does not set himself to vie with the ancient nobility, be assured, Teresa, that nobody will remember what he was, but will reverence what he is, excepting the envious, from whom no prosperous fortune is secure."—"I do not understand you, husband," replied Teresa: "do what you think fit, and break not my brains any more with your speeches and flourishes. And if you are revolved to do as you say——" "Resolved, you should say, wife," quoth Sancho, "and not revolved."—"Set not yourself to dispute with me," answered Teresa; "I speak as it pleases God, and meddle not with what does not concern me. I say, if you hold still in the same mind of being a governor, take your son Sancho with you, and henceforward train him up to your art of government; for it is fitting the sons should inherit and learn their fathers' calling."—"When I have a government," quoth Sancho, "I will send for him by the post, and will send you money, which I shall not want; for there are always people enough to lend governors money, when they have it not: but then be sure to clothe the boy so, that he may look, not like what he is, but what he is to be."—"Send you money," replied Teresa, "and I will equip him as fine as a palm-branch [15]."—"We are agreed then," quoth Sancho, "that our daughter is to be a Countess?"—"The day that I see her a Countess," answered Teresa, "I shall reckon I am

laying her in her grave: but I say again, you may do as you please; for we women are born to bear the clog of obedience to our husbands, be they never such blockheads." And then she began to weep as bitterly, as if she already saw little Sancha dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised, that though he must make her a Countess, he would see and put it off as long as he possibly could. Thus ended their dialogue, and Sancho went back to visit Don Quixote, and put things in order for their departure.

CHAP. VI.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, HIS NIECE, AND HOUSEKEEPER; AND IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CHAPTERS OF THE WHOLE HISTORY.

WHILE Sancho Panza and his wife, Teresa Cascajo, were holding the foregoiag impertinent dialogue, Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper were not idle; who, guessing by a thousand signs, that their uncle and master would break loose the third time, and return to the exercise of his (and to them) unlucky Knight-errantry, endeavoured by all possible means to divert him from so foolish a design: but it was all preaching in the desert, and hammering on cold iron. However, among many other various reasonings, which passed between them, the Housekeeper

said to him: "Sir, if your Worship will not tarry quietly at home, and leave this rambling over hills and dales, like a disturbed ghost, in quest of those same adventures, which I call misadventures, I am resolved to complain aloud to God and the King, to put a stop to it." To which Don Quixote replied: "Mistress Housekeeper, what answer God will return to your complaints, I know not; and what his Majesty will answer, as little: I only know, that, if I were King, I would dispense with myself from answering that infinity of impertinent memorials, which are every day presented to him; for one of the greatest fatigues, a king undergoes, is, the being obliged to hear and answer every body; and therefore I should be loth my concerns should give him any trouble." To which the Housekeeper replied: "Pray, Sir, are there not Knights in his Majesty's court?"—"Yes," answered Don Quixote, "there are many; and it is fitting there should, for the ornament and grandeur of Princes, and for the ostentation of the royal dignity."—"Would it not then be better," replied she, "that your Worship should be one of them, and quietly serve your King and Lord at court?"—"Look you, friend," answered Don Quixote, "all Knights cannot be courtiers, neither can, nor ought, all courtiers to be Knights-errant; there must be of all sorts in the world; and though we are all Knights, there is a great

deal of difference between us: for the courtiers, without stirring out of their apartments, or over the threshold, traverse the whole globe, in a map, without a farthing expense, and without suffering heat or cold, hunger or thirst. But we, the true Knights-errant, measure the whole earth with our own feet, exposed to the sun and the cold, to the air and the inclemencies of the sky, by night and by day, on foot and on horseback: nor do we know our enemies in picture only, but in their proper persons, and attack them at every turn, and upon every occasion; without standing upon trifles, or upon the laws of duelling; such as, whether our adversary bears a shorter or longer lance or sword, whether he carries about him any relics, or wears any secret coat of mail, or whether the sun be duly divided or not; with other ceremonies of the same stamp, used in single combats between man and man, which you understand not, but I do. And you must know farther, that your true Knight-errant, though he should espy ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, and though each of them stalk on two prodigious towers instead of legs, and have arms like the main-mast of huge and mighty ships of war, and each eye like a great mill-wheel, and more fiery than the furnace of a glass-house, yet he must in no wise be affrighted, but on the contrary, with a genteel air, and an undaunted heart, encounter, assail, and, if possible,

overcome and rout them in an instant of time, though they should come armed with the shell of a certain fish, which, they say, is harder than adamant; and though, instead of swords, they should bring trenchant sabres of Damascan steel, or iron maces pointed also with steel, as I have seen more than once or twice. All this I have said, mistress Housekeeper, to show you the difference between some Knights and others; and it were to be wished, that every Prince knew how to esteem this second, or rather first species of Knights-errant, since, as we read in their histories, some among them have been the bulwark, not of one only, but of many kingdoms."

"Ah! dear Uncle," said the Niece, "then be assured, that what you tell us of Knights-errant is all invention and lies; and, if their histories must not be burnt, at least they deserve to wear each of them a Sanbenito [16], or some badge, whereby they may be known to be infamous, and destructive of good manners."—"By the God in whom I live," said Don Quixote, "were you not my Niece directly, as being my own sister's daughter, I would make such an example of you, for the blasphemy you have uttered, that the whole world should ring of it. How! is it possible, that a young baggage, who scarcely knows how to manage a dozen of bobbins, should presume to put in her oar, and censure the histories of Knights-errant? What would Sir Amadis

have said, should he have heard of such a thing? But now I think of it, I am sure he would have forgiven you: for he was the most humble and most courteous Knight of his time, and the greatest favourer of damsels. But some other might have heard you, from whom you might not have come off so well; for all are not courteous and good-natured; some are rude and uncivil. Neither are all they, who call themselves Knights, really such at bottom: for some are of gold, others of alchymy; and yet all appear to be Knights, though all cannot abide the touchstone of truth. Mean fellows there are, who break their winds in straining to appear Knights; and topping Knights there are, who, one would think, die with desire to be thought mean men. The former raise themselves by their ambition or by their virtues; the latter debase themselves by their weakness or their vices: and one had need of a good discernment to distinguish between these two kinds of Knights, so near in their names, and so distant in their actions."—"Bless me! Uncle," cried the Niece, "that your Worship should be so knowing, that, if need were, you might mount a pulpit, and hold forth any where in the streets, and yet should give into so blind a vagary, and so exploded a piece of folly, as to think to persuade the world, that you are valiant, now you are old; that you are strong, when, alas! you are infirm; and that you are

able to make crooked things straight, though stooping yourself under the weight of years; above all, that you are a Knight, when you are really none: for, though gentlemen may be such, yet poor ones hardly can."

"You are much in the right, Niece, in what you say," answered Don Quixote; "and I could tell you such things concerning lineages as would surprise you: but, because I would not mix things divine with human, I forbear. Hear me, friends, with attention. All the genealogies in the world may be reduced to four sorts, which are these. First, of those who, having had low beginnings, have gone on extending and dilating themselves, till they have arrived at a prodigious grandeur. Secondly, of those who, having had great beginnings, have preserved, and continue to preserve them in the same condition they were in at first. Thirdly, of those who, though they have had great beginnings, have ended in a small point like a pyramid, having gone on diminishing and decreasing continually, till they have come almost to nothing; like the point of the pyramid, which, in respect of its base or pedestal, is next to nothing. Lastly, of those, and they are the most numerous, who having had neither a good beginning, nor a tolerable middle, will therefore end without a name, like the families of common and ordinary people. Of the first sort, who, having had a mean be-

ginning, have risen to greatness, and still preserve it, we have an example in the Ottoman family, which, from a poor shepherd its founder, is arrived at the height we now see it at. Of the second sort of genealogies, which began great, and preserve themselves without augmentation, examples may be fetched from sundry hereditary Princes, who contain themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions, without enlarging or contracting them. Of those, who began great, and have ended in a point, there are thousands of instances: for all the Pharaohs, and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the herd, if I may so call them, of that infinite number of Princes, Monarchs, and Lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Barbarians; all these families and dominions, as well as their founders, have ended in a point and next to nothing: for it is impossible now to find any of their descendants, and, if one should find them, it would be in some low and abject condition. Of the lineages of the common sort I have nothing to say, only, that they serve to swell the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or eulogy. From all that has been said, I would have you infer, my dear fools, that the confusion there is among genealogies is very great, and that those only appear great and illustrious, which show themselves such by the virtue, riches, and liberality of their possessors. I say virtue,

riches, and liberality, because the great man, that is vicious, will be greatly vicious; and the rich man, who is not liberal, is but a covetous beggar; for the possessor of riches is not happy in having, but in spending them, and not in spending them merely according to his own inclination, but in knowing how to spend them properly. The Knight, who is poor, has no other way of showing himself to be one, but that of virtue, by being affable, well-behaved, courteous, kind, and obliging, not proud, not arrogant, no murmurer, and above all charitable; for, by two farthings given cheerfully to the poor, he shall discover as much generosity as he, who bestows large alms by sound of bell: and there is no one, who sees him adorned with the aforesaid virtues, though he knows him not, but will judge and repute him to be well descended. Indeed it would be a miracle were it otherwise; praise was always the reward of virtue, and the virtuous cannot fail of being commended. There are two roads, Daughters, by which men may arrive at riches and honours; the one by the way of letters, the other by that of arms. I have more in me of the soldier than of the scholar; and was born, as appears by my propensity to arms, under the influence of the planet Mars; so that I am, as it were, forced into that track, and that road I must take in spite of the whole world; and it will be in vain for you to tire yourselves in persuading

me not to attempt what Heaven requires, fortune ordains, and reason demands; and, above all, what my inclination leads me to. I know the innumerable toils attending on Knight-errantry. I know also the numberless advantages obtained by it. I know, that the path of virtue is strait and narrow, and the road of vice broad and spacious. I know also, that their end and resting-places are different: for those of vice, large and open, end in death; and those of virtue, narrow and intricate, end in life, and not in life that has an end, but in that, which is eternal. And I know, as our great Castilian poet expresses it, that

> "He, who to Fame's immortal seat would climb,
> Must traverse rugged paths and rocks sublime;
> Regardless of defeat pursue his way,
> Nor flinch, till perseverance gains the day."

"Ah, woe is me!" cried the Niece; "what! my Uncle a poet too! he knows every thing; nothing comes amiss to him. I will lay a wager, that, if he had a mind to turn mason, he would build a house with as much ease as a bird-cage." —"I assure you, Niece," answered Don Quixote, "that if these knightly thoughts did not employ all my senses, there is nothing I could not do, nor any curious art, but what I could turn my hand to, especially bird-cages and tooth-picks [17]."

By this time there was knocking at the door, and upon asking, who is there? Sancho Panza answered, "It is I." The Housekeeper no sooner knew his voice, but she ran to hide herself, so much she abhorred the sight of him. The Niece let him in, and his master Don Quixote went out and received him with open arms; and they two, being locked up together in the Knight's chamber, held another dialogue, not a jot inferior to the former.

CHAP. VII.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, WITH OTHER MOST FAMOUS OCCURRENCES.

THE Housekeeper no sooner saw, that Sancho and her master had locked themselves up together, but she presently began to suspect the drift of their conference; and imagining, that it would end in a resolution for a third sally, she took her veil, and, full of anxiety and trouble, went in quest of the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, thinking that, as he was a well-spoken person, and a new acquaintance of her master's, he might be able to dissuade him from so extravagant a purpose. She found him walking to and fro in the court-yard of his house, and, as soon as she espied him, she fell down at his feet in violent disorder and a cold sweat. When Carrasco be-

held her with signs of so much sorrow and heart-beating, he said: "What is the matter, mistress Housekeeper, what has befallen you, that you look as if your heart was at your mouth?"—"Nothing at all, dear master Sampson," cried she, "only that my master is most certainly breaking forth."—"How breaking forth, Madam?" demanded Sampson; "has he broken a hole in any part of his body?"—"No," said she, "he is only breaking forth at the door of his own madness. I mean, Signor Bachelor, that he has a mind to sally out again, and this will be his third time, to ramble about the world in quest of what he calls adventures [18], though, for my part, I cannot tell, why he calls them so. The first time, he was brought home to us across an ass, and mashed to mummy. The second time, he came home in an ox-waggon, locked up in a cage, in which he persuaded himself he was enchanted: and the poor soul was so changed, that he could not be known by the mother that bore him; feeble, wan, his eyes sunk to the inmost lodgings of his brain, insomuch that I spent above six hundred eggs in getting him a little up again, as God and the world is my witness, and my hens, that will not let me lie."—"I can easily believe that," answered the Bachelor; "for they are so good, so plump, and so well nurtured, that they will not say one thing for another, though they should burst for it. In short then,

mistress Housekeeper, there is nothing more, nor any other disaster, only what is feared Signor Don Quixote may peradventure have a mind to do?"—"No, Sir," answered she. "Be in no pain then," replied the Bachelor, "but go home in God's name, and get me something warm for breakfast, and, by the way, as you go, repeat the prayer of saint Apollonia, if you know it; and I will be with you instantly, and you shall see wonders."—"Dear me!" replied the Housekeeper, "the prayer of saint Apollonia, say you? That might do something, if my master's distemper lay in his gums; but, alas! it lies in his brain."—"I know what I say, mistress Housekeeper," replied Sampson: "get you home, and do not stand disputing with me; for you know I am a Salamanca bachelor of arts, and there is no bachelorizing[19] beyond that." With that away went the Housekeeper, and the Bachelor immediately went to find the Priest, and consult with him about what you will hear of in due time.

While Don Quixote and Sancho continued locked up together, there passed some discourse between them, which the history relates at large with great punctuality and truth. Quoth Sancho to his master: "Sir, I have now reluced my wife to consent to let me go with your Worship wherever you please to carry me."—"*Reduced*, you should say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote,

" and not *reluced.*"—" Once or twice already," answered Sancho, " if I remember right, I have besought your Worship not to mend my words, if you understand my meaning; and when you do not, say, Sancho, or devil, I understand you not; and if I do not explain myself, then you may correct me; for I am so focible."—" I do not understand you, Sancho," said Don Quixote; " for I know not the meaning of *focible.*"—" So focible," answered Sancho, " means, I am so much so."—" I understand less now," replied Don Quixote. " Why, if you do not understand me," answered Sancho, " I know not how to express it; I know no more, God help me."—" Oh, now I have it," answered Don Quixote: " you mean you are so docible, so pliant, and so tractable, that you will readily comprehend whatever I shall say to you, and will learn whatever I shall teach you."—" I will lay a wager," quoth Sancho, " you took me from the beginning, and understood me perfectly; only you had a mind to put me out, to hear me make two hundred blunders more."—" That may be," replied Don Quixote: " but, in short, what says Teresa?"—" Teresa," quoth Sancho, " says, that fast bind fast find, and that we must have less talking and more doing; for he who shuffles is not he who cuts, and one performance is worth two promises: and say I, there is but little in woman's advice, yet he that won't take it is not over-wise."

—"I say so too," replied Don Quixote: "proceed, Sancho, for you talk admirably to-day."—"The case is," replied Sancho, "that, as your Worship very well knows, we are all mortal, here to-day, and gone to-morrow; that the lamb goes to the spit as soon as the sheep; and that nobody can promise himself in this world more hours of life than God pleases to give him: for death is deaf, and when he knocks at life's door, is always in haste; and nothing can stay him, neither force, nor entreaties, nor sceptres, nor mitres, according to public voice and report, and according to what is told us from our pulpits."—"All this is true," said Don Quixote: "but I do not perceive what you would be at."—"What I would be at," quoth Sancho, "is, that your Worship would be pleased to appoint me a certain salary, at so much per month, for the time I shall serve you, and that the said salary be paid me out of your estate; for I have no mind to stand to the courtesy of recompenses, which come late, or lame, or never, God help me with my own. In short, I would know what I am to get, be it little or much: for the hen sits, if it be but upon one egg, and many littles make a mickle, and while one is getting something, one is losing nothing. In good truth, should it fall out, which I neither believe nor expect, that your Worship should give me that same island you have promised me, I am not so ungrateful, nor

am I for making so hard a bargain, as not to consent, that the amount of the rent of such island be appraised, and my salary be deducted, cantity for cantity."—"Is not *quantity* as good as *cantity*, friend Sancho?" answered Don Quixote. "I understand you," quoth Sancho; "I will lay a wager, I should have said *quantity* and not *cantity*: but that signifies nothing, since your Worship knew my meaning."—"Yes, and so perfectly too," returned Don Quixote, "that I see to the very bottom of your thoughts, and the mark you drive at with the innumerable arrows of your proverbs. Look you, Sancho, I could, easily, appoint you wages, had I ever met with any precedent, among the histories of Knights-errant, to discover or show me the least glimmering of what they used to get monthly or yearly. I have read all, or most of those histories, and do not remember ever to have read, that any Knight-errant allowed his squire set wages. I only know, that they all served upon courtesy, and that, when they least thought of it, if their masters had good luck, they were rewarded with an island, or something equivalent, or at least remained with a title and dignity. If, Sancho, upon the strength of these expectations, you are willing to return to my service, in God's name do so: but to think, that I will force the ancient usage of Knight-errantry off the hinges, is a very great mistake. And

therefore, Sancho, go home, and tell your wife my intention, and if she is willing, and you have a mind to stay with me upon courtesy, *benè quidem;* if not, we are as we were: for if the dove-house wants not bait, it will never want pigeons: and take notice, son, that a good reversion is better than a bad possession, and a good demand than bad pay. I talk thus, Sancho, to let you see, that I can let fly a volley of proverbs as well as you. To be short with you, if you are not disposed to go along with me upon courtesy, and run the same fortune with me, the Lord have thee in his keeping, and I pray God to make thee a saint; for I can never want a squire, who will be more obedient, more diligent, and neither so selfish, nor so talkative, as you are."

When Sancho heard his master's fixed resolution, the sky clouded over with him, and the wings of his heart downright flagged; for till now he verily believed his master would not go without him for the world's worth. While he stood thus thoughtful, and in suspense, in came Sampson Carrasco, and the Niece and the Housekeeper, who had a mind to hear what arguments he made use of to dissuade their master and uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, drew near, and embracing Don Quixote, as he did the time before, he exalted his voice, and said: "O flower of Knight-errantry! O resplendent light of arms!

O mirror and honour of the Spanish nation! may it please Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, that the person, or persons, who shall obstruct, or disappoint your third sally, may never find the way out of the labyrinth of their desires, nor ever accomplish, what they so ardently wish." And turning to the Housekeeper, he said: "Now, mistress Housekeeper, you may save yourself the trouble of saying the prayer of St. Apollonia; for I know, that it is the precise determination of the stars, that Signor Don Quixote shall once more put in execution his glorious and uncommon designs, and I should greatly burden my conscience, did I not give intimation thereof, and persuade this Knight no longer to detain and withhold the force of his valorous arm, and the goodness of his most undaunted courage, lest, by his delay, he defraud the world of the redress of injuries, the protection of orphans, the maintaining the honour of damsels, the relief of widows, and the support of married women, with other matters of this nature, which concern, depend upon, appertain, and are annexed to, the order of Knight-errantry. Go on then, dear Signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; and let your Worship and Grandeur lose no time, but set forward rather to-day than to-morrow; and if any thing be wanting towards putting your design in execution, here am I, ready to supply it with my life and fortune; and if your

Magnificence stands in need of a squire, I shall think it a singular piece of good fortune to serve you as such."

Don Quixote thereupon, turning to Sancho, said: "Did I not tell you, Sancho, that I should have squires enough, and to spare? Behold, who is it that offers himself to be one, but the unheard-of Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the Salamancan schools, sound and active of body, no prater, patient of heat and cold, of hunger and thirst, with all the qualifications necessary to the squire of a Knight-errant? But Heaven forbid, that, to gratify my own private inclination, I should endanger this pillar of literature, this urn of sciences, and lop off so eminent a branch of the noble and liberal arts. Let our new Sampson abide in his country, and, in doing it honour, at the same time reverence the gray hairs of his ancient parents; for I will make shift with any squire whatever, since Sancho deigns not to go along with me."—"I do deign," quoth Sancho, melted into tenderness, and his eyes overflowing with tears, and proceeded: "It shall never be said of me, dear master, the bread is eaten, and the company broke up. I am not come of an ungrateful stock; since all the world knows, especially our village, who the Panzas were, from whom I am descended: besides, I know, and am very well assured, by many good works, and

more good words, of the desire your Worship has to do me a kindness; and if I have taken upon me so much more than I ought, by intermeddling in the article of wages, it was out of complaisance to my wife, who, when once she takes in hand to persuade a thing, no mallet drives and forces the hoops of a tub, as she does to make one do what she has a mind to: but, in short, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman; and since I am a man every where else, I cannot deny, that I will also be one in my own house, vex whom it will: and therefore there is no more to be done, but that your Worship give orders about your will, and its codicil, in such manner, that it cannot be rebuked, and let us set out immediately, that the soul of Signor Sampson may not suffer, who says he is obliged in conscience to persuade your Worship to make a third sally; and I again offer myself to serve your Worship, faithfully and loyally, as well, and better than all the squires, that ever served Knight-errant, in past or present times."

The Bachelor stood in admiration to hear Sancho Panza's style and manner of talking; for though he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed he was so ridiculous as he is therein described; but hearing him now talk of will and codicil that could not be *rebuked*, instead of *revoked*, he believed all he had read of him, and concluded him to be one of the most

solemn coxcombs of the age; and said to himself, that two such fools as master and man, were never before seen in the world. In short, Don Quixote and Sancho being perfectly reconciled, embraced each other, and with the approbation and good liking of the grand Carrasco, now their oracle, it was decreed their departure should be within three days, in which time they might have leisure to provide what was necessary for the expedition, especially a complete helmet, which Don Quixote said he must by all means carry with him. Sampson offered him one belonging to a friend of his, who, he was sure, would not deny it him, though, to say the truth, the brightness of the steel was not a little obscured by the tarnish and rust. The curses, which the Housekeeper and Niece heaped upon the Bachelor, were not to be numbered: they tore their hair, and scratched their faces, and, like the funeral mourners formerly in fashion, lamented the approaching departure, as if it were the death of their master. The design Sampson had in persuading him to sally forth again, was to do what the history tells us hereafter, all by the advice of the Priest and the Barber, with whom he had plotted beforehand.

In short, in those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with what they thought convenient; and Sancho, having appeased his wife, and Don Quixote his Niece and

Housekeeper, in the dusk of the evening, unobserved by any body but the Bachelor, who would needs bear them company half a league from the village, they took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote upon his good Rozinante, and Sancho upon his oldDapple, his wallets stored with provisions, and his purse with money, which Don Quixote had given him against whatever might happen. Sampson embraced him, praying him to give advice of his good or ill fortune, that he might rejoice or condole with him, as the laws of their mutual friendship required. Don Quixote promised he would, Sampson returned to the village, and the Knight and squire took their way toward the great city of Toboso.

CHAP. VIII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE, AS HE WAS GOING TO VISIT HIS LADY DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

"PRAISED be the mighty Alla!" says Hamete Benengeli, at the beginning of this eighth chapter: "praised be Alla!" repeating it thrice, and saying he gave these praises, to find that Don Quixote and Sancho had again taken the field, and that the readers of their delightful history may make account, that, from this moment, the exploits and witty sayings of Don Quixote

and his squire begin. He persuades them to forget the former chivalries of the ingenious gentleman, and fix their eyes upon his future achievements, which now begin upon the road to Toboso, as the former began in the fields of Montiel; and this is no very unreasonable request, considering what great things he promises; and he goes on thus:

Don Quixote and Sancho remained by themselves; and scarcely was Sampson parted from them, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to sigh; which was held by both Knight and squire for a good sign, and a most happy omen, though, if the truth were to be told, the sighs and brayings of the ass exceeded the neighings of the steed; from whence Sancho gathered that his good luck was to surpass and get above that of his master. But whether he drew this inference from judicial astrology, I cannot say, it not being known whether he was versed in it, since the history says nothing of it: only he had been heard to say, when he stumbled or fell, that he would have been glad he had not gone out of doors; for by a stumble or a fall nothing was to be got but a torn shoe, or a broken rib; and, though he was a simpleton, he was not much out of the way in this.

Don Quixote said to him: "Friend Sancho, the night is coming on apace, and with too much darkness for us to reach Toboso by daylight;

whither I am resolved to go, before I undertake any other adventure: there will I receive the blessing, and the good leave, of the peerless Dulcinea, with which leave I am well assured of finishing, and giving a happy conclusion to every perilous adventure: for nothing in this world inspires Knights-errant with so much valour as the finding themselves favoured by their mistresses."—"I believe it," answered Sancho; "but I am of opinion, it will be difficult for your Worship to come to the speech of her, or be alone with her, at least in any place, where you may receive her benediction, unless she tosses it over the pales of the yard; from whence I saw her the time before, when I carried her the letter, with the news of the follies and extravagancies which your Worship was playing in the heart of the Sable Mountain."—"Pales, did you fancy them to be, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "over which you saw that paragon of gentility and beauty? Impossible! you must mean galleries, arcades, or cloisters of some rich and royal palace."—"All that may be," answered Sancho; "but to me they seemed pales, or I have a shallow memory."—"However, let us go thither, Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "for so I do but see her, be it through pales, through windows, through crannies, or through the rails of a garden, this I shall gain by it, that, how small soever a ray of the sun of her beauty reaches my

eyes, it will so enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart, that I shall remain without a rival either in wisdom or valour."—"In truth, Sir," answered Sancho, "when I saw this sun of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays; and the reason must be, that, as her Ladyship was winnowing that wheat I told you of, the great quantity of dust, that flew out of it, overcast her face like a cloud, and obscured it."—"What! Sancho," said Don Quixote, "do you persist in saying and believing, that my Lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat; a business and employment quite foreign to persons of distinction, who are designed and reserved for other exercises and amusements, which distinguish their high quality a bow-shot off? You forget, Sancho, our poet's verses, in which he describes the labours of those four nymphs, in their crystal mansions, when they raised their heads above the delightful Tagus, and seated themselves in the green meadow, to work those rich stuffs, which, as the ingenious poet there describes them, were all embroidered with gold, silk, and pearls. And in this manner must my Lady have been employed, when you saw her: but the envy, some wicked enchanter bears me, changes and converts into different shapes every thing that should give me pleasure; and therefore in that history, said to be published, of my exploits, if peradventure its

author was some sage my enemy, he has, I fear, put one thing for another, with one truth mixing a thousand lies, and amusing himself with relating actions foreign to what is requisite for the continuation of a true history. O envy! thou root of infinite evils, and canker-worm of virtues! All other vices, Sancho, carry somewhat of pleasure along with them: but envy is attended with nothing but distaste, rancour, and rage."—"That is what I say too," replied Sancho; "and I take it for granted, in that same legend or history of us, the Bachelor Carrasco tells us he has seen, my reputation is tossed about like a tennis-ball. Now, as I am an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter, nor have I wealth enough to be envied. It is true, indeed, I am said to be somewhat sly, and to have a little spice of the knave; but the grand cloke of my simplicity, always natural and never artificial, hides and covers all. And if I had nothing else to boast of, but the believing, as I do always, firmly and truly in God, and in all that the holy Catholic Roman Church holds and believes, and the being, as I really am, a mortal enemy to the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and treat me well in their writings. But let them say what they will: naked was I born, and naked I am: I neither lose nor win; and, so my name be put in print, and go about the world from hand to hand, I care not a fig, let people say of me whatever they list."

"That, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "is just like what happened to a famous poet of our times, who having wrote an ill-natured satire upon the court-ladies, a certain lady who was not expressly named in it, so that it was doubtful whether she was implied in it or not, complained to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her, that he had not inserted her among the rest, telling him he must enlarge his satire, and put her in the supplement, or woe be to him. The poet did as he was bid, and set her down for such a one as duennas will not name. As for the lady, she was satisfied to find herself infamously famous. Of the same kind is the story they tell of that shepherd, who set fire to, and burnt down, the famous temple of Diana, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world, only that his name might live in future ages; and though it was ordered by public edict, that nobody should name or mention him either by word or writing, that he might not attain the end he proposed, yet still it is known he was called Erostratus. To the same purpose may be alleged what happened to the great Emperor Charles the Fifth with a Roman Knight. The Emperor had a mind to see the famous church of the Rotunda, which by the ancients was called the Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, and now, by a better name, the church of All Saints, and is one of the most entire edifices remaining of heathen Rome, and which most preserves the fame

of the greatness and magnificence of its founders. It is made in the shape of a half-orange, very spacious, and very light, though it has but one window, or rather a round opening at top: from whence the Emperor having surveyed the inside of the structure, a Roman Knight, who stood by his side, showing him the beauty and ingenious contrivance of that vast machine and memorable piece of architecture, when they were come down from the sky-light, said to the Emperor; *Sacred Sir, a thousand times it came into my head to clasp your Majesty in my arms, and cast myself down with you from the top to the bottom of the church, merely to leave an eternal name behind me.—I thank you,* answered the Emperor, *for not putting so wicked a thought in execution, and henceforward I will never give you an opportunity of making the like proof of your loyalty, and therefore command you never to speak to me more, or come into my presence.* And after these words he bestowed some great favour upon him. What I mean, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a very active principle in us. What, think you, cast Horatius down from the bridge armed at all points, into the depth of the Tiber? What burnt the arm and hand of Mutius? What impelled Curtius to throw himself into the flaming gulf, that opened itself in the midst of Rome? What made Cæsar pass the Rubicon in opposition to all presages? And in more modern examples, what bored the ships and stranded those valiant Spa-

niards, conducted by the most courteous Cortez in the new world? All these, and other great and very different exploits, are, were, and shall be, the works of fame, which mortals desire as the reward and earnest of that immortality their noble deeds deserve: though we Christian and Catholic Knights-errant ought to be more intent upon the glory of the world to come, which is eternal in the ethereal and celestial regions, than upon the vanity of fame, acquired in this present and transitory world; for, let it last never so long, it must end with the world itself, which has its appointed period. Therefore, O Sancho, let not our works exceed the bounds prescribed by the Christian religion, which we profess. In killing giants we are to destroy pride: we must overcome envy by generosity and good nature, anger by sedateness and composure of mind, gluttony and sleep by eating little and watching much, lust and lasciviousness by the fidelity we maintain to those we have made mistresses of our thoughts, laziness by going about all parts of the world, and seeking occasions which may make us, besides being Christians, renowned Knights. These, Sancho, are the means of obtaining those extremes of praise, which a good name brings along with it.

"All that your Worship has hitherto told me," quoth Sancho, "I very well understand: but, for all that, I wish you would be so kind as to dissolve me one doubt, which is this moment come into

my mind."—"Resolve, you would say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "out with it in God's name; for I will answer as far as I know."—"Pray, tell me, Sir," proceeded Sancho; "those July's and August's, and all those feat-doing Knights you spoke of, that are dead, where are they now?"—"The gentiles," answered Don Quixote, "are doubtless in hell: the Christians, if they were good Christians, are either in purgatory, or in Heaven."—"Very well," quoth Sancho; "but let us know now, whether the sepulchres, in which the bodies of those great lords lie interred, have silver lamps burning before them, and whether the walls of their chapels are adorned with crutches, winding-sheets, old perukes, legs, and eyes[20]; and, if not with these, pray, with what are they adorned?" To which Don Quixote answered: "The sepulchres of the heathens were for the most part sumptuous temples. The ashes of Julius Cæsar were deposited in an urn, placed on the top of a pyramid of stone, of a prodigious bigness, which is now called the obelisk of St. Peter. The sepulchre of the Emperor Adrian was a castle as big as a good village, called Moles Adriani, and now the castle of St. Angelo in Rome. Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. But none of these sepulchres, nor many others of the gentiles, were hung about with