your Worship may display the worth of your person, your great courage, and greater understanding: which being perceived by the lord we serve, he must of necessity reward each of us according to his merits; nor can you there fail of meeting with somebody to put your Worship's exploits in writing, for a perpetual remembrance of them. I say nothing of my own, because they must not exceed the squirely limits; though I dare say, if it be the custom in chivalry to pen the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten."

"You are not much out, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "but, before it comes to that, it is necessary for a Knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation; that, by achieving some, he may acquire such fame and renown, that, when he comes to the court of some great monarch, he shall be known by his works beforehand: and scarcely shall the boys see him enter the gates of the city, but they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud, *This is the Knight of the Sun,* or *of the Serpent,* or of any other device under which he may have achieved great exploits. 'This is he,' will they say, 'who overthrew the huge giant Brocabruno of mighty force, in single combat; he, who disenchanted the great Mameluco of Persia from the long enchantment, which held him confined almost nine hundred years.' Thus, from hand to hand, they shall go on blazoning his

deeds; and presently, at the bustle of the boys, and of the rest of the people, the King of that country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace; and, as soon as he espies the Knight, knowing him by his armour, or by the device on his shield, he must necessarily say; 'Ho, there, go forth, my Knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry, who is coming yonder.' At which command they all shall go forth, and the King himself, descending half way down the stairs, shall receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him; and then, taking him by the hand, shall conduct him to the apartment of the Queen, where the Knight shall find her accompanied by her daughter, the Infanta, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel, that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world. After this, it must immediately fall out, that she fixes her eyes on the Knight, and he his eyes upon her, and each shall appear to the other something rather divine than human; and without knowing how, or which way, they shall be taken, and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be in great perplexity of mind through not knowing how to converse, and discover their amorous anguish to each other. From thence, without doubt, they will conduct him to some quarter of the palace, richly furnished, where, having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet

mantle to put on; and, if he looked well in armour, he must needs make a much more graceful figure in ermines[55]. The night being come, he shall sup with the King, Queen, and Infanta, where he shall never take his eyes off the Princess, viewing her by stealth, and she doing the same by him with the same wariness: for, as I have said, she is a very discreet damsel[56]. The tables being removed, there shall enter, unexpectedly, at the hall door, a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure, so contrived by a most ancient sage, that he, who shall accomplish it, shall be esteemed the best Knight in the world. The King shall immediately command all who are present to try it, and none shall be able to finish it, but the stranger Knight, to the great advantage of his fame; at which the Infanta will be highly delighted, and reckon herself overpaid for having placed her thoughts on so exalted an object. And the best of it is, that this King, or Prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with another monarch as powerful as himself; and the stranger Knight, after having been a few days at his court, asks leave to serve his Majesty in the aforesaid war. The King shall readily grant his request, and the Knight shall most courteously kiss his royal hands for the favour he does him. And that night he shall take his leave of his Lady, the In-

fanta, at the iron rails of a garden, adjoining to her apartment, through which he had already conversed with her several times, by the mediation of a certain female confidante, in whom the Infanta greatly trusted. He sighs, she swoons; the damsel runs for cold water: he is very uneasy at the approach of the morning-light, and would by no means they should be discovered, for the sake of his Lady's honour. The Infanta at length comes to herself, and gives her snowy hands to the Knight to kiss through the rails, who kisses them a thousand and a thousand times over, and bedews them with his tears. They agree how to let one another know their good or ill fortune; and the Princess desires him to be absent as little a while as possible; which he promises with many oaths: he kisses her hands again, and takes leave, with so much concern, that it almost puts an end to his life. From thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himself on his bed, and cannot sleep for grief at the parting: he rises early in the morning, and goes to take leave of the King, the Queen, and the Infanta: having taken his leave of the two former, he is told that the Princess is indisposed, and cannot admit of a visit: the Knight thinks it is for grief at his departure; his heart is pierced, and he is very near giving manifest indications of his passion: the damsel confidante is all this while present, and observes what passes; she goes and tells it her Lady, who receives the ac-

count with tears, and tells her, that her chief concern is, that she does not know, who her Knight is, and whether he be of royal descent, or not: the damsel assures her he is, since so much courtesy, politeness, and valour, as her Knight is endowed with, cannot exist but in a royal and grave subject[57]. The afflicted Princess is comforted hereby, and endeavours to compose herself, that she may not give her parents cause to suspect any thing amiss, and two days after she appears in public. The Knight is now gone to the war; he fights, and overcomes the King's enemy; takes many towns; wins several battles; returns to court; sees his Lady at the usual place of interview; it is agreed he shall demand her in marriage of her father, in recompence for his services: the King does not consent to give her to him, not knowing who he is. Notwithstanding which, either by carrying her off, or by some other means, the Infanta becomes his wife, and her father comes to take it for a piece of the greatest good fortune, being assured that the Knight is son to a valorous king, of I know not what kingdom, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies; the Infanta inherits; and, in two words, the Knight becomes a King. Here presently comes in the rewarding his squire, and all those who assisted him in mounting to so exalted a state. He marries his squire to one of the Infanta's maids of honour, who is, doubtless, the very confidante of this

amour, and daughter to one of the chief Dukes."

"This, and a clear stage, is what I would be at," quoth Sancho: "this I stick to; for every tittle of this must happen precisely to your Worship, being called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure."—"Doubt it not, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for by those very means, and those very steps, I have recounted, the Knights-errant do rise, and have risen, to be Kings and Emperors. All, that remains to be done, is, to look out and find what King of the Christians or of the Pagans, is at war, and has a beautiful daughter: but there is time enough to think of this; for, as I have told you, we must procure renown elsewhere, before we repair to court. Besides, there is still another thing wanting: for supposing a King were found, who is at war, and has an handsome daughter, and that I have gotten incredible fame throughout the whole universe, I do not see how it can be made appear, that I am of the lineage of Kings, or even second cousin to an Emperor: for the King will not give me his daughter to wife until he is first very well assured that I am such, though my renowned actions should deserve it ever so well. So that, through this defect, I am afraid, I shall lose that, which my arm has richly deserved. It is true, indeed, I am a gentleman of an ancient family, possessed of a real estate of one hundred and twenty crowns

a year; and perhaps the sage, who writes my history, may so brighten up my kindred and genealogy, that I may be found the fifth or sixth in descent from a king. For you must know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some there are, who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has reduced, by little and little, until they have ended in a point, like a pyramid reversed: others have had poor and low beginnings, and have risen by degrees, until at last they have become great lords. So that the difference lies in this, that some have been, what now they are not, and others are now, what they were not before; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that, upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious; with which the King my father-in-law that is to be, ought to be satisfied; and though he should not be satisfied, the Infanta is to be so in love with me, that, in spite of her father, she is to receive me for her lord and husband, though she certainly knew I was the son of a water-carrier; and in case she should not, then is the time to take her away by force, and convey her whither I please; and time or death will put a period to the displeasure of her parents."

"Here," said Sancho, "comes in properly what some naughty people say, *Never stand begging for that, which you may take by force*, though this other is nearer to the purpose; *A leap from*

a hedge is better than the prayer of a good man. I say this, because, if my Lord the King, your Worship's father-in-law, should not vouchsafe to yield unto you my Lady the Infanta, there is no more to be done, as your Worship says, but to steal and carry her off. But the mischief is, that while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor squire may go whistle for his reward; unless the damsel go-between, who is to be his wife, goes off with the Infanta, and he shares his misfortune with her, until it shall please Heaven to ordain otherwise; for I believe his master may immediately give her to him for his lawful spouse."—"That you may depend upon," said Don Quixote. "Since it is so," answered Sancho, "there is no more to be done but to commend ourselves to God, and let things take their course."—"God grant it," answered Don Quixote, "as I desire and you need, and let him be wretched, who thinks himself so."—"Let him in God's name," said Sancho; "for I am an old Christian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an Earl."—"Ay, and more than enough," said Don Quixote: "but it matters not, whether you are or no; for I being a King can easily bestow nobility on you, without your buying it, or doing me the least service; and, in creating you an Earl, I make you a gentleman of course: and, say what they will, in good faith, they must style you Your Lordship, though it

grieve them never so much."—"Do you think," quoth Sancho, "I should not know how to give authority to the indignity?"—"Dignity, you should say, and not indignity," said his master. "So let it be," answered Sancho Panza: "I say, I should do well enough with it; for I assure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown became me so well, that every body said, I had a presence fit to be warden of the said company. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a Duke's robe all shining with gold and pearls, like a foreign Count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me."—"You will make a goodly appearance indeed," said Don Quixote, "but it will be necessary to trim your beard a little oftener; for it is so rough and frowzy, that, if you do not shave with a razor every other day at least, you will discover what you are a musket-shot off."—"Why," said Sancho, "it is but taking a barber into the house, and giving him wages; and, if there be occasion, I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee."—"How came you to know," demanded Don Quixote, "that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them?"—"I will tell you," said Sancho: "some years ago, I was about the court for a month, and there I saw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who, they said, was a very great lord; a man followed him on horseback,

turning about as he turned, that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked why that man did not ride by the other's side, but kept always behind him? they answered me, that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that noblemen commonly have such to follow them: and from that day to this I have never forgotten it."—"You are in the right," said Don Quixote, "and in the same manner you may carry about your barber; for all customs do not arise together, nor were they invented at once; and you may be the first Earl, who carried about his barber after him: and indeed it is a greater trust to shave the beard than to saddle a horse."—"Leave the business of the barber to my care," said Sancho; "and let it be your Worship's to procure yourself to be a King, and to make me an Earl."—"So it shall be," answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his eyes, he saw, what will be told in the following chapter.

CHAP. XXII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE SET AT LIBERTY SEVERAL UNFORTUNATE PERSONS, WHO WERE CARRYING, MUCH AGAINST THEIR WILLS, TO A PLACE THEY DID NOT LIKE.

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates, in this most grave, lofty, accurate, delightful, and ingenious history, that, presently after those discourses, which passed be-

tween the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza his squire, as they are related at the end of the foregoing chapter, Don Quixote lifted up his eyes, and saw coming on, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung like beads in a row, by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all handcuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback, armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. And Sancho Panza, espying them, said: "This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the King to the galleys."—"How! persons forced!" cried Don Quixote: "is it possible the King should force any body?"—"I say not so," answered Sancho, "but that they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes to serve the King in the galleys per force."—"In short," replied Don Quixote, "however it be, still they are going by force, and not with their own liking."—"It is so," said Sancho. "Then," said his master, "here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the miserable."—"Consider, Sir," quoth Sancho, "that justice, that is, the King himself, does no violence nor injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes."

By this the chain of galley-slaves were come up, and Don Quixote, in most courteous terms,

desired of the guard, that they would be pleased to inform and tell him the cause or causes, why they conducted those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered, that they were slaves belonging to his Majesty, and going to the galleys, which was all he could say, or the other need know, of the matter. "For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I should be glad to know from each of them in particular the cause of his misfortune." To these he added such other courteous expressions, to induce them to tell him what he desired, that the other horseman said: "Though we have here the record and certificate of the sentence of each of these wretches, this is no time to produce and read them: draw near, Sir, and ask it of themselves: they may inform you, if they please; and inform you they will, for they are such as take a pleasure both in acting and relating rogueries." With this leave, which Don Quixote would have taken though they had not given it, he drew near to the chain, and demanded of the first, for what offence he marched in such evil plight. He answered, that he went in that manner for being in love. "For that alone?" replied Don Quixote: "if they send folks to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing in them."—"It was not such love as your Worship imagines," said the galley-slave: "mine was for the being so deeply enamoured of a flasket of fine

linen, and embracing it so close, that, if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted with it by my good will to this very day. I was taken in the fact, so there was no place for the torture; the process was short: they accommodated my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and have sent me, by way of supplement, for three years to the Gurapas, and there is an end of it."—"What are the Gurapas?" said Don Quixote. "The Gurapas are galleys," answered the slave, who was a young man about twenty-four years of age, and said he was born at Piedrahita. Don Quixote put the same question to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected; but the first answered for him, and said: "This gentleman goes for being a canary-bird, I mean, for being a musician and a singer."—"How so," replied Don Quixote; "are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and singers?"—"Yes, Sir," replied the slave; "for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony."—"Nay," said Don Quixote, "I have heard say, *Who sings in grief, procures relief.*"—"This is the very reverse," said the slave; "for here, he, who sings once, weeps all his life after."—"I do not understand that," said Don Quixote. One of the guards said to him: "Signor Cavalier, to sing in an agony means, in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender

was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that of being a Quartrero, that is, a stealer of cattle: and, because he confessed, he is sentenced for six years to the galleys, besides two hundred lashes, he has already received on the shoulder. And he is always pensive and sad, because the rest of the rogues, both those behind, and those before, abuse, vilify, flout, and despise him for confessing, and not having the courage to say No: for, they say, No contains the same number of letters as Ay; and it is lucky for a delinquent, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses: and, for my part, I think they are in the right of it."—" And I think so too," answered Don Quixote; who, passing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others: who answered very readily, and with very little concern; " I am going to Mesdames the Gurapas for five years, for wanting ten ducats."—" I will give twenty with all my heart," said Dox Quixote, " to redeem you from this misery."—" That," said the slave, " is like having money at sea, and dying for hunger, where there is nothing to be bought with it. I say this, because, if I had been possessed in time of those twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have so greased the clerk's pen, and sharpened my advocate's wit, that I should have been this day upon the market-place of Zocodover in Toledo, and

not upon this road, coupled and dragged like a hound; but God is great: patience; I say no more."

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a white beard reaching below his breast; who, hearing himself asked the cause of his coming thither, began to weep, and answered not a word: but the fifth lent him a tongue, and said: "This honest gentleman goes for four years to the galleys, after having gone in the usual procession pompously apparelled and mounted[58]."—"That is, I suppose," said Sancho, "put to public shame."—"Right," replied the slave; "and the offence, for which he underwent this punishment, was, his having been a broker of the ear, yea, and of the whole body: in effect, I would say, that this cavalier goes for pimping, and exercising the trade of a conjurer."—"Had it been merely for pimping," said Don Quixote, "he had not deserved to row in, but to command, and be general of the galleys: for the office of a pimp is not a slight business, but an employment fit only for discreet persons, and a most necessary one in a well-regulated commonwealth; and none, but persons well born, ought to exercise it; and in truth, there should be inspectors and controllers of it, as there are of other offices, with a certain number of them deputed, like exchange-brokers; by which means many mischiefs would be pre-

vented, which now happen, because this office and profession is in the hands of foolish and ignorant persons, such as silly waiting-women, pages, and buffoons, of a few years standing, and of small experience, who, in the greatest exigency, and when there is occasion for the most dexterous management and address, suffer the morsel to freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and scarce know which is their hand. I could go on, and assign the reasons, why it would be expedient to make choice of proper persons, to exercise an office so necessary in the commonwealth: but this is no proper place for it; and I may one day or other lay this matter before those, who can provide a remedy. At present I only say, that the concern I felt at seeing those gray hairs, and that venerable countenance, in so much distress for pimping, is entirely removed by the additional character of his being a wizard: though I very well know, there are no sorceries in the world, which can affect and force the will, as some foolish people imagine; for our will is free, and no herb nor charm can compel it. What some silly women and crafty knaves are wont to do, is, with certain mixtures and poisons, to turn people's brains, under pretence that they have power to make one fall in love; it being, as I say, a thing impossible to force the will."—"It is so," said the honest old fellow: "and truly, Sir, as to being a wizard, I am not

guilty; but as for being a pimp, I cannot deny it; but I never thought there was any harm in it; for the whole of my intention was, that all the world should divert themselves, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles: but this good design could not save me from going, whence I shall have no hope of returning, considering I am so loaden with years, and so troubled with the strangury, which leaves me not a moment's repose:" And here he began to weep, as at first; and Sancho was so moved with compassion, that he drew out from his bosom a real, and gave it him as an alms.

Don Quixote went on, and demanded of another what his offence was; who answered, not with less, but much more alacrity than the former: "I am going for making a little too free with two she cousin-germans of mine, and with two other cousin-germans not mine: in short, I carried the jest so far with them all, that the result of it was the increasing of kindred so intricately, that no casuist can make it out. The whole was proved upon me; I had neither friends, nor money; my windpipe was in the utmost danger; I was sentenced to the galleys for six years; I submit; it is the punishment of my fault; I am young; life may last, and time brings every thing about; if your Worship, Signor Cavalier, has any thing about you to relieve us poor wretches, God will repay you in Heaven, and we will make

it the business of our prayers to beseech Him, that your Worship's life and health may be as long and prosperous, as your goodly presence deserves." This slave was in the habit of a student; and one of the guards said, he was a great talker, and a very pretty latinist.

Behind all these came a man some thirty years of age, of a goodly aspect; only he seemed to thrust one eye into the other; he was bound somewhat differently from the rest; for he had a chain to his leg, so long, that it was fastened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, one of which was fastened to the chain, and the other, called a keep-friend, or friend's foot, had two straight irons, which came down from it to his waist, at the ends of which were fixed two manacles, wherein his hands were secured with a huge padlock; insomuch, that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head to his hands. Don Quixote asked, why this man went fettered and shackled so much more than the rest. The guard answered, because he alone had committed more villanies than all the rest put together; and that he was so bold and desperate a villain, that, though they carried him in that manner, they were not secure of him, but were still afraid he would make his escape. "What kind of villanies has he committed," said Don Quixote, "that they have deserved no greater punishment than being sent to the gal-

leys?"—"He goes for ten years," said the guard, "which is a kind of civil death: you need only be told, that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Passamonte, alias Ginesillo de Parapilla."—"Fair and softly, Signor Commissary," said the slave; "let us not now be lengthening out names and surnames. Gines is my name, and not Ginesillo; and Passamonte is the name of my family, and not Parapilla, as you say; and let every man turn himself round, and look at home, and he will find enough to do."—"Speak with more respect, Sir Thief above measure," replied the commissary, "unless you will oblige me to silence you to your sorrow."—"You may see," answered the slave, "that man goeth as God pleaseth; but somebody may learn one day, whether my name is Ginesillo de Parapilla, or no."—"Are you not called so, lying rascal?" said the guard. "They do call me so," answered Gines; "but I will oblige them not to call me so, or I will flay them where I care not at present to say. Signor Cavalier," continued he, "if you have any thing to give us, give it us now, and God be with you; for you tire us with inquiring so much after other men's lives: if you would know mine, know that I am Gines de Passamonte, whose life is written by these very fingers."—"He says true," said the commissary; "for he himself has written his own history, as well as heart could wish, and has left the book in prison, in pawn

for two hundred reals."—"Ay, and I intend to redeem it," said Gines, "if it lay for two hundred ducats."—"What! is it so good?" said Don Quixote. "So good," answered Gines, "that woe be to Lazarillo de Tormes, and to all that have written or shall write in that way. What I can affirm is, that it relates truths, and truths so ingenious and entertaining, that no fictions can come up to them."—"How is the book intituled?" demanded Don Quixote. "The Life of Gines de Passamonte," replied Gines himself. "And is it finished?" quoth Don Quixote. "How can it be finished," answered he, "since my life is not finished? what is written, is from my cradle to the moment of my being sent this last time to the galleys."—"Then you have been there before?" said Don Quixote. "Four years, the other time," replied Gines, "to serve God and the King; and I know already the relish of the biscuit and bull's-pizzle: nor does it grieve me much to go to them again, since I shall there have the opportunity of finishing my book: for I have a great many things to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is leisure more than enough, though I shall not want much for what I have to write, because I have it by heart."—"You seem to be a witty fellow," said Don Quixote. "And an unfortunate one," answered Gines; "but misfortunes always pursue the ingenious."—"Pursue the villanous," said the commissary.

"I have already desired you, Signor Commissary," answered Passamonte, "to go on fair and softly; for your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct and carry us, whither his Majesty commands; now by the life of——I say no more; but the spots, which were contracted in the inn, may perhaps one day come out in the bucking; and let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and speak better; and let us march on, for this has held us long enough."

The commissary lifted up his staff, to strike Passamonte, in return for his threats: but Don Quixote interposed, and desired he would not abuse him, since it was but fair, that he, who had his hands so tied up, should have his tongue a little at liberty. Then, turning about to the whole string, he said: "From all you have told me, dearest brethren, I clearly gather, that, though it be only to punish you for your crimes, you do not much relish the punishment you are going to suffer, and that you go to it much against the grain and against your good liking: and, perhaps, the pusillanimity of him, who was put to the torture, this man's want of money, and the other's want of friends, and in short the judge's wresting of the law, may have been the cause of your ruin, and that you did not come off, as in justice you ought to have done. And I have so strong a persuasion, that this is the truth of the

case, that my mind prompts, and even forces me, to show in you the effect, for which Heaven threw me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I do profess, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy, and those oppressed by the mighty. But, knowing, that it is one part of prudence, not to do that by foul means, which may be done by fair, I will entreat these gentlemen, your guard, and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose, and let you go in peace, there being people enough to serve the King for better reasons: for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those, whom God and nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards," added Don Quixote, "these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world: there is a God in Heaven, who does not neglect to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; neither is it fitting that honest men should be the executioners of others, they having no interest in the matter. I request this of you in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance: but if you do it not willingly, this lance, and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it." —"This is pleasant fooling," answered the commissary; "an admirable conceit he has hit upon at last: he would have us let the King's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he

to command us to do it. Go on your way, Signor, and adjust that basin on your noddle, and do not go feeling for three legs in a cat."—"You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot," answered Don Quixote; and so, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly, that, before he could stand upon his defence, he threw him to the ground, much wounded with a thrust of the lance. And it happened luckily for Don Quixote, that this was one of the two, who carried firelocks. The rest of the guards were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but recovering themselves, those on horseback drew their swords, and those on foot laid hold of their javelins, and fell upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him, if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity, which offered itself to them, of recovering their liberty, had not procured it, by breaking the chain, with which they were linked together. The hurry was such, that the guards, now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with Don Quixote, who attacked them, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in loosing of Gines de Passamonte, who was the first that leaped free and disembarrassed upon the plain; and, setting upon the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, and by levelling it, first

at one, and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from Passamonte's gun, than from the shower of stones, which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened; for he imagined, that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the holy Brotherhood, who, upon ringing a bell, would sally out in quest of the delinquents; and so he told his master, and begged of him to be gone from thence immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. "It is well," said Don Quixote; "but I know what is now expedient to be done." Then having called all the slaves together, who were in a fright, and had stripped the commissary to his buff, they gathered in a ring about him, to know his pleasure; when he thus addressed them: "To be thankful for benefits received, is the property of persons well born; and one of the sins, at which God is most offended, is ingratitude. This I say, Gentlemen, because you have already found, by manifest experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in recompence of which, my will and pleasure is, that, laden with this chain, which I have taken off from your necks, you immediately set out, and go to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her, that the

Knight of the Sorrowful Figure sends you to present his service to her; and recount to her every tittle and circumstance of this memorable adventure, to the point of setting you at your wished-for liberty: this done, you may go, in God's name, whither you list[59]."

Gines de Passamonte answered for them all, and said: "What your Worship commands us, noble Sir, and our Deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to be complied with: for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate and alone, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the holy Brotherhood, who, doubtless, will be out in quest of us. What your Worship may, and ought to do, is, to change this service and duty to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a certain number of Ave Marias and Credos, which we will say for the success of your design; and this is what we may do, by day or by night, flying or reposing, in peace or in war: but to think that we will now return to the brick-kilns of Egypt, I say, to take our chains, and put ourselves on the way to Toboso, is to think it is now night already, whereas it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning; and to expect this from us is to expect pears from an elm-tree."—"I vow then," said Don Quixote, already enraged, "Don son of a whore, Don Ginesillo de Parapilla, or however you call your-

self, you alone shall go, with your tail between your legs, and the whole chain upon your back." Passamonte, who was not over-passive, and had already perceived, that Don Quixote was not wiser than he should be, since he committed such an extravagance as the setting them at liberty, seeing himself treated in this manner, winked upon his comrades; and they all, stepping aside, began to rain such a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, that he could not contrive to cover himself with his buckler; and poor Rozinante made no more of the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho got behind his ass, and by that sheltered himself from the storm and hail that poured upon them both. Don Quixote could not screen himself so well, but that he received I know not how many thumps on the body, with such force, that they brought him to the ground; and scarce was he fallen, when the student set upon him, and taking the basin from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it on the shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, whereby he almost broke it to pieces. They stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have stripped him of his trowsers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took from Sancho his cloak, leaving him in his doublet: and sharing among themselves the spoils of the battle, they made the best of their way off, each a several way, with more care

how to escapse the holy Brotherhood, they were in fear of, than to load themselves with the chain, and to go and present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themselves; the ass hanging his head and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking, that the storm of stones was not yet over, but still whizzing about his head; Rozinante stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down with another stone; Sancho in his doublet, and afraid of the holy Brotherhood; and Don Quixote very much out of humour, to find himself so ill treated by those very persons, to whom he had done so much good.

CHAP. XXIII.

OF WHAT BEFELL THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE, IN THE SABLE MOUNTAIN; BEING ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS AND UNCOMMON ADVENTURES OF ANY RELATED IN THIS FAITHFUL HISTORY.

Don Quixote, finding himself so ill treated, said to his squire: "Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do good to low fellows, is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble: but it is done, I must have patience, and take warning from henceforward."—"Your Worship will

as much take warning," answered Sancho, "as I am a Turk: but since you say, that, if you had believed me, you had avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater; for let me tell you, there is no putting off the holy Brotherhood with chivalries: they do not care two farthings for all the Knights-errant in the world: and know, that I fancy already I hear their arrows [60] whizzing about my ears."—"Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho," said Don Quixote: "but that you may not say I am obstinate, and that I never do what you advise, I will for once take your counsel, and get out of the reach of that fury, you fear so much; but upon this one condition, that, neither living nor dying, you shall ever tell any body, that I retired, and withdrew myself from this peril, out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with your entreaties: for if you say otherwise, you will lie in so doing; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell you, you lie, and will lie, every time you say, or think it: and reply no more; for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and especially from this, which seems to carry some or no appearance of fear with it, makes me, that I now stand prepared to abide here, and expect alone, not only that holy Brotherhood, you talk of and fear, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the seven Maccabees, and Castor and

Pollux, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods, that are in the world."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom, when the danger overbalances the hope: and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. And know, though I am but a clown and a peasant, I have yet some smattering of what is called good conduct: therefore repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rozinante if you can, and if not, I will assist you; and follow me; for my noddle tells me, that, for the present, we have more of need heels than hands." Don Quixote mounted, without replying a word more; and, Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they entered on one side of the Sable Mountain[61], which was hard by, it being Sancho's intention to pass quite cross it, and to get out at Viso, or Almodovar del Campo, and to hide themselves, for some days, among those craggy rocks, that they might not be found, if the holy Brotherhood should come in quest of them. He was encouraged to this by seeing, that the provisions carried by his ass had escaped safe from the skirmish with the galley-slaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, considering what the slaves took away, and how narrowly they searched.

They very soon got into the heart of the Sable Mountain, where Sancho thought it convenient to

pass that night, and also some days, at least as long as the provisions, he had with him, lasted: so they took up their lodging between two great rocks, and amidst abundance of cork-trees. But destiny, which, according to the opinion of those, who have not the light of the true faith, guides fashions, and disposes all things its own way, so ordered it, that Gines de Passamonte, the famous cheat and robber, whom the valour and madness of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain, being justly afraid of the holy Brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himself in those very mountains; and his fortune and his fear carried him to the same place where Don Quixote's and Sancho Panza's had carried them, just at the time he could distinguish, who they were, and at the instant they were fallen asleep. And, as the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts people upon applying to shifts, and the present conveniency overcomes the consideration of the future, Gines, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, resolved to steal Sancho Panza's ass, making no account of Rozinante, as a thing neither pawnable nor saleable. Sancho Panza slept; the varlet stole his ass; and, before it was day, he was too far off to be found.

Aurora issued forth, rejoicing the earth, and saddening Sancho Panza, who missed his Dapple, and, finding himself deprived of him, began the most doleful lamentation in the world; and so