powder! But though they should be filled with balls of raw silk, be it known to you, Sir, I shall not fight: let our masters fight, and hear of it in another world, and let us drink and live; for time takes care to take away our lives, without our seeking new appetites to destroy them, before they reach their appointed term and season, and drop with ripeness."—"For all that," replied he of the Wood, "we must fight, if it be but for half an hour."—"No, no," answered Sancho, "I shall not be so discourteous, nor so ungrateful, as to have any quarrel at all, be it never so little, with a gentleman, after having eaten of his bread, and drunk of his drink; besides, who the devil can set about dry fighting, without anger, and without provocation?"—"If that be all," said he of the Wood, "I will provide a sufficient remedy; which is, that, before we begin the combat, I will come up to your Worship, and fairly give you three or four good cuffs, which will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse."—"Against that expedient," answered Sancho, "I have another not a whit behind it; I will take a good cudgel, and before you reach me to awaken my choler, I will bastinado yours so sound asleep, that it shall never awake more but in another world, where it is well known I am not a man to let any body handle my face; and let every one take heed to the arrow: though the

safest way would be for each man to let his choler sleep; for nobody knows what is in another, and some people go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves; and God in all times blessed the peace-makers, and cursed the peace-breakers; for if a cat, pursued, pent in a room, and hard put to it, turns into a lion, God knows what I, that am a man, may turn into: and therefore from henceforward I intimate to your Worship, Signor squire, that all the damage and mischief, that shall result from our quarrel, must be placed to your account."—"It is well," replied he of the Wood; "God send us daylight, and we shall see what will come of it."

And now a thousand sorts of enamelled birds began to chirp in the trees, and in variety of joyful songs seemed to give good-morrow, and salute the blooming Aurora, who began now to discover the beauty of her face through the gates and balconies of the east, shaking from her locks an infinite number of liquid pearls, and, in that delicious liquor, bathing the herbs, which also seemed to sprout, and rain a kind of seed-pearl. At her approach, the willows distilled savoury manna, the fountains smiled, the brooks murmured, the woods were cheered, and the meads were gilded. But scarcely had the clearness of the day given opportunity to see and distinguish objects, when the first thing, that presented itself to Sancho's eyes, was the squire of the Wood's

nose, which was so large, that it almost overshadowed his whole body. In a word, it is said to have been of an excessive size, hawked in the middle, and full of warts and carbuncles, of the colour of a mulberry, and hanging two fingers breadth below his mouth. The size, the colour, the carbuncles, and the crookedness, so disfigured his face, that Sancho, at sight thereof, began to tremble hand and foot, like a child in a fit, and resolved within himself, to take two hundred cuffs before his choler should awaken to encounter that hobgoblin.

Don Quixote viewed his antagonist, and found he had his helmet on, and the beaver down, so that he could not see his face: but he observed him to be a strong-made man, and not very tall. Over his armour he wore a kind of surtout, or loose coat, seemingly of the finest gold, besprinkled with sundry little moons of resplendent looking-glass, which made a most gallant and splendid show. A great number of green, yellow, and white feathers waved about his helmet. His lance, which stood leaning against a tree, was very large and thick, and headed with pointed steel above a span long. Don Quixote viewed, and noted every thing, judging by all he saw and remarked, that the aforesaid Knight must needs be of great strength: but he was not therefore daunted, like Sancho Panza; on the contrary, with a gallant boldness, he said to the Knight of

the looking-glasses: "Sir Knight, if your great eagerness to fight has not exhausted too much of your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see, whether the sprightliness of your countenance be answerable to that of your figure."—"Whether you be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, Sir Knight," answered he of the looking-glasses, "there will be time and leisure enough for seeing me; and if I do not now comply with your desire, it is because I think I should do a very great wrong to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to lose so much time, as the lifting up my beaver would take up, before I make you confess what you know I pretend to."—"However, while we are getting on horseback," said Don Quixote, "you may easily tell me, whether I am that Don Quixote you said you had vanquished."—"To this I answer," replied he of the looking-glasses, "that you are as like that very Knight I vanquished, as one egg is like another: but since you say you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not be positive, whether you are the same person, or no."—"That is sufficient," answered Don Quixote, "to make me believe you are deceived: however, to undeceive you quite, let us to horse, and in less time than you would have spent in lifting up your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I will see your face, and you shall see I am not that vanquished Don Quixote you imagine."

Then cutting short the discourse, they mounted, and Don Quixote wheeled Rozinante about, to take as much ground as was convenient for encountering his opponent; and he of the looking-glasses did the like: but Don Quixote was not gone twenty paces, when he heard himself called to by the Knight of the looking-glasses: so meeting each other half way, he of the looking-glasses said; "Take notice, Sir Knight, that the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I said before, shall remain at the discretion of the conqueror."—"I know it," answered Don Quixote, "provided that what is commanded and imposed on the vanquished shall not exceed, nor derogate from, the laws of chivalry."—"So it is to be understood," answered he of the looking-glasses. At this juncture the squire's strange nose presented itself to Don Quixote's sight, who was no less surprised at it than Sancho, insomuch that he looked upon him to be some monster, or some strange man, such as are not common now in the world. Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, would not stay alone with Long-nose, fearing, lest one gentle wipe with that snout across his face should put an end to his battle, and he be laid sprawling on the ground, either by the blow or by fear. Therefore he ran after his master, holding by the back guard of Rozinante's saddle; and, when he thought it was time for him to face about, he

said: "I beseech your Worship, dear Sir, that before you turn about to engage, you will be so kind as to help me up into yon cork-tree, from whence I can see better, and more to my liking, than from the ground, the gallant encounter you are about to have with that Knight."—"I believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you have more mind to climb and mount a scaffold, to see the bull-sports without danger."—"To tell you the truth, Sir," answered Sancho, "the prodigious nose of that squire astonishes and fills me with dread, and I dare not stand near him."—"In truth," said Don Quixote, "it is so frightful, that, were I not who I am, I should be afraid myself; and therefore come, and I will help you up."

While Don Quixote was busied in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, he of the looking-glasses took as large a compass as he thought necessary, and believing that Don Quixote had done the like, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or any other signal, he turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active, nor more promising, than Rozinante; and at his best speed, which was a middling trot, he advanced to encounter his enemy; but seeing him employed in helping up Sancho, he reined in his steed, and stopped in the midst of his career; for which his horse was most thankful, being not able to stir any farther. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy

was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rozinante's lean flanks, and made him so bestir himself, that, as the history relates, this was the only time he was known to do something like running; for at all others a downright trot was all: and with this unspeakable fury he soon came up, where he of the looking-glasses stood, striking his spurs up to the very rowels in his steed, without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the place, where he made a full stand in his career. In this good time, and at this juncture, Don Quixote found his adversary embarrassed with his horse, and encumbered with his lance; for either he did not know how, or had not time to set it in its rest. Don Quixote, who heeded none of these inconveniences, with all safety, and without the least danger, attacked him of the looking-glasses with such force, that, in spite of him, he bore him to the ground over his horse's crupper; and such was his fall, that he lay motionless, without any signs of life. Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, than he slid down from the cork-tree, and in all haste ran to his master, who, alighting from Rozinante, was got upon him of the looking-glasses, and unlacing his helmet, to see whether he was dead, or to give him air, if perchance he was alive; when he saw——but who can express what he saw, without causing admiration, wonder, and terror, in all that hear it? He saw, says the history, the

very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigy and picture of the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco; and as soon as he saw him, he cried out: "Come hither, Sancho, and behold what you must see, but not believe: make haste, son, and observe, what magic, what wizards and enchanters can do." Sancho approached, and, seeing the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco's face, he began to cross and bless himself a thousand times over; and all this while the demolished cavalier showed no signs of life; and Sancho said to Don Quixote: "I am of opinion, Sir, that, right or wrong, your Worship should thrust the sword down the throat of him, who seems so like the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco: perhaps in him you may kill some one of those enchanters your enemies."—"You do not say amiss," replied Don Quixote; "for the fewer our enemies are, the better:" and drawing his sword to put Sancho's advice in execution, the squire of the looking-glasses drew near, without the nose that made him look so frightful, and cried aloud: "Have a care, Signor Don Quixote, what you do; for he, who lies at your feet, is the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire." Sancho seeing him without that former ugliness, said to him: "And the nose?" To which he answered; "I have it here in my pocket:" and putting in his hand he pulled out a pasteboard nose, painted and varnished, of

the fashion we have already described: and Sancho, eying him more and more, with a loud voice of admiration, said; "Blessed Virgin defend me! Is not this Tom Cecial my neighbour and gossip?" —"Indeed am I," answered the unnosed squire; "Tom Cecial I am, gossip and friend to Sancho Panza; and I will inform you presently what tricks, lies, and wiles brought me hither: in the mean time beg and entreat your master not to touch, mal-treat, wound, or kill the Knight of the looking-glasses now at his feet; for there is nothing more sure, than that he is the daring and ill-advised Bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, our countryman."

By this time he of the looking-glasses was come to himself; which Don Quixote perceiving, he clapped the point of the naked sword to his throat, and said: "You are a dead man, Knight, if you do not confess, that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia: and farther you must promise, if you escape from this conflict and this fall with life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her on my behalf, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit, and, if she leaves you at your own disposal, then you shall return, and find me out, for the track of my exploits will serve you for a guide, and conduct you to my presence; and tell me what passes between her and you; these conditions being entirely con-

formable to our articles before our battle, and not exceeding the rules of Knight-errantry."—"I confess," said the fallen Knight, "that the Ludy Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the ill-combed, though clean, locks of Casildea; and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you an exact and particular account of what you require of me."—"You must likewise confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the Knight you vanquished was not, and could not be, Don Quixote de la Mancha, but somebody else like him: as I do confess and believe, that you, though, in appearance, the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, are not he, but some other, whom my enemies have purposely transformed into his likeness, to restrain the impetuosity of my choler, and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest."—"I confess, judge of, and allow every thing, as you confess, judge of, and allow," answered the disjointed Knight. "Suffer me to rise, I beseech you, if the hurt of my fall will permit, which has left me sorely bruised." Don Quixote helped him to rise, as did his squire Tom Cecial, off whom Sancho could not remove his eyes, asking him things, the answers to which convinced him evidently of his being really that Tom Cecial he said he was. But he was so prepossessed by what his master had said of the enchanters having changed the Knight of

the looking-glasses into the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that he could not give credit to what he saw with his eyes. In short, master and man remained under this mistake; and he of the looking-glasses, with his squire, much out of humour, and in ill plight, parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, to look for some convenient place, where he might cerecloth himself and splinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their journey to Saragossa, where the history leaves them, to give an account who the Knight of the looking-glasses and his nosy squire were.

CHAP. XV.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT, WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE LOOKING-GLASSES AND HIS SQUIRE WERE.

EXCEEDINGLY content, elated, and vain-glorious was Don Quixote, at having gained the victory over so valiant a Knight, as he imagined him of the looking-glasses to be; from whose knightly word he hoped to learn, whether the enchantment of his mistress continued, the said Knight being under a necessity of returning, upon pain of not being one, to give him an account of what should pass between her and him. But Don Quixote thought one thing, and he of the looking-glasses another; who, for the pre-

sent, thought no farther than of finding a place, where he might plaster himself, as has been already said. The history then tells us, that, when the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume his intermitted exploits of chivalry, he, the Priest, and the Barber, had first consulted together about the means of persuading Don Quixote to stay peaceably and quietly at home, without distracting himself any more about his unlucky adventures; and it was concluded by general vote, and particular opinion of Carrasco, that they should let Don Quixote make another sally, since it seemed impossible to detain him, and that Sampson should also sally forth like a Knight-errant, and encounter him in fight, for which an opportunity could not be long wanting, and so vanquish him, which would be an easy matter to do; and that it should be covenanted and agreed, that the conquered should lie at the mercy of the conqueror; and so, Don Quixote being conquered, the Bachelor Knight should command him to return home to his village and house, and not stir out of it in two years, or till he had received farther orders from him: all which, it was plain, Don Quixote, when once overcome, would readily comply with, not to contravene or infringe the laws of chivalry: and it might so fall out, that, during his confinement, he might forget his follies, or an opportunity might offer of finding out some cure for his

malady. Carrasco accepted of the employment, and Tom Cecial, Sancho Panza's neighbour, a pleasant-humoured, shallow-brained, fellow, offered his service to be the squire. Sampson armed himself, as you have heard, and Tom Cecial fitted the counterfeit pasteboard nose to his face, that he might not be known by his neighbour, when they met. They took the same road that Don Quixote had taken, and arrived almost time enough to have been present at the adventure of Death's car. But, in short, they lighted on them in the wood, where befell them all that the prudent has been reading. And had it not been for Don Quixote's extraordinary opinion, that the Bachelor was not the Bachelor, Signor Bachelor had been incapacitated for ever from taking the degree of licentiate, not finding so much as nests, where he thought to find birds.

Tom Cecial, seeing how ill they had sped, and the unlucky issue of their expedition, said to the Bachelor: "For certain, Signor Sampson Carrasco, we have been very rightly served. It is easy to design and begin an enterprise, but very often difficult to get through with it. Don Quixote is mad, and we think ourselves wise: he gets off sound and laughing, and your Worship remains sore and sorrowful. Now, pray, which is the greater madman, he, who is so, because he cannot help it, or he, who is so on purpose?" To which Sampson answered: "The difference be-

tween these two sorts of madmen is, that he, who cannot help being mad, will always be so, and he, who plays the fool on purpose, may give over, when he thinks fit."—"If it be so," quoth Tom Cecial, "I was mad, when I had a mind to be your Worship's squire, and now I have a mind to be so no longer, and to get me home to my house."—"It is fit you should," answered Sampson; "but to think that I will return to mine, till I have soundly banged this same Don Quixote, is to be greatly mistaken; and it is not now the desire of curing him of his madness, that prompts me to seek him, but a desire of being revenged on him; for the pain of my ribs will not let me entertain more charitable considerations." Thus they went on discoursing, till they came to a village, where they luckily met with a bone-setter, who cured the unfortunate Sampson. Tom Cecial went back and left him, and he staid behind meditating revenge; and the history speaks of him again in due time, not omitting to rejoice at present with Don Quixote.

CHAP. XVI.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH A DISCREET GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA.

Don Quixote pursued his journey with the pleasure, satisfaction, and self-conceit already mentioned, imagining, upon account of his late

victory, that he was the most valiant Knight-errant the world could boast of in that age. He looked upon all the adventures, which should befall him from that time forward, as already finished and brought to a happy conclusion; he valued not any enchantments or enchanters: he no longer remembered the innumerable bastings he had received, during the progress of his chivalries, the stoning that had demolished half his grinders, the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, nor the boldness and shower of pack-staves, of the Yanguesian carriers. In short, he said to himself, that could he but hit upon the art, or method, of disenchanting his Lady Dulcinea, he should not envy the greatest good fortune, that the most successful Knight-errant of past ages ever did or could attain to.

He was wholly taken up with these thoughts, when Sancho said to him: "Is it not strange, Sir, that I still have before my eyes the monstrous and unmeasurable nose of my gossip Tom Cecial?" —"And do you really believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the Knight of the looking-glasses was the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire Tom Cecial your gossip?"—"I know not what to say to that," answered Sancho; "I only know, that the marks he gave me of my house, wife, and children, could be given me by nobody else but himself; and his face, when the nose was off, was Tom Cecial's own, as I have

seen it very often in our village, next door to my house; and the tone of the voice was also the very same."—"Come on," replied Don Quixote; "let us reason a little upon this business. How can any one imagine, that the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come like a Knight-errant, armed at all points to fight with me? Was I ever his enemy? Have I ever given him occasion to bear me a grudge? Am I his rival? Or does he make profession of arms, as envying the fame I have acquired by them?"—"What then shall we say, Sir," answered Sancho, "to that Knight's being so very like Sampson Carrasco, be he who he would, and his squire so like Tom Cecial my gossip? And, if it be enchantment, as your Worship says, were there no other two in the world they could be made to resemble?"—"The whole is artifice," answered Don Quixote, "and a trick of the wicked magicians, who persecute me; who, foreseeing that I was to come off vanquisher in the conflict, contrived, that the vanquished Knight should have the face of my friend the Bachelor, that the kindness I have for him might interpose between the edge of my sword, and the rigour of my arm, and moderate the just indignation of my breast, and by these means he might escape with his life, who by cunning devices and false appearances, sought to take away mine. For proof whereof, you already know, O Sancho, by infallible experience, how

easy a thing it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the fair foul, and the foul fair; since, not two days ago, you beheld with your own eyes the beauty and bravery of the peerless Dulcinea in their highest perfection, and at the same time I saw her under the plainness and deformity of a rude country wench, with cataracts on her eyes, and a bad smell in her mouth: and if the perverse enchanter durst make so wicked a transformation, no wonder if he has done the like as to Sampson Carrasco and your neighbour, in order to snatch the glory of the victory out of my hands. Nevertheless I comfort myself; for, in short, be it under what shape soever, I have got the better of my enemy."— "God knows the truth," answered Sancho; who, well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was all his own plot and device, was not satisfied with his master's chimerical notions, but would make no reply, lest he should let fall some word that might discover his cheat.

While they were thus discoursing, there overtook them a man upon a very fine mottled gray mare, clad in a surtout of fine green cloth, faced with murrey-coloured velvet, and a hunter's cap of the same: the mare's furniture was all of the field, and ginet-fashion, murrey-coloured and green. He had a Moorish scimitar hanging at a shoulder-belt of green and gold; and his buskins wrought like the belt. His spurs were not gilt, but

varnished with green, so neat and polished, that they suited his clothes better than if they had been of pure gold. When the traveller came up to them, he saluted them courteously, and spurring his mare, and keeping a little off, was passing on. But Don Quixote called to him: "Courteous Sir, if you are going our way, and are not in haste, I should take it for a favour we might join company." — "Truly, Sir," answered he with the mare, "I had not kept off, but for fear your horse should prove unruly in the company of my mare."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "if that be all, you may safely hold in your mare; for ours is the soberest and best-conditioned horse in the world: he never did a naughty thing in his life, upon these occasions, but once, and then my master and I paid for it seven-fold. I say again, your Worship may stop if you please; for were she served up betwixt two dishes, he would not, I assure you, so much as look her in the face." The traveller checked his mare, wondering at the air and countenance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried, like a cloke-bag, at the pommel of his ass's pannel. And if the gentleman in green gazed much at Don Quixote, Don Quixote stared no less at him, taking him to be some person of consequence. He seemed to be about fifty years of age; had but few grey hairs; his visage aquiline: his aspect between merry and

serious: in a word, his mien and appearance spoke him to be a man of worth. What he in green thought of Don Quixote, was, that he had never seen such a figure of a man before; he admired the length of his horse, the tallness of his stature, the meagerness of his aspect, his armour, and his deportment; the whole such an odd figure, as had not been seen in that country for many years past.

Don Quixote took good notice how the traveller surveyed him, and, reading his desire in his surprise, and being the pink of courtesy, and fond of pleasing every body, before the traveller could ask him any question, he prevented him, saying: "This figure of mine, which your Worship sees, being so new, and so much out of the way of what is generally in fashion, I do not wonder, if you are surprised at it: but you will cease to be so, when I tell you, as I do, that I am one of those Knights, whom people call *Seekers of adventures*. I left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted my ease and pleasures, and threw myself into the arms of fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. I had a mind to revive the long-deceased chivalry; and, for some time past, stumbling here and tumbling there, falling headlong in one place, and getting up again in another, I have accomplished a great part of my design, succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding married women and orphans;

the natural and proper office of Knights-errant. And thus, by many valorous and Christian exploits, I have merited the honour of being in print, in all, or most of the nations in the world. Thirty thousand copies are already published of my history, and it is in the way of coming to thirty thousand thousands more, if Heaven prevent it not. Finally, to sum up all in few words, or in one only, know, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure: and though self-praises depreciate, I am sometimes forced to publish my own commendations; but this is to be understood, when nobody else is present to do it for me. So that, worthy Sir, neither this horse, this lance, this shield, nor this squire, nor all this armour together, nor the wanness of my visage, nor my meagre lankness, ought from henceforward to be matter of wonder to you, now that you know who I am, and the profession I follow."

Here Don Quixote was silent, and he in green was so long before he returned any answer, that it looked as if he could not hit upon a reply; but, after some pause, he said: "Sir Knight, you judged right of my desire by my surprise; but you have not removed the wonder raised in me at seeing you: for, supposing, as you say, that my knowing who you are might have removed it, yet it has not done so: on the contrary, now that I know it, I am in greater ad-

miration and surprise than before. What! is it possible, that there are Knights-errant now in the world, and that there are histories printed of real chivalries? I never could have thought there was any body now upon earth, who relieved widows, succoured damsels, aided married women, or protected orphans, nor should yet have believed it, had I not seen it in your Worship with my own eyes. Blessed be Heaven for this history, which your Worship says is in print, of your exalted and true achievements; it must have cast into oblivion the numberless fables of fictitious Knights-errant, with which the world was filled, so much to the detriment of good morals, and the prejudice and discredit of good histories."— "There is a great deal to be said," answered Don Quixote, "upon this subject, whether the histories of Knights-errant are fictitious or not." —"Why, is there any one," answered he in green, "that has the least suspicion, that those histories are not false?"—"I have," said Don Quixote: "but no more of that; for, if we travel any time together, I hope in God to convince you, Sir, that you have done amiss in suffering yourself to be carried away by the current of those, who take it for granted they are not true." From these last words of Don Quixote, the traveller began to suspect he must be some madman, and waited for a farther confirmation of his suspicion: but before they fell into any other discourse,

Don Quixote desired him to tell him who he was, since he had given him some account of his own condition and life.

To which he in the green riding-coat answered: "I, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, am a gentleman, native of a village, where, God willing, we shall dine to-day. I am more than indifferently rich, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I spend my time with my wife, my children, and my friends: my diversions are hunting and fishing; but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, only some decoy partridges and a stout ferret. I have about six dozen of books, some Spanish, some Latin, some of history, and some of devotion; those of chivalry have not yet come over my threshold. I am more inclined to the reading of profane authors, than religious, provided they are upon subjects of innocent amusement, the language agreeable, and the invention new and surprising, though indeed there are very few of this sort in Spain. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends, and sometimes I invite them: my table is neat and clean, and tolerably furnished. I neither censure others myself, nor allow others to do it before me. I inquire not into other men's lives, nor am I sharp-sighted to pry into their actions. I hear mass every day: I share my substance with the poor, making no parade with my good works, nor harbouring in my breast

hypocrisy and vain-glory, those enemies, which so slily get possession of the best guarded hearts. I endeavour to make peace between those, that are at variance. I devote myself particularly to our blessed Lady, and always trust in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."

Sancho was very attentive to the relation of the gentleman's life and conversation; all which appeared to him to be good and holy: and, thinking that one of such a character must needs work miracles, he flung himself off his Dapple, and running hastily laid hold of his right stirrup; and, with a devout heart, and almost weeping eyes, he kissed his feet more than once. Which the gentleman perceiving, said: "What mean you, brother? What kisses are these?"—"Pray, let me kiss on," answered Sancho; "for your Worship is the first saint on horseback I ever saw in all the days of my life."—"I am no saint," answered the gentleman, "but a great sinner: you, brother, must needs be very good, as your simplicity demonstrates." Sancho went off, and got again upon his pannel, having forced a smile from the profound gravity of his master, and caused fresh admiration in Don Diego.

Don Quixote then asked him, how many children he had, telling him, that one of the things, wherein the ancient philosophers, who wanted the true knowledge of God, placed the supreme happiness, was, in the gifts of nature and for-

tune, in having many friends, and many good children. "I, Signor Don Quixote," answered the gentleman, "have one son; and, if I had him not, perhaps, I should think myself happier than I am, not because he is bad, but because he is not so good as I would have him. He is eighteen years old; six he has been at Salamanca, learning the Latin and Greek languages, and, when I was desirous he should study other sciences, I found him so over head and ears in poetry, if that may be called a science, that there was no prevailing with him to look into the law, which was what I would have had him studied; nor into divinity, the queen of all sciences. I was desirous he should be the crown and honour of his family, since we live in an age, in which our Kings highly reward useful and virtuous literature; for letters without virtue are pearls in a dunghill. He passes whole days in examining, whether Homer expressed himself well in such a verse of the Iliad; whether Martial, in such an epigram, be obscene or not; whether such a verse in Virgil is to be understood this or that way. In a word, all his conversation is with the books of the aforesaid poets, and with those of Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus. As to the modern Spanish authors, he makes no great account of them; though, notwithstanding the antipathy he seems to have to Spanish poetry, his thoughts are at this very time entirely taken

up with making a gloss upon four verses, sent him from Salamanca, which, I think, were designed for a scholastic prize."

To all which Don Quixote answered: "Children, Sir, are pieces of the bowels of their parents, and, whether good or bad, must be loved and cherished as parts of ourselves. It is the duty of parents to train them up from their infancy in the paths of virtue and good manners, and in good principles and Christian discipline, that, when they are grown up, they may be the staff of their parents' age, and an honour to their posterity. As to forcing them to this or that science, I do not hold it to be right, though I think there is no harm in advising them; and when there is no need of studying merely for bread, the student being so happy as to have it by inheritance, I should be for indulging him in the pursuit of that science, to which his genius is most inclined. And though that of poetry be less profitable, than delightful, it is not one of those, that are wont to disgrace the possessor. Poetry, good Sir, I take to be like a tender virgin, very young, and extremely beautiful, whom divers other virgins, namely, all the other sciences, make it their business to enrich, polish, and adorn; and to her it belongs to make use of them all, and on her part to give a lustre to them all. But this same virgin is not to be rudely handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor

exposed in the turnings of the market-place, nor posted on the corners or gates of palaces. She is formed of an alchymy of such virtue, that he, who knows how to manage her, will convert her into the purest gold of inestimable price. He, who possesses her, should keep a strict hand over her, not suffering her to make excursions in obscene satires, or lifeless sonnets. She must in no wise be venal; though she need not reject the profits arising from heroic poems, mournful tragedies, or pleasant and artful comedies. She must not be meddled with by buffoons, or by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of knowing or esteeming the treasures locked up in her. And think not, Sir, that I give the appellation of vulgar to the common people alone: all the ignorant, though they be lords or princes, ought, and must, be taken into the number. He, therefore, who, with the aforesaid qualifications, addicts himself to the study and practice of poetry, will become famous, and his name be honoured in all the polite nations of the world. And as to what you say, Sir, that your son does not much esteem the Spanish poetry, I am of opinion, that he is not very right in that; and the reason is this; the great Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, because he was a Roman. In short, all the ancient poets wrote in the language they sucked in

with their mother's milk, and did not hunt after foreign tongues, to express the sublimity of their conceptions. And, this being so, it is fit this custom should take place in all nations; and the German poet should not be disregarded for writing in his own tongue, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscainer, for writing in his. But your son, I should imagine, does not dislike the Spanish poetry, but the poets, who are merely Spanish, without any knowledge of other languages, or sciences, which might adorn, enliven, and assist their natural genius: though even in this there may be a mistake; for it is a true opinion, that the poet is born one; the meaning of which is, that a natural poet comes forth a poet from his mother's womb, and, with this talent given him by Heaven, and without farther study or art, composes things, which verify the saying, *Est Deus in nobis*, &c. Not but that a natural poet, who improves himself by art, will be a much better poet, and have the advantage of him, who has no other title to it but the knowledge of that art alone; and the reason is, because art cannot exceed nature, but only perfect it; so that art mixed with nature, and nature with art, form a complete poet. To conclude my discourse, good Sir; let your son follow the direction of his stars: for, being so good a scholar, as he must needs be, and having al-

ready happily mounted the first round of the ladder of the sciences, that of the languages, with the help of these, he will by himself ascend to the top of human learning, which is no less an honour and an ornament to a gentleman, than a mitre to a bishop, or the long robe to the learned in the law. If your son writes satires injurious to the reputation of others, chide him, and tear his performances: but if he pens discourses in the manner of Horace, reprehending vice in general, as that poet so elegantly does, commend him, because it is lawful for a poet to write against envy, and to brand the envious in his verses; and so of other vices; but not to single out particular characters. There are poets, who, for the pleasure of saying one smart thing, will run the hazard of being banished to the isles of Pontus [30]. If the poet be chaste in his manners, he will be so in his verses: the pen is the tongue of the mind; such as its conceptions are, such will its productions be. And when Kings and Princes see the wonderful science of poetry employed on prudent, virtuous, and grave subjects, they honour, esteem, and enrich the poets, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree, which the thunderbolt hurts not, signifying, as it were, that nobody ought to offend those, who wear such crowns, and whose temples are so adorned."

The gentleman in green admired much Don Quixote's discourse, insomuch that he began to

waver in his opinion as to his being a madman. But in the midst of the conversation, Sancho, it not being much to his taste, was gone out of the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds, who were hard by milking some ewes. And now the gentleman, highly satisfied with Don Quixote's ingenuity and good sense, was renewing the discourse, when on a sudden Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, perceived a car, with royal banners, coming the same road they were going, and, believing it to be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho to come and give him his helmet. Sancho hearing himself called, left the shepherds, and in all haste, pricking his Dapple, came where his master was, whom there befell a most dreadful and stupendous adventure.

CHAP. XVII.

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH THE LAST AND HIGHEST POINT, AT WHICH THE UNHEARD-OF COURAGE OF DON QUIXOTE EVER DID, OR COULD, ARRIVE; WITH THE HAPPY CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS.

THE history relates, that, when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, he was buying some curds of the shepherds; and, being hurried by the violent haste his master was in, he knew not what to do with them, nor how

to bestow them; and that he might not lose them, now they were paid for, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet; and with this excellent shift back he came to learn the commands of his lord, who said to him: "Friend, give me the helmet; for either I know little of adventures, or that, which I descry yonder, is one, that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arms." He in the green riding-coat, hearing this, cast his eyes every way as far as he could, and discovered nothing but a car coming towards them, with two or three small flags, by which he conjectured, that the said car was bringing some of the King's money; and so he told Don Quixote: but he believed him not, always thinking and imagining, that every thing that befell him must be an adventure, and adventures upon adventures; and thus he replied to the gentleman; "Preparation is half the battle, and nothing is lost by being upon one's guard. I know by experience, that I have enemies both visible and invisible, and I know not when, nor from what quarter, nor at what time, nor in what shape, they will encounter me;" and turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho, who, not having time to take out the curds, was forced to give it him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and, without minding what was in it, clapped it hastily upon his head; and as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down the