

THE
HISTORY and ADVENTURES
OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE.

Translated from the SPANISH of
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

To which is prefixed,
Some ACCOUNT of the AUTHOR'S LIFE.

By T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MDCCLV.

P R E F A C E.

HEAVENS! with what eagerness must thou be waiting for this prologue, courteous reader, whosoever thou art, gentle or simple, in hope of finding it replete with resentment, reproaches and revenge, against the author of the second Don Quixote: him, I mean, who 'tis reported, was ingendered at Tordesillas, and brought forth in Tarragona. But, truly, I have no intention to give thee that satisfaction; for, although injuries may awaken indignation, in vulgar breasts; mine, I hope, will always be an exception to that rule. Thou wouldst be glad, perhaps, to find me bestowing upon him, the epithets of ass, blockhead, and insolent coxcomb; but such low revenge never once entered my imagination; his own conscience will sufficiently chastise him: let him therefore chew the cud of remorse, and digest it if he can. I own, I cannot help feeling the unjust reproach, when he taxes me with lameness, and old age, as if it had been in my power to retard the lapse of time; or that I had been maimed in some tavern-brawl, and not on the most glorious occasion that ever the past or present age beheld, or posterity can ever hope to see. If my wounds do not brighten in the eyes of every spectator, they are, at least, esteemed by those who know where they were acquired*, and who think, that a soldier who falls in battle makes a much more noble appearance than he who saves himself by flight. This opinion is so rooted within my own breast, that, were such an impossibility proposed and effected, I would rather be lame, as I am, with the share I had in that stupendous action, than sound of body, without the honour of having been there. The wounds that appear in a soldier's countenance and bosom, are so many stars to guide the rest of mankind to the heaven of honour, and the desire of honest praise; and it ought to be observed, that an author does not write with his grey hairs, but according to the dictates of his understanding, which is usually improved by years and experience. I perceive also, that he calls me envious; and, as if I were utterly ignorant, is at the pains to describe the nature of envy; though I protest, of the two kinds, I only harbour that which is pure, virtuous and noble. This being the case, as it undoubtedly is, I have not the least inclination to inveigh against any priest, especially one who bears the office of familiar to the holy inquisition; and, if what he says be advanced in behalf of him whose cause he seems to espouse, he is altogether mistaken, in my opinion, of that person, whose genius I adore: I admire his works, together with his continual occupation in the practice of virtue: but I am actually obliged to this honourable author, for saying, that my novels † are more satirical than

* The battle of Lepanto.

† *Novelas Exemplares.*

exemplary, though he owns they are good of their kind; for, without being exemplary, they cannot possibly be good.

I suppose, gentle reader, thou art, by this time, of opinion, that I walk with great circumspection, and scrupulously confine myself within the bounds of modesty, conscious that it is inhuman to heap affliction on the afflicted; and that this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in the open field, and in the face of heaven, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had been guilty of high treason: tell him, therefore, in my name, if ever thou shouldst chance to find him out, that I do not at all think myself injured by what he has done; for, well do I know, what temptations the devil spreads before us; and that one of his most effectual snares, is to make a man believe, that he has capacity to write a book, by which he shall obtain an equal share of money and reputation. In confirmation of what I say, I will, with thy good leave and favour, tell thee a short story.

There was in Sévil, a certain madman, seized with the most diverting whim that ever entered the brain of a lunatic. He used to walk with a hollow cane, pointed at one end; and whenever he met with a dog in the street, or in any other place, he clapped his foot on one of the creature's hind legs, pulled up the other with his hand, and applying, as well as he could, the pipe to his posteriors, instantly blew him up as round as a ball: this operation being performed, he clapt him twice on the belly, and dismissed the patient, saying, very gravely to the mob, that never failed to gather round him, "Gentlemen, I suppose now, you think it is an easy matter to blow up a dog." In like manner, I say, "I suppose your worship thinks it an easy matter to write a book." If this story should not be to his liking, be so good, friendly reader, as to tell this other, which also relates to a dog and a madman.

There was another idiot in Cordova, who had a trick of carrying upon his head, a piece of marble, or heavy stone; and, as often as he perceived any dog off his guard, he would approach him slyly, and let it fall plim upon his head. This was no joke to the poor dog, who used to run barking and howling, the length of three whole streets, before he ventured to look behind. But, among others he, one day, happened to discharge his burthen on a capmaker's favourite dog; down went the stone upon his head, the injured beast set up the howl; the master seeing what passed, was filled with indignation, snatched up his measure, and falling out upon the lunatic, did not leave a whole bone in his skin, saying at every blow he bestowed, "Dog! rascal! use my spaniel in this manner! did not you see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel!" Thus repeating the word, Spaniel, a great many times, he beat the aggressor into jelly.

The madman being documented, sneaked off, and kept his chamber a whole month; at the end of which, he returned to his former pastime, with a greater stone than ever, and coming up to a dog that lay asleep, considered him with great attention; but was afraid of discharging the stone, saying, "Ware spaniel!" In short, all the dogs he afterwards met with, whether curs or mastifs, were in his opinion, spaniels; so that he never ventured to repeat his experiment.—Now, this may be the fate of our historian, who will not choose to open the flood-gates of his wit again, in composing books, which, if bad, are harder than stone.

Tell him, likewise, that I value not his threats a farthing; when he says, that his performance will deprive me of bread; but, answer him, with a quotation from the famous interlude of the Perendenga: "To four and twenty, live my lord, and Christ be with us all." Long live the great count de Lemos, whose well-known christian generosity supports me, against all the strokes of adverse fortune; and long life to the transcendent charity of the most illustrious archbishop of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas; if there was not one printing-press in the whole world, or if more books were published against me than there are letters in the couplets of Mingo Rebulgo; these two princes, unfollicated by any adulation or other kind of praise; on my part, but purely out of their own benevolence, have been pleased to honour me with their countenance and favour, in which I think myself infinitely more happy and rich, than if I had been conducted to the highest pinnacle of fortune, in the ordinary way. Honour may be enjoyed by a poor, but never by a vicious man: nobility may be clouded by indigence, but never altogether obscured; for, virtue shining by its own internal light, even through the inconveniencies and crannies of poverty, will recommend itself to the esteem of high and princely minds, and of consequence obtain their favour and protection. Thou need'st say no more to him; nor will I give thee any farther trouble, except to observe, that thou art to consider this Second part of Don Quixote, as a work of the same artificer, and composed of the same materials with the first, in which I present the knight at full length; and, in short, exhibit him dead and buried; that no man, for the future, may presume to raise fresh evidence against him; those already examined, being sufficient for the purpose. The more so, as a man of honour has already given an account of his ingenious follies, without any intention to resume the subject: for, there may be too much even of a good thing; and the scarcity of those things which are in themselves indifferent, often brings them into some degree of estimation. I had almost forgot to tell thee, that thou mayst expect the Perfils, which I am now finishing, together with the Second Part of Galatea.

A P P R O B A T I O N.

BY order of signor doctor Gutierrez de Cetina, vicar-general of the city of Madrid, where his majesty keeps his court, I have perused the Second Part of the Sage Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; in which I can find nothing unworthy of a zealous christian, or deviating from that respect which is justly due to good example and moral virtue. On the contrary, the performance contains much erudition, and profitable amusement; not only in the well-supported sequel of his design, to extirpate those vain and lying books of chivalry, which had already, too far, spread their infection; but, also in the purity of his Castilian language, unadulterated with insipid affectation, which every man of sense abhors; and in his manner of correcting the vicious, who generally feel the point of his satire. Yet, he so wisely observes the laws of christian rebuke, that the patient, labouring under the infirmity which he intends to cure, may, in such sweet and palatable medicine, even without his own knowledge, or the least hindrance and loathing, swallow down an effectual detestation for vice; so, that he will find himself at once delighted and reformed, in consequence of an art which is known to few. There are many authors, who not knowing how to blend and mix instruction with delight, have seen all their tedious labours miscarry; because, not being able to imitate Diogenes, as a learned philosopher, they have presumed licentiously, not to say obscurely, to mimic him as a cynic, giving ear to slander, and inventing things that never happened; by which means, they enlarge the vicious capacity of those whom their harsh reproofs stigmatize; and, perhaps, strike out new paths of lewdness hitherto unknown: so that, instead of reformers, they become teachers and abettors of vice. In this manner, they grow hateful to men of sense, and lose all their credit, if they had any, with the people who refuse to encourage their writings: while the vicious, are rather hardened than amended by their rash and imprudent corruption; for, the knife and caustic are not proper for all kinds of tumors, some of which are more successfully treated by soft and gentle remedies, by the application of which, the experienced and learned physician often attains his end of discussing them; a period much more eligible than that which is obtained by the barbarity of steel.

The writings of Miguel de Cervantes have met with a very different reception, not only from our nation, but likewise from strangers; who, as if he was something miraculous, are inflamed with the desire of seeing the author of those books which have met with such general applause,

on account of the decency and decorum, as well as the agreeable sweetness of his stile, in Spain, France, Italy, Germany and Flanders. This I can, with great truth, affirm, that on the twentieth and fifth day of February, in this year of God one thousand six hundred and fifteen, I attended my master, his grace Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, cardinal archbishop of Toledo, when he returned the visit of the French ambassador, who came to treat about a double match, between the princes and princesses of France and Spain; and several gentlemen of that country, belonging to the embassy, who were equally sensible and well-bred, as well as lovers of the Belles Lettres, in their conversation with me, and the other chaplains of the cardinal, desired to know what books of genius were in highest esteem among us: I chanced to mention this performance, which was then under my examination; but, no sooner did they hear the name of Miguel de Cervantes, than they began to expatiate upon the high esteem in which France, and the neighbouring kingdoms, held his productions; namely, the Galatea, which one of them could almost repeat; with the novels, and the first part of Don Quixote. Such were the commendations they bestowed upon them, that I offered to introduce them to the author, whom they honoured with a thousand demonstrations of regard. They were curious to know his age, profession, quality and fortune; and when I found myself obliged to tell them he was a soldier and a gentleman, oppressed with poverty and old age; one of them replied in these very words, "What! does not Spain load such a man with riches, and maintain him out of the public treasury."—Another of those gentlemen, hearing this observation, interposed, saying, with great vivacity, "If necessity compels him to write, God grant that he may never enjoy affluence; but, in being poor, enrich the world with his works."

I believe, this will be thought rather too much for a certificate; and some will say, that I have even encroached upon the bounds of flattery: but, the truth of my allegation, disproves that suspicion, and acquits me of the charge; besides, in this age, adulation is bestowed upon none but those, who are in a capacity of greasing the fist of the flatterer; who, though he praises in fulsome fiction, expects to be rewarded in substantial truth.

Madrid, Feb. 27.
1615.

The Licentiate MARQUES TORRES.

The Ordinary LICENCE.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have caused to be examined, the book specified in this petition; which book contains nothing to the prejudice of religion or morals; but, on the contrary, is fraught with much lawful amusement; blended with moral philosophy: wherefore, it may be allowed to be printed.

Madrid, Nov. 5.
1615.

Doctor GUTIERREZ DE CETINA.

A P P R O B A T I O N.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have perused the Second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes: a book that contains nothing to the prejudice of our holy catholic faith, or sound morals; on the contrary, much honest recreation, and agreeable amusement, such as the ancients judged not only allowable, but convenient for the commonwealth: even the severe Lacedemonians erected a statue to the goddess of laughter; and the Thessalians instituted festivals to the same power, according to Pausanias, quoted by Vossius, Lib. II. De signis eccles. cap. 10. for exhilarating the melancholy, and raising the dejected spirits; as observed by Tully, in his first book, de Legibus; and by the poet, who says, 'Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.' Which maxim hath been the guide of this author, who has mingled fiction with truth, delight with instruction, and morals with pleasantry; disguising the hook of reproof, with the bait of sprightly entertainment, and fulfilling the sequel of his well-executed scheme, to depreciate and expel the books of chivalry, from the mischievous contagion of which he hath purged these kingdoms, with admirable diligence and dexterity. In short, it is a work worthy of that great genius which is the honour and ornament of our nation, and the envy and admiration of strangers. This is my opinion, with submission, &c.

Madrid, March 17.
1615.

JOSEPH DE VALDIVIELSO.

THE
LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the Sage Knight

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of the behaviour of the curate and barber, with regard to Don Quixote's infirmity.

CID Hamet Benengeli, in the second part of this history, containing the third sally of Don Quixote, relates that the curate and barber forbore to visit him for a whole month, that they might not revive and recal to his imagination, the remembrance of things past; but, during all that time, they frequently went to see the housekeeper and niece, on whom they laid strong injunctions to cherish the knight with great care and tenderness, and treat him with such comfortable food as should be most agreeable to his stomach and brain, in which, they reasonably supposed that his whole disorder lay. The ladies assured them, it was their chief study, which they would prosecute with all imaginable care and satisfaction; for, they began to perceive that their master, at certain intervals, gave tokens of being in his right wits. This information afforded great pleasure to the two friends, who now concluded they had acted wisely, in bringing him home, on the enchanted waggon, as hath been recounted in the last chapter of the first part of this sublime and punctual history; and determined to pay him a visit, that they might be convinced of his amendment, which they deemed almost impossible: tho' they agreed to avoid, with great care, the subject

of chivalry, that they might run no risk of ripping up the wound so lately closed.

In short, they entered his chamber, and found him sitting upon his bed, in a waistcoat of green bays, and a red Toledan night-cap, so meagre, shrunk and withered, that he looked like an Ægyptian mummy: he received them very courteously, and when they enquired into the state of his health, spoke of his indisposition and himself with great judgment and elocution. Their conversation happening to turn on what is called reasons of state, and modes of administration, they amended certain abuses, and condemned others, reforming one custom, and banishing another; as if each of the three had been a new legislator, a modern-Lycurgus, or regenerated Solon; and in such a manner did they furbish up the commonwealth, that one would have imagined they had committed it to a forge, and brought out another quite different from that which they put in. Don Quixote spoke on every subject that was handled, with such discretion, as actually convinced the two examiners, that he was quite sound, and had recovered the right exercise of his judgment; while the niece and housekeeper, who were present all the time, thought they could never be thankful enough to God, when they heard their master talk so sensibly. But, the curate altering his first resolution, which was, to avoid the subject of chivalry, now determined to make an experiment, by which he should be thoroughly satisfied, whether the knight's cure was real or imaginary; with this view, he, from one thing to another, came to mention some news from court, and among other pieces of intelligence, said he was certainly informed that the Turk had taken the sea, with a powerful armament, tho' his design was not known, nor could it be guessed where the expected storm would burst: but, that these preparations, which keep us almost constantly in arms, had alarmed all christendom; and that his majesty had ordered the coasts of Naples and Sicily, with the island of Malta, to be provided against all attempts. To this intimation Don Quixote replied, "His majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior, in providing for the safety of his dominions, that the enemy may not find them unprepared; but, if he would take my advice, I would furnish him with an expedient, which, I believe, our sovereign at present little thinks of."

The curate no sooner heard these words, than he said within himself, "Lord have mercy upon thee, poor Don Quixote! if I am not mistaken, thou art just going to cast thyself headlong, from the highest pinnacle of madness, into the profound abyss of thy folly." But the barber, who immediately adopted the same suspicion, asked the knight what that expedient was, which he thought should be put in practice, by way of prevention; observing that it was, perhaps, such a scheme as deserved to be inserted in the

list

list of those impertinent advices usually offered to crowned heads. "Mine Mr. shaver, said Don Quixote, will be pertinent, not impertinent." "I don't say otherwise, replied the barber, I only made that observation, because experience hath shewn, that all, or the greatest part of those projects which have been offered to his majesty, are either impossible, extravagant, or prejudicial to the state." "My scheme, answered the knight, is neither impossible nor extravagant, but, on the contrary, the most easy, just, brief and expeditious, that ever projector conceived." "Methinks your worship is very slow in delivering it, signor Don Quixote," said the priest. "I should not choose, answered the knight, to have what I say here, carried by to-morrow morning, to the ears of the lords of the council; by which means, another may reap the credit and reward of my labour." "For my own part, cried the barber, I here give my word, before God! never to disclose what your worship shall impart, either to king or knave, or any mortal man: an oath I learned in the romance of the curate, who, in the preface, gives the king notice of the robber that stole his hundred ducats, and ambling mule." "I am not acquainted with the story, said Don Quixote, but, the oath is a good oath, because I am convinced, that Mr. Nicholas is an honest man." "Be that as it will, replied the curate, I will be bound for him, and undertake, that with regard to this affair, he shall speak no more than if he was actually dumb, on pain of whatever penalty you shall think proper to inflict." "And who will be security for you, Mr. curate?" said the knight. "My profession, answered the priest, by which I am bound to keep secrets." "Body of me! cried Don Quixote, his majesty has nothing to do, but, to issue a proclamation, commanding all the knights-errant in Spain to assemble at his court, by such a day; and altho' not more than half a dozen should come, among these one may be found, who is alone sufficient to overthrow the whole Turkish power. Pray, gentlemen, give attention, and take me along with you: is it such a new thing, for a single knight to cut in pieces a whole army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had but one common throat, or were made of ginger-bread? How many histories are there, think you, filled with such marvellous exploits? Unfortunate it is for me, (I will not say, for any other) that the renowned Don Belianis is not now alive, or some knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul; for, if any one of them was now living, to confront the Turks, in good sooth, I should not choose to farm their conquests; but, God will provide for his own people, and produce some champion, who, if not equal in valour to former knights-errant, at least, will be inferior to none of them in point of courage*—Heaven knows my meaning—I will say no

* Ridiculous as this scheme may seem to be, such an expedient has actually succeeded in practice. During the captivity of John king of France, his dominions were ravaged by above one hundred thousand

more." "Lack-a-day! (cried the niece, when she heard this insinuation) I'll be hanged, if my uncle is not resolved to turn knight-errant again." "A knight-errant, replied Don Quixote, I will live and die; and the Turks may make their descents or ascents, when they will, with all the power they are masters of—I say again, heaven knows my meaning"—Here the barber interposing, "Gentlemen, said he, I beg you will give me leave to tell a short story of what once happened at Sevil; it comes so pat to the purpose, that I have a strong inclination to relate it." Don Quixote and the curate granted his request, and the rest yielded him attention, when he began in these words:

"There was in the mad-house at Sevil, a certain lunatic, whom his relations had sent thither, on account of the defect in his judgment: he had taken his degrees in the canon law, at Ossuna, and many were of opinion, that if he had acquired them at Salamanca, he would not have been a bit the wiser: this graduate, after having been confined some years, took it in his head, that he was quite well, and restored to his right wits; and in this imagination, wrote to the archbishop, earnestly intreating him, with many sensible arguments, to give order that he should be extricated from the misery in which he lived; since, thro' the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost judgment, tho' his relations kept him still in confinement, that they might enjoy his estate, and in despite of truth, were resolved that he should be mad to the day of his death. The archbishop, persuaded by the many sensible and pathetic letters he received, ordered one of his chaplains to go to the rector of the mad-house, and inquire into the truth of what the licentiate alledged, and even to talk with himself, that if he should find him quite recovered, he might bring him away, and set him at liberty. The chaplain obeyed the command of his grace, and the rector assured him that the man was still mad; for, although he would very often talk like a person of excellent understanding, at the long run, he commonly broke out into folly and nonsense, as absurd as the first part of his discourse was rational and discreet: however, he himself might make the experiment, by conversing with the licentiate. The chaplain accordingly went to his apartment, and talked with him a whole hour and more, during which time, the lunatic did not utter one vague or incoherent sentence, but, on the contrary, spoke so judiciously, that the chaplain could not help believing him quite sound of intellect: among other things, he told him the rector was his enemy,

peasants, who under the name of Jacqueurs, assembled in arms to exterminate the noblesse, and among other horrid outrages, murdered every gentleman that fell in their way. The dukes of Normandy and Orleans, together with three hundred ladies of rank, retired for protection to Meaux, where they were surrounded, and would have actually perished by the swords of these banditti, had they not been rescued by the count de Foix, and the cardinal of Such, who hearing of their distress, hastened to their relief, with no more than fifty knights; and, without hesitation, attacked that furious multitude with such bravery and vigour, that they were soon routed and dispersed.

and

and pronounced him still distracted, tho' with lucid intervals, that he might not lose the presents which he received from his relations; so, that the greatest cause of his misfortune was no other than his own affluent estate, which to enjoy, his adversaries craftily pretended to doubt of the mercy which our Lord had vouchsafed him, in re-converting him from a beast into a man: in short, he talked so effectually, as to render the rector suspected, to prove his relations covetous and unnatural, and himself so discreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him forthwith to the archbishop, that his grace might be personally satisfied of the truth. With this laudable intention, he desired the rector to order the licentiate to be dressed with the cloaths in which he entered the house; the rector again advised him to consider what he was about, for, the licentiate was without all question, still distracted: but, these cautions and counsels had no effect in dissuading the chaplain from carrying him off, and the rector seeing the archbishop's order, was fain to obey; so, that the licentiate received his own cloaths, which were decent and new. Seeing himself thus divested of the badge of his disorder, and habited again, like a person of sound intellects, he besought the chaplain, that he would be so charitable as to allow him to go and take leave of his companions in affliction; the other granted his request, and said he would accompany him, in order to see the patients; upon which, they went up stairs, followed by several persons who chanced to be then present, and the licentiate going to the gate of a cell, in which there was a furious madman, tho' at that time he was calm and quiet, said to him, "Brother, have you any commands for me? I am going to my own house; for, God of his infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, hath been pleased to restore unto me the use of my reason, and I am now perfectly recovered; so, that there is nothing impossible to the power of the Almighty: put therefore your hope and trust in him, who, as he hath restored me to my former state, will grant the same indulgence to you, if you confide in his protection—I will take care to send you some cordial food, and be sure, at all events, to eat it, for, you must know, I conclude from experience, that all our disorder proceeds from an empty stomach, and the brain's being filled with wind. Take heart, brother, take heart; for, despondence under misfortune consumes the constitution, and hastens the stroke of death." This discourse being overheard by another lunatic, who was confined in a cell opposite to that of the furious patient, he started up stark naked from an old matt on which he lay, and roared aloud, "Who is that going away so sober and so sound?" The licentiate replied, "'Tis I, brother, who am going home, being under no necessity of tarrying longer in this place; thanks be to heaven for the signal favour I have received!" "Take care what you say, Mr. licentiate, and let not the devil deceive

ceive you, answered the madman: halt a little, stay where you are, and spare yourself the trouble of being brought back." "I know that I am perfectly recovered, said the licentiate, and shall have no further occasion to visit the Stations*." "You recovered! cried the other, good! we shall see—adieu—but, I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that, for the transgression this day committed in Sevil, by discharging you from the house, as a person of sound judgment, I will take such vengeance as shall be a monument of wrath, for ever and ever, amen. Do'st thou not know, pitiful licentiate, that all this is in my power, being, as I have already observed, Jove the thunderer, who wield the flaming bolts, with which I use to threaten, and can destroy the universe? But, with one evil only, will I chastise this ignorant people: I will not suffer one drop of rain to fall upon the city, nor its confines, nor indeed, in any part of this district, for the space of three whole years, reckoning from the day and minute in which this dreadful menace is made. Thou free! thou sound! thou recovered! and I mad! I distracted and confined! I will sooner hang myself than rain one spoonful." The bye-standers were very attentive to the vociferous exclamations of this madman, when our licentiate turning to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand, said, "Dear sir, give yourself no uneasiness or concern about what he says; for, if he who is Jupiter, withholds refreshing showers from the earth, I who am Neptune, the father and god of waters, will rain as often as I please, should there be occasion for it, in consequence of the privilege I possess." To this promise, the chaplain replied, "Nevertheless, signor Neptune, it will not be politic to incense signor Jupiter; therefore, your worship will be so good as to stay where you are, till some other day, when we may have more leisure and convenience to remove you." The rector and the rest of the company could not help laughing, the chaplain was out of countenance, the licentiate was stripped, and sent back to his cell, and so ends my story."

"And this is the story, Mr. barber, said Don Quixote, which came so pat to the purpose, that you could not help relating it? Ah! Mr. shaver, Mr. shaver, he must be blind indeed, that cannot see through the bottom of a sieve; is it possible, your worship does not know that comparisons in point of genius, virtue, beauty and descent, are always odious and ill received? I, Mr. barber, am not Neptune god of waters, neither do set up for being thought a wise man, knowing that I am not so; the sole end of my labours is to convince the world of its error, in not seeking to renew those most happy times, when the order of knight-errantry exerted itself in full perfection: but, this depraved age of ours is unworthy of tasting that

* A certain number of churches through which they made circuits, uttering an appointed prayer at each.

felicity which was enjoyed by those ages, when knights-errant undertook the charge, and burdened their shoulders with the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the relief of wards and orphans, the chastisement of the proud, and the promotion of the humble. The greatest part of your modern knights rustle in damasks, brocades, and other rich and splendid attire, instead of rattling in coats of mail: no knight now sleeps in the open field, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, armed at all points, capable: no warrior, in this degenerate age, sits on horseback, and without disengaging his feet from the stirrups, but, leaning upon his lance, endeavours to take, as it were, a snatch of sleep, after the example of former knights-errant: no champion, now-a-days coming out of some dreary wood, immediately enters another rocky wilderness, thro' which he reaches the barren and deserted coast of the rough and stormy sea, where finding, in some creek, a crazy boat without oars, sails, mast or tackle, he intrepidly throws himself into it, and launches out upon the implacable billows that whirl him aloft to heaven, and then sink him to the profound abyss, while his unshaken soul defies the storm: then, when he dreams of no such matter, he finds himself three thousand leagues and more from the place where he embarked, and leaping ashore on some remote and unknown country, atchieves adventures worthy to be written, not on parchment, but on brass: but, now, sloth triumphs over activity, idleness over toil, vice over virtue, arrogance over valour, and the theory over the practice of arms, which obtained and shone resplendent in those golden ages that produced knights-errant. Pray, tell me, who could be more honourable and valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more insinuating and pliant than Tirante the white? who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? who more hacked and hacking than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? or, who more daring than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more desperate than Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamont? who more prudent than king Sobrino? who more bold than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Roldan? and who more gallant and courteous than Rogero, from whom (according to Turpin, in his Cosmographia) the present dukes of Ferrara are descended. All these, and many more which I could name, Mr. curate, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry: these, or such as these, are the champions proposed by my scheme, which, should it take place, would effectually serve his majesty's purpose, spare an infinite expence, and the Turk would even tear his own beard in despair: in that case, I would tarry where I am, since the chaplain would not think fit to enlarge me, and if Jupiter, as the barber said, would not rain, here am I ready to frustrate his intent:

this:

this I mention, that Mr. bason there, may know I understand his meaning." "Verily, signor Don Quixote, said Mr. Nicholas, I meant no harm, so help me God! my intention was good, and therefore, your worship ought not to be displeased." "Whether I am displeased or not, replied the knight, I myself know best."

Here the curate interposing, said, "Tho' I have hitherto scarce opened my mouth, I cannot be easy under a scruple which tears and gnaws my conscience, and which arose from what signor Don Quixote hath just now asserted." "In greater matters, Mr. curate may command me, answered the knight: out with your scruple, then; for scruples of conscience are very uncomfortable companions." "With your good permission, replied the priest, this it is: I can, by no means persuade myself that the whole tribe of knights-errant, whom your worship have named, were really and truly earthly persons of flesh and blood; on the contrary, I imagine, all these things are fictions, fables, and lying dreams, recounted by men who are awake, or rather, by those who are half a sleep." "That, said Don Quixote, is another error incident to many people, who do not believe that any such knights ever existed; and I have, on divers and sundry occasions, endeavoured to dissipate that almost general mistake, by the light of truth: sometimes, indeed, I have not succeeded in my attempts; however, I have frequently gained my point, by supporting it on the shoulders of demonstration; and truly, the case is so clear, that I could almost affirm, I have with my own eyes, beheld Amadis de Gaul, who was a tall man, of a fair complexion, well furnished with a black beard, his aspect something between mild and severe, concise of speech, slow to anger, and soon appeased. In the same manner, methinks, I could delineate and paint all the knights-errant that ever were recorded in history; for, according to the ideas formed by reading these histories, and by comparing their exploits and dispositions, sound philosophy may discover their lineaments, statures, and complexions." "Signor Don Quixote, said the barber, how large do you think the giant Morgante must have been?" "As to the affair of giants, answered the knight, there are different opinions; some affirming, and others denying the existence of any such beings: but the holy scriptures, which surely cannot fail one atom, in point of truth, put that affair beyond all dispute, in relating the story of that Philistine Goliath, who was seven cubits and an half in height; a most amazing stature! Besides, in the island of Sicily, several thigh and shoulder-bones have been dug up, so large as to manifest, that the persons to whom they belonged must have been huge giants, as tall as high towers; and this can be proved by mathematical demonstration: but, nevertheless, I will not pretend to ascertain the size of Morgante; tho' I believe he was not very tall, because, I find in
the

the history which gives a particular account of his exploits, that he often slept under a roof; now, if there was any house capacious enough to receive him, his magnitude could not be very extraordinary." "No, surely," said the curate, who being diverted with his extravagant assertions, asked his opinion, concerning the looks and persons of Reynaldo de Montalvan, Don Roldan, and the rest of the twelve peers of France, who were all knights-errant. "With regard to Reynaldo, answered Don Quixote, I will venture to say, he was broad-visaged, of a ruddy complexion, with large rolling eyes, full of punctilio, excessively choleric, and a friend to robbers and vagabonds. As for Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando, for, he is mentioned in history by all these names, it is my opinion, and, I affirm, that he was of a midling stature, broad-shouldered, somewhat bandy-legged, of a dark complexion and carotty beard, hairy all over, with a frowning aspect, sparing of speech, though very affable and well-bred." "If Roldan was not more comely than you have represented him, replied the curate, I do not wonder that Angelica the fair disdained and deserted him, for the gallantry, mirth and pleasantry of the little smock-faced Moor, to whose embraces she yielded; and surely, she was in the right, to prefer the smoothness of Medoro to the roughness of Roldan." "That same Angelica, Mr. curate, said the knight, was an unsettled, rambling young woman that longed after novelties, and left the world as full of her impertinent actions as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thousand noblemen, a thousand valiant and discreet admirers, and contented herself with a yellow-haired page, who had neither fortune nor reputation, but that of being grateful to his friend. The renowned Ariosto, who sung the praises of her beauty, either not daring or not designing to rehearse what happened to her after her base intrigue, because he deemed it a theme not extremely honourable for his muse, dropped her at these lines:

Another bard may sing in loftier lay,
How he obtain'd the scepter of Cathay.

And truly, this was a sort of prophecy; for, the poets are also called vates, which, in Latin, signifies diviners, and it was plainly verified in the event, an Andaluzian bard having since that time sung in verse her tears and lamentation, as the most famous and sublime genius of Castile hath celebrated her beauty."

"Pray tell me, signor Don Quixote, said the barber, among all those authors who have written in her praise, hath not some one or other

composed a satire against my lady Angelica?" "I firmly believe, replied the knight, that if Sacripante or Roldan had been bards, they would have made the damsel smart severely, it being natural and peculiar to poets, who are disdained and rejected by their false mistresses, whether real or imaginary, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons; a resentment altogether unworthy of generous breasts; but, hitherto I have not met with any such defamatory verses against the lady Angelica, tho' she made strange confusion in the world." "That is a wonder, indeed," said the curate, when hearing the housekeeper and niece, who had sometime before quitted the company, bawling aloud in the yard, they ran out to see what was the occasion of such noise.

C H A P. II.

The notable fray that happened between Sancho and Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper; with other diverting incidents.

THE history relates, that the noise which Don Quixote, the curate and barber heard, was occasioned by the niece and housekeeper scolding at Sancho, who struggled to get in and see his master, while they defended the door. "What does the swag-bellied lurcher want in this house?" said the housekeeper, get you home, brother; it was you and none but you, that turned my poor master's brain, enticing him from his own home, to strol about the highways." To this apostrophe Sancho replied, "Housekeeper of satan! 'tis my brain that's turned; 'twas I that was enticed to strol about the highways, and not thy master; for, he carried me a rambling: so that you have reckoned without your host. 'Twas he that wheedled me from my own house, with the promise of an island, which I expect to this good hour." "Devil choak thee with islands, thou cursed cormorant! cried the niece, and pray, what is an island; is it any thing to eat, thou gorballed glutton, ha?" "No, not to eat, but to govern, answered Sancho, and a fat government it is. Better than the places of any four of the king's alcaldes." "Be that as it will, said the housekeeper, thou shan't set foot in this house, thou bag of mischief and bundle of malice! go, and look after thy own family, fatten thy hogs, and let us hear no more of these islands or oyl-lands."

The curate and barber were highly entertained with this dialogue; but, Don Quixote, fearing that Sancho would open his budget, and disburthen himself of some mischievous load of folly, by blabbing things not much to his credit, called him in, bidding the women hold their tongues, and
give

give him entrance. Sancho being accordingly admitted, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Quixote, whose recovery they despaired of, seeing him so unalterably fixed in his folly, and so wholly possessed with the frantic spirit of knight-errantry. "You shall see, neighbour," said the curate to the barber, "that when we least think of it, this poor gentleman will make another folly." "That I make no doubt of," answered the barber, "but I don't wonder so much at the madness of the knight as at the simplicity of the squire, who believes so devoutly in this island, that, I think, all the invention of man could not extract it from his skull." "God mend them!" replied the curate; "mean while, let us keep a strict eye over their behaviour, and observe the operation of their joint extravagance; for, the madness of the master seems to have been cast in the same mould with the foolishness of the man, and, in my opinion, the one without the other would not be worth a farthing." "True," said the barber, "and I should be glad to know what they are now talking of." "I dare say," replied the curate, "the niece and housekeeper will give us a good account of their conversation; for, they are none of those who can resist the opportunity of listening."

In the mean time, Don Quixote having shut himself up in his apartment with Sancho, said, "It gives me much concern, Sancho, to hear thee say, as thou dost, that I enticed thee from thy cottage, when thou knowest that I, at the same time, quitted my own house: together we set out, lived and travelled together; sharing the same fortune and the same fate. If thou hast been once tossed in a blanket, I have been bruised an hundred times, and this is the only pre-eminence I enjoyed." "And that's but reasonable," replied Sancho, "according to your worship's own remark, that misfortune belongs more to knights-errant, than to their squires." "There you are mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for the Latin adage says, *Quando caput dolet, &c.*" "Nay, quoth Sancho, I understand no lingo but my mother-tongue." "The meaning," said his master, "is, When the head akes, all the members are affected. I therefore, as thy lord and master, am thy head, and thou as my servant are a part of me; so, that whatever mischief has happened, or may happen to me, ought to extend to thee likewise, in the same manner as I bear a share in all thy sufferings." "That may be," said Sancho; "but when I, as a member, was tossed in a blanket, my head sat peaceably on the other side of the wall, and beheld me vaulting in the air, without feeling the least uneasiness; and since the members are obliged to ake with the head, I think it is but just, that the head should ake with the members." "How canst thou affirm, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that I

felt no pain while thou wast tossed in the blanket? Say, or think so no more; for, I was, at that time, more afflicted in mind than thou in body.

“But let us wave this subject for the present; and, time will, no doubt, offer an opportunity of considering it more maturely, and of setting every thing to rights; and tell me, friend Sancho, how am I spoke of in this place? what say the vulgar? what character do I bear among the gentry? and how am I treated by the knights? what is their opinion of my valour, exploits and courteous behaviour? and how do they relish the design I have undertaken of raising and restoring to the world the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry? In short, Sancho, I desire that thou wilt inform me of every thing thou hast heard on this subject, without adding to the good, or subtracting from the evil; it being the duty of servants to represent the truth to their masters, in its own native form, neither exaggerated by adulation, nor diminished by any other vain respect; and let me tell thee, Sancho, if the naked truth was always conveyed to the ears of princes, undisguised by flattery, we should see better days, and other æras would deserve the name of the iron age, more than the present, which would be justly looked upon as the age of gold. Remember this advice, Sancho, and inform me with honesty and discretion, of all that thou knowest, in regard to what I have asked.” “That I will with all my heart, sir, answered Sancho, on condition that your worship wont be offended with the truth, since you desire to see it in its nakedness, just as it came to my knowledge.” “I shall not be offended in the least, replied Don Quixote; speak therefore, freely, without going about the bush.”

“Well then, said the squire, in the first place, you must know that the common people think your worship a stark, staring madman, and me a most notorious fool; the better fort say, that scorning the rank of a private gentleman, you have put Don before your name, and dubbed yourself knight, with a small garden, a few acres of land, and a doublet clouted on both sides. The knights forsooth are affronted that your small gentry should pretend to vie with them, especially those needy squires who sole their own shoes, and darn their black hose with green silk.” “That observation, said Don Quixote, cannot affect me, for I always wear good cloaths, and never appear patched. My doublet may, indeed, be torn, but then it is by my armour, not by time.” “Touching the valour, courtesy, adventures and design of your worship, said Sancho, there are different opinions. Some say he is mad, but a diverting madman; others allow that he is valiant, but unlucky; a third set observe, that he is courteous, but impertinent; and in this manner

we are handled so severely, that neither your worship nor I have a whole bone left." "You see, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that whenever virtue shines in an eminent degree, she always meets with persecution. Few or none of the celebrated heroes of antiquity could escape the calumnies of malice: Julius Cæsar, a most daring, wise and valiant general, was accused of being ambitious, and not over cleanly in his customs or apparel: Alexander, who by his achievements acquired the name of Great, was said to be a drunkard: and Hercules, renowned for his labours, reported to have been lewd and effeminate: Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, was grumbled at for being excessively quarrelsome, and Amadis himself ridiculed as an arrant whiner. Therefore, son Sancho, among so many aspersions thrown upon such great men, I may well overlook what is said against me; since it is no worse than what thou hast repeated." "That's the very thing, body of my father!" replied Sancho. "What is there any thing more?" said his master. "More! cried the squire, the tail is yet unflea'd. What you have heard is but cakes and gingerbread; but, if your worship would know all the backbitings we suffer, I will this moment bring hither one, who can inform you of every circumstance, without losing a crumb; for, last night, the son of Bartholomew Carrasco arrived from Salamanca, where he has been at his studies, and got a batchelor's degree; and when I went to welcome him home, he told me there was a printed book of your worship's history, in which you go by the name of 'The ingenious squire Don Quixote de la Mancha;' and that I am mentioned in it, by my own name of Sancho Panza, as well as my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with other things that passed between you and me only; at hearing of which, I crossed myself through fear, wondring, how they should come to the knowledge of the historian." "You may depend upon it, Sancho, said Don Quixote, the author of our history must be some sage enchanter; for nothing is hid from writers of that class." "How can he be a sage enchanter, said Sancho; when batchelor Sampson Carrasco (for that's the name of him who told me) says the author of our history is called Cid Hamet Bean-and-jelly?" "That name is moorish," replied Don Quixote. "Very like, said the squire, for I have often heard, that the Moors are very fond of beans and jellies." "Thou must certainly be mistaken, Sancho, said Don Quixote, in the surname of that Cid, which in Arabic, signifies Signor." "Very possible, answered the squire, but if your worship desires to see the batchelor, I will bring him hither in a twinkling." "Thou wilt oblige me very much, my friend, said Don Quixote, for what thou hast told me has bred such doubts and suspence within

me,

me, that I cannot eat a morsel, until I am informed of the whole affair." "Then I'll go seek him," replied Sancho, who, leaving his master, went in quest of the batchelor, with whom he returned in a little time, and a most pleasant dialogue ensued.

C H A P. III.

The ludicrous conversation that passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the batchelor Sampson Carrasco.

DON Quixote remained extremely pensive, in expectation of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himself, in print, according to Sancho's information; though he could scarce persuade himself, that there could be such a history extant; the blood of his enemies whom he had slain, being scarce, as yet, dry upon the blade of his sword; and yet they would have his high atchievements already recorded in printed books. He therefore imagined that some sage, either friend or foe, had cast them off, by the power of enchantment: if a friend, in order to aggrandize and extol them above the most distinguished exploits of knight-errantry; if an enemy, to annihilate and depress them beneath the meanest actions that ever were recorded of any squire. "Although, said he, within himself, the deeds of squires are never committed to writing; and, if my history actually exists, seeing it treats of a knight-errant, it must, of necessity, be pompous, sublime, surprizing, magnificent, and true." This reflection consoled him a little: but he became uneasy again, when he recollected that his author was a Moor, as appeared by the name of Cid; and that no truth was to be expected from that people, who are all false, deceitful, and chimerical. He was afraid that his amours were treated with some indecency, that might impair and prejudice the honour of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, wishing for nothing more than a true representation of his fidelity, and the decorum he always preserved, in refusing queens, empresses and damsels of all ranks, while he kept the impulse of his passions under the rein. Tossed therefore, and fluctuating on these and many other fancies, he was found by Sancho and Carrasco, whom the knight received with great courtesy.

The batchelor, though his name was Sampson, was not very big, but a great wag, of a pale complexion and excellent understanding; he was about the age of four and twenty; had a round visage, flat nose, and capacious mouth, all symptoms of a mischievous disposition, addicted to
jokes

jokes and raillery; as appeared, when he approached Don Quixote, before whom he fell upon his knees, saying, "Permit me to kiss your most puissant hand, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have received no other orders than the first four, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that ever were, or ever will be, within the circumference of the globe! Blest be Cid Hamet Benengeli, who wrote the history of your greatness! and thrice blest that curious person who took care to have it translated from the Arabic into our mother tongue, for the entertainment of mankind!" Don Quixote raising him up, said, "Tis true, then that there is a history of me, and that the sage who composed it is a Moor." "So true, signor, (said Sampson) that to my certain knowledge, there are twelve thousand volumes of it, this day, in print; let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they were printed, contradict me, if they can. It is even reported to be now in the press at Antwerp; and I can easily perceive, that there is scarce a nation or language into which it will not be translated." "One of the things, said Don Quixote on this occasion, which ought to afford the greatest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to live and see himself celebrated in different languages, and his actions recorded in print, with universal approbation; I say with approbation, because to be represented otherwise, is worse than the worst of deaths." "In point of reputation and renown, said the batchelor, your worship alone, bears away the palm from all other knights-errant; for, the Moor in Arabic, and the Christian in his language, have been careful of painting the gallantry of your worship to the life; your vast courage in encountering dangers, your patience in adversity, your fortitude in the midst of wounds and mischance, together with the honour and chastity of your platonic love for my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."

Here Sancho interposing, said, "I never heard my lady called Donna Dulcinea, but simply the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; so that there the history is wrong." "That is no material objection," answered Carrasco. "No, sure, replied the knight; but tell me Mr. batchelor, which of my exploits is most esteemed in this history?" "As to that particular, said the batchelor, there are as many different opinions as there are different tastes. Some stick to the adventure of the windmills, which to your worship appeared monstrous giants; others, to that of the fulling-mills: this reader, to the description of the two armies, which were afterwards metamorphosed into flocks of sheep; while another magnifies that of the dead body, which was carrying to the place of interment at Segovia: one says, that the deliverance of the gally-slaves excels all the rest; and

a second affirms, that none of them equals the adventure of the Benedictine giants, and your battle with the valiant Biscayner." Here Sancho interrupting him again, said, "Tell me, Mr. batchelor, is the adventure of the Yanguelians mentioned, when our modest Rozinante* longed for green pease in December." "Nothing, replied Sampson, has escaped the pen of the sage author, who relates every thing most minutely, even to the capers which honest Sancho cut in the blanket." "I cut no capers in the blanket, answered Sancho; but in the air, I grant you, I performed more than I desired." "In my opinion, said Don Quixote, there is no human history that does not contain reverses of fortune, especially those that treat of chivalry, which cannot always be attended with success." "Nevertheless, resumed the batchelor, some who have read your history, say, they should not have been sorry, had the authors forgot a few of those infinite drubbings which, in different encounters, were bestowed on the great Don Quixote." "But in this, consists the truth of history," said the squire.

Don Quixote observed, that they might as well have omitted them; for those incidents, which neither change nor affect the truth of the story, ought to be left out, if they tend to depreciate the chief character. "Take my word for it, said he, Æneas was not so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so prudent as he is represented by Homer." "True, said Sampson, but it is one thing to compose as a poet, and another to record as an historian: the poet may relate or rehearse things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; whereas, an historian must transmit them, not as they ought to have been, but exactly as they were; without adding to, or subtracting the least tittle from the truth." "Since this moorish gentleman has told all the truth, said Sancho, I don't doubt that among the drubbings of my master, he has mentioned mine also; for, they never took the measure of his shoulders, without crossing my whole body; but at this I ought not to wonder, since, as he observes, when the head aches, the members ought to have their share of the pain." "You are a sly rogue, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, and I find you don't want memory, when you think proper to use it." "If I had all the mind in the world, said Sancho, to forget the blows I have received, the marks, which are still fresh upon my carcase, would by no means allow me."

"Hold your peace, Sancho, said the knight, and don't interrupt Mr. batchelor, whom I intreat to proceed, and let me know, what more is

* *Peñe en el mar* or *el gallo*. Eggs to look for tartuffles in the sea, a proverb applicable to those who are too sanguine in their expectations, and unreasonable in their desires.

said

faid of me in this same history." " Ay, and of me too, cried Sancho, who, they say, am one of the principal personages of it." " You mean persons and not personages, friend Sancho," said Sampson. " What! have we got another reprimander of words? said the squire; since it is come to this, we shall never have done." " Plague light on me! Sancho, replied the batchelor, if you are not the second person of the history; and there are many who would rather hear you speak than the first character in the book; tho' some there be also, who say you are excessively credulous, in believing there could be any foundation for the government of that island, which was promised to you by signor Don Quixote, here present." " * There is no time lost, said Don Quixote, while thou art advancing in years, Sancho, age will bring experience; and then thou wilt be more qualified and fit to govern than thou art at present." " 'Fore God! Sir, said Sancho, the island which I cannot govern with these years, I shall never govern, were I as old as Methusalem: the mischief is, that this same island is delayed I don't know how; not that I want noddle to govern it." " Recommend it, Sancho, said Don Quixote, to the direction of heaven, which does all for the best, and may perhaps exceed your expectation; for, not a leaf can move upon a tree, without the permission of God." " True, said Sampson, if it be the will of God, Sancho shall not want a thousand islands, much less one to govern." " I have seen governors in my time, quoth Sancho, who, to my thinking, did not come up to the sole of my shoe, and yet they were called your lordship, and served in plate." " Those were not governors of islands, replied Sampson, but of other governments more easily managed; for, such as govern islands, ought, at least, to have some grammatical knowledge." " I know very well how to † cram, said Sancho, but as to the matted cawl, I will neither meddle nor make, because I don't understand it: but, leaving this government in the hands of God, who will dispose of me the best for his own service, I am, Mr. Batchelor Sampson Carrasco, infinitely pleased and rejoiced that the author of our history has spoke of me in such a manner as not to give offence; for, by the faith of a good squire! if he had said any thing of me, that did not become an old christian as I am, the deaf should have heard of it." " That were a miracle indeed!" answered Sampson. " Miracle or no miracle, said Sancho, let every man take care how he speaks or writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture, the first thing that comes into his jolterhead."

* *Aun ay sol en las bardas*---. There is still sun-shine on the wall.---i. e. It is not yet too late.

† Finding it impossible to translate the original pun or blunder, I have substituted another in its room, on the word Grammatical, which I think has at least an equally good effect.

“ One of the faults that are found with the history, added the batchelor, is, that the author has inserted in it, a novel intituled *The Impertinent Curiosity*? Not that the thing itself is bad, or poorly executed; but, because it is unseasonable, and has nothing to do with the story of his worshipful signor Don Quixote.” “ I’ll lay a wager, cried Sancho, that this son of a car has made a strange hodge-podge of the whole.” “ Now, I find, said the knight, that the author of my history is no sage, but some ignorant prater, who, without either judgment or premeditation, has undertaken to write it at random, like Orbaneja the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he painted, answered, “ Just as it happens;” and when he would sometimes scrawl out a mishapen cock, was fain to write under it in Gothic letters, This is a Cock; and my history being of the same kind, will need a commentary to make it intelligible.” “ Not at all,” answered Sampson, it is already so plain, that there is not the least ambiguity in it: the very children handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud it: in short, it is so thumbed, so read, and so well known by every body, that no sooner a meagre horse appears, than they say, “ There goes Rozinante;” but those who peruse it most, are your pages: you cannot go into a nobleman’s antichamber, where you won’t find a Don Quixote, which is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, some struggling, and some intreating for a sight of it: in fine, this history is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen: for, in the whole book, there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic.” “ To write otherwise, said Don Quixote, were not to publish truth, but to propagate lies; and those historians who deal in such, ought to be burnt like coiners of false money: but, I cannot imagine what induced the author to avail himself of novels and stories that did not belong to the subject, when he had such a fund of my adventures to relate: he doubtless stuck to the proverb *, so the gizzard is crammed, it matters not how; for, truly, had he confined himself to the manifestation of my reveries, my sighs, my tears, my benevolence, and undertakings; he might have compiled a volume larger, or as large as all the works of Tostatus bound together: really, Mr. batchelor, according to my comprehension, it requires great judgment and a ripe understanding to compose histories, or indeed any books whatever; for, to write with elegance and wit is the province of great geniuses only: the wisest person in the comedy is he that plays the fool; for, he must be no simpleton, who can exhibit a diverting re-

* The original is *De faja, y de laca, el jergon lleno*; i. e. The bed is filled, tho’ it be with hay and straw.

presentation of folly. History is a sacred subject, because the soul of it is truth, and where truth is, there the divinity will reside; yet there are some who compose and cast off books, as if they were tossing up a dish of pancakes."

"There is no book so bad, said the bachelor, but you may find something good in it." "Doubtless, replied the knight, but it frequently happens, that those who have deservedly purchased and acquired great reputation by their writings, lose it all, or at least, forfeit a part of it in printing them." "The reason, said Sampson, is, that printed works are perused with leisure; consequently their faults easily observed; and the greater the reputation of the author is, the more severely are they scrutinized: men celebrated for their genius, great poets, and illustrious historians, are, for the most part, if not always envied by those whose pleasure and particular entertainment consists in criticising the works of others, without having obliged the world with any thing of their own." "That is not to be wondered at, said Don Quixote, for there are many theologians who make but a poor figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in discerning the faults and superfluities of those who preach well." "That is all true, signor Don Quixote, said Carrasco, and I could wish that those censurers were either a little more compassionate, or something less scrupulous, than to insist upon such blemishes of the work they decry, as may be compared to little spots in the sun, and as aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus, consider how long the author watched, in order to display the light of his performance, with as little shade as possible: perhaps too, those things which disgust them, are no other than moles, that sometimes add to the beauty of the face on which they grow: and therefore I affirm, that he who publishes a book, runs an immense risk; because, it is absolutely impossible to compose such an one as will please and entertain every reader." "I believe, few will relish that which treats of me," said the knight. "Quite the contrary, answered Sampson, for as stultorum infinitus est numerus, the number of those who are delighted with your history, is infinite; tho' some accuse the author's memory as false or faulty, because he has forgot to tell who the thief was that stole Sancho's Dapple, of whom there was not a word mentioned: we can only infer from the history, that he was stolen; and by-and-by, we find the squire mounted on the same beast, without knowing how he was retrieved: they say likewise, that he has omitted telling what Sancho did with those hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau, in Sierra Morena; and which are never mentioned, tho' many people desire to know what use he made of them; and this is one of the chief defects in the work."

“ Mr. Sampson, answered the squire, I am not in an humour at present, to give accounts and reckonings of that affair; for, I feel a certain faintishness in my stomach, and if I don't recruit it with a couple of draughts of old stingo, I shall be in most grievous taking*: I have the cordial at home, and my dame waits for me; but, when I have filled my belly, I will return and satisfy your worship, and all the world, in whatever they shall desire to ask, both with regard to the loss of my beast, and the spending of the hundred crowns.” So, without expecting a reply, or speaking another word, he hied him home, while Don Quixote desired and intreated the batchelor to stay and do penance with him. The batchelor accepted the invitation, and stayed; a pair of pidgeons was added to the knight's ordinary; he talked of nothing but chivalry, at table, and Carrasco encouraged the discourse: the repast ended, they took their afternoon's nap, Sancho returned, and the former conversation was renewed.

C H A P. IV.

In which Sancho Panza satisfies the doubts, and answers the questions of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco; with other incidents worthy to be recited and known.

SANCHO returning to his master's house, resumed the former conversation, to gratify Mr. Sampson, who said he wanted to know, when, in what manner, and by whom his asfs had been stolen: “ You must know, then, said he, that very night we fled from the holy brotherhood, and got into the brown mountain, after the misventuresome adventure of the galley-slaves, and the corpse that was carrying to Segovia, we took up our quarters in a thicket, where my master and I, being both fatigued, and sorely bruised in the frays we had just finished, went to rest, he leaning upon his lance, and I lolling upon Dapple, as if we had been stretched upon four feather-beds: I, in particular, slept so sound, that the thief, whosoever he was, had an opportunity of coming and propping me up with four stakes, fixed under the corner of my pannel, on which I was left astride; so that he slipt Dapple from under me, without my perceiving it in the least.” “ And this no difficult matter, nor new device, said Don Quixote; for, the same thing happened to Sacripante, at the siege of Albraca, where, by this contrivance, his horse was stolen from between his legs, by the famous

* In Spanish, *Me pondra en la Espina de Santa Lucia*; i. e. Will put me on St. Lucia's thorn: applicable to any uneasy situation.

robber Brunelo." "When morning came, proceeded Sancho, I no sooner began to stretch myself, than the stakes gave way, and down I came to the ground, with a vengeance: I looked for my beast, and finding he was gone, the tears gushed from my eyes, and I set up a lamentation, which, if the author of our history has not set down, you may depend upon it, he hath neglected a very excellent circumstance: a good many days after this mischance, as I chanced to be travelling with my lady the princess Micomicona, descrying a person riding towards me, in the habit of a gypsie, I immediately knew my own ass, and discovered the rider to be Gines de Passamonte, that impostor and notorious malefactor, whom my master and I delivered from the galley-chain."

"The error lies not in that part of the history, replied the batchelor, but, consists in the author's saying that Sancho rode on the same ass, before it appears, that he had retrieved him." "As to that affair, said the squire, I can give you no satisfactory answer, perhaps, it was an oversight in the historian, or owing to the carelessness of the printer." "Doubtless it was so, replied Sampson, but, what became of these hundred crowns? were they laid up, or laid out?" "I laid them out, answered Sancho, in necessaries for my own person, my wife and children; and those crowns were the cause of my gossip's bearing patiently, my ramblings and roving in the service of my lord and master Don Quixote; for, if after such a long absence, I had come home without my ass, and never a cross in my pocket, I might have expected a welcome the wrong way. Now, if you have any thing else to ask, here I am, ready to answer the king in person; and it matters not to any person, whether I did or did not bring them home, or whether I spent them or lent them; for, if the blows I have received in our peregrinations, were to be repaid with money, rated at no more than four maravedis apiece, another hundred crowns would not quit one half of the score: therefore, let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not pretend to mistake an * hawk for a hand-saw; for, we are all as God made us, and many of us much worse."

"I will take care, said Carrasco, to apprise the author of the history, that if it should come to another edition, he may not forget to insert what honest Sancho observes, as it will not a little contribute to raise the value of the work." "Mr. batchelor, said the knight, did you in reading it, perceive any thing else that ought to be amended?" "There might be some things altered for the better, replied Carrasco; but, none of such consequence as those already mentioned." "And pray, resumed Don Quixote, does the author promise a second part?" "Yes, said Sampson,

* In the original, "Black for white."

but,

but, he says, he has not yet found it, nor does he know in whose possession it is; so, that we are still in doubt, whether or not it will see the light: on that account, therefore, and likewise, because some people say that second parts are never good, while others observe, that too much already hath been written concerning Don Quixote, it is believed that there will be no second part; tho' there is a third sort more jovial than wife, who cry, "Quixote for ever! let the knight engage, and Sancho Panza harangua; come what will, we shall be satisfied." "And how does the author seem inclined?" said the knight. "How?" answered Carrasco, to set the press agoing, as soon as he can find the history, for which he is now searching with all imaginable diligence; thereto swayed by interest, more than by any motive of praise." "Since the author keeps interest and money in his eye, said Sancho, it will be a wonder if he succeeds; for, he'll do nothing but hurry, hurry, like a taylor on Easter-eve; and your works that are trumped up in a haste, are never finished with that perfection they require: I would have Mr. Moor take care, and consider what he is about; for, my master and I will furnish him with materials, in point of adventures and different events, sufficient to compose not only one, but an hundred second parts. What! I suppose the honest man thinks we are now sleeping among straw; but, let him lift up our feet, and then he will see which of them wants to be shod: all that I shall say, is, if my master had taken my advice, we might have been already in the fields, redressing grievances, and righting wrongs, according to the use and custom of true knights-errant."

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when their ears were saluted by the neighing of Rozinante, which Don Quixote considered as a most happy omen, and determined in three or four days, to set out on his third expedition: accordingly, he declared his intention to the bachelor, whose advice he asked with regard to the route he should take. Sampson said, that in his opinion, he ought to direct his course towards the kingdom of Arragon, and go to Saragossa, where, in a few days, was to be held a most solemn tournament on the festival of St. George; there he would have an opportunity of winning the palm from the Arragonian knights, which would raise his reputation above that of all the champions upon earth: he applauded his design; as a most valiant and honourable determination, and begged he would be more cautious in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but the property of all those who had occasion for protection and succour in distress.

"That

“That is the very thing I repose, Mr. Sampson, said the squire, for, my master thinks no more of attacking an hundred men in arms, than a hungry boy would think of swallowing half a dozen * pippins: body of the universe! Mr. batchelor, if there are times for attacking, there are also seasons for retreating: the cry must not always be, St. Jago †! charge, Spain;” especially as I have heard, and if I remember aright, my master himself has often observed, that valour lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and rashness: this being the case, I would not have him fly without good reason, nor give the assault when he is likely to be overpowered by numbers; but, above all things, I give my master notice, that if he carries me along with him, it shall be on condition, that he fight all the battles himself, and I be obliged to do nothing, but tend his person, that is, take care of his belly, and keep him sweet and clean; in which case, I will ‡ jig it away, with pleasure; but, to think that I will put hand to sword, even against base-born plebeians, with cap and hatchet, is a wild imagination: for my own part, Mr. Sampson, I do not pretend to the reputation of being valiant; but, of being the best and loyalest squire that ever served a knight-errant; and if my master Don Quixote, in consideration of my great and faithful services, shall be pleased to bestow upon me one of those many islands which his worship says, will fall in his way, I shall very thankfully receive the favour; and even, if he should not keep his word, here stand I, simple as I am, and one man must not depend upon another; but, trust in God alone: besides, the bread I eat, without a government, mayhap will relish better than the dainties of a governor; and how do I know, but the devil may, in these governments, raise some stumbling-block, over which I shall fall and beat out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho will I die; but, nevertheless, if by the favour of providence, I could fairly and softly, without much risk or anxiety, obtain an island, or some such matter, I am not such a ninny as to throw it away; for, as the saying is, When the heifer is offered, be ready with the rope; and when good fortune comes to thy door, be sure to bid it welcome.”

“Brother Sancho, said the batchelor, you have spoke like a professor; but, for all that, put your trust in God, and signor Don Quixote, who instead of an island will give you a whole kingdom.” “The one as likely as the other, answered Sancho; tho’ I dare venture to assure signor Car-

* Literally *Badeas*, a kind of water melon.

† This is the cry uttered by the Spaniards when they charge in battle.

‡ *Baylar el agua delante*, is a phrase applicable to those who do their duty with alacrity, taken from the practice of watering the courts in Spain, an office which the maids perform with a motion that resembles dancing.

raſco, that the kingdom, which my maſter ſhall beſtow upon me, will not be put into a rotten ſack; for, I have felt my own pulſe, and find myſelf in health ſufficient to rule kingdoms and govern iſlands, as I have, upon many other occaſions, hinted to my maſter.” “ Conſider, Sancho, ſaid the batchelor, that honours often change the diſpoſition; and, perhaps, when you come to be governor, you will not know the mother that bore you.” “ That may be the caſe, answered the ſquire, with thoſe who were born among mallows; but, not with me, who have got four inches of old chriſtian ſuet on my ribs: then, if you come to conſider my diſpoſition, you will find I am incapable of behaving ungratefully to any perſon whatever.” “ God grant it to be ſo, ſaid the knight; but, this will appear when you arrive at the government, which methinks, I have already in mine eye.”

He then intreated the batchelor, if he was a poet, to favour him with a copy of verſes on his intended parting from his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, and deſired that every line might begin with a letter of her name, ſo that the initials being joined together, might make Dulcinea del Toboſo. Carraſco, tho' he owned he was not one of the famous poets of Spain, who were ſaid to be but three * and an half, promiſed to compoſe ſuch an acroſtic as he deſired, which, by the by, he foreſaw, would be no eaſy taſk, becauſe the name conſiſted of ſeventeen letters, and if he ſhould make four ſtanzas of four lines each, one muſt be left out; or ſhould they be compoſed of five, called decimas or roundelays, three letters would be wanting to complete the number: however, he would endeavour to ſink one letter as much as he could; ſo that in four ſtanzas, the name Dulcinea del Toboſo ſhould be included. “ That muſt be done, at all events, ſaid Don Quixote; for, if the name be not plain and manifeſt, no woman will believe that ſhe was the ſubject of the poem.” This affair being thus ſettled, as alſo the time of their departure, which was fixed at the diſtance of eight days, Don Quixote charged the batchelor to keep it ſecret, eſpecially from the curate, Mr. Nicholas, his niece and houſekeeper, that they might not obſtruct his honourable and valiant determination. Carraſco having promiſed to obſerve this caution, took his leave of the knight, whom he begged to favour him, on every occaſion, with an account of his good or evil fortune, and Sancho went home, to provide every thing neceſſary for their expedition.

* Alonſo de Ercilla, author of the *Arucana*, Juan Rufo de Cordova, author of the *Aufriada*, Chriſtopher Verras de Valencia, author of the *Montferrate*, and as for the half, Cervantes in all probability meant himſelf.

C H A P. V.

Of the sage and pleasant dialogue between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza, with other incidents worthy to be most happily recorded.

THE translator says, he looks upon this chapter as apocryphal, because it represents Sancho Panza speaking in a style quite different from that which might be expected from his shallow understanding, and making such ingenious observations, as he thinks it impossible he should know; but, he would not leave it out, that he might punctually perform the duty of a faithful translator, and therefore proceeds in these words:

Sancho returned to his own house, in such high spirits, that his wife perceived his gaiety at the distance of a bowshot, and could not help saying, "What is the matter, friend Sancho, that you seem so joyful?" To this question the squire answered, "An it pleased God, wife, I should be very glad, if I were not so joyful as I seem to be." "Truly, husband, replied * Teresa, I don't understand you, and cannot conceive what you mean, by saying, you should be very glad, an it pleased God, you were not so joyful; for, simple tho' I be, I am always glad with what makes me joyful." "Mark me, Teresa, said the squire, I am rejoiced, because it is determined that I shall return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is going to make a third sally in quest of adventures, and I must accompany him in his expedition; for, so my destiny will have it, together with the comfortable and lovely hope of finding another hundred crowns like those I have expended; on the other hand, sorry am I to part with thee and my children; and if God would permit me to eat my bread, dry-shod at home, without dragging me over cliffs and cross-paths: (and this might be done at a small expence, if he would only say the word) it is plain, that my joy would be more firm and perfect; whereas, that which I feel at present, is mingled with the melancholy thoughts of leaving thee, my duck: wherefore, I justly said I should be glad, an it pleased God, I were less joyful." "Verily, Sancho, said his wife, ever since you made yourself a member of knight-errantry, you talk in such a round-about manner, that there is no understanding what you say." "Let it suffice, answered the squire, that I am understood by God, who is the understander of all things; and there let it rest: mean while, take notice,

* Sancho's wife has already been mentioned under the names of Juana and Mary, and now she is called Teresa.

gossip, it will be convenient for you to tend Dapple for these two three days, with special care; let his allowance be doubled, that he may be enabled to carry arms, and look out for the pannel and the rest of the tackle; for, we are not going to a wedding, but, to traverse the globe, and give and take dry blows with your giants, dragons and hobgoblins, and hear nothing but hissing, roaring, bellowing and bleating; and all this would be but flowers of lavender, were it not our doom to encounter with Yanguesiens and enchanted Moors." "I very well believe, that squire-errant do not eat the bread of idleness, replied Teresa; and therefore, husband, I shall continually pray to our Lord, to deliver you from such misfortunes." "I tell thee, wife, said Sancho, if I did not expect to see myself in a little time governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot." "By no means, dear husband, cried Teresa, let the hen live, tho' she have the pip; and I hope you will live, tho' the devil run away with all the governments upon earth: without a government, did you come from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived to this good hour; and without a government shall you go or be carried to your grave, in God's own time: there are many in the world, who have no governments, and yet, for all that, they live and are numbered among the people. Hunger is the best sauce, and as that is never wanting among the poor, they always relish what they eat; but, take care, Sancho, if you come to a government, that you do not forget me and your children: consider, Sanchico has already fifteen good years over his head, and that it is time for him to go to school, if, in case his uncle the abbot has a mind to breed him to the church: consider too, that your daughter Mary Sancha will not break her heart if we marry her; for, I am much mistaken, if she does not long for a husband, as much as you do for a government, and the short and the long of it is, you had better have your daughter ill married than well debauched."

"Take my word for it, answered Sancho, if by the blessing of God, I come to any sort of government, I intend, my dear, to match Mary Sancha so high, as that no body shall come near her, without calling her, your ladyship." "Never think of that, Sancho! cried Teresa, match her with her equal; which will be more prudent than to raise her from clogs to pattens, from good fourteen-penny hoyden grey, to farthingales and petticoats of silk, and from Molly and thou, to Donna and my lady such-a-one: the girl's head would be quite turned, and she would be continually falling into some blunder, that would discover the coarse thread of her home-spun breeding." "Shut that foolish mouth of thine, said Sancho; in two or three years practice, quality and politeness will become quite

quite familiar to her; or, if they should not, what does it signify? let her first be a lady, and then happen what will." "Meddle, Sancho, with those of your own station, replied Teresa, and seek not to lift your head too high; but, remember the proverb that says, When your neighbour's son comes to the door, wipe his nose and take him in. It would be a fine thing, truly, to match our Mary with a great count or cavalier, who would, when he should take it in his head, look upon her as a monster, and call her country wench, and clod-breaker's and hemp-spinner's brat: that shall never happen in my life-time, husband; it was not for that, I brought up my child: do you find a portion, and as to her marriage, leave that to my care; there is Lope Tocho, old John Tocho's son, a jolly young fellow, stout and wholesome, whom we all know, and I can perceive that he has no dislike to the girl: besides, he being our equal, she will be very well matched with him; for, we shall always have them under our eye, and the two families will live together, parents and children, sons and daughters in-law, and the peace and blessing of God will dwell amongst us: wherefore you shall not match me her in your courts and grand palaces, where she will neither understand nor be understood." "Hark ye, you beast and yoke-fellow for Barabbas! replied Sancho, why wouldst thou, now, without rhyme or reason, prevent me from matching my daughter, so as that my grandchildren shall be persons of quality? remember, Teresa, I have often heard my elders and betters observe. He that's coy when fortune's kind, may, after seek, but never find. And should not I be to blame, if, now that she knocks at my door, I should bolt it against her? Let us therefore, take the advantage of the favourable gale that blows."

It was this uncommon stile, with what Sancho says below, that induced the translator to pronounce the whole chapter apocryphal.

"Can't you perceive, animal, with half an eye, proceeded Sancho, that I shall act wisely, in devoting this body of mine to some beneficial government that will lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha according to my own good pleasure: then thou wilt hear thyself called Donna Teresa Panza, and find thyself seated, at church, upon carpets, cushions and tapestry, in despite and defiance of all the small gentry in the parish; and not be always, in the same moping circumstances, without increase or diminution, like a picture in the hangings: but, no more of this; Sanchica shall be a countess, tho' thou should'st cry thy heart out." "Look before you leap, husband, answered Teresa; after all, I wish to God, this quality of my daughter may not be the cause of her perdition: take your own way, and make her dutchess or princess, or

what you please; but, I'll assure you, it shall never be with my consent or good will: I was always a lover of equality, my dear, and can't bear to see people hold their heads high, without reason. Teresa was I christened, a bare and simple name, without the addition, garniture and embroidery of Don or Donna; my father's name is Cascajo, and mine, as being your spouse, Teresa Panza, tho' by rights, I should be called Teresa Cascajo: but, As the king minds, the law binds: and with that name, am I contented, tho' it be not burthened with a Don, which weighs so heavy, that I should not be able to bear it; neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess or governor's lady, to say, 'Mind Mrs. porkfeeder, how proud she looks! it was but yesterday, she toiled hard at the distaf, and went to mass, with the tail of her gown about her head, instead of a veil; but, now, forsooth, she has got her fine farthingales and jewels, and holds up her head, as if we did not know her.' If God preserve me in my seven or five senses, or as many as they be, I shall never bring myself into such a quandary: as for your part, spouse, you may go to your governments and islands, and be as proud as a peacock; but, as for my daughter and me, by the life of my father! we will not stir one step from the village; for, The wife that deserves a good name, stays at home, as if she were lame; and the maid must still be adoining, that hopes to see the men come a wooing. You and Don Quixote may therefore, go to your adventures, and leave us to our misventures; for, God will better our condition, if we deserve his mercy; tho', truly, I cannot imagine who made him a Don; I am sure, neither his father nor grandfather had any such title." "I tell thee, wife, replied the squire, thou hast certainly got some devil in that carcase of thine: the Lord watch over thee, woman! what a deal of stuff hast thou been tacking together, without either head or tail? What the devil has your Cascajos, jewels, proverbs and pride, to do with what I have been saying? Hark ye, you ignorant beast; for such I may call thee, as thou hast neither capacity to understand my discourse, nor prudence to make sure of good fortune, (when it lies in thy way) were I to say, that my daughter shall throw herself from the top of a steeple, or go strolling about the world, like the Infanta Donna Uraca; thou would'st have reason to contradict my pleasure: but, if in two turnings of a ball, and one twinkling of an eye, our good fortune should lay a title across our shoulders; and raising thee from the stubble, set thee in a chair of state, under a canopy, or lay thee upon a sofa, consisting of more velvet * almohadas, than there are Moors in all the family of the Almohadas in Morocco; wherefore would'st not thou

* Almohada signifies a cushion.

consent,

consent, and with me, enjoy the good-luck that falls?" "I'll tell thee wherefore, husband, replied Teresa, because, as the saying is, What covers, discovers thee: the eyes of people always run slightly over the poor, but, make an halt to examine the rich; and if a person so examined was once poor, then comes the grumbling, and the slandering; and he is persecuted by back-biters, who swarm in our streets like bees." "Give ear, Teresa, and listen to what I am going to say, answered Sancho; for, mayhap, thou hast never heard such a thing in all the days of thy life: and I do not now pretend to speak from my own reflection, but, to repeat the remarks of the good father who preached last Lent, in our village: he said, if I right remember, that all objects present to the view, exist, and are impressed upon the imagination, with much greater energy and force, than those which we only remember to have seen. (The arguments here used by Sancho, contributed also, to make the translator believe this chapter apocryphal; because they seem to exceed the capacity of the squire, who proceeded thus) From whence it happens, that when we see any person magnificently dressed, and surrounded with the pomp of servants, we find ourselves invited, and as it were compelled to pay him respect; altho' the memory should, at that instant, represent to us, some mean circumstances of his former life; because, that defect, whether in point of family or fortune, is already past and removed, and we only regard what is present to our view; and if the person whom fortune hath thus raised from the lowness of oblivion, to the height of prosperity, be well-bred, liberal and courteous, without pretending to vie with the ancient nobility; you may take it for granted, Teresa, that no body will remember what he was, but, reverence what he now is; except the children of envy, from whom no thriving person is secure." "I really do not understand you, said Teresa, you may do what you will; but, seek not to distract my brain with your rhetorick and harranguing; for, if you be revolved to do what you say—" "You must call it resolved, woman, and not revolved," cried Sancho. "Never plague yourself to dispute with me, husband, answered Teresa; I speak as God pleases, and meddle not with other people's concerns: if you are obstinately bent upon this same government, I desire you will carry your son Sancho along with you, and from this hour, teach him the art of that profession; for, it is but reasonable that the sons should inherit and learn the trade of their fathers." "As soon as I have obtained my government, said Sancho, I will send thee money by the post; as, by that time, I shall have plenty; for, there are always people in abundance, that will lend to a governor who has no money of his own; and be sure you cloath him in such a manner, as to disguise

guise his present condition, and make him appear like what he is to be." "Send you the money, answered Teresa, and I will dress him up, like any branch of palm *." "Well then, said Sancho, we are agreed about making our daughter a countess—." "That day I behold her a countess, cried the wife, I shall reckon her dead and buried; but, I tell you again, you may use your pleasure; for, we women are born to be obedient to our husbands, tho' they are no better than blocks."

So saying, she began to weep as bitterly as if she had actually seen her daughter laid in her grave: Sancho consoled her, by saying, that altho' she must be a countess, he would defer her promotion as long as he could. Thus ended the conversation, and the squire went back to Don Quixote, to concert measures for their speedy departure.

C H A P. VI.

Of what passed between Don Quixote, his niece and housekeeper, being one of the most important chapters of the whole history.

WHILE this impertinent conversation passed between Sancho Panza, and his wife Teresa Cascajo, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle; for, collecting from a thousand symptoms, that their master wanted to give them the slip a third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, by all possible means, to divert him from his extravagant design: but, all they could say, was like preaching to the desert, or hammering cold iron. However, among many other arguments, the housekeeper said to him, "As I hope to be saved, dear master, if your worship will not settle at home in your own house, but are resolved to stray about the mountains and valleys, like a troubled ghost, in quest of what you term adventures, but what I call mischances, I will complain in person, and raise up my voice to God and the king, that they may apply some remedy to your disorder." To this declaration the knight replied, "Mrs. housekeeper, how God will accept of thy complaints I know not, neither can I guess in what manner his majesty will answer thy petition: this only I know, that if I were king, I would excuse myself from answering that infinite number of impertinent memorials which are daily presented; for, one of the greatest of the many fatigues that attend royalty, is, that of being obliged to listen and reply to all petitions; therefore, I would not have his majesty troubled with any affair of mine." "Pray, sir, said the housekeeper, are there no knights at

* Alluding to the bough that is adorned and carried in procession on Palm-sunday.

court?" "Yes, there are many, answered Don Quixote; and it is reasonable, that there should be always a good number in attendance, to adorn the court, and support the pomp and magnificence of majesty." "Would it not be better, then, for your worship, replied the matron, to be one of that number, and serve your king and master, quietly and safely at court?" "You must know, good woman, said Don Quixote, all knights cannot be courteous, neither can or ought all courtiers to be knights-errant; there ought to be plenty of both, and tho' we are all knights, there is a great difference between the one sort and the other: your courtiers, without crossing the thresholds of their own apartments, travel over the world, in maps, gratis, and never know what it is to suffer either heat, cold, hunger or thirst, in their journey; whereas, we real knights-errant measure the whole globe with our own footsteps, exposed night and day, on horseback and afoot, to the summer's sun and winter's cold, and all the inclemencies of the weather: we not only, seek to see the picture, but the person of our foe, and on all emergencies and occasions, attack him, without paying any regard to the trifling rules of challenges, whether, for example, his sword and lance be shorter or longer than our own; whether he wears about him any relick or secret coat of mail; or whether the sun and wind be equally divided; with other ceremonies of that nature, which are usually observed in duelling, and which, tho' I know them punctually, thou art little acquainted with: thou must also know, that a good knight-errant, tho' he sees ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, with legs like lofty steeples, and arms resembling the masts of vast and warlike ships; while each eye, as large as a mill-wheel, beams and burns like a glass furnace, is by no means confounded or abashed; but, on the contrary, with genteel demeanour and intrepid heart, approaches, assaults, and if possible, vanquishes and overthrows them in a twinkling, tho' they are armed with the shell of a certain fish, said to be harder than adamant; and instead of a sword, use a keen scymitar of damasked steel, or a huge club armed with a point of the same metal, as I have seen on a dozen different occasions. All this I have mentioned, good woman, that thou mayest see what difference there is between knights of different orders; and every prince ought, in reason, to pay greater respect to this second, or rather, this first species of knights-errant, among whom, as we read in history, there have been some who were the bulwarks, not only of one, but of many kingdoms."

"Ah, dear Sir, cried the niece, interrupting him, consider that all those stories of knights-errant are nothing but lies and invention; and every one of the books that contain them deserve, if not to be burnt, at least,

to wear a * San benito, or some other badge, by which it may be known, for an infamous perverter of virtue and good sense." "By the God that protects me! cried the knight, were't thou not undoubtedly my niece, as being my own sister's child, I would chastise thee in such a manner, for the blasphemy thou hast uttered, that the whole world would resound with the example! How! shall a pert baggage, who has scarce capacity enough to manage a dozen lace-bobbins, dare to wag her tongue in censuring the histories of knights-errant? What would signor Amadis say to such presumption? But, surely he would forgive thy arrogance; for, he was the most humble and courteous knight of his time, and besides, the particular champion and protector of damsels; but, thou mightest have been heard by another who would not treat thee so gently; for, all are not affable and well bred: on the contrary, some there are extremely brutal and impolite; all those who call themselves knights, are not intitled to that distinction, some being of pure gold, and others of baser metal, notwithstanding the denomination they assume. But, these last cannot stand the touchstone of truth: there are mean plebeians, who sweat and struggle to maintain the appearance of gentlemen; and on the other hand, there are gentlemen of rank who seem industrious to appear mean and degenerate: the one sort raise themselves either by ambition or virtue, while the other abase themselves by viciousness or sloth; so that we must avail ourselves of our understanding and discernment, in distinguishing those persons, who, tho' they bear the same appellation, are yet so different in point of character." "Good God! said the niece, that your worship should be so learned, that even, if need were, you might mount the pulpit, or go a preaching in the streets, and yet remain in such woeful blindness, and palpable folly, as to persuade the world that you are a valiant, and vigorous righter of wrongs, when you are old, feeble, and almost crippled with age; but, above all things, to give yourself out for a knight, when you are no such thing, for, tho' rich gentlemen may be knighted, poor gentlemen, like you, seldom are."

"There is a good deal of truth in what thou hast observed, cousin, replied Don Quixote; and I could tell thee such things, concerning families, as would raise thine admiration; but, these I suppress, that I may not seem to mix what's human with what's divine: take notice, however, my friends, and be attentive in what I am going to say: all the families in the world, may be reduced to four kinds, which are these; one that from low beginnings, hath extended and dilated to a pitch of power and greatness; another, that from great beginnings hath continued to pre-

* A dress put upon convicted heretics.

serve and maintain its original importance; a third, that from vast beginnings hath ended in a point, like a pyramid, diminishing and decaying from its foundation, into an inconsiderable point like that of a pyramid, which, in respect of its base, is next kin to nothing; a fourth, and that the most numerous, had neither a good foundation, nor reasonable superstructure, and therefore sinks into oblivion, unobserved; such are the families of plebeians and ordinary people. The first, that from low beginnings, hath mounted to power and greatness, which it preserves to this day, is exemplified in the house of Ottoman, that from an humble shepherd, who gave rise to it, attained that pinnacle of grandeur on which it now stands: the second sort of pedigree, that without augmentation hath preserved its original importance; is exhibited in the persons of many princes, who are such by inheritance, and support their rank without addition or diminution, containing themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions: of those who, from illustrious beginnings, have dwindled into a point, there are a thousand examples, in the Pharaohs and Ptolemeys of Ægypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the tribe, if they may be so called, of your Median, Assyrian, Persian, Greek and barbarian princes, monarchs, and great men. All these families and states, together with their founders, have ended in a very inconsiderable point; since, at this day, it is impossible to trace out one of their descendants, or, if we could, he would be found in some base and low degree. I have nothing to say of the plebeians, who only serve to increase the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or panegyric. From what I have said, I would have you infer, my precious Wiseacres, that there is a great confusion of pedigrees, and that those only appear grand and illustrious, whose representatives abound with virtue, liberality and wealth: I say, virtue, liberality and wealth, because, the vicious great man is no more than a great sinner; and the rich man, without liberality, a meer covetous beggar; for, happiness does not consist in possessing, but in spending riches, and that, not in squandering them away, but, in knowing how to use them with taste: now, a poor knight has no other way of signaling his birth, but, the practice of virtue, being affable, well bred, courteous, kind, and obliging, a stranger to pride, arrogance, and slander, and, above all things, charitable; for, by giving two farthings chearfully to the poor, he may shew himself as generous as he that dispenses alms by found of bell: and whosoever sees him adorned with these virtues, altho' he should be an utter stranger to his race, will conclude that he is descended of a good family. Indeed, it would be a sort of miracle to find it otherwise; so that praise is always the reward of virtue, and never fails to

attend the righteous. There are two paths, my children, that lead to wealth and honour; one is that of learning, the other that of arms: now, I am better qualified for the last than for the first, and, (as I judge from my inclination to arms) was born under the influence of the planet Mars; so that I am, as it were, obliged to choose that road, which I will pursue, in spite of the whole universe: you will therefore fatigue yourselves to no purpose, in attempting to persuade me from that which heaven inspires, fortune ordains, reason demands, and above all things, my own inclination dictates: knowing, as I do, the innumerable toils annexed to knight-errantry, I am also well acquainted with the infinite benefits acquired in the exercise of that profession: I know the path of virtue is very strait, while the road of vice is broad and spacious; I know their end and issue is different: the wide extended way of vice conducts the traveller to death; while the narrow, toilful path of virtue, leads to happiness and life—not that which perisheth, but, that which hath no end; and I know, as our great Castilian poet observes,

By these rough paths of toil and pain,
Th' immortal seats of bliss we gain,
Deny'd to those who heedless stray
In tempting pleasure's flow'ry way."

"Ah! woe is me! cried the cousin, my uncle is a poet too! he knows every thing, and can do every thing: I'll lay a wager, if he should turn bricklayer, he could build a house like any cage." "I do assure thee, niece, replied Don Quixote, if those knightly sentiments did not wholly engross my attention, there is not a thing on earth that I could not make; nor a curiosity that should not go thro' my hands, especially bird-cages and tooth-picks."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the gate, which, as they found upon enquiry, was made by Sancho, whose presence was no sooner intimated, than the housekeeper ran away to hide herself, that she might avoid the sight of him whom she abhorred: the niece, therefore, opened the door, and his master came out to receive him with open arms; then shutting themselves up together, another dialogue passed, no ways inferior to the former.

C H A P. VII.

Of what passed between Don Quixote and his squire; with other surprising incidents:

THE housekeeper seeing that her master and Sancho were locked up together, immediately guessed the subject of the conversation; and imagining, that the result of this consultation would be a third sally, she put on her veil, and full of trouble and anxiety, went in quest of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, thinking, that as he was a well-spoken man, and her master's new friend, he might persuade him to lay aside such an extravagant design: accordingly, she found him taking a turn in his own yard, and fell upon her knees, before him, in a cold sweat, occasioned by her vexation. Carrasco seeing her appear with such marks of sorrow and consternation, said, "What is the matter, Mrs. housekeeper? what hath befallen you? something seems to have harrowed up your very soul!" "Nothing at all, dear Mr. Sampson, cried the housekeeper, only my master is breaking out—he is certainly breaking out!" "How breaking out? said Sampson, is any part of his body unsound?" "Where should he break out, replied the other, but thro' the gate of his madness? my meaning, dear batchelor of my soul! is, that he is going to make another sally, (and that will be the third) searching up and down the world for what he calls ventures, tho' I cannot imagine why they should have that name: the first time, he returned so battered and bruised, that they were fain to lay him across an ass, like a sack of oats, because he could not sit upright: the second time, he was brought home in a waggon, stretched and cooped up in a cage, in which he imagined himself enchanted, in such a woeful plight, that he could scarce be known by the mother that bore him, so lank and meagre, with his eyes sunk into the very lowest pit of his brain; so that before I could bring him to any tolerable degree of strength, I expended more than six hundred new laid eggs, as God and all the world know, as well as my hens, that will not suffer me to tell a lie." "That I verily believe, said the batchelor; your hens are so good, plump and well bred, that they would rather burst than say one thing and mean another: well then, Mrs. housekeeper, nothing else hath happened, neither have you met with any other misfortune, but, the apprehension of what your master Don Quixote will do?" "Nothing else," said she. "Give yourself no trouble then, resumed the batchelor, but go home a God's name, and get ready

ready something hot for my breakfast; and in your way, repeat St. Apollonia's prayer, if you can; I will follow, in a little time, and then you shall see wonders." "Dear heart! cried the housekeeper, St. Apollonia's prayer, say you? that I should repeat if my master had the tooth-ach, but, lack-a-day! his distemper lies in his skull." "I know what I say, answered Sampson: take my advice, Mrs. housekeeper, and do not pretend to dispute with me; for, I would have thee to know that I am a batchelor of Salamanca; there's no higher batcheleering than that." She accordingly moved homeward, while Sampson went to communicate to the curate that which will be in due time disclosed.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were closetted together, there passed between them, a conversation which the history recounts with great punctuality and truth. "Signor, said the squire, I have at length traduced my wife to consent that I shall attend your worship wheresoever you shall please to carry me." "Say reduced, and not traduced, Sancho," replied the knight. "I have once or twice, if my memory serves me, said Sancho, intreated your worship, not to correct my words, if you understand my meaning; and when you can't make it out, I desire you would say, Sancho, or devil, I don't understand thee: then, if I fail in explaining myself, you may correct me as much as you please; for, I am so fossil." "I do not understand thee now, cried Don Quixote, nor can I comprehend what thou wouldst be at, in saying I am so fossil." "So fossil; said the squire; that is, whereby, as how I am just so." "Nay, now, thou art more and more unintelligible," replied the knight. "If your worship does not understand me now, answered Sancho, I know not how to express it; for, I am already at my wit's-end, and Lord have mercy upon me." "O! now I conceive thy meaning, said the knight; thou wouldst say thou art so docil, gentle and tractable, as to comprehend every thing I say, and retain whatsoever I shall teach thee." "I'll lay a wager, said the squire, that from the beginning, you knew my meaning by my mumping, but wanted to confound me, by leading me into a thousand more blunders." "It may be so, said the knight, but in reality what says Teresa?" "Teresa, answered Sancho, says I must be sharp with your worship. Fast bind, fast find: he that shuffles does not always cut; and that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush: now, I know that a wife's counsel is bad, but he that will not take it is mad." "So say I, replied Don Quixote; proceed, friend Sancho, you speak like an oracle to-day." "Why then, the case is this, resumed Sancho, your worship very well knows we are all mortal, here to-day, and gone to-morrow; for, the lamb goes as fast as the dam; and no man in this world can promise himself more
hours

hours of life than God is pleased to grant him; because death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door of life is always in a hurry, and will not be detained either by fair means or force, by scepters or mitres, as the report goes, and as we have often heard it declared from the pulpit.”

“All this is very true, said the knight; but, I cannot guess what you drive at.” “What I drive at, answered Sancho, is that your worship would appoint me a certain monthly salary for the time I shall serve you, to be paid out of your estate; for, I don’t chuse to depend upon recompences that come late or low, or never. God will protect me with my own. In short, I would know, what I have to trust to, whether little or much; for, the hen clucks though but on one egg; many littles make a mickle; and he that is getting aught, is losing nought. True it is, if it should happen, which I neither believe nor expect, that your worship can give me the island you have promised me so long, I am not so greedy or ungrateful; but, that I will suffer my rent to be appraised, and my salary deducted in due portion.” “To be sure, friend Sancho, said the * knight, all portions ought to be proportioned.” “I understand you, replied the squire, I should have said proportion, instead of portion; but, that is of no signification, since my meaning is comprehended by your worship.” “Ay, and so thoroughly comprehended, said Don Quixote, that I have penetrated into the inmost recesses of thy thoughts, and perceive the mark at which those innumerable shafts of thy proverbs are aimed. Look you, Sancho, I would appoint thee a salary, if I could find in any history of knights-errant, one precedent, by which I might discover, or have the least glimpse of what they used to give monthly or yearly; but, I have carefully perused all, or the greatest part of those histories, and cannot remember to have read, that any knight-errant ever paid a certain salary to his squire. I only know, that all of them trusted to favour, and when it was least in their thoughts, provided their masters chanced to be fortunate, they found themselves rewarded with an island, or something equivalent, and at least, were honoured with rank and title. If, with these hopes and expectations, you are willing to return to my service, do it a God’s name; but, if you think I will un-
hinge and deviate from the ancient customs of chivalry, you are grievously mistaken: wherefore, friend Sancho, you may go home again, and declare my intention to your wife Teresa, and if she is pleased, and you are willing to depend upon my favour, bene quidem, if not, let us shake hands and part; while there are pease in the dovehouse, I shall never want pigeons; and remember, my child, that it is better to be rich in

* I have substituted this play upon the word proportion, in lieu of Sancho’s blundering on *Rata*.
hope,

hope, than poor in possession; and that a good claim is preferable to bad pay. I talk in this manner, Sancho, to shew that I can pour forth a volley of proverbs as well as you; and finally, I must and will give you to understand, that if you do not choose to serve me on these terms, and share my fortune, whatsoever it may be, I pray God may prosper and make a saint of you; for my part, I shall not want squires more obedient and careful, though less troublesome and talkative than your worship."

When Sancho heard this firm resolution of his master, the sky began to lour, and down flagged the wings of his heart in a moment; for, he had believed, that the knight would not set out without him, for all the wealth in the world. While he thus remained pensive and dejected, in came Sampson Carrasco, followed by the niece, who was very desirous to hear, with what arguments he would dissuade her uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, no sooner entered, than embracing the knight, as at first, he pronounced with an audible voice, "O flower of knight-errantry, resplendent sun of arms, thou glory and mirror of the Spanish nation! may it please the Almighty, of his infinite power, that if any person or persons shall raise any impediment to obstruct thy third sally, they may never extricate themselves from the labyrinth of their desires, or accomplish what they so unjustly wish!" Then turning to the duenna, "Mrs. housekeeper, said he, you need not now repeat St. Apollonia's prayer; for, I know it is the precise determination of the stars, that signor Don Quixote shall again execute his new and lofty plan; and I should greatly burden my conscience, if I forbore to intimate, and desire, that this knight will no longer withhold and detain the force of his valiant arm, and the virtue of his heroic soul; because, by his delay, he retards the righting of wrongs, the protection of orphans, the honour of maidens, the favour of widows, the support of wives, with many other things of that nature, which regard, concern, depend upon, and appertain to the order of knight-errantry. Courage! signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; may your worship and grandeur set out, before to-morrow morning; and if any thing be wanting to forward your expedition, here am I, ready to make it good with my person and fortune; and if need be, to serve your magnificence in quality of squire; an office in the execution of which I should think myself extremely happy."

Don Quixote hearing this proffer, turned to Sancho, saying, "Did not I tell thee, Sancho, that I should not want for squires? Take notice who it is that offers to attend me; who, but the unheard-of batchelor
Sampson

Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the court-yards belonging to the Salamancan schools, sound of body, strong of limb, a silent sufferer of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and endued with all those qualifications which are requisite in the squire of a knight-errant; but, heaven will not permit me, for my own satisfaction, to break and demolish this pillar of learning, this urn of sciences, and to hew down such an eminent branch of the liberal arts. No, let this new Sampson stay at home, and honour the place of his nativity, together with the grey hairs of his ancient parents; while I make shift with any sort of squire, since Sancho will not vouchsafe to go along with me."

"Y— yes, I do vouchsafe! cried Sancho, blubbering, it shall never be said of me, dear master, that when the victuals were eaten up, the company sneaked off; I am not come of such an ungrateful stock; for, all the world, and especially my own townsmen know, what sort of people the Panzas were, of whom I am descended; besides, I have perceived, and am sensible, by many good works, and more good words, that your worship is actually inclined to do for me; and, if I have haggled more than enough about my wages, it was to please my wife, who, if she once takes in hand to persuade me to any thing, no cooper's adze drives the hoops of a barrel as she drives at her purpose, until she hath gained it; but, after all, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman: now, I being a man every inch of me, when, or wheresoever I please to shew myself, (that I cannot deny) I am resolved to be master in my own house, in spite of the devil, the world and the flesh; and therefore, your worship has no more to do but prepare your will, with the codicil, so as that it cannot be rebuked; and then let us take our departure, that we may not endanger the soul of Mr. Sampson, whose conscience, he says, prompts him to persuade your worship, to make a third sally through the world; and here I promise again, to serve your worship, faithfully and lawfully, as well as, and better, than all the squires that ever attended knights-errant, either in past or present time."

The bachelor was astonished at hearing the manner and conclusion of Sancho's speech; for, although he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed him so diverting as he is there represented; but, now, hearing him talk of the will and codicil that could not be rebuked, instead of revoked, he was convinced of the truth of what he had read, and confirmed in the opinion of his being one of the most solemn simpletons of the present age; saying, within himself, two such madmen as the master and his squire, are not to be paralleled upon earth. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho were reconciled, and embraced each

each other; and, in consequence of the opinion and assent of the great Carrasco, whom they looked upon as an oracle, it was determined that they should depart in three days, during which they would have time to provide themselves with necessaries for the journey, and find some helmet for the knight, who insisted upon carrying one along with him, into the field. Sampson, accordingly, undertook to accommodate him, saying, he could command an helmet that was in the possession of a friend of his; though the brightness of the metal was not a little obscured by the rust and mould which it had contracted.

Innumerable were the curses which were vented against the batchelor, by the housekeeper and niece, who tore their hair, and scratched their faces, and like the hired mourners, formerly in use, lamented the departure, as if it had been the death of their master. But, Sampson's view in persuading him to another sally, was to execute a design which he had concerted with the curate and barber; as will appear in the sequel. In short, during those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with every thing they thought they should have occasion for: the squire pacified his wife, the knight appeased his niece and house-keeper; and on the evening of the fourth day, without being perceived by any living soul but the batchelor, who insisted upon accompanying them half a league out of town, they set out, and took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote mounted on his trusty Rozinante, and Sancho throned upon his old friend Dapple, with a pair of bags well-lined with belly-timber, and a purse of money, which his master deposited in his hands, in case of accidents in their expedition.

Sampson embracing the knight, intreated him to write an account of his good or evil fortune, that he might congratulate or sympathize with him, as the laws of friendship require. Don Quixote assured him, he would comply with his request; the batchelor returned to the village, and the other two pursued their way towards the great city of Toboso.

C H A P. VIII.

An account of what happened to Don Quixote, in his journey to visit his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

“**B**LESSED be the almighty Ala!” saith Cid Hamet Benengeli, in the beginning of this chapter; and this benediction he repeats three times, in consequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in the field again; observing, that the readers of this agreeable history may assure themselves that, from this period, the exploits of the knight and his squire begin. He therefore persuades them to forget the former adventures of our sage hero, and fix their attention upon those which are to come; and which now begin in the road to Toboso, as the others took their origin in the field of Montiel; and truly his demand is but reasonable, considering the fair promise he makes. Thus therefore he proceeds:

Scarce had Samson left Don Quixote and Sancho by themselves, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray most melodiously; a circumstance which was looked upon by both our adventurers, as a fortunate signal, and most happy omen; though, to deal candidly with the reader, the brayings of the ass exceeded in number the neighings of the horse; from whence Sancho concluded, his fortune would surmount and overtop that of his master. But, whether or not he founded his belief on his knowledge in judicial astrology, I cannot determine, the history being silent on that subject; yet, certain it is, he had been heard to say, when he stumbled or fell, that he wished he had not stirred over his own threshold; for, nothing was to be got by a stumble or fall but a torn shoe, or a broken bone; and truly, simple as he was, he had some reason for making that observation.

“Friend Sancho, said Don Quixote, the night is dark, and so far advanced, that we shall not be able to reach Toboso by to-morrow morning; yet, thither I am determined to go, before I engage in any other adventure, that I may receive the benediction and good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, by the help of which I shall certainly atchieve, and happily perform the most perilous exploits; for, nothing in this life exalts the valour of knights-errant so much as the favour of their mistresses.” “I am of the same way of thinking, replied the squire; but, I believe your worship will find some difficulty in seeing her in a proper place for courtship, or indeed, for receiving her blessing, unless she throws

is over the pales of the yard through which I saw her for the first time, when I carried the letter that gave an account of the folly and mad pranks I left your worship committing in the heart of the brown mountain." "Didst thou then actually imagine, said Don Quixote, that those were the pales of a yard, over or through which thou sawest that paragon of gentleness and beauty? Certainly they could be no other than galleries, arcades or piazzas, such as belong to rich and royal palaces." "It may be so, answered Sancho, but, either my memory fails me very much, or, to me they seemed no better than the pales of a farmer's yard." "Be that as it will, resumed Don Quixote, thither we will go, and at any rate get sight of her; for, be it through pales, windows, crannies, or the rails of a garden, so the least ray of that sun of beauty reach mine eyes, it will enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart, in such a manner, that I shall remain the unequalled phenix of valour and discretion." "Truly, sir, said the squire, when I saw that same sun of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays at all; but, the case was, the wheat that her ladyship was winnowing, as I told you before, raised such a cloud of dust about her, as quite darkened her countenance." "Wilt thou still persist, Sancho, replied the knight, in saying, thinking, believing, and affirming, that my mistress Dulcinea was employed in such a mean office, so wide of all that is, or ought to be practised by persons of rank, who are created and reserved for other exercises and amusements, that denote their quality at the distance of a bow-shot. Thou seemest to forget, O Sancho! those verses of our poet, in which he paints the labours that, in their crystal bowers, engrossed the four nymphs, who, raising their heads above the waves of their beloved Tagus, sat down to work in the verdant meadow, those rich and silken webs, which, as the ingenious poet describes, were with gold and pearls adorned and interweaved. In this manner my mistress must have been employed when thou sawest her; but, some wicked inchanter, envious of my happiness and fame, converts and perverts every thing that yields me pleasure, into shapes and figures different from its real appearance; and in that history of my achievements which, they say, is printed, if the author be some sage, who is an enemy to my success, I am afraid, he hath confounded one thing with another, and clogged every fact with a thousand falsehoods; straying from his subject, to recount actions quite foreign to the skilful detail of a true history. O envy! thou root of infinite mischief, and canker-worm of virtue! The commission of all other vices, Sancho, is attended with some sort of delight; but, envy produces nothing in the heart that harbours it, but
rage,