

loud it was, that Don Quixote awoke at his cries, and heard him say: "O child of my bowels, born in my own house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and lastly, the half of my maintenance! for with six and twenty maravedis I earned every day by thy means, I half supported my family." Don Quixote, hearing the lamentation, and learning the cause, comforted Sancho with the best reasons he could, and desired him to have patience, promising to give him a bill of exchange for three young asses out of five, he had left at home. Sancho was comforted herewith, wiped away his tears, moderated his sighs, and thanked his master for the kindness, he showed him. Don Quixote's heart leaped for joy at entering into the mountains, such kind of places seeming to him the most likely to furnish him with those adventures, he was in quest of. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events, which had befallen Knights-errant in such solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and so wrapped and transported in them, that he remembered nothing else. Nor had Sancho any other concern, now that he thought he was out of danger, than to appease his hunger with what remained of the clerical spoils; and thus, sitting sideling, as women do, upon his beast, he jogged after his master, emptying the bag, and stuffing his paunch:

and, while he was thus employed, he would not have given a farthing to have met with any new adventure whatever.

Being thus busied, he lifted up his eyes, and saw his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance, to raise up some heavy bundle, that lay upon the ground; wherefore he made haste to assist him, if need were, and came up to him just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion, and a portmanteau fastened to it, half, or rather quite, rotten and torn; but so heavy, that Sancho was forced to alight, and help to take it up; and his master ordered him to see what was in it. Sancho very readily obeyed: and, though the portmanteau was secured with its chain and padlock, you might see, through the breaches, what it contained; which was, four fine holland shirts, and other linen, no less curious than clean; and, in an handkerchief, he found a good heap of gold crowns; and, as soon as he espied them, he cried: "Blessed be Heaven, which has presented us with one profitable adventure." And searching further, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound. Don Quixote desired to have it, and bid him take the money, and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour; and emptying the portmanteau of the linen, he put it in the provender-bag. All which Don Quixote perceiving, he said: "I am of opinion, Sancho, nor can it pos-

sibly be otherwise, that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains, and have fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him, and brought him to this remote and secret part to bury him.”—“It cannot be so,” answered Sancho; “for, had they been robbers, they would not have left this money here.”—“You say right,” replied Don Quixote; “and I cannot guess, nor think, what it should be: but stay, let us see whether this pocket-book has any thing written in it, by which we may trace, and discover, what we want to know.” He opened it, and the first thing he found was a kind of rough draught, but very legible, of a sonnet, which he read aloud, that Sancho might hear it, to this purpose:

Know'st thou, O Love, the pangs that I sustain,
 Or cruel dost thou view those pangs unmov'd?
 Or has some hidden cause its influence prov'd
 By all this sad variety of pain?

Love is a God—then surely he must know,
 And knowing, pity wretchedness like mine;
 From other hands proceeds the fatal blow—
 Is then the deed, unpitying Chloe, thine?

Ah, no! a form so exquisitely fair,
 A soul so merciless can ne'er enclose.
 From Heav'n's high will my fate resistless flows,
 And I, submissive, must its vengeance bear.
 Nought but a miracle my life can save,
 And snatch its destin'd victim from the grave,

“ From this parcel of verses,” quoth Sancho, “ nothing can be collected, unless by the clue here given you can come at the whole bottom.”— “ What clue is here?” said Don Quixote. “ I thought,” said Sancho, “ your Worship named a Clue.”—“ No, I said Chloë,” answered Don Quixote; “ and doubtless that is the name of the lady, whom the author of this sonnet complains of; and, in faith, either he⁶² is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art.”—“ So then,” said Sancho, “ your Worship understands making verses too?”—“ Yes, and better than you think,” answered Don Quixote; “ and you shall see I do, when you carry a letter to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verse from top to bottom: for know, Sancho, that all or most of the Knights-errant of times past were great poets, and great musicians; these two accomplishments, or rather graces, being annexed to lovers-errant. True it is, that the couplets of former Knights have more of passion than elegance in them.”—“ Pray, Sir, read on farther,” said Sancho: “ perhaps you may find something to satisfy us.” Don Quixote turned over the leaf, and said: “ This is in prose, and seems to be a letter.”—“ A letter of business, Sir?” demanded Sancho. “ By the beginning, it seems rather one of love,” answered Don Quixote. “ Then pray, Sir, read it aloud,” said Sancho; “ for I mightily relish these love-matters.”—“ With all my heart,” said Don Qui-

xote ; and reading aloud, as Sancho desired, he found it to this effect.

“ Your promise, and my certain hard fate, hurry me to a place, from whence you will sooner hear the news of my death, than the cause of my complaint. You have undone me, ungrateful Maid, for the sake of one, who has larger possessions, but not more merit, than I. But, if virtue were a treasure now in esteem, I should have had no reason to envy any man’s good fortune, nor to bewail my own wretchedness: what your beauty built up, your behaviour has thrown down: by that I took you for an angel, and by this I find you are a woman. Farewell, O Causer of my disquiet: and may Heaven grant, that your husband’s perfidy may never come to your knowledge, to make you repent of what you have done, and afford me that revenge, which I do not desire.”

The letter being read, Don Quixote said: “ We can gather little more from this, than from the verses; only that he, who wrote it, is some slighted lover.” And, turning over most of the book, he found other verses and letters, some of which were legible, and some not: but the purport of them all was, complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, dislikings, favours and slights, some extolled with rapture, and others as mournfully deplored. While Don Quixote was examining the book, Sancho examined the portmanteau,

without leaving a corner in it, or in the saddle-cushion, which he did not search, scrutinize, and look into; nor seam, which he did not rip; nor lock of wool, which he did not carefully pick; that nothing might be lost for want of diligence, or through carelessness; such a greediness had the finding the gold crowns, which were more than a hundred, excited in him. And though he found no more of them, he thought himself abundantly rewarded, by the leave given him to keep, what he had found, for the tossing in the blanket, the vomitings of the balsam, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the cuffs of the carrier, the loss of the wallet, and the theft of his cloak; together with all the hunger, thirst, and weariness, he had undergone in his good master's service.

The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure was extremely desirous to know, who was the owner of the portmanteau, conjecturing, by the sonnet and the letter, by the money in gold, and by the fineness of the shirts, that it must doubtless belong to some lover of condition, whom the slights and ill treatment of his mistress had reduced to terms of despair. But, there being no one, in that uninhabitable and craggy place, to give him any information, he thought of nothing but going forward, whatever way Rozinante pleased, and that was, wherever he found the way easiest: still possessed with the imagination, that he could

not fail of meeting with some strange adventure among those briers and rocks:

As he thus went on musing, he espied, on the top of an hillock, just before him, a man skipping from crag to crag, and from bush to bush, with extraordinary agility. He seemed to be naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare: on his thighs he wore a pair of breeches of sad-coloured velvet, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through several parts. His head was bare; and, though he passed with the swiftness already mentioned, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure saw, and observed all these particulars: but, though he endeavoured to follow him, he could not; for it was not given to Rozinante's feebleness to make way through those craggy places; and besides he was naturally slow-footed and phlegmatic. Don Quixote immediately fancied this must be the owner of the saddle-cushion and portmanteau, and so resolved to go in search of him, though he were sure to wander a whole year among those mountains, before he should find him; wherefore he commanded Sancho to cut short over one side of the mountain, while he coasted along the other, in hopes, that by this diligence they might light on the man, who had so suddenly vanished out of their sight. "I cannot do it," answered Sancho; "for the moment I offer to stir from your Worship, fear is upon me, assaulting me

with a thousand kinds of terrors and apparitions : and let this serve to advertise you, that, from henceforward, I have not the power to stir a finger's breadth from your presence."—" Be it so," said he of the Sorrowful Figure, "and I am very well pleased, that you rely upon my courage, which shall never be wanting to you, though your very soul in your body should fail you: and now follow me step by step, or as you can, and make spying-glasses of your eyes: we will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may meet with the man we saw, who doubtless is the owner of what we have found." To which Sancho replied: "It would be much more prudent not to look after him; for, if we should find him, and he perchance proves to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it: and therefore it would be better, without this unnecessary diligence, to keep possession of it, *bona fide*, until by some way less curious and officious, its true owner shall be found; and perhaps that may be at a time, when I shall have spent it all, and then I am free by law."—" You deceive yourself in this, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for, since we have a suspicion, who the right owner is, we are obliged to seek him, and return it; and if we should not look for him, the vehement suspicion we have, that this may be he, makes us already as guilty, as if he really were. So that, friend Sancho, you should be in no pain at search-

ing after him, considering the uneasiness I shall be freed from in finding him." Then he pricked Rozinante on, and Sancho followed at the usual rate: and, having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule lying in a brook, saddled and bridled, and half devoured by dogs and crows. All which confirmed them the more in the suspicion that he, who fled from them, was owner of the mule and of the bundle.

While they stood looking at the mule, they heard a whistle, like that of a shepherd tending his flock; and presently, on their left hand, appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, the goatherd, that kept them, who was an old man. Don Quixote called aloud to him, and desired him to come down to them. He answered as loudly, and demanded, who had brought them to that desolate place, seldom or never trodden, unless by the feet of goats, wolves, or other wild beasts, which frequented those mountains. Sancho replied, if he would come down, they would satisfy his curiosity in every thing. The goatherd descended, and, coming to the place, where Don Quixote was, he said: "I will lay a wager you are viewing the hackney-mule, which lies dead in this bottom: in good faith, it has lain there these six months already. Pray tell me, have you lighted on his master hereabouts?"—"We have lighted on nothing," answered Don Quixote,

“but a saddle-cushion and a small portmanteau, which we found not far from hence.”—“I found it too,” answered the goatherd; “but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of some mischief, and lest I should be charged with having stolen it; for the devil is subtle, and lays stumbling-blocks and occasions of falling in our way, without our knowing how, or how not.”

—“I say so too,” answered Sancho: “for I also found it, and would not go within a stone’s throw of it: there I left it, and there it lies as it was for me; for I will not have a dog with a bell.”—“Tell me, honest man,” said Don Quixote, “do you know, who is the owner of these goods?”—“What I know,” said the goatherd, “is, that six months ago, more or less, there arrived at the huts of certain shepherds, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth, mounted on this very mule, which lies dead here, and with the same saddle-cushion and portmanteau you say you found, and touched not. He inquired of us, which part of this hill was the most craggy, and least accessible. We told him it was this, where we now are: and so it is, truly; for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would not easily find the way out: and I wonder how you could get even hither, since there is no road nor path that leads to this place. The youth then, I say, hearing our answer, turned about his mule, and

made towards the place we showed him, leaving us all pleased with his goodly appearance, and in admiration at his question, and the haste he made to reach the mountain: and, from that time, we saw him not again, until, some days after, he issued out upon one of our shepherds, and, without saying a word, came up to him, and gave him several cuffs and kicks, and immediately went to our sumpter-ass, which he plundered of all the bread and cheese she carried; and, this done, he fled again to the rocks with wonderful swiftness. Some of us goatherds, knowing this, went almost two days in quest of him, through the most intricate part of this craggy hill; and at last we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us with much gentleness, his garment torn, and his face so disfigured and scorched by the sun, that we should scarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, with the description given us of them, assured us he was the person we were in search after. He saluted us courteously, and, in few, but complaisant terms, bid us not wonder to see him in that condition, to which he was necessitated in order to perform a certain penance, enjoined him for his manifold sins. We entreated him to tell us, who he was, but we could get no more out of him. We desired him, likewise, that, when he stood in need of food, without which he could not subsist,

he would let us know, where we might find him, and we would very freely and willingly bring him some; and, if this was not to his liking, that, at least, he would come out and ask for it, and not take it away from the shepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for the violences past, and promised from thenceforth to ask it for God's sake, without giving disturbance to any body. As to the place of his abode, he said, he had no other than what chance presented him, wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with such melting tears, that we, who heard him, must have been very stones not to have borne him company in them, considering what he was the first time we saw him, and what we saw him now to be: for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and, by his courteous behaviour and civil discourse, showed himself to be well-born, and a courtlike person: for though we, who heard him, were country people, his genteel carriage was sufficient to discover itself even to rusticity. In the height of his discourse he stopped short, and stood silent, nailing his eyes to the ground for a considerable time, whilst we all stood still in suspense, waiting to see what that fit of distraction would end in, with no small compassion at the sight; for by his demeanour, his staring, and fixing his eyes unmoved for a long while on the ground,

and then shutting them again, by his biting his lips, and arching his brows, we easily judged, that some fit of madness was come upon him; and he quickly confirmed us in our suspicions, for he started up with great fury from the ground, on which he had just before thrown himself, and fell upon the first that stood next him with such resolution and rage, that, if we had not taken him off, he would have bit and cuffed him to death. And all this while he cried out: 'Ah traitor Fernando! here, here you shall pay for the wrong, you have done me; these hands shall tear out that heart, in which all kinds of wickedness, and especially deceit and treachery, do lurk and are harboured.' And to these he added other expressions, all tending to revile the said Fernando, and charging him with falsehood and treachery. We disengaged him from our companion at last, with no small difficulty; and he, without saying a word, left us, and plunged amidst the thickest of the bushes and briars; so that we could not possibly follow him. By this we guessed, that his madness returned by fits, and that some person, whose name is Fernando, must have done him some injury of as grievous a nature, as the condition to which it has reduced him, sufficiently declares. And this has been often confirmed to us, since that time, by his issuing out one while to beg of the shepherds part of what they had to eat, and at other times to

take it from them by force; for, when the mad fit is upon him, though the shepherds freely offer it him, he will not take it without coming to blows for it; but, when he is in his senses, he asks it for God's sake, with courtesy and civility, and is very thankful for it, not without shedding tears. And truly, Gentlemen, I must tell you," pursued the goatherd, "that yesterday I, and four young swains, two of them my servants, and two my friends, resolved to go in search of him, and, having found him, either by force, or by fair means, to carry him to the town of Almodovar, which is eight leagues off, and there to get him cured, if his distemper be curable; or at least inform ourselves who he is, when he is in his senses, and whether he has any relations, to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, Gentlemen, is all I can tell you, in answer to your inquiry, by which you may understand, that the owner of the goods, you found, is the same, whom you saw pass by you so swiftly and so nakedly:" for Don Quixote had already told him, how he had seen that man pass skipping over the craggy rocks.

Don Quixote was in admiration at what he heard from the goatherd; and, having now a greater desire to learn, who the unfortunate madman was, he resolved, as he had before purposed, to seek him all over the mountain, without leaving a corner or cave in it unsearched, until he

should find him. But fortune managed better for him than he thought or expected: for, in that very instant, the youth they sought appeared from between some clefts of a rock, coming toward the place, where they stood, and muttering to himself something, which could not be understood, though one were near him, much less at a distance. His dress was such as has been described: but, as he drew near, Don Quixote perceived, that a buff doublet he had on, though torn to pieces, still retained the perfume of amber; whence he positively concluded, that the person, who wore such apparel, could not be of the lowest quality. When the youth came up to them, he saluted them with an harsh unmusical accent, but with much civility. Don Quixote returned him the salute with no less complaisance, and alighting from Rozinante, with a genteel air and address, advanced to embrace him, and held him a good space very close between his arms, as if he had been acquainted with him a long time. The other, whom we may call the Ragged Knight of the Sorry Figure, as Don Quixote of the Sorrowful, after he had suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and, laying both his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood beholding him, as if to see, whether he knew him; in no less wonder, perhaps, at the figure, mien, and armour of Don Quixote, than Don Quixote was at the sight of him. In short,

the first, who spoke after the embracing, was the ragged Knight, and he said what shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXIV.

A CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE SABLE MOUNTAIN.

THE history relates, that great was the attention with which Don Quixote listened to the ragged Knight of the Mountain, who began his discourse thus: "Assuredly, Signor, whoever you are, for I do not know you, I am obliged to you for your expressions of civility to me; and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my bare good will, for the kind reception you have given me: but my fortune allows me nothing, but good wishes, to return you for your kind intentions towards me."—"Mine," answered Don Quixote, "are to serve you, inso-much that I determined not to quit these mountains, until I had found you, and learned from your own mouth, whether the affliction which, by your leading this strange life, seems to possess you, may admit of any remedy, and, if need were, to use all possible diligence to compass it; and though your misfortune were of that sort, which keep the door locked against all kind of comfort, I intended to assist you in bewailing and bemoaning it the best I could; for it is some

relief in misfortunes, to find those, who pity them. And, if you think my intention deserves to be taken kindly, and with any degree of acknowledgment, I beseech you, Sir, by the abundance of civility I see you are possessed of, I conjure you also, by whatever in this life you have loved or do love most, to tell me who you are, and what has brought you hither, to live and die, like a brute beast, amidst these solitudes; as you seem to intend, by frequenting them in a manner so unbecoming of yourself, if I may judge by your person, and what remains of your attire. And I swear," added Don Quixote, "by the order of Knighthood I have received, though unworthy and a sinner, and by the profession of a Knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you to the utmost of what my profession obliges me to, either in remedying your misfortune, if a remedy may be found, or in assisting you to bewail it, as I have already promised." The Knight of the Wood, hearing him of the Sorrowful Figure talk in this manner, did nothing but view him, and review him, and view him again from head to foot; and, when he had surveyed him thoroughly, he said to him: "If you have any thing to give me to eat, give it me, for God's sake, and when I have eaten, I will do all you command me, in requital for the good wishes you have expressed towards me."

Sancho immediately drew out of his wallet, and

the goatherd out of his scrip, some meat, with which the ragged Knight satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him, like a distracted person, so fast, that he took no time between one mouthful and another; for he rather devoured than eat: and, while he was eating, neither he nor the bystanders spoke a word. When he had done, he made signs to them to follow him, which they did; and he led them to a little green meadow not far off, at the turning of a rock, a little out of the way. Where being arrived, he stretched himself along upon the grass, and the rest did the same: and all this without a word spoken, until the ragged Knight, having settled himself in his place, said: "If you desire, Gentlemen, that I should tell you in a few words the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise me not to interrupt, by asking questions or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history; for, in the instant you do so, I shall break off, and tell no more." These words brought to Don Quixote's memory the tale his squire had told him, which, by his mistaking the number of the goats, that had passed the river, remained still unfinished. But to return to our ragged Knight: he went on, saying: "I give this caution, because I would pass briefly over the account of my misfortunes; for the bringing them back to my remembrance serves only to add new ones: and though the fewer questions I am asked, the sooner I shall have

finished my story, yet will I not omit any material circumstance, designing entirely to satisfy your desire." Don Quixote promised, in the name of all the rest, it should be so; and, upon this assurance, he began in the following manner:

"My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth one of the best cities of all Andalusia; my family noble; my parents rich; my wretchedness so great, that my parents must have lamented it, and my relations felt it, without being able to remedy it by all their wealth; for the goods of fortune seldom avail any thing towards the relief of misfortunes sent from Heaven. In this country there lived a Heaven, wherein love had placed all the glory I could wish for. Such is the beauty of Lucinda, a damsel of as good a family and as rich as myself, but of more good fortune, and less constancy than was due to my honourable intentions. This Lucinda I loved, courted, and adored from my childhood and tender years; and she, on her part, loved me with that innocent affection, proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our inclinations, nor were they displeas'd at them; foreseeing that, if they went on, they could end in nothing but our marriage: a thing pointed out as it were by the equality of our birth and circumstances. Our love increased with our years, insomuch that Lucinda's father thought proper, for reasons of de-

gency, to deny me access to his house; imitating, as it were, the parents of that Thisbe, so celebrated by the poets. This restraint was only adding flame to flame, and desire to desire: for, though it was in their power to impose silence on our tongues, they could not on our pens, which discover to the person beloved the most hidden secrets of the soul, and that with more freedom than the tongue; for the presence of the beloved object very often disturbs and strikes mute the most determined intention, and the most resolute tongue. O Heavens! how many billet-doux did I write to her! What charming, what modest answers did I receive! How many sonnets did I pen! how many love verses indite, in which my soul unfolded all its passion, described its inflamed desires, cherished its remembrances, and gave a loose to its wishes! In short, finding myself at my wit's end, and my soul languishing with desire of seeing her, I resolved, at once, to put in execution, what seemed to me the most likely means to obtain my desired and deserved reward: and that was, to demand her of her father, for my lawful wife; which I accordingly did. He answered me, that he thanked me for the inclination I showed to do him honour in my proposed alliance with his family: but that, my father being alive, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand: for, without his full consent and approbation, Lucinda was not a woman to be taken or

given by stealth. I returned him thanks for his kind intention, thinking there was reason in what he said, and that my father would come into it as soon as I should break it to him. In that very instant I went to acquaint my father with my desires; and, upon entering the room where he was, I found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me before I spoke a word, saying to me: 'By this letter you will see, Cardenio, the inclination Duke Ricardo has to do you service.' This Duke Ricardo, Gentlemen, as you cannot but know, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I took and read the letter, which was so extremely kind, that I myself judged, it would be wrong in my father not to comply with what he requested in it; which was, that he would send me to him very soon, being desirous to place me, not as a servant, but as a companion, to his eldest son; and that he engaged to put me into a post answerable to the opinion he had of me. I was confounded at reading the letter, and especially when I heard my father say: 'Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall depart, to fulfil the Duke's pleasure; and give thanks to God, who is opening you a way to that preferment, I know, you deserve.' To these he added several other expressions, by way of fatherly admonition.

"The time fixed for my departure came: I talked the night before to Lucinda, and told her

all that had passed; and I did the same to her father, begging of him to wait a few days, and not to dispose of her, until I knew what Duke Ricardo's pleasure was with me. He promised me all I desired; and she, on her part, confirmed it, with a thousand vows, and a thousand faintings. I arrived at length where Duke Ricardo resided, who received and treated me with so much kindness, that envy presently began to do her office, by possessing his old servants with an opinion, that every favour the Duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their interest. But the person the most pleased with my being there, was a second son of the Duke's, called Fernando, a sprightly young gentleman, of a genteel, generous, and amorous disposition, who, in a short time, contracted so intimate a friendship with me, that it became the subject of every body's discourse; and though I had a great share likewise in the favour and affection of the elder brother, yet they did not come up to that distinguishing manner, in which Don Fernando loved and treated me. Now, as there is no secret, which is not communicated between friends, and as the intimacy I held with Don Fernando, ceased to be barely such by being converted into friendship, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and especially one, relating to his being in love, which gave him no small disquiet. He loved a country girl, a vassal of his father's: her parents were very

rich, and she herself was so beautiful, reserved, discreet, and modest, that no one, who knew her, could determine, in which of these qualifications she most excelled, or was most accomplished. These perfections of the country maid raised Don Fernando's desires to such a pitch, that he resolved, in order to carry his point, and subdue the chastity of the maiden, to give her his promise to marry her; for otherwise it would have been to attempt an impossibility. The obligation, I was under to his friendship, put me upon using the best reasons, and the most lively examples I could think of, to divert and dissuade him from such a purpose. But, finding it was all in vain, I resolved to acquaint his father with the affair. Don Fernando, being sharp-sighted and artful, suspected and feared no less, knowing that I was obliged, as a faithful servant, not to conceal from my lord and master the Duke a matter so prejudicial to his honour: and, therefore, to amuse and deceive me, he said, that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty, that had so captivated him, than to absent himself for some months: and this absence, he said, should be effected by our going together to my father's house, under pretence, as he would tell the Duke, of seeing and cheapening some very fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. Scarcely had I heard him say this,

when prompted by my own love, I approved of his proposal, as one of the best concerted imaginable, and should have done so, had it not been so plausible a one, since it afforded me so good an opportunity of returning to see my dear Lucinda. Upon this motive, I came into his opinion, and seconded his design, desiring him to put it in execution as soon as possible; since, probably, absence might have its effect in spite of the strongest inclinations. At the very time he made this proposal to me, he had already, as appeared afterwards, enjoyed the maiden, under the title of a husband, and only waited for a convenient season to divulge it, with safety to himself, being afraid of what the Duke his father might do, when he should hear of his folly. Now, as love in young men is, for the most part, nothing but appetite, and as pleasure is its ultimate end, it is terminated by enjoyment; and what seemed to be love vanishes, because it cannot pass the bounds assigned by nature; whereas true love admits of no limits. I would say, that, when Don Fernando had enjoyed the country girl, his desires grew faint, and his fondness abated; so that, in reality, by the absence, which he proposed as a remedy for his passion, he only chose to avoid, what was now no longer agreeable to him. The Duke gave him his leave, and ordered me to bear him company.

“ We came to our town; my father received

him according to his quality : I immediately visited Lucinda ; my passion revived, though, in truth, it had been neither dead nor asleep ; unfortunately for me, I revealed it to Don Fernando, thinking that, by the laws of friendship, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I expatiated to him, in so lively a manner, on the beauty, good humour, and discretion of Lucinda, that my praises excited in him a desire of seeing a damsel endowed with such fine accomplishments. I complied with it, to my misfortune ; and showed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window, where we two used to converse together. She appeared to him, though in an undress, so charming, as to blot out of his memory all the beauties he had ever seen before. He was struck dumb : he lost all sense ; he was transported ; in short, he fell in love to such a degree, as will appear by the sequel of the story of my misfortunes. And, the more to inflame his desire, which he concealed from me, and disclosed to Heaven alone, fortune so ordered it, that he one day found a letter of hers to me, desiring me to demand her of her father in marriage, so ingenuous, so modest, and so full of tenderness, that, when he had read it, he declared to me, that he thought in Lucinda alone were united all the graces of beauty and good sense, which are dispersed and divided among the rest of her sex. True it is, I confess it now, that, though I knew what just

grounds Don Fernando had to commend Lucinda, I was grieved to hear those commendations from his mouth: I began to fear and suspect him; for he was every moment putting me upon talking of Lucinda, and would begin the discourse himself, though he brought it in never so abruptly: which awakened in me I know not what jealousy; and, though I did not fear any change in the goodness and fidelity of Lucinda, yet I could not but dread the very thing, they secured me against. Don Fernando constantly procured a sight of the letters I wrote to Lucinda, and her answers, under pretence that he was mightily pleased with the wit of both. Now it fell out, that Lucinda, who was very fond of books of chivalry, having desired me to lend her that of Amadis de Gaul—”

Scarce had Don Quixote heard him mention books of chivalry, when he said: “Had you told me, Sir, at the beginning of your story, that the Lady Lucinda was fond of reading books of chivalry, there would have needed no other exaggeration to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding; for it could never have been so excellent as you have described it, had she wanted a relish for such savoury reading; so that, with respect to me, it is needless to waste more words in displaying her beauty, worth, and understanding; for, from only knowing her taste, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and the most

ingenious woman in the world. And I wish, Sir, that, together with Amadis de Gaul, you had sent her the good Don Rugel of Greece; for I know, that the Lady Lucinda will be highly delighted with Daraida and Garaya, and the witty conceits of the shepherd Darinel; also with those admirable verses of his Bucolics, which he sung and repeated with so much good humour, wit, and freedom: but the time may come when this fault may be amended; and the reparation may be made, as soon as ever you will be pleased, Sir, to come with me to our town; where I can furnish you with more than three hundred books, that are the delight of my soul, and the entertainment of my life; though, upon second thoughts, I have not one of them left, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. Pardon me, Sir, the having given you this interruption, contrary to what I promised; but, when I hear of matters of chivalry and Knights-errant, I can as well forbear talking of them, as the beams of the sun can cease to give heat, or those of the moon to moisten. So that, pray excuse me, and go on; for that is of most importance to us at present."

While Don Quixote was saying all this, Cardenio hung down his head upon his breast, with all the signs of being profoundly thoughtful; and though Don Quixote twice desired him to continue his story, he neither lifted up his head,

nor answered a word. But, after some time he raised it, and said: "I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one persuade me to the contrary, and he must be a blockhead, who understands or believes otherwise, but that that great villain master Elisabat lay with Queen Madasima⁶³."—"It is false, I swear," answered Don Quixote, in great wrath; "it is extreme malice, or rather villany, to say so: Queen Madasima was a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed, that so high a Princess should lie with a quack; and whoever pretends she did, lies like a very great rascal: and I will make him know it on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases." Cardenio sat looking at him very attentively; and, the mad fit being already come upon him, he was in no condition to prosecute his story; neither would Don Quixote have heard him, so disgusted was he at what he had heard of Madasima: and strange it was to see him take her part with as much earnestness, as if she had really been his true and natural Princess; so far had his cursed books turned his head.

I say then, that Cardenio, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other such opprobrious words, did not like the jest; and, catching up a stone, that lay close by him, he gave Don Quixote such a thump with it on the breast, that it tumbled him down backward.

Sancho Panza, seeing his master handled in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; and the ragged Knight received him in such sort, that with one blow he laid him along at his feet; and presently, getting upon him, he pounded his ribs, much to his own heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better; and when he had beaten and thrashed them all, he left them, and very quietly marched off to his haunts amidst the rocks. Sancho got up in a rage to find himself so roughly handled, and so undeservedly withal; and was for taking his revenge on the goatherd, telling him, he was in fault for not having given them warning, that this man had his mad fits; for had they known as much, they should have been aware, and upon their guard. The goatherd answered, that he had already given them notice of it, and that, if he had not heard it, the fault was none of his. Sancho Panza replied, and the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in taking one another by the beard, and cuffing each other so, that, if Don Quixote had not made peace between them, they would have beaten themselves to pieces. Sancho, still keeping fast hold of the goatherd, said: "Let me alone, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure; for, this fellow being a bumpkin, like myself, and not dubbed a Knight, I may very safely revenge myself on him for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand

to hand, like a man of honour.”—“ True,” said Don Quixotè: “ but I know, that he is not to blame for what has happened.” Herewith he pacified them; and Don Quixote inquired again of the goatherd, whether it were possible to find out Cardenio; for he had a mighty desire to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as at first, that he did not certainly know his haunts; but that, if he walked thereabouts pretty much, he would not fail to meet him, either in or out of his senses.

CHAP. XXV.

WHICH TREATS OF THE STRANGE THINGS, THAT BEFELL THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE SABLE MOUNTAIN; AND HOW HE IMITATED THE PENANCE OF BELTENEBROS.

DON Quixote took his leave of the goatherd, and mounting again on Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him; which he did with a very ill will. They jogged on softly, entering into the most craggy part of the mountain; and Sancho was ready to burst for want of some talk with his master, but would fain have had him begin the discourse, that he might not break through what he had enjoined him: but, not being able to endure so long a silence, he said to him: “ Signor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your