

him, as with a dog at Shrovetide. The cries, which the poor blanketed squire sent forth, were so many, and so loud, that they reached his master's ears; who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he found plainly that he, who cried, was his squire: and turning the reins, with a constrained gallop, he came up to the inn; and finding it shut, he rode round it to discover, if he could get an entrance. But he was scarcely got to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility, that, if his choler would have suffered him, I am of opinion, he would have laughed⁴⁶. He tried to get from his horse upon the pales: but he was so bruised and battered, that he could not so much as alight; he then from on horseback began to utter so many reproaches and revilings against those, who were tossing Sancho, that it is impossible to put them down in writing: but they did not therefore desist from their laughter, nor their labour; nor did the flying Sancho forbear his complaints, mixed sometimes with menaces, sometimes with entreaties: yet all availed little, nor would have availed; but at last they left off from pure weariness. They then brought him his ass; and, wrapping him in his loose coat, mounted him

on it. The compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so harassed, thought good to help him to a jug of water, which she fetched from the well, that it might be the cooler. Sancho took it, and as he was lifting it to his mouth, stopped at his master's calling to him aloud, saying, "Son Sancho, drink not water; Child, do not drink it; it will kill thee: see here, I hold the most holy balsam," showing him the cruise of the potion; "by drinking but two drops of which, you will doubtless be whole and sound again." At these words, Sancho turned his eyes as it were askew, and said with a louder voice: "Perhaps, you have forgot, Sir, that I am no Knight, or you would have me vomit up what remains of my guts, after last night's work. Keep your liquor, in the devil's name, and let me alone." He immediately began to drink; but at the first sip, finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed Maritornes to bring him some wine: which she did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money; for they say of her, that though she was in that station, she had some shadows and faint outlines of a Christian. As soon as Sancho had done drinking, he fell kicking his ass; and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went; mightily satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expense of his accustomed surety, his carcase. The landlord, indeed, was in pos-

session of his wallets for payment of what was due to him ; but Sancho never missed them, so confused was he at going off. The innkeeper would have fastened the door well after him, as soon as he saw him out; but the blankeeters would not consent, being persons of that sort, that, though Don Quixote had really been one of the Knights of the Round Table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

CHAP. XVIII.

IN WHICH IS REHEARSED THE DISCOURSE, WHICH SANCHO PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE; WITH OTHER ADVENTURES WORTH RELATING.

SANCHO came up to his master, pale, and dispirited to that degree, that he was not able to spur on his ass. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said : “ Now am I convinced, honest Sancho, that this castle, or inn, is doubtless enchanted ; for what could they, who so cruelly sported themselves with you, be, but hobgoblins, and people of the other world? And I am confirmed in this by having found, that when I stood at the pales of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor so much as alight from Rozinante: so that they must certainly have held me enchanted : for I swear to you, by the faith of what I am, that, if I could have got over or alighted, I would have avenged you in such a

manner, as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, though I knew I had transgressed the laws of chivalry thereby: for as I have often told you, they do not allow a Knight to lay hand on his sword against any one, who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in case of urgent and extreme necessity.”—“ And I too,” quoth Sancho, “ would have revenged myself if I could, dubbed or not dubbed; but I could not: though I am of opinion, that they, who diverted themselves at my expense, were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones, as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name: one was called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez; and the landlord’s name is John Palomeque the left-handed: so that, Sir, as to your not being able to leap over the pales, nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay in something else, and not in enchantment. And what I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of will, at the long run, bring us into so many disventures, that we shall not know, which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be, to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our business, and not run rambling from Ceca to Mecca”, leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire.”

“ How little do you know, Sancho,” answered

Don Quixote, "what belongs to chivalry! Peace, and have patience; the day will come, when you will see with your eyes how honourable a thing it is to follow this profession: for tell me, what greater satisfaction can there be in the world, or what pleasure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one's enemy? None, without doubt."—"It may be so," answered Sancho, "though I do not know it. I only know, that since we have been Knights-errant, or you have been, Sir, for there is no reason I should reckon myself in that honourable number, we have never won any battle, except that of the Biscainer; and even there you came off with the loss of half an ear, and half a helmet; and, from that day to this, we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, beside my blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself, to know how far the pleasure reaches of overcoming an enemy, as your Worship is pleased to say."—"That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword made by such art, that no kind of enchantment can touch him, that wears it. And perhaps fortune may procure me that of Amadis, when he called himself Knight of the Burning Sword, which was one of the best weapons, that ever Knight had in the

world; for, beside the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor; and no armour, though ever so strong, or ever so much enchanted, could stand against it.”—“I am so fortunate,” quoth Sancho, “though this were so, and you should find such a sword, it would be of service and use only to those, who are dubbed Knights, like the balsam: as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow.”—“Fear not that, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “Heaven will deal more kindly by thee.”

Don Quixote and his squire went on thus conferring together, when Don Quixote perceived, on the road they were in, a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them; and seeing it, he turned to Sancho, and said: “This is the day, O Sancho, in which will be seen the good, that fortune has in store for me. This is the day, I say, in which will appear, as much as in any, the strength of my arm; and in which I shall perform such exploits, as shall remain written in the book of fame, to all succeeding ages. Seest thou yon cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way.”—“By this account there must be two armies,” said Sancho; “for, on this opposite side, there arises such another cloud of dust.” Don Quixote turned to view it, and seeing it was so, rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain: for at

all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, and challenges, which he found in the books of chivalry; and whatever he said, thought, or did, had a tendency that way. Now the cloud of dust, he saw, was raised by two great flocks of sheep, going the same road from different parts, and the dust hindered them from being seen, until they came near. But Don Quixote affirmed with so much positiveness, that they were armies, that Sancho began to believe it, and said: "Sir, what then must we do?"—"What," replied Don Quixote, "but favour and assist the weaker side? Now you must know, Sancho, that the army, which marches towards us in front, is led and commanded by the great Emperor Alifanfaron, Lord of the great island of Taprobana: this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the King of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm; for he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare."—"But why do these two Princes hate one another so?" demanded Sancho. "They hate one another," answered Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and a Christian: and her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan King, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet,

and turn Christian.”—“By my beard,” said Sancho, “Pentapolin is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power.”—“In so doing, you will do your duty, Sancho,” said Don Quixote: “for, in order to engage in such fights, it is not necessary to be dubbed a Knight.”—“I easily comprehend that,” answered Sancho: “but where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him, when the fray is over? For, I believe, it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon such a kind of beast.”—“You are in the right,” said Don Quixote; “and what you may do with him is, to let him take his chance, whether he be lost or not: for we shall have such choice of horses after the victory, that Rozinante himself will run a risk of being trucked for another. But listen with attention, whilst I give you an account of the principal Knights of both the armies. And, that you may see and observe them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence both the armies may be distinctly seen.” They did so, and got upon a hillock, from whence the two flocks, which Don Quixote took for two armies, might easily have been discerned, had not the clouds of dust, they raised, obstructed and blinded the sight: but, for all that, seeing in imagination what he neither did, nor could see, he began with a loud voice to say:

“The Knight⁴⁸ you may see yonder with the gilded armour, who bears in his shield a lion

crowned couchant at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, Lord of the silver bridge: the other, with the armour flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent, in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, grand Duke of Quirocia: the third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, Lord of the three Arabias; he is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears, instead of a shield, a gate, which, fame says, is one of those belonging to the temple, which Sampson pulled down, when, with his death, he avenged himself upon his enemies. But turn your eyes to this other side, and you will see, in the front of this other army, the ever victorious and never vanquished Timonel de Carcajona, Prince of New Biscay, who comes armed with armour quartered, azure, vert, argent, and or, bearing in his shield a cat or in a field gules, with a scroll inscribed MIAU, being the beginning of his mistress's name, who, it is reported, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter to Alphenniquen Duke of Algarve. That other, who burdens and oppresses the back of yon sprightly steed, whose armour is as white as snow, and his shield white, without any device, is a new Knight, by birth a Frenchman, called Peter Papin, Lord of the baronies of Utrique. The other, whom you see, with his armed heels, pricking the flanks of that pyed fleet courser, and his armour of pure azure, is the

powerful Duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo of the Wood, whose device is an asparagus-bed, with this motto in Castilian, *Rastrea mi suerte*, Thus drags my fortune."

In this manner he went on, naming sundry Knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colours, devices, and mottoes, extempore, carried on by the strength of his imagination and unaccountable madness; and so, without hesitation, he went on thus:—
 "That body fronting us is formed and composed of people of different nations: here stand those, who drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus; the mountaineers, who tread the Massilian fields; those, who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of Arabia Felix; those, who dwell along the famous and refreshing banks of the clear Thermodon; those, who drain, by sundry and divers ways, the golden veins of Pactolus; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promises; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Arabians, perpetually shifting their habitations; the Scythians, as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped Ethiopians; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron come those, who drink the crystal streams of olive-bearing Betis; those, who brighten and polish their faces with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden Tagus;

those, who enjoy the profitable waters of the divine Genil; those who tread the Tartesian fields, abounding in pasture; those, who recreate themselves in the Elysian meads of Xereza; the rich Manchegans, crowned with yellow ears of corn; those clad in iron, the antique remains of the Gothic race; those, who bathe themselves in Pisuerga, famous for the gentleness of its current; those, who feed their flocks on the spacious pastures of the winding Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden source; those, who shiver on the cold brow of the shady Pyrenees, and the snowy tops of the lofty Appennines; in a word, all that Europe contains and includes."

Good God! how many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate! giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes, wholly absorbed and wrapped up in what he had read in his lying books. Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the Knights and giants his master named. But seeing none, he said: "Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or Knight, of all you have named, appears any where; at least I do not see them: perhaps all may be enchantment, like last night's goblins."—"How say you, Sancho?" answered Don Quixote. "Do you not hear the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and rattling of

the drums?"—"I hear nothing," answered Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs." And so it was; for now the two flocks were come very near them. "The fear you are in, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "makes you either unable to see or hear aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they are: and if you are so much afraid, get you aside, and leave me alone: for I am able, with my single arm, to give the victory to that side I shall favour with my assistance." And saying this, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, setting his lance in its rest, and darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him: "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back; as God shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter: pray come back; woe to the father that begot me, what madness is this? Look; there is neither giant, nor Knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor be-devilled. Sinner that I am, what is it you do?" For all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud: "Ho! Knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant Emperor Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana." And saying thus, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance, as cou-

rageously and intrepidly, as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen, who came with the flocks, called out to him to desist: but seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big as one's fist. Don Quixote did not mind the stones, but, running about on all sides, cried out: "Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? Present thyself before me: I am a single Knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life, for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta." At that instant came a large pebble-stone, and struck him such a blow on the side, that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded; and remembering his liquor, he pulled out his cruise, and set it to his mouth, and began to let some go down: but, before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of those almonds, and hit him so full on the hand, and on the cruise, that it dashed it to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor Knight tumbled from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him: whereupon in all haste they got their flock together, took up their dead, which

were about seven, and marched off without farther inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagancies, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment, that ever he knew him. But, seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds already gone off, he descended from the hillock, and running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though he had not quite lost the use of his senses; and said to him: "Did I not desire you, Signor Don Quixote, to come back; for those, you went to attack, were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?"—"How easily," replied Don Quixote, "can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or disappear! You must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for such to make us seem what they please; and this malignant, who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was likely to acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive yourself, and see the truth of what I tell you: get upon your ass, and follow them fair and softly, and you will find, that, when they are got a little farther off, they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now; for I want your help and assistance; come hither to me,

and see how many grinders I want: for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head." Sancho came so close to him, that he almost thrust his eyes into his mouth; and it being precisely at the time the balsam began to work in Don Quixote's stomach, at the instant Sancho was looking into his mouth, he discharged the contents, with as much violence as if it had been shot out of a demi-culverin, directly in the face and beard of the compassionate squire: "Blessed Virgin!" quoth Sancho, "what is this that has befallen me? Without doubt this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood at the mouth." But reflecting a little, he found by the colour, savour, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam of the cruise he saw him drink; and so great was the loathing he felt at it, that his stomach turned, and he vomited up his very guts upon his master; so that they both remained in the same pickle. Sancho ran to his ass, to take something out of his wallets, to cleanse himself, and cure his master; but, not finding them, he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself afresh, and purposed in his mind to leave his master, and return home, though he should lose his wages for the time past, and his hopes of the government of the promised island.

Hereupon Don Quixote got up, and, laying his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he

laid hold of Rozinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side, so trusty was he and good conditioned, and went where his squire stood leaning his breast on his ass, and his cheek on his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, seeing him in that guise, with the appearance of so much sadness, said: "Know, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, unless he does more than another. All these storms, that fall upon us, are signs that the weather will clear up, and things will go smoothly: for it is impossible, that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows, that, the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. So that you ought not to afflict yourself for the mischances that befall me, since you have no share in them."—"How! no share in them!" answered Sancho: "peradventure he, they tossed in a blanket yesterday, was not my father's son; and the wallets I miss to-day, with all my moveables, are somebody's else?"—"What! are the wallets missing, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Yes, they are," answered Sancho. "Then we have nothing to eat to-day," replied Don Quixote. "It would be so," answered Sancho, "if these fields did not produce those herbs, you say you know, with which such unlucky Knights-errant as your Worship are wont to supply the like necessities."—"For all that," answered Don Quixote, "at this time I would

rather have a slice of bread, and a couple of heads of salt pilchards, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Dr. Laguna himself. But, good Sancho, get upon your ass, and follow me; for God, who is the Provider of all things, will not fail us, and the rather seeing we are so employed in his service as we are, since he does not fail the gnats of the air, the worms of the earth, nor the frogs of the water; and so merciful is he, that he makes his sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causes rain to fall upon the just and unjust.”—“Your Worship,” said Sancho, “would make a better preacher than a Knight-errant.”—“Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “the Knights-errant ever did and must know something of every thing; and there have been Knights-errant in times past, who would make sermons or harangues on the king’s highway, with as good a grace, as if they had taken their degrees in the university of Paris: whence we may infer, that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance.”—“Well! let it be as your Worship says,” answered Sancho; “but let us be gone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night; and pray God it be, where there are neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors: for if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold.”

“Child,” said Don Quixote, “do thou pray to God, and conduct me, whither thou wilt: for this time I leave it to your choice, where to lodge us: but reach hither your hand, and feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw; for there I feel the pain.” Sancho put in his fingers, and, feeling about, said: “How many did your Worship use to have on this side?”—“Four,” answered Don Quixote; “beside the eye-tooth, all whole and very sound.”—“Take care what you say, Sir,” answered Sancho. “I say four, if not five,” replied Don Quixote: “for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay.”—“Well then,” said Sancho, “on this lower side your Worship has but two grinders and a half; and in the upper, neither half nor whole: all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand.”—“Unfortunate as I am!” said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire told him: “I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm; for, Sancho, you must know, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone; and a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But all this we are subject to, who profess the strict order of chivalry. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt.” Sancho did so, and went toward the place, where he thought to find a lodging, without go-

ing out of the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. As they thus went on, fair and softly, for the pain of Don Quixote's jaws gave him no ease, nor inclination to make haste, Sancho had a mind to amuse and divert him by talking to him, and said, among other things, what you will find written in the following chapter.

CHAP. XIX.

OF THE SAGE DISCOURSE, THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHE AND HIS MASTER, AND THE SUCCEEDING ADVENTURE OF THE DEAD BODY; WITH OTHER FAMOUS OCCURRENCES.

“IT is my opinion, Master of mine, that all the misfortunes, which have befallen us of late, are doubtless in punishment of the sin committed by your Worship against your own order of Knight-hood, in not performing the oath you took, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the Queen, with all the rest, that you swore to accomplish, until your taking away that helmet of Malandrino, or how do you call the Moor, for I do not well remember.”—“Sancho, you are in the right,” said Don Quixote: “but to tell you the truth, it had quite slipped out of my memory: and you may depend upon it, the affair of the blanket happened to you for your fault in not put-

ting me in mind of it in time: but I will make amends; for in the order of chivalry there are ways of compounding for every thing.”—“Why, did I swear any thing?” answered Sancho. “It matters not, that you have not sworn,” said Don Quixote: “it is enough, that I know, you are not free from the guilt of an accessory; and, at all adventures, it will not be amiss to provide ourselves a remedy.”—“If it be so,” said Sancho, “see, Sir, you do not forget this too, as you did the oath: perhaps the goblins may again take a fancy to divert themselves with me, and, perhaps, with your Worship, if they find you so obstinate.”

While they were thus discoursing, night overtook them in the middle of the highway, without their lighting on, or discovering, any place of reception; and the worst of it was, they were perishing with hunger: for with the loss of their wallets, they had lost their whole larder of provisions. And, as an additional misfortune, there befell them an adventure, which, without any forced construction, had really the face of one. It happened thus. The night was very dark; notwithstanding which they went on, Sancho believing, that, since it was the king's highway, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two.

Thus travelling on, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good appetite,

they saw, advancing towards them, on the same road, a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars. Sancho stood aghast at the sight of them, and Don Quixote could not well tell what to make of them. The one checked his ass by the halter, and the other his horse by the bridle, and stood still, viewing attentively what it might be. They perceived the lights were drawing toward them, and the nearer they came, the bigger they appeared. Sancho trembled at the sight, as if he had been quicksilver; and Don Quixote's hair bristled upon his head: but, recovering a little courage, he cried out: "Sancho, this must be a most prodigious and most perilous adventure, in which it will be necessary for me to exert my whole might and valour."—"Woe is me!" answered Sancho; "should this prove to be an adventure of goblins, as to me it seems to be, where shall I find ribs to endure?"—"Let them be ever such goblins," said Don Quixote, "I will not suffer them to touch a thread of your garment: for, if they sported with you last time, it was because I could not get over the pales: but we are now upon even ground, where I can brandish my sword at pleasure."—"But, if they should enchant and benumb you, as they did the other time," quoth Sancho, "what matters it, whether we are in the open field, or no?"—"For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I beseech you, Sancho, be of good courage; for

experience will show you how much of it I am master of."—"I will, if it please God," answered Sancho; and leaving the highway a little on one side, they looked again attentively to discover what those walking lights might be; and soon after they perceived a great many persons in white; which dreadful apparition entirely sunk Sancho Panza's courage, whose teeth began to chatter, as if he were in a quartan ague: and his trembling and chattering increased, when he saw distinctly what it was: for now they discovered about twenty persons in white robes, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands; behind whom came a litter covered with black, which was followed by six persons in deep mourning; and the mules, they rode on, were covered likewise with black down to their heels; and it was easily seen they were not horses by the slowness of their pace. Those in white came muttering to themselves in a low plaintive tone.

This strange vision, at such an hour, and in a place so uninhabited, might very well strike terror into Sancho's heart, and even into that of his master; and so it would have done, had he been any other than Don Quixote. As for Sancho, his whole stock of courage was already exhausted. But it was quite otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination at that instant represented to him, that this must be one of the adventures of his books. He figured to himself, that the litter

was a bier, on which was carried some Knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him: and without more ado he couched his spear, settled himself firm in his saddle, and, with a sprightly vigour and mien, posted himself in the middle of the road, by which the men in white must of necessity pass; and when he saw them come near, he raised his voice, and said: "Hold, Knights, whoever you are, give me an account, to whom you belong, whence you come, whither you are going, and what it is you carry upon that bier? For, in all appearance, either you have done some injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and necessary, that I should be informed of it, either to chastise you for the evil, you have done, or to revenge you of the wrong done you."—"We are going in haste," answered one of those in white; "the inn is a great way off; and we cannot stay to give so long an account as you require:" and so spurring his mule he passed forward. Don Quixote, highly resenting this answer, laid hold of his bridle, and said: "Stand, and be more civil, and give me an account of what I have asked you; otherwise I challenge you all to battle." The mule was skittish, and started at his laying his hand on the bridle; so that, rising upright on her hind-legs, she fell backward to the ground with her rider under her. A lacquey, that came on foot, seeing him in white fall, began to revile

Don Quixote: whose choler being already stirred, he couched his spear, and, without staying longer, assaulted one of the mourners, and laid him on the ground grievously wounded; and turning him about to the rest, it was worth seeing with what agility he attacked and defeated them, insomuch that you would have thought Rozinante had wings grown on him in that instant, so nimbly and proudly did he bestir himself. All those in white were timorous and unarmed people, and of course presently quitted the skirmish, and ran away over the field, with the lighted torches in their hands, looking like so many masqueraders on a carnival, or a festival night. The mourners likewise were so wrapped up and muffled in their long robes, that they could not stir: so that Don Quixote, with entire safety to himself, demolished them all, and obliged them to quit the field sorely against their wills: for they thought him no man, but the devil from hell broke loose upon them, to carry away the dead body they bore in the litter⁴⁹.

All this Sancho beheld, with admiration at his master's intrepidity, and said to himself: "Without doubt this master of mine is as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be." There lay a burning torch on the ground, just by the first, whom the mule had overthrown; by the light of which Don Quixote espied him, and coming to him set the point of his spear to his throat, com-

manding him to surrender, or he would kill him. To which the fallen man answered: "I am more than enough surrendered already; for I cannot stir, having one of my legs broken. I beseech you, Sir, if you are a Christian gentleman, do not kill me: you would commit a great sacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken the lesser Orders."—"Who the devil then," said Don Quixote, "brought you hither, being an ecclesiastic?"—"Who, Sir?" replied he that was overthrown: "My misfortune."—"A greater yet threatens you," said Don Quixote, "if you do not satisfy me in all I first asked of you."—"Your Worship shall soon be satisfied," answered the licentiate: "and therefore you must know, Sir, that though I told you before I was a licentiate, I am indeed only a bachelor of arts, and my name is Alonzo Lopez. I am a native of Alcovendas: I came from the city of Baeza, with eleven more ecclesiastics, the same who fled with the torches; we are accompanying a corpse in that litter to the city of Segovia: it is that of a gentleman, who died in Baeza, where he was deposited; and now, as I say, we are carrying his bones to his burying-place in Segovia, where he was born."—"And who killed him?" demanded Don Quixote. "God," replied the bachelor, "by means of a pestilential fever he sent him."—"Then," said Don Quixote, "our Lord has saved me the labour of revenging his death, in case any body

else had slain him: but, since he fell by the hand of Heaven, there is no more to be done, but to be silent, and shrug up our shoulders; for just the same must I have done, had it been pleased to have slain me. And I would have your Reverence know, that I am a Knight of la Mancha, Don Quixote by name, and that it is my office and exercise to go through the world, righting wrongs, and redressing grievances."—"I do not understand your way of righting wrongs," said the bachelor: "for from right you have set me wrong, having broken my leg, which will never be right again, whilst I live; and the grievance you have redressed in me is, to leave me so aggrieved, that I shall never be otherwise; and it was a very unlucky adventure to me, to meet you, who are seeking adventures."—"All things," answered Don Quixote, "do not fall out the same way: the mischief, master bachelor Alonzo Lopez, was occasioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in those surplices, with lighted torches, chanting, and clad in doleful weeds, so that you really resembled something wicked, and of the other world; which laid me under a necessity of complying with my duty, and of attacking you; and I would have attacked you, though I had certainly known you to be so many devils of hell: for until now I took you to be no less."—"Since my fate would have it so," said the bachelor, "I beseech you, Signor Knight-

errant, who have done me such arrant mischief; help me to get from under this mule; for my leg is held fast between the stirrup and the saddle.” —“I might have talked on until to-morrow morning,” said Don Quixote: “why did you delay acquainting me with your uneasiness?” Then he called out to Sancho Panza to come to him: but he did not care to stir, being employed in ransacking a sumpter-mule, which those good men had brought with them, well stored with eatables. Sancho made a bag of his cloak, and, cramming into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beast; and then running to his master’s call, he helped to disengage the bachelor from under the oppression of his mule, and setting him on it gave him the torch, and Don Quixote bid him follow the track of his comrades, and beg their pardon in his name for the injury, which he could not avoid doing them. Sancho likewise said: “If perchance those gentlemen would know, who the champion is that routed them, tell them it is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.”

The bachelor being gone, Don Quixote asked Sancho, what induced him to call him the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, at that time more than at any other? “I will tell you,” answered Sancho; “it is because I have been viewing you by the light of the torch, which that unfortunate

man carried; and in truth your Worship makes at present very near the most woful figure I have ever seen; which must be occasioned either by the fatigue of this combat, or the want of your teeth."—"It is owing to neither," replied Don Quixote; "but the sage, who has the charge of writing the history of my achievements, has thought fit I should assume a surname, as all the Knights of old were wont to do: one called himself *the Knight of the burning Sword*; another, *he of the Unicorn*: this, *of the Damsels*; that, *of the Phoenix*; another, *the Knight of the Griffin*; and another, *he of Death*; and were known by these names and ensigns over the whole globe of the earth⁵⁹. And therefore I say, that the afore-said sage has now put it into your head, and into your mouth, to call me the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, as I purpose to call myself from this day forward: and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when there is an opportunity, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on my shield."—"You need not spend time and money in getting this figure made," said Sancho; "your Worship need only show your own, and present yourself to be looked at; and, without either image or shield, they will immediately call you *Him of the Sorrowful Figure*; and be assured I tell you the truth; for I promise you, Sir, and let not this be said in jest, that hunger, and the

loss of your grinders, makes you look so ruefully, that, as I have said, the sorrowful picture may very well be spared.

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's conceit, yet resolved to call himself by that name, and to paint his shield or buckler as he had imagined; and he said: "I conceive, Sancho, that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, *Juxta illud, Si quis suadente diabolo*, &c. though I know I did not lay my hands, but my spear, upon them; besides, I did not think I had to do with priests, or things belonging to the church, which I respect and reverence like a good Catholic and faithful Christian as I am, but with ghosts and goblins of the other world. And though it were so, I perfectly remember what befell the Cid Ruy Diaz, when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador in the presence of his Holiness the Pope, for which he was excommunicated; yet honest Roderigo de Vivar passed, that day, for an honourable and courageous Knight."

The bachelor having gone off, as has been said, without replying a word, Don Quixote had a mind to see, whether the corpse in the hearse were only bones, or not; but Sancho would not consent, saying, "Sir, your Worship has finished this perilous adventure at the least expense of any I have seen; and, though these folks are conquered and defeated, they may chance to reflect,