face and beard of Don Quixote: at which he was so startled, that he said to Sancho: "What can this mean, Sancho? methinks my skull is softening, or my brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot; and if I do really sweat, in truth it is not through fear, though I verily believe I am like to have a terrible adventure of this. If you have any thing to wipe with, give it me; for the copious sweat quite blinds my eyes." Sancho said nothing, and gave him a cloth, and with it thanks to God, that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off his helmet, to see what it was that so over-cooled his head; and, seeing some white lumps in it, he put them to his nose, and smelling to them said: "By the life of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they are curds you have clapped in here, vile traitor, and inconsiderate squire!" To which Sancho answered, with great phlegm and dissimulation: "If they are curds, give me them to eat: but the devil eat them for me; for it must be, he that put them there. What! I offer to foul your Worship's helmet? In faith, Sir, by what God gives me to understand, I too have my enchanters, who persecute me, as a creature and member of your Worship, and, I warrant, have put that filthiness there, to stir your patience to wrath against me, and provoke you to bang my sides as you used to do. But truly this bout they have missed their aim; for I

trust to the candid judgment of my master, who will consider, that I have neither curds, nor cream, nor any thing like it; and that, if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach, than into your Honour's helmet."—"It may be so," replied Don Quixote. All this the gentleman saw, and saw with admiration, especially when Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, clapping it on, and fixing himself firm in his stirrups, then trying the easy drawing of his sword, and grasping his lance, said: "Now come what will; for here I am prepared to encounter Satan himself in person."

By this time the car with the flags was come up, and nobody with it but the carter upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore-part. Don Quixote planted himself just before them, and said: "Whither go ye, brethren? What car is this? What have you in it, and what banners are those?" To which the carter answered: "The car is mine, and in it are two fierce lions, which the general of Oran is sending to court as a present to his Majesty: the flags belong to our liege the King, to show that what is in the car is his."—"And are the lions large?" demanded Don Quixote. "So large," replied the man upon the fore-part of the car, "that larger never came from Africa into Spain: I am their keeper, and have had charge of several, but never of any so large as these: they are a male

and a female; the male is in the first cage, and the female in that behind: at present they are hungry, not having eaten to-day, and therefore, Sir, get out of the way; for we must make haste to the place, where we are to feed them." At which Don Quixote, smiling a little, said: "To me your lion-whelps! your lion-whelps to me! and at this time of day! By the living God, those who sent them hither, shall see, whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend; and, since you are their keeper, open the cages, and turn out those beasts; for in the midst of this field will I make them know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters, that sent them to me."—"Very well," said the gentleman to himself, "our good Knight has given us a specimen of what he is: doubtless, the curds have softened his skull, and ripened his brains." Then Sancho came to him, and said: "For God's sake, Sir, order it so, that my master Don Quixote may not encounter these lions; for if he does, they will tear us all to pieces."—"What then, is your master really so mad," answered the gentleman, "that you fear and believe he will attack such fierce animals?" —"He is not mad," answered Sancho, "but daring."—"I will make him desist," replied the gentleman; and going to Don Quixote, who was hastening the keeper to open the cages, he said: "Sir, Knights-errant should undertake

adventures, which promise good success, and not such as are quite desperate; for the valour, which borders too near upon the confines of rashness, has in it more of madness, than fortitude: besides, these lions do not come to assail your Worship, nor do they so much as dream of any such thing: they are going to be presented to his Majesty; and it is not proper to detain them, or hinder their journey."—"Sweet Sir,' answered Don Quixote, "go hence, and mind your decoy partridge, and your stout ferret, and leave every one to his own business. This is mine, and I will know, whether these gentlemen lions come against me, or no." And turning to the keeper, he said: "I vow to God, Don rascal, if you do not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin you to the car." The carter, seeing the resolution of this armed apparition, said: "Good Sir, for charity's sake, be pleased to let me take off my mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions are let loose; for should my cattle be killed, I am undone for all the days of my life, having no other livelihood but this car and these mules."—"O man of little faith!" answered Don Quixote, "alight and unyoke, and do what you will: for you shall quickly see you have laboured in vain, and might have saved yourself this trouble."

The carter alighted, and unyoked in great haste; and the keeper said aloud: "Bear witness, all

here present, that against my will, and by compulsion, I open the cages, and let loose the lions; and that I enter my protest against this gentleman, that all the harm and mischief these beasts do shall stand and be placed to his account, with my salary and perquisites over and above: pray, Gentlemen, shift for yourselves before I open; for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt." Again the gentleman pressed Don Quixote to desist from doing so mad a thing, it being to tempt God, to undertake so extravagant an action. Don Quixote replied, that he knew what he did. The gentleman rejoined, bidding him consider well of it, for he was certain he deceived himself. "Nay, Sir," replied Don Quixote, "if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy, spur your mottled gray, and save yourself." Sancho, hearing this, besought him with tears in his eyes to desist from that enterprise, in comparison whereof that of the windmills, and that fearful one of the fulling-mill-hammers, in short all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life, were mere tarts and cheesecakes. "Consider, Sir," quoth Sancho, "that here is no enchantment, nor any thing like it: for I have seen, through the grates and chinks of the cage, the claw of a true lion; and I guess by it, that the lion, to whom such a claw belongs, is bigger than a mountain."—"However it be," answered Don

Quixote, "fear will make it appear to you bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me; and if I die here, you know our old agreement: repair to Dulcinea; I say no more." To these he added other expressions, with which he cut off all hope of his desisting from his extravagant design. He in green would fain have opposed him, but found himself unequally matched in weapons and armour, and did not think it prudent to engage with a madman; for such, by this time, he took Don Quixote to be in all points: who hastening the keeper, and reiterating his menaces, the gentleman took occasion to clap spurs to his mare, Sancho to Dapple, and the carter to his mules, all endeavouring to get as far from the car as they could, before the lions were let loose. Sancho lamented the death of his master, verily believing it would now overtake him in the paws of the lions: he cursed his hard fortune, and the unlucky hour, when it came into his head to serve him again: but for all his tears and lamentations, he ceased not punching his Dapple to get far enough from the car. The keeper seeing that the fugitives were got a good way off, repeated his arguments and entreaties to Don Quixote, who answered, that he heard him, and that he should trouble himself with no more arguments nor entreaties, for all would signify nothing, and that he must make haste.

Whilst the keeper delayed opening the first

grate, Don Quixote considered with himself, whether it would be best to fight on foot or on horseback: at last he determined to fight on foot, lest Rozinante should be terrified at sight of the lions. Upon this he leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance, braced on his shield, and drew his sword; and marching slowly, with marvellous intrepidity and an undaunted heart, he planted himself before the car, devoutly commending himself, first to God, and then to his mistress Dulcinea.

Here it is to be noted, that the author of this faithful history, coming to this passage, falls into exclamations, and cries out: "O strenuous, and beyond all expression courageous, Don Quixote de la Mancha; thou mirror, in which all the valiant ones of the world may behold themselves, thou second and new Don Manuel de Leon, who was the glory and honour of the Spanish Knights! With what words shall I relate this tremendous exploit? By what argument shall I render it credible to succeeding ages? Or what praises, though above all hyperboles hyperbolical, do not fit and become thee? Thou alone, on foot, intrepid and magnanimous, with a single sword, and that none of the sharpest, with a shield, not of the brightest and most shining steel, standest waiting for and expecting two of the fiercest lions, that the forests of Africa ever bred. Let thy own deeds praise thee, valorous Manchegan! for here

I must leave off for want of words, by which to enhance them." Here the author ends his exclamation, and resumes the thread of the history, saying:

The keeper, seeing Don Quixote fixed in his posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose the male lion, on pain of falling under the displeasure of the angry and daring Knight, set wide open the door of the first cage, where lay the lion, which appeared to be of an extraordinary bigness, and of a hideous and frightful aspect. The first thing he did, was to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length. Then he gaped and yawned very leisurely; then licked the dust off his eyes, and washed his face, with some half a yard of tongue. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round on all sides with eyes of fire-coals: a sight and aspect enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote only observed him with attention, wishing he would leap out from the car, and grapple with him, that he might tear him in pieces: to such a pitch of extravagance had his unheard-of madness transported him. But the generous lion, more civil than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, after having stared about him, as has been said, turned his back, and showed his posteriors to Don Quixote, and, with great phlegm and calmness, laid himself

down again in the cage: which Don Quixote perceiving, he ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come forth. "That I will not do," answered the keeper: "for, should I provoke him, I myself shall be the first he will tear in pieces. Be satisfied, Signor Cavalier, with what is done, which is all that can be said in point of courage, and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open, and it is in his choice to come forth or not: and since he has not yet come out, he will not come out all this day. The greatness of your Worship's courage is already sufficiently shown: no brave combatant, as I take it, is obliged to more than to challenge his foe, and expect him in the field; and, if the antagonist does not meet him, the infamy lies at his door, and the expectant gains the crown of conquest." —"That is true," answered Don Quixote: "shut the door, friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here. It is fit it should be known, how you opened to the lion; I waited for him; he came not out; I waited for him again; again he came not out; and again he laid him down. I am bound to no more; enchantments avaunt, and God help right and truth and true chivalry: and so shut the door, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that they may have an account of this exploit from your mouth."

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, clapping on the point of his lance the linen cloth, wherewith he had wiped the torrent of the curds from off his face, began to call out to the rest, who still fled, turning about their heads at every step, all in a troop, and the gentleman at the head of them. But Sancho, chancing to espy the signal of the white cloth, said: "May I be hanged if my master has not vanquished the wild beasts, since he calls to us." They all halted, and knew that it was Don Quixote, who made the sign; and, abating some part of their fear, they drew nearer by degrees, till they came where they could distinctly hear the words of Don Quixote, who was calling to them. In short, they came back to the car, and then Don Quixote said to the carter: "Put to your mules again, brother, and continue your journey; and, Sancho, give two gold crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for my having detained them."—"That I will with all my heart," answered Sancho: "but what is become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?" Then the keeper, very minutely, and with proper pauses, related the success of the conflict, exaggeratiug, the best he could, or knew how, the valour of Don Quixote, at sight of whom the abashed lion would not, or durst not, stir out of the cage, though he had held open the door a good while; and upon his representing to the Knight, that it

was tempting God to provoke the lion, and to make him come out by force, as he would have had him done, whether he would or no, and wholly against his will, he had suffered the cage door to be shut. "What think you of this, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Can any enchantments prevail against true courage? With ease may the enchanters deprive me of good fortune; but of courage and resolution they never can." Sancho gave the gold crowns; the carter put to; the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the favour received, and promised him to relate this valorous exploit to the King himself, when he came to court. "If, perchance, his Majesty," said Don Quixote, "should inquire who performed it, tell him the Knight of the Lions: for from henceforward I resolve, that the title I have hitherto borne of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure shall be changed, trucked, and altered to this; and herein I follow the ancient practice of Knights-errant, who changed their names, when they had a mind, or whenever it served their turn."

The car went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he in the green surtout, pursued their journey. In all this time Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, being all attention to observe and remark the actions and words of Don Quixote, taking him to be a sensible madman, and a madman bordering upon good sense.

The first part of his history had not yet come to his knowledge; for, had he read that, his wonder at Don Quixote's words and actions would have ceased, as knowing the nature of his madness: but, as he yet knew nothing of it, he sometimes thought him in his senses, and sometimes out of them; because what he spoke was coherent, elegant, and well said, and what he did was extravagant, rash, and foolish: for, said he to himself, what greater madness can there be, than to clap on a helmet full of curds, and persuade one's self that enchanters have melted one's skull; and what greater rashness and extravagance than to resolve to fight with lions?

Don Quixote diverted these imaginations, and this soliloquy, by saying: "Doubtless, Signor Don Diego de Miranda, in your opinion I must needs pass for an extravagant madman: and no wonder it should be so; for my actions indicate no less. But, for all that, I would have you know, that I am not so mad, nor so shallow, as I may have appeared to be. A fine appearance makes the gallant cavalier, in shining armour, prancing over the lists, at some joyful tournament, in sight of the ladies. A fine appearance makes the Knight, when, in the midst of a large square, before the eyes of his Prince, he transfixes a furious bull. And a fine appearance make those Knights, who, in military exercises, or the like, entertain, enliven, and, if we may so

say, do honour to their Prince's court. But, above all these, a much finer appearance makes the Knight-errant, who, through deserts and solitudes, through cross-ways, through woods, and over mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, with design to bring them to a happy and fortunate conclusion, only to obtain a glorious and immortal fame. A Knight-errant, I say, makes a finer appearance in the act of succouring some widow, in a desert place, than a Knight-courtier in addressing some damsel in a city. All cavaliers have their proper and peculiar exercises. Let the courtier wait upon the ladies; adorn his Prince's court with rich liveries; entertain the poorer cavaliers at his splendid table; order jousts; manage tournaments; and show himself great, liberal, and magnificent, and above all a good Christian: and in this manner will he precisely comply with the obligations of his duty. But let the Knight-errant search the remotest corners of the world; enter the most intricate labyrinths; at every step assail impossibilities; in the wild uncultivated deserts brave the burning rays of the summer's sun, and the keen inclemency of the winter's frost: Let not lions daunt him, spectres affright him, or dragons terrify him: for in seeking these, encountering those, and conquering them all, consists his principal and true employment. It being then my lot to be one of the number of Knights-errant, I cannot decline un-

dertaking whatever I imagine to come within the verge of my profession; and therefore encountering the lions, as I just now did, belonged to me directly, though I knew it to be a most extravagant rashness. I very well know, that fortitude is a virtue, placed between the two vicious extremes of cowardice and rashness: but it is better the valiant should rise to the high pitch of temerity, than sink to the low point of cowardice: for, as it is easier for the prodigal to become liberal, than for the covetous, so it is much easier for the rash to hit upon being truly valiant, than for the coward to rise to true valour: and as to undertaking adventures, believe me, Signor Don Diego, it is better to lose the game by a card too much than one too little: for it sounds better in the ears of those that hear it, such a Knight is rash and daring, than such a Knight is timorous and cowardly."

"I say, Signor Don Quixote," answered Don Diego, "that all you have said and done is levelled by the line of right reason; and I think, if the laws and ordinances of Knight-errantry should be lost, they might be found in your Worship's breast, as in their proper depository and register. But let us make haste, for it grows late; and let us get to my village and house, where you may repose and refresh yourself after your late toil, which, if not of the body, has been a labour of the mind, which often affects the body

too."—"I accept of the offer as a great favour and kindness, Signor Don Diego," answered Don Quixote: and spurring on a little more than they had hitherto done, it was about two in the afternoon when they arrived at the village, and the house of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote called the Knight of the green Riding-coat.

## CHAP. XVIII.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE, OR HOUSE, OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN RIDING-COAT, WITH OTHER EXTRAVAGANT MATTERS.

Don Quixote found that Don Diego's house was spacious, after the country fashion, having the arms of the family carved in rough stone over the great gates; the buttery in the court-yard, the cellar under the porch, and several earthen wine-jars placed round it; which, being of the ware of Toboso, renewed the memory of his enchanted and metamorphosed Dulcinea; and without considering what he said, or before whom, he sighed, and cried:

"Oh! pledges sweet, though now most painful found!
When Heaven pleases they with joy abound.

Oh ye Tobosian jars, that have brought back to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness!" This was overheard by the poetical scholar, Don Diego's son, who, with his mother, was

come out to receive him; and both mother and son were in admiration at the strange figure of Don Quixote, who, alighting from Rozinante, very courteously desired leave to kiss the lady's hands; and Don Diego said: "Receive, Madam, with your accustomed civility, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha here present, a Knight-errant, and the most valiant and most ingenious person in the world." The lady, whose name was Donna Christiana, received him with tokens of much affection and civility, and Don Quixote returned them in discreet and courteous expressions. The same kind of compliments passed between him and the student, whom by his talk Don Quixote took for a witty and acute person.

Here the author sets down all the particulars of Don Diego's house, describing all the furniture usually contained in the mansion of a gentleman, that was both a farmer and rich. But the translators of the history thought fit to pass over in silence these, and similar minute matters, as not suiting with the principal scope of the history, in which truth has more force than cold and insipid digressions.

Don Quixote was led into a hall: Sancho unarmed him; he remained in his wide Walloon breeches, and in a shamois doublet, all besmeared with the rust of his armour: his band was of the college cut, without starch and without lace: his buskins were date-coloured, and his shoes waxed.

He girt on his trusty sword, which hung at a belt made of a sea-wolf's skin: for it is thought he had been many years troubled with a weakness in his loins. Over these he had a long cloke of good gray cloth. But, first of all, with five or six kettles of water (for there is some difference as to the number), he washed his head and face; and still the water continued of a whey colour, thanks to Sancho's gluttony, and the purchase of the nasty curds, that had made his master so white and clean. With the aforesaid accoutrements, and with a genteel air and deportment, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the student was waiting to entertain him, till the cloth was laid; for the Lady Donna Christiana would show, upon the arrival of so noble a guest, that she knew how to regale those, who came to her house.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (for that was the name of Don Diego's son) had leisure to say to his father: "Pray, Sir, who is this Gentleman you have brought us home? For his name, his figure, and your telling us he is a Knight-errant, keep my mother and me in great suspense."—"I know not how to answer you, Son," replied Don Diego: "I can only tell you, that I have seen him act the part of the maddest man in the world, and then talk so ingeniously, that his words contradict and undo all his actions. Talk you to him, and feel

the pulse of his understanding; and, since you have discernment enough, judge of his discretion, or distraction, as you shall find; though, to say the truth, I rather take him to be mad than otherwise."

Hereupon Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as has been said; and, among other discourse, which passed between them, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo: "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father, Sir, has given me some account of your rare abilities and refined judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet."—"A poet, perhaps, I may be," replied Don Lorenzo; "but a great one, not even in thought. True it is, I am somewhat fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets: but in no wise so as to merit the title my father is pleased to bestow upon me."—"I do not dislike this modesty," answered Don Quixote; "for poets are usually very arrogant, each thinking himself the greatest in the world."—"There is no rule without an exception," answered Don Lorenzo, "and such an one there may be, who is really so, and does not think it."—"Very few," answered Don Quixote: "but please to tell me, Sir, what verses are those you have now in hand, which, your father says, make you so uneasy and thoughtful: for if it be some gloss, I know somewhat of the knack of glossing, and should be glad to see it: and if they are designed for a po-

etical prize, endeavour to obtain the second; for the first is always carried by favour, or by the great quality of the person: the second is bestowed according to merit; so that the third becomes the second, and the first, in this account, is but the third, according to the liberty commonly taken in your universities. But, for all that, the name of first makes a great figure."—"Hitherto," said Don Lorenzo to himself, "I do not judge thee to be mad: let us proceed;" so he said to him: "Your Worship, I presume, has frequented the schools: what sciences have you studied?"—"That of Knight-errantry," answered Don Quixote, "which is as good as your poetry, yea, and two little fingers breadth beyond it."—"I know not what science that is," replied Don Lorenzo, "and hitherto it has not come to my knowledge."—"It is a science," replied Don Quixote, "which includes in it all, or most of the other sciences of the world. For he, who professes it, must be a lawyer, and know the laws of distributive and commutative justice, in order to give every one what is his own, and that which is proper for him. He must be a divine, to be able to give a reason for the Christian faith he professes, clearly and distinctly, whenever it is required of him. He must be a physician, and especially a botanist, to know, in the midst of wildernesses and deserts, the herbs and simples which have the virtue of curing wounds; for your

Knight-errant must not at every turn be running to look for somebody to heal him. He must be an astronomer, to know by the stars what it is o'clock, and what part, or climate, of the world he is in. He must know the mathematics, because at every foot he will stand in need of them: and, setting aside that, he must be adorned with all the cardinal and theological virtues: I descend to some other minute particulars. I say then, he must know how to swim, like him people call Fish Nicholas, or Nicholao[31]. He must know how to shoe a horse, and to keep the saddle and bridle in repair: and, to return to what was said above, he must preserve his faith to God and his mistress inviolate. He must be chaste in his thoughts, modest in his words, liberal in good works, valiant in exploits, patient in toils, charitable to the needy, and lastly a maintainer of the truth, though it should cost him his life to defend it. Of all these great and small parts a good Knight-errant is composed. Consider then, Signor Don Lorenzo, whether it be a slovenly, dirty science, which the Knight who professes it, learns and studies, and whether it may not be equalled to the stateliest of all those, that are taught in your colleges and schools."—"If this be so," replied Don Lorenzo, "I maintain, that this science is preferable to all others."—"How! if it be so?" answered Don Quixote. "What I mean, Sir," said Don Lorenzo, "is, that I

question, whether there ever have been, or now are in being, any Knights-errant, and adorned with so many virtues."—" I have often said," answered Don Quixote, " what I now repeat, that the greater part of the world are of opinion there never were any Knights-errant; and, because I am of opinion, that, if Heaven does not in some miraculous manner convince them of the truth, that there have been, and are such now, whatever pains are taken will be all in vain, as I have often found by experience, I will not now lose time in bringing you out of an error so prevalent with many. What I intend is, to beg of Heaven to undeceive you, and let you see how useful and necessary Knights-errant were in times past, and how beneficial they would be in the present, were they again in fashion: but now, through the sins of the people, sloth, idleness, gluttony, and luxury triumph."—" Our guest has broke loose," said Don Lorenzo to himself; " but still he is a whimsical kind of a madman, and I should be a weak fool if I did not believe so."

Here their discourse ended; for they were called to supper. Don Diego asked his son what he had copied out fair of the genius of his guest. He answered: " The ablest doctors, and best penmen in the world, will never be able to extricate him out of the rough-draft of his madness. His distraction is a medley full of lucid inter-

vals." To supper they went, and the repast was such as Don Diego had told them upon the road he used to give to those he invited, neat, plentiful, and savoury. But that, which pleased Don Quixote above all, was the marvellous silence throughout the whole house, as if it had been a convent of Carthusians.

The cloth being taken away, grace said, and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to repeat the verses designed for the prize. To which he answered: " That I may not be like those poets who, when desired, refuse to repeat their verses, and, when not asked, spew them out, I will read my gloss, for which I expect no prize, having done it only to exercise my fancy."—" A friend of mine, a very ingenious person," answered Don Quixote, " was of opinion, that nobody should give themselves the trouble of glossing on verses; and the reason, he said, was, because the gloss could never come up to the text, and very often the gloss mistakes the intention and design of the author. Besides, the rules of glossing are too strict, suffering no interrogations, nor *said he's*, nor *shall I say's*, nor making nouns of verbs, nor changing the sense, with other ties and restrictions, which cramp the glossers, as your Worship must needs know."—" Truly, Signor Don Quixote," said Don Lorenzo, " I have a great desire to catch your

Worship tripping in some false Latin, and cannot; for you slip through my fingers like an ell." —" I do not understand," answered Don Quixote, " what you mean by my slipping through your fingers."—" I will let you know another time," replied Don Lorenzo: " at present give attention to the text and gloss, which are as follows:

TEXT.

Would Fate my past delights restore,
I'd sigh for promis'd joys no more:
Yet were those future moments near,
Each present pain would disappear.

GLOSS.

Life's best delights fleet fast away;
Yet must I of hard fate complain.
Grief yields to pleasure, night to day,
And e'en stern winter's iron reign
Soft spring subdues;—so would I fain
The general smiles of nature share.
Dear Fortune! hear thy suppliant's pray'r;
Thy cup of sorrow cease to pour!
Happy were I beyond compare,
Wouldst thou my past delights restore.

When mem'ry points to former joys,
(Full oft my thoughts those joys recall!)
Each soft sensation it destroys,
Excites anew grief's bitterest gall,
And down my cheek big sorrows fall.

Yet ask I not fame's loud applause,
Nor wish to shine in glory's cause,
Nor seek I wealth's unnumber'd store.
Shield me from love's avenging laws,
I'll sigh for promis'd joys no more.

What mortal madness fires my mind?
Who shall the flight of time control?
Who can direct th' unstable wind?
And who restrain the thunder's roll,
Or foaming tides in fetters bind?
Time drives unerring to the goal,
Unsway'd by hope, unaw'd by fear.—
Why dream a desperate chance to find?
To grasp for distant joys, my soul,
And bring the future moments near?

With thorns my lonely path is strew'd,
I seek relief, but seek in vain!
Now wish I past delights renew'd,
Now covet future bliss to gain:—
Alas! no hope will sooth my pain,
While gloomy fears obscure the way,
While clos'd in night joy's cheerful ray!
What hand shall dry up misery's tear?
That I may hail th' auspicious day,
When present pains shall disappear.

When Don Lorenzo had made an end of reading his gloss, Don Quixote stood up, and, holding Don Lorenzo fast by the right hand, cried out, in a voice so loud, that it was next to a squall: "By the highest Heavens, noble youth, you are the best poet in the universe, and deserve to

wear the laurel, not of Cyprus, nor of Gaëta, as a certain poet said, whom God forgive, but of the universities of Athens, were they now in being, and of those that now subsist, of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. Heaven grant that the judges, who shall deprive you of the first prize, may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muses may never cross the threshold of their doors. Be pleased, Sir, to repeat some other of your verses, in the greater kinds of poetry: for I would thoroughly feel the pulse of your admirable genius." Is it not excellent, that Don Lorenzo should be delighted to hear himself praised by Don Quixote, whom he deemed a madman? O force of flattery, how far dost thou extend, and how wide are the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction! This truth was verified in Don Lorenzo, who complied with the request and desire of Don Quixote, repeating this sonnet on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

## SONNET.

She, who the heart of Pyramus enchain'd,
No longer dreads the wall's opposing pow'r.—
The op'ning form'd, love hastes in joyful hour
To see sweet intercourse of looks obtain'd.
There silence reigns, because no whispers dare
Pierce through the narrow pass—yet love supplies
Their kindred souls with eloquence of eyes.
'Tis thus enraptur'd hearts their thoughts declare!

Ah! fleeting hope! Improvident desire
Gives to despair anticipated joys.
Too eager haste the wish'd embrace destroys!
One fatal sword allays their mortal fire,
One tomb contains their consecrated dust,
To undivided fame their gentle spirits trust.

"Now God be thanked," said Don Quixote, having heard Don Lorenzo's sonnet, "that, among the infinite number of poets now in being, I have met with one so absolute in all respects, as the artifice of your Worship's sonnet shows you to be."

Four days was Don Quixote nobly regaled in Don Diego's house; at the end of which he begged leave to be gone, telling him, he thanked him for the favour and kind entertainment he had received in his family: but, because it did not look well for Knights-errant to give themselves up to idleness and indulgence too long, he would go, in compliance with the duty of his function, in quest of adventures, wherewith he was informed those parts abounded; designing to employ the time thereabouts, till the day of the jousts at Saragossa, at which he resolved to be present: but, in the first place, he intended to visit the cave of Montesinos, of which people related so many and such wonderful things all over that country; at the same time inquiring into the source and true springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego

and his son applauded his honourable resolution, desiring him to furnish himself with whatever he pleased of theirs; for he was heartily welcome to it, his worthy person and his noble profession obliging them to make him this offer.

At length the day of his departure came, as joyous to Don Quixote as sad and unhappy for Sancho Panza, who liked the plenty of Don Diego's house wondrous well, and was loath to return to the hunger of the forests and wildernesses, and to the penury of his ill-provided wallets. However, he filled and stuffed them with what he thought most necessary: and Don Quixote, at taking leave of Don Lorenzo, said; "I know not whether I have told you before, and, if I have, I tell you again, that, whenever you shall have a mind to shorten your way and pains to arrive at the inaccessible summit of the temple of Fame, you have no more to do, but leave on one side the path of Poetry, which is somewhat narrow, and follow that of Knight-errantry, which is still narrower, but sufficient to make you an Emperor before you can say *Give me those straws.*" With these expressions Don Quixote did, as it were, finish and shut up the process of his madness, and especially with what he added, saying; "God knows how willingly I would take Signor Don Lorenzo with me, to teach him how to spare the humble, and to trample under foot the haughty, virtues annexed to the function

I profess: but since his youth does not require it, nor his laudable exercises permit it, I content myself with putting your Worship in the way of becoming a famous poet; and that is, by following the opinion and judgment of other men rather than your own; for no fathers or mothers think their own children ugly; and this self-deceit is yet stronger with respect to the offspring of the mind." The father and son wondered afresh at the intermixed discourses of Don Quixote, sometimes wise and sometimes wild, and the obstinacy with which he was bent upon the search of his unfortunate adventures, the sole end and aim of all his wishes. Offers of service and civilities were repeated, and, with the good leave of the lady of the castle, they departed, Don Quixote upon Rozinante, and Sancho upon Dapple.

## CHAP. XIX.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD, WITH OTHER TRULY PLEASANT ACCIDENTS.

Don Quixote was got but a little way from Don Diego's village, when he overtook two persons like ecclesiastics, or scholars, and two country-fellows, all four mounted upon asses. One of the scholars carried behind him, wrapped up in

green buckram like a portmanteau, a small bundle of linen, and two pair of thread-stockings: the other carried nothing but a pair of new black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things, which showed that they came from some great town, where they had bought them, and were carrying them home to their own village. Both the scholars and countrymen fell into the same astonishment, that all others did at the first sight of Don Quixote, and eagerly desired to know what man this was, so different in appearance from other men. Don Quixote saluted them, and, after learning that the road they were going was the same he was taking, he offered to bear them company, desiring them to slacken their pace, for their asses outwent his horse: and, to prevail upon them, he briefly told them who he was, and his employment and profession that of a Knight-errant going in quest of adventures through all parts of the world. He told them his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his appellative the Knight of the Lions. All this to the countrymen was talking Greek or gibberish; but not to the scholars, who soon discovered the soft part of Don Quixote's skull: nevertheless they looked upon him with admiration and respect, and one of them said: "If your Worship, Sir Knight, be not determined to one particular road, a thing not usual with seekers of adventures, come along with us,

and you will see one of the greatest and richest weddings, that to this day has ever been celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues round about." Don Quixote asked him, if it was that of some Prince, that he extolled it so much? "No," answered the scholar, "but of a farmer and a farmer's daughter; he the wealthiest of all this country, and she the most beautiful that ever eyes beheld. The preparation is extraordinary and new; for the wedding is to be celebrated in a meadow near the village where the bride lives, whom they call, by way of pre-eminence, Quiteria the Fair, and the bridegroom Camacho the Rich; she of the age of eighteen, and he of two-and-twenty, both equally matched; though some nice folks, who have all the pedigrees in the world in their heads, pretend that the family of Quiteria has the advantage of Camacho's: but now that is little regarded; for riches are able to solder up abundance of flaws. In short, this same Camacho is generous, and has taken into his head to make a kind of arbour to cover the whole meadow overhead, in such manner that the sun itself will be put to some difficulty to visit the green grass with which the ground is covered. He will also have morice-dances, both with swords and little bells; for there are some people in his village, who jingle and clatter them extremely well. I will say nothing of the shoe-dancers and caperers [32], so great is the number that are invited.