

light?" These and similar expressions the Judge uttered, so full of compassion at the news he had received of his brother, that all, who heard him, bore him company in demonstrations of a tender concern for his sorrow.

The Priest then, finding he had gained his point according to the Captain's wish, would not hold them any longer in suspense; and so, rising from table, and going in where Zoraida was, he took her by the hand; and behind her came Lucinda, Dorothea, and the Judge's daughter. The Captain stood expecting what the Priest would do; who, taking him also by the other hand, with both of them together went into the room where the Judge and the rest of the company were, and said: "My Lord Judge, cease your tears, and let your wish be crowned with all the happiness you can desire, since you have before your eyes your good brother, and your good sister-in-law. He, whom you behold, is Captain Viedma, and this the beautiful Moor, who did him so much good. The Frenchmen I told you of reduced them to the poverty you see, to give you an opportunity of showing the liberality of your generous breast." The Captain ran to embrace his brother, who set both his hands against the Captain's breast, to look at him a little more asunder: but, when he thoroughly knew him, he embraced him so closely, shedding such melting tears of joy, that most of those present bore

him company in weeping. The words both the brothers uttered to each other, and the concern, they showed, can, I believe, hardly be conceived, much less written. Now they gave each other a brief account of their adventures: now they demonstrated the height of brotherly affection: now the Judge embraced Zoraida, offering her all he had: now he made his daughter embrace her: now the beautiful Christian and most beautiful Moor renewed the tears of all the company. Now Don Quixote stood attentive, without speaking a word, pondering upon these strange events, and ascribing them all to chimeras of Knight-errantry. Now it was agreed, that the Captain and Zoraida should return with their brother to Seville, and acquaint their father with his being found and at liberty, that the old man might contrive to be present at the baptism and nuptials of Zoraida, it being impossible for the Judge to discontinue his journey, having received news of the flota's departure from Seville for New Spain in a month's time, and as it would be a great inconvenience to him to lose his passage. In short, they were all satisfied, and rejoiced at the Captive's success; and, two parts of the night being well nigh spent, they agreed to retire and repose themselves during the remainder. Don Quixote offered his service to guard the castle, lest some giant or other miscreant-errant, for the sake of the treasure of beauty enclosed

there, should make some attempt and attack them. They, who knew him, returned him thanks, and gave the Judge an account of his strange frenzy, with which he was not a little diverted. Sancho Panza alone was out of all patience at the company's sitting up so late; and after all he was better accommodated than any of them, throwing himself upon the accoutrements of his ass, which will cost him so dear, as you shall be told by and by. The ladies being now retired to their chamber, and the rest accommodated as well as they could, Don Quixote sallied out of the inn, to stand centinel at the castle gate, as he had promised.

It fell out then, that, a little before day, there reached the ladies ears a voice so tuneable and sweet, that it forced them all to listen attentively; especially Dorothea, who lay awake, by whose side slept Donna Clara de Viedma, for so the Judge's daughter was called. Nobody could imagine who the person was, that sung so well, and it was a single voice without any instrument to accompany it. Sometimes they fancied the singing was in the yard, and at other times, that it was in the stable. While they were thus in suspense, Cardenio came to the chamber-door, and said: "You, that are not asleep, pray listen, and you will hear the voice of one of the lads, that take care of the mules, who sings enchantingly."—"We hear him already, Sir," answered

Dorothea. Cardenio then went away; and Dorothea, listening with the utmost attention, heard him sing as follows.

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CHAP. XLIII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE AGREEABLE HISTORY OF THE  
YOUNG MULETEER, WITH OTHER STRANGE ACCI-  
DENTS, THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

SONG.

LOVE's mariner, but fortune's sport,  
In vain my vessel's borne  
O'er troubled seas;—no shelt'ring port  
Receives this heart forlorn.

No common splendour guides my way,  
Far off a star I view;  
Its lustre darts a brighter ray  
Than Palinurus knew.

Ah! whither would it me invite?  
Perplex'd my course I bear!  
With soul intent I view its light,  
But, ah! with heedless care.

When most I try to feast my eyes  
On that transcendent light,  
Coyness and modesty arise,  
And veil it from my sight.

O star sublime! whose radiance clear  
Calls forth my constant fire,  
So soon as thou shalt disappear,  
That moment I expire.

When the singer came to this point, Dorothea thought it would be wrong to let Donna Clara lose the opportunity of hearing so good a voice; and so, jogging her gently to and fro, she awakened her, saying: "Pardon me, Child, that I wake you; for I do it that you may have the pleasure of hearing the best voice, perhaps, you have ever heard in all your life." Clara awoke, quite sleepy, and at first did not understand what Dorothea had said to her; and having asked her, she repeated it; whereupon Clara was attentive. But scarcely had she heard two verses, which the singer was going on with, when she fell into so strange a trembling, as if some violent fit of a quartan ague had seized her; and, clasping Dorothea close in her arms, she said to her: "Ah! dear Lady of my soul and life, why did you awaken me? For the greatest good, that fortune could do me at this time, would be to keep my eyes and ears closed, that I might neither see nor hear this unhappy musician."—"What is it you say, Child? Pray take notice, we are told he that sings is but a muleteer."—"Oh no, he is no such thing," replied Clara; "he is a young gentleman of large possessions, and so much master of my heart, that, if he has no mind to part with it, it shall be his eternally." Dorothea was astonished at the passionate expressions of the girl, thinking them far beyond what her tender years might promise: and therefore she said to her: "You

speak in such a manner, Miss Clara, that I cannot understand you: explain yourself farther, and tell me what it is you say of heart, and possessions, and of this musician, whose voice disturbs you so much. But say nothing now; for I will not lose the pleasure of hearing him sing, to mind your trembling; for methinks he is beginning to sing again, a new song and a new tune.”—“With all my heart,” answered Clara, and stopped both her ears with her hands, that she might not hear him; at which Dorothea wondered very much: and being attentive to what was sung, she found it was to this purpose,

## SONG.

O LOVELY Hope! life's greatest charm,  
All obstacles before thee fly,  
Thou tread'st the path without alarm,  
Plann'd in thine own persuasive eye:  
Nay fear'st not, though with ghastly mien  
Death near thy footsteps oft is seen.

Who does not make all dangers yield,  
Triumphant glory shall not gain;  
Who for ill fortune quits the field,  
To happiness shall ne'er attain.  
Nor bliss nor honour can prevail,  
If indolence the soul assail.

That Love should sell his treasures dear,  
Is by the feeling soul deem'd best;  
For joys like purest gold appear,  
Which bides the fire's repeated test:

But what is for a trifle gain'd,  
Is, like a trifle, soon disdain'd.

What else in contest Love denies  
By perseverance oft is found;  
Thus then I follow, though he flies,  
Where difficulties most abound.  
Nor shall despair to fear give birth,  
I'll gain my Heaven e'en on earth.

Here the voice ceased, and Donna Clara began to sigh afresh: all which excited Dorothea's curiosity to know the cause of so sweet a song, and so sad a plaint. And, therefore, she again asked her, what it was she would have said a while ago. Then Clara, lest Lucinda should hear her, embracing Dorothea, put her mouth so close to Dorothea's ear, that she might speak securely, without being overheard, and said to her: "The singer, dear Madam, is son of a gentleman of the kingdom of Arragon, lord of two towns, who lived opposite to my father's house at court. And though my father kept his windows with canvass in the winter, and lattices in summer, I know not how it happened, that this young gentleman, who then went to school, saw me; nor can I tell, whether it was at church, or elsewhere: but, in short, he fell in love with me, and gave me to understand his passion from the windows of his house, by so many signs, and so many tears, that I was forced to believe, and even to love him,

without knowing what I desired. Among other signs, which he used to make, one was, to join one hand with the other, signifying his desire to marry me; and though I should have been very glad it might have been so, yet, being alone and without a mother, I knew not whom to communicate the affair to; and therefore I let it rest, without granting him any other favour, than, when his father and mine were both abroad, to lift up the canvass or lattice window<sup>31</sup>, and give him a full view of me; at which he would be so transported, that one would think he would run stark mad. Now the time of my father's departure drew near, of which he heard, but not from me; for I never had an opportunity to tell it him. He fell sick, as far as I could learn, of grief; so that on the day we came away, I could not see him to bid him farewell, though it were but with my eyes. But, after we had travelled two days, at going into an inn in a village a day's journey from hence, I saw him at the door, in the habit of a muleteer, so naturally dressed, that, had I not carried his image so deeply imprinted in my soul, it had been impossible for me to know him. I knew him, and was both surprised and overjoyed. He stole looks at me unobserved by my father, whom he carefully avoids, when he crosses the way before me, either on the road, or at our inn. And knowing what he is, and considering that he comes on

foot, and takes such pains for love of me, I die with concern, and continually set my eyes, where he sets his feet. I cannot imagine what he proposes to himself, nor how he could escape from his father, who loves him passionately, having no other heir, and he being so very deserving as you will perceive, when you see him. I can assure you besides, that all he sings is of his own invention; for I have heard, he is a very great scholar and a poet. And now, every time I see him, or hear him sing, I tremble all over, and am in a fright, lest my father should come to know him, and so discover our inclinations. In my life I never spoke a word to him, and yet I love him so violently, that I shall never be able to live without him. This, dear Madam, is all I can tell you of this musician, whose voice has pleased you so much; by that alone you may easily perceive he is no muleteer, but master of hearts and towns, as I have already told you."

"Say no more, my dear Clara," said Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times; "pray say no more, and stay until to-morrow; for I hope in God so to manage your affair, that the conclusion shall be as happy as so innocent a beginning deserves."—"Ah! Madam," said Donna Clara, "what conclusion can be hoped for, since his father is of such quality, and so wealthy, that he will not think me worthy to be so much as his son's servant, and how much less his wife?"

And as to marrying without my father's consent or knowledge, I would not do it for all the world. I would only have this young man go back, and leave me; perhaps, by not seeing him, and by the great distance of place and time, the pains I now endure may be abated; though, I dare say, this remedy is likely to do me little good. I know not what sorcery this is, nor which way this love possessed me, he and I being both so young; for I verily believe we are of the same age, and I am not yet full sixteen, nor shall be, as my father says, until next Michaelmas." Dorothea could not forbear smiling, to hear how childishly Donna Clara talked, to whom she said: "Let us try to rest the short remainder of the night: to-morrow is a new day, and we shall speed, or my hand will be mightily out."

Then they composed themselves to rest, and there was a profound silence all over the inn: only the innkeeper's daughter, and her maid Maritornes, did not sleep; who, very well knowing Don Quixote's peccant humour, and that he was standing without doors, armed, and on horseback, keeping guard, agreed to put some trick upon him, or at least to have a little pastime, by overhearing some of his extravagant speeches.

Now you must know, that the inn had no window towards the field, only a kind of spike-hole to the straw-loft, by which they took in or threw out their straw. At this hole, then, this

pair of demi-lasses planted themselves, and perceived, that Don Quixote was on horseback, leaning forward on his lance, and uttering every now and then such mournful and profound sighs, that one would think each of them sufficient to tear away his very soul. They heard him also say, in a soft, soothing, and amorous tone : “ Oh my dear Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, perfection of all beauty, sum total of discretion, treasury of wit and good-humour, and pledge of modesty ; lastly, the idea and exemplar of all, that is profitable, decent, or delightful in the world ! what may your Ladyship be now doing ? Art thou, peradventuae, thinking of thy captive Knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils, merely for thy sake ? Oh ! thou triformed luminary, bring me tidings of her : perhaps thou art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she is walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, considering how, without offence to her modesty and grandeur, she may assuage the torment this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her sake ; or perhaps considering what glory to bestow on my sufferings, what rest on my cares, and, lastly, what life on my death, and what reward on my services. And thou, sun, who by this time must be hastening to harness thy steeds, to come abroad early, and visit my mistress, I entreat thee, as soon as thou seest her, salute her in my name :

but beware, when thou seest and salutest her, that thou dost not kiss her face; for I shall be more jealous of thee, than thou wast of that swift ingrate, who made thee sweat, and run so fast over the plains of Thessaly, or along the banks of Peneus; for I do not well remember over which of them thou rannest at that time."

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his piteous soliloquy, when the innkeeper's daughter began to call softly to him, and to say: "Sir, pray come a little this way, if you please." At which signal and voice, Don Quixote turned about his head, and perceived by the light of the moon, which then shone very bright, that somebody called him from the spike-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, fit for rich castles, such as he fancied the inn to be: and instantly it came again into his mad imagination, as it had done before, that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, being irresistibly in love with him, was come to solicit him again: and with this thought, that he might not appear discourteous and ungrateful, he turned Rozinante about, and came up to the hole; and as soon as he saw the two wenches, he said: "I pity you, fair Lady, for having placed your amorous inclinations, where it is impossible for you to meet with a suitable return, such as your great worth and beauty deserve: yet ought you not to blame this unfortunate enamoured Knight,

whom love has made incapable of engaging his affections to any other than to her, whom, the moment he laid his eyes on her, he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, good Lady, and retire to your chamber; and do not, by a farther discovery of your desires, force me to seem still more ungrateful: and if, through the passion you have for me, you can find any thing else in me to satisfy you, provided it be not downright love, pray command it; for I swear to you by that absent sweet enemy of mine, to bestow it upon you immediately, though you should ask me for a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or even the sun-beams enclosed in a vail."

—"Sir," said Maritornes, "my Lady wants nothing of all this."—"What is it then your Lady wants, discreet Duenna?" answered Don Quixote. "Only one of your beautiful hands," replied Maritornes, "whereby partly to satisfy that longing, which brought her to this window so much to the peril of her honour, that, if her lord and father should come to know it, the least slice he would whip off would be one of her ears."—"I would fain see that," answered Don Quixote: "he had best have a care what he does, unless he has a mind to come to the most disastrous end, that ever father did in the world, for having laid violent hands on the delicate members of his beloved daughter." Maritornes made no doubt but Don Quixote would give his

hand, as they had desired ; and so, resolving with herself what she would do, she went down into the stable, from whence she took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass, and returned very speedily to her spike-hole, just as Don Quixote had got upon Rozinante's saddle, to reach the gilded window, where he imagined the enamoured damsel stood : and, at giving her his hand, he said : " Take, Madam, this hand, or rather this chastiser of the evil-doers of the world : take, I say, this hand, which no woman's hand ever touched before, not even hers, who has the entire right to my whole body. I do not give it you to kiss, but only that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may gather what must be the strength of that arm, which has such a hand."—" We shall soon see that," cried Maritornes ; and making a running knot on the halter, she clapped it on his wrist, and, descending from the hole, she tied the other end of it very fast to the staple of the door of the hay-loft. Don Quixote, feeling the harshness of the rope about his wrist, said : " You seem rather to rasp than grasp my hand : pray, do not treat it so roughly, since that is not to blame for the injury my inclination does you ; nor is it right to discharge the whole of your displeasure on so small a part : consider, that lovers do not take revenge at this cruel rate."

But nobody heard a word of all this discourse ; for, as soon as Maritornes had tied Don Quixote up, they both went away, ready to die with laughing, and left him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose.

He stood, as has been said, upright on Rozinante, his arm within the hole, and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door, in the utmost fear and dread, that, if Rozinante stirred ever so little one way or other, he must remain hanging by the arm : and therefore he durst not make the least motion ; though he might well expect from the sobriety and patience of Rozinante, that he would stand stock-still an entire century. In short, Don Quixote, finding himself tied, and that the ladies were gone, began presently to imagine, that all this was done in the way of enchantment, as the time before, when, in that very same castle, the enchanted Moor of a carrier so mauled him. Then, within himself, he cursed his own inconsiderateness and indiscretion, since, having come off so ill before, he had ventured to enter in a second time ; it being a rule with Knights-errant, that, when they had once tried an adventure, and cannot accomplish it, it is a sign of its not being reserved for them, but for somebody else, and therefore there is no necessity for them to try it a second time. However, he pulled his arm, to see if he could loose himself : but he was so fast tied, that all his efforts were

in vain. It is true, indeed, he pulled gently, lest Rozinante should stir; and though he would fain have got into the saddle, and have sat down, he could not, but must stand up, or pull off his hand. Now he wished for Amadis's sword, against which no enchantment had any power; and now he cursed his fortune. Then he exaggerated the loss the world would have of his presence, all the while he should stand there enchanted, as, without doubt, he believed he was. Then he bethought himself afresh of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso. Then he called upon his good squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in sleep, and stretched upon his ass's pannel, did not, at that instant, so much as dream of the mother, that bore him. Then he invoked the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife, to help him: then he called upon his special friend Urganda, to assist him: at last the morning overtook him, so despairing and confounded, that he bellowed like a bull; for he did not expect, that the day would bring him any relief; for, accounting himself enchanted, he concluded it would be eternal: and he was the more induced to believe it, seeing Rozinante budged not at all; and he verily thought, that himself and his horse must remain in that posture, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, until that evil influence of the stars was overpast, or until some more sage enchanter should disenchant him.

But he was much mistaken in his belief; for

scarcely did the day begin to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, very well appointed and accoutred, with carbines hanging at the pommels of their saddles. They called at the inn-door, which was not yet opened, knocking very hard: which Don Quixote perceiving, from the place, where he still stood centinel, he cried out, with an arrogant and loud voice: "Knights, or squires, or whoever you are, you have no business to knock at the gate of this castle; for it is very plain, that, at such hours, they, who are within, are either asleep, or do not use to open the gates of their fortress, until the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon: get farther off, and stay until clear daylight, and then we shall see, whether it is fit to open to you or no."—"What the devil of a fortress or castle is this," cried one of them, "to oblige us to observe all this ceremony? If you are the innkeeper, make somebody open the door; for we are travellers, and only want to bait our horses, and go on, for we are in haste."—"Do you think, Gentlemen, that I look like an innkeeper?" answered Don Quixote. "I know not what you look like, replied the other; "but I am sure you talk preposterously, to call this inn a castle."—"It is a castle," said Don Quixote, "and one of the best in this whole province; and it has in it persons, who have had sceptres in their hands, and crowns on their heads."—"You had better

have said the very reverse," replied the traveller: "the sceptre on the head, and the crown in the hand: but, perhaps, some company of strolling players is within, who frequently wear those crowns and sceptres you talk of: otherwise, I do not believe, that, in so small and paltry an inn, and where all is so silent, there can be lodged persons worthy to wear crowns, and wield sceptres."—"You know little of the world," replied Don Quixote, "if you are ignorant of the accidents, which usually happen in Knight-errantry." The querist's comrades were tired with the dialogue between him and Don Quixote, and so they knocked again with greater violence, and in such a manner, that the innkeeper awoke, and all the rest of the people, that were in the inn: and the host got up to ask, who knocked.

Now it fell out, that one of the four strangers' horses came to smell at Rozinante, who, melancholy and sad, his ears hanging down, bore up his distended master without stirring: but, being in fact of flesh, though he seemed to be of wood, he could not but be sensible of it, and smell him again, that came so kindly to caress him: and scarcely had he stirred a step, when Don Quixote's feet slipped, and, tumbling from the saddle, he had fallen to the ground, had he not hung by the arm: which put him to so much torture, that he fancied his wrist was cutting off,

or his arm tearing from his body : yet he hung so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tips of his toes, which turned to his prejudice : for, feeling how little he wanted to set his feet to the ground, he strove and stretched as much as he could to reach it quite : like those, who are tortured by the strappado, who, being placed just above the surface, are themselves the cause of increasing their own pain, by their eagerness to extend themselves, deceived by the hope, that, if they stretch ever so little further, they shall reach the ground.

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## CHAP. XLIV.

A CONTINUATION OF THE UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURES  
OF THE INN.

IN short, Don Quixote roared out so terribly, that the host, in a fright, opened the inn-door hastily, to see who it was, that made those outcries ; nor were the strangers less surprised. Maritornes, who was also wakened by the same noise, imagining what it was, went to the straw-loft, and, without any body's seeing her, untied the halter, which held up Don Quixote, who straight fell to the ground in sight of the inn-keeper and the travellers ; who, coming up to him, asked him what ailed him, that he so cried out ? He, without answering a word, slipped the

rope from off his wrist, and raising himself up on his feet, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and, taking a good compass about the field, came up at a half-gallop, saying: "Whoever shall dare to affirm, that I was fairly enchanted, provided my sovereign Lady the Princess Micomicona gives me leave, I say, he lies, and I challenge him to single combat." The new comers were amazed at Don Quixote's words; but the innkeeper removed their wonder by telling them, who Don Quixote was; and that they should not mind him, for he was beside himself. They then inquired of the host, whether there was not in the house a youth about fifteen years old, habited like a muleteer, with such and such marks, describing the same clothes, that Donna Clara's lover had on. The host answered, there were so many people in the inn, that he had not taken particular notice of any such. But one of them, espying the coach the Judge came in, said: "Without doubt he must be here; for this is the coach, it is said, he follows: let one of us stay at the door, and the rest go in to look for him; and it would not be amiss for one of us to ride round the inn, that he may not escape over the pales of the yard."—"It shall be so done," answered one of them; and accordingly two went in, leaving the third at the door, while the fourth walked the rounds: all which the innkeeper saw, and could not judge

certainly, why they made this search, though he believed they sought the young lad, they had been describing to him.

By this time it was clear day, which, together with the noise Don Quixote had made, had raised the whole house, especially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept but indifferently, the one through concern at being so near her lover, and the other through the desire of seeing him. Don Quixote, perceiving that none of the four travellers minded him, nor answered to his challenge, was dying and running mad with rage and despite; and could he have found a precedent in the statutes and ordinances of chivalry, that a Knight-errant might lawfully undertake or begin any other adventure, after having given his word and faith not to engage in any new enterprise, until he had finished what he had promised, he would have attacked them all, and made them answer, whether they would or no. But thinking it not convenient, nor decent, to set about a new adventure, until he had reinstated Micomicona in her kingdom, he thought it best to say nothing and be quiet, until he saw what would be the issue of the inquiry and search those travellers were making: one of whom found the youth, he was in quest of, sleeping by the side of a muleteer, little dreaming of any body's searching for him, or finding him. The man, pulling him by the arm, said: "Upon my word, Signor

Don Louis, the dress you are in is very becoming such a gentleman as you; and the bed you lie on is very suitable to the tenderness, with which your mother brought you up." The youth rubbed his drowsy eyes, and, looking wistfully at him, who held him, presently knew him to be one of his father's servants: which so surprised him, that he could not speak a word for a good while; and the servant went on, saying: "There is no more to be done, Signor Don Louis, but for you to have patience, and return home, unless you have a mind my master, your father, should depart to the other world; for nothing less can be expected from the pain he is in at your absence." —"Why, how did my father know," said Don Louis, "that I was come this road, and in this dress?"—"A student," answered the servant, "to whom you gave an account of your design, discovered it, being moved to pity by the lamentations your father made the instant he missed you: and so he dispatched four of his servants in quest of you; and we are all here at your service, overjoyed beyond imagination at the good dispatch we have made, and that we shall return with you so soon, and restore you to those eyes, that love you so dearly."—"That will be as I shall please, or as Heaven shall ordain," answered Don Louis. "What should you please, or Heaven ordain, otherwise than that you should return

home?" added the servant; "for there is no possibility of avoiding it."

The muleteer, who lay with Don Louis, hearing this contest between them, got up, and went to acquaint Don Fernando and Cardenio, and the rest of the company, who were all by this time up and dressed, with what had passed. He related to them, how the man had styled the young lad Don, and repeated the discourse, which passed between them, and how the man would have him return to his father's house, and that the youth refused to go. Hearing this, and considering besides how fine a voice Heaven had bestowed upon him, they had all a great longing to know, who he was, and to assist him, if any violence should be offered him: and so they went towards the place, where he was talking and contending with his servant. Dorothea now came out of her chamber, and behind her Donna Clara in great disorder; and Dorothea, calling Cardenio aside, related to him in few words the history of the musician and Donna Clara; and he on his part told her what had passed in relation to the servants coming in search after him: and he did not speak so low, but Donna Clara overheard him; at which she was in such an agony, that, had not Dorothea caught hold of her, she had sunk down to the ground. Cardenio desired Dorothea to go back with Donna Clara to their

chamber, while he would endeavour to set matters to rights. Now all the four, who came in quest of Don Louis, were in the inn, and had surrounded him, pressing him to return immediately to comfort his father, without delaying a moment. He answered, that he could in no wise do so, until he had accomplished a business, in which his life, his honour, and his soul, were concerned. The servants urged him, saying, they would by no means go back without him, and that they were resolved to carry him, whether he would or no. "That you shall not do," replied Don Louis, "except you kill me; and, whichever way you carry me, it will be without life." Most of the people, that were in the inn, were got together to hear the contention, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando and his companions, the Judge, the Priest, the Barber, and Don Quixote, who now thought there was no farther need of continuing upon the castle-guard. Cardenio, already knowing the young man's story, asked the men, who were for carrying him away, why they would take away the youth against his will? "Because," replied one of the four, "we would save the life of his father, who is in danger of losing it by this gentleman's absence." Then Don Louis said: "There is no need of giving an account of my affairs here; I am free, and will go back, if I please; and if not, none of you shall force me."—"But reason will

force you," answered the servant; "and though it should not prevail upon you, it must upon us, to do what we came about, and what we are obliged to."—"Hold," said the Judge, "let us know what this business is to the bottom." The man, who knew him, as being his master's near neighbour, answered: "Pray, my Lord Judge, does not your Honour know this gentleman? He is your neighbour's son, and has absented himself from his father's house in an indecent garb, as your Honour may see." Then the Judge observed him more attentively, and, knowing and embracing him, said: "What childish frolic is this, Signor Don Louis? Or what powerful cause has moved you to come in this manner, and this dress, so little becoming your quality?" The tears came into the young gentleman's eyes, and he could not answer a word. The Judge bid the servants be quiet, for all would be well; and taking Don Louis by the hand, he went aside with him, and asked him, why he came in that manner?

While the Judge was asking this and some other questions, they heard a great outcry at the door of the inn, and the occasion was, that two guests, who had lodged there that night, seeing all the folks busy about knowing what the four men searched for, had attempted to go off without paying their reckoning. But the host, who minded his own business more than other peo-

ple's, laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money, giving them such hard words for their evil intention, that he provoked them to return him an answer with their fists; which they did so roundly, that the poor innkeeper was forced to call out for help. The hostess, and her daughter, seeing nobody so disengaged, and so proper to succour him, as Don Quixote, the daughter said to him: "Sir Knight, I beseech you, by the valour God has given you, come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating to mummy." To whom Don Quixote answered, very leisurely, and with much phlegm; "Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at present, because I am incapacitated from intermeddling in any other adventure, until I have accomplished one I have already engaged my word for: but what I can do for your service, is, what I will now tell you: run, and bid your father maintain the fight the best he can, and in no wise suffer himself to be vanquished, while I go and ask permission of the Princess Micomicona to relieve him in his distress; which if she grants me, rest assured I will bring him out of it."—"As I am a sinner," cried Maritornes, who was then by, "before your Worship can obtain the licence you talk of, my master may be gone into the other world."—"Permit me, Madam, to obtain the licence I speak of," answered Don Quixote:

“ for if I have it, no matter though he be in the other world; for from thence would I fetch him back, in spite of the other world itself, should it dare to contradict or oppose me; or at least I will take such ample revenge on those, who shall have sent him thither, that you shall be more than moderately satisfied.” And, without saying a word more, he went and kneeled down before Dorothea, beseeching her, in knightly and errant-like expressions, that her Grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to go and succour the governor of that castle, who was in grievous distress. The Princess gave it him very graciously; and he presently, bracing on his target, and drawing his sword, ran to the inn-door, where the two guests were still lugging and worrying the poor host: but when he came he stopped short and stood irresolute, though Maritornes and the hostess asked him why he delayed succouring their master and husband. “ I delay,” said Don Quixote, “ because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against squire-like folks: but call hither my squire Sancho; for to him this defence and revenge does most properly belong.” This passed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing went about briskly, to the innkeeper’s cost, and the rage of Maritornes, the hostess, and her daughter, who were ready to run distracted to behold the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the injury

then doing to their master, husband, and father.

But let us leave him there awhile; for he will not want somebody or other to relieve him; or, if not, let him suffer and be silent, who is so fool-hardy as to engage in what is above his strength; and let us turn fifty paces back, to see what Don Louis replied to the Judge, whom we left apart asking the cause of his coming on foot, and so meanly apparelled. To whom the youth, squeezing him hard by both hands, as if some great affliction was wringing his heart, and pouring down tears in great abundance, said: "All I can say, dear Sir, is, that, from the moment Heaven was pleased, by means of our neighbourhood, to give me a sight of Donna Clara, your daughter, from that very instant I made her sovereign mistress of my affections; and if you, my true lord and father, do not oppose it, this very day she shall be my wife. For her I left my father's house, and for her I put myself into this dress, to follow her whithersoever she went, as the arrow to the mark, or the mariner to the north-star. As yet she knows no more of my passion, than what she may have perceived from now and then seeing at a distance my eyes full of tears. You know, my Lord, the wealthiness and nobility of my family, and that I am sole heir: if you think these motives sufficient for you to venture the making me entirely happy, receive me imme-

diately for your son; for, though my father, biassed by other views of his own, should not approve of this happiness I have found for myself, time may work some favourable change, and alter his mind." Here the enamoured youth was silent, and the Judge remained in suspense, no less surprised at the manner and ingenuity of Don Louis in discovering his passion, than confounded and at a loss what measures to take in so sudden and unexpected an affair; and therefore he returned no other answer, but only bid him be easy for the present, and not let his servants go back that day, that there might be time to consider what was most expedient to be done. Don Louis kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with tears, enough to soften a heart of marble, and much more that of the Judge, who, being a man of sense, soon saw how advantageous and honourable this match would be for his daughter; though, if possible, he would have effected it with the consent of Don Louis's father, who, he knew, had pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time the innkeeper and his guests had made peace, more through the persuasion and arguments of Don Quixote than his threats, and had paid him all he demanded; and the servants of Don Louis were waiting, until the Judge should have ended his discourse, and their master determined what he would do; when the devil,

who sleeps not, so ordered it, that, at that very instant the barber came into the inn, from whom Don Quixote had taken Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza, the ass-furniture, which he trucked for his own: which barber, leading his beast to the stable, espied Sancho Panza, who was mending something about the pannel; and, as soon as he saw him, he knew him, and made bold to attack him, saying: "Ah! mister thief, have I got you! give me my basin and my pannel, with all the furniture you robbed me of." Sancho, finding himself attacked so unexpectedly, and hearing the opprobrious language given him, with one hand held fast the pannel, and with the other gave the barber such a douse, that he bathed his mouth in blood. But for all that the barber did not let go his hold: on the contrary, he raised his voice in such a manner, that all the folks of the inn ran together at the noise and scuffle; and he cried out: "Help, in the king's name, and in the name of justice; for this rogue and highway-robber would murder me for endeavouring to recover my own goods."—"You lie," answered Sancho, "I am no highway-robber: my master Don Quixote won these spoils in fair war." Don Quixote was now present, and not a little pleased to see how well his squire performed both on the defensive and offensive, and from thenceforward took him for a man of mettle, and resolved in his mind to dub him a Knight the first opportunity