

With this Anselmo was somewhat pacified, and was content to wait the time she desired, not dreaming he should hear any thing against Camilla, of whose virtue he was so satisfied and secure; and so leaving the room, he locked Leonela in, telling her she should not stir from thence, until she had told him what she had to say to him. He went immediately to Camilla, and related to her all, that had passed with her waiting-woman, and the promise she had given him to acquaint him with things of the utmost importance. It is needless to say, whether Camilla was disturbed or not: so great was the consternation she was in, that verily believing, as indeed it was very likely, that Leonela would tell Anselmo all she knew of her disloyalty, she had not the courage to wait, until she saw, whether her suspicion was well or ill grounded: and that very night, when she found Anselmo was asleep, taking with her all her best jewels, and some money, without being perceived by any body, she left her house, and went to Lothario's, to whom she recounted what had passed, desiring him to conduct her to some place of safety, or to go off with her, where they might live secure from Anselmo. Camilla put Lothario into such confusion, that he knew not how to answer her a word, much less to resolve what was to be done. At length he be-thought himself of carrying Camilla to a convent, the prioress of which was a sister of his. Camilla

consented, and Lothario conveyed her thither with all the haste the case required, and left her in the monastery; and he too presently left the city, without acquainting any body with his absence.

When it was daybreak, Anselmo, without missing Camilla from his side, so impatient was he to know what Leonela had to tell him, got up and went to the chamber, where he had left her locked in. He opened the door, and went in, but found no Leonela there: he only found the sheets tied to the window, an evident sign that by them she had slid down, and was gone off. He presently returned, full of concern, to acquaint Camilla with it; and, not finding her in bed, nor any where in the house, he stood astonished. He inquired of the servants for her, but no one could give him any tidings. It accidentally happened, as he was searching for Camilla, that he found her cabinet open, and most of her jewels gone; and this gave him the first suspicion of his disgrace, and that Leonela was not the cause of his misfortune. And so, just as he then was, but half dressed, he went sad and pensive, to give an account of his disaster to his friend Lothario: but not finding him, and his servants telling him, that their master went away that night, and took all the money he had with him, he was ready to run mad. And to complete all, when he came back to his house, he found not one of all his servants, man nor maid, but the house left alone

and deserted. He knew not what to think, say, or do, and, by little and little, his wits began to fail him. He considered, and saw himself, in an instant, deprived of wife, friend, and servants; abandoned, as he thought, by the Heaven that covered him, but above all, robbed of his honour, since, in missing Camilla, he saw his own ruin. After some thought, he resolved to go to his friend's country-house, where he had been, when he gave the opportunity for plotting this unhappy business. He locked the doors of his house, got on horseback, and set forward with great oppression of spirits: and scarcely had he gone half way, when, overwhelmed by his melancholy thoughts, he was forced to alight, and tie his horse to a tree, at the foot of which he dropped down, breathing out bitter and mournful sighs, and stayed there until almost night; about which time he saw a man coming on horseback from the city; and having saluted him he inquired what news there was in Florence? "The strangest," replied the citizen, "that has been heard these many days: for it is publicly talked, that last night Lothario, that great friend of Anselmo the Rich, who lived at Saint John's, carried off Camilla, wife to Anselmo, and that he also is missing. All this was told by a maid-servant of Camilla's, whom the governor caught in the night letting herself down by a sheet from a window of Anselmo's house. In short, I do not know the particulars; all I know

is, that the whole town is in wonder at this accident; for no one could have expected any such thing, considering the great friendship between them, which it is said was so remarkable, that they were styled the two friends.”—“Pray, is it known,” said Anselmo, “which way Lothario and Camilla have taken?”—“It is not,” replied the citizen, “though the governor has ordered diligent search to be made after them.”—“God be with you,” said Anselmo. “And with you also,” said the citizen, and went his way.

This dismal news reduced Anselmo almost to the loss not only of his wits, but his life. He got up as well as he could, and arrived at his friend’s house, who had not yet heard of his misfortune: but seeing him come in pale, spiritless, and faint, he concluded he was oppressed by some heavy affliction. Anselmo begged him to lead him immediately to a chamber, and to let him have pen, ink, and paper. They did so, and left him alone on the bed, locking the door, as he desired. And now, finding himself alone, he so overcharged his imagination with his misfortunes, that he plainly perceived he was drawing near his end; and therefore resolved to leave behind him some account of the cause of his strange death: and beginning to write, before he had set down all he had intended, his breath failed him, and he yielded up his life into the hands of that sorrow, which was occasioned by his impertinent curiosity. The master of

the house, finding it grow late, and that Anselmo did not call, determined to go in to him, to know whether his indisposition increased, and found him with his face downward, half of his body in bed, and half leaning on the table, with the paper he had written open, and his hand still holding the pen. His friend, having first called to him, went and took him by the hand; and finding he did not answer him, and that he was cold, he perceived that he was dead. He was very much surprised and troubled, and called the family to be witnesses of the sad misfortune, that had befallen Anselmo: afterwards he read the paper, which he knew to be written with Anselmo's own hand, in which were these words :

ANSELMO'S PAPER.

“A foolish and impertinent desire has deprived me of life. If the news of my death reaches Camilla's ears, let her know, I forgive her; for she was not obliged to do miracles, nor was I under a necessity of desiring she should: and, since I was the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why——”

Thus far Anselmo wrote; by which it appeared, that, at this point, without being able to finish the sentence, he gave up the ghost. The next day his friend sent his relations an account of his death, who had already heard of his misfortune, and of

Camilla's retiring to the convent, where she was almost in a condition of bearing her husband company in that inevitable journey; not through the news of his death, but of her lover's absenting himself. It is said, that, though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent, nor take the veil; until, not many days after, news being come of Lothario's having been killed in a battle, fought about that time between Monsieur de Lautrec, and the great captain Gonzalo Fernandez of Cordova, in the kingdom of Naples, whither the too-late repenting friend had made his retreat; she then took the religious habit, and soon after gave up her life into the rigorous hands of grief and melancholy. This was the end of them all: an end sprung from an extravagant rashness at the beginning.

"I like this novel very well," said the Priest; "but I cannot persuade myself it is a true story; and if it be a fiction, the author has erred against probability: for it cannot be imagined, there can be any husband so senseless, as to desire to make such a dangerous experiment as Anselmo did. Had this case been supposed between a gallant and his mistress, it might pass; but, between husband and wife, there is something impossible in it: however, I am not displeased with the manner of telling it."

CHAP. XXXVI.

WHICH TREATS OF OTHER UNCOMMON ACCIDENTS,
THAT HAPPENED AT THE INN.

WHILE these things passed, the host, who stood at the inn door, said, "Here comes a goodly company of guests: if they stop here, we shall sing *O be joyful*."—"What folks are they?" said Cardenio. "Four men," answered the host, "on horseback à la Gineta²³, with lances and targets, and black masks on their faces²⁴, and with them a woman on a side-saddle, dressed in white, and her face likewise covered; and two lads besides on foot."—"Are they near at hand?" demanded the Priest. "So near," replied the innkeeper, "that they are already at the door." Dorothea, hearing this, veiled her face; and Cardenio went into Don Quixote's chamber; and scarcely had they done so, when the persons, the host mentioned, entered the yard; and the four horsemen, who, by their appearance, seemed to be persons of distinction, having alighted, went to help down the lady, who came on the side-saddle: and one of them, taking her in his arms, set her down in a chair, which stood at the door of the room, into which Cardenio had withdrawn. In all this time, neither she, nor they, had taken off their masks,

er spoken one word: only the lady, at sitting down in the chair, fetched a deep sigh, and let fall her arms, like one sick, and ready to faint away. The servants on foot took the horses to the stable. The Priest, seeing all this, and desirous to know who they were in that odd guise, and that kept such silence, went where the lads were, and inquired of one of them; who answered him: "In truth, Signor, I cannot inform you, who these gentlefolks are; I can only tell you, they must be people of considerable quality, especially he, who took the lady down in his arms: I say this, because all the rest pay him such respect, and do nothing but what he orders and directs."—"And the lady, pray, who is she?" demanded the Priest. "Neither can I tell that," replied the lacquey; "for I have not once seen her face during the whole journey: I have indeed often heard her sigh, and utter such groans, that one would think any one of them enough to break her heart: and it is no wonder we know no more than what we have told you; for it is not above two days since my comrade and I came to serve them: for, having met us upon the road, they asked and persuaded us to go with them as far as Andalusia, promising to pay us very well."—"And have you heard any of them called by their names?" said the Priest. "No, indeed," answered the lad; "for they all travel with so much silence, that you would

wonder; and you hear nothing among them but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, which move us to pity her; and, whithersoever it is that she is going, we believe it must be against her will; and, by what we can gather from her habit, she must be a nun, or going to be one, which seems most probable: and, perhaps, because the being one does not proceed from her choice, she goes thus heavily.”—“Very likely,” said the Priest; and, leaving them, he returned to the room, where he had left Dorothea: who, hearing the lady in the mask sigh, moved by a natural compassion, went to her, and said: “What is the matter, dear Madam? If it be any thing, that we women can assist you in, speak; for, on my part, I am ready to serve you with great good-will.” To all this the afflicted lady returned no answer; and, though Dorothea urged her still more, she persisted in her silence, until the cavalier in the mask, who, the servant said, was superior to the rest, came up, and said to Dorothea: “Trouble not yourself, Madam, to offer any thing to this woman; for it is her way not to be thankful for any service done her; nor endeavour to get an answer from her, unless you would hear some lie from her mouth.”—“No,” said she, who hitherto had held her peace; “on the contrary, it is for being so sincere, and so averse to lying and deceit, that I am now reduced to such hard fortune: and of this you may be a witness your-

self, since it is my truth alone, which makes you act so false and treacherous a part."

Cardenio heard these words plainly and distinctly, being very near her, who spoke them; for Don Quixote's chamber-door only was between; and as soon as he heard them, he cried out aloud: "Good God! what is this I hear? What voice is this, which has reached my ears?" The lady, all in surprise, turned her head at these exclamations; and, not seeing who uttered them, she got up, and was going into the room: which the cavalier perceiving, he stopped her, and would not suffer her to stir a step. With this perturbation, and her sudden rising, her mask fell off, and she discovered a beauty incomparable, and a countenance miraculous, though pale and full of horror: for she rolled her eyes round as far as she could see, examining every place with so much eagerness, that she seemed distracted; at which Dorothea, and the rest, without knowing why she did so, were moved to great compassion. The cavalier held her fast by the shoulders; and, his hands being thus employed, he could not keep on his mask, which was falling off, as indeed at last it did; and Dorothea, who had clasped the lady in her arms, lifting up her eyes, discovered, that the person, who also held her, was her husband, Don Fernando: and scarcely had she perceived it was he, when, fetching from the bottom of her heart a deep and

dismal "Oh!" she fell backward in a swoon; and had not the Barber, who stood close by, caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The Priest ran immediately, and took off her veil, to throw water in her face; and no sooner had he uncovered it, but Don Fernando, for it was he, who held the other in his arms, knew her, and stood like one dead at the sight of her; nevertheless, he did not let go Lucinda, who was the lady that was struggling so hard to get from him; for she knew Cardenio's voice in his exclamations, and he knew hers. Cardenio heard also the "Oh," which Dorothea gave, when she fainted away; and believing it came from his Lucinda, he ran out of the room in a fright, and the first he saw was Don Fernando holding Lucinda close in his arms. Don Fernando presently knew Cardenio; and all three, Lucinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea, were struck dumb, hardly knowing what had happened to them. They all stood silent, and gazing on one another, Dorothea on Don Fernando, Don Fernando on Cardenio, Cardenio on Lucinda, and Lucinda on Cardenio. But the first, that broke silence, was Lucinda, who addressed herself to Don Fernando in this manner: "Suffer me, Signor Don Fernando, as you are a gentleman, since you will not do it upon any other account, suffer me to cleave to that wall, of which I am the ivy; to that prop, from which

neither your importunities, your threats, your promises, nor your presents, were able to separate me. Observe, how Heaven, by unusual, and to us hidden, ways, has brought me into the presence of my true husband; and well you know, by a thousand dear-bought experiences, that death alone can efface him out of my memory. Then, since all farther attempts are vain, let this open declaration convert your love into rage, your good-will into revenge, and thereby put an end to my life; for if I lose it in the presence of my dear husband, I shall reckon it well disposed of; and perhaps my death may convince him of the fidelity I have preserved for him to my last moment."

By this time Dorothea was come to herself, and had listened to all that Lucinda said, by which she discovered, who she was: but, seeing that Don Fernando did not yet let her go from between his arms, nor make any answer to what she said, she got up as well as she could, and went and kneeled down at his feet, and, pouring forth an abundance of lovely and piteous tears, she began to say thus:

"If, my dear Lord, the rays of that sun, you hold now eclipsed between your arms, had not dazzled and obscured your eyes, you must have seen, that she, who lies prostrate at your feet, is the unhappy, so long as you are pleased to have it so, and unfortunate Dorothea. I am

that humble country girl, whom you, through goodness or love, deigned to raise to the honour of calling herself yours. I am she, who, confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life, until to the voice of your importunities, and seemingly sincere and real passion, she opened the gates of her reserve, and delivered up to you the keys of her liberty: a gift by you so ill requited, as appears by my being driven into the circumstances in which you find me, and forced to see you in the posture you are now in. Notwithstanding all this, I would not have you imagine, that I am brought hither by any dishonest motives, but only by those of grief and concern, to see myself neglected and forsaken by you. You would have me be yours, and would have it in such a manner, that though now you would not have it be so, it is not possible you should cease to be mine. Consider, my Lord, that the matchless affection I have for you may balance the beauty and nobility of her, for whom I am abandoned. You cannot be the fair Lucinda's, because you are mine; nor can she be yours, because she is Cardenio's. And it is easier, if you take it right, to reduce your inclination to love her, who adores you, than to bring her to love, who abhors you. You importuned my indifference; you solicited my integrity; you were not ignorant of my condition; you know very well in what manner I gave myself up entirely to your will;

you have no room to pretend any deceit : and if this be so, as it really is, and if you are as much a Christian as a gentleman, why do you, by so many evasions, delay making me as happy at last, as you did at first? And if you will not acknowledge me for what I am, your true and lawful wife, at least admit me for your slave ; for, so I be under your power, I shall account myself happy and very fortunate. Do not, by forsaking and abandoning me, give the world occasion to censure and disgrace me. Do not so sorely afflict my aged parents, whose constant and faithful services, as good vassals to yours, do not deserve it. And if you fancy your blood is debased by mixing it with mine, consider, there is little or no nobility in the world but what has run in the same channel, and that what is derived from women is not essential in illustrious descents : besides, true nobility consists in virtue ; and if you forfeit that by denying me what is so justly my due, I shall then remain with greater advantages of nobility than you. In short, Sir, I shall only add, that, whether you will or no, I am your wife : witness your words, which, if you value yourself on that account, on which you undervalue me, ought not to be false ; witness your hand-writing ; and witness Heaven, which you invoked to bear testimony to what you promised me. And though all this should fail, your conscience will not fail to whisper you in the midst

of your joys; justifying this truth I have told you, and disturbing your greatest pleasures and satisfaction."

These and other reasons did the afflicted Dorothea urge so feelingly, and with so many tears, that all who accompanied Don Fernando, and all who were present besides, sympathized with her. Don Fernando listened to her without answering a word, until she had put an end to what she had to say, and began to lament so bitterly, that it must have been a heart of brass, which the signs of so much sorrow could not soften. Lucinda gazed at her, with no less pity for her affliction than admiration at her wit and beauty; and though she had a mind to go to her, and endeavour to comfort her, she was prevented by Don Fernando's still holding her fast in his arms: who full of confusion and astonishment, after he had attentively beheld Dorothea, for a good while, opened his arms, and, leaving Lucinda free, said: "You have conquered, fair Dorothea; you have conquered: for there is no withstanding so many united truths."

Lucinda was so faint, when Don Fernando let her go, that she was just falling to the ground. But Cardenio, who was near her, and had placed himself behind Don Fernando, that he might not know him, now laying aside all fear, and at all adventures, ran to support Lucinda;

and, catching her between his arms, he said : “ If it pleases pitying Heaven, that now at last you should have some rest, my dear, faithful, and constant Mistress, I believe you can find it no where more secure than in these arms, which now receive you, and did receive you heretofore, when fortune was pleased to allow me to call you mine.” At these expressions Lucinda fixed her eyes on Cardenio: and having begun first to know him by his voice, and being now assured by sight, that it was he, she was almost beside herself, and without any regard to the forms of decency, and throwing her arms about his neck, and joining her face to his, she said to him : “ You, my dear Cardenio, you are the true owner of this your slave, though fortune were yet more adverse, and though my life, which depends upon yours, were threatened yet more than it is.”

This was a strange sight to Don Fernando, and all the bystanders, who were astonished at so unexpected an event. Dorothea fancied, that Don Fernando changed colour, and looked as if he had a mind to revenge himself on Cardenio ; for she saw him put his hand toward his sword : and no sooner did she perceive it, but she ran immediately, and, embracing his knees, and kissing them, she held him so fast, that he could not stir ; and, her tears trickling down without intermission, she said to him : “ What is it you intend to do, my only refuge, in this unexpected

crisis? You have your wife at your feet, and she, whom you would have to be yours, is in the arms of her own husband : consider, whether it be fit or possible for you to undo what Heaven has done, or whether it will become you to raise her to an equality with yourself, who, regardless of all obstacles, and confirmed in her truth and constancy, is bathing the bosom of her true husband, before your face, with the tears of love flowing from her eyes. For God's sake, and your own character, I beseech you, that this public declaration, so far from increasing your wrath, may appease it, and that these two lovers may be permitted, without any impediment from you, to live together in peace all the time Heaven shall be pleased to allot them : and by this you will show the generosity of your noble and illustrious breast, and the world will see, that reason sways more with you than appetite."

While Dorothea was saying this, Cardenio, though he held Lucinda between his arms, kept his eyes fixed on Don Fernando, with a resolution, if he saw him make any motion towards assaulting him, to endeavour to defend himself, and also to act offensively, as well as he could, against all who should take part against him, though it should cost him his life. But now Don Fernando's friends, together with the Priest and the Barber, who were present all the while, not omitting honest Sancho Panza, ran, and sur-

rounded Don Fernando, entreating him to have regard to Dorothea's tears; and, as they verily believed she had said nothing but what was true, they begged of him, that he would not suffer her to be disappointed in her just expectations. They desired he would consider, that, not by chance, as it seemed, but by the particular providence of Heaven, they had all met in a place, where one would have least imagined they should; and the Priest put him in mind, that nothing but death could part Lucinda from Cardenio, and that, though they should be severed by the edge of the sword, they would account their deaths most happy: and that, in a case, which could not be remedied, the highest wisdom would be, by forcing and overcoming himself, to show a greatness of mind, in suffering this couple, by his mere good-will, to enjoy that happiness, which Heaven had already granted them. He desired him, also, to turn his eyes on the beauty of Dorothea, and see how few, if any, could equal, much less exceed her; and that to her beauty he would add her humility, and the extreme love she had for him: but especially that he would remember, that, if he valued himself on being a gentleman and a Christian, he could do no less than perform the promise he had given her, and that, in so doing, he would please God, and do what was right in the eyes of all wise men, who know and understand, that it is the prerogative

of beauty, though in a mean subject, if it be accompanied with modesty, to be able to raise and equal itself to any height, without any disparagement to him, who raises and makes it equal to himself: and that, in complying with the strong dictates of appetite, there is nothing blameworthy, provided there be no sin in the action. In short, to these they all added such and so many powerful arguments, that the generous heart of Don Fernando being nourished with noble blood, was softened, and suffered itself to be overcome by that truth, which, if he had had a mind, he could not have resisted: and the proof he gave of surrendering himself, and submitting to what was proposed, was, to stoop down, and embrace Dorothea, saying to her: "Rise, dear Madam; for it is not fit she should kneel at my feet, who is mistress of my soul: and if hitherto I have given no proof of what I say, perhaps it has been so ordered by Heaven, that, by finding in you the constancy of your affection to me, I may know how to esteem you as you deserve. What I beg of you, is, not to reproach me with my past unkind behaviour and great neglect of you: for the very same cause and motive, that induced me to take you for mine, influenced me to endeavour not to be yours; and, to show you the truth of what I say, turn and behold the eyes of the now satisfied Lucinda, and in them you will see an excuse for all my

errors: and since she has found and attained to what she desired, and I have found in you all I want, let her live secure and contented many happy years with her Cardenio; and I will beseech Heaven, that I may do the like with my dear Dorothea." And saying this, he embraced her again, and joined his face to hers, with such tenderness of passion, that he had much ado to prevent his tears from giving undoubted signs of his love and repentance. It was not so with Lucinda and Cardenio, and almost all the rest of the company present; for they began to shed so many tears, some for joy on their own account, and some on the account of others, that one would have thought some heavy and dismal disaster had befallen them all. Even Sancho Panza wept, though he owned afterwards, that, for his part, he wept only to see, that Dorothea was not, as he imagined, the Queen Micomicona, from whom he expected so many favours.

Their joint wonder and weeping lasted for some time; and then Cardenio and Lucinda went, and kneeled before Don Fernando, thanking him for the favour he had done them, in such terms of respect, that Don Fernando knew not what to answer: and so he raised them up, and embraced them with much courtesy and many demonstrations of affection. Then he desired Dorothea to tell him how she came to that place so far from home? She related, in few and discreet words,

all she had before told Cardenio: with which Don Fernando and his company were so pleased, that they wished the story had lasted much longer, such was the grace with which Dorothea recounted her misfortunes. And when she had made an end, Don Fernando related what had befallen him in the city, after his finding the paper in Lucinda's bosom, wherein she declared that she was wife to Cardenio, and could not be his. He said, that he had a mind to have killed her, and should have done it, if her parents had not hindered him; upon which he left the house, enraged and ashamed, with a resolution of revenging himself at a more convenient time; that, the following day, he heard that Lucinda was missing from her father's house, without any body's knowing, whither she was gone; in short, that, at the end of some months, he came to know that she was in a convent, purposing to remain there all her days, unless she could spend them with Cardenio; and that, as soon as he knew it, choosing those three gentlemen for his companions, he went to the place, where she was, but did not speak to her, fearing, if she knew he was there, the monastery would be better guarded; and so waiting for a day, when the porter's lodge was open, he left two to secure the door, and he with the other entered into the convent in search of Lucinda, whom they found in the cloisters talking to a nun; and snatching her away, with-

out giving her time for any thing, they came with her to a place, where they accommodated themselves with whatever was needful for the carrying her off: all which they could very safely do, as the monastery was in the fields, and a good way from the town. He said, that, when Lucinda saw herself in his power, she swooned away, and that, when she came to herself, she did nothing but weep, and sigh, without speaking one word: and that in this manner, accompanied with silence and tears, they arrived at that inn, which to him was arriving at Heaven, where all earthly misfortunes have an end.

CHAP. XXXVII.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS
INFANTA MICOMICONA, WITH OTHER PLEASANT AD-
VENTURES.

SANCHO heard all this with no small grief of mind, because he saw the hope of his preferment disappearing and vanishing into smoke; and that the fair Princess Micomicona was turned into Dorothea, and the giant into Don Fernando, while his master lay in a sound sleep, without troubling his head about what passed. Dorothea could not be sure, whether the happiness she enjoyed was not a dream. Cardenio was in the same doubt; and Lucinda knew not what to think.

Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for the blessing bestowed on him, in bringing him out of that perplexed labyrinth, in which he was upon the brink of losing his honour and his soul. In short, all that were in the inn were pleased at the happy conclusion of such intricate and hopeless affairs. The Priest, like a man of sense, placed every thing in its true light, and congratulated every one upon their share of the good, that had befallen them. But she, who rejoiced most, and was most delighted, was the hostess; Cardenio and the Priest having promised to pay her with interest for all the damages sustained upon Don Quixote's account. Sancho, as has been said, was the only afflicted, unhappy, and sorrowful person: and so, with dismal looks, he went in to his master, who was then awake, to whom he said: "Your Worship may very well sleep your fill, Signor Sorrowful Figure, without troubling yourself about killing any giant, or restoring the Princess to her kingdom; for all is done and over already."—"I verily believe it," answered Don Quixote; "for I have had the most monstrous and dreadful battle with the giant, that, I believe, I shall ever have in all the days of my life; and with one back-stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed from it, that the streams ran along the ground, as if it had been water."—"As if it had been red wine,

your Worship might better say," answered Sancho: "for I would have you to know, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a pierced skin; and the blood eighteen gallons of red wine contained in its belly: and the head cut off is—the whore that bore me, and the devil take all for me."—"What is it you say, fool?" replied Don Quixote: "are you in your senses?"—"Pray get up, Sir," quoth Sancho, "and you will see what a fine spot of work you have made, and what a reckoning we have to pay; and you will see the Queen converted into a private lady called Dorothea, with other accidents, which, if you take them right, will astonish you."—"I shall wonder at nothing of all this," replied Don Quixote; "for, if you remember well, the last time we were here, I told you, that all things in this place went by enchantment, and it would be no wonder, if it should be so now."—"I should believe so too," answered Sancho, "if my being tossed in the blanket had been a matter of this nature: but it was downright real and true; and I saw the innkeeper, who was here this very day, holding a corner of the blanket, and canting me towards Heaven with notable alacrity and vigour, and with as much laughter as force; and where it happens, that we know persons, in my opinion, though simple and a sinner, there is no enchantment at all, but much misuseage and much mishap."—"Well, God will

remedy it," said Don Quixote; "give me my clothes, that I may go and see the accidents and transformations, you talk of."

Sancho reached him his apparel; and, while he was dressing, the Priest gave Don Fernando and the rest an account of Don Quixote's madness, and of the artifice they had made use of to get him from the barren rock, to which he imagined himself banished, through his lady's disdain. He related also to them almost all the adventures, which Sancho had recounted; at which they wondered and laughed not a little, thinking, as every body did, that it was the strangest kind of madness, that ever entered into an extravagant imagination. The Priest said farther, that, since Dorothea's good fortune would not permit her to go on with their design, it was necessary to invent and find out some other way of getting him home to his village. Cardenio offered to assist in carrying on the project, and proposed, that Lucinda should personate Dorothea. "No," said Don Fernando, "it must not be so; for I will have Dorothea herself go on with her contrivance: and as it is not far from hence to this good gentleman's village, I shall be glad to contribute to his cure."—"It is not above two days journey," said the Priest. "Though it were farther," said Don Fernando, "I would undertake it with pleasure, to accomplish so good a work."

By this time Don Quixote sallied forth, completely armed with his whole furniture; Mambriño's helmet, though bruised and battered, on his head, his target braced on, and resting on his sapling or lance. The strange appearance he made greatly surprised Don Fernando and his company, especially when they perceived his tawny and withered lantern jaws, his ill-matched armour, and the stiffness of his measured pace; and they stood silent to hear what he would say, when, with much gravity and solemnity, fixing his eyes on the fair Dorothea, he said: "I am informed, fair Lady, by this, my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated, and your very being demolished, and that, from a Queen and great Lady, which you were wont to be, you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. If this has been done by order of the necromantic King your father, out of fear lest I should not afford you the necessary and due aid, I say, he neither knows, nor ever did know, one half of his trade, and that he is but little versed in histories of Knight-errantry: for had he read and considered them attentively, and as much at his leisure, as I have read and considered them, he would have found at every turn, how other Knights, of a great deal less fame than myself, have achieved matters much more difficult, it being no such mighty business to kill a pitiful giant, be he never so arrogant: for not many hours are past, since I had a

bout with one myself, and—I say no more, lest I should be thought to lie; but time, the revealer of all things, will tell it, when we least think of it.”—“ It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant,” cried the innkeeper: but Don Fernando commanded him to hold his peace, and in no wise to interrupt Don Quixote’s discourse, who went on, saying: “ In short, high and disinherited Lady, if, for the cause aforesaid, your father has made this metamorphosis in your person, I would have you give no heed to it at all: for there is no danger upon earth, through which my sword shall not force a way, and, by bringing down the head of your enemy to the ground, place the crown of your kingdom upon your own in a few days.”

Don Quixote said no more, but awaited the Princess’s answer; who, knowing Don Fernando’s inclination, that she should carry on the deceit, until Don Quixote was brought home to his house, with much grace and gravity answered him: “ Whoever told you, valorous Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that I was changed and altered from what I was, did not tell you the truth; for I am the same to-day that I was yesterday: it is true, indeed, some fortunate accidents, that have befallen me, to my heart’s desire, have made some alteration in me for the better: yet, for all that, I do not cease to be what I was before, and to have the same thoughts I always had

of employing the prowess of your redoubted and invincible arm. So that, dear Sir, of your accustomed bounty, restore to the father, who begot me, his honour, and esteem him to be a wise and prudent man, since by his skill he found out so easy and certain a way to remedy my misfortune: for I verily believe, had it not been for you, Sir, I should never have lighted on the happiness I now enjoy; and in this I speak the very truth, as most of these gentlemen here present can testify. What remains is, that to-morrow morning we set forward on our journey; for to-day we could not go far: and for the rest of the good success I expect, I refer it to God, and to the valour of your breast."

Thus spoke the discreet Dorothea; and Don Quixote, having heard her, turned to Sancho, and, with an air of much indignation, said to him: "I tell thee now, little Sancho, that thou art the greatest little rascal in all Spain: tell me, thief, vagabond; didst thou not say just now, that this Princess was transformed into a damsel called Dorothea; and that the head, which, as I take it, I lopped off from a giant, was the whore, that bore thee; with other absurdities, which put me into the greatest confusion I ever was in all the days of my life? I vow" (and here he looked up to Heaven, and gnashed his teeth) "I have a great mind to make such havock of thee, as shall put wit into the noddles of all the lying squires of

Knights-errant, that shall be from henceforward in the world.”—“Pray, dear Sir, be pacified,” answered Sancho; “for I may easily be mistaken as to the transformation of Madam the Princess Micomicona; but as to the giant’s head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and the blood’s being but red wine, I am not deceived, as God liveth: for the skins yonder at your Worship’s bed’s-head are cut and slashed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond; and if not, it will be seen in the frying of the eggs²⁵, I mean, you will find it, when his Worship Signor Inn-keeper here demands damages. As for the rest, I rejoice in my heart, that Madam the Queen is as she was; for I have my share in it, as every neighbour’s child has.”—“I tell thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “thou art an ass; forgive me, that’s enough.”—“It is enough,” said Don Fernando, “and let no more be said of this; and since Madam the Princess says we must set forward in the morning, it being too late to-day, let us do so, and let us pass this night in agreeable conversation, until to-morrow, when we will all bear Signor Don Quixote company: for we desire to be eye-witnesses of the valorous and unheard-of deeds, which he is to perform in the progress of this grand enterprise, that he has undertaken.”—“It is I, that am to wait upon you, and bear you company,” answered Don Quixote; “and I am much obliged to you for the favour

