aloud, "A miracle! a miracle!" But Basilius replied; "No miracle, no miracle, but a stratagem, a stratagem!" The priest, astonished and confounded, ran with both his hands to feel the wound, and found, that the sword had passed, not through Basilius's flesh and ribs, but through a hollow iron pipe, filled with blood, and cunningly fitted to the place and purpose; and, as it was known afterwards, the blood was prepared by art, that it could not congeal. In short, the priest, Camacho, and the rest of the bystanders, found they were imposed upon, and deceived. The bride showed no signs of being sorry for the trick: on the contrary, hearing it said, that the marriage, as being fraudulent, was not valid, she said, she confirmed it anew; from whence every body concluded the business was concerted with the knowledge and privity of both parties; at which Camacho and his abettors were so confounded, that they transferred their revenge to their hands, and, unsheathing abundance of swords, they fell upon Basilius, in whose behalf as many more were instantly drawn. Don Quixote, leading the van on horseback, with his lance upon his arm, and well covered with his shield, made them all give way. Sancho, who took no pleasure in such kind of frays, retired to the jars, out of which he had gotten his charming skimmings, that place seeming to him to be sacred, and therefore to be revered. Don Quixote cried

aloud: "Hold, Sirs, hold: for it is not fit to take revenge for the injuries done us by love: and pray, consider, that love and war are exactly alike; and as, in war, it is lawful and customary to employ cunning and stratagem to defeat the enemy, so, in amorous conflicts and rivalships, it is allowable to put in practice tricks and sleights, in order to compass the desired end, provided they be not to the prejudice and dishonour of the party beloved. Quiteria was Basilius's, and Basilius Quiteria's, by the just and favourable disposition of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his pleasure when, where, and how he pleases. Basilius has but this one ewe-lamb; and no one, how powerful soever, has a right to take it from him; for those, whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder: and whoever shall attempt it, must first pass the point of this lance." Then he brandished it with such vigour and dexterity, that he struck terror into all that did not know him.

But Quiteria's disdain took such fast hold of the imagination of Camacho, that it presently blotted her out of his memory; and so the persuasions of the priest, who was a prudent and well-meaning man, had their effect, and Camacho and those of his faction remained pacified and calmed: in token whereof they put up their swords again in their scabbards, blaming rather the fickleness of

Quiteria, than the cunning of Basilius. Camacho reasoned with himself, that, if Quiteria loved Basilius when she was a virgin, she would love him also when she was married, and that he had more reason to thank Heaven for so good a riddance, than to repine at the loss of her. Camacho and his followers being thus pacified and comforted, those of Basilius were so too; and the rich Camacho, to show he did not resent the trick put upon him, nor value it at all, would have the diversions and entertainments go on, as if he had been really married; but neither Basilius, nor his bride, nor their followers, would partake of them; and so they went home to Basilius's house: for the poor man, who is virtuous and discreet, has those that follow, honour, and stand by him, as well as the rich has his attendants and flatterers. They took Don Quixote with them, esteeming him to be a person of worth and bravery. Only Sancho's soul was cloudy and overcast, finding it impossible for him to stay and partake of Camacho's splendid entertainment and festival, which lasted till night; and thus drooping and sad he followed his master, who went off with Basilius's troop, leaving behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt, which however he carried in his mind, the skimmings of the kettle, now almost consumed and spent, representing to him the glory and abundance of the

good he had lost; and so, anxious and pensive, though not hungry, and without alighting from Dapple, he followed the track of Rozinante.

CHAP. XXII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE GRAND ADVENTURE OF THE CAVE OF MONTESINOS, LYING IN THE HEART OF LA MANCHA; TO WHICH THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE GAVE A HAPPY CONCLUSION.

THE new-married couple made exceeding much of Don Quixote, being obliged by the readiness he had showed in defending their cause; and they esteemed his discretion in equal degree with his valour, accounting him a Cid[39] in arms, and a Cicero in eloquence. Three days honest Sancho solaced himself at the expense of the bride and bridegroom; from whom it was known, that the feigned wounding himself was not a trick concerted with the fair Quiteria, but an invention of Basilius's own, hoping from it the very success, which fell out. True it is, he confessed, he had let some of his friends into the secret, that they might favour his design, and support his deceit. Don Quixote affirmed, it could not, nor ought to be called deceit, which aims at virtuous ends, and that the marriage of lovers was the most excellent of all ends: observing by the way, that hunger and continual necessity are

the greatest enemies to love; for love is gaiety, mirth, and content, especially when the lover is in actual possession of the person beloved, to which necessity and poverty are opposed and declared enemies. All this he said with design to persuade Basilius to quit the exercise of those abilities, in which he so much excelled; for, though they procured him fame, they got him no money; and that now he should apply himself to acquire riches by lawful and industrious means, which are never wanting to the prudent and diligent. The honourable poor man, if a poor man can be said to have honour, possesses a jewel in having a beautiful wife; and whoever deprives him of her, deprives him of his honour, and as it were kills it. The beautiful and honourable woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurels and palms of victory and triumph. Beauty of itself alone, attracts the inclinations of all that behold it, and the royal eagles and other towering birds stoop to the tempting lure. But if such beauty be attended with poverty and a narrow fortune, it is besieged by kites and vultures and other birds of prey; and she, who stands firm against so many attacks, may well be called the crown of her husband. "Observe, discreet Basilius," added Don Quixote, "that it was the opinion of a certain sage, that there was but one good woman in all the world; and he gave it as his advice, that every man should

think, and believe, she was fallen to his lot, and so he would live contented. I for my part am not married, nor have I ever thought of being so: yet would I venture to give my advice to any one, who should ask it of me, what method he should take to get a wife to his mind. In the first place, I would advise him to lay a greater stress upon chastity than fortune; for a good woman does not acquire a good name merely by being good, but by appearing to be so; for public freedoms and liberties hurt a woman's reputation much more than secret wantonness. If you bring a woman honest to your house, it is an easy matter to keep her so, and even to make her better, and improve her very goodness: but if you bring her naughty, you will have much ado to mend her; for it is not very easy to pass from one extreme to another. I do not say, it is impossible; but I take it to be extremely difficult."

All this Sancho listened to, and said to himself, "This master of mine, when I speak things pithy and substantial, used to say, I might take a pulpit in my hand, and go about the world preaching fine things; and I say of him, that when he begins stringing of sentences, and giving advice, he may not only take a pulpit in his hand, but two upon each finger, and stroll about your market-places, crying out, *Mouth, what would you have?* The devil take thee for a Knight-errant, that knows every thing! I believed in my

heart, that he only knew what belonged to his chivalries; but he pecks at every thing, and thrusts his spoon into every dish." Sancho muttered this so loud, that his master overhearing it, said to him: "Sancho, what is it you mutter?"—"I neither say, nor mutter any thing," answered Sancho: "I was only saying to myself, that I wished I had heard your Worship preach this doctrine before I was married; then perhaps I should have been able to say now, *The ox that is loose is best licked.*"—"Is your Teresa, then, so bad, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "She is not very bad," answered Sancho; "but she is not very good neither, at least not quite so good as I would have her."—"You are in the wrong, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "to speak ill of your wife, who is the mother of your children."—"We are not in one another's debt upon that score," answered Sancho; "for she speaks as ill of me, whenever the fancy takes her, especially when she is jealous; for then Satan himself cannot bear with her."

Three days they stayed with the new-married couple, where they were served and treated like kings in person. Don Quixote then desired the dexterous student to furnish him with a guide, to bring him to the cave of Montesinos; for he had a mighty desire to go down into it, and see with his own eyes, whether the wonders related of it in all those parts were true. The student told

him, he would procure him a cousin of his, a famous scholar, and much addicted to reading books of chivalry, who would very gladly carry him to the mouth of the cave itself, and also show him the lakes of Ruydera, famous all over La Mancha, and even all over Spain; telling him, he would be a very entertaining companion, being a young man, who knew how to write books for the press, and dedicate them to Princes. In short, the cousin came, mounted on an ass big with foal, whose pack-saddle was covered with a doubled piece of an old carpet or sacking. Sancho saddled Rozinante, pannelled Dapple, and replenished his wallets; and those of the scholar were as well provided: and so commending themselves to the protection of God, and taking leave of every body, they set out, bending their course directly towards the famous cave of Montesinos.

Upon the road, Don Quixote asked the scholar, of what kind and quality his exercises, profession, and studies were. To which he answered, that his profession was the study of humanity; his exercise, composing of books for the press, all of great use, and no small entertainment to the commonwealth; that one of them was intitled, *A Treatise of Liveries,* describing seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottos, and ciphers; from whence the cavalier courtiers might pick and choose to their minds, for feasts

and rejoicings, without being beholden to others, or beating their own brains to invent and contrive them to their humour or design; "For," said he, "I adapt them to the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten, and the absent, so properly, that more will hit than miss. I have also another book, which I intend to call, *The Metamorphoses, or Spanish Ovid,* of a new and rare invention; for therein, imitating Ovid in a burlesque way, I show who the Giralda of Seville was, and who the angel of La Magdalena; what the conduct of Vecinguerra of Cordova; what the bulls of Guisando; the Sable Mountain; the fountains of Leganitos, and the Lavapies in Madrid: not forgetting the Piojo, that of the golden pipe, and that of the Priora: and all these, with their several allegories, metaphors, and transformations, in such a manner as to delight, surprise, and instruct at the same time. I have another book, which I call *A Supplement to Polydore Virgil,* treating of the invention of things; a work of vast erudition and study, because therein I make out several material things omitted by Polydore, and explain them in a fine style. Virgil forgot to tell us, who was the first in the world that had a cold, and who the first, that was fluxed for the French disease; these points I resolve to a nicety, and cite the authority of above five and twenty authors for them: so that your Worship may see, whether I have taken true pains, and

whether such a performance is not likely to be very useful to the whole world."

Sancho, who had been attentive to the student's discourse, said: "Tell me, Sir, and so may God send you good luck in the printing your books, can you resolve me, though I know you can, since you know every thing, who was the first that scratched his head? I, for my part, am of opinion, it must be our first father Adam."—"Certainly," answered the scholar; "for there is no doubt but Adam had a head and hair; and this being granted, and he being the first man in the world, he must needs have scratched his head one time or another."—"So I believe," answered Sancho: "but tell me now, who was the first tumbler in the world?"—"Truly, brother," answered the scholar, "I cannot determine that point, till I have studied it; and I will study it as soon as I return to the place where I keep my books, and will satisfy you when we see one another again; for I hope this will not be the last time."—"Look ye, Sir," replied Sancho, "take no pains about this matter; for I have already hit upon the answer to my question: Know then, that the first tumbler was Lucifer, when he was cast or thrown headlong from Heaven, and came tumbling down to the lowest abyss."—"You are in the right, friend," replied the scholar. Don Quixote said: "This question and answer are not your own, Sancho; you have heard them

from somebody else."—"Say no more, Sir," quoth Sancho; "for, in good faith, if I fall to questioning and answering, I shall not have done between this and to-morrow morning: for foolish questions and ridiculous answers, I need not be obliged to any of my neighbours."—"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you have said more than you are aware of; for some there are, who tire themselves with examining into and explaining things, which, after they are known and explained, signify not a farthing to the understanding or the memory."

In these, and other pleasant discourses, they passed that day; and at night they lodged in a small village, from whence, the scholar told Don Quixote, there were but two leagues to the cave of Montesinos, and that, if he continued his resolution to enter into it, it would be necessary to provide himself with rope to tie and let himself down into its depth. Don Quixote said, if it reached to the abyss, he would see where it stopped; and so they bought near a hundred fathom of cord; and, about two in the afternoon following, they came to the cave, the mouth of which is wide and spacious, but full of briers, wild fig-trees, and thorns, so thick and intricate, that they quite blind and cover it. When they arrived at it, the scholar, Sancho, and Don Quixote alighted: then the two former bound the Knight very fast with the cord, and while they were swathing him,

Sancho said: "Have a care, dear Sir, what you do; do not bury yourself alive, nor hang yourself dangling like a flask of wine let down to cool in a well; for it is no business of your Worship's, nor does it belong to you, to be the scrutinizer of this hole, which must needs be worse than any dungeon."—"Tie on, and talk not," answered Don Quixote; "for such an enterprise as this, friend Sancho, was reserved for me alone."—Then the guide said: "I beseech your Worship, Signor Don Quixote, to take good heed, and look about you with an hundred eyes, and explore what is below: perhaps there may be things proper to be inserted in my book of metamorphoses."—"The drum is in a hand, that knows full well how to rattle it," answered Sancho Panza.

This being said, and the tying of Don Quixote, not over his armour, but his doublet, finished, Don Quixote said: "We have been very careless in neglecting to provide a little bell, to be tied to me with this rope; by the tinkling of which you might hear me still descending, and know that I was alive; but since that is now impossible, be the hand of God my guide." And immediately he kneeled down, and, in a low voice, put up a prayer to Heaven for assistance and good success, in this seemingly perilous and strange adventure: then of a sudden, in a loud voice, he said: "O mistress of my actions and

motions, most illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! if it be possible, that the prayers and requests of this thy adventurous lover reach thy ears, I beseech thee, for thy unheard-of beauty's sake, hearken to them; for all I beg of thee is, not to refuse me thy favour and protection, now that I so much need it. I am just going to precipitate, to ingulph, and sink myself in the profound abyss here before me, only to let the world know, that, if thou favourest me, there is no impossibility I would not undertake and accomplish." And, so saying, he drew near to the brink, and saw he could not be let down, nor get at the entrance of the cave, but by mere force, and cutting his way through: and so, laying his hand to his sword, he began to lay about him, and hew down the brambles and bushes at the mouth of the cave; at which noise and rustling, an infinite number of huge ravens and daws flew out so thick and so fast, that they beat Don Quixote to the ground; and had he been as superstitious, as he was catholic, he had taken it for an ill omen, and forborne shutting himself up in such a place. At length he got upon his legs, and seeing no more ravens flying out, nor other night-birds, such as bats, some of which likewise flew out among the ravens, the scholar and Sancho, giving him rope, let him down to the bottom of the fearful cavern; and, at his going in, Sancho, giving him his blessing, and

making a thousand crosses over him, said: "God, and the rock of France, together with the trinity of Gaëta, speed thee, thou flower, and cream, and skimming of Knights-errant! There thou goest, Hector of the world, heart of steel, and arms of brass! Once more, God guide thee, and send thee back safe and sound, without deceit, to the light of this world, which thou art forsaking, to bury thyself in this obscurity." The scholar uttered much the same prayers and intercessions.

Don Quixote went down, calling for more and more rope, which they gave him by little and little; and when the voice, by the windings of the cave, could be heard no longer, and the hundred fathom of cordage was all let down, they were of opinion to pull Don Quixote up again, since they could give him no more rope. However, they delayed about half an hour, and then they began to gather up the rope, which they did very easily, and without any weight at all; from whence they conjectured, that Don Quixote remained in the cave; and Sancho, believing as much, wept bitterly, and drew up in a great hurry, to know the truth: but, coming to a little above eighty fathoms, they felt a weight, at which they rejoiced exceedingly. In short, at about the tenth fathom, they discerned Don Quixote very distinctly; to whom Sancho called out, saying: "Welcome back to us, dear Sir; for

we began to think you had staid there to breed." But Don Quixote answered not a word; and, pulling him quite out, they perceived his eyes were shut, as if he was asleep. They laid him along on the ground, and untied him; yet still he did not awake. But they so turned, and jogged, and returned, and shook him, that after a good while, he came to himself, stretching and yawning just as if he had awaked out of a heavy and deep sleep: and gazing from side to side, as if he was amazed, he said: "God forgive ye, Friends, for having brought me away from the most pleasing and charming life and sight, that ever mortal saw or lived. In short, I am now thoroughly satisfied that all the enjoyments of this life pass away like a shadow or a dream, and fade away like the flower of the field. Oh, unhappy Montesinos! Oh, desperately wounded Durandarte! Oh, unfortunate Belerma! Oh, weeping Guadiana! And ye unlucky daughters of Ruydera, whose waters show what floods of tears streamed from your fair eyes." The scholar and Sancho listened to Don Quixote's words, which he spoke, as if with immense pain he fetched them from his entrails. They entreated him to explain to them what it was he had been saying, and to tell them what he had seen in that hell below. "Hell do you call it?" said Don Quixote; "call it so no more, for it does not deserve that name, as you shall presently see." He desired, they would give him

something to eat; for he was very hungry. They spread the scholar's carpet upon the green grass; they addressed themselves to the pantry of his wallets, and being all three seated in loving and social wise, they collationed and supped all under one. The carpet being removed, Don Quixote de la Mancha said: "Let no one arise; and, sons, be attentive to me."

CHAP. XXIII.

OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS, WHICH THE UNEXAMPLED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA DECLARED HE HAD SEEN IN THE DEEP CAVE OF MONTESINOS, THE GREATNESS AND IMPOSSIBILITY OF WHICH MAKES THIS ADVENTURE PASS FOR APOCRYPHAL.

It was about four of the clock in the afternoon, when the sun, hidden among the clouds, with a faint light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity, without extraordinary heat or trouble, of relating to his two illustrious hearers, what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; and he began in the following manner:

"About twelve or fourteen fathom in the depth of this dungeon, on the right hand, there is a hollow space, wide enough to contain a large waggon, mules and all: a little light makes its way into it, through some cracks and holes at a distance in the surface of the earth. This hollow

and open space I saw, just as I began to weary, and out of humour to find myself pendent and tied by the rope, and journeying through that dark region below, without knowing whither I was going; and so I determined to enter into it, and rest a little. I called out to you aloud, not to let down more rope till I bid you: but, it seems, you heard me not. I gathered up the cord you had let down, and coiling it up into a heap, or bundle, I sat me down upon it, extremely pensive, and considering what method I should take to descend to the bottom, having nothing to support my weight. And being thus thoughtful, and in confusion, on a sudden, without any endeavour of mine, a deep sleep fell upon me; and, when I least thought of it, I awaked, and found myself, I knew not by what means, in the midst of the finest, pleasantest, and most delightful meadow, that nature could create, or the most pregnant fancy imagine. I rubbed my eyes, wiped them, and perceived I was not asleep, but really awake: but for all that I fell to feeling my head and breast, to be assured, whether it was I myself, who was there, or some empty and counterfeit illusion: but feeling, sensation, and the coherent discourse I made to myself, convinced me, that I was then there the same person I am now here. Immediately a royal and splendid palace or castle presented itself to my view; the walls and battlements whereof seemed to be built of clear and

transparent crystal: from out of which, through a pair of great folding-doors, that opened of their own accord, I saw come forth, and advance towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long mourning cloak of purple baize, which trailed upon the ground. Over his shoulders and breast he wore a kind of collegiate tippet of green satin: he had a black Milan cap on his head, and his hoary beard reached below his girdle. He carried no weapon at all, only a rosary of beads in his hand, bigger than middling walnuts, and every tenth bead like an ordinary ostrich egg. His mien, his gait, his gravity, and his goodly presence, each by itself, and all together, surprised and amazed me. He came up to me, and the first thing he did, was to embrace me close; and then he said: 'It is a long time, most valorous Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, that we, who are shut up and enchanted in these solitudes, have hoped to see you, that the world by you may be informed what this deep cave, commonly called the cave of Montesinos, encloses and conceals; an exploit reserved for your invincible heart and stupendous courage. Come along with me, illustrious Sir, that I may show you the wonders contained in this transparent castle, of which I am warder and perpetual guard; for I am Montesinos himself, from whom this cave derives its name.' Scarcely had he told me he was Montesinos, when I asked him, whether it was true,

which was reported in the world above, that with a little dagger he had taken out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to his Lady Belerma, as he had desired him at the point of death. He replied, all was true, excepting as to the dagger; for it was neither a dagger, nor little, but a bright poniard sharper than an awl."

"That poniard," interrupted Sancho, "must have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Seville."—"I do not know," continued Don Quixote: "but upon second thoughts, it could not be of his making; for Raymond de Hozes lived but the other day, and the battle of Roncesvalles, where this misfortune happened, was fought many years ago. But this objection is of no importance, and neither disorders nor alters the truth and connexion of the story."—"True," answered the scholar: "pray go on, Signor Don Quixote, for I listen to you with the greatest pleasure in the world."—"And I tell it with no less," answered Don Quixote, "and so I say:

"The venerable Montesinos conducted me to the crystalline palace, where, in a lower hall, extremely cool, and all of alabaster, there stood a marble tomb of exquisite workmanship, on which I saw, laid at full length, a cavalier, not of brass, or marble, or jasper, as is usual on other monuments, but of pure flesh and bones. His right hand, which, to my thinking, was pretty hairy and nervous, a sign that its owner was very

strong, was laid on the region of his heart; and before I could ask any question, Montesinos, perceiving me in some suspense, and my eyes fixed on the sepulchre, said: 'This is my friend Durandarte, the flower and mirror of all the enamoured and valiant Knights-errant of his time. Merlin, that French enchanter, keeps him here enchanted, as he does me, and many others of both sexes. It is said, he is the son of the devil; though I do not believe him to be the devil's son, but only, as the saying is, that he knows one point more than the devil himself. How, or why, he enchanted us, nobody knows: but time will bring it to light, and I fancy it will not be long first. What I wonder at, is, that I am as sure, as it is now day, that Durandarte expired in my arms, and that, after he was dead, I pulled out his heart with my own hands; and indeed it could not weigh less than two pounds: for, according to the opinion of naturalists, he, who has a large heart, is endued with more courage, than he, who has a small one.'—'It being then certain, that this cavalier really died,' said I, 'how comes it to pass, that he complains every now and then, and sighs, as if he were alive?' This was no sooner said, but the wretched Durandarte, crying out aloud, said:

'Montesinos, tell me clearly,
Was not this my last request;
When Death's dart had reach'd me nearly,
And my soul approach'd to rest;

That thy hand, with poniard guarded,
When my pulse had ceas'd to beat,
Would take my heart, and, unretarded,
Lay it at Belerma's feet?'

The venerable Montesinos, hearing this, threw himself on his knees before the complaining cavalier, and, with tears in his eyes, said to him: 'Long since, oh my dearest cousin Durandarte, I did what you enjoined me in that bitter day of our loss: I took out your heart, as well as I could, without leaving the least bit of it in your breast; I wiped it with a lace-handkerchief, and took it, and went off full speed with it for France, having first laid you in the bosom of the earth, shedding as many tears as sufficed to wash my hands, and clean away the blood, which stuck to them by raking in your entrails. By the same token, dear cousin of my soul, in the first place I lighted upon, going from Roncesvalles, I sprinkled a little salt over your heart, that it might not stink, and might keep, if not fresh, at least dried up, till it came to the Lady Belerma; who, together with you and me, and your squire Guadiana, and the Duenna Ruydera, and her seven daughters, and two nieces, with several others of your friends and acquaintance, have been kept here enchanted by the sage Merlin, these many years past; and though it be above five hundred years ago, not one of us is dead: only Ruydera and her daughters and nieces are gone, whom, because of their

weeping, Merlin, out of compassion, turned into so many lakes, which, at this time, in the world of the living, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the lakes of Ruydera. The seven sisters belong to the Kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the Knights of a very holy order, called the Knights of Saint John. Guadiana also, your squire, bewailing your misfortune, was changed into a river of his own name; who, arriving at the surface of the earth, and seeing the sun of another sky, was so grieved at the thought of forsaking you, that he plunged again into the bowels of the earth: but, it being impossible to avoid taking the natural course, he rises now and then, and shows himself, where the sun and people may see him. The aforesaid lakes supply him with their waters, with which, and several others that join him, he enters stately and great into Portugal. Nevertheless, whithersoever he goes, he discovers his grief and melancholy, breeding in his waters, not delicate and costly fish, but only coarse and unsavoury ones, very different from those of the golden Tagus. And what I now tell you, oh my dearest cousin, I have often told you before, and since you make me no answer, I fancy, you do not believe me, or do not hear me; which, God knows, afflicts me very much. One piece of news however I will tell you, which, if it serves not to alleviate your grief, will in no wise increase it. Know

then, that you have here present (open your eyes, and you will see him) that great Knight, of whom the sage Merlin prophesied so many things; that Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say, who, with greater advantages than in the ages past, has, in the present times, restored the long-forgotten order of Knight-errantry; by whose means and favour, we may, perhaps, be disenchanted: for great exploits are reserved for great men.'—'And though it should fall out otherwise,' answered the poor Durandarte with a faint and low voice, 'though it should not prove so, O cousin, I say, patience, and shuffle the cards:' and, turning himself on one side, he relapsed into his accustomed silence, without speaking a word more.

"Then were heard great cries and wailings, accompanied with profound sighs and distressful sobbings. I turned my head about, and saw through the crystal walls a procession in two files of most beautiful damsels all clad in mourning, with white turbans on their heads after the Turkish fashion; and last of all, in the rear of the files, came a lady (for by her gravity she seemed to be such), clad also in black, with a white veil, so long, that it kissed the ground. Her turban was twice as large as the largest of the others: her eyebrows were joined; her nose was somewhat flattish; her mouth wide, but her lips red: her teeth, which she sometimes showed, were thin set, and not very even, though as white as blanch-

ed almonds. She carried in her hand a fine linen handkerchief, and in it, as seemed to me, a heart of mummy, it appeared to be so dry and withered. Montesinos told me, that all those of the procession were servants to Durandarte and Belerma, and were there enchanted with their master and mistress; and that she, who came last, bearing the heart in the linen handkerchief, was the Lady Belerma herself, who, four days in the week, made that procession together with her damsels, singing, or rather weeping, dirges over the body, and over the piteous heart of his cousin; and that if she appeared to be somewhat ugly, or not so beautiful as fame reported, it was occasioned by the bad nights and worse days she passed in that enchantment, as might be seen by the great wrinkles under her eyes, and her broken complexion: as to her being pale and hollow-eyed, it was not occasioned by the periodical indisposition incident to women, there not having been, for several months, and even years past, the least appearance of any such matter: but merely by the affliction her heart feels from what she carries continually in her hands; which renews and revives in her memory the disaster of her untimely deceased lover: for had it not been for this, the great Dulcinea del Toboso herself, so celebrated in these parts, and even over the whole world, would hardly have equalled her in beauty, good-humour, and sprightliness.

" 'Fair and softly,' said I then, 'good Signor Montesinos: tell your story as you ought to do; for you know, that comparisons are odious, and therefore there is no need of comparing any body with any body. The peerless Dulcinea is what she is, and the Lady Donna Belerma is what she is, and what she has been, and so much for that.' To which he answered: 'Signor Don Quixote, pardon me: I confess I was in the wrong, in saying, that the Lady Dulcinea would hardly equal the Lady Belerma: my understanding, by I know not what, guesses that your Worship is her Knight, and ought to have made me bite my tongue, sooner than compare her to any thing but Heaven itself.' With this satisfaction given me by the great Montesinos, my heart was delivered from the surprise it was in at hearing my mistress compared with Belerma."—" And I too admire," quoth Sancho, " that your Worship did not fall upon the old fellow, and bruise his bones with kicking, and pluck his beard for him, till you had not left him a hair in it."—" No, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, " it did not become me to do so; for we are all bound to respect old men, though they be not Knights, and especially those, who are such, and enchanted into the bargain. I know very well, I was not at all behindhand with him in several other questions and answers, which passed between us."

Here the scholar said: " I cannot imagine,

Signor Don Quixote, how your Worship, in the short space of time you have been there below, could see so many things, and talk and answer so much."—"How long is it since I went down?" asked Don Quixote. "A little above an hour," answered Sancho. "That cannot be," replied Don Quixote; "for night came upon me there, and then it grew day; and then night came again, and day again, three times successively: so that by my account I must have been three days in those parts, so remote and hidden from our sight."—"My master," said Sancho, "must needs be in the right; for, as every thing has happened to him in the way of enchantment, what seems to us but an hour, may seem there three days and three nights."—"It is so," answered Don Quixote. "And has your Worship, good Sir, eaten any thing in all this time?" said the scholar. "I have not broken my fast with one mouthful," answered Don Quixote; "nor have I been hungry, or so much as thought of it all the while."—"Do the enchanted eat?" said the scholar. "They do not eat," answered Don Quixote, "nor are they troubled with the greater excrements, though it is a common opinion, that their nails, their beards, and their hair grow."—"And, Sir, do the enchanted sleep?" quoth Sancho. "No, truly," answered Don Quixote; "at least, in the three days that I have been amongst them, not one of them has closed an eye, nor I neither."

—"Here," quoth Sancho, "the proverb hits right; *Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are.* If your Worship keeps company with those, who fast and watch, what wonder is it that you neither eat nor sleep, while you are with them? But pardon me, good master of mine, if I tell your Worship that, of all you have been saying, God take me (I was going to say the devil) if I believe one word."—"How so?" said the scholar: "Signor Don Quixote then must have lied; who, if he had a mind to it, has not had time to imagine and compose such a heap of lies."—"I do not believe my master lies," answered Sancho. "If not, what do you believe?" said Don Quixote. "I believe," answered Sancho, "that the same Merlin or those necromancers, who enchanted all the crew your Worship says you saw and conversed with there below, have crammed into your imagination or memory all this stuff you have already told us, or that remains to be told."

"Such a thing might be, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "but it is not so: for what I have related I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands: but what will you say, when I tell you, that, among an infinite number of things and wonders, shown me by Montesinos, which I will recount in the progress of our journey at leisure, and in their due time, for they do not all belong properly to this place, he

showed me three country wenches, who were dancing and capering like any kids about those charming fields; and scarcely had I espied them, when I knew one of them to be the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, and the other two the very same wenches that came with her, whom we talked with at their coming out of Toboso. I asked Montesinos, whether he knew them. He answered, No, but that he took them to be some ladies of quality lately enchanted, for they had appeared in those meadows but a few days before; and that I ought not to wonder at it, for there were a great many other ladies there of the past and present ages, enchanted under various and strange figures, among whom he knew Queen Ginebra, and her duenna Quintannona, cupbearer to Lancelot, when he arrived from Britain." When Sancho heard his master say all this, he was ready to run distracted, or to die with laughing; for as he knew the truth of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of whom he himself had been the enchanter, and the bearer of that testimony, he concluded undoubtedly that his master had lost his senses, and was in all points mad; and therefore he said to him: "In an evil juncture, and in a worse season, and in a bitter day, dear patron of mine, did you go down to the other world; and in an unlucky moment did you meet with Signor Montesinos, who has returned you back to us in such guise. Your Wor-

ship was very well here above, entirely in your senses, such as God had given you, speaking sentences, and giving advice at every turn, and not, as now, relating the greatest extravagancies that can be imagined."—"As I know you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "I make no account of your words."—"Nor I of your Worship's," replied Sancho. "You may hurt me if you will, you may kill me if you please, for those I have said already, or those I intend to say, if you do not correct and amend your own. But tell me, Sir, now we are at peace, how, or by what, did you know the lady our mistress? And if you spoke to her, what said you, and what answer did she make you?"

"I knew her," answered Don Quixote, "by the very same clothes she wore, when you showed her to me. I spoke to her; but she answered me not a word: on the contrary, she turned her back upon me, and fled away with so much speed, that an arrow could not overtake her. I would have followed her; but Montesinos advised me not to tire myself with so doing, since it would be in vain; besides, it was now time for me to think of returning and getting out of the cave. He also told me, that in process of time I should be informed of the means of disenchanting himself, Belerma, Durandarte, and all the rest there. But what gave me the most pain of any thing I saw, or took notice of, was, that, while Montesinos

was saying these things to me, there approached me on one side, unperceived by me, one of the two companions of the unfortunate Dulcinea, and, with tears in her eyes, in a low and troubled voice, said to me: 'My Lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your Worship's hands, and desires you to let her know how you do; and, being in great necessity, she also earnestly begs your Worship would be pleased to lend her upon this new dimity petticoat I have brought here, six reals, or what you have about you, which she promises to return very shortly.' This message threw me into suspense and wonder; and, turning to Signor Montesinos, I demanded of him; 'Is it possible, Signor Montesinos, that persons of quality under enchantment suffer necessity?' To which he answered: 'Believe me, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that what is called necessity prevails every where, extends to all, and reaches every body, not excusing even those, who are enchanted: and since the Lady Dulcinea sends to desire of you those six reals, and the pawn is, in appearance, a good one, there is no more to be done but to give her them; for without doubt she must needs be in some very great strait.'—'I will take no pawn,' answered I; 'nor can I send her what she desires, for I have but four reals:' which I sent her, being those you gave me the other day, Sancho, to bestow in alms on the poor I should meet with upon the