides, you shall disburse thirty more for the poor of the prison. And you, sir, that have neither trade or living, and live oddly in this island, take your hundred ryals, and by to-morrow get you out of the island; and I banish you for ten years, on pain that, if you break this order, you accomplish it in another life, by being hanged upon a gibbet by me, or, at least, by the hangman by my command.’

The one disbursed, and the other received; this went out of the island, and that home to his house; and the governor that remained said, ‘Well, it shall cost me a fall, but I will put down these gaming-houses; for I have a kind of glimpse that they are very prejudicial.’

‘This at least,’ quoth one of the notaries, ‘you cannot remove, because it belongs to a man of quality, and he loseth a great deal more at the year’s end than he gets by his cards. Against other petty gamesters you may show your authority; for they do more mischief, and conceal more abuses, than gentlemen of quality’s houses, where your famous cheaters dare not use their sleights. And since the vice of play hath turned to so common a practice, ’tis better to suffer it in houses of

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fashion than in poor men's, where they catch a poor snake, and from midnight till morning flay him quick.'

'Well, notary,' quoth Sancho, 'there's much to be said in this case.'

And now one of the sergeants' yeomen came with a youth which he had laid fast hold on, and said, 'Sir, this youth came towards us, and as he had a glimpse of the justice, he turned his back and began to scud away like a deer—a sign he is some delinquent. I ran after him, and had it not been that he stumbled and fell, I had never overtaken him.'

'Why rann'st thou, fellow?' quoth Sancho. To which the young man answered, 'Sir, to avoid the many questions that your constables use to ask.' 'What trade are you of?' 'A weaver,' said he. 'And what weave you?' 'Iron pegs for lances, with your worship's good leave.' 'You are a pleasant companion, sir, and you presume to play the jester; 'tis very well. And whither went ye now?' 'To take the air, sir.' 'And where in this island would you have taken the air?' 'Where it blows.' 'Good, you answer to the purpose, youth. Make account, then, that I am the air, and that I blow astern on you, and steer you to the prison. Go to, lay hold on him, carry him, for to-night I'll make him sleep without air in the prison.' 'I protest,' quoth the youth, 'you shall as soon make me king as make me sleep this night in prison.' 'Why,' quoth Sancho, 'have not I power to apprehend thee and free thee when I please?' 'For all your power,' said the youth, 'you shall not make me sleep this night in prison.' 'No? you shall see,' quoth Sancho. 'Carry him presently where he shall see his error; and, lest the gaoler should for a bribe befriend him, I'll lay a penalty of two thousand crowns upon him, if he let thee stir a foot out of the prison.' 'All this is needless,' said the youth:

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‘the business is, all the world shall not make me sleep this night in prison.’ ‘Tell me, fiend,’ quoth Sancho, ‘hast thou some angel to free thee, or take thy shackles off that I mean to have clapped on thee?’ ‘Well, sir,’ quoth the youth, very pleasantly, ‘let’s come to reason, and to the matter. Suppose you command me to be carried to prison, and that I have shackles and chains put upon me, and that I be put into a dungeon, and that there be extraordinary penalties inflicted upon the gaoler if he let me out; for all that, if I mean not to sleep, or to join my eyelids together all night, can you with all your authority make me sleep against my will?’ ‘No, indeed,’ said the secretary; ‘the fellow is in the right.’ ‘So that,’ quoth Sancho, ‘your forbearing to sleep is only to have your own will, but not to contradict mine.’ ‘No otherwise, sir,’ quoth the youth, ‘not so much as in thought.’

‘Well, God be with you,’ quoth Sancho. ‘Get you home to bed, and God send you good rest; I mean not to disturb you. But let me advise you that henceforward you be not so conceited with the justice; for you may meet with one that will clap your wit to your noddle.’

The young man went his way, and the governor went on with his rounding; and a while after there came two yeomen with a man in hold, and said, ‘Sir, here’s one that seems to be a man, but is none, but a woman, and not ill-favoured, clad in a man’s habit.’ Then they set two or three lanthorns to his face, and perceived a woman’s face, to look to, of about sixteen years of age; her hair plaited up with a caul of gold and green silk, as fair as a thousand pearls. They beheld her all over, and saw that she had on her a pair of carnation silk stockings, and white taffeta garters fringed with gold and embroidered with pearl; her long breeches were of cloth of gold, and the

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groundwork green, with a loose cassock or jerkin of the same, opened on both sides, under which she had also a doublet of cloth of gold, the ground white; her shoes were white men's shoes; she had no sword, but a very fair hatched dagger, with many rings upon her fingers.

Finally, she pleased them all very well, but none of them knew her. The inhabitants of the place said they could not guess who she should be; and they that were the contrivers of the tricks against Sancho were those that most seemed to admire, because that accident and chance was not purposed by them; so they were in suspense to see what would be the issue of it.

Sancho was amazed at the maiden's beauty, and he asked her who she was, whither she would, and what occasion had moved her to clad herself in that habit. She, with her eyes fixed upon the earth, most shamefacedly answered, 'Sir, I cannot tell you in public what concerns me so much to be kept secret; only this let me tell you, I am no thief nor malefactor, but an unhappy maid, forced by some jealousies to break the decorum due to my honesty'; which when the steward heard, he said to Sancho, 'Sir, command the company aside, that this gentlewoman may tell her tale without being abashed.'

The governor gave his command, and all of them went aside but the steward, the carver, and secretary. Being thus private, the maid proceeded, saying, 'I, sirs, am daughter to Pedro Perez Mazonca, farmer of this town's wools, that often useth to go and come to my father's house.' 'There's no likelihood in this, gentlewoman,' quoth the steward; 'for I know Pedro Perez very well, and know that he hath never a child, neither male nor female; besides, you say he is your father, and by and by you add that he useth to go often to your

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father's house.' 'I thought upon that too,' quoth Sancho. 'Why, alas!' quoth she; 'I am so frightened that I know not what I say; but true it is that I am daughter to Diego de la Liana, whom, I believe, you all know.' 'This may be,' said the steward, 'for I know Diego de la Liana to be an honest and a wealthy gentleman, and that he hath a son and a daughter; and since he hath been a widower there's none in this town can say he hath seen his daughter's face; for he keeps her so close that he scarce gives the sun leave to look on her; and, for all that, fame says she is wondrous fair.'

'Tis true,' quoth the maid, 'and I am that daughter, whether fame lie or no: concerning my beauty, now you are satisfied, since you have beheld me'; and with this she began to weep tenderly; which when the secretary saw, he whispered the carver in the ear, and told him, 'Doubtless, some matter of consequence hath befallen this poor virgin, since in this habit, and at this time of night, being so well-born, she is from her home.' 'There's no doubt of that,' quoth the carver, 'for her tears too confirm the suspicion.'

Sancho comforted her the best he could, and bade her, without fear, tell what had befallen her, for that all of them would strive to give her remedy with all possible diligence.

'The business, sirs,' quoth she, 'is this: my father hath kept me close these ten years; for so long it is since my mother died. In the house we have a chapel, where mass is said, and I in all this time have seen nothing but the sun by day and the moon and stars by night, neither know I what streets or market-places or churches are, nor men, except my father, a brother of mine, and Pedro Perez the farmer, who because he useth to come ordinarily to our house, it came into my mind to say he was my father, because I would conceal the right. This keeping me

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close, and denying me to stir not so much as to the church, hath this good while discomfited me, and I had a desire to see the world, at least the town where I was born, as thinking this longing of mine was not against the decorum that maidens of my birth ought to observe. When I heard talk of bull-baitings, running with reeds, and representing comedies, I asked my brother, that is a year younger than I, what kind of things those were, and many others which I have not seen, and he told me as well as he could; but all was to inflame my desire the more to see. Finally, to shorten my misfortune, I entreated my brother—I would I had never done it!’ and then she renewed her tears.

Then said the steward, ‘On, gentlewoman, and make an end of telling us what hath befallen you; for you hold us all in suspense with your words and your tears.’

‘Few words have I to say,’ quoth she, ‘but many tears to weep; for they be the fruits of ill-placed desires.’

The maid’s beauty was now planted in the carver’s heart, and he held up his lanthorn again, to behold her afresh; and it seemed to him that she wept not tears, but seed-pearl, or morning dew; and he thought higher, that they were like oriental pearls; and his wish was that her misfortune might not be such as the shows of her moan and sighing might promise.

The governor was mad at the wench’s slowness and delaying her story, and bade her she should make an end and hold them no longer in suspense, for that it was late, and they had much of the town to walk. She, betwixt broken sobs and half-fetched sighs, said, ‘My misfortune is nothing else but that I desired my brother that he would clothe me in man’s apparel, in one of his suits, and that some night or other he would carry me to see the town, when my father should be asleep: he, im-

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portuned by my entreaties, condescended to my request; and, putting this suit on me, and he putting on another of mine, that fits him as if it were made for him,—for he hath never a hair upon his chin, and might be taken for a most beautiful maid,—this night, somewhat above an hour ago, we went abroad, and, rambling up and down, we have gone throughout the whole town; and, going homeward, we saw a great troop of people coming towards us, and my brother said, “Sister, this is the round; take you to your heels, and put wings to them, and follow me, that we be not known, for it will be ill for us”: and this said, he turned his back, and began, I say, not to run, but to fly. I within four or five steps fell down for fear, and then came this officer that brought me before you, where, for my vile longing, I am shamed before so many people.’

‘So that, gentlewoman,’ quoth Sancho, ‘no other mishap hath befallen you; neither was it jealousy, as you said in the beginning of your tale, that made you go abroad?’ ‘Nothing else,’ said she, ‘nor jealousies, but a desire to see the world, and which extended no further than to see this town’s streets’: and the coming now of two other yeomen with her brother confirmed this to be true, whom one of them overtook when he fled from his sister. He had nothing on but a rich kirtle, and a half mantle of blue damask, edged with a broad gold lace, his head without any kind of dressing or adornment than his own locks, which by reason of their colour and curling seemed to be rings of gold. Aside they went with the governor, the steward, and the carver; and not letting his sister hear, they asked why he came in that habit. And he, with the same shame-faced bashfulness, told the same tale that his sister had done; at which the enamoured carver was wonderfully pleased. But the governor said to them, ‘Truly, ho, this hath been a great

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childishness in you, and you needed not so many sighs and tears to tell such a piece of foolish boldness; for it had been enough if you had said, "We, such and such a one, went out of our father's house only for curiosity to walk up and down the town," and there had been an end, without your sighing and your whining, on God's name.'

'You say true, sir,' quoth the maid; 'but you may think that I was so troubled that I could not tell how to behave myself.'

'There's nothing lost,' quoth Sancho. 'Let's go, and we will leave you in your father's house; perhaps he will not have missed you: and from henceforward be not such children, nor so longing to see the world; for the honest maid [is] better at home with a bone broken than a-gadding; the woman and the hen are lost with stragglng: and let me tell you, too, she that desires to see hath a desire likewise to be seen, and I say no more.'

The youth thanked the governor for the favour he did them to let them go home; whither they went, for it was not far from thence.

Home they came; and the youth throwing a little stone at one of the iron windows, straight there came a maid-servant down, that sat up for them, and opened them the door; and in they went, leaving those without as well to admire her gentleness and beauty as the desire they had to see the world by night without stirring out of the town; but they attributed all to their slender age.

The carver's heart was struck through, and he purposed the next day to demand her of her father to wife, assuring himself he would not deny her him, because he was the duke's servant. Sancho, too, had a certain longing and inkling to marry the youth with his daughter Sanchica; and he determined to

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put the matter in practice betimes, as thinking that a governor's daughter was fit for any husband; and so the round was ended for that night: and some two days after, his government too, with which all his designs were lopped off and blotted out, as hereafter shall be said.



CHAPTER I

WHERE IS DECLARED WHO WERE THE ENCHANTERS AND EXECUTIONERS THAT WHIPPED THE MATRON, PINCHED AND SCRATCHED DON QUIXOTE, WITH THE SUCCESS THE PAGE HAD THAT CARRIED THE LETTER TO TERESA PANZA, SANCHO'S WIFE

CID HAMET, the most punctual searcher of the very motes of this true history, says that when Donna Rodriguez went out of her chamber to go to Don Quixote's lodging, another waiting-woman that lay with her perceived her; and as all of them have an itch to smell after novelties, she went after so softly that the good Rodriguez perceived it not;

TERESA PANZA

and as soon as the waiting-woman saw her go in to Don Quixote, that she might not be defective in the general custom of make-bates, she went presently to put this into the duchess's head, and so told her that Donna Rodriguez was in Don Quixote's chamber. The duchess told the duke, and asked his leave that she and Altisidora might go see what the matron would have with Don Quixote. The duke granted, and both of them very softly came close to Don Quixote's door, and so near that they heard all that was spoken within; and when the duchess heard that Rodriguez had set the Aranjuez of her springs a-running in the streets, she could not suffer it, nor Altisidora neither; so full of rage, and greedy to revenge, they entered the chamber suddenly, and stabbed Don Quixote with their nails, and banged the woman, as hath been related: for affronts that are directly done against beauty do awaken women's choler, and inflame in them a desire of revenge.

The duchess told the duke what had passed, which made him passing merry; and the duchess, proceeding with her intention of mirth and pastime with Don Quixote, despatched the page that played the enchanted Dulcinea's part (for Sancho had forgotten it, being busied in his government) to Teresa Panza with her husband's letter, and another from herself, and a chain of fair coral for a token.

The story, too, tells us that the page was very discreet and witty, and, with a desire to serve his lords, he went with a very good will to Sancho's town; and before he entered into it he saw a company of women washing in a brook, whom he asked if they could tell him if there lived in that town a woman whose name was Teresa Panza, wife to one Sancho Panza, esquire to a knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha; to which question a little girl that was washing there stood up and said, 'That

Teresa Panza is my mother, and that Sancho my father, and that knight our master.'

'Well, then, damosel,' quoth the page, 'come and bring me to your mother, for I bring her a letter and a present from your said father.'

'That I will with a very good will, sir,' said the wench, that seemed to be about some fourteen years of age, more or less; and leaving the clothes that she was washing to another companion of hers, without dressing her head, or putting on stockings and shoes (for she was barelegged, and with her hair about her ears), she leaped before the page's beast he rode on, and said, 'Come, sir, for our house is just as you come in at the town, and there you shall find my mother, with sorrow enough, because she hath not heard from my father this great while.'

'Well, I have so good news for her,' quoth he, 'that she may thank God for it.'

At length, leaping, running, and jumping, the girl got to the town, and before she came into the house she cried out aloud at the door, 'Come out, mother Teresa, come out, come out; for here's a gentleman hath letters and other things from my good father.' At which noise, Teresa Panza, her mother, came out, spinning a roll of flax, with a russet petticoat, and it seemed by the shortness of it that it had been cut off at the placket, and she had russet bodies of the same, and she was in her smock-sleeves. She was not very old, for she looked as if she had been about forty; but she was strong, tough, sinewy, and raw-boned; who, seeing her daughter, and the page a-horseback, said, 'What's the matter, child? What gentleman is this?' 'A servant of my Lady Teresa Panza's,' quoth the page; so doing and speaking, he flung himself from his horse, and with great humility went to prostrate himself before the Lady Teresa, say-

TERESA PANZA

ing, 'My Lady Teresa, give me your hands to kiss, as you are lawful and particular wife to my Lord Don Sancho Panza, proper governor of the island Barataria.'

'Ah, good sir, forbear, I pray, do not do so,' quoth Teresa, 'for I am no court-noll, but a poor husband-woman, a ploughman's daughter, and wife to a squire-errant, and not a governor.'

'You are,' quoth the page, 'a most worthy wife to an arch-worthy governor; and, for proof of what I say, I pray receive this letter and this token'; when instantly he plucked out of his pocket a coral-string, with the laced beads of gold, and put it about her neck and said, 'This letter is from the governor, and another that I bring; and these corals are from my lady the duchess that sends me to you.'

Teresa was amazed, and her daughter also; and the wench said, 'Hang me, if our master Don Quixote have not a hand in this business, and he it is that hath given my father this government or earldom, that he so often promised him.'

'You say true,' quoth the page, 'for, for Signior Don Quixote's sake, Signior Sancho Panza is now governor of the island Barataria, as you shall see by this letter.'

'Read it, gentle sir,' said Teresa; 'for, though I can spin, I cannot read a jot.' 'Nor I neither,' added Sanchica; 'but stay a little, and I'll call one that shall, either the vicar himself, or the bachelor Samson Carrasco, who will both come hither, with all their hearts, to hear news of my father.'

'You need not call anybody,' said he; 'for, though I cannot spin, yet I can read, and therefore I will read it'; so he did throughout; which, because it was before related, it is not now set down here; and then he drew out the duchess's letter, which was as followeth:

D O N Q U I X O T E

‘FRIEND TERESA,—Your husband’s good parts of his wit and honesty moved and obliged me to request the duke my husband to give him the government of one of the many islands he hath. I have understood that he governs like a jer-falcon, for which I am very glad, and consequently my lord the duke; for which I render Heaven many thanks, in that I have not been deceived in making choice of him for the said government; for let me tell Mistress Teresa, it is a very difficult thing to find a good governor in the world, and so God deal with me as Sancho governs. I have sent you, my beloved, a string of coral beads, with the tens of gold; I could wish they had been oriental pearls, but something is better than nothing: time will come that we may know and converse one with another, and God knows what will become of it.

‘Commend me to Sanchica your daughter, and bid her from me that she be in a readiness, for I mean to marry her highly when she least thinks of it.

‘They tell me that in your town there you have goodly acorns; I pray send me some two dozen of them, and I shall esteem them much as coming from you; and write me at large, that I may know of your health and well-being: and if you want aught, there is no more to be done but mouth it, and your mouth shall have full measure. So God keep you.—From this town, your loving friend,

‘THE DUCHESS.’

‘Lord!’ quoth Teresa, when she heard the letter, ‘what a good, plain, meek lady ’tis! God bury me with such ladies, and not with your stately ones that are used in this town, who think, because they are gentlefolks, the wind must not touch them: and they go so fantastically to church, as if they were queens at least, and they think it a disgrace to ’em to look upon

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a poor country-woman. But look ye, here's a good lady, that though she be a duchess, calls me friend, and useth me as if I were her equal: equal may I see her with the highest steeple in the Mancha! And concerning her acorns, signior mine, I will send her ladyship a whole peck, that everybody shall behold, and admire them for their bigness. And now, Sanchica, do thou see that this gentleman be welcome; set his horse up, and get some eggs out of the stable, and cut some bacon: he shall fare like a prince for the good news he hath brought us; and his good face deserves it all. In the meantime, I will go tell my neighbors of this good news, and to our father vicar, and Master Nicholas the barber, who have been, and still are, so much thy father's friends.'

'Yes, marry, will I,' quoth Sanchica: 'but hark you, you must give me half that string, for I do not think my lady duchess such a fool that she would send it all to her.'

'Tis all thine, daughter,' said Teresa; 'but let me wear it a few days about my neck, for verily it glads me to the heart.'

'You will be glad,' quoth the page, 'when you see the bundle that I have in my portmanteau, which is a garment of fine cloth, which the governor only wore one day a-hunting, which he hath sent to Mistress Sanchica.'

'Long may he live!' quoth Sanchica, 'and he that brings it too.'

Teresa went out with her chain about her neck, and played with her fingers upon her letters, as if they had been a timbrel; and meeting by chance with the vicar and Samson Carrasco, she began to dance, and to say, 'I' faith, now there is none poor of the kin; we have a little government; no, no! Now let the proudest gentlewoman of 'em all meddle with me, and I'll show her a new trick.'

DON QUIXOTE

‘What madness is this, Teresa Panza? and what papers are these?’

‘No madness,’ quoth she, ‘but these are letters from duchesses and governors, and these I wear about my neck are fine corals; the Ave-Maries and Paternosters are of beaten gold; and I am a governess.’

‘Now God shield us, Teresa, we understand you not, neither know we what you mean.’

‘There you may see,’ quoth Teresa, and gave ’em the letters.

The vicar reads them, that Samson Carrasco might hear; so he and the vicar looked one upon the other, wondering at what they had read; and the bachelor asked, ‘Who brought those letters?’ Teresa answered that they should go home with her and they should see the messenger, a young youth, as fair as a golden pine-apple, and that he brought her another present twice as good.

The vicar took the corals from her neck, and beheld them again and again, and, assuring himself that they were right, he began to wonder afresh, and said, ‘By my coat, I swear I know not what to say or think of these letters and tokens; for on the one side I see and touch the fineness of these corals, and on the other that a duchess sends to beg two dozen of acorns.’ ‘Come crack me this nut,’ quoth Carrasco. ‘Well, let us go see the bearer of this letter, and by him we will be informed of these doubts that are offered.’

They did so, and Teresa went back with them. They found the page sifting a little barley for his beast, and Sanchica cutting a rasher to pave it¹ with eggs for the page’s dinner, whose

¹ *Para empedarte*: a pretty metaphor, for in Spain they use to fry their collops and eggs all together, not as we do, first bacon, and then eggs, and therefore the author calls it paving.

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presence and attire much contented them both; and after they had courteously saluted him, and he them, Samson asked him for news as well of Don Quixote as Sancho; for though they had read Sancho and the lady duchess's letters, yet they were troubled, and could not guess what Sancho's government should mean, especially of an island, since all or the most that were in the Mediterranean Sea, belonged to his Majesty. To which the page answered, 'That Signior Sancho Panza is governor 'tis not to be doubted, but whether it be an island or no that he governs, I meddle not with it; 'tis enough that it is a place of above a thousand inhabitants. And concerning the acorns, let me tell you, my lady the duchess is so plain and humble that her sending for acorns to this country-woman is nothing. I have known when she hath sent to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours; and let me tell you, the ladies of Aragon, though they be as noble, yet they stand not so much upon their points, neither are so lofty, as your Castilians, and they are much plainer.

Whilst they were in the midst of this discourse, Sanchica came leaping with her lap full of eggs, and asked the page, 'Tell me, sir, doth my father wear paned hose since his being governor?' 'I never marked it,' quoth the page, 'but sure he doth.' 'O God,' quoth she, 'what a sight it would be to see my father in his linen hose first! How say you, that ever since I was born I have had a desire to see my father in paned hose?' 'With many of these you shall see him,' quoth the page, 'if you live. And I protest, if his government last him but two months longer, he will be likely to wear a cap with a beaver.'

The vicar and bachelor perceived very well that the page played the jack with them; but the goodness of the coral beads and the hunting-suit that Sancho sent made all straight again,

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for Teresa had showed them the apparel, and they could not but laugh at Sanchica's desire, and most, when Teresa said, 'Master vicar, pray will you hearken out if there be anybody that go toward Madrid or Toledo, that they may buy me a farthingale round and well made, just in the fashion, and of the best sort; for, in truth, in truth, I mean to credit my husband's government as much as I can; and if I be angry, I'll to court myself too, and have my coach as well as the best; for she that hath a governor to her husband may very well have it and maintain it.'

'And why not, mother?' quoth Sanchica, 'and the sooner the better, though those that see me set with my mother in the coach should say, "Look ye on Mistress Whacham, goodman garlic-eater's daughter, how she is set and stretched at ease in the coach, as if she were a Pope Joan"; but let them tread in the dirt, and let me go in my coach; a pox on all backbiters, the fox fares best when he is cursed. Say I well, mother mine?'

'Very well,' quoth she; 'and my good Sancho foretold me of all these blessings, and many more; and thou shalt see, daughter, I'll never rest till I am a countess, for all is but to begin well, and, as I have often heard thy good father say, who is likewise the father of proverbs, "Look not a given horse in the mouth; when a government is given thee, take it; when an earldom, grip it; and when they hist, hist' to thee with a reward, take it up." No, no, be careless, and answer not good fortune when she knocks at your doors.'

'And what care I,' quoth Sanchica, 'what he says that sees me stately and majestical? "There's a dog in a doubtlet," and such-like.'

† Hist, hist, as if it were the calling a dog, to give him meat.

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When the vicar heard all this, he said, 'I cannot believe but all the stock of the Panzas were born with a bushel of proverbs in their bellies; I never saw any of them that did not scatter 'em at all times, and upon all occasions.' 'You say true,' quoth the page, 'for Signior Sancho the governor speaks them every foot; and though many of them be nothing to the purpose, yet they delight, and my lady the duchess and the duke do much celebrate them.' 'That still you should affirm, sir, that this of Sancho's government is true, and that there can be any duchess in the world that sends him presents, and writes to him—for we, although we see them, and have read the letters, yet we cannot believe it, and we think that this is one of Don Quixote our countryman his inventions, who thinks that all are by way of enchantment; so that I am about to desire to feel and touch you, to see whether you be an airy ambassador or a man of flesh and blood.'

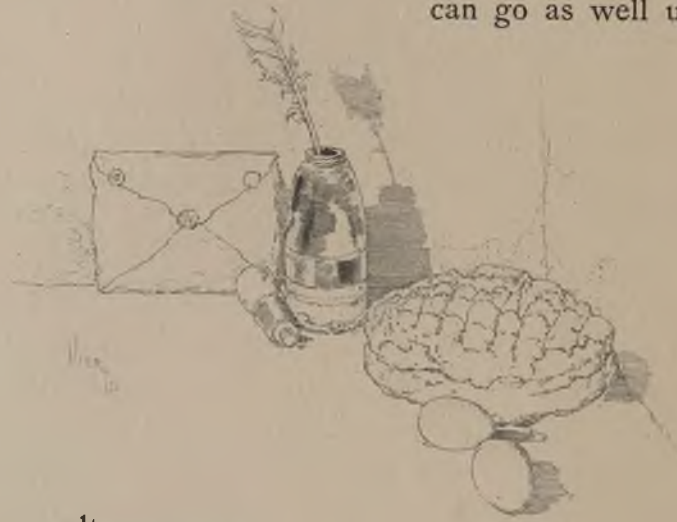
'Sir,' quoth the page, 'all I know of myself is that I am a real ambassador, and that Signior Sancho Panza is an effective governor, and that my lord the duke and duchess may give, and have given, the said government; and I have heard say that the said Sancho Panza demeans himself most robustiously in it. If in this there be any enchantment, you may dispute it amongst yourselves, for I know no more, by an oath I shall swear, which is, by the life of my parents, who are alive, and I love them very well.'

'It may very well be,' quoth the bachelor, 'but "dubitat Augustinus."' 'Doubt it whoso will,' quoth the page, 'I have told you the truth, which shall always prevail above lies, as the oil above the water; and if not "operibus credite et non verbis"; one of you go with me, and you shall see with your eyes what you will not believe with your ears.'

DON QUIXOTE

‘That journey will I go,’ quoth Sanchica: ‘you shall carry me, sir, at your horse’s crupper, and I’ll go with a very good will to see my father.’

‘Governor’s daughters,’ quoth he, ‘must not travel alone, but accompanied with caroches and horse-litters and good store of servants.’ ‘Marry,’ quoth Sanchica, ‘I can go as well upon a



young ass-colt as upon a coach; you have a dainty piece of me, no doubt.’

From Teresa Panza

‘Peace, wench,’ said Teresa; ‘thou knowest not what thou sayst; and this gentleman is in the right, the times are altered: when thy father was Sancho, then mightest thou be Sanchica, but now he is governor, madam; and I know not whether I have said aught.’

‘Mistress Teresa says more than she is aware of,’ quoth the page; ‘and now pray let me dine, and be quickly despatched, for I must return this afternoon.’ ‘Then,’ quoth the vicar, ‘you shall do penance with me to-day, for Mistress

TERESA PANZA

Teresa hath more good will than good cheer to welcome so good a guest.'

The page refused; but, for his better fare, he was forced to accept of the kindness, and the vicar carried him the more willingly that he might have time to ask at leisure after Don Quixote's exploits. The bachelor offered Teresa to write the answers of her letters, but she would not that he should deal in her affairs, for she held him to be a scoffer; and so she gave a little roll of bread and a couple of eggs to a little monk that could write, who wrote her two letters, one for her husband and the other for the duchess, framed by her own pate, and are not the worst in all this grand history, as you may see hereafter.



CHAPTER LI

OF SANCHO'S PROCEEDING IN HIS GOVERNMENT, WITH
OTHER SUCCESSES, AS GOOD AS TOUCH

THE day appeared after the governor's rounding-night, in which the carver slept not a whit, being busied in thinking upon the face, feature, and beauty of the disguised damsel; and the steward spent the remainder of it in writing to his lords Sancho Panza's words and actions, both which he equally admired; for both were mixed with certain appearances of discreet and fool.

The governor, in fine, was gotten up, and, by Doctor Pedro Rezio's appointment, he broke his fast with a little conserve

A N O T H E R J U D G M E N T

and some two or three spoonfuls of cold water, which Sancho would willingly have changed for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes; but, seeing there was no remedy, he passed it over, though with much grief of mind and weariness of stomach; for Pedro Rezio made him believe that few dishes, and those delicate, did quicken the wit, which was the only thing for persons that bore rule and weighty offices, where they must benefit themselves, not only with corporal force, but strength of understanding too.

With this sophistry Sancho was almost starved, so that in secret he cursed the government, and also him that gave it him; but yet, with his hunger and his conserve, he sat in judgment that day, and the first thing that came before him was a doubt that a stranger proposed unto him, the steward and the rest of the fraternity being present, and it was this:

‘Sir, a main river divided two parts of one lordship (I pray mark, for it is a case of great importance, and somewhat difficult), I say, then, that upon this river there was a bridge, and at the end of it a gallows, and a kind of judgment-hall, in which there were ordinarily four judges, that judged according to the law that the owner of the river, bridge, and lordship had established, which was this: if anyone be to pass from one side of this bridge to the other, he must first swear whither he goes, and what his business is: if he swear true, let him pass; if he lie, let him be hanged upon the gallows that shows there without remission. This law being divulged, and the rigorous condition of it, many passed by, and presently by their oaths it was seen whether they said true, and the judges let them pass freely. It fell out that they took one man’s oath, who swore and said that he went to be hanged upon that gallows, and for nothing else. The judges were at a stand, and

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said, "If we let this man pass, he lied in his oath, and according to the law he ought to die; and if we hang him, he swore he went to die upon the gallows, and having sworn truly, by the same law he ought to be free." It is now, sir governor, demanded of you, what should be done with this man, for the judges are doubtful and in suspense; and having had notice of your quick and elevated understanding, they sent me to you, to desire you, on their behalfs, to give your opinion in this intricate and doubtful case.'

To which quoth Sancho, 'Truly these judges that send you to me might have saved a labour; for I am one that have as much wit as a setting-dog; but, howsoever, repeat me you the business once again, that I may understand it, and perhaps I may hit the mark.'

The demandant repeated again and again what he had said before; and Sancho said, 'In my opinion it is instantly resolved, as thus: the man swears that he goes to die upon the gallows; and if he die so, he swore true, and so by the law deserves to pass free; and yet, if he be not hanged, he swore false, and by the same law he ought to be hanged.'

'Tis just as master governor hath said,' quoth the messenger; 'and concerning the understanding the case there is no more to be required or doubted.'

'I say, then,' quoth Sancho, 'that they let that part of the man pass that spoke truth, and that which told a lie let them hang it, and so the condition of the law shall be literally accomplished.'

'Why, sir,' said the demandant, 'then the man must be divided into two parts, lying and true; and if he be divided, he must needs die, and so there is nothing of the law fulfilled; and it is expressly needful that the law be kept.'

ANOTHER JUDGMENT

‘Come hither, honest fellow,’ quoth Sancho; ‘either I am a very leek, or this passenger you speak of hath the same reason to die as to live and pass the bridge; for if the truth save him, the lie condemns him equally; which being so as it is, I am of opinion that you tell the judges that sent you to me, that since the reasons to save or condemn him be in one rank, that they let him pass freely; for it is ever more praiseworthy to do good than to do ill: and this would I give under my hand, if I could write: and in this case I have not spoken from myself, but I remember one precept, amongst many others, that my master Don Quixote gave me the night before I came to be governor, which was, that when justice might be anything doubtful, I should leave, and apply myself to pity: and it hath pleased God I should remember it in this case, which hath fallen out pat.’

‘’Tis right,’ quoth the steward: ‘and sure, Lycurgus, law-giver to the Lacedemonians, could not have given a better sentence than that which the grand Sancho Panza hath given. And now this morning’s audience may end, and I will give order that the governor may dine plentifully.’ ‘That I desire,’ quoth Sancho, ‘and let’s have fair play. Let me dine, and then let cases and doubts rain upon me, and I’ll snuff them apace.’

The steward was as good as his word, holding it to be a matter of conscience to starve so discreet a governor: besides, his purpose was to make an end with him that night, performing the last jest which he had in commission towards him. It happened, then, that having eaten contrary to the prescriptions and orders of the Doctor Tirteafuera, when the cloth was taken away, there came in a post with a letter of Don Quixote’s to the governor. Sancho commanded the secretary to read it to himself, and that if there came no secret in it, he should read it

D O N Q U I X O T E

aloud. The secretary did so, and suddenly running of it over, said, 'It may well be read out, for this that Don Quixote writes to you deserves to be stamped and written in golden letters; and thus it is:

D O N Q U I X O T E ' S L E T T E R T O S A N C H O P A N Z A , G O V E R N O R O F T H E I S L A N D B A R A T A R I A

'When I thought, friend Sancho, to have heard news of thy negligence and folly, I heard it of thy discretion; for which I gave to God particular thanks. I hear thou governest as if thou wert a man, and that thou art a man as if thou wert a beast; such is thy humility thou usest. Yet let me note unto thee, that it is very necessary and convenient many times, for the authority of a place, to go against the humility of the heart: for the adornment of the person that is in eminent offices must be according to their greatness, and not according to the measure of the meek condition to which he is inclined. Go well clad, for a stake well dressed seems not to be so. I say not to thee that thou wear toys or gawdy gay things; not that being a judge, thou go like a soldier, but that thou adorn thyself with such a habit as thy place requires, so that it be handsome and neat.

'To get the good will of those thou governest, amongst others, thou must do two things: the one, to be courteous to all, which I have already told thee of; and the other, to see that there be plenty of sustenance, for there is nothing that doth more weary the hearts of the poor than hunger and dearth.

'Make not many statute-laws; and those thou dost make, see they be good, but chiefly that they be observed and kept; for statutes not kept are the same as if they were not made, and do rather show that the prince had wisdom and authority

DON QUIXOTE'S LETTER

to make them than valour to see that they should be kept. And laws that only threaten, and are not executed, become like the Beam, king of frogs, that at first scared them, but in time they despised, and got upon the top of it.

‘Be a father of virtue, but a father-in-law of vice.

‘Be not always cruel, nor always merciful: choose a mean betwixt these two extremes; for this is a point of discretion.

‘Visit the prisons, the shambles, and the markets; for in such places the governor's presence is of much importance.

‘Comfort the prisoners that hope to be quickly despatched.

‘Be a bull-beggar to the butchers, and a scarecrow to the huckster-women for the same reason.

‘Show not thyself (though perhaps thou art, which yet I believe not) covetous, or a whoremonger, or a glutton; for when the town, and those that converse with thee, know which way thou art inclined, there they will set upon thee, till they cast thee down headlong.

‘View and review, pass and repass thine eyes over the instructions I gave thee in writing before thou wentest from hence to thy government, and thou shalt see, how thou findest in them, if thou observe them, an allowance to help thee to bear and pass over the troubles that are incident to governors.

‘Write to thy lords, and show thyself thankful; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins that is: and he that is thankful to those that have done him good gives a testimony that he will be so to God too, that hath done him so much good, and daily doth continue it.

‘My lady duchess despatched a messenger a purpose with thy apparel and another present to thy wife Teresa Panza: every minute we expect an answer.

‘I have been somewhat ill at ease of late with a certain cat-

DON QUIXOTE

business that happened to me, not very good for my nose, but 'twas nothing; for if there be enchanters that misuse me, others there be that defend me. Let me know if the steward that is with thee had any hand in Trifaldi's actions, as thou suspectedst; and let me hear likewise of all that befalls thee, since the way is so short: besides, I think to leave this idle life ere long, for I was not born to it.

'Here is a business at present that I believe will bring me in disgrace with these nobles; but though it much concern me, I care not, for indeed I had rather comply with my profession than with their wills, according to the saying, "Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas." I write thee this Latin, because I think, since thy being governor, thou hast learnt to understand it. And so farewell, God keep thee, and send that no man pity thee.—Thy friend,

'DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.'

Sancho heard the letter very attentively; and those that heard it applauded it for a very discreet one; and presently Sancho rose from the table; and calling the secretary, locked him to him in his lodging chamber, and, without more delay, meant to answer his master Don Quixote; and therefore he bade the secretary, without adding or diminishing aught, to write what he would have him; which he did, and the letter in answer was of this ensuing tenor:

SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

'My business and employments are so great that I have not leisure either to scratch my head or pare my nails, which is the reason they are so long, God help me.

SANCHO'S ANSWER

‘This I say, dear signior mine, that you may not wonder that hitherto I have not given you notice of my well or ill being at this government; in which I am now more hungry than when you and I travelled in the woods and wilderness.

‘My lord the duke wrote me the other day, by way of advice, that there were certain spies entered the island to kill me, but hitherto I have discovered none, but a certain doctor who is entertained in this town to kill as many governors as come to it, and his name is Doctor Pedro Rezio, born in Tirteafuera, that you may see what a name this is for me to fear lest he kill me.

‘This aforesaid doctor says of himself that he cures not infirmities when they are in present being, but prevents them before they come: and the medicines he useth are diet upon diet, till he makes a man nothing but bare bones; as if leanness were not a greater sickness than a calenture.

‘Finally, he hath even starved me, and I am ready to die for anger: for when I thought to have come to this island to eat good warm things, and to drink cool, and to recreate my body in Holland sheets and feather-beds, I am forced to do penance, as if I were an hermit; and because I do it unwillingly, I believe at the upshot the devil will have me.

‘Hitherto have I neither had my due, nor taken bribe, and I know not the reason; for here they tell me that the governors that use to come to this island, before they come, they of the town either give or lend them a good sum of money. And this is the ordinary custom, not only in this town, but in many others also.

‘Last night, as I walked the round, I met with a fair maid in man’s apparel, and a brother of hers in woman’s. My carver fell in love with the wench, and purposed to take her to wife,

DON QUIXOTE

as he says, and I have chosen the youth for my son-in-law, and to-day both of us will put our desires in practice with the father of them both, which is one Diego de la Liana, a gentleman, and an old Christian as much as you would desire. I visit the market-places, as you advised me, and yesterday found a huckster that sold new hazel-nuts, and it was proved against her that she had mingled the new with a bushel of old that were rotten and without kernels. I judged them all to be given to the hospital-boys, that could very well distinguish them, and gave sentence on her that she should not come into the market-place in fifteen days after. 'Twas told me that I did most valorously: all I can tell you is that it is the common report in this town that there is no worse people in the world than these women of the market-places; for all of them are impudent, shameless, and ungodly, and I believe it to be so, by those that I have seen in other towns. That my lady the duchess hath written to my wife Teresa Panza, and sent her a token, as you say, it pleaseth me very well, and I will endeavour at fit time to show myself thankful. I pray do you kiss her hands on my behalf, and tell her her kindness is not ill bestowed, as shall after appear.

‘I would not that you should have any thwart-reckonings of distaste with those lords; for if you be displeased with them ’tis plain it must needs redound to my damage; and ’twere unfit that, since you advise me not to be unthankful, you should be so to them that have showed you so much kindness, and by whom you have been so well welcomed in their castle.

‘That of your cat-business I understand not; but I suppose ’tis some of those ill fates that the wicked enchanters are wont to use toward you. I shall know of you when we meet. I would fain have sent you something from hence, but I know not what, except it were some little canes to make squirts; which with

SANCHO'S ANSWER

bladders too they make very curiously in this place: but if my office last, I'll get something worth the sending.

'If my wife Teresa Panza write to me, pay the portage, and send me the letter; for I have a wonderful desire to know of the estate of my house, my wife and children. And so God keep you from ill-minded enchanters, and deliver me well and peaceably from this government; for I doubt it, and think to lay my bones here, according as the Doctor Pedro Rezio handles me. —Your worship's servant,

SANCHO PANZA, THE GOVERNOR.'

The secretary made up the letter, and presently despatched the post; and so, Sancho's tormentors joining together, gave order how they might despatch him from the government.

And that afternoon Sancho passed in setting down orders for the well-governing the island he imagined to be so: and he ordained there should be no hucksters for the commonwealth's provisions; and likewise that they might have wines brought in from whencesoever they would; only with this proviso, to tell the place from whence they came, to put prices to them according to their value and goodness. And whosoever put water to any wine, or changed the name of it, should die for it. He moderated the prices of all kind of clothing, especially of shoes, as thinking leather was sold with much exorbitancy. He made a taxation for servants' wages, who went on unbridled for their profit. He set grievous penalties upon such as should sing bawdy or ribaldry songs, either by night or day. He ordained, likewise, that no blind man should sing miracles in verse, except they brought authentic testimonies of the truth of them; for he thought that the most they sung were false, and prejudicial to the true. He created also a constable for the

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poor, not that should persecute, but examine them, to know if they were so; for, under colour of feigned maimness and false sores, the hands are thieves, and health is a drunkard. In conclusion, he ordered things so well that to this day they are famed and kept in that place, and are called The Ordinances of the grand governor Sancho Panza.



CHAPTER LII

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND AFFLICTED OR STRAIT-
ENED MATRON, ALIAS DONNA RODRIGUEZ

CID HAMET tells us that Don Quixote being recovered of his scratches, he thought the life he led in that castle was much against the order of knighthood he professed; so he determined to crave leave of the dukes to part towards Saragosa, whose jousts drew near, where he thought to gain the armour that useth to be obtained in them. And being one day at the table with the dukes, and beginning to put his intention in execution, and to ask leave, behold, un-

DON QUIXOTE

looked for, two women came in at the great hall-door, clad, as it after appeared, in mourning from head to foot: and one of them coming to Don Quixote, she fell down all along at his feet, with her mouth sewed to them; and she groaned so sorrowfully and so profoundly that she put all that beheld her into a great confusion. And though the dukes thought it was some trick their servants would put upon Don Quixote, notwithstanding, seeing with what earnestness the woman sighed, groaned, and wept, they were a little doubtful and in suspense, till Don Quixote, in great compassion, raised her from the ground, and made her discover herself, and take her mantle from her blubbered face. She did so, and appeared to be what could not be imagined, Donna Rodriguez, the waiting-woman of the house, and the other in mourning was her wronged daughter abused by a rich farmer's son. All were in admiration that knew her, especially the dukes; for though they knew her to be foolish, and of a good mould that way, yet not to be so near mad.

Finally, Donna Rodriguez turning to the lords, she said, 'May it please your Excellencies to give me leave to impart a thing to this knight? for it behoves me to come out of a business into which the boldness of a wicked rascal hath thrust me.

The duke said he gave her leave, and that she should impart what she would to Signior Don Quixote. She, directing her voice and her gesture to Don Quixote, said, 'Some days since, valorous knight, I related to you the wrong and treachery that a wicked farmer hath done to my beloved daughter, the unfortunate one here now present, and you promised me to undertake for her to right this wrong that hath been done her. And now it hath come to my notice that you mean to part

DONNA RODRIGUEZ' CHAMPION

from this castle, in quest of your adventures (God send them), and therefore my request is that, before you scour the ways, you would defy this untamed rustic, and make him marry my daughter, according to the promise he gave her before he coupled with her. For to think that my lord the duke will do me justice is to seek pears from the elm, for the reason that I have plainly told you; and so God give you much health, and forsake not us.'

To these reasons Don Quixote answered, with great gravity and prosopopeia: 'Good matron, temper your tears and save your sighs, and I will engage myself to right your daughter; for whom it had been much better not to have been so easy of believing her lover's promises, which for the most part are light in making, but heavy in accomplishing; and therefore, with my lord the duke's leave, I will presently part in search of this ungodly young man, and find and challenge him, and kill him, if he deny to accomplish his promise. For the chief aim of my profession is to pardon the humble and to chastise the proud: I mean, to succour the wretched and to destroy the cruel.'

'You need not,' quoth the duke, 'be at the pains of seeking the clown of whom the good matron complains; neither need you ask me leave to defy him, 'tis enough that I know you have done it; and let it be my charge to give him notice that he accept the challenge, and come to my castle to answer for himself, where safe lists shall be set up for you both, observing the conditions that in such acts ought to be observed, and both your justices equally, according as princes are obliged to do, that grant single combat to those that fight within their dominions.'

'Why, with this security, and your greatness's licence,'

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quoth Don Quixote, 'here I say, that for this once I renounce my gentry, and do equalise myself to the meanness of the offender, and so qualify him to combat with me: and so, though he be absent, I challenge and defy him, for that he did ill to defraud this poor creature that was a maid, and now, by his villainy, is none, and that he shall either fulfil his word he gave her to marry her, or die in the demand.'

And straight plucking off his glove, he cast it into the midst of the hall, and the duke took it up, saying that he, as had been said, in his vassal's name accepted the challenge, and appointed the prefixed time six days after, and the lists to be in the court of that castle, and the usual arms of knights, as lance and shield, and laced armour, with all other pieces, without deceit, advantage, or superstition, seen and allowed by the judges of the lists. 'But first of all 'tis requisite that this honest matron and this ill maid commit the right of their cause into Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha's hands; for otherwise there will be nothing done, neither will the said challenge be put in execution.

'I do,' quoth the matron. 'And I too,' said the daughter, all blubbered and shamefaced, and in ill taking.

This agreement being made, and the dukes imagining what was to be done in the business, the mourners went their ways, and the duchess commanded they should be used not as their servants, but like lady-adventurers, that came to their house to ask justice, and served as strangers, to the wonderment of other servants, that knew not what would become of the madness and levity of Donna Rodriguez and her errant daughter.

Whilst they were in this business, to add more mirth to the feast, and to end the comedy, behold where the page comes in that carried the letter and tokens to Teresa Panza; whose ar-

TERESA PANZA

rival much pleased the dukes, desirous to know what befel him in his voyage; and, asking him, the page answered that he could not tell them in public, nor in few words, but that their Excellencies would be pleased to reserve it for a private time, and that in the meantime they would entertain themselves with those letters; and, taking them out, he gave two to the duchess: the superscription of the one was, 'To my Lady Duchess, I know not whence'; and the other, 'To my husband Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island Barataria, whom God prosper longer than me.'

The duchess could not be quiet till she had read her letter; so, opening it, and reading it to herself, and seeing that she might read it aloud, she did so, that the duke and the bystanders might hear it, as followeth:

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO THE DUCHESS

'LADY MINE,—Your greatness's letter you wrote to me did much content me, for I did very much desire it. Your string of corals was very good, and my husband's hunting suit comes not short of it. That your honour hath made my consort governor all this town rejoiceth at it, though there is none that will believe it, especially the vicar, Master Nicholas the barber, and Samson Carrasco the bachelor; but all is one to me; so it be true, as it is, let each one say what he will; but if you go to the truth, had it not been for the coral and the suit I should not have believed it neither; for all in this town hold my husband for a very leek, and taking him from his governing a flock of goats, they cannot imagine for what government else he should be good; God make him so, and direct him as He sees best, for his children have need of it. I, lady of my life, am determined, with your worship's good leave, to make use of this

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good fortune in my house, and to go to the court to stretch myself in a coach, to make a thousand envious persons blind that look after me. And therefore I request your Excellency to command my husband to send me some stock of money to purpose, because I hear the court expenses are great, that a loaf is worth sixpence, and a pound of mutton fivepence, that 'tis wonderful; and that if he mean not that I shall go, he let me know in time, for my feet are dancing till I be jogging upon the way; for my friends and neighbours tell me that if I and my daughter go glistening and pompously in the court, my husband will be known by me more than I by him; for that, of necessity, many will ask, "What gentlewomen are these in the coach?" Then a servant of mine answers, "The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria"; and by this means Sancho shall be known, and I shall be esteemed, and to Rome for all.¹ I am as sorry as sorrow may be that this year we have gathered no acorns, for all that I send your highness half a peck, which I culled out, and went to the mountain on purpose, and they were the biggest I could find. I could have wished they had been as big as ostrich eggs. Let not your pomposity forget to write to me, and I'll have a care to answer and advise you of my health, and all that passeth here where I remain, praying to God to preserve your greatness, and forget not me. My daughter Sancha and my son kiss your hands.—She that desires more to see than to write to your honour, your servant,

‘TERESA PANZA.’

Great was the content that all received to hear Teresa Panza's letter, principally of the dukes; and the duchess asked

¹ A phrase used by her to no purpose, but 'tis a usual thing in Spain, among ill livers, to cry, '*A Roma per todo*,' there to get absolution for their villainies.

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Don Quixote's advice if it were fit to open the letter that came for the governor, which she imagined was most exquisite. Don Quixote said that, to pleasure them, he would open it; which he did, and saw the contents, which were these:

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND SANCHO

'I received thy letter, my Sancho of my soul, and I promise and swear to thee, as I am a Catholic Christian, there wanted not two fingers' breadth of making me mad for joy. Look you, brother, when I came to hear that thou art a governor, I thought I should have fallen down dead with gladness; for thou knowest that 'tis usually said that sudden joy as soon kills as excessive grief. The water ran down thy daughter Sanchica's eyes, without perceiving of it, with pure content. The suit thou sentest me I had before me, and the corals my lady the duchess sent, and the letters in my hands, and the bearer of them present, and, for all this, I believed and thought that all I saw or felt was a dream; for who could think that a goatherd should come to be a governor of islands? and thou knowest, friend, that my mother was used to say that 'twas needful to live long to see much. This I say, because I think to see more if I live longer; for I hope I shall not have done till I see thee a farmer or customer, which are offices that, though the devil carry him away that dischargeth them badly, yet in the end good store of coin goes thorough their hands. My lady the duchess will let thee know what a desire I have to go to the court; consider of it, and let me know thy mind, and I will do thee honour there, going in my coach. The vicar, barber, bachelor, nor sexton cannot believe that thou art a governor, and say that 'tis all juggling or enchantment, as all thy master Don Quixote's affairs are; and Samson says

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he will find thee out, and put this government out of thy nod-dle, and Don Quixote's madness out of his coxcomb. I do nothing but laugh at them, and look upon my coral chain, and contrive how to make my daughter a gown of the suit thou sentest me. I sent my lady the duchess some acorns, I would they had been of gold; I prithee send me a string of pearls, if they be used in that island.

'The news of this town is, that Berneca married her daughter to a scurvy painter that came to this town to paint at random. The burghers of the town willed him to paint the king's arms over the gate of the town hall; he demanded two ducats, which they gave him beforehand; he wrought eight days, in the end painted nothing, and said he could not hit upon painting such a deal of pedlary ware; so he returned them their money; and, for all this, he married under the name of a good workman; true it is, that he hath left his pencil, and taken the spade, and goes to the field most gentlemanlike. Pedro de Lobo's son hath taken orders, and shaved his head, with purpose to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's niece, knew of it, and she hath put a bill against him for promising her marriage; malicious tongues will not stick to say that she is great by him, but he denies it stiffly.

'This year we have had no olives, neither is there a drop of vinegar to be had in all the town. A company of soldiers passed by here, and by the way they carried three wenches from this town with them; I will not tell thee who they are, for perhaps they will return, and there will not want some that will marry them for better for worse. Sanchica makes bone-lace, and gets her three halfpence a day clear, which she puts in a box with a slit, to help to buy her household stuff; but now that she is a governor's daughter thou wilt give her

TERESA PANZA

a portion, that she needs not work for it. The stone fountain in the market-place is dried up; a thunderbolt fell upon the pillory; there may they fall all! I expect an answer of this, and thy resolution touching my going to the court; and so God keep thee longer than me, or as long, for I would not leave thee in this world behind me.—Thy wife,

TERESA PANZA.'

These letters were extolled, laughed at, esteemed, and admired; and, to mend the matter, the post came that brought one from Sancho to Don Quixote, which was likewise read aloud, which brought the governor's madness in question. The duchess retired with the page, to know what had befallen him in Sancho's town, who told her at large, without omitting circumstance. He gave her the acorns, and a cheese too, which Teresa gave him for a very good one, much better than those of Tronion. The duchess received it with great content, in which we will leave her, to tell the end that the government of the grand Sancho Panza had, the flower and mirror of all islandish governors.



CHAPTER LIII

OF THE TROUBLESOME END AND UPSHOT THAT SANCHO
PANZA'S GOVERNMENT HAD

TO think that the affairs of this life should last ever in one being is needless; for it rather seems otherwise: the summer follows the spring; after the summer, the fall; and the fall, the winter; and so time goes on in a continued wheel. Only man's life runs to a speedy end, swifter than time, without hope of being renewed, except it be in another life, which hath no bounds to limit it.

This said Cid Hamet, a Mahometical philosopher, for many, without the light of faith, only with a natural instinct, have understood the swiftness and uncertainty of this life present, and the lasting of the eternal life which is expected. But here the author speaks it for the speediness with which

SANCHO ATTACKED

Sancho's government was ended, consumed, and undone, and vanished into a shade and smoke, who being abed the seventh night after so many days of his government, nor cloyed with bread or wine, but with judging and giving sentences, making proclamations and statutes, when sleep, maugre and in despite of hunger; shut his eyelids, he heard such a noise of bells and outcries, as if the whole island had been sunk. He sat up in his bed, and was very attentive, hearkening if he could guess at the cause of so great an uproar; but he was so far from knowing it, that a noise of a world of drums and trumpets added to that of the bells and cries made him more confused and more full of fear and horror; and, rising up, he put on a pair of slippers for the moistness of the ground, and without any nightgown upon him, or anything like it, he went out at his chamber door, at such time as he saw at least twenty persons come running thorough the entries, with torches in their hands lighted, and swords unsheathed, crying all out aloud, 'Arm, arm, sir governor, arm! for a world of enemies are entered the island, and we are undone, if your skill and valour help us not!'

With this fury, noise, and uproar, they came where Sancho was, astonished and embezzled with what he heard and saw; and when they came to him, one of them said, 'Arm yourself straight, sir, if you mean not to be destroyed, and that all the island be lost.'

'I arm myself?' quoth Sancho. 'Know I anything what belongs to arms or succours? 'Twere better leave these things to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha; he will despatch and put them in safety in an instant; for I, sinner that I am, understand nothing of this quick service.'

'Ha, sir governor,' said another, 'what faintheartedness

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is this? Arm yourself, for here we bring you arms offensive and defensive. March to the market-place, and be our guide and captain, since you ought, being our governor, to be so.'

'Arm me on God's name,' quoth Sancho; and straight they brought him two shields, of which they had good store, and they clapped them upon his shirt, without letting him take any other clothes; one they put before, and the other behind, and they drew out his arms at certain holes they had made, and bound him very well with cords, so that he was walled and boarded up straight like a spindle, not able to bend his knees or to move a step. In his hands they put a lance, on which he leant to keep himself up. When they had him thus, they bade him march and guide them, and cheer them all, for that he being their lanthorn, north, and morning star, their matters would be well ended. 'How should I, wretch that I am, march?' quoth Sancho; 'for my knee-bones will not move, since these boards that are so sewed to my flesh do hinder me; your only way is to carry me in your arms, and to lay me athwart, or let me stand up at some postern, which I will make good, either with my lance or my body.' 'Fie, sir,' said another; 'tis more your fear than the boards that hinder your pace; make an end for shame, and bestir yourself, for it is late, and the enemies increase, the cries are augmented, and the danger waxeth more and more.' At whose persuasions and vitupery the poor governor tried if he could move himself; so he fell to the ground, and had such a fall that he thought he had broken himself to pieces, and now he lay like a tortoise, shut in and covered with his shell, or like a flitch of bacon clapped between two boards, or like a boat overturned upon a flat; and for all his fall, those scoffers had no compassion at all on him, but rather, putting out their torches, they began



Sancho Defends His Government.

SANCHO ATTACKED

to reinforce their cries, and to reiterate their 'Arm, arm!' so fast, running over poor Sancho, giving him an infinite company of slashes upon his shields, that if he had not withdrawn himself, and shrunk his head up into them, the poor governor had been in woeful plight, who being thus shrugged up in this strait, he was in a terrible sweat and berayed, and recommended himself heartily to God Almighty to deliver him from that danger. Some stumbled upon him, others fell and another would get upon him for a good while, and from thence, as from a watch-tower, governed the army, and cried aloud, 'Here on our side, here the enemies are thickest; make this breach good, keep that gate shut, down with those ladders, wildfire balls, pitch and rosin, and kettles of scalding oil; trench the streets with beds.' In fine, he named all manner of war instruments and furniture of war for the defence of a city assaulted; and the bruised Sancho, that heard and suffered all, said to himself, 'Oh that it would please the Lord that this island were once lost, or that I were dead or delivered from this strait!'

Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected, he heard this cry, 'Victory, victory! the foes are vanquished. Ho, sir governor, rise, rise; enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils that are taken from the enemies by the valour of your invincible arm.'

'Raise me,' quoth the grieved Sancho, with a pitiful voice. They helped to raise him, and, being up, he said, 'Every enemy that I have vanquished, nail him in my forehead; I'll divide no spoils of enemies, but desire some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine, that may dry up this sweat, for I am all water.' They wiped him, brought him wine, and unbound the shields from him; he sat upon his bed, and, with

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the very anguish of the sudden fright and his toil, he fell into a swoon, and they that played that trick with him were sorry it fell out so heavily; but Sancho's coming straight to himself tempered their sorrow.

He asked them what o'clock it was. They answered him it grew to be day.

He held his peace, and, without more words, began to clothe himself, all buried in silence; and all beheld him, expecting what would be the issue of his hasty dressing himself.

Thus, by little and little, he made himself ready, for by reason of his weariness he could not do it very fast, and so went toward the stable (all they that were there following him), and coming to Dapple, he embraced and gave him a loving kiss on the forehead, and, not without tears in his eyes, said, 'Come thou hither, companion mine, and friend, fellow-partner of my labours and miseries; when I consorted with you, no other cares troubled me than to mend my furniture and to sustain thy little corps; happy then were my hours, days, and years; but since I left thee, and mounted on the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, four thousand unquietnesses, have entered my soul.'

And, as he was thus discoursing, he fitted on the pack-saddle, nobody saying aught unto him. Dapple being thus pack-saddled, with much ado he got upon him, and, directing his speeches and reasons to the steward, the doctor, and many others there present, he said, 'Give me room, sirs, and leave to return to my former liberty; let me seek my ancient life, to rise from this present death. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands nor cities from enemies that would assault them; I can tell better how to plough, to dig, to prune, and plant vineyards, than to give laws, or defend provinces

SANCHO RESIGNS

and kingdoms; 'tis good sleeping in a whole skin; I mean, 'tis fit that every man should exercise the calling to which he was born; a sickle is better in my hand than a governor's sceptre. I had rather fill myself with a good dish of gaspachos than be subject to the misery of an impertinent physician, that would kill me with hunger; I had rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and cover myself with a double sheepskin in winter quietly, than lay me down to the subjection of a government in fine Holland sheets and be clothed in sables. Fare you well, sir, and tell my lord the duke, naked was I born, naked I am, I neither win nor lose; I mean, I came without cross to this government, and I go from it without a cross—contrary to what governors of other islands are used to do. Stand out of the way, and let me go, for I must cerecloth myself, for I believe all my ribs are bruised, I thank the enemy that trampled over me all this night.'

'You shall not do so, sir governor,' quoth Doctor Rezio; 'for I will give you a drink good against falls and bruises, that shall straight recover you; and touching your diet, I promise to make you amends, and you shall eat plentifully of what you list.'

''Tis too late,' quoth Sancho; 'I'll as soon tarry as turn Turk; these jests are not good the second time; you shall as soon get me to stay here, or admit of any other government, though it were presented in two platters to me, as make me fly to heaven without wings. I am of the lineage of the Panzas, and we are all headstrong, and if once we cry odd, odd it must be, though it be even, in spite of all the world. Here in this stable let my ants' wings remain that lifted me up in the air, to be devoured by martlets and other birds; and now let's go a plain pace on the ground; and though we wear no pinked

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Spanish-leather shoes, yet we shall not want coarse pack-thread sandals. "Like to like," quoth the devil to the collier, and let every man cut his measure according to his cloth; and so let me go, for it is late.'

To which quoth the steward, 'With a very good will you should go, though we shall be very sorry to lose you, for your judgment and Christian proceeding oblige us to desire your company; but you know that all governors are obliged, before they depart from the place which they have governed, to render first an account of their place, which you ought to do for the ten days you have governed; and so God's peace be with you.'

'No man can ask any account of me,' said he, 'but he whom my lord the duke will appoint; to him I go, and to him I'll give a fitting account. Besides, I going from hence so bare as I do, there can be no greater sign that I have governed like an angel.'

'I protest,' quoth Doctor Rezio, 'the grand Sancho hath a great deal of reason, and I am of opinion that we let him go, for the duke will be infinitely glad to see him.'

So all agreed, and let him go, offering first to accompany him, and whatsoever he had need of for himself or for the commodiousness of his voyage. Sancho told them he desired nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and a loaf for himself; for that by reason of the shortness of the way he needed no other provision. All of them embraced him, and he with tears embraced them, and left them astonished as well at his discourse as his most resolute and discreet determination.



CHAPTER LIV

THAT TREATS OF MATTERS CONCERNING THIS HISTORY
AND NO OTHER

THE duke and duchess were resolved that Don Quixote's challenge that he made against their vassal for the aforesaid cause should go forward; and though the young man were in Flanders, whither he fled, because he would not have Donna Rodriguez to his mother-in-law, yet they purposed to put a Gascoign lackey in his stead, which was called Tosilos, instructing him first very well in all that he had to do.

Some two days after, the duke said to Don Quixote that

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within four days his contrary would be present, and present himself in the field like an armed knight, and maintain that the damsel lied in her throat if she affirmed that he had promised her marriage. Don Quixote was much pleased with this news, and promised to himself to work miracles in this business, and he held it to be a special happiness to him that occasion was offered wherein those nobles might see how far the valour of his powerful arm extended; and so, with great joy and content, he expected the four days, which in the reckoning of his desire seemed to him to be four hundred ages.

Let us then pass, as we let pass divers other matters, and come to the Grand Sancho, to accompany him, who, betwixt mirth and mourning, upon Dapple went to seek out his master, whose company pleased him more than to be governor of all the islands in the world.

It fell out so, that he having not gone very far from the island of his government (for he never stood to aver whether it were island, city, village, or town which he governed), he saw that by the way he went there came six pilgrims with their walking-staves, your strangers that use to beg alms singing, who, when they came near, beset him round, and, raising their voices all together, began to sing in their language, what Sancho could not understand, except it were one word, which plainly signified alms, which he perceived they begged in their song. And he, as saith Cid Hamet, being very charitable, took half a loaf and half a cheese out of his wallet, of which he was provided, and gave it them, telling them by signs he had nothing else to give them; they received it very willingly, and said, 'Guelte, guelte.' 'I understand you not what you would have, good people,' quoth Sancho. Then one of them took a purse out of his bosom and showed it to Sancho, whereby he

THE MORISCO GROCER

understood they asked him for money; but he, putting his thumb to his throat, and his hand upward, gave them to understand he had not a denier; and, spurring Dapple, he broke thorough them; and, passing by, one of them, looking wishly upon him, laid hold on him, and, casting his arms about his middle, with a loud voice, and very good Spanish, said, 'God defend me, and what do I see? Is it possible I have my dear friend in my arms, my honest neighbour Sancho Panza? Yes, sure I have, for I neither sleep nor am drunk.'

Sancho wondered to hear himself so called by his name, and to see himself embraced by a pilgrim-stranger; and after he had beheld him a good while, without speaking a word, and with much attention, yet he could never call him to mind; but the pilgrim, seeing his suspension, said, 'How now, is it possible, brother Sancho Panza, thou knowest not thy neighbour Ricote, the Morisco grocer of thy town?'

Then Sancho beheld him more earnestly, and began to remember his favour, and finally knew him perfectly; and so, without alighting from his ass, he cast his arms about his neck, and said, 'Who the devil, Ricote, could know thee in this vizardly disguise? What's the matter? Who hath made such Francho¹ of thee? And how darest thou return back again into Spain, where, if thou art catched, or known, woe be to thee?'

'If thou reveal me not, Sancho, I am safe,' quoth the pilgrim; 'for in this disguise nobody will know me. Come, let's go out of the highway into yonder elm-grove, for there my companions mean to dine and repose themselves, and thou shalt eat with them, for they are very good people, and there I shall have leisure to tell thee what hath befallen me since I departed from our town, to obey his Majesty's edict, which so rigor-

¹ A word of disgrace the Spaniard useth to all strangers, but chiefly to the French.

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ously threatened those unfortunate ones of our nation, as thou heardst.'

Sancho consented, and Ricote speaking to the rest of the pilgrims, they went to the elm-grove, that appeared a pretty way distant from the highway. They flung down their staves, and cast off their pilgrim's weeds, and so remained in hose and doublet; and all of them were young and handsome fellows except Ricote, who was well entered in years. All of them had wallets, which were all, to see to, well provided at least with incitatives that provoked to drink two miles off.

They sat upon the ground, and, making tablecloths of the grass, they set upon it bread, salt, knives, walnuts, slices of cheese, and clean gammon of bacon bones, which, though they would not let themselves be gnawed, yet they forbade not to be sucked.

They set down likewise a kind of black meat called caviary, made of fishes' eggs, a great alarum to the bottle; there wanted no olives, though they were dry without any pickle, yet savoury, and made up a dish. But that which most flourished in the field of that banquet was six bottles of wine, which each of them drew out of his wallets: even honest Ricote, too, who had transformed himself from a Morisco into a German or Dutchman, he drew out his, that for quantity might compare with the whole five.

Thus they began to eat with great content, and very leisurely, relishing every bit which they took upon a knife's point, and very little of everything. And straight all of them together would lift their arms and bottles up into the air, putting their own mouths to the bottles' mouths, their eyes nailed in heaven, as if they had shot at it. And in this fashion, moving their heads from one side to the other, signs of their good liking of

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the wine, they remained a good while, straining the entrails of the vessels in their stomachs.

Sancho marked all, and was grieved at nothing; rather to fulfil the proverb, that he very well knew, 'When thou goest to Rome,' etc.,¹ he desired the bottle of Ricote, and so took his aim as well as the rest, and with no less delight than they. Thus the bottles suffered themselves to be hoisted on end four times; but it was not possible the fifth, for they were now as soaked and dry as a mattress, which made their joy hitherto shown now very muddy. Now and then one of them would take Sancho by the right hand, and say, Spaniard and Dutchman, all one, 'Bon, compagno.' And Sancho answered, 'Bon compagno, juro a di';² and with that dischargeth such a laughter as lasted a long hour, not remembering as then aught that had befallen him in his government; for cares are wont to have little jurisdiction upon leisure and idleness, whilst men are eating and drinking.

Finally, the ending of their wine was the beginning of a drowsiness that seized upon them all, so they even fell to sleep where they sate, only Ricote and Sancho watched it out, for they had eaten more and drunk less. So Ricote taking Sancho apart, they sat at the foot of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in sweet sleep; and Ricote, without stumbling a jot in his Morisco tongue, in pure Castilian language, uttered to him this ensuing discourse:

'Thou well knowest, O Sancho Panza, friend and neighbour of mine, how the proclamation and edict that his Majesty commanded to be published against those of my nation put us all into a fear and fright; at least me it did. And methought that before the time that was limited us for our departure from

¹ *Cum fueris Romae, etc.*

² Swears in a broken language.

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Spain, the very rigour of the penalty was executed upon me and my children.

‘I provided, therefore, in my judgment wisely, as he which knows that by such a time the house he lives in shall be taken from him, and so provides himself another against he is to change—I provided, I say, to leave our town, all alone, without my family, and to seek some place whither I might commodiously carry them, and not in such a hurry as the rest that went. For I well saw, and so did all our graver sort, that those proclamations were not only threats, as some said, but true laws to be put in execution at their due time. And I was enforced to believe this truth because I knew the villainous but foolish attempts of our nation: such as methought it was a divine inspiration that moved his Majesty to put so brave a resolution in effect; not because we were all faulty, for some there were firm and true Christians; but they were so few they could not be opposed to those that were otherwise. And it was not fit to nourish a serpent in his bosom, and to have enemies within doors.

‘Finally, we were justly punished with the penalty of banishment, which seemed to some soft and sweet, but to us the terriblest that could be inflicted. Wheresoever we are, we weep to think on Spain; for indeed here we were born, and it is our natural country. We nowhere find the entertainment that our misfortune desires. And in Barbary, and all parts of Africa, where we thought to have been received, entertained, and cherished, there it is where we are most offended and misused. We knew not our happiness till we lost it; and the desire we all have to return to Spain is so great that the most part of such, which are many, who speak the language as I do, return hither again, and leave their wives and children

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there forsaken, so great is the love they bear their country. And now I know, and find by experience, that the saying is true, "Sweet is the love of one's country."

'I went, as I say, out of our town, and came into France, and though there we were well entertained, yet I would see it all, and so passed into Italy, and arrived in Germany, and there I found we might live with more freedom; for the inhabitants do not look much into niceties, everyone lives as he pleaseth; for in the greatest part of it there is liberty of conscience.

'There I took a house in a town near Augusta, and so joined with these pilgrims that usually come for Spain, many of them, every year, to visit the devotions here, which are their Indies, and certain gain. They travel all the kingdom over, and there is no town from whence they go not away with meat and drink, as you would say, at least, and sixpence in money. And when they have ended their voyage, they go away with a hundred crowns overplus, which, changed into gold, either in the hollows of their staves, or the patches of their weeds, or by some other sleight they can, they carry out of the kingdom, and pass into other countries, in spite of the searchers of the dry ports, where the money ought to be registered. And now, Sancho, my purpose is to carry away the treasure that I left buried—for because it is without the town I may do it without danger—and write from Valencia to my wife and daughter that I know are in Algiers, and contrive how I may bring them to some port of France, and from thence carry them into Germany, where we will expect how God will please to dispose of us; for indeed, Sancho, I know certainly that Ricota my daughter and Francisca Ricota my wife are Catholic Christians. And, though I be not altogether so, yet I am more Christian than Moor; and my desire to God always is, to open the eyes of

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my understanding, and to let me know how I may serve Him. And all I admire is, that my wife and daughter should rather go into Barbary than into France, where they might have lived as Christians.'

To which Sancho said, 'Look you, Ricote, perhaps they could not do withal; for John Tyopeio, your wife's brother, carried them; and he, belike, as he was a rank Moor, would go where he thought best. And I can tell you more, I think 'tis in vain for you to seek what you left hidden, for we had news that your brother-in-law and your wife had many pearls taken from them, and a great deal of gold which was not registered.'

'That may very well be, Sancho,' quoth Ricote; 'but I know they touched not my treasure. For I would not tell them where it was hidden, as fearing some mishap; and therefore, if thou wilt come with me, Sancho, and help me to take it out and conceal it, I'll give thee two hundred crowns to the relief of thy necessities; for thou knowest I know thou hast many.'

'Were I covetous,' quoth Sancho, 'I would yield to this; and were I so, this morning I left an office, which had I kept, I might have made my house-walls of gold, and within one six months have eaten in silver dishes. So that partly for this, and partly not to be a traitor to my king, in favouring his enemies, I will not go with thee, though thou wouldst give me four hundred crowns.'

'And what office was that thou leftest, Sancho?' quoth Ricote.

'I left to be governor of an island,' quoth Sancho, 'and such a one that, i' faith, in three bow-shots again you shall scarce meet with such another.'

'And where is this island?' said he.

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‘Where?’ quoth Sancho. ‘Why, two leagues off, and it is called the island Barataria.’

‘Peace, Sancho,’ quoth Ricote; ‘for your islands are out in the sea; you have no islands in the terra firma.’

‘No?’ quoth Sancho. ‘I tell you, friend Ricote, this morning I left it, and yesterday I governed in it at my pleasure, like a Sagittarius; but yet I left it, as thinking the governor’s office to be dangerous.’

‘And what have you gotten by it?’ quoth Ricote.

‘I have gotten,’ said he, ‘this experience, that I am not fit to govern aught but a herd of cattle, and that in those kind of governments there is no wealth gotten, but with labour, toil, loss of sleep and sustenance; for in your islands your governors fare very ill, especially if they have physicians that look to their health.’

‘I understand thee not, Sancho,’ quoth Ricote; ‘but methinks thou talkest without sense: for who would give thee islands to govern? Want there in the world more able men than thou to be governors? Peace, Sancho, and return to thy wits, and see if thou wilt go with me, as I have said, and help me take out the treasure that I have hidden, for it may very well be called a treasure, and I will give thee sufficient to maintain thee.’

‘I have told thee, Ricote,’ quoth Sancho, ‘that I will not. Let it suffice, I will not discover thee; and go on thy way, on God’s name, and leave me to mine: for I know that what is well gotten is lost, but what is ill gotten, it and the owner too.’

‘I will not be too earnest with thee,’ said he; ‘but tell me, wast thou in our town when my wife, my daughter, and my brother-in-law departed?’

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‘Marry, was I,’ quoth Sancho; ‘and I can tell you, your daughter showed so beautiful that all the town went out to see her, and every one said she was the fairest creature in the world. She went weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintances, and as many as came to see her, and entreated all to recommend her to God, and this so feelingly that she made me weep, that am no belwether: and, i’ faith, many had a good mind to have concealed her, and to take her away upon the way, but fear of resisting the king’s commandment made them abstain. He that showed himself most enamoured was Don Pedro Gregorio, that youth, the rich heir that you know very well. He, they say, loved her very much, and since she went was never seen more in our town, and we all thought he followed to steal her away; but hitherto there is nothing known.’

‘I always suspected,’ quoth Ricote, ‘that this gentleman loved my daughter; but being confident in Ricota’s worth, it never troubled me to know that he loved her well: for I am sure, Sancho, thou hast heard say that Morisca women seldom or never for love married with old Christians. And so my daughter, who, as I believe, rather tended her soul’s health than to be enamoured, cared little for this rich heir’s soliciting.’

‘God grant it,’ quoth Sancho, ‘for it would be very ill for them both. And now, Ricote, let me go from hence, for I mean this night to see my master Don Quixote.’

‘God be with thee, brother Sancho, for now my companions are stirring, and it is time to be on our way.’

And straight both of them took leave, and Sancho gat upon Dapple, and Ricote leant on his pilgrim’s staff, and so both departed.



CHAPTER LV

OF MATTERS THAT BEFEL SANCHO BY THE WAY, AND
OTHERS THE BEST IN THE WORLD

SANCHO'S long stay with Ricote was the cause that he reached not that day to the duke's castle, though he came within half a league of it, where the night took him, somewhat dark and close; but, being summer-time, it troubled him not much, and therefore he went out of the way; purposing to rest till the morning; but, as ill luck would have it, seeking a place where he might best accommodate himself,

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he and Dapple fell into a most dark and deep pit, which was amongst certain ruinous buildings; and as he was falling he recommended himself with all his heart to God, thinking he should not stop till he came to hell; but it fell out otherwise, for within a little more than three fathoms' length Dapple felt ground, and he sat still upon him, without any hurt or damage received.

He felt all his body over, and held in his breath, to see if he were sound, or pierced anywhere; but seeing himself well and whole, and in catholic health, he thought he could never praise God sufficiently for the favour He had done him, for he thought verily he had been beaten into a thousand pieces. He went likewise groping with his hands about the walls of the pit, to see if it were possible to get out without help; but he found them all smooth, without any place to lay hold on, which grieved him very much, especially when he heard Dapple cry out tenderly and dolefully: and no marvel, for it was not for wantonness, he saw himself in a pitiful taking.

'Alas!' quoth Sancho then, 'and what sudden and unthought-of accidents befall men that live in this miserable world! Who would have supposed that he who yesterday saw himself enthroned governor of an island, commanding servants and vassals, should to-day be buried in a pit, without anybody's help, without servant or vassal coming to succour him? Here I and my ass are like to perish with hunger, if so be that first we die not, he with his bruise, and I with grief and anguish: at least, I shall not be so happy as my master Don Quixote was, when he descended and went down into that enchanted cave of Montesinos, where he found better welcome than if he had been at his own house. And it seemed he found the cloth ready laid, and his bed made: there saw he goodly

SANCHO IN A PIT

and pleasant visions; and here, I believe, I shall see nothing but toads and snakes. Unfortunate that I am! what is my madness and folly come to? My bones will be fetched out from hence when it shall please Heaven that I am found, white and smooth, the flesh picked off, and my trusty Dapple's with them; whereupon peradventure it shall be known who we are, at least by those that shall take notice that Sancho and the ass never parted, nor the ass from Sancho. Again, I say, unhappy we! our ill fortune would not that we should die in our country and amongst our friends, where, though our misfortune had found no redress, yet we should not have wanted pity, and at last gasp we should have had our eyes closed. O companion mine, and friend, how ill have I rewarded thy honest service? Pardon me, and desire fortune, in the best manner thou canst, to deliver us from this miserable toil in which we are both put; and I here promise to set a crown of laurel on thy head, that thou shalt look like a poet-laureate, and I will double thy provender allowance.'

Thus Sancho lamented, and his ass hearkened to him, without answering a word: such was the strait and anguish in which the poor scab found himself.

Finally, having passed over the whole night in complaints and lamentations, the day came on, with whose clearness and splendour Sancho saw that there was no manner of possibility to get out of that well without help, and he began to lament and make a noise, to see if anybody heard him; but all his crying out was as in a desert, for in all the country round about there was none to hearken to him. And then Dapple lay with his mouth open, and Sancho thought he had been dead; yet he so handled the matter that he set him upon his legs, and taking a piece of bread out of his wallets, which had run the same

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fortune with them, he gave it his ass, which came not amiss to him: and Sancho said to him, as if he had understood it, 'Sorrows great are lessened with meat.'

By this he discovered on the one side of the pit a great hole, whereat a man might pass thorough, crooking and stooping a little. Sancho drew to it, and, squatting down, entered in, and saw that within it was large and spacious, and he might well discern it; for by a place that you might call the roof, the sunbeam entered in, that discovered it all. He saw likewise that it was enlarged by another spacious concavity, which when he saw, he turned back again to his ass, and with a stone began to pull down the earth of the hole, and in a little while made way for his ass to go out, which he did, and Sancho leading him by the halter, went forward along the cave, to see if he could find any egress on the other side: sometimes he went darklong, and without light, but never without fear. 'Lord God,' said he, 'this, that to me is a misfortune, were to my master Don Quixote a famous adventure. He would think these profundities and dungeons were flowery gardens, and Galiana's palaces, and he would hope to get out of this straitness and darkness into some flowery field; but I, unfortunate, ill-advised, and faint-hearted, think that every moment I shall fall into a deeper profundity than this former, that will swallow me downright. 'Tis a good ill that comes alone.' In this manner, and in this imagination, he thought he had gone somewhat more than half a league, and at last he discovered a kind of twilight, as if it had been day, and came in at some open place, which seemed to open an entrance to another world.

Here Cid Hamet Benengeli leaves him, and turns again to treat of Don Quixote, who, jocund and contented, expected the prefixed time for the combat he was to perform with the dis-

DON QUIXOTE RESCUES SANCHO

honourer of Donna Rodriguez' daughter, and thought to rectify the wrong and uncouth turn he had done her.

It fell out, then, that going out one morning to exercise and practise against the trance in which ere long he was to see himself, fetching up Rozinante with a full career, he came close to a cave's mouth, that had he not reined him in hard, it had been impossible but he must have fallen into it.

Well, he stopped him, and fell not in; and coming somewhat nearer, without alighting, looked into that depth, and, beholding of it, heard a great noise within, and, hearkening attentively, he might perceive and understand that he that made it cried out, 'Ho, above there, is there any Christian that hears me? or any charitable gentleman that will take pity of a sinner buried alive—of an unhappy ungoverned governor?'

Don Quixote thought he heard Sancho Panza's voice, at which he was in suspense and affrighted; but, raising his voice as high as he could, he said, 'Who is below there? who is it that cries out?' 'Who should be here? or who should cry out?' they answered, 'but the weather-beaten Sancho Panza, governor, with a pox to him for his ill errantry, of the island Barataria, squire sometime to the famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha?'

When Don Quixote heard this, his admiration was doubled, and his astonishment increased, as thinking Sancho Panza might be dead, and that his soul was there doing penance. And carried with this imagination, he said, 'I conjure thee by all I may, as I am a Catholic Christian, that thou tell me who thou art? and if thou be'st a soul in penalty, tell me what thou wilt have me do for thee: for since my profession is to succour and help the needy of this world, it shall always be so to help

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and aid the needy in another world, that cannot help themselves.'

Then said they below, 'Belike, you that speak to me are my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, and by the organ of your voice can be no other.'

'Don Quixote I am,' quoth he, 'that both aid the living and dead in their necessities, therefore tell me who thou art, for thou amazest me. For if thou be Sancho Panza my squire, and that, being dead, the devil hath not seized on thee, and by God's mercy thou be in purgatory, our Holy Mother the Catholic Roman Church hath sufficient suffrages to deliver thee from the pain thou endurest: and I with my wealth will solicit all that I can, and therefore make an end, and tell me who thou art.'

'God's me, by whose birth soever you will, Signior Don Quixote, I swear I am your squire Sancho Panza, and I never died in all my life, but that having left my government for matters and causes that must be told more at leisure, over-night I fell into this pit, where I lie and Dapple too, who will prove me to be no liar, for he is here with me. Will you any more?' And it seemed the ass understood what Sancho said, for at the instant he began to bray so loud that all the cave resounded.

'A famous witness,' quoth Don Quixote; 'I know this bray, as if I had brought it forth, and I hear thy voice, my Sancho. Stay, and I'll go to the duke's castle that is here hard by, and I will get some to help thee out of this pit, into which thy sins have cast thee.'

'Go, sir,' quoth Sancho, 'for God's love, and return quickly, for I can no longer endure to be buried here alive, and I die for fear.'

Don Quixote left him, and went to the castle to let the

SANCHO ON HIS DEFENCE

dukes know Sancho's mishap; at which they marvelled not a little, though they knew well enough how he might fall in for the knowledge they had, time out of mind, of that vault; but they could not imagine how he had left his government, they knowing nothing of his coming. Finally, they caused ropes and cables to be sent, and with much cost and labour of people, Sancho and Dapple were drawn out of that dismalness to the sun's light.

A scholar saw him, and said, 'Thus should all bad governors come out of their governments, as this sinner doth out of this profound abysm, pale dead for hunger, and, as I believe, without a cross to bless him with.'

Sancho heard him, and said, 'Tis eight or ten days, goodman murmurer, since I began to govern the island, in all which I never eat bread that kept me from hunger one hour; in all that time physicians have persecuted me, and enemies have bruised my bones; neither have I had leisure to take bribes, or to recover my due, which being so, I deserved not, in my opinion, to come out in this manner; but man purposeth, and God disposeth, and God best knows what each man needeth; and let every man fit himself to the times, and no man say, I'll drink no more of such a drink; for where we think to fare well, there is oft ill usage. God Almighty knows my mind, 'tis enough, and I say no more, though I could.'

'Be not angry, Sancho, nor vexed with what thou hearest, for so thou shalt never be in quiet; come with a good conscience, let 'em say what they will, for to bridle malicious tongues is as much as to set gates in the highway. If a governor come rich from his government, they say he hath played the thief; and if poor, that he hath been a weak, unable coxcomb.'

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‘I warrant you,’ quoth Sancho, ‘this bout, they shall rather hold me to be a coxcomb than a thief.’

With this discourse they went toward the castle hemmed in with many boys, and other people, where the duke and duchess were in certain running galleries, expecting Don Quixote and Sancho; who, before he would go up to see the duke, would first accommodate Dapple in the stable; for he said he had had a marvellous ill night on’t at their lodging; and so straight he went up to see his lords, before whom, upon his knees, he said:

‘I, my lords, because your greatneses would needs have it so, without any desert of mine, went to govern your island Barataria; into which, naked I entered, and naked come I out, I neither win nor lose; whether I governed well or ill, here be witnesses present to say what they please. I have resolved doubts, sentenced causes, and have been ready to be starved because Master Doctor Pedro Rezio, born at Tirteafuera, would have it so, that island and governorish physician; enemies set upon us by night, and having put us in great danger, they of the island say that they were freed, and got the victory, by the valour of my arm: such health God send them, as they tell truth herein.

‘In fine, I have summed up all the burdens and the cares that this governing brings with it, and find, by my account, that my shoulders cannot bear them; neither are they a weight for my ribs, nor arrows for my quiver; and therefore, lest I should be cast away in my government, I have cast it away, and since yesterday morning I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and roofs that it had when I came into it.

‘I have borrowed nothing of nobody, nor hoarded up any-

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thing; and though I thought to have made some profitable ordinances, yet I did not, as fearing they would not be kept, which is as much as if they had never been made.

‘I left the island, as I say, without anybody’s accompanying me but Dapple; I fell into a pit, went forward in it, until this morning by the sun’s light I got out; but not so easily, for if Heaven had not provided me my master Don Quixote, there I had stuck till the end of the world.

‘So that, my lords, duke and duchess, here is Sancho Panza your governor, that hath only learnt to know, in these ten days that he hath governed, that he cares not for governing, not an island, nay, were it the whole world; this presupposed, kissing your honours’ hands, imitating boys’ play, that cry, “Leap thou, and then let me leap,”¹ so I leap from the government, and pass again to my master Don Quixote’s service; for in fine, though with him I eat my victuals sometimes in fear, yet I have my belly full, and so that be, all’s one to me, that it be with carrots or with partridge.’

With this, Sancho ended his tedious discourse; Don Quixote fearing always that he would blunder out a thousand fopperies, but seeing him end with so few, he thanked Heaven in his heart; and the duke embraced Sancho, and said he was sorry in his soul that he left the government so quickly; but that he would cause some office of less trouble, and more profit in his estate, to be given him. The duchess likewise embraced him, and commanded he should be made much of, for he seemed to be much wearied, and to be worse entreated.

¹ Like our truss or fail.

CHAPTER LVI

OF THE UNMERCIFUL AND NEVER-SEEN BATTLE THAT
PASSED BETWIXT DON QUIXOTE AND THE
LACKEY TOSILOS, IN DEFENCE OF THE
MATRON DONNA RODRIGUEZ'
DAUGHTER

THE dukes repented them not of the jest that was put upon Sancho in the government which they gave him, especially because that very day their steward came and told them very punctually all the words and actions that Sancho both did and said in that time; and finally, so described the assault of the island, and so set out Sancho's fear, and his sally, that they received no small delight.

After this, the history tells us that the day of the prefixed battle came, and the duke having oft instructed his lackey Tosilos how he should behave himself with Don Quixote to overcome him, without killing or wounding him, he gave order that their pikes should be taken from their lances, telling Don Quixote that Christianity, which he preferred, permitted not that that battle should be with so much hazard and danger of their lives; and that it was enough that he granted him free lists in his country, though it were against the decree of the Holy Council, that prohibits such challenges, yet he would not put that matter so strictly in execution.

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Don Quixote bade his Excellency dispose of that business as he pleased, and that he would obey him in all.

The fearful day being come, the duke commanded that there should be a spacious scaffold set up in the place where the judges of the lists might stand, and the matron and her daughter the plaintiffs.

There repaired a world of people from all the towns and neighbouring villages to see the novelty of that battle, who never saw nor ever heard tell of the like in that country, neither the living, nor those that were dead. The first that entered the field and lists was the master of the ceremonies, who measured out the ground, and passed all over it, that there might be no deceit, nor any hidden thing to make them stumble or fall; by and by the women entered, and sat down in their seats, with their mantles over their eyes and breasts, with shows of no small resenting, Don Quixote present in the lists.

A while after, the grand lackey Tosilos appeared on one side of the large place, accompanied with many trumpets, and upon a lusty courser, sinking the very ground under him. His visor was drawn, and he was all arrayed in strong and shining armour; his horse was Friesland, well spread, of colour flea-bitten, each fetlock having nine-and-twenty pound of wool upon it. The valiant combatant came, well instructed by his master how he should demean himself with the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, advertised that he should by no means kill him, but that he should strive to shun the first encounter, to excuse the danger of his death, which was certain, if he met him full butt. He paced over the place, and coming where the matron was, he stayed a while to behold her that demanded him for her husband. The master of the lists called Don Quixote, that had now presented himself in the place, and

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together with Tosilos he spoke to the women, asking them if they agreed that Don Quixote de la Mancha should undertake their cause. They said, Ay, and that they allowed of all he should in that case perform, for firm and available.

By this the duke and duchess were set in a gallery, which looked just to the lists, all which was covered with abundance of people that expected to see the rigorous trance never seen.

The conditions of the combatant was, that if Don Quixote overcame his contrary, he should marry with Donna Rodriguez' daughter; and that if he were overcome, his contender was freed from his promise given, and not tied to any satisfaction. The master of the ceremonies divided the sun between them, and set each of them in their places. The drums struck up, and the sound of trumpets filled the air; the earth shook under them, and the hearts of the spectator troop were in suspense, some fearing, others expecting, the good or ill success of this matter.

Finally Don Quixote, recommending himself heartily to God and his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, stood looking when the precise sign of the encounter should be given; but our lackey was in another mind, he thought upon what now I will tell you. It seems that, as he stood looking upon his enemy, she seemed to him to be the fairest woman in the world, and the little blind boy, whom up and down the streets folk call Love, would not lose the occasion offered, to triumph upon a lackeyan soul, and to put it in the list of his trophies; and so coming to him fair and softly, without anybody perceiving him, he clapped a flight two yards long into his left side, and struck his heart thorough and thorough, and he might safely do it, for Love is invisible, and goes in and out where he list, nobody asking him any account of his actions. Let me tell



Don Quixote in the Lists with Tosilos.

DON QUIXOTE AND THE LACKEY

you, then, that when the sign of the onset was given, our lackey was transported, thinking on the beauty of her that he had made mistress of his liberty, and so he took no notice of the trumpets' sound, as did Don Quixote, who scarce heard it when he set spurs, and, with as full speed as Rozinante would permit, went against his enemy; and his good squire Sancho Panza, seeing him depart, cried out aloud, 'God guide thee, cream and flower of knights-errant! God give thee the victory, seeing thou hast right on thy side!' and though Tosilos saw Don Quixote come toward him, yet he moved not a whit from his place, but rather aloud called the master of the lists, who coming to see what he would have, Tosilos said, 'Sir, doth not this battle consist in my marrying or not marrying with that gentlewoman?' 'Yes,' it was answered him. 'Well, then,' quoth the lackey, 'I am scrupulous of conscience, which would much be burthened if this battle should proceed; and therefore I say, I yield myself vanquished, and will marry this gentlewoman presently.'

The master of the lists wondered at Tosilos's reasons, and as he was one of those that knew of the contriving that business, could not answer him a word. Don Quixote stopped in the midst of his career, seeing his enemy met not.

The duke knew nothing why the combat should not go forward, but the master of the lists went to tell him what Tosilos said, at which he was in suspense, and extremely choleric.

Whilst this happened, Tosilos came where Donna Rodriguez was, and cried aloud, 'Mistress, I'll marry your daughter, and therefore will never strive for that with suits and contentions which I may have peaceably and without danger of death.'

The valorous Don Quixote heard this, and said, 'Seeing 'tis

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so, and that I am loosed and free from my promise, let them marry on God's name, and since God hath given her him, St. Peter bless her.'

The duke now came down into the place, and, coming to Tosilos, said, 'Is it true, knight, that you yield yourself vanquished, and that, instigated by your timorous conscience, you will marry that maid?' 'Ay, sir,' quoth Tosilos.

'He doth very well,' quoth Sancho then; 'for that thou wouldst give the mouse, give the cat, and he will free thee from trouble.'

Tosilos began now to unlace his helmet, and desired them to help him apace, for his spirits and his breath failed him, and he could not endure to see himself so long shut up in that narrow chamber. They undid it apace, and now the lackey's face was plainly discovered. Which when Donna Rodriguez and her daughter saw, they cried out, saying, 'This is cozenage, this is cozenage! They have put Tosilos my lord the duke's lackey instead of our true husband. Justice from God and the king, for such malice, not to say villainy!'

'Grieve not yourselves, ladies,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for this is neither malice nor villainy; and if it be, the duke is not in fault, but vile enchanters that persecute me, who envying that I should get the glory of this conquest, have converted the face of your husband into this, which you say is the duke's lackey. Take my counsel, and in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry him, for doubtless 'tis he that you desire to have to husband.'

The duke, that heard this, was ready to burst all his choler into laughter, and said, 'The things that happen to Signior Don Quixote are so extraordinary that it makes me believe this is not my lackey. But let us use this sleight and device:

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let us defer the marriage only one fifteen days, and keep this personage that holds us in doubt locked up, in which perhaps he will return to his pristine shape; for the rancour that enchanters bear Signior Don Quixote will not last so long, they gaining so little by these cozenages and transformations they use.'

'Oh, sir,' quoth Sancho, 'these wicked elves do usually change one thing into another in my master's affairs. Not long since they changed a knight he conquered, called the Knight of the Looking-glasses, into the shape, of the bachelor Samson Carrasco, born in our town, and our special friend; and they turned my mistress Dulcinea del Toboso into a rustic clown; and so I imagine this lackey will live and die so, all days of his life.'

To which quoth Rodriguez' daughter, 'Let him be who he will that demands me to wife, I thank him. I had rather be lawful wife to a lackey than a paramour to be mocked by a gentleman, though besides he that abused me is none.'

The upshot of all was, that Tosilos should be kept up till they saw what became of his transformation. All cried Don Quixote's was the victory, and the most were sad and melancholy to see that the expected combatants had not beaten one another to pieces; as boys are sad, when the party they look for comes not out to be hanged, when either the contrary or the justice pardons him.

The people departed, and the duke and the duchess returned, and Don Quixote with them, to the castle; Tosilos was shut up; Donna Rodriguez and her daughter were most happy to see that, one way or other, that business should end in marriage; and Tosilos hoped no less.

CHAPTER LVII

HOW DON QUIXOTE TOOK HIS LEAVE OF THE DUKE, AND
WHAT BEFEL HIM WITH THE WITTY AND WANTON
ALTISIDORA, THE DUCHESS'S DAMSEL

NOW it seemed good to Don Quixote to leave the idle life he had in the castle, thinking it a great wrong to his person to be shut up and lazy amongst so many delights and dainties as were offered to him as a knight-errant by those nobles, and he thought he was to give a strict account to Heaven for that idleness and retirement, and so asked licence one day of the dukes to depart, which they gave him, but seemed to be very sorrowful that he would leave them. The duchess gave Sancho Panza his wife's letters, who wept in them, and said, 'Who would have thought that such great hopes as the news of my government engendered in my wife Teresa Panza's breast should stop in this, that I must return to my master Don Quixote's dragged adventures? For all that, I am glad to see that my Teresa was like herself, by sending the acorns to the duchess, which if she had not sent, I being sorry she had showed herself ungrateful; my comfort is that this kind of present could not be called a bribe, for I had my government before she sent it, and 'tis very fit that they who receive a benefit, though it be but in trifles, show themselves

ALTISIDORA

thankful. In effect, naked I came into the government, and naked I go out of it, and therefore I may say, which is no small matter, with a safe conscience, naked was I born, naked I am, I neither win nor lose.'

This Sancho discoursed with himself at the time when he was to depart; and Don Quixote going out (having taken his leave the night before of the dukes) one morning, he presented himself all armed in the castle court; all the people of the house beheld him from the galleries, and the dukes too went out to see him. Sancho was upon his Dapple, with his wallets, his cloak-bag, and his sumpter-provision, most frolic, for the duke's steward, he that had been Trifaldi, gave him a purse with two hundred crowns of gold, to supply his wants by the way, and yet Don Quixote knew nothing of this.

Whilst all were thus beholding him, unlooked for amongst other matrons and damsels of the duchess's, the witty and wanton Altisidora beheld him, and with a woeful voice said:

'Hearken, O thou wicked knight,
Hold a little back thy reins;
Do not so bestir the flank
Of thy most ungoverned beast.
False, behold, thou fliest not
From a serpent that is fierce;
No, but from a little lamb,
Lacks not much of being a sheep.
Horrid monster, thou hast abused
The most beauteous damosel
That Diana in hills hath seen,
Or Venus in woods beheld.
Cruel Virenus, Aeneas fugitive,
Barabbas take thee, never mayst thou thrive!
'Thou carriest (Oh, ill carrying!)
In thy wicked clutching paws
The entrails of an humble one,
Tender and enamoured.

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Three nightcaps hast thou borne hence,
And a pair of garters too,
That do equal marble pure,
For their smoothness, white and black.
Two thousand sighs thou bearest away,
Which were they but fire, they might
Set on fire two thousand Troys
(If two thousand Troys there were).
Cruel Virenus, Aeneas fugitive,
Barabbas take thee, never mayst thou thrive!

‘Of thy squire, that Sancho he,
May his entrails be so tough
And so hard that Dulcine—
a may not disenchanted be.
For the fault that thou hast made,
Let poor she the burden bear,
For the just for wrongers do
Sometimes in my country pay.
Let thy best adventures all
Into misadventures turn,
All thy pleasure to a dream,
Firmness to forgetfulness,
Cruel Virenus, Aeneas fugitive,
Barabbas take thee, never mayst thou thrive!

‘Mayst thou false accounted be,
From Seville to Marchena,
From Granada unto Loia,
From London † to England.
Whensoever thou playst at trump,
At primera, or at saint,
Never mayst thou see a king,
Aces, sevens fly from thee.
If thou chance to cut thy corns,
Mayst thou wound till blood do come:
Also let the stumps remain,
If thou pluck out hollow teeth.
Cruel Virenus, Aeneas fugitive,
Barabbas take thee, never mayst thou thrive!’

† Though these verses were made on purpose to be absurd, yet sure the author here fell into the common absurdity that I have known many of his countrymen do, which is, that England is in London, and not *vice versa*.



Don Quixote and Sancho Leave the Castle.

DON QUIXOTE DEPARTS

Whilst the grieved Altisidora thus lamented, Don Quixote beheld her, and, without answering a word, turning to Sancho, he said, 'By thy forefathers' lives, I conjure thee, my Sancho, that thou tell me one truth: tell me happily hast thou the three nightcaps and the garters that this enamoured damsel speaks of?' To which quoth Sancho, 'The three caps I have; but for your garters, as sure as the sea burns.'

The duchess wondered at Altisidora's looseness; for, though she held her to be bold, witty, and wanton, yet she never thought she would have proceeded so far; and, knowing nothing of this jest, her admiration was the greater.

The duke meant to second the poet, and therefore said, 'I do not like it well, sir knight, that having received this good entertainment that hath been made you in my castle, you should presume to carry away three nightcaps at least: if it were but only my damsel's garters, 'tis a sign of a false heart, not suitable to your honour, and therefore restore her garters; if not, I challenge you to a mortal combat, and I'll not fear that your elvish enchanters will truck or change my face, as they have done my lackey Tosilos, that was to have fought with you.'

'God forbid,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that I should unsheath my sword against your most illustrious person, from whom I have received so many favours. The nightcaps I will restore, for Sancho says he hath them; the garters 'tis impossible, for neither he nor I received them; and if this your damsel will look into her corners, I warrant her she finds them. I, my lord, was never thief, nor never think I shall as long as I live, if God forsake me not. This damsel speaks as she pleaseth, as being enamoured on what I am not faulty of; and therefore I have no reason to ask forgiveness neither of her nor your Ex-

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cellency, whom I beseech to have a better opinion of me: and again I desire your licence to be upon my way.'

'God send you, Signior Don Quixote,' quoth the duchess, 'so good a journey that we may always hear happy news of your brave exploits, and so God be with you, for the longer you stay, the more you increase the flames in the damsels' hearts that behold you. And for mine, I'll punish her so, that henceforward she shall neither misbehave herself in look or action.'

'Hear me then but a word, O valorous Don Quixote,' quoth Altisidora, 'which is, that I cry thee mercy for the theft of my garters; for in my soul and conscience I have them on, and I have fallen into the same carelessness of his that looked for his ass when he rode upon him.'

'Did not I tell you,' quoth Sancho, 'I am a fit youth to conceal thefts? for had I been so, I had in two bouts fit occasions in my government.'

Don Quixote inclined his head and made an obeisance to the dukes and bystanders, and, turning Rozinante's reins, Sancho following him on Dapple, he went out of the castle, taking his way towards Saragosa.



CHAPTER LVIII

OF ADVENTURES THAT CAME SO THICK AND THREEFOLD
ON DON QUIXOTE, THAT THEY GAVE NO
RESPITE ONE TO THE OTHER

WHEN Don Quixote saw himself in open field, free and unencumbered from Altisidora's wooing, he thought himself in his centre, and that his spirits were renewed, to prosecute his new project of chivalry; and, turning to Sancho, said, 'Liberty, Sancho, is one of the precious gifts that Heaven hath given men; the treasure that the earth encloseth, and the sea hides, cannot be equalised to it. Life ought to be hazarded as well for liberty as for a man's hon-

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our; and, by the contrary, captivity is the greatest evil that can befall men. This I tell thee, Sancho, because thou hast well observed the cheer and plenty we have had in the castle we left. Well, in the midst of those savoury banquets, and those drinks cooled with snow, methought I was straitened with hunger; for I enjoyed nothing with the liberty I should have done had it been mine own; for the obligations of recompensing benefits and favours received are ties that curb a free mind. Happy that man to whom Heaven hath given a piece of bread, without obligation to thank any else, but heaven alone!'

'For all that,' quoth Sancho, 'tis not fit for us to be unthankful for two hundred crowns that we have received in gold, which the duke's steward gave me in a purse, which I carry as a comforting cordial next my heart for what may fall out; for we shall not always find castles where we shall be much made on: sometimes we shall meet with inns where we shall be cudgelled.'

In these and such-like discourses went the errants on, knight and squire, when they saw (having gone about half a league) upon the grass of a green meadow some dozen men, with their cloaks spread at dinner, clad like husbandmen. Somewhat near them, they had, as it were, white sheets, with which they covered something underneath; they were set upright, and stretched at length, and put a pretty distance one from another.

Don Quixote came to those that were eating, and, saluting them first courteously, he asked them what was under that linen. One of them answered him, 'Sir, under this linen there be certain images of embossed work in wood, which must serve in a show we make in our village. We carry them covered that they may not be sullied, and on our shoulders that they be not

THE IMAGES

broken.' 'If you please,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I should be glad to see them; for images carried so charily doubtless are good ones.' 'Good?' quoth one. 'If they be not, let their price speak, for there is none of them but cost fifty ducats; and that you may see 'tis true, pray stay, and you shall see it with your eyes'; and, rising, he left his dinner, and went to uncover the first image, which showed to be St. George on horseback, with a winding serpent at his feet, and his lance run through the throat of it, with the fierceness he useth to be painted with.

All the images seemed to be of pure gold, and Don Quixote seeing it, said, 'This knight was one of the best errants that the divine warfare had; his name was St. George, and he was a wonderful defender of damsels. Let's see this next.' The man discovered it, and it seemed to be St. Martin on horseback, that divided his cloak with the poor man; and Don Quixote no sooner saw it but he said, 'This knight also was one of our Christian adventurers, and I believe he was more liberal than valiant, as thou mayst see, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak and giving the poor man half; and doubtless it was then winter, for had it been summer he would have given him all, he was so charitable.'

'Not so,' quoth Sancho, 'but he stuck to the proverb, To give and to have, doth a brain crave.'

Don Quixote laughed, and desired them to take away another piece of linen, under which was the image of the patron of Spain on horseback, his sword bloodied, trampling on Moors, and treading on heads: and Don Quixote seeing it, said, 'Ay, marry, sir, here's a knight indeed, one of Christ's squadrons. This is called Don St. Diego, Moor-killer, one of the valiantest saints and knights in the world then, or in heaven now.' Then they discovered another piece, which

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showed St. Paul his falling from his horse, with all the circumstances usually painted in the table of his conversion. When he saw him so lively, as if, you would say, Christ were then speaking to him, and Paul answering, he said, 'This was the greatest enemy that the Church of God had in a long time, and the greatest defender that ever it shall have; a knight-errant in his lifetime, and a quiet saint in his death, a restless labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, a doctor of nations, whose school was heaven, and Christ Himself his reader and instructor.' Now there were no more images; and so Don Quixote commanded them to cover them again, and said to those that carried them, 'I hold it for a propitious sign, brethren, to have seen what I have seen; for those saints and knights were of my profession, which is, to exercise arms; only the difference between them and me is, that they were saints, and fought divinely; I am a sinner, and fight humanly. They conquered heaven by the force of their arms (for heaven suffers force), and hitherto I know not what I conquer by the force of my sufferings. But if my Dulcinea del Toboso be once free from hers, my fortune bettering itself, and my judgment repaired, perhaps I might take a better course than I do.'

'God grant, and sin be deaf,' quoth Sancho, straight.

The men wondered as well at Don Quixote's shape as his discourse, and understood not one half what it meant. They ended their dinner, and got up their images, and, taking leave of Don Quixote, went on their way.

Sancho admired afresh, as if he had never known his master, at his knowledge, thinking there was no history in the world, or accident, that he had not ciphered upon his nail, and nailed in his memory, and said, 'Truly, master mine, if this that hath befallen us to-day may be called an adventure, it hath

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been one of the most delicious-sweetest that in all our peregrination hath befallen us; for we are come out of it without blows or affrightment, or laying hands to our swords, or without beating the earth with our bodies, or being hungry. God be thanked that He hath let me see this with these eyes of mine.'

'Thou sayst well, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but, thou must know, the times are not always alike, nor run on in one fashion, and that which the vulgar commonly calls bodings, which are not grounded upon any natural reason, ought to be held, and reputed, and judged by a wise man for good luck. One of your wizards riseth in a morning, goes out of his house, meets with a friar of the blessed Order of St. Francis, as if he had met with a griffin, turns his back, and runs home again. T'other Mendoza, he spills the salt on the table, and straight hath a melancholy sprinkled all over his heart, as if nature were bound to show signs of ensuing mischances, with things of so small moment as the aforesaid. The discreet Christians ought not to stand upon points, or to look into the doings of Heaven. Scipio comes into Africa, and, leaping on shore, he stumbles: his soldiers hold it for an ill sign; but he, embracing the ground, said, "Thou canst not fly from me, Africa, for I have fast hold on thee in mine arms." So that, Sancho, the meeting with these images hath been a most happy success to me.'

'I believe you,' quoth Sancho; 'and pray tell me the cause why we Spaniards cry, "Saint Jaques, and shut Spain?" Is Spain open, trow, so that it needed be shut? or what ceremony is this?'

'Thou art most simple, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote: 'and look, this grand knight with the red cross, God hath given him

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to Spain for a patron and protector, especially in the hard conflicts that the Moors and we had together, and therefore they invoke and call on him as their protector in all their battles they give, and many times they have visibly seen him in them, overthrowing, trampling, destroying and killing Agaren squadrons. Many examples could I produce to confirm this, out of the true Spanish histories.'

Sancho changed his discourse, and said to his master, 'Sir, I do wonder at the looseness of Altisidora, the duchess's damsel; that same fellow called Love hath bravely wounded and run her through: they say he is a little blind boy, that though he be blear-eyed, or to say truer, blind, takes the least heart for his mark, and hits it, and pierceth it with his flight from one side the other. I have also heard say that, in the modesty and wariness of damsels, his amorous arrows are headless and dull; but in this Altisidora it seems they are rather whetted than dull.'

'Look you, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'Love hath no respect or limit in his dealing, and hath the same condition with Death, that as well sets upon the high palaces of kings as the low cottages of shepherds; and, when he takes entire possession of a soul, the first thing he does is to banish shame, without which Altisidora declared her desires, that rather engendered in my breast confusion than pity.'

'Notable cruelty!' quoth Sancho, 'unheard-of thanklessness! I know, for my part, that the least amorous reason of hers would have humbled and made me her vassal: ah, whore-son, what a heart of marble, entrails of brass, and soul of rough-cast had you! But I cannot imagine what this damosel saw in you that should so vanquish her. What gallantry? what courage? what conceit? what countenance?—which of these alone,

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or all together, enamoured her? for truly, truly, I behold you many times from head to foot, and I see more in you to affright than to enamour. And having also heard say that beauty is the first and principal part that doth enamour, you having none, I know not on what the poor soul was enamoured.'

'Mark, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'there be two kinds of beauty, one of the mind, the other of the body; that of the mind doth march and is seen in the understanding, in honesty, in good proceeding, in liberality, in being well-bred; and all these qualities are untamed, and may be in an ill-favoured man; and when the choice is set upon this beauty, and not upon that of the body, it causeth love with more force and advantage. I see, Sancho, that I am not lovely, and yet I know too I am not deformed; and it is enough for an honest man, if he be not a monster, to be beloved, so I have the portions of the mind I have told thee of.'

In these reasons and discourses they went, entering in at a wood that was out of the way, and suddenly, before they were aware, Don Quixote found himself entangled in nets of green thread, that were set from one tree to another, and not imagining what it might be, he said to Sancho, 'Methinks, Sancho, this adventure of these nets is one of the strangest that may be imagined: hang me, if the enchanters that persecute me mean not to entangle me in them, and to stop my way, in revenge of the rigour I have used toward Altisidora. Well, let them know that these nets, were they of hardest diamonds, as they are of green thread, or stronger than that the jealous god of the blacksmiths entangled Venus and Mars with, I would break it, as if it were bulrushes or yarn'; and, striving to get forward, suddenly two most beautiful shepherdesses, coming from out the thicket, appeared before him;

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two at least attired like shepherdesses, only their loose jackets and coats were of fine cloth of gold. I say, their kirtles were of tissue, their hairs hung loose over their shoulders that for golden might compare with the sunbeams. They were crowned with two garlands woven with green bays and red-flower gentle; their ages seemed to be not under fifteen, nor past eighteen.

This was a sight that astonished Sancho, suspended Don Quixote, made the sun stop in his career to behold them, and held all the four in marvellous silence.

In fine, the first that spake was one of the shepherdesses, that said to Don Quixote, ‘ Hold, gentlemen, and break not our nets, that are spread there not to your hurt, but for our recreation; and because I know you will ask us why they are so put, and who we are, I will tell you briefly. In a village some two leagues from hence, where there are many gentlemen of quality and rich, amongst many acquaintances and kindred it was agreed that the wives, sons, and daughters, neighbors, friends, and kinsfolk, should join to make merry in this place, which is one of the pleasantest here round about, forming, as it were, amongst us, a new and pastoral Arcadia, clothing the maids like shepherdesses, and the young men like shepherds. Two eclogues we have studied, one of the famous poet Garsilasso, and the other of that most excellent poet Camoens, in his own mother Portugal tongue, which hitherto we have not repeated. Yesterday was the first day we came hither. We have our tents, called field-tents, pitched amongst these trees, close by the brink of a goodly running brook, which fructifies all these meadows. Last night we did spread our nets on these trees to catch the poor birds that, being allured with our call, should fall into them. If you please, sir, to be our guest, you shall

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be entertained liberally and courteously; for now into this place comes neither sorrow nor melancholy.' With this she was silent, and said no more.

To which Don Quixote answered, 'Truly, fairest lady, Acteon was not more astonished or in suspense when on the sudden he saw Diana bathing herself in the fountain, than I have been in beholding your beauty. I commend the manner of your pastime, and thank you for your kind offers; and if I may serve you, so I may, be sure you will be obeyed. You may command me; for my profession is this, to show myself thankful, and a doer of good to all sorts of people, especially of the rank that your person shows you to be. And if those nets, as they take up but a little piece of ground, should take up the whole world, I would seek out new worlds to pass through rather than break them. And that you may give credit to this my exaggeration, behold at least he that promiseth you this is Don Quixote de la Mancha, if haply this name hath come to your hearing.'

'Ah, sweet friend,' quoth the other shepherdess, 'what good luck is this! Seest thou this gentleman before us? Well, let me tell thee, he is the valiantest, the most enamoured, and the most courteous in the world, if the History lie not, and deceive us, which is in print, of his famous exploits which I have read. I hold a wager this honest fellow here with him is, what call ye him? Sancho Panza his squire, that hath no fellow for his mirth.'

''Tis true,' quoth Sancho, 'I am that merry fellow, and that squire you speak of, and this gentleman is my master, the very selfsame Don Quixote aforesaid, and historified.'

'Ah,' quoth the other, 'let us entreat him, friend, to stay with us, for our friends and kindred will be infinitely glad of

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it; and I have heard tell, as well as thou, of his worth and wit; and above all, they say of him that he is the firmest and loyallest amorist that is known, and that his mistress is one Dulcinea del Toboso, that bears the prize from all the beauties in Spain.'

'With just reason she doth,' quoth Don Quixote, 'if so be your matchless beauties put it not in controversy. Weary not yourselves, ladies, in detaining me, for the precise ties of my profession will let me rest nowhere.'

By this there came a brother of one of the shepherdesses, where the four were, as brave and gallant as they. They told him that he which was with them was the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the other Sancho his squire, of whom he had notice, as having read his history.

The gallant shepherd saluted him, desiring him to come with them to their tents. Don Quixote was forced to consent, which he did. And now the nets were drawn, and filled with divers little birds, who, deceived with the colour of them, fell into the danger they shunned. There met in that place above thirty persons, all gallantly clad like shepherds and shepherdesses, and instantly they were made to know who Don Quixote was, and his squire; at which they were not a little contented, for they had notice of him by his history. They came to the tents, and found the tables covered, rich, abundant, and neat. They honoured Don Quixote with the chief seat: all of them beheld him, and admired to see him.

Finally, the cloth being taken away, Don Quixote very gravely lifted up his voice and said, 'Amongst the greatest sins that are committed, though some say pride, yet I say ingratitude is one, holding myself to the usual saying, that hell is full of the ungrateful. This sin, as much as possible I could,

DON QUIXOTE'S CHALLENGE

I have sought to avoid ever since I had reason: and if I cannot repay one good turn with another, instead of that, my desires are not wanting, and when they suffice not, I publish them; for he that acknowledgeth and publisheth good turns received would also recompense them with others if he could; for, for the most part, they that receive are inferior to those that give; and so God is above all, because He is giver above all, and the gifts of men cannot be equal to God's for the infinite difference betwixt them; and this straitness and barrenness doth in some measure supply a thankfulness. I therefore being thankful for the kindness I have here received, and not able to correspond in the same proportion, containing myself in the narrow limits of my ability, offer what I may and what I have from my harvest, and therefore I say that I will for two long days maintain, in midst of the king's highway toward Saragosa, that these ladies, counterfeit shepherdesses here present, are the fairest and most courteous damsels in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my thoughts, with peace be it spoken to as many both hes and shes as hear me.'

Which when Sancho heard, that had attentively listened, crying out, he said, 'Is it possible there can be anybody in the world that dares say or swear that this master of mine is mad? Pray speak, you gentlemen shepherds: is there any country vicar, be he never so wise, or never so good a scholar, that can say what my master hath said? Or is there any knight-errant, let him be never so much famed for his valour, that can offer what my master hath here offered?'

Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and, all inflamed and choleric, said, 'Is it possible, O Sancho, that there is anybody in the world that will say thou art not a coxcomb, lined with the

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same, and hemmed with I know not what malice or knavery? Who bids thee meddle with my matters, in sifting out whether I be wise or a jolt-head? Peace, and not a word, but saddle Rozinante, if he be unsaddled, and let's put my offer in execution; for, with the justice that I have on my side, thou mayst presume as many as I meet withal are vanquished.'

And so, with great fury, and in a terrible huff, he rose from his chair, leaving all the bystanders in admiration, and in doubt whether they should hold him mad or wise. Finally, they persuaded him he should not thrust himself into such an engagement, for they acknowledged his thankful good will, and that there needed no new demonstrations to know his valorous mind, for his exploits mentioned in his history were sufficient.

For all that, Don Quixote proceeded in his purpose, and, mounted on Rozinante, buckling his shield to him, and taking his lance, he got to the highway, not far from the green meadow. Sancho followed him upon Dapple, with all the pastoral flock, desirous to see what might be the issue of that arrogant and never-seen offer.

Don Quixote being, as I have said, upon the way, he wounded the air with these words: 'O you passengers, and wayfaring knights, squires on foot or on horseback, that either now pass this way, or are to pass in these two ensuing days, know that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, is here ready to maintain that, setting the beauty of the mistress of my soul aside, Dulcinea del Toboso, the nymphs that inhabit these meadows and groves are the fairest that may be: and he that is of a contrary opinion, let him come, for here I expect him.'

Twice he repeated these selfsame words, and twice they were not heard by any adventurer. But his good luck, that di-



VIER
F.

Don Quixote and Sancho Trampled by the Wild Bulls.

THE BULLS

rected his affairs better and better, so ordained that, a pretty while after, they might see a troop of horsemen upon the way, and many of them with lances in their hands, all of them going in a heap together, and apace. They that were with Don Quixote as soon as ever they saw them, turned their backs, and got far enough out of the way; for they knew if they stayed they might be in some danger: only Don Quixote with an undaunted heart stood still, and Sancho Panza warded himself with Rozinante's buttocks.

The troop of the lances came on, and one that was foremost cried out aloud to Don Quixote, saying, 'Out of the way, madman; for these bulls will beat thee to pieces.'

'Go to, ye scoundrels!' quoth Don Quixote; 'your bulls shall not prevail with me, though they were the fiercest that Xarama hath feeding on his banks. Confess, ye elves, all in one, that what I have proclaimed here is a truth, or else come and combat with me.'

The herdsman had no leisure to answer, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way, though he would; and so the troop of wild bulls, together with the tame kine, and the multitude of herdsmen, and others, that carried them to be kept up in a town, where they were the next day to be baited, trampled over Don Quixote, Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, tumbling them all down upon the ground.

Sancho was bruised, Don Quixote astonished, Dapple banged, and Rozinante not very catholic; but, in fine, all of them got up; and Don Quixote in all haste, sometimes stumbling, otherwhiles falling, began to run after the whole herd, crying aloud, 'Hold, stay, ye elvish crew! for one only knight expects you, who is not of that mind or opinion of those that say, To a flying enemy a silver bridge.' But the hasty run-

DON QUIXOTE

ners stayed never a whit the more for this, nor made any reckoning of his threats more than of last year's clouds.

Don Quixote, being weary, stayed him. So, fuller of anger than revenge, he sat in the way, expecting when Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple should arrive. At length they came, and master and man gat up, and without leave-taking of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia, with more shame than delight, they went onward their way.

CHAPTER LIX

OF AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT THAT BEFEL DON
QUIXOTE, WHICH MAY BE HELD FOR AN ADVENTURE

THE dust and weariness that Don Quixote and Sancho received from the unmannerly bulls was recompensed with a clear and running fountain, which they found in a cool grove, on whose margin, leaving Rozinante and Dapple loose without a bridle or halter, the two way-beaten, master and man, sat down. Sancho repaired to the cupboard of his wallets, and took out of them that which he called his sauce, and rinsed his mouth: Don Quixote washed his face, with which refreshing his faint spirits recovered breath.

Don Quixote eat nothing for pure grief, neither durst Sancho touch any meat before him for pure mannerliness, and expected his master should first be his taster; but, seeing him carried on with his imaginations, not remembering to put a bit in his mouth, he never asked him; and, overrunning all kind of manners, he began to barrel up all the bread and cheese that was before him in his stomach.

‘Eat, friend Sancho,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘hold life together, for thou hast more need than I, and leave me to die by the hands of my sorrows and the force of my misfortunes. I was born, Sancho, to live dying, and thou to die eating; and

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that thou mayst see I tell thee true, consider me printed in histories, famous in arms, well-nurtured in my actions, respected by princes, courted by damosels; now at the end of all, when I hoped for bays, triumphs, and crowns laid up and merited by my famous exploits, this morning I have seen myself trampled on and kicked and bruised with the feet of base unclean beasts; the consideration of this dulls my teeth, makes slow my grinders, and benumbs my hands, and altogether bereaves me of my appetite; so that I think I shall die with hunger, the cruellest of all deaths.'

'So that,' quoth Sancho (not leaving his fast chewing), 'you will not allow of that proverb that says, "Let Martha die, so she die not empty." At least, I will not be the cause of my death. I mean rather to do as the shoemaker doth, that stretcheth the leather with his teeth, till he makes it reach as he list; I'll draw out my life by eating, till it come to the end that Heaven hath allotted it. And know, sir, there is no greater madness in the world than to despair as you do; and believe me, and after you have eaten, rest yourself a little upon the down-beds of this green grass, and you shall see that, when you wake, you shall find yourself somewhat lightened.'

Don Quixote took his counsel, taking his reasons to be rather philosophical than senseless, and said, 'If thou, O Sancho, wouldst do what shall I now tell thee for me, my lightsomeness would be certain, and my sorrows not so great; which is, that whilst I, obeying thy counsel, sleep, thou go out of the way a little, and with Rozinante's reins, turning thy flesh to the air, give thyself three or four hundred lashes upon account of the three thousand and so many that thou art to give for the disenchanting Dulcinea, which is no small pity, that that poor lady should be enchanted by thy carelessness and negligence.'



At the Fountain.

THE INNKEEPER'S FARE

‘There is much to be said in this business,’ quoth Sancho; ‘let’s both sleep now, and God will provide afterward. Know, sir, that this whipping in cold blood is a cruel thing, especially if it light upon a weak body and worse-fed; let my lady Dulcinea have patience, for, when she least thinks of it, she shall see me a very sieve with lashes; and till death all is life—I mean, I live with a desire to fulfil my promise.’

Don Quixote, giving him thanks, eat something, and Sancho a great deal, leaving the two continual friends and companions, Rozinante and Dapple, to their liberum arbitrium, disorderly feeding upon the pasture that was plentiful in that meadow.

They awaked somewhat late, and up they got again, and went on their way, making haste to come to an inn, which seemed to be about a league off: I say an inn, for Don Quixote called it so, contrary to his ordinary custom of calling all inns castles. Well, to it they come, they asked mine host if there were any lodging. He answered, Yes, with all the commodiousness and provision that they might have in the town of Saragosa.

They alighted, and Sancho retired with his sumptry into a chamber of which the host gave him the key; the beasts he carried to the stable, and gave them their stint, and so went to see what Don Quixote, who sat by upon a bench, would command him, giving God particular thanks that that inn had not appeared to him a castle.

Supper-time came on, so to their resting-place they got.

Sancho asked mine host what he had for supper. To which quoth he, ‘Your mouth shall have measure, ask what you will; for, from the birds of the air to the poultry of the earth, and the fishes of the sea, that inn was provided.’

* A good character of a lying, beggarly, vain-glorious Spanish host in general.

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‘Not so much,’ quoth Sancho; ‘for so we may have a couple of roasted chickens, ’twill be enough; for my master is weak-stomached, and eats little, and I am no very greedy-gut.’

Mine host answered him he had no chickens, for the kites had devoured them. ‘Why, then, let’s have a tender pullet roasted,’ quoth he. ‘A pullet? My father as soon? trust me, trust me, I sent above fifty yesterday to the city to sell. Saving pullets, ask what you will.’

‘Why, then,’ quoth Sancho, ‘you want no veal or kid?’ ‘We have none in the house now,’ said my host, ‘for it is all spent; but by next week we shall have to spare.’

‘The matter is mended,’ quoth Sancho. ‘I hold a wager all these wants are supplied with eggs and bacon.’

‘Assuredly,’ quoth mine host, ‘here’s fine doings with my guests; I have told him we have neither pullet nor hens, and yet he would have eggs. Run, if you will, to other dainties, and leave these gluttonies.’

‘Resolve us, body of me,’ quoth Sancho, ‘and tell me what we shall have, and leave you your running, mine host.’

The host said, ‘The very truth is, I have two neats’ feet like calves’ feet, or two calves’ feet like neats’ feet; they are sod with their pease, bacon, and onions; and just at this instant cry, Come eat me, come eat me.’

‘For mine I mark them henceforward,’ quoth Sancho, ‘and let no man touch them, for I’ll pay more for them than anybody else, and there could have been no better meat for me in the world.’

‘No man shall touch them,’ said mine host; ‘for other guests I have, out of pure gentility, bring their cook, cater, and butler with them.’

‘If it go by gentle,’ quoth Sancho, ‘none more gentle than

THE FALSE DON QUIXOTE

my master; but his calling permits no larders or butteries; we clap us down in the midst of a field, and fill ourselves with acorns and medlars.'

This discourse passed between Sancho and the host, without Sancho's answering him, who asked what calling his master was of. Supper was ready; Don Quixote went to his chamber—mine host brought the pot of meat just as it was—and sat him fair and well down to supper. It seemed that in another chamber next Don Quixote's, divided only by a thin lath-wall, he might hear one say, 'By your life, Signior Don Jeronimo, whilst supper is to come in, let us read another chapter in the Second Part of Don Quixote.'

Don Quixote scarce heard himself named, when up he stood, and watchfully gave ear to their discourse concerning him, and he heard that the aforesaid Don Jeronimo answered, 'Signior Don John, why should we read these fopperies? He that hath read the First Part of Don Quixote, it is impossible he should take any pleasure in reading the second.'

'For all that,' quoth Don John, 'twere good reading it; for there is no book so ill that hath not some good thing in it. That which most displeaseth me in this is that he makes Don Quixote disenamoured of Dulcinea del Toboso.'

Which when Don Quixote heard, full of wrath and despite, he lifted up his voice, saying, 'Whosoever saith Don Quixote de la Mancha hath forgotten, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know with equal arms that he is far from the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso cannot be forgotten, neither can forgetfulness be contained in Don Quixote; his escutcheon is loyalty, his profession sweetly to keep it, without doing it any violence.'

'Who is that answers us?' said they in the next room.

DON QUIXOTE

‘Who should it be,’ quoth Sancho, ‘but Don Quixote himself, that will make good all he hath said, or as much as he shall say? for a good paymaster cares not for his pawns.’

Scarce had Sancho said this when the two gentlemen came in at the chamber-door—for they seemed no less to them—and one of them, casting his arms about Don Quixote’s neck, said, ‘Neither can your presence belie your name, or your name credit your presence. Doubtless you, sir, are the right Don Quixote de la Mancha, north-star and morning-star of knight-errantry, in spite of him that hath usurped your name and annihilated your exploits, as the author of this book I here deliver hath done’; and giving him the book that his companion had, Don Quixote took it, and, without answering a word, began to turn the leaves, and a while after returned it, saying:

‘In this little that I have seen, I have found three things in this author¹ worthy of reprehension. The first is, some words I have read in his prologue; the second, that his language is Aragonian, for sometimes he writes without articles; and the third, which doth most confirm his ignorance, is that he errs and strays from the truth in the chiefest of the history; for here he sayst that Sancho Panza my squire’s wife’s name was Mary Gutierrez, which is not so, but she is called Teresa Panza; and therefore he that errs in so main a matter, it may well be feared he will err in all the rest of the history.’

To this Sancho said, ‘Prettily done, indeed, of the historian; he knows very well sure what belongs to our affairs, since he calls my wife Teresa Panza, Mary Gutierrez. Pray take the book again, sir, and see whether I be there, and whether he have changed my name.’ ‘By your speech, friend,’ quoth

¹ This the author of this book brings in by way of invective against an Aragonian scholar, that wrote a Second Part of Don Quixote, before this was published.

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Don Jeronimo, 'you should be Sancho Panza, Signior Don Quixote's squire.' 'I am,' quoth Sancho, 'and I am proud of it.'

'Well, in faith,' said the gentleman, 'this modern author doth not treat of you so neatly as your person makes show for; he paints you out for a glutton, an idiot, and nothing witty, and far different from the Sancho that is described in the First Part of your master's history.'

'God forgive him!' said Sancho; 'he should have left me in my corner, and not remembered me; for Every man in his ability, and 'TIS good sleeping in a whole skin.'

The two gentlemen entreated Don Quixote to go to their chamber and sup with them; for they knew well that in that inn he found not things fitting to his person. Don Quixote, who was ever courteous, condescended to their request, and supped with them; Sancho remained with his flesh-pot, sole lord and governor. Sancho sat at the upper end of the table, and with him the innkeeper, that was no less affectioned to his neats' feet than Sancho.

In the midst of supper, Don John asked Don Quixote what news he had of his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, whether she were married, or brought a-bed, or great with child, or being entire, whether (respecting her honesty and good decorum) she were mindful of Signior Don Quixote's amorous desires. To which he answered, 'Dulcinea is as entire and my desires as firm as ever, our correspondency in the ancient barrenness, her beauty transformed into the complexion of a base milk-wench'; and straight he recounted unto them every tittle of her enchantment, and what had befallen him in Montesinos' Cave, with the order that the sage Merlin had given for her disenchanting, which was by Sancho's stripes.

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Great was the delight the two gentlemen received to hear Don Quixote tell the strange passages of his history, and so they wondered at his fopperies, as also his elegant manner of delivering them. Here they held him to be wise, there he slipped from them by the fool; so they knew not what medium to give him, betwixt wisdom and folly.

Sancho ended his supper, and, leaving the innkeeper, passed to the chamber where his master was, and, entering, said, 'Hang me, sirs, if the author of this book that your worships have would that we should eat a good meal together; pray God, as he calls me glutton, he say not that I am a drunkard too.'

'Yes, marry, doth he,' said Don Jeronimo, 'but I know not how directly, though I know his reasons do not hang together, and are very erroneous, as I see by Sancho's physiognomy here present.' 'Believe me,' quoth Sancho, 'Sancho and Don Quixote are differing in this history from what they are in that Cid Hamet Benengeli composed; for we are—my master valiant, discreet, and amorous; I simple and conceited, but neither glutton nor drunkard.'

'I believe it,' said Don John, 'and, were it possible, it should be commanded that none should dare to treat of the grand Don Quixote's affairs but Cid Hamet, his first author; as Alexander commanded that none but Appelles should dare to draw him.'

'Let whoso will draw me,' quoth Don Quixote, 'but let him not abuse me; for oftentimes patience falls, when injuries overload.'

'None,' quoth Don John, 'can be done Signior Don Quixote that he will not be revenged of, if he ward it not with the shield of his patience, which, in my opinion, is strong and great.'

DON QUIXOTE'S REVERIE

In these and other discourses they passed a great part of the night, and though Don John would that Don Quixote should have read more in the book to see what it did descant on, yet he could not prevail with him, saying he made account he had read it, and concluded it to be but an idle pamphlet, and that he would not (if it should come to the author's knowledge that he had meddled with it) he should make himself merry to think he had read it; for our thoughts must not be busied in filthy and obscene things, much less our eyes.

They asked him whither he purposed his voyage. He answered, to Saragosa, to be at the jousts in harness, that use to be there yearly.

Don John told him that there was one thing in that new history, which was, that he should be at a running at the ring in that city, as short of invention as poor in mottoes, but most poor in liveries, and rich in nothing but simplicities.

'For this matter only,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I will not set foot in Saragosa; and therefore the world shall see what a liar this modern historiographer is, and people shall perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of.'

'You shall do very well,' quoth Don Jeronimo; 'for there be other jousts in Barcelona, where Signior Don Quixote may show his valour.' 'So I mean to do,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and therefore let me take leave of you (for it is time) to go to bed, and so hold me in the rank of your greatest friends and servants.' 'And me too,' quoth Sancho, 'for it may be I shall be good for somewhat.'

With this they took leave, and Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving Don John and Don Jeronimo in admiration to see what a medley he had made with his discretion and madness; and they verily believed that these were

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the right Don Quixote and Sancho, and not they whom the Aragonian author described.

Don Quixote rose early, and, knocking upon the thin wall of the other chamber, he took leave of those guests. Sancho paid the host royally, but advised him he should either less praise the provision of his inn or have it better provided.



CHAPTER LX

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE, GOING TO BARCELONA

THE morning was cool, and the day promised no less, when Don Quixote left the inn, informing himself first which was the ready way to Barcelona, without coming to Saragosa; such was the desire he had to prove the new

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historian a liar, who, they said, dispraised him so much. It fell out so that in six days there fell out nothing worth writing to him; at the end of which he was benighted, going out of his way, in a thicket of oaks or cork-trees; for in this Cid Hamet is not so punctual as in other matters he useth to be.

The master and man alighted from their beasts, and, setting themselves at the trees' roots, Sancho, that had had his bever that day, entered roundly the gates of sleep; but Don Quixote, whom imagination kept awake much more than hunger, could not join his eyes, but rather was busying his thoughts in a thousand several places: sometimes he thought he found himself in Montesinos' Cave, and that he saw Dulcinea, converted into a country-wench, leap upon her ass-colt; now the sage Merlin's words rang in his ears, repeating unto him the conditions that were to be observed for her disenchanting; he was stark mad to see Sancho's laziness and want of charity; for, as he thought, he had only given himself five stripes, a poor and unequal number to those behind, and he was so grieved and enraged with this, that he framed this discourse to himself:

'If Alexander the Great did cut the Gordian knot, saying, "Cutting and undoing is all one," and yet, for all that, was lord of all Asia, no otherwise may it happen in the disenchanting of Dulcinea, if I should whip Sancho, volens nolens; for if the condition of this remedy be that Sancho receive three thousand and so many jerks, what care I whether he give them or that another do, since the substance is in him that gives them, come they by what means they will?'

With this imagination he came to Sancho; having first taken Rozinante's reins, and so fitted them that he might lash him with them, he began to untruss his points: the opinion is,

SANCHO AND HIS WHIPPING

that he had but one before, which held up his galligaskins. But he was no sooner approached, when Sancho awaked and came to himself, and said, 'Who is that? Who is it toucheth and untrusseth me?' 'Tis I,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that come to supply thy defects, and to remedy my troubles. I come to whip thee, Sancho, and to discharge the debt in part thou standest obliged in. Dulcinea perisheth, thou livest carelessly, I die desiring; and therefore untruss thyself willingly, for I have a mind in these deserts to give thee at least two thousand lashes.'

'Not so,' quoth Sancho; 'pray be quiet; and if not, I protest, deaf men shall hear us. The stripes in which I engaged myself must be voluntary, and not enforced, and at this time I have no mind to whip myself; 'tis enough that I give you my word to beat myself, and fly-flap me when I have a disposition to it.'

'There's no leaving of it to thy courtesy, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'for thou art hard-hearted, and though a clown, yet tender of flesh'; and so he contended and strove to unlace him; which when Sancho Panza saw, he stood to it, and, setting upon his master, closed with him, and, tripping up his heels, cast him upon his back on the ground; he put his right knee upon his breast, and with his hands held his, so that he neither let him stir nor breathe.

Don Quixote cried out, 'How now, traitor! rebellest thou against thy natural lord and master? presumest thou against him that feeds thee?' 'I neither make king nor depose king,' quoth Sancho; 'I only help myself that am mine own lord. Promise me you, sir, that you will be quiet, and not meddle with whipping of me now, and I'll set you loose and free; and if not, here thou diest, traitor, enemy to Donna Sancha.' Don

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Quixote promised him, and swore by the life of his thoughts he would not touch so much as a hair of his head, and that he would leave his whipping himself to his own freewill and choice when he would.

Sancho gat up, and went a pretty way from him, and, going to lean to another tree, he perceived something touch him upon the head, and, lifting up his hands, he lighted on two feet of a man, with hose and shoes on: he quaked for fear, and went to another tree, and the like befel him; so he cried out, calling to Don Quixote to help him. Don Quixote did so, and asking him what had befallen him, and why he was afraid, Sancho answered that all those trees were full of men's feet and legs. Don Quixote felt them, and fell straight into the account of what they might be, and said to Sancho, 'Thou needest not fear, for these feet and legs thou feelest, and seest not, doubtless are of some freebooters and robbers in troops, that are hanged in these trees; for here the justice hangs them by twenty and thirty at a clap; by which I understand that I am near Barcelona'; and true it was as he supposed. They lifted up their eyes, and, to see to, the freebooters' bodies hung as if they had been clusters upon those trees; and by this it waxed day. And if the dead men feared them, no less were they in tribulation with the sight of at least forty live sbanditi, who hemmed them in upon a sudden, bidding them, in the Catalan tongue, they should be quiet, and stand till their captain came.

Don Quixote was on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance set up against a tree, finally, void of all defence, and therefore he deemed it best to cross his hands and hold down his head, reserving himself for a better occasion and conjuncture.

The thieves came to flay Dapple, and began to leave him nothing he had, either in his wallets or cloak-bag; and it fell



Sancho Rebels Against His Master.

ROQUE GUINART

out well for Sancho, for the duke's crowns were in a hollow girdle girt to him, and those likewise that he brought from home with him; and, for all that, those good fellows would have weeded and searched him to the very entrails, if their captain had not come in the interim, who seemed to be about thirty years of age, strongly made, and somewhat of a tall stature; his look was solemn, and his complexion swarthy. He was mounted upon a powerful horse, with his steel coat on, and four petronels (called in that country pedrenales), which he wore two at each side. And now his squires (for so they call those that are in that vocation) came to make spoil of Sancho. He commanded them they should not, and he was straight obeyed, and so the girdle escaped. He wondered to see a lance reared up on a tree, a shield on the ground, and Don Quixote armed and pensative, with the saddest, melancholiest visage that sadness itself could frame. He came to him, saying, 'Be not sad, honest man, for you have not fallen into the hands of any cruel Osiris, but into Roque Guinart's, that have more compassion than cruelty in them.'

'My sadness is not,' quoth Don Quixote, 'to have fallen into thy power, O valorous Roque, whose fame is boundless, but that my carelessness was such that thy soldiers have caught me without bridle, I being obliged, according to the order of knight-errantry, which I profess, to keep watch and ward, and at all hours to be my own sentinel; for let me tell thee, grand Roque, if they had taken me on horseback, with my lance and shield, they should not easily have made me yield; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, he of whose exploits all the world is full.'

Straight Roque Guinart perceived that Don Quixote's infirmity proceeded rather of madness than valour, and though

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he had sometimes heard tell of him, yet he never could believe his deeds to be true, neither could he be persuaded that such a humour should reign in any man's heart; and he was wonderfully glad to have met with him, to see by experience what he had heard say of him, and therefore he said, 'Valorous knight, vex not yourself, neither take this fortune of yours to be sinister, for it may be that in these stumbling-blocks your crooked lot may be straightened, for Heaven doth usually raise up those that fall, and enrich the poor by strange and unseen ways, by men not imagined.'

Don Quixote was about to have rendered him thanks, when as they perceived a noise behind them, as if there had been some troop of horse, but there was but one only, upon which there came with full speed a youth, to see to, about some twenty years of age, clad in green damask; his hose and loose jerkin were laid on with gold lace, with a hat turned up from his band, with close-fit boots, sword and dagger gilt, and a little birding-piece in his hand, and two pistols at his sides.

Roque turned his head to the noise, and saw this beautiful shape, who, coming near him, said, 'In quest of thee I came, O valorous Roque, to find in thee, if not redress, at least some lightsomeness in this my misfortune. And to hold thee no longer in suspense, because I know thou knowest me not, I will tell thee who I am; that is, Claudia Jeronima, daughter to Simon Forte, thy singular friend, and only enemy to Clauquel Torellas, who is also thine, as being one of thy contrary faction. And thou knowest that this Torellas hath a son, called Don Vincente Torellas, or at least was so called, not two hours since. He then—to shorten my unfortunate tale, I will tell thee in few words what hath befallen me. He saw me, courted me; I gave ear to him, and, my father unwitting of it,

CLAUDIA AND VINCENTE

I affectionated myself to him; for there is no woman, be she never so retired or looked to, but she hath time enough to put in execution and effect her hasty longing. Finally, he promised me marriage, and I gave him my word to be his; so no more passed really. Yesterday I came to know that, forgetful of his obligation, he contracted to another, and that this morning he went to be married—a news that troubled my brain, and made an end of my patience. And by reason my father was not at home, I had opportunity to put myself in this apparel thou seest, and, making speed with this horse, I overtook Don Vincente about a league from hence, and, without making any complaint, or hearing his discharge, I discharged this piece, and, to boot, these pistols, and I believe I sent two bullets into his body, making way through which my honour, enwrapped in his blood, might sally out: therefore I left him to his servants, who nor durst nor could put themselves in his defence. I came to seek thee, that thou mightst help to pass me into France, where I have kindred, with whom I may live, and withal to desire thee to defend my father, that the number of Don Vincente's friends take not a cruel revenge upon him.'

Roque, wondering at the gallantry, bravery, handsomeness, and success of the fair Claudia, said, 'Come, gentleman, and let us go see if your enemy be dead, and afterward, what shall be most fitting to be done.'

Don Quixote, that hearkened attentively to all that Claudia said and Roque Guinart answered, said, 'No man need take pains to defend this lady; let it be my charge. Give me my horse and my arms, and expect me here, and I will go seek this knight, and, alive or dead, will make him accomplish his promise to so great a beauty.'

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‘No man doubt it,’ quoth Sancho, ‘for my master hath a very good hand to be a marriage-maker; and not long since he forced another to marry, that denied his promise to a maid, and had it not been that enchanter persecuted him, and changed the true shape into the shape of a lackey, by this time the said maid had been none.’

Roque, that attended more to Claudia’s success than the reasons of master or man, understood them not, and so commanding his squires they should restore to Sancho all they had taken from Dapple, and commanding them likewise to retire where he lodged the night before, he went straight with all speed with Claudia to find the wounded or dead Don Vincente.

To the place they came where Claudia met him, where they found nothing but late-shed blood; but, looking round about them, they discovered some people upon the side of a hill, and they thought, as true it was, that that was Don Vincente, whom his servants carried, alive or dead, to cure, or give him burial. They hastened to overtake them, which they easily might do, the others going but softly. They found Don Vincente in his servants’ arms, whom he entreated with a weak and weary voice to let him die there, for the grief of his wounds would not suffer him to go any farther.

Claudia and Roque flung themselves from their horses, to him they came; the servants feared Roque’s presence, and Claudia was troubled to see Don Vincente; and so, betwixt mild and merciless, she came to him; and, laying hold of his hands, she said, ‘If thou hadst given me these, according to our agreement, thou hadst never come to this extremity.’ The wounded gentleman opened his half-shut eyes, and, knowing Claudia, said, ‘I well perceive, fair and deceived mistress, that

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thou art she that hast slain me; a punishment not deserved, nor due to my desires; in which, nor in any action of mine, I never knew how to offend thee.'

'Then belike 'tis false that thou went'st this morning to be married to Leonora; the rich Balvastro's daughter?'

'No, verily,' said Don Vincente; 'my ill fortune brought thee that news, that, being jealous, thou shouldst bereave me of my life; which since I leave it in thy hands, and embrace thee, I think myself most happy. And, to assure thee that this is true, take my hand, and, if thou wilt, receive me for thy husband, for I have no other satisfaction to give thee for the wrong thou thinkest I have done thee.'

Claudia wrung his hand, and herself was wrung to the very heart; so that upon Don Vincente's blood and breast she fell into a swoon, and he into a mortal paroxysm. Roque was in amaze, and knew not what to do. The servants went to fetch water to fling in their faces, and brought it, with which they bathed them.

Claudia revived again, but Don Vincente never from his paroxysm, with which he ended his life. Which when Claudia saw, out of doubt that her husband was dead, she burst the air with her sighs, and wounded heaven with her complaints; she tore her hair, and gave it to the wind; with her own hands she disfigured her face, with all the shows of dolour and feeling that might be imagined from a grieved heart.

'O cruel and inconsiderate woman!' said she, 'how easily wast thou moved to put so cruel a design in execution! O raving force of jealousy, to what desperate ends dost thou bring those that harbour thee in their breasts! O my spouse, whose unhappy fortune, for being my pledge, hath brought from bed to burial!'

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Such and so sad were the complaints of Claudia, that even from Roque's eyes drew tears, not used to shed them upon any occasion. The servants howled, and Claudia every stitch-while swooned, and the whole circuit looked like a field of sorrow and a place of misfortune.

Finally, Roque Guinart gave order to Don Vincente's servants to carry his body to his father's town, that was near there, to give him burial. Claudia told Roque she would go to a monastery, where an aunt of hers was abbess, where she meant to end her days, accompanied with a better and an eternal spouse.

Roque commended her good intention, and offered to accompany her whither she would, and to defend her father from [Don Vincente's] kindred, and from all the world that would hurt him. Claudia would by no means accept of his company, and, thanking him the best she could for his offer, she took leave of him, weeping. Don Vincente's servants bore away his body, and Roque returned to his people. And this was the end of Claudia Jeronima's love; but no marvel if jealousy contrived the plot of her lamentable story.

Roque Guinart found his squires where he had willed them to be, and Don Quixote amongst them, upon Rozinante, making a large discourse to them, in which he persuaded them to leave that kind of life, dangerous as well for their souls as bodies; but the most of them being Gascoignes, a wild and unruly people, Don Quixote's discourse prevailed nothing with them.

When Roque was come, he asked Sancho if they had restored his implements to him, and the prize which his soldiers had taken from Dapple. Sancho answered, Yes, only that he wanted three nightcaps, that were worth three cities. 'What

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say you, fellow?' quoth one of them: 'I have them, and they were not worth eighteen-pence.'

'Tis true,' said Don Quixote; 'but my squire esteems them, in what he hath said, for the party's sake that gave them me.'

Roque Guinart straight commanded they should be restored; and, commanding his people to stand round, he willed them to set before them all the apparel, jewels, and money, and all that since their last sharing they had robbed, and casting up the account briefly, returning that that was not to be reparted, reducing it into money, he divided it amongst all his company so legally and wisely that he neither added nor diminished from an equal distributive justice.

This done, and all contented, satisfied and paid, Roque said to Don Quixote, 'If I should not be thus punctual with these fellows, there were no living with them.' To which said Sancho, 'By what I have here seen, justice is so good that it is fit and necessary even amongst thieves themselves.'

One of the squires heard him, and lifted up the snaphaunce of his piece, with which he had opened his mazard, if Roque Guinart had not cried out to bid him hold. Sancho was amazed, and purposed not to unsew his lips as long as he was in that company.

Now there came one or more of the squires, that were put in sentinel upon the ways, to see who passed by, and to give notice to their chief what passed, who said, 'Sir, not far hence, by the way that goes to Barcelona, there comes a great troop of people.' To which quoth Roque, 'Hast thou marked whether they be of those that seek us, or those we seek?' 'Of the latter,' said the squire. 'Well, get you out all,' quoth

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Roque, 'and bring 'em hither straight, and let not a man escape.'

They did so; and Don Quixote and Roque and Sancho stayed, and expected to see what the squires brought; and, in the interim, Roque said to Don Quixote, 'Our life will seem to be a strange kind of one to Signior Don Quixote—strange adventures, strange successes, and dangerous all; and I should not wonder that it appear so: for I can confess truly to you, there is no kind of life more unquiet, nor more full of fears, than ours. I have fallen into it by I know not what desires of revenge, that have power to trouble the most quiet hearts. I am naturally compassionate, and well-minded; but, as I have said, the desire of revenging a wrong done me doth so dash this good inclination in me that I persevere in this estate, maugre my best judgment; and as one horror brings on another, and one sin, so my revenges have been so linked together, that I not only undergo mine own, but also other men's. But God is pleased, that though I see myself in the midst of this labyrinth of confusions, I despair not to come to a safe harbour.'

Don Quixote admired to hear from Roque such good and sound reasons; for he thought that amongst those of this profession of robbing, killing, and highway-laying, there could be none so well spoken, and answered him:

'Signior Roque, the beginning of health consists in knowing the infirmity, and that the sick man be willing to take the medicines that the physician ordains. You are sick, you know your grief, and Heaven, or, to say truer, God who is our physician, will apply medicines that may cure you, which do heal by degrees, but not suddenly, and by miracle. Besides, sinners that have knowledge are nearer amendment than those

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that are without it; and since you, by your discourse, have showed your discretion, there is no more to be done, but be of good courage, and despair not of recovering your sick conscience; and if you will save a labour, and facilitate the way of your salvation, come with me, and I will teach you to be a knight-errant, and how you shall undergo so many labours and mis-adventures, that taking them by way of penance, you shall climb heaven in an instant.'

Roque laughed at Don Quixote's counsel, to whom, changing their discourse, he recounted the tragical success of Claudia Jeronima; at which Sancho wept exceedingly, for the beauty, spirit, and buxomness of the wench misliked him not.

By this the squires returned with their prize, bringing with them two gentlemen on horseback, and two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, and some half-dozen of servants that, on horseback and on foot, waited on them, with two mulemen that belonged to the two gentlemen. The squires brought them in triumph; the conquerors and conquered being all silent, and expecting what the grand Roque should determine; who asked the gentlemen who they were, whither they would, and what money they carried. One of them answered him, 'Sir, we two are captains of Spanish foot, and have companies in Naples, and are going to embark ourselves in four galleys, that we hear are bound for Sicilia. We carry with us two or three hundred crowns, which we think is sufficient, as being the largest treasure incident to the ordinary penury of soldiers.'

Roque asked the pilgrims the same questions, who answered him likewise that they were to be embarked towards Rome, and that they carried a matter of thirty shillings between them both. The same he likewise desired to know of

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those that went in the coach, and one of them on horseback answered, 'My Lady Donna Guiomar de Quinnones, wife to a judge of Naples, with a little girl and her maids, are they that go in the coach, and some six servants of us wait on her, and we carry six hundred pistolets in gold.' 'So that,' said Roque Guinart, we have here in all nine hundred crowns and sixty ryals; my soldiers are about sixty; let us see what comes to each man's share, for I am a bad arithmetician.'

When the thieves heard this, they cried aloud, 'Long live Roque Guinart, in spite of the cullions that seek to destroy him!'

The captains were afflicted, the lady was sorrowful, and the pilgrims were never a whit glad, to see their goods thus confiscated. Roque awhile held them in this suspense; but he would no longer detain them in this sadness, which he might see a gunshot off in their faces, and, turning to the captains, said, 'Captains, you shall do me the kindness as to lend me threescore ducats, and you, madam, fourscore, to content my squadron that follows me; for herein consists my revenue. And so you may pass on freely, only with a safe-conduct that I shall give you, that if you meet with any other squadrons of mine, which are divided upon these downs, they do you no hurt; for my intent is not to wrong soldiers, or any woman, especially noble.'

The captains infinitely extolled Roque's courteous liberality for leaving them their money. The lady would have cast herself out of the coach, to kiss the grand Roque's feet and hands; but he would by no means yield to it, rather asked pardon that he had presumed so far, which was only to comply with the obligation of his ill employment.

The lady commanded a servant of hers to give him straight

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fourscore ducats, which were allotted him. The captains, too, disbursed their sixty, and the pilgrims tendered their poverty; but Roque bade them be still, and, turning to his people, said, 'Out of these crowns there are to each man two due, and there remain twenty: let the poor pilgrims have ten of them, and the other ten this honest squire, that he may speak well of this adventure.' And so bringing him necessaries to write, of which he ever went provided, he gave them a safe-conduct to the heads of his squadrons, and, taking leave of them, let them pass free, and wondering at the nobleness of his brave and strange condition, holding him rather for a great Alexander than an open robber.

One of the thieves said, in his Catalan language, 'This captain of ours were fitter to be a friar than a robber; and if he mean henceforward to be so liberal, let it be with his own goods, and not with ours.' This the wretch spoke not so softly but Roque might overhear him, who, catching his sword in his hand, almost clove his pate in two, saying, 'This is the punishment I use to saucy knaves.' All the rest were amazed, and durst not reply a word; such was the awe in which they stood of him.

Roque then retired aside, and wrote a letter to a friend of his to Barcelona, advising him how the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha was with him, that knight-errant so notorious. And he gave him to understand that he was the most conceited understanding fellow in the world, and that about some four days after, which was Mid-summer Day, he should have him upon the city-wharf, armed at all points upon his horse Rozinante, and his squire likewise upon his ass; so that he should let the Niarros his friends know so much, that they might solace themselves with him. But he could wish the Cadells

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his adversaries might want the pastime that the madness of Don Quixote and his conceited squire would make. He delivered the letter to one of his squires, who, changing his thief's habit for a countryman's, went to the city, and delivered it to whom it was directed.



CHAPTER LXI

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AT HIS ENTRANCE
INTO BARCELONA, WITH OTHER EVENTS, MORE
TRUE THAN WITTY

THREE days and three nights was Don Quixote with Roque, and had he been so three hundred years he should not have wanted matter to make him see and admire his kind of life. One while here they lie; another, there

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they dine. Sometimes they fly from they know not whom; otherwhile, they wait for they know not whom. They sleep standing, a broken sleep, changing from place to place: all was setting of spies, listening of sentinels, blowing musket-matches, though of such shot they had but few, most of them carrying petronels. Roque himself slept apart from the rest, not letting them know where he lodged; because the many proclamations which the Viceroy of Barcelona had caused to be made to take him made him unquiet and fearful, and so he durst trust nobody, fearing his own people would either kill or deliver him to the justice; a life indeed wretched and irksome. At length, by byways and cross-paths, Roque and Don Quixote got to the wharf of Barcelona, where Roque gave Sancho the ten crowns he promised him, and so they parted with many compliments on both parts.

Roque returned, and Don Quixote stayed there, expecting the day just as he was on horseback; and awhile after, the face of the white Aurora began to peep through the bay-windows of the east, cheering the herbs and flowers, instead of delighting the ear, and yet at the same instant a noise of hautboys and drums delighted their ears, and a noise of morris-bells, with a pat-a-pat of horsemen running, to see to, out of the city.

Aurora now gave the sun leave to rise out of the lowest part of the east, with his face as big as a buckler. Don Quixote and Sancho spread their eyes round about, and they might see the sea, which till that time they had never seen; it seemed unto them most large and spacious, more by far than the lake of Ruydera, which they saw in the Mancha; they beheld the galleys in the wharf, who, clapping down their tilts, discovered themselves full of flags and streamers, that waved in the wind, and kissed and swept the water; within, the clar-

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ines, trumpets, and hautboys sounded, that far and near filled the air with sweet and warlike accents, they began to move, and to make show of skirmish upon the gentle water; a world of gallants answering them on land, which came out of the city upon goodly horses, and brave in their liveries. The soldiers of the galleys discharged an infinite of shot, which were answered from the walls and forts of the city, and the great shot with fearful noise cut the air, which were answered with the galleys' forecastle cannons; the sea was cheerful, the land jocund, the sky clear, only somewhat dimmed with the smoke of the artillery; it seemed to infuse and engender a sudden delight in all men. Sancho could not imagine how those bulks that moved upon the sea could have so many feet.

By this, they ashore in the rich liveries began to run on with their Moorish outcries, even to the very place where Don Quixote was wondering and amazed; and one of them, he who had the letter from Roque, said to Don Quixote thus aloud, 'Welcome to our city is the looking-glass, the lanthorn, and north-star of all knight-errantry, where it is most in practice! Welcome, I say, is the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha; not the false, fictitious, or apocryphal, that hath been demonstrated to us of late in false histories; but the true, legal, and faithful he, which Cid Hamet, the flower of historians, describes unto us!' Don Quixote answered not a word, neither did the gentlemen expect he should; but, turning in and out with the rest, they wheeled about Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said, 'These men know us well; I lay a wager they have read our history, and that, too, of the Aragonian's lately printed.'

The gentleman that spoke to Don Quixote came back again, and said to him, 'Signior Don Quixote, come with us,

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I beseech you, for we are all your servants, and Roque Guinart's dear friends.' To which Don Quixote replied, 'If courtesies engender courtesies, then yours, sir knight, is daughter or near kindred to Roque's; carry me whither you will, for I am wholly yours, and at your service, if you please to command me.' In the like courtly strain the gentleman answered him, and so, locking him in the midst of them, with sound of drums and hautboys, they carried him towards the city, where at his entrance, as ill luck would have it, and the boys that are the worst of all ill, two of them, bold crackropes, came among the thrust, and one of them lifting up Dapple's tail, and the other Rozinante's, they fastened each their handful of nettles. The poor beasts felt the new spurs, and, clapping their tails close, augmented their pains; so that, after a thousand winces, they cast down their masters.

Don Quixote, all abashed and disgraced, went to take this plumage from his courser's tail, and Sancho from Dapple's. Those that guided Don Quixote would have punished the boys for their sauciness, but it was not possible, for they got themselves into the thickest of a thousand others that followed. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their seats, and with the same applause and music they came to their guide's house, which was fair and large indeed, as was fit for a gentleman of means, where we will leave him for the present, because Cid Hamet will have it so.

CHAPTER LXII

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED HEAD, WITH
OTHER FLIM-FLAMS THAT MUST
BE RECOUNTED

DON QUIXOTE'S host's name was Don Antonio Moreno, a rich gentleman and a discreet, and one that loved to be honestly and affably merry, who having Don Quixote now at home, began to invent how, without prejudice to him, he might divulge his madness; for jests ought not to be too bitter, nor pastimes in detriment of a third person.

The first thing he did, then, was to cause Don Quixote to be unarmed, and to make him appear in that strait chamois apparel of his (as heretofore we have painted and described him), so he brought him to a bay-window which looked toward one of the chiefest streets in the city, to be publicly seen by all comers, and the boys that beheld him as if he had been a monkey. They in the liveries began afresh to fetch careers before him, as if for him only, and not to solemnise that festival day, their liveries had been put on; and Sancho was most jocund, as thinking he had found out, he knew not how, nor which way, a new Camacho's marriage, or another house like Don Diego de Miranda's, or the duke's castle.

That day some of Don Antonio's friends dined with him, all honouring Don Quixote, and observing him as a knight-errant; with which, being most vain-glorious, he could scarce contain himself in his happiness. Sancho's conceits were such, and so many, that all the servants of the house hung upon his lips, and as many also as heard him.

Being at table, Don Antonio said to Sancho, 'We have heard here, honest Sancho, that thou lovest leech and roasted olives so well, that when thou canst eat no more, thou keepest the rest in thy bosom till another time.' 'No, sir, 'tis not so,' said Sancho, 'for I am more cleanly than so; and my master Don Quixote here present knows well that we are wont, both of us, to live eight days with a handful of acorns or walnuts. True it is, that now and then I look not a given horse in the mouth; I mean, I eat what is given me, and make use of the time present; and whosoever hath said that I am an extraordinary eater, and not cleanly, let him know he doth me wrong; and I should proceed farther, were it not for the company here at table.'

'Truly,' said Don Quixote, 'the parsimony and cleanliness with which Sancho feeds may be written and graved in sheets of brass, that it may be eternally remembered by ensuing ages. True it is, that when he is hungry, he is somewhat ravenous, eats apace, and chews on both sides; but for cleanliness, that he hath punctually observed; and when he was a governor, learned to eat most neatly, for he would eat your grapes, nay, pomegranate seeds, with his fork.'

'How,' quoth Don Antonio, 'hath Sancho been a governor?'

'Ay,' said Sancho, 'and of an island called Baratavia; ten days I governed to my will, in them I lost my rest, and learnt

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to contemn all the governments in the world. From thence I came flying, and fell into a pit, where I thought I should have died, from whence I escaped miraculously.'

Don Quixote recounted all the particulars of Sancho's government, with which the hearers were much delighted.

The cloth now taken away, and Don Antonio taking Don Quixote by the hand, carried him into a private chamber, in which there was no other kind of furniture but a table that seemed to be of jasper, borne up with feet of the same, upon which were set a head, as if it had been of brass, just as your Roman emperors are used to be, from the breast upward. Don Antonio walked with Don Quixote up and down the chamber, and having gone a good many turns about the table, at last he said, 'Signior Don Quixote, now that I am fully persuaded nobody hears us, and that the door is fast, I will tell you one of the rarest adventures, or rather novelties, that can be imagined, provided that what I tell you shall be deposited in the uttermost privy chambers of secrecy.'

'That I vow,' said Don Quixote; 'and for more safety, I will clap a tombstone over it; for let me tell you, Signior Don Antonio' (for now he knew his name), 'you converse with one that, though he have ears to hear, yet he hath no tongue to tell; so that what is in your breast you may freely translate it into mine, and rest assured that you have flung it into the abyssus of silence.'

'In confidence of this promise,' answered Don Antonio, 'I will make you admire at what you shall hear and see, and so you shall somewhat ease me of the trouble I am in, in not finding one that I may communicate my secrets with, with which every one is not to be trusted.'

Don Quixote was in great suspense, expecting what would

be the issue of all these circumstances; so Don Antonio taking him by the hand, he made him feel all over the brazen head and the table, and jasper feet, and then said, 'This head, Signior, was made by one of the greatest enchanters or magicians that hath been in the world, and I believe by nation he was a Polander, and one of that famous Scotus his disciples, of whom so many wonders are related, who was here in my house, and for a thousand crowns I gave him framed me this head, that hath the property and quality to answer to anything that it is asked in your ear. He had his tricks and devices, his painting of characters, his observing of stars, looked to every tittle, and finally brought this head to the perfection that to-morrow you shall see, for on the Fridays still it is mute, which being this day, we must expect till to-morrow; and so in the meantime you may bethink you what you will demand; for I know by experience this head answers truly to all that is asked.'

Don Quixote admired at the virtue and property of the head, and could scarce believe Don Antonio, but seeing how short a time there was to the trial, he would not gainsay him, but thanked him for discovering so great a secret; so out of the room they went. Don Antonio locked the door after him, and they came into a hall where the rest of the gentlemen were; in this interim Sancho had related to them many of the adventures and successes that befel his master.

That afternoon they carried Don Quixote abroad, not armed, but clad in the city garb, with a loose coat of tawny cloth, that in that season might have made frost itself sweat. They gave order to their servants to entertain Sancho, and not to let him stir out of doors. Don Quixote rode not upon Rozinante, but on a goodly trotting mule, with good furniture; they put his coat upon him, and at his back, he not perceiving

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it, they sewed a piece of parchment, wherein was written in text letters, 'This is Don Quixote de la Mancha.' As they began their walk, the scroll drew all men's eyes to look on it, and as they read, 'This is Don Quixote de la Mancha,' he admired to see what a number beheld and named him, and knew him, and, turning to Don Antonio, that went by him, said, 'Great is the prerogative due to knight-errantry, since over all the world it makes its professors known and renowned; for look you, Signior Don Antonio, even the very boys of this city, having never seen me before, know me.' 'Tis true, signior,' quoth Don Antonio; 'for as fire cannot be hidden nor bounded, no more can virtue, but it must be known; and that which is gotten by the profession of arms doth most flourish and triumph above the rest.'

It happened that Don Quixote riding with this applause, a Castilian that read the scroll at his back raised his voice, saying, 'The devil take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha! and art thou gotten hither without being killed with those infinite bastings thou hast borne upon thy shoulders? Thou art a madman; and wert thou so in private, and within thine house, 'twere less evil; but thy property is to make all that converse or treat with thee madmen and coxcombs, as may appear by these that accompany thee. Get thee home, idiot, and look to thy estate, wife, and children, and leave these vanities that worm-eat thy brains and defile thy intellect.'

'Brother,' said Don Antonio, 'follow your way, and give no counsel to those that need it not. Signior Don Quixote is wise, and we that do accompany him are no fools. Virtue is worthy to be honoured wheresoever she is; and so be gone, with a pox to you, and meddle not where you have nothing to do.'

'I vow,' quoth the Castilian, 'you have reason; for to give counsel to this man is to strive against the stream; but, for all that, it pities me very much that the good understanding they say this blockhead hath in all things else should be let out at the pipe of his knight-errantry; and a pox light on me, as you wish, sir, and all my posterity, if from henceforward, though I should live to the years of Methusalem, I give counsel to any, though it be desired.'

Thus the counsellor went by, and the show went on; but the boys and all manner of people pressed so thick to read the scroll that Don Antonio was forced to take it off from him, as if he had done something else.

The night came on, and they returned home, where was a revels of women; for Don Antonio's wife, that was well-bred, mirthful, fair, and discreet, invited other she-friends of hers to come to welcome her new guest and to make merry with his strange madness. Some of them came, and they had a royal supper, and the revels began about ten a-clock at night. Among these dames there were two of a notable waggish disposition, and great scoffers; and though honest, yet they strained their carriage that their tricks might the better delight without irksomeness; these were so eager to take Don Quixote out to dance, that they wearied not only his body, but his mind likewise. 'Twas a goodly sight to see his shape, long, lank, lean, his visage pale, the whole man shut up in his apparel, ungraceful and unwieldy. The damosels wooed him as it were by stealth, and he by stealth disdained them as fast; but, seeing himself much pressed by their courtings, he lifted up his voice and said, "'Fugite partes adversae,'" and leave me, O unwelcome imaginations, to my quiet! Get you farther off with your wishes, ladies, for she that is the lady of mine, the peer-



Don Quixote Dances at Don Antonio's.

DON QUIXOTE'S DANCE

less Dulcinea del Toboso, will have none but hers subject and conquer me'; and so saying, he sat him down in the midst of the hall upon the ground, bruised and broken with his dancing exercise.

Don Antonio made him be taken up in men's arms and carried to bed. The first that laid hold on him was Sancho, saying, 'In the name of God, what meant you, master mine, to dance? Think you that all that are valiant must be dancers, and all knights-errant skipjacks? I say, if you think so, you are deceived; you have some that would rather kill giants than fetch a caper. If you were to frisk, I would save you that labour, for I can do it like a jerfalcon; but in your dancing I cannot work a stitch.' With this and such-like discourse Sancho made the revellers laugh, and laid his master to bed, laying clothes enough on him, that he might sweat out the cold he had taken by dancing.

The next day Don Antonio thought fit to try the enchanted head, and so, with Don Quixote, Sancho, and others his friends, and the two gentlewomen that had so laboured Don Quixote in the dance, that stayed all night with Don Antonio's wife, he locked himself in the room where the head was. He told them its property, enjoining them to silence; and he said to them that this was the first time in which he meant to make proof of the virtue of the enchanted head, and except his two friends, no living creature else knew the trick of that enchantment; and if Don Antonio had not discovered it to them, they also would have fallen into the same admiration that the rest did; for it was not otherwise possible, the fabric of it being so curious and cunning.

The first that came to the head's hearing was Don Antonio himself, who spoke softly, but so that he might be heard by

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all: 'Tell me, head, by the virtue that is contained in thee, what think I of now?' And the head answered (not moving the lips, with a loud and distinct voice, that all the bystanders might hear this reason), 'I judge not of thoughts.' Which when they all heard, they were astonished, and the more, seeing neither in all the room, nor anywhere about the table, there was not any human creature to answer. 'How many here be there of us?' quoth Don Antonio again. And answer was made him in the same tenor voice: 'There are thou and thy wife, with two of thy he-friends, and two of her she-friends, and a famous knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and a squire of his that hight Sancho Panza.' Ay, marry, sir, here was the wondering afresh, here was everyone's hair standing on end with pure horror. And Don Antonio, getting him aside from the head, said, 'Tis enough now for me to know that I was not deceived by him that sold thee me, sage head, talking head, answering head, admired head! Come another now, and ask what he will.' And as your women for the most part are hastiest and most inquisitive, the first that came was one of Don Antonio's wife's friends, and her demand was this, 'Tell me, head, what shall I do to make myself fair?' The answer was, 'Be honest.' 'I have done,' said she. Straight came her other companion, and said, 'I would fain know, head, whether my husband love me or no'; and the answer was, 'Thou shalt know by his usage.' The married woman stood by, saying, 'The question might have been spared; for good usage is the best sign of affection.' Then came one of Don Antonio's friends, and asked, 'Who am I?' The answer was, 'Thou knowest.' 'I ask thee not that,' said the gentle man, 'but whether thou know me.' 'I do,' it was answered; 'thou art Don Pedro Noriz.' 'No more, O head; let this suf-

THE ENCHANTED HEAD

face to make me know thou knowest all.' And so, stepping aside, the other friend came and asked, 'Tell me, head, what desires hath my eldest son?' 'I have told you,' it was answered, 'that I judge not of thoughts; yet let me tell you, your son desires to bury you.' 'That,' quoth the gentleman, 'I know well, and daily perceive; but I have done.' Don Antonio's wife came next, and said, 'Head, I know not what to ask thee; I would only fain know of thee if I shall long enjoy my dear husband'; and the answer was, 'Thou shalt, for his health and spare diet promise him many years, which many shorten by distempers.'

Now came Don Quixote, and said, 'Tell me, thou that answerest, was it true, or a dream, that (as I recount) befel me in Montesinos' Cave? shall Sancho my squire's whipping be accomplished? shall Dulcinea be disenchanting?' 'For that of the cave,' quoth the answerer, 'there is much to be said, it partakes of all; Sancho's whipping shall be prolonged; but Dulcinea's disenchanting shall come to a real end.' 'I desire no more,' said Don Quixote; 'for so Dulcinea be disenchanting, I make account all my good fortunes come upon me at a clap.'

Sancho was the last demander, and his question was this: 'Head, shall I happily have another government? shall I be free from this penurious squire's life? shall I see my wife and children again?' To which it was answered him: "In thy house shalt thou govern, whither if thou return, thou shalt see thy wife and children, and leaving thy service, thou shalt leave being a squire.' 'Very good,' quoth Sancho; 'this I could have told before myself, and my father's horse could have said no more.' 'Beast,' quoth Don Quixote, 'what answer wouldst thou have? Is it not enough that the answers this

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head gives thee are correspondent to thy questions?' 'Tis true,' said Sancho, 'but I would have known more.'

And now the questions and answers were ended, but not the admiration in which all remained but Don Antonio's friends that knew the conceit. Which Cid Hamet Benengeli would forthwith declare, not to hold the world in suspense, to think that some witch, or extraordinary mystery, was enclosed in the said head; and thus saith he, that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of another head, which he saw in Madrid, framed by a carver, caused this to be made in his house, to entertain the simple, and make them wonder at it, and the fabric was in this manner:

The table itself was of wood, painted and varnished over like jasper, and the foot on which it stood was of the same, with four eagle's claws standing out to uphold it the better. The head that showed like the medal or picture of a Roman emperor, and of brass colour, was all hollow, and so was the table too, to which it was so cunningly joined that there was no appearance of it; the foot of the table was likewise hollow, that answered to the breast and neck of the head; and all this answered to another chamber, that was under the room where the head was; and through all this hollowness of the foot, the table, breast and neck of the medal, there went a tin pipe, made fit to them, that could not be perceived. He that was to answer set his mouth to the pipe in the chamber underneath, answering to this upper room, so that the voice ascended and descended, as through a trunk, clearly and distinctly, and it was not possible to find the juggling out. A nephew of Don Antonio's, a scholar, a good witty and discreet youth, was the answerer, who having notice from his uncle of those that were to enter the room, it was easy for him to

THE PRINTING PRESS

answer suddenly and punctually to their first questions, and to the rest he answered by discreet conjectures.

Moreover, Cid Hamet says that this marvellous engine lasted for ten or twelve days; but when it was divulged up and down the city that Don Antonio had an enchanted head in his house that answered to all questions, fearing lest it should come to the notice of the waking sentinels of our faith, having acquainted those inquisitors with the business, they commanded him to make away with it, lest it should scandalise the ignorant vulgar; but yet in Don Quixote and Sancho's opinion the head was still enchanted, and answering; but indeed not altogether so much to Sancho's satisfaction.

The gallants of the city, to please Don Antonio, and for Don Quixote's better hospitality, and on purpose that his madness might make the more general sport, appointed a running at the ring, about a six days after, which was broken off upon an occasion that after happened.

Don Quixote had a mind to walk round about the city on foot, fearing that if he went on horseback the boys would persecute him; so he and Sancho, with two servants of Don Antonio's, went a-walking. It happened that as they passed thorough one street, Don Quixote looked up, and saw written upon a door, in great letters, 'Here are books printed,' which pleased him wondrously; for till then he had never seen any press, and he desired to know the manner of it.

In he went with all his retinue, where he saw in one place drawing of sheets, in another correcting, in this composing, in that mending; finally, all the machine that is usual in great presses.

Don Quixote came to one of the boxes, and asked what they had in hand there. The workmen told him; he won-

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dered; and passed farther. To another he came, and asked one that was in it what he was doing. The workman answered, 'Sir, this gentleman you see,' and he showed him a good comely proper man, and somewhat ancient, 'hath translated an Italian book into Spanish, and I am composing of it here to be printed.'

'What is the name of it?' quoth Don Quixote. To which said the author, 'Sir, it is called *Le Bagatelle*, to wit, in Spanish, *The Trifle*; and though it bear but a mean name, yet it contains in it many great and substantial matters.'

'I understand a little Italian,' said Don Quixote, 'and dare venture upon a stanza of Ariosto's; but tell me, signior mine, not that I would examine your skill, but only for curiosity, have you ever found set down in all your writing the word *pignata*?' 'Yes, often,' quoth the author. 'And how translate you it?' said Don Quixote. 'How should I translate it,' said the author, 'but in saying "pottage-pot"?' 'Body of me,' said Don Quixote, 'and how forward are you in the Italian idiom! I'll lay a good wager that where the Italian says *piace*, you translate it "please"; and where *piu*, you say "more"; and *su* is "above"; and *giu* "beneath."'

'Yes, indeed do I,' said the author; 'for these be their proper significations.'

'I dare swear,' quoth Don Quixote, 'you are not known to the world, which is always backward in rewarding flourishing wits and laudable industry. Oh what a company of rare abilities are lost in the world! What wits cubbed up, what virtues contemned! But, for all that, methinks this translating from one language into another, except it be out of the queens of tongues, Greek and Latin, is just like looking upon the wrong side of arras-hangings; that although the pic-

THE FALSE DON QUIXOTE

tures be seen, yet they are full of thread-ends, that darken them, and they are not seen with the plainness and smoothness as on the other side. And the translating out of easy languages argues neither wit nor elocution, no more than doth the copying from out of one paper into another. Yet I infer not from this that translating is not a laudable exercise; for a man may be far worse employed, and in things less profitable. I except amongst translators our two famous ones: the one, Doctor Christoval de Figueroa in his *Pastor Fido*, and the other, Don John de Xauregui, in his *Amyntas*, where they haply leave it doubtful which is the translation or original. But tell me, sir, print you this book upon your own charge, or sell you your licence to some bookbinder?’

‘Upon mine own,’ said the author; ‘and I think to get a thousand crowns by it, at least with this first impression; for there will be two thousand copies, and they will vent at three shillings apiece roundly.’

‘You understand the matter well,’ said Don Quixote. ‘It seems you know not the passages of printers, and the correspondencies they have betwixt one and the other. I promise you that when you have two thousand copies lying by you, you’ll be so troubled as passeth; and the rather if the book be but a little dull, and not conceited all thorough.’

‘Why, would you have me,’ quoth the author, ‘let a book-seller have my licence, that would give me but a half-penny a sheet, and that thinks he doth me a kindness in it, too? I print not my works to get fame in the world, for I am by them well known in it. I must have profit, for without that, fame is not worth a rush.’

‘God send you good luck,’ said Don Quixote. So he passed to another box, where he saw some correcting a sheet of a

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book intituled *The Light of the Soul*; and in seeing it, he said, "Such books as these, though there be many of them, ought to be imprinted; for there be many sinners, and many lights are needful, for so many be darkened.'

He went on, and saw some correcting another book, and inquiring the title, they answered him that it was called *The Second Part of the Ingenious Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha*, made by such a one, an inhabitant of Tordesillas.

'I have notice of this book,' said Don Quixote, 'and in my conscience, I thought before now it had been burnt, and turned to ashes for an idle pamphlet; but it will not, like hogs, want its Saint Martin'; for your feigned histories are so much the more good and delightful by how much they come near the truth, or the likeness of it; and the true ones are so much the better by how much the truer.'

And saying thus, with some shows of distaste, he left the press; and that very day Don Antonio purposed to carry him to the galleys that were in the wharf; at which Sancho much rejoiced, for he had never in his life seen any. Don Antonio gave notice to the general of the galleys that in the afternoon he would bring his guest, the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, to see them; of whom all the city by this time had notice. And in the next chapter what happened to him shall be declared.

¹ Against that saint's day is hogs' searing.



CHAPTER LXIII

OF THE ILL CHANCE THAT BEFEL SANCHO AT HIS SEE-
ING THE GALLEYS, WITH THE STRANGE AD-
VENTURE OF THE MORISCA

GREAT were the discourses that Don Quixote framed to himself touching the answers of the Enchanted Head, but none of them fell into the imposture; and all concluded in the promise, which he held for certain, of the disenchantment of Dulcinea. There his blood flowed within him, and he rejoiced within himself, believing he should soon see the accomplishment of it. And Sancho, though, as hath

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been said, he abhorred to be a governor, yet he desired to bear sway again, and to be obeyed; for such is the desire of rule, though it be but in jest.

In conclusion, that afternoon Don Antonio Moreno, their host, with his two friends, Don Quixote and Sancho, went to the galleys. The general, who had notice of their coming, as soon as they were come near the seaside, made all the galleys strike their tilt-sails, and the haut-boys sounded, and they launched a cock-boat to the water, which was all covered with rich cloths and cushions of crimson velvet; and just as Don Quixote entered into it, the admiral galley discharged her forecastle-piece, and the rest of the galleys likewise did the same: and as Don Quixote mounted at the right-side ladder, all the fry of the slaves, as the custom is when any man of quality enters the galley, cried, 'Hu, hu, hu,' thrice a-row.

The general, who was a man of quality, a Valencian gentleman, gave him his hand; and being entered, embraced him, saying, 'This day will I mark with a white stone, for one of the best that shall have befallen me in all my lifetime; having seen Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha, the time and signs that appear in him showing that all the worth of a knight-errant is contained and summed up in him.' With the like courteous phrase replied Don Quixote, jocund above measure to see himself so lord-like treated withal.

They all went astern, which was very well dressed up, and they sat upon the rails. The boatswain got him to the fore-castle, and gave warning with his whistle to the slaves to disrobe themselves, which was done in an instant.

Sancho that saw so many naked men was astonished, and the more when he saw them hoist up their tilt so speedily that he thought all the devils in hell laboured there. Sancho sat

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upon the pilot's seat, near the hindermost rower, on the right hand; who being instructed what he should do, laid hold on Sancho; and so lifting him up, passed him to another, and the second to a third; so the whole rabble of the slaves, beginning from the right side, passed and made him vault from one seat to another so violently that poor Sancho lost his sight, and undoubtedly believed that the fiends of hell carried him; and they gave him not over till they had passed him over all the left side too, and then set him again on the stern; so the poor soul was sore bruised and bemauled, and scarce imagined what had happened to him.

Don Quixote, that saw this flight of Sancho's without wings, asked the general if those were ceremonies that were used to such as came newly into the galleys; for if they were, that he who intended not to profess in them liked no such pastime; and he vowed to God that if any came to lay hold on him, to make him tumble, he would kick out his soul; and in so saying, he stood up, and grasped his sword.

At this instant they let down the tilt again, and with a terrible noise let fall the mainyard, so that Sancho thought heaven was off the hinges, and fell upon his head, which he crouched together, and clapped it for fear betwixt his legs. Don Quixote was not altogether as he should be; for he began to quake, and shrink up his shoulders, and grew pale. The slaves hoisted the mainyard with the same fury and noise that they had formerly struck it with; and all with such silence, as if they had had neither voice nor breath. The boatswain made signs to them to weigh anchor; and, leaping toward the forecastle, in the midst of them, with his whip, or bull's-pizzle, he began to fly-flap their shoulders.

When Sancho saw such a company of red feet move at

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once, for such he guessed the oars to be, he said to himself, 'Ay, marry, here be things truly enchanted, and not those my master speaks of. What have these unhappy souls committed, that they are thus lashed? And how dares this fellow that goes whistling up and down alone, whip so many? Well, I say, this is hell, or purgatory at least.'

Don Quixote, that saw with what attention Sancho beheld all that passed, said, 'Ah, friend Sancho, how speedily and with how little cost might you, if you would, take off your doublet, and clap yourself amongst these fellows, and make an end of disenchanting Dulcinea! For, having so many companions in misery, you would not be so sensible of pain; and besides, it might be that the sage Merlin might take every one of these lashes, being well laid on, for ten.'

The general would have asked what lashes those were, and what disenchantment of Dulcinea's, when a mariner cried out, 'Monjuy makes signs that there is a vessel with oars towards the west side of the coast.' Which said, the general leapt upon the forecastle and cried out, 'Go to, my hearts; let her not escape. This boat, that our watch-tower discovers, is some frigate of Algiers pirates.'

And now the three other galleys came to their admiral to know what they should do. The general commanded that two of them should launch to the sea, and he with the other would go betwixt land and land, that so the vessel might not escape them.

The slaves rowed hard, and so furiously drove on the galleys, as if they had flown. And those that launched first into the sea, about a two miles off discovered a vessel, which in sight they marked to have about a fourteen or fifteen oars, as it fell out to be true; which vessel, when she discovered the



Lancho Mishandled by the Galley Slaves.

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galleys, she put herself in chase, hoping by her swiftness to escape; but it prevailed nothing, for the admiral galley was one of the swiftest vessels that sailed in the sea, and so got of the other so much, that they in the frigate plainly saw that they could not escape; and so the master of her would have had them forsaken their oars, and yielded, for fear of offending our general. But, fate that would have it otherwise, so disposed the matter that, as the admiral came on so nigh that they in the bark might hear a cry from the galley that they should yield, two Toraquis, that is, two drunken Turks, that were in the frigate, with twelve others, discharged two calivers, with which they killed two soldiers that stood abaft our galley, which when our general saw, he vowed not to leave a man alive in the vessel, and coming in great fury to grapple with her, she escaped under the galley's oars. The galley passed forward a pretty way; they in the vessel saw themselves gone, and began to set sail, and to fly afresh, as they saw the galley coming on them; but their industry did them not so much good as their presumption hurt; for the admiral overtaking them within one half-mile, clapped his oars on the vessel, and so took her, and every man alive in her.

By this the two other galleys came, and all four returned to the wharf with their prize, where a world of people expected them, desirous to see what they brought. The general cast anchor near land, and perceived that the viceroy of the city was on the shore. He commanded that a cock-boat should be launched to bring him, and that they should strike the main-yard to hang presently the master of the frigate, and the rest of the Turks that they had taken in her, which were about six-and-thirty persons; all goodly men, and most of them Turkish shot.

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The general asked who was master of the bark; and answer was made him by one of the captives in Spanish, who appeared after to be a runagate Spaniard, 'This youth you see here is our master'; and he showed him one of the goodliest comely youths that could be deciphered by human imagination. He was not, to see to, above twenty years of age.

The general asked, 'Tell me, ill-advised dog, what moved thee to kill my soldiers, since thou sawest it was impossible to escape? Is this the respect due to admirals? Knowest not thou that rashness is not valour? Doubtful hopes may make men bold, but not desperate.'

The master would have replied, but the general could not as yet give him the hearing, by reason of his going to welcome the viceroy aboard, who entered now the galley with some servants of his, and others of the city.

'You have had a pretty chase on't, my lord general,' said the viceroy. 'So pretty,' said the general, 'that your Excellency shall see it hanged up at the mainyard.' 'How so?' quoth the viceroy. 'Why, they have killed me,' said he, 'against all law of arms, reason, or custom of wars, two of the best soldiers I had in my galleys, and I have sworn to hang them all, especially this youth, the master of the frigate'; and he showed him one that had his hands bound, and the halter about his neck, expecting his death.

The viceroy beheld him, and seeing him so comely, handsome, and so humble withal, his beauty giving him in that instant, as it were, a letter of recommendation, the viceroy had a mind to save him, and therefore asked, 'Tell me, master, art thou a Turk born, or a Moor, or a runagate?' To which the youth answered him in his own language, 'Neither of all.' 'Why, what art thou?' quoth the viceroy. 'A Christian wo-

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man,' said the young man. 'A woman, and a Christian, in this habit, in these employments! a thing rather to be wondered at than believed.' 'My lords, I beseech you,' quoth the youth, 'let my execution be a little deferred, whilst I recount my life.' What heart so hard that would not be softened with that reason, at least to hear the sad and grieved youth to tell his story? The general bade him proceed, but that there was no hope for him of pardon for his notorious offence. So the youth began in this manner:

'Of that lineage, more unhappy than wise, on which a sea of misfortunes in these latter times have rained, am I, born of Moriscan parents, and in the current of their misery was carried by two of my uncles into Barbary, it nothing availing me to say I was a Christian, as I am indeed, and not seeming so, as many of us, but truly Catholic; but this truth prevailed nothing with the officers that had charge given them to look to our banishment, neither would my uncles believe I was a Christian, but that it was a trick of mine to stay in my native country; and so rather forcibly, than by my consent, they carried me with them. My mother was a Christian, and my father discreet, and so likewise I sucked the Catholic faith in my milk. I was well brought up, and neither in my language or fashion made show to be a Morisca. With these virtues, my beauty, if so be I have any, increased also; and though my restraint and retirement was great, yet it was not such but that a young gentleman, called Don Gaspar Gregorio, had gotten a sight of me. This gentleman was son and heir to a knight that lived near to our town. He saw me, and we had some speech; and seeing himself lost to me, but I not won by him—'twere large to tell, especially fearing that, as I am speaking, this halter must throttle me—yet I say that Don Gregorio

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would needs accompany me in my banishment, and so mingling himself with Moriscos that came out of other places (for he understood the language well), in our voyage he got acquainted with my two uncles that went with me; for my father, wisely, when he heard the edict of our banishment, went out of our town, and went to seek some place in a foreign country where we might be entertained; and he left many pearls, precious stones, and some money in double pistolets hidden in a secret place, which I only knew of, but he commanded me by no means to meddle with it, if we were banished before his return. I did so, and with my uncles and others of our kindred, passed into Barbary, and our resting-place was Algiers; I might have said, Hell. The king there had notice of my beauty, and likewise that I was rich, which partly fell out to be my happiness. He sent for me, and asked me of what part of Spain I was, and what money and jewels I brought. I told him the place, but that my jewels and moneys were buried, but that they might easily be had, if I might but go thither for them. All this I said, hoping his own covetousness would more blind him than my beauty.

‘Whilst we were in this discourse, they told him there came one of the goodliest fair youths with me that could be imagined. I thought presently it was Don Gregorio they meant, whose comeliness is not to be paralleled. It troubled me to think in what danger he would be; for those barbarous Turks do more esteem a handsome boy than a woman, be she never so fair. The king commanded straight that he should be brought before him, that he might see him; and asked me if it were true they said of the youth. I told him, yes (and it seemed Heaven put it into my head), but that he was no man, but a woman as I was, and I desired him he would give me

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leave to clothe her in her natural habit, that her beauty might appear to the full, and that otherwise, too, she would be too shamefaced before him. He bade me do so, and that on the morrow he would give order for my return to Spain to seek the hidden treasure. I spoke with Don Gaspar, and told him what danger he had been in by being a man; so I clad him like a Moorish woman, and that afternoon brought him to the king's presence, who, seeing him, admired at her beauty, and thought to reserve him, and to send him for a present to the Grand Signior; and so to avoid the danger in his seraglio of women, if he put her there, he commanded her to be kept in a house of certain Moorish gentlewomen, whither he was carried. How this troubled us both (for I cannot deny that I love him), let them consider that have been absent from their loves. The king gave order then that I should come for Spain in this frigate, and that these two Turks that killed your soldiers should accompany me, and this runagate Spaniard,' pointing to him that had first spoken, 'who I know is in his heart a Christian, and hath a greater desire to remain here than to return into Barbary; the rest are Moors and Turks that only serve for rowers. The two covetous and insolent Turks, not respecting the order we had, that they should set me and this runagate Spaniard on the first shore, in the habits of Christians (of which we were provided), would needs first scour the coast, and take some prize, if they could, fearing that if they should set us on land by some mischance we might discover the frigate to be upon the coast, so that they might be taken by the galleys; and over-night we described this wharf, and not knowing of these four galleys, we were discovered, and this hath befallen us that you have seen. In fine, Don Gregorio remains in his woman's habit amongst women,

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in manifest danger of his destruction, and I am here prisoner, expecting, or to say truer, fearing the losing of my life, which, notwithstanding, wearies me. This, sirs, is the conclusion of my lamentable history, as true as unfortunate. My request is that I may die a Christian, since, as I have said, I am not guilty of that crime into which the rest of my nation have fallen; and with this she broke off, her eyes pregnant with tears, which were accompanied with many from the standers-by also.

The viceroy, all tender and compassionate, came to her, and undid the cord that bound the Moor's fair hands. In the meantime, whilst this Christian Morisca related her story, an ancient pilgrim that entered the galley had his eyes fastened upon her, and she had no sooner ended her discourse when he cast himself at her feet, and, embracing them with interrupted words, sighs, and sobs, said, 'Oh, my unfortunate daughter Anna Felix, I am Ricote thy father, that have returned to seek thee, as not being able to live without thee, for thou art my very soul.' At these words Sancho opened his eyes, and lifted up his head (which he held down, thinking upon his ill-favoured tossing in the galley), and beholding the pilgrim, knew him to be the same Ricote that he met the same day he left his government, and it appeared she was his daughter; when being unbound, she embraced her father, mingling her tears with his. Then said he to the general and viceroy, 'This, my lords, is my daughter, more unhappy in her success than in her name, as famous for beauty as I for wealth. I left my country to find a resting-place in some strange country, and having found one in Germany, returned in this pilgrim's weed in company of other Germans to seek my daughter, and to dig out my hidden treasure, but found not her, and the treasure

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I bring with me, and now by strange chance have lighted on my greatest treasure, that is, my beloved daughter; if so be our small offence, and her tears and mine together, with the integrity of your justice, may open the gates of mercy, show it us, that never had so much as a thought once to offend you, nor conspired with those of our own lineage, who were justly banished.' Then said Sancho, 'I know Ricote well, and know all is true he saith concerning that Anna Felix is his daughter, but for other flim-flams, whether he had a good or bad intention, I intermeddle not.'

The bystanders wondering all at this accident, the general said, 'Well, your tears will not let me accomplish my vow; live, fair Anna Felix, as long as Heaven will give thee leave, and let those rash slaves die that committed the fault'; so he commanded that the two Turks that had killed his two soldiers should presently be hanged upon the mainyard; but the viceroy desired him earnestly not to hang them, since they had showed more madness than valour. The general condescended, for revenge is not good in cold blood; and straight they contrived how to get Don Gregorio free. Ricote offered two thousand ducats he had in pearls and jewels towards it; many means were thought on, but none so good as that of the renegado Spaniard that was mentioned, who offered to return to Algiers in some small bark, only with some six Christian oars, for he knew where, how, and when he might disembark himself, and the house also where Don Gaspar was. The general and viceroy were in some doubt of him, or to trust him with the Christians that should row with him. But Anna Felix undertook for him, and Ricote offered to ransom the Christians if they were taken. And being agreed, the viceroy went ashore, and Don Antonio Moreno carried the Morisca and her

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father with him, the viceroy enjoining him to use them as well as possibly he might, and offered him the command of anything in his house toward it. Such was the charity and benevolence that the beauty of Anna Felix had infused into his breast.



CHAPTER LXIV

OF AN ADVENTURE THAT MOST PERPLEXED DON
QUIXOTE, OF ANY THAT HITHERTO BEFEL HIM

THE history says that Don Antonio Moreno's wife took great delight to see Anna Felix in her house; she welcomed her most kindly, enamoured as well on her goodness as beauty and discretion, for in all the Morisca was exquisite, and all the city came (as if by a warning-bell) to see her. Don Quixote told Don Antonio that they took a wrong course for the freeing of Don Gregorio, which was more dangerous than convenient, and that it had been better that he were set on shore in Barbary with his horse and arms, for

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that he would deliver him in spite of the whole Moorism there, as Don Gayferos had done his spouse Melisandra.

‘Look you, sir,’ said Sancho, when he heard this, ‘Don Gayferos brought his spouse through firm land, and so carried her into France; but here, though we should deliver Don Gregorio, we have no means to bring him into Spain, the sea being betwixt us and home.’

‘There is a remedy for everything but death,’ said Don Quixote, ‘for ’tis but having a bark ready at the seaside, and in spite of all the world we may embark ourselves.’

‘You do prettily facilitate the matter,’ said Sancho; ‘but ’tis one thing to say and another to do; and I like the runagate, for methinks he is a good, honest, plain fellow.’ Don Antonio said that if the runagate performed not the business, that then the grand Don Quixote should pass over into Barbary.

Some two days after, the runagate embarked in a little boat with six oars on a side, manned with lusty tall fellows; and two days after that, the galleys were eastward bound, the general having requested the viceroy that he would be pleased to let him know the success of Don Gregorio’s liberty, and likewise of Anna Felix. The viceroy promised to fulfil his request.

And Don Quixote going out one morning to take the air upon the wharf, armed at all points—for, as he often used to say, his arms were his ornaments, and to skirmish his delight, and so he was never without them—he saw a knight come toward him, armed from top to toe, carrying upon his shield a bright shining moon painted, who coming within distance of hearing, directing his voice to Don Quixote aloud, said, ‘Famous knight, and never sufficiently extolled, Don Quixote



Don Quixote and the Knight of the White Moon.

KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON

de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose renowned deeds perhaps thou hast heard of; I am come to combat with thee, and by force of arms to make thee know and confess that my mistress, be she whom she will, is without comparison fairer than thy Dulcinea del Toboso, which truth if thou plainly confess, thou shalt save thy life, and me a labour in taking it; and if thou fight, and that I vanquish thee, all the satisfaction I will have is that thou forsake thy arms, and leave seeking adventures, and retire thyself to thy home for the space of one whole year, where thou shalt live peaceable and quietly, without laying hand to thy sword, which befits thy estate, and also thy soul's health; and if thou vanquish me, my head shall be at thy mercy, and the spoils of my horse and armour shall be thine, and also the fame of my exploits shall pass from me to thee. Consider what is best to be done, and answer me quickly, for I have only this day's respite to despatch this business.'

Don Quixote was astonished and in suspense, as well at the Knight of the White Moon's arrogance as the cause of it for which he challenged him, and so, with a quiet and staid demeanour, answered him: 'Knight of the White Moon, whose exploits hitherto I have not heard of, I dare swear thou never sawest the famous Dulcinea; for if thou hadst, I know thou wouldst not have entered into this demand, for her sight would have confirmed that there neither hath been, nor can be, a beauty to be compared with hers, and therefore, not to say you lie, but that you err in your proposition, I accept of your challenge, with the aforesaid conditions; and straight, because your limited day shall not pass, and I only except against one of your conditions, which is that the fame of your exploits pass to me, for I know not what kind of ones yours

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be, and I am content with mine own, such as they be: begin you then your career when you will, and I will do the like, and God and St. George!’

The viceroy had notice of this, and thought it had been some new adventure plotted by Don Antonio Moreno, or some other gentleman; and so out of the city he went with Don Antonio, and many other gentlemen that accompanied him to the wharf, just as Don Quixote was turning Rozinante’s reins to take up as much ground as was fit for him. When the viceroy saw in both of them signs to encounter, he put himself betwixt them, and asked what was the cause of their single combat. The Knight of the White Moon answered him that it was about a precedency in beauty, and briefly repeated what he had formerly done to Don Quixote, together with the conditions accepted by both parties.

The viceroy came to Don Antonio and asked him in his ear if he knew that Knight of the White Moon, or if it were some trick they meant to put upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio made answer that he neither knew the knight, or whether the combat were in jest or earnest.

This answer made the viceroy doubt whether he should let them proceed to the combat; but being persuaded that it could not be but a jest, he removed, saying, ‘Sir Knights, if there be no remedy but to confess or die, and that Signior Don Quixote be obstinate, and you, Knight of the White Moon, more so than he, God have mercy on you, and to’t.’

The Knight of the White Moon most courteously thanked the viceroy for the licence he gave them, and Don Quixote too did the like, who heartily recommending himself to Heaven, and his mistress Dulcinea (as he used upon all such occasions), he turned about to begin his career, as his enemy had done,

DON QUIXOTE'S CONQUEROR

and without trumpets' sound, or of any other warlike instrument that might give them signal for the onset, they both of them set spurs to their horses, and the Knight of the White Moon's being the swifter, met Don Quixote ere he had ran a quarter of his career, so forcibly (without touching him with his lance, for it seemed he carried it aloft on purpose) that he tumbled horse and man both to the ground, and Don Quixote had a terrible fall; so he got straight on the top of him, and, clapping his lance's point upon his visor, said, 'You are vanquished, knight, and a dead man, if you confess not, according to the conditions of our combat.' Don Quixote, all bruised and amazed, without heaving up his visor, as if he had spoken out of a tomb, with a faint and weak voice said, 'Dulcinea del Toboso is the fairest woman in the world, and I the unfortunatest knight on earth, and it is not fit that my weakness defraud this truth; thrust your lance into me, knight, and kill me, since you have bereaved me of my honour.' 'Not so, truly,' quoth he of the White Moon; 'Let the fame of my lady Dulcinea's beauty live in her entireness; I am only contented that the grand Don Quixote retire home for a year, or till such time as I please, as we agreed, before we began the battle.'

All this the viceroy, with Don Antonio and many others standing by, heard; and Don Quixote answered that, so nothing were required of him in prejudice of his Lady Dulcinea, he would accomplish all the rest. like a true and punctual knight.

This confession ended, the Knight of the White Moon turned his horse, and making a low obeisance on horseback to the viceroy, he rode a false gallop into the city. The viceroy willed Don Antonio to follow him, and to know by all means who he was.

DON QUIXOTE

Don Quixote was lifted up, and they discovered his face, and found him discoloured, and in a cold sweat. Rozinante, out of pure hard handling, could not as yet stir.

Sancho, all sad and sorrowful, knew not what to do or say, and all that had happened to him seemed but a dream, and all that machine a matter of enchantment; he saw his master was vanquished, and bound not to take arms for a year. Now he thought the light of his glory was eclipsed, the hopes of his late promises were undone and parted as smoke with wind; he feared lest Rozinante's bones were broken, and his master's out of joint, finally, in a chair, which the viceroy commanded to be brought, he was carried to the city, whither the viceroy too returned, desirous to know who the Knight of the White Moon was, that had left Don Quixote in so bad a taking.



CHAPTER LXV

WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON WAS, WITH
DON GREGORIO'S LIBERTY, AND
OTHER PASSAGES

DON ANTONIO MORENO followed the Knight of the White Moon, and many boys too followed and persecuted him, till he got him to his inn into the city. Don Antonio entered, desirous to know him, and he had his squire to unarm him; he shut himself in a lower room, and Don Antonio with him, who stood upon thorns till he knew who he was.

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He of the White Moon, seeing then that the gentleman would not leave him, said, 'I well know, sir, wherefore you come, and to know who I am, and since there is no reason to deny you this, I will tell you, whilst my man is unarming me, the truth without erring a jot. Know, sir, that I am styled the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and am one of Don Quixote's town; whose wild madness hath moved as many of us as know him to compassion, and me amongst the rest most; and believing that the best means to procure his health is to keep him quiet, and so to have him in his own house, I thought upon this device; and so about a three months since I met him upon the way, calling myself by the name of the Knight of the Looking-glasses, with a purpose to fight with him, and vanquish him, without doing him any hurt; and making this the condition of our combat, that the vanquished should be left to the discretion of the vanquisher; and that which I would enjoin him (for I held him already conquered) was that he should return home, and not abroad again in a whole year, in which time he might haply have been cured: but fortune would have it otherwise; for he vanquished me, and unhorsed me, and so my project took no effect. He went on his way, and I returned, conquered, ashamed, and bruised with my fall, that was very dangerous; but, for all that, I had still a desire to find him again, and to conquer him, as now you have seen. And he, being so punctual in observing the orders of knight-errantry, will doubtless keep his promise made to me. This, sir, is all I can tell you, and I beseech you conceal me from Don Quixote, that my desires may take effect, and that the man who hath otherwise a good understanding may recover it if his madness leave him.'

'Oh, sir,' said Don Antonio, 'God forgive you the wrong

DON QUIXOTE'S RETIREMENT

you do the whole world, in seeking to recover the pleasantest madman in the world. Perceive you not that this recovery cannot be so much worth as the delight that his fopperies cause? But I imagine, sir bachelor, that all your art will not make a man so irrecoverably mad wise again; and if it were not uncharitable, I would say, Never may he recover; for in his health we lose not only his own conceits, but Sancho Panza his squire's too, each of which would turn melancholy itself into mirth: for all that, I will hold my peace, I will say nothing, and see whether I guess right, that Signior Carrasco's pains will be to no purpose.' Who answered that as yet the business was brought to a good pass, and he hoped for a happy success; and so, offering Don Antonio his service, he took leave of him. And causing his armour to be packed upon a great he-mule, at the instant he got himself upon the horse with which he entered the lists; and the same day he went out of the city homeward, where by the way nothing happened to him worth the relating in this true history.

Don Antonio told the viceroy all that Carrasco said; at which he received not much content, for in Don Quixote's retirement was theirs also that ever had notice of his mad pranks.

Six days was Don Quixote in his bed, all muddied, sad and sorrowful, and wayward, descanting in his thoughts upon his ill fortune to be vanquished. Sancho comforted him, and, amongst other reasons, told him, 'Signior mine, cheer up, be lively, if you can, give Heaven thanks that, though you came with a tumbling-cast to the ground, yet you have never a rib broken; and since you know that sweet meat must have sour sauce, and that there is not always good cheer where there is a smoking chimney, cry, A fig for the physician! since you

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need not his help in this disease. Let's home to our houses, and leave looking after these adventures thorough countries and places we know not; and if you consider it well, I am here the greatest loser, though you be in the worst pickle. I, though when I left to be a governor, left also my desires that way, yet left not my desire of being an earl, which will never be effected, if you leave to be a king, by leaving the exercise of chivalry, and so my hopes are like to vanish into smoke.'

'Peace, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'my retirement shall be but for a year, and then I'll straight to my honourable profession again, and I shall not want a kingdom for myself, and some earldom for thee.'

'God grant it,' said Sancho, 'and let sin be deaf; for I have always heard that a good hope is better than a bad possession.'

In this discourse they were, whenas Don Antonio entered, with shows of great content, saying, 'My reward, Signior Don Quixote, for the news I bring; for Don Gregorio and the runagate Spaniard with him are upon the wharf—the wharf, quoth I? in the viceroy's house, and will be here presently.'

Don Quixote was somewhat revived, and said, 'Truly I was about to have said, I would it had been otherwise, that I might have gone into Barbary, and with the strength and vigour of this arm not only have given liberty to Don Gregorio, but to all the Christian captives in Barbary. But what say I, wretch that I am? Am not I vanquished? Am not I overthrown? Am not I he that must not touch arms this twelve months? What then do I promising? Why do I praise myself, since it were fitter for me to use a distaff than a sword?'

'No more of that, sir,' said Sancho; 'a man is a man, though he have but a hose on his head.' To-day for thee, and to-morrow for me; and for these thumps and encounters there is

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no heed to be taken; for he that falls to-day may rise to-morrow, except it be that he mean to lie a-bed; I mean, to dismay, and not take heart to fresh skirmishes; and therefore raise you yourself now, to welcome Don Gregorio, for methinks the people of the house are in an uproar, and by this he is come.'

And he said true, for Don Gregorio having given the viceroy account of his going and coming, desirous to see Anna Felix, he came with the runagate to Don Antonio's house; and though Don Gregorio, when they brought him out of Algiers, were in a woman's habit, yet by the way in the boat he changed it with a captive, that came with him; but in whatsoever habit he had been in, he would have seemed a personage worthy to be coveted, sought after, and served; for he was extraordinary comely, and about some seventeen or eighteen years of age.

Ricote and his daughter went out to welcome him, the father with tears, and the daughter with honesty. They did not embrace each other, for where there is love there is never much looseness. The two joint beauties of Don Gregorio and Anna Felix astonished all the bystanders. Silence there spoke for the two lovers, and their eyes were tongues that discovered their joyful but honest thoughts; the runagate told them the means and sleight he had used to get Don Gregorio away. Don Gregorio told his dangers and straits he was put to, amongst the women with whom he remained, not in tedious manner, but with much brevity; where he showed that his discretion was above his years.

Finally, Ricote paid and royally satisfied, as well the runagate, as those that had rowed with him. The runagate was reduced and reincorporated with the Church, and of a rotten

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member became clean and sound, by penance and repentance.

Some two days after, the viceroy treated with Don Antonio about means that Ricote and his daughter might remain in Spain, thinking it to be no inconvenience that so Christianly a father and daughter should remain, and, to see to, so well intentionated.

Don Antonio offered to negotiate it amongst other business, for which he was to go to the court of necessity, letting them know that there, by favour and bribes, many difficult matters are ended.

‘There is no trust in favours or bribes,’ said Ricote then present; ‘for with the grand Don Bernardino de Velasco, Count Salazar, to whom his Majesty hath given in charge our expulsion, neither entreaties, promises, bribes, or compassion can prevail; for, though true it be that he mixeth his justice with mercy; yet because he sees that the whole body of our nation is putrid and contaminated, he useth rather cauterising that burns it than ointment that softens it; and so with prudence, skill, diligence, and terror, he hath borne upon his strong shoulders, and brought to due execution, the weight of this great machine, our industries, tricks, sleights, and frauds, not being able to blind his watchful eyes of Argus, which wake continually; to the end that none of ours may remain that, like a hidden root, may in time sprout up, and scatter venomous fruit throughout all Spain, now cleansed and free from the fear into which their multitude put her; a heroic resolution of the Grand Philip the Third, and unheard-of wisdom, to have committed it to Don Bernardino de Velasco.’

‘Well, when I come thither,’ said Don Antonio, ‘I will use the best means I can, and let Heaven dispose what shall be



Don Quixote Leaves Barcelona.

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fittest. Don Gregorio shall go with me, to comfort the affliction of his parents for his absence; Anna Felix shall stay with my wife here, or in a monastery; and I know the viceroy will be glad to have honest Ricote stay with him, till he sees how I can negotiate.'

The viceroy yielded to all that was proposed; but Don Gregorio, knowing what passed, said that by no means he could or would leave Anna Felix; but, intending to see his friends, and to contrive how he might return for her, at length he agreed. Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio's wife, and Ricote in the viceroy's house.

The time came that Don Antonio was to depart, and Don Quixote and Sancho, which was some two days after, for Don Quixote's fall would not suffer him to travel sooner. When Don Gregorio parted from Anna Felix, all was tears, swooning, sighs, and sobs. Ricote offered Don Gregorio a thousand crowns; but he refused them, and borrowed only five of Don Antonio, to pay him at the court again. With this they both departed, and Don Quixote and Sancho next, as hath been said, Don Quixote disarmed, and Sancho on foot, because Dapple was laden with the armour.



CHAPTER LXVI

THAT TREATS OF WHAT THE READER SHALL SEE, AND
HE THAT HEARKENS HEAR

AS they went out of Barcelona, Don Quixote beheld the place where he had his fall, and said, “‘Hic Troja fuit’; here was my fortune, and not my cowardice, that bereaved me of my former gotten glory; here Fortune used her turns and returns with me; here my exploits were darkened, and finally, my fortune fell, never to rise again.’ Which Sancho hearing, said, ‘Signior mine, ’tis as proper to great spirits to be patient in adversity as jocund in prosperity, and this I take from myself; for if when I myself being a governor was merry, now that I am a poor squire on foot I am not sad.

ON THE WAY HOME

For I have heard say that she you call up and down Fortune is a drunken longing woman, and withal blind, and so she sees not what she doth, neither knows whom she casts down, or whom she raiseth up.'

'Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'thou art very philosophical, thou speakest marvellous wisely, I know not who hath taught thee. All I can tell thee is that in the world there is no such thing as fortune; neither do things that happen in it, good or evil, fall out by chance, but by the particular providence of Heaven; hence 'tis said that every man is the artificer of his own fortune, which I have been of mine, but not with the discretion that might have been fitting, and so my rashness hath been requited; for I might have thought that it was not possible for Rozinante's weakness to have resisted the powerful greatness of the Knight of the White Moon's horse. In fine, I was hardy, I did what I could; down I came, and, though I lost my honour, yet I lost not nor can lose my virtue, to accomplish my promise. When I was a knight-errant, bold and valiant, with my works and hands I ennobled my deeds; and now that I am a foot squire I will credit my works with the accomplishment of my promise. Jog on, then, Sancho, and let us get home, there to pass the year of our probationership; in which retiredness we will recover new virtue, to return to the never-forgotten exercise of arms.'

'Sir,' said Sancho, 'tis no great pleasure to travel great journeys on foot; let us leave your armour hanged up upon some tree, instead of a hanged man; and then I may get upon Dapple, and ride as fast as you will; for to think that I will walk great journeys on foot is but a folly.'

'Thou hast said well, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'hang up my arms for a trophy; and at the bottom, or about them,

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we will carve in the trees that which in the trophy of Roldan's was written:

“ Let none these move,
That his valour will not
With Roldan prove.”

‘All this, methinks,’ said Sancho, ‘is precious; and, if it were not that we should want Rozinante by the way, ’twere excellent good hanging him up.’

‘Well, neither he nor the armour,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘shall be hanged up, that it may not be said, So a good servant, an ungrateful master.’

‘You say marvellous well,’ quoth Sancho; ‘for, according to the opinion of wise men, the fault of the ass must not be laid upon the pack-saddle. And since in this last business you yourself were in fault, punish yourself, and let not your fury burst upon the hacked and bloody armour, or the mildness of Rozinante, or the tenderness of my feet, making me walk more than is fitting.’

All that day and four more they passed in these reasons and discourses; and the fifth after, as they entered a town, they saw a great many of people at an inn door, that by reason of the heat were there shading themselves.

When Don Quixote approached, a husbandman cried aloud, ‘Some of these gentlemen, that know not the parties, shall decide the business of our wager.’ ‘That will I,’ said Don Quixote, ‘with all uprightness, if I may understand it.’ ‘Well, good sir,’ said the husbandman, ‘this is the matter: here’s one dwells in this town so fat that he weighs eleven arrobes,¹ and he challenged another to run with him that weighs but five; the wager was to run one hundred paces with equal weight,

¹ *Arroba*, measure of twenty-five pound weight.

F A T A N D T H I N

and the challenger being asked how they should make equal weight, said that the other, that weighed but five arrobes, should carry six of iron, and so they should both weigh equally.'

'No, no,' said Sancho, before Don Quixote could answer, 'it concerns me, that not long since left being a governor and a judge, as all the world knows, to decide doubts, and to sentence this business.' 'Answer on God's name, friend Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'for I am not in the humour to play at boy's play, since I am so troubled and tormented in mind.'

With this licence, Sancho said to the husbandmen that were gaping round about him, expecting his sentence, 'Brothers, the fat man's demand is unreasonable, and hath no appearance of equity; for if he that is challenged may choose his weapons, the other ought not to choose such as may make his contrary unwieldy and unable to be victor; and therefore my opinion is that the fat challenger do pick, and cleanse, and withdraw, and polish, and nibble, and pull away six arrobas of his flesh, somewhere or other from his body, as he thinks best, and so having but five remaining, he will be made equal with his opposite, and so they may run upon equal terms.'

'I vow by me,' said the husbandman that heard Sancho's sentence, 'this gentleman hath spoken blessedly, and sentenced like a canon; but I warrant, the fat man will not lose an ounce of his flesh, much less six arrobes.'

'The best is,' said the other, 'not to run, that the lean man strain not himself with too much weight, nor the fat man dis-flesh himself; and let half the wager be spent in wine, and let us carry these gentlemen to the tavern that hath the best, and give me the cloak when it rains.'

¹ A good wish, as if he would have said, Let the burden light upon him.

D O N Q U I X O T E

‘I thank you, sir,’ said Don Quixote, ‘but I cannot stay a jot; for my sad thoughts make me seem unmannerly, and travel more than ordinarily.’ And so, spurring Rozinante, he passed forward, leaving them to admire and note as well his strange shape as his man’s discretion; for such they judged Sancho.

And another of the husbandmen said, ‘If the man be so wise, what think ye of the master? I hold a wager that if they went to study at Salamanca, they would be made judges of the court in a trice, for all is foppery to your studying. Study hard, and with a little favour, and good luck, when a man least thinks of it, he shall have a rod of justice in his hand, or a mitre upon his head.’

That night the master and man passed in the open field; and the next day, being upon their way, they saw a footman coming towards them with a pair of wallets about his neck, and a javelin or dart in his hand, just like a footman, who coming near Don Quixote, mending his pace, and beginning to run, came and took him by the right thigh, for he could reach no higher, and said, with a great deal of gladness, ‘Oh, my Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha, and how glad my lord duke will be when he knows you will return to his castle! for he is there still with my lady duchess.’

‘I know you not, friend,’ said Don Quixote, ‘who you are, except you tell me.’

‘I, Signior Don Quixote,’ said the footman, ‘am Tosilos, the duke’s lackey, that would not fight with your worship about the marriage of Donna Rodriguez’ daughter.’

‘God defend me,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and is it possible? and are you he into whom the enchanters my enemies transformed my contrary, to defraud me of the honour of that combat?’



Fasikos Groots Don Quixote.

T O S I L O S

‘Peace, sir,’ quoth the letter foot-post; ‘there was no enchantment, nor changing of my face; I was as much Tosilos the lackey when I went into the lists as when I came out. I thought to have married without fighting, because I liked the wench well; but it fell out otherwise. My lord duke caused me to be well banged because I did not according as I was instructed before the battle was to begin; and the conclusion is, the wench is turned nun, and Donna Rodriguez is gone back again into the castle, and I am going now to Barcelona to carry a packet of letters to the viceroy which my lord sends him; and if you please to drink a sup (though it be hot, yet pure), I have a little gourd here full of the best wine, with some slices of excellent cheese, that shall serve for a provoker and alarum to thirst if it be asleep.’

‘I see the vy,’ said Sancho, ‘and set the rest of your courtesy, and therefore skink, honest Tosilos, in spite of all the chanters in the Indies.’

‘Well, Sancho,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘thou art the only glutton in the world, and the only ass alive, since thou canst not be persuaded that this footman is enchanted, and this Tosilos counterfeit. Stay thou with him and fill thyself; I’ll go on fair and softly before, and expect thee.’

The lackey laughed, and unsheathed his bottle, and drawing out his bread and cheese, he and Sancho sat upon the green grass, and like good fellows they cast anchor upon all the wallet’s provant so hungerly that, all being gone, they licked the very letter-packet because it smelt of cheese.

Tosilos said to Sancho, ‘Doubtless thy master, friend Sancho, is a very madman.’ ‘He owes no man nothing in that kind,’ said Sancho, ‘for if the money he were to pay be in madness, he hath enough to pay all men. I see it well enough,

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and tell him of it; but 'tis to no purpose, for he is now even past recovery, since he hath been vanquished by the Knight of the White Moon.' Tosilos desired him to tell him what had befallen him; but Sancho answered it was a discourtesy to let his master stay for him, but at some other time, when they met, he should know. And so, rising up, after he had well dusted himself, and shaken the crumbs from his beard, he caught hold of Dapple before, and, crying farewell, left Tosilos, and overtook his master, that stayed for him under the shade of a tree.



CHAPTER LXVII

OF THE RESOLUTION DON QUIXOTE HAD TO TURN SHEPHERD, AND TO LEAD A COUNTRY LIFE, WHILST THE PROMISE FOR HIS YEAR WAS EXPIRED, WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS, TRULY GOOD AND SAVOURY

IF Don Quixote were much troubled in mind before his fall, he was so much more after it. He stood shading himself under the tree, as you heard, and there his thoughts set upon him, as flies upon honey; some tending to the disenchantment of Dulcinea, others to the life that he meant to lead in the time of his forced retirement.

Sancho now drew near, and extolled the liberality of Tosilos.

D O N Q U I X O T E

‘Is it possible, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that still thou thinkest that that was a true lackey, and that thou hast forgotten too that Dulcinea was converted and transformed into a country-wench, and the Knight of the Looking-glasses into the bachelor Samson Carrasco; all these by the doings of enchanters my enemies that persecute me? But tell me now, didst thou ask that Tosilos what became of Altisidora? did she lament my absence, or hath she forgotten her amorous passions, that when I was present troubled her?’

‘I never thought on’t,’ said Sancho, ‘neither had I leisure to ask after such fooleries. Body of me, sir, you are now in a humour of asking after other folks’ thoughts, and amorous ones, too.’

‘Look thee, Sancho, there is a great deal of difference betwixt love and gratefulness; it may well be that a gentleman may not be amorous, but it cannot be, speaking in all rigour, that he should be ungrateful. Altisidora in likelihood loved me very well; she gave me the three nightcaps thou wottest of; she cried at my departure, cursed me, reviled me, and without modesty railed publicly; all signs that she adored me; for the anger of lovers often ends in maledictions. I could give her no comfort, nor no treasure, all I have being dedicated to Dulcinea; and the treasure of knights-errant is like that of fairies, false and apparent only; and all I can do is but to remember her; and this I may do, without prejudice to Dulcinea, whom thou wrongest with thy slackness in whipping thyself, and in chastising that flesh of thine, that I wish I might see devoured by wolves, that had rather preserve itself for worms than for the remedy of that poor lady.’

‘Sir,’ said Sancho, ‘if you will have the truth, I cannot persuade myself that the lashing of my posteriors can have any

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reference to the disenchanting of the enchanted; which is as much as if you should say, "If your head grieve you, anoint your knees"; at least, I dare swear, that in as many histories as you have read of knight-errantry, you never saw whipping disenchant anybody; but, howsoever, I will take it when I am in the humour, and when time serves I'll chastise myself.'

'God grant thou dost,' said Don Quixote, 'and Heaven give thee grace to fall into the reckoning and obligation thou hast to help my lady, who is thy lady too, since thou art mine.'

With this discourse they held on their way, till they came just to the place where the bulls had overrun them; and Don Quixote called it to mind, and said to Sancho, 'In this field we met the brave shepheresses, and the lusty swains, that would have imitated and renewed the Pastoral Arcadia; an invention as strange as witty; in imitation of which, if thou thinkest fit, Sancho, we will turn shepherds for the time that we are to live retired; I'll buy sheep, and all things fit for our pastoral vocation; and calling myself by the name of the shepherd Quixotiz, and thou the shepherd Panzino, we will walk up and down the hills, through woods and meadows, singing and versifying, and drinking the liquid crystal of the fountains, sometimes out of the clear springs, and then out of the swift-running rivers. The oaks shall afford us plentifully of the most sweet fruit, and the bodies of hardest cork-trees shall be our seats; the willows shall give us shade, the roses their perfume, and the wide meadows carpets of a thousand flourished colours; the air shall give us a free and pure breath; the moon and stars, in spite of night's darkness, shall give us light; our songs shall afford us delight, and our wailing, mirth; Apollo, verses and love-conceits, with which we may be eternalised

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and famous, not only in this present age, but ages to come also.'

'By ten,' quoth Sancho, 'this kind of life is very suitable to my desires, and I believe the bachelor Samson and Master Nicholas the barber will no sooner have seen it but they will turn shepherds with us; and pray God the vicar have not a mind to enter into the sheep-cote too, for he is a merry lad, and jolly.'

'Thou had said very well, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'and the bachelor Samson Carrasco, if so be he enter the pastoral lap (as doubtless he will), may call himself the shepherd Samsonino, or Carrascon. Master Nicholas may call himself Niculoso, as the ancient Boscan¹ called himself Nemoroso. I know not what name we should bestow upon the vicar, except it were some derivative from his own, calling him the shepherd Curiambro. The shepherdesses on whom we must be enamoured, we may choose their names as amongst peers; and since my lady's name serves as well for a shepherdess as for a princess, I need not trouble myself to get her another better, give thou thine what name thou wilt.'

'Mine,' said Sancho, 'shall have no other name but Teresona, which will fit her fatness well, and it is taken from her Christian name, which is Teresa; and the rather I celebrating her in my verses, do discover my chaste thoughts, since I seek not in other men's houses better bread than is made of wheat; 'twere not fit that the vicar had his shepherdess, to give good example, but if the bachelor will have any, 'tis in his own free choice.'

'Lord bless me, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'and what a life shall we have on't! What a world of hornpipes, and Za-

¹ Alluding to the word 'bosque' for a wood.

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mora bagpipes shall we hear! What tabouring shall we have! What jangling of bells, and playing on the rebeck! And if to these different musics we have the albogue too, we shall have all kind of pastoral instruments.'

'What is albogue?' quoth Sancho. 'It is,' said Don Quixote, 'a certain plate made like a candlestick; and being hollow, gives, if not a very pleasing or harmonious sound, yet it displeaseth not altogether, and agrees well with the rustic tabor and bagpipe; and this word albogue is Moorish, as all those in our Castilian tongue are that begin with Al, to wit, Almoasa, Almorzar, Alhombra, Alguazil, Aluzema, Almazem, Alcancia, and the like, with some few more; and our language hath only three Moorish words that end in i, which are Borcegui, Zaguiçami, and Maravedi; Alheli and Alfaqui are as well known to be Arabic by their beginning with Al as their ending in i. This I have told thee by the way, the word albogue having brought it into my head; and one main help we shall have for the perfection of this calling, that I, thou knowest, am somewhat poetical, and the bachelor Samson Carrasco is a most exquisite one; for the vicar I say nothing, but I lay a wager he hath his smack, and so hath Master Nicholas too; for all these, or the most of them, play upon a gittern, and are rhymers. I will complain of absence, thou shalt praise thyself for a constant lover, the shepherd Carrascon shall mourn for being disdained, and let the vicar Curiambro do what he pleaseth, and so there is no more to be desired.'

To which said Sancho, 'Sir, I am so unlucky that I fear I shall not see the day in which I may see myself in that happy life. Oh, what neat spoons shall I make when I am shepherd! What hodge-potches and cream! what garlands and other pastoral trumperies! that though they get me not a fame of being

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wise, yet they shall that I am witty. My little daughter Sanchica shall bring our dinner to the flock; but soft, she is handsome, and you have shepherds more knaves than fools, and I would not have her come for wool, and return shorn: and your loose desires are as incident to the fields as to cities, and as well in shepherds' cottages as princes' palaces; and the cause being removed, the sin will be saved, and the heart dreams not of what the eye sees not, and better a fair pair of heels than die at the gallows.'

'No more proverbs, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'since each of these is enough to make us know thy meaning; and I have often advised thee not to be so prodigal of thy proverbs, but more sparing; but 'tis in vain to bid thee, for the more thou art bid, the more thou wilt do it.'

'Methinks, sir,' said Sancho, 'you are like what is said that the frying-pan said to the kettle, "Avaunt, black-brows"; you reprehend me for speaking of proverbs, and you thread up yours by two and two.'

'Look you, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I use mine to purpose, and when I speak them, they fit as well as a little ring to the finger; but thou bringest in thine so by head and shoulders that thou rather draggest than guidest them; and, if I forget not, I told thee heretofore, that proverbs are brief sentences, drawn from the experience and speculation of our ancient sages, and a proverb ill applied is rather a foppery than a sentence; but leave we this now, and, since night comes on us, let's retire a little out of the highway, where we will pass this night, and God knows what may befall us to-morrow.'

So they retired, and made a short supper, much against Sancho's will, who now began to think of the hard life of knight-errantry in woods and mountains, especially calling to

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his remembrance the castles and houses as well of Don Diego de Miranda, and where the rich Camacho's marriage was, and likewise Don Antonio Moreno's; but he considered with himself that nothing could last ever; and so he slept away the rest of that night, which his master passed watching.

CHAPTER LXVIII

OF THE BRISTLED ADVENTURE THAT BEFEL
DON QUIXOTE

THE night was somewhat dark, though the moon were up, but she was obscured; for sometimes my Lady Diana goes to walk with the Antipodes, and leaves the mountains black and the valleys darkened. Don Quixote complied with nature; having slept his first sleep, he broke off his second, contrary to Sancho, for his lasted from night till morning; a sign of his good complexion and few cares. These kept Don Quixote waking in such sort that he awakened Sancho, and said to him:

‘I wonder, Sancho, at thy free condition: I imagine thou art made of marble or of hard brass, which neither moves nor hath any feeling. I wake when thou sleepest; I weep when thou singest; I am ready to faint with fasting when thou art lazy and unwieldy with pure cramming in; ’twere the part of good servants to have a fellow-feeling of their master’s griefs, if it were but for decency. Behold this night’s brightness, and the solitude we are in, which invites us to intermingle some watching with sleep: rise by thy life, and get thee a little apart, and, with a good courage and thankful cheer, give thy-

SANCHO'S WHIPPING

self three or four hundred lashes upon account, for Dulcinea's disenchanting; and this I entreat of thee, for I will not now, as heretofore, come to handy-gripes with thee, for I know thou hast shrewd clutches; and after thou hast done, we will pass the rest of the night, I chanting my absence, and thou thy constancy, beginning from henceforward our pastoral exercise, which we are to keep in our village.'

'Sir,' said Sancho, 'I am of no religious order, that I should rise out of the midst of my sleep to discipline myself; neither do I think it possible that from the pain of my whipping I may proceed to music. Pray, sir, let me sleep, and do not press me so to this whipping, for you will make me vow never to touch so much as a hair of my coat, much less of my flesh.'

'O hard heart! O ungodly squire! O ill-given bread, and favours ill placed which I bestowed, and thought to have more and more conferred upon thee! By me thou wast a governor, and from me thou wast in good possibility of being an earl, or having some equivalent title; and the accomplishment should not have failed when this our year should end; for I "post tenebras spero lucem."'

'I understand not that,' said Sancho, 'only I know that whilst I am sleeping I neither fear nor hope, have neither pain nor pleasure; and well fare him that invented sleep; a cloak that covers all human thoughts, the food that slakes hunger, the water that quencheth thirst, and the fire that warmeth cold, the cold that tempers heat, and finally, a current coin with which all things are bought, a balance and weight that equals the king to the shepherd, the fool to the wise man; only one thing, as I have heard, sleep hath ill, which is, that it is like death, in that between a man asleep and a dead man there is little difference.'

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‘I have never, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘heard thee speak more elegantly than now; whereby I perceive the proverb thou often usest is true, “You may know the man by the conversation he keeps.”’

‘God’s me, master mine, I am not only he now that threads on proverbs; and they come freer from you, methinks; and betwixt yours and mine there is this only difference, that yours are fitly applied, and mine unseasonably.’

In this discourse they were, when they perceived a deaf noise through all the valleys. Don Quixote stood up, and laid hand to his sword, and Sancho squatted under Dapple, and clapped the bundle of armour and his ass’s pack-saddle on each side of him, as fearful as his master was outrageous. Still the noise increased, and drew dearer the two timorous persons, at least one, for the other’s valour is sufficiently known.

The business was, that certain fellows drave some six hundred swine to a fair to sell, with whom they travelled by night; and the noise they made, with their grunting and squeaking, was so great that it deafened Don Quixote and Sancho’s ears, that never marked what it might be. It fell out that the goodly grunting herd were all in a troop together, and, without respect to Don Quixote or Sancho’s persons, they trampled over them both, spoiling Sancho’s trenches, and overthrowing not only Don Quixote, but Rozinante also. The fury of the sudden coming of these unclean beasts made a confusion, and laid on ground the pack-saddle, armour, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote. Sancho rose as well as he could, and desired his master’s sword, telling him he would kill half a dozen of those unmannerly hogs, for now he knew them to be so.

Don Quixote said, ‘Let them alone, friend, for this affront

DON QUIXOTE'S SONG

is a penalty for my fault, and a just punishment it is from Heaven, that dogs and wasps eat a vanquished knight-errant, and that swine trample over him.'

'And it is a punishment of Heaven too, belike,' said Sancho, 'that flies do bite the squires of vanquished knights, that lice eat them, and hunger close with them. If we squires were

sons or near kinsmen to
the knights we serve,



The onrush of the swine

'twere not much we were partakers with them, even to the fourth generation; but what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes? Well, yet let's go fit ourselves again, and sleep the rest of the night, and 'twill be day, and we shall have better luck.'

'Sleep thou, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'for thou wast born to sleep, and I was born to wake; betwixt this and day-break I will give reins to my thoughts, and vent them out in some madrigal, that without thy knowledge I composed this night.'

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‘Methinks,’ said Sancho, ‘that thoughts that give way to verse are not very troublesome; and therefore versify you as much as you list, and I’ll sleep as much as I can’; and so, taking up as much of the ground as he would, he crouched up together, and slept liberally; debts, nor suretyship, nor any other affliction disturbing him.

Don Quixote leaning to the body of a beech or cork tree (for Cid Hamet Benengeli distinguisheth not what tree it was), to the music of his own sighs, sung as followeth, ‘Love, when I think,’ etc.; each of which verses were accompanied with many sighs, and not few tears, fit for a vanquished knight, and one who had his heart pierced through with grief, and tormented with the absence of his Dulcinea.

Now day came on, and Sir Sol with his beams played in Sancho’s eyes; who awoke and lazed himself, shaking and stretching out his lither limbs; he beheld the havoc the swine had made in his sumptery, and he cursed and recursed the herd.

Finally, both of them returned to their commenced journey; and toward sunset they saw some ten horsemen coming toward them, and four or five footmen. Don Quixote was aghast at heart, and Sancho shivered, for the troop drew nearer to them, who had their spears and shields all in warlike array.

Don Quixote turned to Sancho and said, ‘If, Sancho, it were lawful for me to exercise arms, and that my promise had not bound my hands, I should think this were an adventure of cake-bread; but perhaps it may be otherwise than we think for.’

By this the horsemen came, and, lifting up their lances, without a word speaking, they compassed in Don Quixote be-

AT THE DUKE'S CASTLE

fore and behind; one of the footmen threatening him with death, and clapping his finger to his mouth, in sign he should not cry out; and so he laid hold on Rozinante's bridle, and led him out of the way; and the rest of the footmen catching Sancho's Dapple, all of them most silently followed after those that carried Don Quixote; who twice or thrice would have asked whither they carried him, and what they would with him; but he no sooner began to move his lips, when they were ready to close them with their lances' points; and the same happened to Sancho when one of the footmen pricked him with a goad, he offering but to speak; and Dapple they punched too, as if he would have spoken.

It now began to grow dark, so they mended their pace; the two prisoners' fears increased, especially when they might hear that sometimes they were cried out on, 'On, on, ye Troglodytes! peace, ye barbarous slaves! revenge, ye Anthropophagi! complain not, ye Scythians! open not your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemans, ye butcherous lions!' and other such names as these, with which they tormented the ears of the lamentable knight and squire.

Sancho said within himself, 'We Tortelites? We barbers' slaves? We popinjays? We little bitches to whom they cry Hist, hist? I do not like these names; this wind winnows no corn; all our ill comes together, like a whip to a dog; and I would to God this adventure might end no worse.'

Don Quixote was embezzled; neither in all his discourse could he find what reproachful names those should be that were put upon him; whereby he plainly perceived there was no good to be hoped for, but, on the contrary, much evil.

Within an hour of night they came to the castle, which

† Sancho's mistakes.

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Don Quixote well perceived to be the duke's where but a while before they had been.

'Now, God defend,' said he, as soon as he knew the place, 'what have we here? Why, in this house, all is courtesy and good usage; but for the vanquished all goes from good to bad, and from bad to worse.'

They entered the chief court of the castle, and they saw it so dressed and ordered that their admiration increased and their fear redoubled, as you shall see in the following chapter.



CHAPTER LXIX

OF THE NEWEST AND STRANGEST ADVENTURE THAT IN
ALL THE COURSE OF THIS HISTORY BEFEL
DON QUIXOTE

THE horsemen all alighted, and the footmen taking Don Quixote and Sancho forcibly in their arms, they set them in the court, where round about were burning a hundred torches in their vessels of purpose; and about the turrets above five hundred lights; so that in spite of dark night they might there see day.

In the midst of the court there was a hearse raised some two yards from the ground, covered with a cloth of state of black velvet, and round about it there burned a hundred virgin

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wax candles in silver candlesticks; on the top of it there lay a fair damsel, that showed to be dead, that with her beauty made death herself seem fair; her head was laid upon a pillowbere of cloth of gold, crowned with a garland, woven with divers odoriferous flowers; her hands were crossed upon her breast, and betwixt them was a bough of flourishing yellow palm.

On one side of the court there was a kind of theatre set up, and two personages in their chairs, who, with their crowns on their heads, and sceptres in their hands, seemed to be either real or feigned kings; at the side of this theatre, where they went up by steps, there were two other chairs, where they that brought the prisoners set Don Quixote and Sancho; and all this with silence, and signs to them that they should be silent too; but without that they held their peace; for the admiration of what they there saw tied their tongues. After this, two other principal personages came up, whom Don Quixote straight knew to be the duke and duchess, his host and hostess, who sat down in two rich chairs near the two seeming kings. Whom would not this admire, especially having seen that the body upon the hearse was the fair Altisidora! When the duke and duchess mounted, Don Quixote and Sancho bowed to them, and the dukes did the like, nodding their heads a little; and now an officer entered athwart them, and, coming to Sancho, clapped a coat of black buckram on him, all painted with flames of fire; and, taking his cap off, he set a mitre on his head, just such a one as the Inquisition causes to be set upon heretics, and bade him in his ear he should not unsew his lips, for they would clap a gag in his mouth, or kill him.

Sancho beheld himself all over, and saw himself burning in flames; but since they burned not indeed, he cared not a rush for them. He took off his mitre, and saw it painted with

ALTISIDORA

devils; he put it on again, and said within himself, 'Well, yet neither the one burns me, nor the others carry me away.'

Don Quixote beheld him also, and though fear suspended his senses, he could not but laugh at Sancho's picture; and now from under the hearse there seemed to sound a low and pleasing sound of flutes, which being uninterrupted by any man's voice (for there it seemed silence' self kept silence), was soft and amorous.

Straight there appeared suddenly on the pillow of the hearse a carcass of a goodly youth, clad like a Roman, who to the sound of a harp himself played on, with a most sweet and clear voice, sung these two stanzas following.¹

'Enough,' said one of the two that seemed to be kings, 'enough, divine singer; for it were to proceed in infinitum to paint unto us the misfortunes and graces of the peerless Altisidora, not dead, as the simple world surmiseth, but living in the tongues of fame, and in the penance that Sancho is to pass, to return her to the lost sight; and therefore thou, O Rhadamanthus, that judgest with me in the darksome caves of Dis, since thou knowest all that is determining in the inscrutable fates, touching the restoring of this damsel, tell and declare it forthwith, that the happiness we expect from her return may not be deferred.'

Scarce had Judge Minos said this, when Rhadamanthus, standing up, said, 'Go to, ministers of this house, high and low, great and small, come one after another, and seal Sancho's chin with four-and-twenty tucks, twelve pinches, and with pins prick his arms and buttocks six times, in which Altisidora's health consists.'

¹ Which I likewise omit, as being basely made on purpose, and so not worth the translation.

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When Sancho Panza heard this, he broke off his silence, and said, 'I vow, you shall as soon tuck me, or handle my face, as make me turn Moor. Body of me, what hath the handling my face to do with this damosel's resurrection? The old woman tasted the spinage, etc., Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be whipped to disenchant her. Altisidora dies of some sickness it pleaseth God to send her, and her raising must be with four-and-twenty tucks given me, and with grinding my body with pin-thrusts, and pinching my arms black and blue; away with your tricks to some other, I am an old dog, and there's no histing to me.'

'Thou diest,' quoth Rhadamanthus aloud; 'relent, thou tiger; humble thyself, proud Nembroth; suffer and be silent, since no impossibilities are required of thee; and stand not upon difficulties in this business; thou shalt be tucked, and see thyself grinded; thou shalt groan with pinching. Go to, I say, ministers, fulfil my command; if not, as I am an honest man, you shall rue the time that ever you were born.'

Now there came through the court six like old waiting-women, one after another in procession; four with spectacles, and all with their right hands lifted aloft, with four fingers'-breadth of their wrists discovered, to make their hands seem larger, as the fashion is.

No sooner had Sancho seen them, when, bellowing like a bull, he said, 'Well might I suffer all the world else to handle me, but that waiting-women touch me I will never consent. Let 'em cat-scratch my face, as my master was served in this castle, let 'em thrust me through with bodkin-pointed daggers, let 'em pull off my flesh with hot burning pincers, and I will bear it patiently, and serve these nobles; but that waiting-women touch me, let the devil take me, I will not consent.'

ALTISIDORA

Don Quixote then interrupted him, saying, 'Have patience soon, and please these lordings, and thank God that He hath given such virtue to thy person, that with the martyrdom of it thou mayst disenchant the enchanted, and raise up the dead.'

And now the waiting-women drew near Sancho; who, being won and persuaded, settled in his chair, offered his face and chin to the first that came, who gave him a well-sealed tuck, and so made him a curtsy. 'Less curtsy, and less slabber-sauces, good Mistress Mumpsimus,' quoth Sancho; 'for I protest your hands smell of vinegar.'

At length all the waiting-women sealed him, and others pinched him; but that which he could not suffer was the pins-pricking; and therefore he rose out of his chair very moody, and laying hold of a lighted torch that was near him, he ran after the women and his executioners, saying, 'Avaunt, infernal ministers! for I am not made of brass, not to be sensible of such extraordinary martyrdom.'

By this Altisidora, that was weary with lying so long upon her back, turned on one side; which when the bystanders saw, all of them cried out jointly, 'Altisidora lives! Altisidora lives!'

Rhadamanthus commanded Sancho to lay aside his choler, since now his intent was obtained.

And as Don Quixote saw Altisidora stir, he went to kneel down to Sancho, saying, 'Son of my entrails, 'tis now high time that thou give thyself some of the lashes to which thou art obliged, for the disenchanting of Dulcinea. Now, I say, is the time wherein thy virtue may be seasoned, and thou mayst with efficacy effect the good that is expected from thee.'

To which quoth Sancho, 'Heyday, this is sour upon sour;

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'twere good after these pinchings, tucks, and pins-prickings, that lashes should follow; there's no more to be done, but even take a good stone and tie it to my neck and cast me into a well, for which I should not grieve much, if so be that, to cure other folks' ills, I must be the pack-horse. Let me alone; if not, I shall mar all.'

And now Altisidora sat up in the hearse, and the hautboys, accompanied with flutes and voices, began to sound, and all cried out, 'Live Altisidora! Altisidora live!' The dukes rose up, and with them Minos and Rhadamanthus, and all together with Don Quixote and Sancho went to receive Altisidora, and to help her out of the hearse, who, feigning a kind of dismay, bowed down to her lords and to the two kings, and looking askance on Don Quixote, said, 'God pardon thee, discourteous knight, since by thy cruelty I have remained in another world, methinks, at least these thousand years; and thee I thank, the most compassionate squire in the world, I thank thee for the life I possess: and now dispose of six of my smocks, which I give thee to make six shirts; and if they be not all whole, yet they are clean at least.'

Sancho kissed her hands with his mitre off, and his knees on the ground; and the duke commanded they should return him his cap, and instead of his gown with the flames they should return him his gaberdine. Sancho desired the duke that they would leave him both, which he would carry into his country in memory of that unheard-of success. The duchess answered they should, and that he knew how much she was his friend. The duke commanded all to avoid the court, and to retire to their lodgings, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be carried to theirs they knew of old.

CHAPTER LXX

OF DIVERS RARE THINGS, WHICH SERVE FOR THE
BETTER ILLUSTRATION AND CLEARING OF
THIS HISTORY

SANCHO slept that night upon a quilt, and in Don Quixote's own chamber; which he would fain have avoided had it been in his power, for he knew full well that his master would hardly let him sleep all night, by reason of the many questions he would demand of him, to which he must of necessity make answer. Now was he in no good humour to talk much; for he felt yet the smart of his fore-passed torments, which were an hindrance to his tongue. And, without doubt, he would rather have lain alone in any poor shed than with company in that goodly house: so true was his fear, and so certain his doubt, as he was scarce laid in his bed, but his master began this discourse unto him:

‘Sancho, what thinkest thou of this night's success? Needs must a man confess that great and powerful is the force of disdain, since, as thou thyself hast seen with thine own eyes, Altisidora had surely died, and that by no other arrows, nor by any other sword, nor other instrument of war, no, nor by

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the force of poison, but by the apprehension of the churlish rigour and the disdain wherewith I have ever used her.'

'She might,' answered Sancho, 'have died in good time, and at her choice and pleasure, so she would have let me alone in mine own house, since I was never the cause that she became a lover, nor did I ever, in all my life, scorn or disdain her. But I wot not, nor can I imagine, how it may be that the health or welfare of Altisidora, a gentlewoman more fantastical than discreet, hath any reflection, as I have said heretofore, upon the afflictions of Sancho Panza. Now I plainly and distinctly perceive that there be both enchanters and enchantments in the world, from whom God deliver me, since I cannot well deliver myself from them. And therewithal I entreat you to let me sleep; and except you will have me throw myself out of a window, ask me no more questions.'

'Sleep, my friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'unless the nipping scoffs and bitter frumps which thou hast received will not permit thee so to do.'

'There is no grief,' answered Sancho, 'comparable unto the affront of scoffing frumps; and so much the more sensible am I of such affronts, as that I have received them by old women; a mischief take them! I beseech you once more that you will suffer me to sleep, since that sleep is an easing of all miseries.'

'Be it as thou sayst,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and God accompany thee.'

So they both fell asleep, and, whilst they slept, Cid Hamet, author of this great history, would needs write and relate why the duke and the duchess had caused this monument to be built, and invented all that you have seen above.

He writes, then, that the bachelor Samson Carrasco, hav-

SAMSON CARRASCO

ing not forgotten what had happened unto him, at what time, under the name of the Knight of the Looking-glasses, he was vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, and therewithal how all his designs and purposes were vanished into smoke, yet nevertheless would he, hoping for better success, attempt the combat again. Therefore is it that, being informed by the page who brought the letter, and with it the present unto Teresa Panza, the wife of Sancho, from the place where Don Quixote made his residence, he recovered new arms and a horse. Then caused he the white moon to be painted in his shield; a mulet carried all this equipage, and a lob or swain led the same, and not Thomas Cecial, his ancient esquire, for fear he should be known of Sancho and Don Quixote.

He so well bestirred himself in his journeys that at last he came to the duke's castle, who taught him the way or tract that Don Quixote had taken, and how he had a great desire to be present at the tiltings and tournaments of Saragosa. He likewise related unto him the gullings or gudgeons that he had given him, with the invention of Dulcinea's disenchantment, which should be accomplished at the charges of Sancho's buttocks. In sum, he understood from him the fob or jest that Sancho had used toward his master in making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country lass, and how the duchess his wife had given Sancho to understand that himself was the man that deceived himself, forsomuch as Dulcinea was verily enchanted.

The bachelor could not contain himself from laughing, and therewithal to be amazed, considering the quaint subtlety and plain simplicity of Sancho equal unto the extreme folly of Don Quixote. The duke desired him that if he met with him, and either vanquished him or not, he would be pleased to

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come that way again, to the end he might advertise him of it.

The bachelor promised him to do it, and so took his leave of the duke, to go and see whether he could find Don Quixote. He found him not at Saragosa, but went farther, and then befel him what you have already heard.

He came afterward to the duke's castle, and there made report of all, together with the conditions of the combat. He moreover told them that Don Quixote came again to accomplish, as a perfect knight-errant, the promise which he had made to retire himself to his own village, and there to abide the full space of one full year. And that during the said time it might peradventure be brought to pass, said the bachelor, that he might be cured of his folly. That he never had other intention, and that for this only cause he had thus disguised himself; for it was great pity that a gentleman so well skilled and versed in all things as Don Quixote was should become a fool.

With that he took leave of the duke, and went to his borough, where he stayed for Don Quixote, who was coming after him. Whereupon the duke took occasion to put this trick upon him; for he took a wondrous pleasure of what succeeded unto Sancho and Don Quixote; and therefore he caused all the approaches and highways about his castle to be laid and watched, especially where he imagined our knight might come. And for the said cause he placed divers of his servants as well on foot as on horseback, to the end that if they met with him, willed he, or nilled he, they should bring him to the castle.

Now it fortun'd that they met with him, and forthwith gave the duke knowledge of it, who was already resolved what

ALTISIDORA

he would do. As soon, then, as he knew of his coming, he caused all the torches and lights that were in the court to be lighted, and Altisidora to be placed upon the tomb, with all the preparation that you have seen before, and that so lively represented as one would have found very little difference betwixt the truth and that which was counterfeit.

Cid Hamet goes yet farther; for he saith that he assuredly believeth that the mockers were as foolish as the mocked, and that there wanted not two inches of the duke's and duchess's utter privation of common understanding, since they took so much pains to mock two fools, whereof the one was then sound asleep, and the other broad awake, transported with his raving and ranging thoughts.

In the meantime the day surprised them, and they desired to rise; for the sluggish feathers were never pleasing unto Don Quixote, were he conquered or conqueror.

Altisidora, who, as Don Quixote supposed, being risen from death to life, conforming herself to her master and mistress's humour, being crowned with the very same garland which she had in the tomb, attired in a loose gown of white taffeta, all beset with flowers of gold, her hair loose, and dangling down her shoulders, leaning upon a staff of fine ebony wood, she entered into Don Quixote's chamber, who, so soon as he saw her, was so amazed and confounded at her presence as he shrunk down into his bed, all covered with the clothes, and hid with the sheets and counterpoint, that he neither spake word nor used any manner of gesture towards her as might witness that he desired to show her any courtesy.

Altisidora sat down in a chair which was near unto Don Quixote's head, and, after fetching a deep, deep sigh, with a low, sweet, and mild voice, she thus bespake him:

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‘Sir Don Quixote, whensoever women of quality or maidens of discretion trample their honour under their feet, and give their tongue free liberty and scope to exceed the bounds of conveniency or modesty, publishing the secrets lurking in their hearts, they then shall find themselves brought to extreme misery and distress. Now am I one of those pressed, vanquished, and also enamoured; all which notwithstanding I suffer patiently, and continue honest. So that having been so too much, silence was the cause that my soul went out of my body, and I lost my life. It is now two days since that the consideration and remembrance of the rigour which thou, O more stony-minded than any marble, and inexorable knight, so to reject my complaints!—which you have used towards me, brought me to my life’s end, or at least I have been deemed and taken for dead by all those that saw me. And had it not been that Love, who, taking pity of me, deposed my recovery among the grievous torments of this good esquire, I should for ever have remained in the other world.’

‘Love might well depose it,’ replied Sancho, ‘in those of my ass, and I would have been very glad of it. But tell me, I pray you, good damsel, even as Heaven may provide you of another more kind-loving lover than my master, what is it that you have seen in the other world? What is there in hell that he who dieth desperate must necessarily undergo?’

‘I must needs,’ quoth Altisidora, ‘tell you the plain truth of all. So it is, that I was not wholly or thoroughly dead, since I came not into hell; for had I once been therein, there is no question but I had never been able to come out of it at my pleasure. True it is, that I came even unto the gate thereof, where I met with a dozen of devils, who in their hosen and doublets were playing at tennis-ball. They did wear

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falling-bands set with peaks of Flemish bone-lace, with cuffs unto them of the very same, so deep as they appeared four good inches longer than the arm, to the end their hands might seem the greater. Their battledores or rackets were of fire; but that which made me wonder most was that they used books instead of balls, which books were full-stuffed with wind and stiffening; a thing both wondrous and newly strange, yet did not that so much astony me; for, as it is proper unto those that win at any game to rejoice and be glad, whereas those that lose are ever sad and discontent, there all grumbled, chafed, fretted, and bitterly cursed one another.

‘That’s no wonder,’ quoth Sancho, ‘since the devils, whether they play, or play not, whether they win, or win not, at that play they can never be content.’

‘Belike it is even so,’ replied Altisidora; ‘but there is also another thing which likewise bred some amazement in me; that is to say, brought me into admiration; which is, that the ball, that was but once tossed or stricken, could not serve another time, so that at every stroke they were forced to change books, whether they were old or new, which was a marvellous thing to behold. Now it happened that they gave so violent a stroke unto a modern book, and very fairly bound, that it made the very guts to fly out of it, and scattered the leaves thereof up and down. Then said one devil unto another, “I prithee look what that book treateth of.” “It is,” answered the other devil, “*The Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, not composed by Cid Hamet, its first author, but by an Aragonois, who braggeth to be born at Tordesillas.”

“Now fie upon it,” quoth the other devil; “out of my sight with it, and let it be cast into the very lowest pit of hell, so

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deep as mine eyes may never see it again.” “But why?” said the other devil. “Is it so bad a book?” “It is so vile a book,” replied the first devil, “that had I myself expressly composed it, I could never have encountered worse.” In the meantime they followed on their game, tossing other books to and fro; but having heard the name of Don Quixote, he whom I love so passionately, I have laboured to engrave that vision in my memory.’

‘Now without doubt, then,’ said Don Quixote, ‘it was a night-vision; for there is no other man of that name in the whole world but myself; and that history doth already go from hand to hand through all parts of the universe, and yet stays in no place, for so much as every one will have a kick at it. Now I have not been angry or vexed when I have heard that I wander up and down like a fantastic body, amidst the pitchy shades of hell, and not in the light of the earth, since I am not the man that history speaketh of. If it be true and faithfully compiled, it will live many ages; but if it be nothing worth, it will die even at its birth.’

Altisidora would have continued her complaints, accusing Don Quixote of rigour and unkindness; but he said thus unto her, ‘Madam, I have often told you that I am very angry that you have settled your thoughts on me, since you can draw nothing from me but bare thanks, and no remedy at all. I was only born for Dulcinea of Toboso, and to her only have the Destinies, if there be any, wholly dedicated me. To think that any other beauty can possess or usurp the place which she possesseth in my soul were to believe an impossibility. And this should suffice to disabuse you, and to make you to retire yourself within the bounds of your honesty, since no creature is tied unto impossibilities.’

THE MUSICIAN

Altisidora hearing these words, made a semblance to be very angry; so that, as it were, in a great anger, she thus bespake him: 'I swear by the prince of the mumps, the soul of a mortar, and stone of a date—more obstinate and hard-hearted than a rude and base peasant when one sueth unto him, and when he addresseth his level to the butt or mark—if I take you in hand, I will pluck your very eyes out of your head! Do you haply suppose, Sir Vanquished, and Don Knocked-down with bats and cudgels; that I would have died for you? No, no, sir; whatsoever you have seen this night hath been nothing but a fiction or thing feigned. I am not a maiden that would suffer so much as the least, least pain at the tip of my nails for such a camel as you are; much less that I would die for such a gross animal.'

'I believe it well,' quoth Sancho then; 'for all these lovers' deaths are but to cause sport and laughter. Well may they say that they die; but that they will hasten their deaths, Judas may believe it if he list.'

As they were in these discourses, the musician and poet who had sung the foregoing stanzas entered into the chamber, and, making a very low reverence unto Don Quixote, he thus said unto him, 'Sir knight, I beseech you to hold me in the number of your humblest servants. I have long since been most affectionate unto you, as well by reason of your far-bruited renown as for your high-raised feats of arms.'

'Tell me,' answered Don Quixote, 'who you are, that my courtesy may answer your merit.'

The young man gave him to understand that he was the musician and the panegyric of the fore-passed night.

'In good sooth,' replied Don Quixote, 'you have a very good voice; nevertheless, meseems that what you sung was

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not greatly to the purpose; for what have the stanzas of Garcilasso to do with the death of this damosel?’

‘My fair sir,’ said the musician, ‘you ought not to wonder at that: the best and choicest poets of our age do practise it; so that every man writes as best pleaseth his fancy, and steal-eth what, and from whom he lists, whether it cohere with the purpose or not. By reason whereof, all the follies, absurdities or fopperies that they sing, indite, or write, they ascribe unto a poetical licence.’

Don Quixote would have answered, but he was hindered by the duke and duchess, who both entered the chamber to see him; amongst whom there passed so long a discourse, and pleasant a conference, in which Sancho alleged so many ready quips, witty conceits, merry proverbs, and therewithal so many wily shifts and subtle knaveries, as the duke and duchess were all astonished again, as well by reason of his simplicity as of his subtlety.

Don Quixote besought them to give him leave to depart the very same day, since that knights, subdued as he was, ought rather to dwell in an homely cottage or simple shed than in kingly palaces, which they most willingly granted him. And the duchess demanded of him whether Altisidora was in his good favour or no.

‘Madam,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘you are to understand that all the infirmity of this damosel takes its beginning and being from idleness, and that an honest occupation and continual exercise is the only remedy for it. She was even now telling me that in hell they are working tapestry-work, and that there are made tirings and networks. I think that she is skilful in such works, and that’s the reason she therein employs herself, never ceasing to handle small spindles or spools;

DEPARTURE FROM THE CASTLE

and thus the images of him she loveth will never be removed in her imagination. What I tell you is most certain; it is my opinion, it is my counsel.'

'And mine also,' quoth Sancho, 'since I never saw any workman that applied or busied himself about such works that died for love. The maidens, I say, occupied about such works think more on the accomplishing of their task than on that of their loves. I judge of it by myself; whilst I am digging or delving I never think on my pinkaney at all; I speak of my Teresa Panza, whom I love better a thousand times than my very eyelids.'

'Sancho, you speak very well,' said the duchess; 'and I will take such order as my Altisidora shall henceforward occupy herself about such works, for she can work them excellently well.'

'Madam,' quoth Altisidora, 'I shall not need to use such a remedy, since the remembrance or consideration of the cruelties and unkindness which this robber and roving thief hath used towards me will be of force, without any other device or artifice, to blot and deface them out of my memory. In the meanwhile, with your highness's permission, I will be gone from hence, that so mine eyes may not behold not only his filthy and ghastly shape, but his ugly and abominable countenance.'

'The words,' replied the duke, 'which you utter make me remember the old proverb, which teacheth us that he who sharply chides is ready to pardon.'

Altisidora made a show to dry up the tears from her eyes with a handkercher; and then, making a very low curtsy unto her master and mistress, she went out of the chamber.

'Alas! poor damsel,' said then Sancho, 'I send thee ill

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luck, since thou hast already met with it, in lighting upon a soul made of a skuttle, and a heart of oak. Hadst thou had to do with me, thou shouldst have found a cock of me, that would have crowed after another fashion.'

Thus their discourse brake off; Don Quixote took his clothes, dined with the duke and duchess, and in the afternoon went his way.



CHAPTER LXXI

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHO
PANZA, IN THEIR TRAVEL TOWARDS
THEIR VILLAGE

THE vanquished knight-errant, Don Quixote de la Mancha, went on his journey, very sad and pensive on the one side, and most glad and buxom on the other. From his being conquered proceeded the cause of his sadness; and his gladness, in considering the worth and virtue of Sancho, whereof he gave manifest evidence in the resurrection of Al-

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tisidora, although with some scruple he persuaded himself that the enamoured damsel was not verily dead.

Sancho was no whit well pleased, but chafed to himself, because Altisidora had not kept promise with him, and given him the shirts he expected at her hands; and therefore, musing and pondering on them, he said to his master, 'By my faith, sir, I am the most unfortunate physician that may be found in the world. There be some leeches that kill a sick man whom they have under cure, and will nevertheless be well paid for their pains. Now all they do is but to write a short bill of certain medicines, which the apothecary, and not they, doth afterward compound; whereas I, clean contrary, to whom the recovery and health of others doth cost many a clod of blood, many a flirt and bob, many a bitter frump, and many a lash with whips and rods, reap not so much as one poor farthing. But certainly I promise you, if any diseased or sick body fall into my hands again, before I cure 'em I'll be very well greased for my pains. For the abbot liveth singing, and I cannot think that the heavens have endowed me with the virtue and knowledge I have, to the end I should communicate and impart the same unto others for nothing.'

'My good friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'thou art in the right; and Altisidora hath done very ill that she hath not given thee the shirts which she promised thee. Although that virtue and property which thou hast have been given thee gratis, and that in learning and studying it thou hast not been at a penny charge, nevertheless, the troubles and vexations which thou hast received and endured in thine own person are far more than all the studies that thou couldst have undergone or employed about it. As for me, I can tell thee that if thou wouldst have had the full pay for the whip-lashes that thou

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shouldst give thyself for disenchanting of Dulcinea, thou hadst already fully received it. Yet know I not whether the wages or hire will answer the cure, or recovery, and I would not have it be an hindrance to the remedy. Meseems, notwithstanding, that one shall lose nothing in the trial. Consider, Sancho, what thou wilt have, and forthwith whip thyself, and with thine own hands pay thyself downright, since thou hast money of mine in thy keeping.'

Sancho presently opened his eyes and ears a foot wide at these kind offers, and took a resolution with a cheerful heart to whip and lash himself, and therefore said unto his master, 'Now is the time, my noble sir, that I will wholly dispose myself to give you satisfaction, since I shall reap some benefit by it. The love of my children and my wife induceth me to have no regard at all unto the harm or ill that may thereby come unto me. Tell me, then, what will you give me for every stripe or lash?'

'If I were bound to pay thee,' replied Don Quixote, equivalent to the greatness and quality of the remedy, the treasure of Venice and the rich mines of Peru would not suffice to recompense thee. Look well thyself what thou hast of mine, and value every lash as thou wilt.'

'The whip lashes,' quoth Sancho, 'are in number three thousand three hundred and odd; I have already given myself five, the other remain behind. Let the five serve to deduct the odd number remaining, and let all be reduced to three thousand and three hundred. My meaning is, to have for every lash a piece of three blanks, and less I will not have, should all the world command me the contrary, so that they will amount to three thousand and three hundred pieces of three blanks. The three thousand make a thousand and five

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hundred half ryals, and they make seven hundred and fifty whole ryals; and the three hundred make one hundred and fifty half ryals, which amount unto the sum of threescore and fifteen ryals, which added unto the seven hundred and fifty, the whole sum amounteth unto eight hundred and five-and-twenty ryals. I will reckon this sum, and deduct it from that I have of yours in my keeping; and by this means shall enter into my house both rich and well satisfied, albeit well whipped and scourged; for trouts are not caught with nothing, and I say no more.'

'O thrice-happy Sancho! O amiable Sancho!' said Don Quixote, 'how am I and Dulcinea bound to serve thee, so long as the heavens shall be pleased to give us life! If she recover her first being, and if it be impossible to continue still in that state, her misfortune shall prove most fortunate, and my defeat or conquest a most glorious and happy triumph. Then look, Sancho, when thou wilt begin this discipline, and I will give thee one hundred ryals over and above, that so I may bind thee to begin betimes.'

'When?' replied Sancho; 'even this very night. Be you but pleased that this night we meet in the open fields, and you shall see me open, gash, and flay myself.'

To be short, the night came which Don Quixote had with all manner of impatience long looked for; to whom it seemed that the wheels of Apollo's chariot had been broken, and that the day grew longer than it was wont, even as it happeneth unto lovers, who think that they shall never come to obtain the accomplishment of their desires. At last they entered a grove of delightful trees, which was somewhat remote and out of the highway. After they had taken off the saddle and pack saddle of Rozinante and Dapple they sat down upon the green grass,

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and supped with such victuals as Sancho had in his wallets.

This good squire having made of Dapple's halter or head-stall a good big whip or scourge, he went about twenty paces from his master, and thrust himself among bushes and hedges.

Don Quixote seeing him march thus all naked, and with so good a courage, began thus to discourse unto him: 'Take heed, good friend, that thou hack not thyself in pieces, and that the stripes and lashes stay the one another's leisure; thou must not make such haste in thy career that thy wind or breath fail in thy course. My meaning is, that thou must not lash thyself so hard and fast that thy life faint before thou come to thy desired number. But to the end that thou lose not thyself for want of a pair of writing-tables, more or less, I will stand aloof off, and upon these my prayer-beads will number the lashes that thou shalt give thyself. Now the heavens favour thee, as thy good meaning well deserveth!'

'A good paymaster,' answered Sancho, 'will never grudge to give wages; I think to curry or so belabour myself that, without endangering my life, my lashes shall be sensible unto me; and therein must the substance of this miracle consist.'

And immediately Sancho stripped himself bare from the girdle upward, and, taking the whip in his hand, began to ribbaste and lash himself roundly, and Don Quixote to number the strokes. When Sancho had given himself seven or eight stripes he thought he had killed himself; so that, pausing awhile, he said to his master that he was very much deceived, and would therefore appeal, forasmuch as every whip-lash did, in lieu of a piece of three blanks, deserve half a ryal.

'Make an end, my friend Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and be not dismayed, for I will redouble thy pay.'

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‘Now by my life, then,’ quoth Sancho, ‘blows shall shower upon me as thick as hail; but the mountebank and cheating companion, instead of lashing his shoulders, whipped the trees, and so sighingly groaned at every stroke that you would have thought his soul had flown out of his body.

Don Quixote, who was now full of compassion, fearing he would kill himself, and that, through the folly of Sancho, his desires should not be accomplished, began thus to say unto him: ‘Friend, I conjure thee, let this business end here; this remedy seems to me very hard and sharp. It shall not be amiss that we give time unto time; for Rome was never built in one day. If I have told right, thou hast already given thyself more than a thousand lashes; it now sufficeth—let me use a homely phrase—that the ass endure his charge, but not the surcharge.’

‘No, no, my good sir,’ answered Sancho; ‘it shall never be said of me, “Money well paid, and the arms broken.” I pray you go but a little aside, and permit me to give myself one thousand stripes more, and then we shall quickly make an end; yea, and we shall have more left behind.’

‘Since thou art so well disposed,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘I will then withdraw myself; may the heavens assist and recompense thee!’

Sancho returned to his task with such an earnest passion that the bark of many a tree fell off, so great was the rigour and fury wherewith he scourged himself. Now, in giving such an exceeding and outrageous lash upon a hedge, he cried out aloud, ‘Here is the place where Samson shall die, with all those that are with him.’

Don Quixote ran presently at the sound of that woeful voice, and at the noise of that horrible whip-stroke. Then



Sancho Rib-bastos and Lashes Himself



SANCHO WHIPS HIMSELF

laying fast hold on the halter, which served Sancho in lieu of an ox-pizzle, he said to him, 'Friend Sancho, let fortune never permit that thou, to give me contentment, hazard the loss of thy life, which must serve for the entertainment of thy wife and children. I will contain myself within the bounds of the next hope, and will stay until thou have recovered new strength, to the end this business may be ended, to the satisfaction of all parties.'

'My good sir,' quoth Sancho, 'since you will needs have it so, in good time be it. In the meanwhile, I beseech you, sir, cast your cloak upon my shoulders. I am all in a sweat, and I would be loth to take cold. Our new disciplinants run the like danger.'

Don Quixote did so, and, leaving himself in his doublet, he covered Sancho, who fell asleep, and slept until the sun awakened him. They kept on their way so long, that at last they arrived to a place three leagues off, and at last stayed at an inn.

Don Quixote knew it to be an inn, and not a castle round environed with ditches or trenches, fortified with towers, with portcullises, and strong draw-bridges; for since his last defeature he discerned and distinguished of all things that presented themselves unto him with better judgment, as we shall presently declare.

He was lodged in a low chamber, to which certain old worn curtains of painted serge served in lieu of tapestry hangings, as commonly they use in country villages. In one of the pieces might be seen painted by a bungling and unskilful hand the rape of Helen, at what time her fondhardy guest stole her from Menelaus. In another was the history of Dido and Aeneas; she on a high turret, with a sheet making sign unto her

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fugitive guest, who on the sea, carried in a ship, was running away from her.

Don Quixote observed in these two stories that Helen seemed not to be discontented with her rape, forso much as she leered and smiled underhand; whereas beauteous Dido seemed to trickle down tears from her eyes as big as walnuts. Don Quixote, in beholding this painted work, said, 'These two ladies were exceedingly unfortunate that they were not born in this age, and I most of all thrice unhappy that I was not born in theirs; in faith, I would so have spoken to these lordly gallants as Troy should not have been burned nor Carthage destroyed, since that only by putting Paris to death I should have been the occasion that so many mischiefs would never have happened.'

'I hold a wager,' quoth Sancho, 'that ere long there shall be never a tippling-house, tavern, inn, hostery, or barber's shop, but in them all we shall see the history of our famous acts painted; nevertheless, I would wish with all my heart that they might be drawn by a more cunning and skilful hand than by that which hath portrayed these figures.'

'Thou hast reason, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote; 'for this painter is like unto Orbanegia, who dwelled at Ubeda, who, when he was demanded what he was painting, made this answer, "That which shall come forth to light"; and if perchance he drew a cock, he would write about it, "This is a cock," lest any man should think it to be a fox. Now methinks, Sancho, that such ought to be the painter or the writer (for all is one same thing) who hath set forth the history of this new Don Quixote, because he hath painted or written that which may come forth to the open light. He hath imitated a certain poet named Mauleon, who the last year was at the court, who

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suddenly would make answer to whatsoever was demanded him. And as one asked him one day what these words "Deum de Deo" signified, he answered in Spanish, "De donde diere." But, omitting all this, tell me, Sancho, hast thou a mind to give thyself another touch this night, and wilt thou have it to be under the roof of a house, or else in the open air?

'Now I assure you,' quoth Sancho, 'for the stripes and lashes that I intend to give myself, I love them as well in the house as in the open fields; yet with this proviso, that I would have it to be amongst trees; for methinks that they keep me good company, and do exceedingly help me to endure and undergo my travail and pains.'

'Friend Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that shall not be; rather reserve them, that you may exercise them when we shall be arrived at our village, whither at the furthest we shall reach the next day after to-morrow; and in the meantime thou shalt have recovered new strength.'

Sancho answered that he might do what best pleased him; but notwithstanding he desired to despatch this business in hot blood, and whilst the mill was going; for dangers consist often in lingering and expectation, and that, with prayers unto God, a man must strike with his mallet; that one 'Take it' is more worth than two 'Thou shalt have it'; and better is one sparrow in the hand than a vulture flying in the air.

'Now for God's sake, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'let us not allege so many proverbs; methinks thou art still returning unto "sicut erat." I prithee speak plainly, clearly, and go not so about the bush with such embroiling speeches, as I have often told thee; and thou shalt see that one loaf of bread will yield thee more than an hundred.'

'I am so unlucky,' quoth Sancho, 'that I cannot discourse

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without proverbs, nor can I allege a proverb that seems not to be a reason unto me. Nevertheless, if I can, I will correct myself'; and with that they gave over their enterparley at that time.



CHAPTER LXXII

HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE ARRIVED AT THEIR VILLAGE

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho, looking for night, stayed in that inn; the one to end in the open fields the task of his discipline; and the other to see the success of it, whence depended the end of his desires. During which time, a gentleman on horseback, followed by three or four servants, came to the gate of the inn; to whom one of his attendants said thus: 'My Lord Don Alvaro Tarfe, you may here rest yourself, and pass the great heat of the day; this inn seemeth to be very cleanly and cool.'

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Which speech Don Quixote hearing, he said unto Sancho, 'Thou oughtest to know that when I turned over the book of the Second Part of my History, methought that, in reading of the same, I met with this name of Don Alvaro Tarfe.'

'That may very well be,' said Sancho; 'but first let us see him alight from his horse, and then we will speak unto him.'

The knight alighted, and the hostess appointed him a low chamber near unto that of Don Quixote, and which was furnished with like figures of painted serge. The new-come knight did forthwith put off his heavy clothes, and now going out of the inn-porch, which was somewhat spacious and fresh, under which Don Quixote was walking, he demanded of him, 'Whither go you, my good sir gentleman?' 'I am going,' answered Don Quixote, 'unto a certain village not far off, where I was born.' 'And you, my lord, whither go you?' 'I travel,' said the knight, 'towards Granada, which is my native country.' 'Sir, you were born,' replied Don Quixote, 'in a very good country. In the meantime, I pray you in courtesy tell me your name; for it stands me very much upon to know it, yea, more than can well be imagined.' 'I am called Don Alvaro Tarfe,' answered the knight. 'Then are you undoubtedly,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that Alvaro Tarfe whose name is imprinted in *The Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, which a modern author hath lately set forth.' 'I am the very same man of whom you speak,' said the knight; 'and that Don Quixote, who is the principal subject of such an history, was my very great friend. It was even I that drew him first out of his village, or at least that persuaded him to be at the jousts and tiltings which were then kept at Saragosa, and whither I was going; and in good truth I did him a great favour, for I was the cause that the hangman did not well claw

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and bumbaste his back, having rightly deserved such a punishment, because he had been over-rash and foolhardy.'

'But tell me, I beseech you, then,' quoth Don Quixote, 'my Lord Don Alvaro, do I in anything resemble the said Don Quixote of whom you speak?' 'Nothing at all,' answered the other. 'And did that Don Quixote,' replied our knight, 'conduct with him a squire named Sancho Panza?' 'Yes, verily,' quoth Don Alvaro; 'and the report went that this squire was very blithe, pleasant, and gamesome; but yet I never heard him speak anything with a good garb or grace, nor any one word that might cause laughter.'

'I believe it well,' said Sancho then; 'for it suits not with all the world to be pleasant and jesting; and the very same Sancho of whom you speak, my lord and gentleman, must be some notorious rogue, some greedy-gut, and notable thief. It is I that am the right Sancho Panza, that can tell many fine tales, yea, more than there are drops of water when it raineth. If so you please, my lord, you may make experience of it, and follow me at least one year, and you shall then see that at every step I shall speak so many unpleasant things that very often, without knowing what I utter, I make all them to laugh that listen unto me. In good sooth, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the far-renowned, the valiant, the discreet, the amorous; he who is the redresser of wrongs, the revenger of outrages, the tutor of infants, the guardian of orphans, the rampire or fortress of widows, the defender of damsels and maidens; he who hath for his only mistress the matchless Dulcinea del Toboso, is the very same lord whom you see here present, and who is my good master. All other Don Quixotes and all other Sancho Panzas are but dreams, fopperies and fables.'

'Now by my halidom I believe as much,' answered Don

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Alvaro; 'for in those few words by you even now uttered you have showed more grace than ever did the other Sancho Panza in all the long and tattling discourses that I have heard come from him. He savoured more of the gourmand than of a well-spoken man; more of a coxcomb than of a pleasant. Without doubt I believe that the enchanters which persecute the good Don Quixote have also gone about to persecute me, in making me to know the other Don Quixote, who is of no worth or merit at all. Nevertheless, I wot not well what to say of it, since I durst swear that I left him at Toledo, in the Nuncio's house, to the end he might be cured and healed, and behold here another Don Quixote, but far different from mine.'

'As for me,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I know not whether I be good or no, but well I wot I am not the bad. And for a manifest trial of my saying, my lord Don Alvaro Tarfe, if you please, you shall understand that in all my lifetime I was never at Saragosa. And having of late understood that the imaginary Don Quixote had been present at the tournaments and tiltings in that city, I would by no means come or go into it, that in view of all the world I might manifest his false tale, which was the reason that I went straight unto Barcelona, the treasury or storehouse of all courtesy, the retreat and refuge of all strangers, the relieving harbour of the poor and needy, the native home of valorous men, where such as be wronged or offended are avenged, and where true friendships are reciprocal, and, in sum, a city that hath no peer, be it either for beauty or for the fair situation of it. And albeit what hath befallen me bring me no great contentment, I do notwithstanding somewhat allay the grief with the pleasure which by the sight thereof I have received and felt. To conclude, my Lord Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha,

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and the very same man of whom fame speaketh, and not he, that unhappy wretch, who, to honour himself with my designs, hath gone about to usurp my name. In the meanwhile I humbly beseech you, by the profession which you make to be a noble knight, that before the ordinary judge of this place you will be pleased to make me a declaration and certificate, how, so long as you have lived, even until this present hour, you never saw me, and that I am not the said Don Quixote imprinted in this Second Part, and likewise that this Sancho Panza, my squire, is not he whom you heretofore have known.'

'I shall do it with all my heart,' quoth the knight Don Alvaro, 'although I be very much amazed to see two Don Quixotes and behold two Sanchos at one very instant, so conformable in name and so different in actions. But I tell you again and again, and I assuredly believe, that I have not viewed what I have seen, and that what hath happened unto me concerning this subject hath not befallen at all.'

'Without doubt, my lord,' then said Sancho, 'it is very likely that you are enchanted, even as my Lady Dulcinea of Toboso is. Would to God that your disenchanting might be brought to pass with giving other three thousand and odd whip-lashes as I do for her; I would most willingly give them unto myself, without any interest at all.'

'I know not what you mean,' quoth Don Alvaro, 'by these whip-lashes.' To whom Sancho said that it would be too long a discourse to relate, but yet he would make him acquainted with the whole story if peradventure they should both travel one same way.

By this time the hour of dinner was at hand, and they fed and eat together. At the very same time the judge of the

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place came into the inn, attended on by a clerk or notary, whom Don Quixote required that he would take a certificate or declaration which this knight Don Alvaro Tarfe would declare unto him, forasmuch as it did highly concern his honour and reputation.

Now the tenor of this declaration was that the said gentleman did in no sort know Don Quixote who was there present, and that he was not the man whose name they had lately imprinted in an History entitled *The Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, composed by Avellaneda, born at Torresillas.

To conclude, the judge engrossed all according to the form of law. The declaration was made in form and manner as all notaries are accustomed to be in such and the like cases. By which means Don Quixote and Sancho rested very glad, and well apaid, as if such a declaration had been of very great moment and consequence unto them, and as if their actions and speeches had not apparently showed the difference and odds that was between the two Don Quixotes and the two Sanchos.

Divers compliments and many offices and offers of courtesy did mutually interpass between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote, wherein our heroic Knight de la Mancha declared so much wisdom and such discretion that he resolved Don Alvaro of the doubt wherein he was, for he persuaded himself that he was enchanted, since with his own hands he felt and touched two Don Quixotes, so different and contrary one to another.

Mid-day being past, and the heat allayed, they departed from that place altogether. They had not gone above half a league, but they met with two several paths; the one led to



Don Quixote and Sancho in Sight of Home.

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Don Quixote's village, and the other to the place whither Don Alvaro was going.

During which little space Don Quixote related at large unto him the disaster of his overthrow, the enchantment, and the remedy of Dulcinea. All which things bred and caused a new admiration in the mind of Don Alvaro, who kept on his way, and Don Quixote his.

Our knight passed that night among the trees, to the end he might give Sancho means and leisure to fulfil his penance, which he accomplished even as he had done the fore-passed night, more at the charges of the hedges, shrubs, and trees there growing than of his back and shoulders, for he kept them so safe and well that the lashes which he gave himself would not have caused a fly to stir had she taken up her stand there.

Don Quixote, thus abused, lost not one stroke with misreckoning, and found that those of the foregoing night, joined unto these, were just the sum of three thousand, nine-and-twenty.

It seemed the sun rose that morning earlier than his wont to behold this sacrifice, and they perceiving that it was bright day, went on their journey, discoursing of the error wherein Don Alvaro was, and how they had done very well in taking a declaration before the judge, and that so authentically.

They wandered all that day, and the night succeeding, without encountering anything worthy the relation, unless it be that the very same night Sancho finished his whipping task, to the great contentment of Don Quixote, who greedily longed for peep of day, to see if in their travels they might meet with his sweet mistress Dulcinea, who was now disenchanted.

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Thus wandering, they met no woman but they would approach and close with her, to take perfect view of her, and to discern whether it were Dulcinea of Toboso, confidently assuring themselves, as of an infallible truth, that the promises of the prophet Merlin could not possibly prove false.

Whilst they were musing on these things, and their longings increasing, they unawares ascended a little hillock, whence they discovered their village, which when Sancho had no sooner perceived, but he prostrated himself on his knees and uttered these words: 'O my dear, dearly-beloved, and long-desired native country! open thine eyes, and behold how thy son Sancho returns at last to thee again; who if he be not very rich, yet is he at least very well whipped and lashed. Open thine arms likewise, and friendly receive thy son Don Quixote. And if he returneth to thee vanquished by the force of a strange arm, he at least returneth conqueror of himself. And as himself hath often told me, it is the greatest victory that any man can desire or wish for. I have good store of money; for, if they gave me sound whip-lashes, I found much good in being a worthy knight.'

'Let us leave these fooleries,' said Don Quixote, 'and forthwith wend unto our village, where we will give free passage unto our imaginations, and prescribe unto ourselves the form and method that we are to keep and observe in the rural or pastoral life which we intend to put in practice.' Thus reasoning together, they fair and gently descended the hillock and approached to their village.

CHAPTER LXXIII

OF THE PRESAGES AND FOREBODINGS WHICH HAPPENED
TO DON QUIXOTE AT THE ENTRANCE INTO HIS
VILLAGE, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES, WHICH
SERVE FOR GRACE AND ORNAMENT UNTO
THIS FAMOUS HISTORY, AND WHICH
GIVE CREDIT UNTO IT

CID HAMET reporteth that as they were come near unto the entrance into their village, Don Quixote perceived how in the commons thereof there were two young lads, who in great anger contested and disputed together. The one said to the other, 'Pierrot, thou must not chafe or be angry at it; for as long as thou livest thou shalt never set thine eyes upon her.' Which Don Quixote hearing, he began this speech unto Sancho: 'Friend,' said he, 'dost not thou understand what yonder young lad saith, "So long as thou livest thou shalt never set eyes upon her"?'

'And what imports,' quoth Sancho, 'what that young lad hath spoken?' 'What!' replied Don Quixote; 'seest thou not how that, applying the words unto mine intencion, his meaning is that I shall never see my Dulcinea?' Sancho was about to answer him, but he was hindered by an hare, which chased, crossed their way. She was eagerly pursued by divers grey-

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hounds and huntsmen, so that, fearfully amazed, she squatted down between the feet of Dapple.

Sancho boldly took her up, and presented the same unto Don Quixote, who cried out aloud, “‘Malum signum, malum signum’”; a hare runs away, greyhounds pursue her, and Dulcinea appears not.’

‘You are a strange man,’ then quoth Sancho. ‘Let us imagine that this hare is Dulcinea, and the greyhounds that pursue her the wicked enchanters that have transformed her into a country lass. She runs away, I take her up, and deliver her into your own hands; you hold her in your arms, you hug and make much of her. What ill-boding may this be, and what misfortune can be implied upon this?’

In the meanwhile, the two young boys came near unto them to see the hare; and Sancho demanded of one of them the cause or ground of their brabbling controversy. Then he who had uttered the words, ‘So long as thou livest thou shalt never set eyes upon her,’ related unto Sancho how that he had taken from the other boy a little cage full of crickets, and that he never purposed to let him have it again. Then Sancho pulled out of his pocket a piece of six blanks, and gave it to the other boy for his cage, which he put into Don Quixote’s hands, saying thus unto him: ‘Behold, good sir, all these fond soothsayings and ill presages are dashed and overthrown, and have now nothing to do with our adventures, according to my understanding, although I be but a silly gull, no more than with the last year’s snow. And, if my memory fail me not, I think I have heard the curate of our village say that it fits not good Christians and wise folk to stand upon such foolish fopperies. It is not long since you told me so yourself, and gave me to understand that all such Christians



Sancho captures the hare

as plodded and amused themselves upon auguries or divinations were very fools. And therefore let us no longer trouble ourselves with them, but let us go on, and enter into our village.'

There, whilst the hunters came in, they demanded to have their hare, and Don Quixote delivered the same unto them.

Then he and Sancho kept on their way; and at the en-

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trance into the village, in a little meadow, they met with the curate and the bachelor Carrasco, who, with their beads in their hands, were saying their prayers.

It is to be understood that Sancho Panza had placed upon Dapple, and upon the fardel of their weapons, the jacket or gaberdine of boccasin, all painted over with fiery flames, which was upon him in the duke's castle the night that Altisidora rose again from death to life; which jub or jacket served them instead of a carpet or sumpter-cloth. They had likewise placed upon the ass's head the mitre whereof we have spoken before. It was the newest kind of transformation and the fittest decking or array that ever ass did put upon his head.

The curate and the bachelor knew them incontinently, and with wide-open arms ran towards them.

Don Quixote alighted presently and very kindly embraced them. But the little children, who are as sharp-sighted as any lynx, having eyed the ass's mitre, flocked suddenly about them to see the same, saying the one to the other, 'Come, come, and run all you camarados, and you shall see Sancho Panza's ass more brave and gallant than Mingo; and Don Quixote's palfrey leaner, fainter, and more flaggy than it was the first day.'

Finally, being environed with many young children, and attended on by the curate and bachelor, they entered the village, and went directly unto Don Quixote's house; at the door whereof they met with his maidservant, and with his niece, who had already heard the news of their coming.

Teresa Panza, the wife of Sancho, had likewise been advertised thereof. She ran all dishevelled and half naked to see her husband, leading her daughter Sanchica by the hand.



The Last Return of the Travellers

TERESA PANZA

But when she saw that he was not so richly attired as she imagined, and in that equipage a governor should be, she thus began to discourse with him: 'My husband, after what fashion dost thou come home? Methinks thou comest on foot, and with toilsome travelling, all tired and fainthearted; thou rather barest the countenance of a miserable wretch than of a governor.'

'Hold thy peace, Teresa,' quoth Sancho; 'for oftentimes when there be boots, there be no spurs. Let us go unto our house, and there thou shalt hear wonders. So it is that I have money, which is of more consequence, and I have gotten it by mine own industry, without doing wrong to anybody.'

'Why, then, you have money, my good husband?' replied Teresa; 'that's very well; it is no matter how you came by it, be it by hook or crook; for after what manner soever you have laid hands on it you bring no new custom into the world.' Sanchica embraced her father, and asked him whether he had brought her anything; and that she had as earnestly looked for him as men do for dew in the month of May.

Thus his wife holding him by the one hand, and his daughter by the one side of his girdle, and with the other hand leading Dapple, they entered into their cottage, leaving Don Quixote in his own house, in the power of his niece and maid-servant, and in the company of the curate and the bachelor.

Don Quixote, without longer delay, at that very instant drew the bachelor and the curate aside, and in few words related his being defeated unto them, and the vow which he had been forced to make, not to go out of his village during the space of one whole year; how his purpose was fully to keep the same, without transgressing it in one jot or atom; since

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that by the rules of knight-errantry, and as he was a true knight-errant, he was strictly obliged to perform it; which was the reason that he had resolved, during the time of that year, to become a shepherd, and entertain himself among the deserts and solitary places of that country, where he might freely vent out and give scope unto his amorous passions by exercising himself in commendable and virtuous pastoral exercises; and now besought them, if they had no greater affairs in hand, and were not employed in matters of more importance, they would both be pleased to become his companions and fellow-shepherds; for he would buy store of sheep, and get so sufficient a flock together as they might well take upon them the name of shepherds.

And in the meantime he gave them to understand that the chiefest point of this business was already effected; for he had already appointed them so proper and convenient names as if they had been cast in a mould.

The curate would needs know these names. Don Quixote told him that himself would be called the shepherd Quixotiz; the bachelor, the shepherd Carrascon; and the curate, the shepherd Curiambro; and as for Sancho Panza, he should be styled Panzino.

They were all astonished at Don Quixote's new folly; nevertheless, that he might not another time go out of his village, and return to his knighthood's and cavalier's tricks, and therewithal supposing that in the space of this year he might be cured and recovered, they allowed of his design and new invention, and in that rural exercise offered to become his companions.

'We shall lead a pleasant life,' said Samson Carrasco, 'since, as all the world knoweth, I am an excellent poet, and

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shall every hand-while be composing of pastoral ditties and eclogues, or else some verses of the court, as best shall agree to our purpose. Thus shall we entertain ourselves by the ways we shall pass and go. But, good sirs, the thing that is most necessary is that everyone make choice of the name of the shepherdess whom he intendeth to celebrate in his verses; and that there be no tree, how hard and knurly soever, but therein we shall write, carve, and engrave her name, even as amorous shepherds are accustomed to do.'

'In good sooth, that will do passing well,' quoth Don Quixot; 'albeit I need not go far to find out the name of an imaginary shepherdess, since I have the never-matched or paralleled Dulcinea of Toboso, the glory of all these shores, the ornament of these meadows, the grace and comeliness of beauty, the cream and prime of all gracefulness, and, to be short, the subject on which the extremity of all commendations may rightly be conferred, how hyperbolical soever it be.'

'It is most true,' said the curate; 'but for us, we must seek out some barren shepherdesses, and at least, if they be not fit and proper for us, yet one way or other they may stead us, if not in the main, yet in the by.'

'Although we have none,' quoth Samson Carrasco, 'yet will we give them those very names as we see in print, and wherewith the world is full. For we will call them Phillis, Amaryllis, Diana, Florinda, Galathea, and Belisarda. Since they are publicly to be sold in the open market-place, we may very well buy them, and lawfully appropriate them unto ourselves. If my mistress, or, to say better, my shepherdess, have to name Anna, I will celebrate her under the style of Anarda; if she be called Francis, I will call her Francina; and

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if she hight Lucie, her name shall be Lucinda; for all such names square and encounter. As for Sancho Panza, if he will be one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza under the name of Teresaina.'

Don Quixote burst out a-laughing at the application of these names, whilst the curate did infinitely commend and extol his honourable resolution, and again offered to keep him company all the time that he could spare, having acquitted himself of the charge unto which he was bound.

With that they took leave of him, persuading and entreating him to have a care of his health, and endeavour to be merry.

So it happened that his niece and his maidservant heard all the speeches which they three had together; and when the bachelor and the curate were gone from him, they both came near unto Don Quixote, and thus his niece bespake him:

'What means this, my lord, mine uncle? Now when we imagined that you would have continued in your own house, and there live a quiet, a reposed, and honourable life, you go about to cast yourself headlong into new labyrinths and troubles, with becoming a swain or shepherd? Verily, the corn is already over-hard to make oaten pipes of it.'

'But how,' quoth the maidservant, 'can you endure and undergo in the open fields the scorching heat of summer and the cold and frost of winter nights, and hear the howlings of wolves without quaking for very fear? No, truly; for so much as that belongs only to such as are of a robust and surly complexion, of a hard and rugged skin, and that from their cradles are bred and inured to such a trade and occupation. If the worst come to the worst, it were better to be still a knight-errant than a shepherd. I beseech you, good my lord, follow

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my counsel which I give you, not as being full of wine and bread, but rather fasting, and as one that have fifty years upon my head. Abide still in your house, think on your domestic affairs, confess yourself often, serve God, do good unto the poor, and if any harm come to you of it, let me take it upon my soul.'

'Good wenches, hold your peace,' replied Don Quixote; 'for I know what I have to do. In the meanwhile, let me be had to bed. Methinks I am not very well; yet assure yourself that whether I be an errant knight or a shepherd, I will carefully provide for all that you may stand in need of, and you shall see the effects of it.'

The niece and the maidservant, who without doubt were two merry good wenches, laid him in his bed, and attended and looked so well unto him as they could not possibly have done better.

CHAPTER LXXIV

HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL SICK; OF THE WILL HE
MADE, AND OF HIS DEATH

AS all human things being transitory, and not eternal, are ever declining from their beginnings until they come unto their last end and period, but more especially the lives of men, and as that of Don Quixote had no privilege from Heaven to continue in one estate and keep its course, his end surprised him at what time he least thought of it.

I wot not whether it proceeded of the melancholy which the sad remembrance of his being vanquished caused in him, or whether the disposition of the heavens had so decreed; so it is that a burning fever seized upon him, which forced him to keep his bed six days, during which time the curate, the bachelor, and the barber, who were all his good friends, did very often visit him; and Sancho Panza his good squire never went from his bedside.

They supposing that the vexation and fretting which he felt for having been conquered, as also because he saw not the accomplishment of his desires touching the disenchantment

DON QUIXOTE'S SICKNESS

of Dulcinea, caused this sickness in him, endeavoured by all possible means to make him merry.

The bachelor desired him to be of good courage, and to rise, that they might begin their pastoral exercise, and how he had already composed an eclogue, which was nothing behind those that Sanazaro had compiled; that for the same purpose he had bought two goodly and fair dogs, and of great renown, for to keep their flock, whereof the one was called Barcino and the other Butron, and how a shepherd of Quintanar had sold them to him.

But for all this Don Quixote quitted not his sorrow, nor left off his sadness.

His friends called for a physician, who was nothing well pleased with his pulse which he felt; and therefore he told him that whatsoever might happen he should not do amiss to begin to think on the salvation of his soul, for the health of his body was in very great danger.

Don Quixote, without being any whit amazed, did very quietly listen unto this discourse, which neither his niece, his maid, nor his squire did; for they were so deeply plunged in tears and weeping as had they seen ghastly death in the face they could have done no more.

The physician told them plainly that only melancholy and his troublesome cares were the cause of his death.

Don Quixote entreated the company to leave him alone, because he had a great desire to sleep a while. They did so, and he had a sound nap, as they say, of six hours, so that the maid and his niece thought he would never have waked again. Well, he waked at last, and with a loud and audible voice he uttered these words: 'The Almighty God be for ever blessed, that hath done so much good for me. To be short, His mer-

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cies have no bounds; they are neither shortened nor hindered by the sins of man.'

The niece listened with heedy attention unto her uncle's words, and, perceiving that they were better couched and wiser disposed than those he was accustomed to pronounce in all his sicknesses, she proposed this question unto him: 'My lord and uncle, what is that you say? Is there any new matter befallen? What mercies do you speak of? or what sins of men?'

'My good niece,' replied Don Quixote, 'the mercies I talk of are those which God of His goodness hath at this instant conferred upon me, wretched sinner, and my sins have been no stop or let unto them. I possess now a free and clear judgment, and nothing overshadowed with the misty clouds of ignorance, which the continual reading and plodding on books of chivalry had overcast me withal. I acknowledge all these extravagancies, and confess them to be but cozening tricks, and am aggrieved that this disabuse hath happened so late unto me as it affords me no leisure to make amends for my oversight by reading of other good books, and which might serve and tend to the enlightening of my soul.'

'My dear niece, I feel myself near unto death; but I would not have it to be such as the surname of fool should rest upon me; for although I have been foolish in my life, I desire not to confirm the truth of it in my death. And therefore, my dear friend, go and cause the curate, the bachelor Samson Carasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, to come immediately unto me. I desire to confess myself, and to make my last will and testament.'

His niece was eased of this labour by the coming of them all three, who even then entered the chamber. Don Quixote

THE CLOUD LIFTED

no sooner saw them, but said thus unto them: 'My good sirs, give me some New Year's gift; I am no more Don Quixote de la Mancha, but rather Alonso Quixano, unto whom my honest life and civil conversation hath heretofore appropriated the surname of Good. I am now a professed enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and of all the infinite rabble of his race. Now are all the profane histories of errant chivalry hateful unto me; I now acknowledge my folly, and perceive the danger whereinto the reading of them hath brought me. But now, by the mere mercy of my God, become wise, at my own proper cost and charges, I utterly abhor them.'

When these three friends heard him speak so, they believed undoubtedly that he was possessed with some new kind of foolishness. 'My Lord Don Quixote,' said Samson unto him, 'now that the news are come unto us that the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso is disenchanted, do you speak in this manner? And now that we are so near-hand to become shepherds, that so we may in singing, mirth, and jollity lead a kind of princely life, do you intend to become a hermit?'

'Hold your peace, I pray you,' replied Don Quixote. 'Recollect your wits together, and let us leave all these discourses; that which hath hitherto served me to my hurt and detriment, my death, by the assistance of Heaven, shall turn to my good and redound to my profit. Good sirs, I perceive and feel death to follow me at my heels. Let us leave off and quit all merri-ments and jesting, and let me have a confessor to shrift me, and a notary to draw my last will and testament. In the extremity whereunto I now find and feel myself a man must not make a jest of his soul; and therefore whilst master curate is taking of my confession, let me have a scrivener fetched.'

They stood all gazing one upon another, wondering at Don

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Quixote's sound reasons, although they made some doubt to believe them. One of the signs which induced them to conjecture that he was near unto death's door was that with such facility he was from a stark fool become a wise man; for to the words already alleged he added many more, so significant, so Christian-like, and so well couched, that without doubt they confidently believed that Don Quixote was become a right wise man.

The curate made all those who were in the chamber to avoid, and, being left alone with him, took his confession. The bachelor Carrasco went to find out a notary, who not long after came with him, and with Sancho Panza. This good squire having understood from the mouth of the bachelor that his master was in a very bad estate, and finding his maidservant and his niece weeping very bitterly, began like a madman with his own fists to thump and beat himself, and to shed brackish tears.

The confession being ended, the curate came forth, and was heard to utter these words: 'Verily, verily, he is at his last gasp; and verily the good Alonso Quixano is become wise, and it is high time for him to make his last will and testament.'

These heavy news opened the sluices of the tearful and swollen-blubbering eyes of the maid, of the niece, and of his good squire Sancho Panza, so that they showered forth whole fountains of tears, and fetched from the very bottom of their aggrieved hearts a thousand groaning sighs. For, in effect, as we have already declared elsewhere, whilst Don Quixote was simply the good Alonso Quixano, and likewise when he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of a mild and affable disposition, and of a kind and pleasing conversation, and

DON QUIXOTE'S WILL

therefore was he not only beloved of all his household but also of all those that knew him.

In the mean space the notary came, who, after he had written the beginning of his will, and that Don Quixote had disposed of his soul with all the circumstances required and necessary in a true Christian, and that he was come unto the legacies, he caused this to be written:

‘Item, concerning a certain sum of money, which Sancho Panza, whom I made my squire, whilst my folly possessed me, hath yet in his custody: for so much as between him and me there remain certain odd reckonings and accounts to be made up of what he hath received and laid out, my will and pleasure is that he be not tied to yield any account at all, nor be in any bond for it; nay, rather, if any over-plus remain in his hands, having first fully paid and satisfied him of what I owe, and am indebted to him (which is no great matter), my purpose is that it be absolutely his own, and much good may it do him. And as, being then a fool, I was the cause that he had the government of an island given him, I would to God (now I am wise and in my perfect senses) it were in my power to give him a kingdom; for the sincerity of his mind and the fidelity of his comportments do well deserve it.’

Then, addressing himself unto Sancho, he made this speech unto him: ‘My dear friend, pardon me that I have given thee occasion to seem a fool as I was, in making thee to fall into the same error wherein I was fallen, that in the world there have been, and still are, errant knights.’

‘Alas and well-a-day! my good sir,’ answered Sancho, throbbing and weeping, ‘yield not unto death, I pray you, but rather follow my counsel, which is, that you endeavor to live many fair years. The greatest folly that any man can com-

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mit in this world is to give himself over unto death without apparent cause, except he be willfully slain, or that no other hand bring him to his end but that of melancholy. Once more I beseech you, suffer not remissness or faint-heartedness to overcome you. Rather rise out of your bed, and let us go into the fields attired like shepherds, as we were once resolved to do. It may come to pass that we behind some bush or shrub shall find the lady·Madam Dulcinea disenchanted, so that we shall have no more business. If the vexation or irksomeness you feel to have been vanquished attempt to bring you unto death, let me undertake the blame, who will stoutly maintain in all places, and before all men, that you were overthrown and quelled because I had not well girt your palfrey Rozinante. And you have seen and read in your books of chivalry that it is an ordinary thing for one knight to thrust another out of his saddle, and that he who is to-day conquered is to-morrow a conqueror.'

'It is most true,' quoth Samson; 'and Sancho Panza relates the very truth of such accidents.'

'My sirs,' replied Don Quixote, 'I pray you go not on so fast, since that in the nests of the last year there are no birds of this year. Whilom I was a fool, but now I am wise; sometimes I was Don Quixote de la Mancha, but am now, as I have already told you, the good Alonso Quixano. Let my unfeigned repentance, and the truth of what I say, obtain this favour at your courteous hands, that you will have the same estimation of me now which you have had heretofore; and so let master notary proceed.

'Item, I make and institute my niece, Antoinette Quixana, who is here present, general heir of all my goods whatsoever, having first deducted out of them all that shall be necessary

DON QUIXOTE'S WILL

for the full accomplishment of the legacies which I have bequeathed. And the first thing I would have discharged, I purpose, shall be the wages which I owe unto my maidservant; and that, over and besides, she have twenty ducats delivered unto her, to buy her some good clothes withal.

‘Item, I appoint and institute master curate and Master Samson Carrasco, the bachelor here present, to be the overseers and executors of this my last will and testament.

‘Item, my will and pleasure is that if Antoinette Quixana my niece chance to marry, that it be to a man of whom diligent inquiry shall first be made that he is utterly ignorant of books of chivalry, and that he never heard speech of them. And if it should happen that he have read them, and that, notwithstanding, my niece will or take him to her husband, that she utterly lose and never have anything that I have bequeathed her as an inheritance. All which my executors and assigns may, at their pleasure, as shall seem good unto them, employ and distribute in pious uses.

‘Item, I entreat the said executors and overseers of my will, that if by good fortune they come to the knowledge of the author who is said to have composed an History which goes from hand to hand under the title of *The Second Part of the Heroic Feats of Arms of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they shall, in my behalf, most affectionately desire him to pardon me, for that I have unawares given him occasion to write so infinite a number of great extravagancies and idle impertinencies; for so much as I depart out of this life with this scruple upon my conscience, to have given him subject and cause to publish them to the world.’

He had no sooner ended his discourse, and signed and sealed his will and testament, but a swooning and faintness

DON QUIXOTE

surprising him, he stretched himself the full length of his bed. All the company were much distracted and moved thereat, and ran presently to help him; and during the space of three days that he lived after he had made his will, he did swoon and fall into trances almost every hour.

All the house was in a confusion and uproar; all which notwithstanding, the niece ceased not to feed very devoutly, the maidservant to drink profoundly, and Sancho to live merrily. For, when a man is in hope to inherit anything, that hope doth deface or at least moderate in the mind of the inheritor the remembrance or feeling of the sorrow and grief which of reason he should have a feeling of the testator's death.

To conclude, the last day of Don Quixote came, after he had received all the sacraments, and had by many and godly reasons made demonstration to abhor all the books of errant chivalry.

The notary was present at his death, and reporteth how he had never read or found in any book of chivalry that any errant knight died in his bed so mildly, so quietly, and so Christianly as did Don Quixote.

Amidst the wailful complaints and blubbering tears of the bystanders he yielded up the ghost; that is to say, he died; which the curate perceiving, he desired the notary to make him an attestation or certificate how Alonzo Quixano, surnamed the Good, and who was commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was deceased out of this life unto another, and died of a natural death. Which testificate he desired, to remove all occasions from some authors, except Cid Hamet Benengeli, falsely to raise him from death again, and write endless histories of his famous acts.

C I D H A M E T ' S A D D R E S S

This was the end of the Ingenious Gentleman de la Mancha, of whose birthplace Cid Hamet hath not been pleased to declare manifestly the situation unto us, to the end that all villages, towns, boroughs, and hamlets of La Mancha should contest, quarrel, and dispute among themselves the honour to have produced him, as did the seven cities of Greece for the love of Homer. We have not been willing to make mention, and relate in this place the doleful complaints of Sancho, nor those of the niece and maidservant of Don Quixote, nor likewise the sundry new and quaint epitaphs which were graven over his tomb; content yourself with this which the bachelor Samson Carrasco placed there:

‘Here lies the gentle knight, and stout,
That to that height of valour got,
As if you mark his deeds throughout,
Death on his life triumphed not
With bringing of his death about.

The world as nothing he did prize,
For as a scarecrow in men’s eyes
He lived, and was their bugbear too;
And had the luck, with much ado,
To live a fool, and yet die wise.’

In the meanwhile the wise and prudent Cid Hamet Bengeli addressed this speech unto his witty pen: ‘Here it is, O my slender quill, whether thou be ill or well cut, that thou shalt abide hanged upon those racks whereon they hang spits and broaches, being thereunto fastened with this copper wire. There shalt thou live many ages, except some rash, fond-hardy, and lewd historian take thee down to profane thee. Nevertheless, before they lay hands upon thee, thou mayst, as it were by way of advertisement, and as well as thou canst, boldly tell

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them, Away, pack hence, stand afar off, you wicked botchers and ungracious souters, and touch me not, since to me only it belongs to cause to be imprinted “Cum bono privilegio Regiæ Majestatis.” Don Quixote was born for me alone, and I had my birth only for him. If he hath been able to produce the effects, I have had the glory to know how to write and compile them well. To be short, he and I are but one self-same thing, maugre and in despite of the fabulous Scribbler de Tordesillas, who hath rashly and malapertly dared with an ostriche’ coarse and bungling pen to write the prowess and high feats of arms of my valorous knight.

‘This fardel is too too heavy for his weak shoulders, and his dull wit over-cold and frozen for such an enterprise: and if peradventure thou know him, thou shalt also advise him to suffer the weary and already rotten bones of Don Quixote to rest in his sepulchre; for it would be too great a cruelty if, contrary to all orders and decrees of death, he should go about to make show of him in Castile the old, where in good sooth he lieth within a sepulchre, laid all along, and unable to make a third journey and a new outroad.

‘It is sufficient to mock those that so many wandering knights have made, that those two whereof he hath made show unto the world, to the general applause and universal content of all people and nations that have had knowledge of them, as well through the whole countries of Spain as in all other foreign kingdoms. Thus shalt thou perform what a good Christian is bound to do, in giving good counsel to him that wisheth thee evil. As for me, I shall rest contented and well satisfied to have been the first that hath fully enjoyed the fruits of his writings, and that according to my desires, since I never desired any other thing than that men would utterly

CID HAMET'S ADDRESS

abhor the fabulous, impertinent, and extravagant books of chivalry.'

'And, to say truth, by means of my true Don Quixote, they begin already to stagger; for, undoubtedly, such fables and flim-flam tales will shortly fail, and I hope shall never rise again. Farewell!'

THE END



GLOSSARY

GLOSSARY

- Abased, lowered, I, 55.
 Aboard (*v*), approach, accost, I, 230.
 Absurdity, incongruity, III, 194.
 A-bucking, in the wash, IV, 18.
 Accumulate, crown, put the finishing touch to, II, 390.
 Address, direct, I, 307.
 Admire, astonish, II, 145.
 Admired, in a state of admiration, I, 310.
 Advertised, warned, I, 63; II, 36.
 Affect, feel affection for, II, 210.
 Affectionated, inclined to, III, 191.
 Agilitated, made agile, III, 380.
 Allowed, approved, I, 242.
 Altisonant, high-sounding, I, 14.
 Ambages, equivocal courses, II, 22, 96.
 Amourist, lover, IV, 238.
 Anatomised, as if dissected, ill covered, III, 114.
 Anatomy, dissection, II, 138.
 Ancient, ensign, standard-bearer, II, 220.
 Animous, spirited, II, 85.
 Answerable, corresponding, I, 316.
 Antic, strange figure, I, 49.
 Antonomasia, the use of an epithet or title instead of a true name, II, 90.
 Apaid, pleased, I, 54, 118, 273.
 Aparice (*aparicio*), oil of, a salve, IV, 112.
 Apart (*v*), remove I, 244; II, 20.
 Argument, indication, I, 88.
 Arguments, proofs, I, 34.
 Artificial, constructed by rules of art, II, 357.
 Attending, awaiting, II, 70.
 Auctress, authoress, II, 252.
 Authorize (*autorizar*), do credit to, maintain the dignity of, I, 277; III, 186.
 Aveer (*encaminase*), approach, I, 17.
 Bait (*v*), attract, II, 114.
 Bead-stones, the larger beads in a rosary, I, 279.
 Beaver, luncheon, I, 241; II, 197.
 Beaver, lower part of a helmet, I, 265.
 Benefit, profit, II, 69.
 Berayed, befouled, IV, 191.
 Be-thouing, talking as a superior to an inferior, IV, 49.
 Bezzlings (*borracherias*), drunken freaks, III, 132.
 Bias, 'set out of all bias,' disconcert, II, 278.
 Billing, caressing, II, 332.
 Bittor, bittern, II, 69.
 Blank, a small copper coin, IV, 369.
 Blowze (*morena*), a fat-faced wench, III, 372.
 Boccasin, buckram, IV, 391.
 Bombase (*algodones*), a cotton texture, I, 55.
 Brabbles (*pendencias*), quarrels, I, 87; II, 325; III, 272.

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- Brabbling, quarrelsome, IV, 392.
 Break, open, communicate, I, 316.
 Breaks no square (*no hay que reparar*), upsets nothing, makes no difference, III, 298.
 Brokage, pandery, IV, 128.
 Bruit, noise, I, 269.
 Bucking, washing, I, 259.
 Bugles, wild oxen, I, 135.
 Bulks, great bodies, (*v*) I, 98.
 Bull-beggar (*coco*), bugbear, III, 321; IV, 171.
 Bumbaste, flog, spank, IV, 381.
 Burden, chorus, undersong, II, 325.
 Burnished (*flamante*), brilliant, conspicuous, I, 19.
 Buyal, purchase, I, 376.
 By and by, immediately, IV, 41.

 Camarades, comrades, II, 220.
 Canvassing, tossing in a blanket, II, 80, 118.
 Capable, able to understand, II, 387.
 Capouch, hood or cape, II, 7, 41; IV, 198.
 Carcass, body, IV, 351.
 Careful, anxious, I, 274.
 Cater, purveyor, buyer, III, 369.
 Catholic (*catolico*), sound, in good condition, III, 135; IV, 243.
 Cavillous, apt to raise objections, II, 240.
 Cere-cloth, waxed cloth, II, 290.
 Champion, plain, III, 45, 177.
 Chanters, enchanters, IV, 333.
 Charily, carefully, jealously, I, 76, 334.
 Cheapen, bargain for, I, 318.
 Christ's cross (*Christus*), the cross set before the alphabet in a hornbook, IV, 66.
 Clarines, clarions, trumpets, IV, 276, 277.
 Clew, skein, I, 54.
 Close castle, a kind of helmet, II, 317.
 Cockering, feasting, I, 148.
 Cogging, cheating, III, 277.
 Coil, "keep a," make a fuss, I, 24; III, 53.

 Commark, district, I, 27.
 Commodity, convenience, opportunity, occasion, II, 87, 118, 232.
 Compassive (*compasivo*), sympathetic, I, 226, 234.
 Competencies, competitions, III, 230.
 Conclude, finish off, destroy, I, 49.
 Cons (*coscorrones*), raps, III, 281.
 Continue, uninterrupted, immediate, IV, 41.
 Corroborated, strengthened, III, 380.
 Counterpoint, counterpane, IV, 359.
 Courtroll (*palaciega*), courtier, IV, 157.
 Crackling, talkativeness, I, 161.
 Crackropes, rascals, IV, 278.
 Credos, creeds, i. e., time taken in saying them, III, 288.
 Crowd, fiddle, I, 76.
 Cubbed up (*arrinconados*), confined, IV, 292.
 Cumins, cumin-seeds, III, 70.
 Curiosity (*puntualidad*), carefulness, I, 370.
 Curious, painstaking, I, 305.
 Curres, encounters, II, 376.

 Damage, harm, trouble, I, 50.
 Darklong (*a escuras*), in the gloom, IV, 208.
 Deaf (*sordo*), dull, confused, IV, 344.
 Debates, contests, I, 44.
 Debile, feeble, II, 225.
 De donde diere, whence am I to give, IV, 377.
 Delicate, faint, feeble, I, 48, 52.
 Depending, hung up, suspended I, 314.
 Deputed (*diputo*), set down as, considered, I, 14.
 Detect, reveal, II, 70, 239.
 Dight, array, I, 364.
 Dilate, defer, II, 174; expound, II, 235.
 Disastrous (*desdichada*), suffering disaster, II, 173.
 Disgrace (*desgracia*), inconvenience, misfortune, I, 232, 355; II, 190; IV, 24.
 Disgustful, distasteful, II, 220.

GLOSSARY

- Disgusts, dislikes, II, 288.
 Dismaying, confusion, IV, 354.
 Disrobe, strip, plunder, III, 323.
 Distasted, disgusted, IV, 24.
 Disventures (*disventuras*), misadventures, I, 63.
 Dodkin (*dos maravedis*), a Dutch farthing, I, 90.
 Dog-bolt (*hideperro*), fool, butt, III, 36.
 Doit, a Dutch coin worth about a farthing, II, 160.
 Dolour, grief, II, 173.
 Drafts, designs, II, 355.
 Dragged (*arrastradas*), bedraggled, wretched, IV, 222.
 Draughts, devices, tricks, I, 352.
 Drive, hurry on, I, 93.

 Earnest, payment in advance, I, 256.
 Eftsoons, soon after, I, 66, 125; II, 228.
 Egyptian, gypsy, II, 68.
 Elecampane, alycompaine, a medicine and sweetmeat, IV, 38.
 Embezzled (*embelesado*), amazed, IV, 187, 347.
 Embosk (*emboscasen*), shelter, conceal, I, 290.
 Embushing, concealing, I, 309.
 Empannel, put pannels on an ass, I, 147.
 Emulated, regarded as a rival, I, 317.
 Encasque, I, 363.
 Endear, make dear, III, 299.
 Enterparley, conversation, IV, 378.
 Estoises (*estuche*), *étui*, scissor-case, IV, 134.
 Every foot (*por momentos*), continually, II, 374; III, 192.
 Exceptious, captious, III, 18.
 Exigent, pitch, point demanding action, I, 318.
 Expect, await; I, 90, II, 312.
 Exprobates, reviles, casts in the teeth, III, 19.

 Facility, looseness, II, 397.

 Facinorous (*facineroso*), evil doing, I, 371.
 Fardel, bundle, IV, 120, 410.
 Farsed, stuffed, II, 12.
 Fauno, faun, wild creature, II, 67.
 File, thread, I, 314.
 Files (*filos*), edges, I, 151.
 Firm (*v*), sign his name, IV, 77.
 Firm, mark to serve as signature, IV, 17.
 Fitters, tatters, III, 288.
 Fluent, stream, I, 221.
 Fond, foolish, II, 354.
 Fond-hardy, fool-hardy, IV, 409.
 Foppery, absurdity, IV, 340.
 Force, "of force," of necessity, II, 67.
 Forced, stuffed, II, 352.
 Forcible, inevitable, II, 109, 130.
 Fore-passed, previous, IV, 387.
 Foreslows itself, tarries, II, 247.
 Fortitude, luck, II, 228.
 Frequentation, resort, habitation, I, 245.
 Frisk, gambol (as opposed to dancing), IV, 287.
 Friskles, capers, II, 55.
 Frolic, blithe, IV, 223.
 Frumps, flouts, insults, II, 60; slaps, IV, 356.
 Fulled, cleaned, whitened, IV, 29.
 Fulling mace, hammer for beating clothes clean, I, 263.
 Furniture (*adelino*), array, IV, 127.
 Fisting or foisting hounds, spaniels, III, xxii, 277.

 Gaberdine, shepherd's cloak, IV, 354.
 Gallimaufry, hodge-podge, hash, I, 5; III, 36.
 Gamashoes, leggings, II, 7.
 Gaspachos, thin soup, IV, 193.
 Gaudeamus, O be joyful, II, 168.
 Gittern, small guitar, II, 395.
 Good (*v*), benefit, III, 210, 271.
 Gratify (*agradecia*), thank for, I, 46, 316; II, 31.
 Grossly, heavily, II, 237.
 Gudgeons, cheatings, IV, 357.

G L O S S A R Y

- Gusts (*gusto*), pleasures, I, 6.
 Gymnosophists, naked philosophers, II, 349.
 Gypson, gypsy, III, 41.
- Hab-nab, at random, haphazard, IV, 66.
 Hand-while, every hand while, continually, IV, 397.
 Handy gripes, wrestling, IV, 343.
 Heedily, carefully, III, xxii.
 Heedy, heedful, IV, 401.
 He-moil, he mule, IV, 84.
 Herd, herdsman, I, 62, 133, 382.
 Hight, was called, I, 87; II, 36.
 Hippogriff, griffin, II, 341.
 His, its, II, 95, 200.
 Hox, lame, hamstring, III, 74.
 Huke, outer garment, III, 54.
- Ignoring, being ignorant of, II, 31, 256.
 Illiterate, wipe out, II, 397.
 Illude, deceive, II, 6.
 Illuded, frustrated, II, 323.
 Illustrate, render illustrious, II, 174.
 Imbosk, conceal, II, 27.
 Impertinent, unsuitable, inconvenient, II, 112.
 Impregned, burdened, II, 237.
 Imprese (*impresa*), device, I, 220, 270.
 Impudency, unchastity, II, 139.
 Inceasable, incessant, I, 244, 254.
 Incharge, burden, I, 316.
 Index, fore-finger, IV, 100.
 Ingrateful, ungrateful, I, 167.
 Inhabitable, not habitable, I, 303, 336.
 Inkling, privy grudge, III, 12.
 Intending, intention, IV, 139.
 Intentionated, disposed, IV, 322.
 Intercur, intervene, II, 180, 188.
- Jaspered, diapered, III, 362.
 Jennet-wise, the stirrups short, the legs trussed up, II, 168.
- Jer-falcon, a large falcon, III, 381.
 Jerk (of wit), sudden stroke, III, 170.
 Jerks, slaps, IV, 137.
 Journey, day's fight, II, 280.
 Jub, coat, IV, 392.
- Kenned, knew, I, 97.
 Kennel, dogs, I, 43.
 Key-cold, cold as a key, II, 129.
 Knurry, knotty, IV, 397.
- Laughsome, ready to laugh, I, 259.
 Lavatory, washing, III, 354.
 Leasings, lies, II, 14, 88.
 Lecture, reading, I, 63.
 Let, hindrance, II, 17.
 Liberum arbitrium, free will, IV, 249.
 Links, torches, I, 378.
 Lither, supple, IV, 346.
 Lob, bumpkin, IV, 357.
 Longinque (*longinquos*), distant, III, 316.
 Louver, a window-like opening, III, 83.
- Machina, contrivance, III, 259.
 Macilency, leanness, III, 162.
 Makebate, strife-raiser, IV, 103.
 Malet, mail, wallet, I, 303.
 Malign (*maligno*), evil spirit, I, 226.
 Malum signum, a bad omen, IV, 390.
 Marchpane, confectionery, III, 288.
 Marvedi, maravedi, the smallest Spanish coin, half a farthing, I, 265.
 Mazard, head, III, 288; IV, 269.
 Maze, amaze, III, 361.
 Meddled, intermixed, I, 6.
 Meteyard, measure, III, xxii.
 Minuity, small matter, I, 261, 378; II, 64.
 Mitre, head dress, IV, 354.
 Mochachoes, mustachios, I, 249.
 Motion, puppet show, III, 273.
 Mulet, mule, IV, 357.
 Mumpsimus, anyone who has got hold of a wrong word ('Mumpsimus' instead of 'Sumpsimus' in the Mass), an ignorant person, I, 70.

GLOSSARY

- Murrey, mulberry-coloured, I, 304.
 Mushrubs, mushrooms, II, 56.
 Musty, testy, III, 132.
- Nawl, awl, III, 246.
 Near-hand, nearly, IV, 403.
 Neese, sneeze, I, 129.
 Nill, will not, III, 64.
 Ninny-hammer, simpleton, IV, 78.
 Noused, nourished, nursed, II, 264.
- Occurred, ran up, II, 74.
 Offend, ward off, I, 290.
 Opinion, reputation, II, 209, 357.
 Oppugning, opposing, II, 45.
 Ordinary, 'walked the ordinary'
 (*habiendo paseado las acostumbradas*),
 made the rounds, i. e., been exhibited
 through the streets, I, 283.
 Outroad, foray, IV, 410.
 Ox-pizzle, ox lash, IV, 375.
- Paned, slashed, IV, 76.
 Paragon with, rival, II, 180.
 Particular, in a private station, II,
 189, 225.
 Pash, blow, II, 321.
 Peels, wooden shovels used by bakers,
 III, 212.
 Pensative (*pensativo*), pensive, I, 60.
 Period, limit, end, II, 338.
 Petrels, breast-piece of a horse, III,
 213.
 Petronels, horse-pistols, IV, 263.
 Pie, magpie, I, 161.
 Pigsney, darling, III, 39.
 Pilled, robbed, II, 267.
 Pillow-bear, pillow-case, lady's trav-
 elling bag, II, 23, 32.
 Pinkaney, darling, IV, 365.
 Pittance, meal, III, 39.
 Plain, lament, I, 313.
 Plumes, feathers of a bed, I, 20.
 Poor john, a coarse fish, I, 30.
 Portraited, depicted, I, 116.
 Posted off, put off, II, 392.
 Powdering, seasoning, I, 115.
- Prayer-beads, rosary, IV, 371.
 Presently, immediately, II, 240.
 Pretends, aims at, III, 276.
 Prevent, anticipate, II, 331.
 Prevention, prelude, II, 95.
 Price, esteem, II, 404.
 Pricked, rode hastily, II, 347.
 Primavista, freshness, IV, 335.
 Propension, inclination, affection for,
 I, 318, 321, 364.
 Prosecuted (*prosiguio*), continued, I,
 76.
 Prosopopeia, personification, drama-
 tizing, IV, 20.
 Provant, provender, food, I, 287, 360.
 Proverb (*pensamiento*), design, II,
 138.
 Publish, show abroad, II, 259.
 Puddingtime, "in puddingtime," ap-
 positely, III, 260.
 Punks, prostitutes, III, 236.
- Quader, square with, fit in, I, 276; II,
 130.
 Quitasoll, parasol, I, 363.
- Rampire, rampart, IV, 381.
 Rared, set off, made more precious,
 III, 111.
 Raunching, tearing, clawing, II, 339.
 Reasons, arguments, I, 153; II, 307.
 Rebec, small harp, I, 133; II, 399.
 Recchelessness, thoughtlessness, II,
 174.
 Receivers, acknowledgments, II, 232.
 Reduce, bring back, I, 299; II, 50.
 Resenting (*sentimento*), feeling, IV,
 215.
 Resolution, "in resolution" (*en reso-
 lution*), finally, I, 88, 280, 311.
 Respectlessness, absence of respect,
 II, 113.
 Restiness, obstinacy, II, 311.
 Robin-ruddock, robin, III, 107.
 Rock-peeler (*pelarnecas*), distaff-
 stripper, III, 52.
 Rounded, whispered, II, 38.
 Ruct, belch, IV, 75.

GLOSSARY

- Rumour, noise, tumult, II, 322.
 Runagates, renegades, II, 225.
 Ryals, Spanish coins worth about
 2½d., IV, 142.
- Sabogas, shad, III, 316.
 Sallets, salads, III, 135.
 Sbanditi, robbers, IV, 260.
 Scaffold, platform, stand, III, 147.
 Scraunched, crunched, III, 135.
 Sealed, stamped, affixed, IV, 353.
 Seconding (*segundar*), repeating, I,
 88.
 Securely, without anxiety, II, 338.
 See to, "to see to," in appearance,
 apparently, IV, 322.
 Sentence, opinion, saying, IV, 340.
 Sentenced, decided, IV, 37, 212.
 Sermones, satires, III, 170.
 Serve, be in love with, II, 102.
 Set, 'set the rest of your courtesy,'
 pass it by, IV, 333.
 Shagrag (*cateriberas*), tattered fel-
 lows, III, 264.
 Sheep-biter (*lloron*), mongrel, III, 28.
 Shot, bill, reckoning, II, 327.
 Sicut erat, as it was in the beginning,
 etc., IV, 377.
 Sideling, sideways, I, 96.
 Skill, plan, reason, II, 190.
 Skink, pour from a bottle, IV, 333.
 Skinkers, hard drinkers, II, 375.
 Slabber-sauces, washes, IV, 353.
 Slibber-slabbers, washes, IV, 42.
 Snap-hances, springlocks, II, 299.
 Sort, issue in, I, 372; II, 88.
 Souters, cobblers, IV, 410.
 Spence, larder, III, 243.
 Squamy, scaly, I, 161.
 Staccado, stockade, I, 153.
 Stint, allowance of food, IV, 249.
 Stitch-while (*a cado paso*), contin-
 ually, III, 110, 272, IV, 8.
 Stomach, pride, II, 206.
 Strait, narrow, I, 150.
 Succeeded, befallen, occurred, I, 145;
 II, 228.
 Success, event, I, 373.
- Successes, experiences, issues, acci-
 dents, I, 60.
 Succory water, chicory-water, I, 97.
 Sumptry, horse-furniture, IV, 249,
 346.
 Suppler, wine to make Sancho's
 tongue supple, III, 134.
 Supply, supplement, III, 236.
- Tables, backgammon, I, 20; III, 281.
 Tack, 'held them all tack,' kept
 them in their places, IV, 138.
 Tallage, tax, II, 327.
 Tawing, slapping, IV, 137.
 Tents, rolls of lint, III, 142.
 Terms (*termo*), goal, I, 159.
 Testificate, certificate, IV, 408.
 Thill, shaft, II, 376.
 Thrust, crowd, IV, 278.
 Tilts, awnings, IV, 276.
 Tirings, head-dresses, IV, 364.
 Torment, judicial torture, I, 281.
 Touch, as good as touch, that will
 stand any test, III, 134.
 Tracts, drawing ropes, II, 173.
 Trance, swoon, I, 379.
 Trance (*paso*), plight, I, 50.
 Trances, passages, episodes, II, 206.
 Transversals, side strokes, III, 283.
 Trenches, entrenchment, i. e., the ar-
 mour and saddle behind which
 Sancho was hiding, IV, 344.
 Trow (*por tentura*), haply, III, 349.
 Truck, barter, IV, 227.
 Trucks, a kind of billiards, II, 86.
 Tuck, short sword, III, 224.
 Tuck, nip with the thumb-nail, IV,
 353.
- Umbrills (*quitasoles*), parasols, I, 98.
 Unhappiness, ill-luck, awkwardness,
 II, 157.
 Unhappy, awkward, II, 42.
 Underprop, support, II, 128.
 Untaxing, without taxing, II, 139.
 Untowardly, crossly, II, 117.
- Vagamunds, vagabonds, III, 291.

GLOSSARY

- Vent (*rastrear*), (*v*), discover, I, 301.
Vent (*venta*), tavern, I, 23.
Venter, innkeeper, III, 293.
Viewed, examined, II, 377.
Virtue, curative quality, I, 315.
Vitupery, objurgations, IV, 188.
Vy, stake, hazard, 'I see the vy,' I
accept the challenge, IV, 333.
Vyed trump, a game of cards, III, 380.
- Wag-halter (*socarron*), crack-rope,
rascal, III, 31.
- Want, be lacking, II, 174.
Warder-house, pantry, I, 232.
Warner, beadle, I, 277.
Welt, quilt, III, 54.
Welted, quilted, I, 363.
Wince, caper, III, 106.
Winches, sharp turns, I, 118.
Wistly, wistfully, II, 269.
Wood, mad, I, 149.
Wreathings, windings, II, 96, 174.
- Yawl, cry out, IV, 137.





