

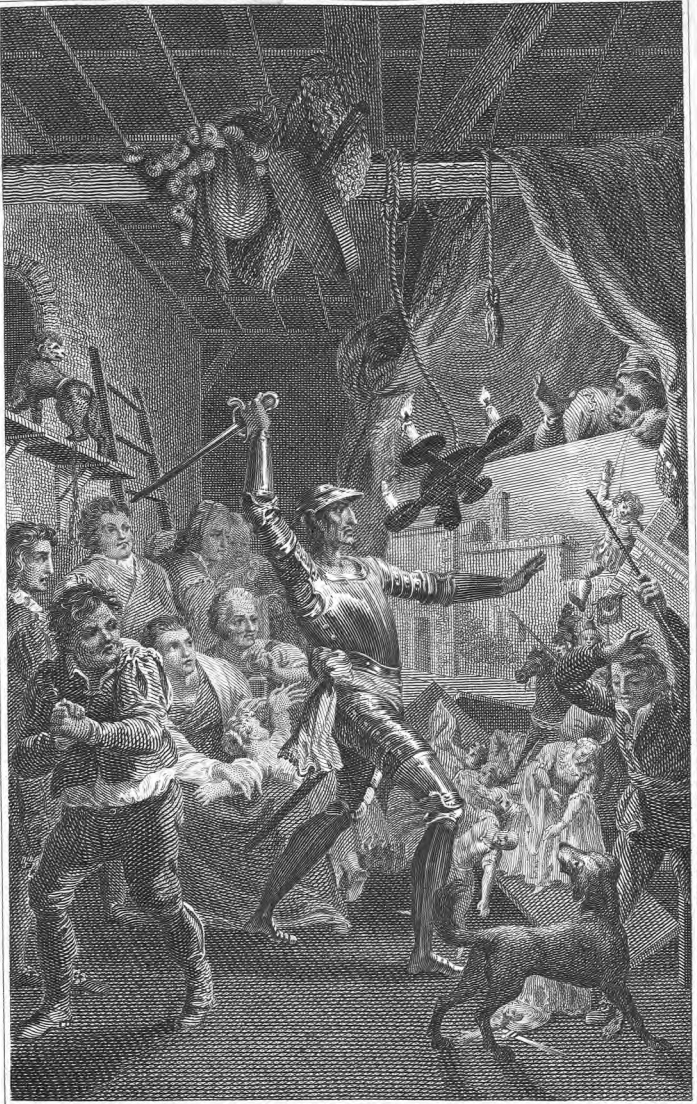
It is sufficient to observe, how Don Gayferos discovers himself; and, by the signs of joy she makes, you may perceive she knows him, and especially now that you see she lets herself down from the balcony, to get on horseback behind her good husband. But alas, poor Lady! the border of her under-petticoat has caught hold on one of the iron rails of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. But see how merciful Heaven sends relief in the greatest distresses; for now comes Don Gayferos, and, without regarding whether the rich petticoat be torn or not, lays hold of her, and brings her to the ground by main force; and then at a spring sets her behind him on his horse astride like a man, bidding her hold very fast, and clasp her arms about his shoulders till they cross and meet over his breast, that she may not fall; because the Lady Melisendra was not used to that way of riding. See how the horse, by his neighing, shows he is pleased with the burden of his valiant master and his fair mistress. And see how they turn their backs, and go out of the city, and how merrily and joyfully they take the way to Paris. Peace be with you, O peerless pair of faithful lovers! may ye arrive in safety at your desired country, without fortune's laying any obstacle in the way of your prosperous journey! may the eyes of your friends and relations behold ye en-

joy in perfect peace the remaining days (and may they be like Nestor's) of your lives!" Here again master Peter raised his voice, and said: "Plainness, boy; do not encumber yourself; for all affectation is naught." The interpreter made no answer, but went on, saying: "There wanted not some idle eyes, such as espy every thing, to see Melisendra's getting down and then mounting; of which they gave notice to King Marsilio, who immediately commanded to sound the alarm; and pray take notice what a hurry they are in; how the whole city shakes with the ringing of bells in the steeples of the mosques."

"Not so," said Don Quixote; "master Peter is very much mistaken in the business of the bells; for the Moors do not use bells, but kettledrums, and a kind of dulcimers, like our waits: and therefore to introduce the ringing of bells in Sansuenna is a gross absurdity." Which master Peter overhearing, he left off ringing, and said: "Signor Don Quixote, do not criticise upon trifles, nor expect that perfection, which is not to be found in these matters. Are there not a thousand comedies acted almost every where, full of as many improprieties and blunders, and yet they run their career with great success, and are listened to not only with applause, but with admiration? Go on, boy, and let folks talk; for, so I fill my bag, I care not if I represent more improprieties than there are motes in the sun."—

“You are in the right,” answered Don Quixote ; and the boy proceeded :

“See what a numerous and brilliant cavalry sallies out of the city in pursuit of the two Catholic lovers ; how many trumpets sound, how many dulcimers play, and how many drums and kettle-drums rattle ; I fear they will overtake them, and bring them back tied to their own horse’s tail, which would be a lamentable spectacle.” Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing such a din, thought proper to succour those that fled ; and rising up, said in a loud voice : “I will never consent, while I live, that in my presence such an outrage as this be offered to so famous a Knight and so daring a lover as Don Gayferos. Hold, base-born rabble, follow not, nor pursue after him ; for, if you do, have at you.” And so said, so done : he unsheathed his sword, and at one spring he planted himself close to the show, and with a violent and unheard-of fury, began to rain hacks and slashes on the Moorish puppets, overthrowing some, and beheading others, laming this, and demolishing that : and, among a great many other strokes, he fetched one with such a force, that, if master Peter had not ducked and squatted down, he had chopped off his head with as much ease as if it had been made of sugar paste. Master Peter cried out, saying : “Hold, Signor Don Quixote, hold, and consider that these figures you throw



Ameydrojo fecit

*Don Quixote destroying the
Puppet Show.*



down, maim, and destroy, are not real Moors, but only puppets made of pasteboard: consider, sinner that I am, that you are undoing me, and destroying my whole livelihood." For all that Don Quixote still laid about him, showering down, doubling, and redoubling, fore-strokes, and back-strokes, like hail. In short, in less than the saying two Credos, he demolished the whole machine, hacking to pieces all the tackling and figures, King Marsilio being sorely wounded, and the head and crown of the Emperor Charlemagne cloven in two. The whole audience was in a consternation; the ape flew to the top of the house: the scholar was frightened, the page daunted, and even Sancho himself trembled mightily; for, as he swore after the storm was over, he had never seen his master in so outrageous a passion.

The general demolition of the machinery thus achieved, Don Quixote began to be a little calm, and said: "I wish I had here before me, at this instant, all those, who are not, and will not be convinced, of how much benefit Knights-errant are to the world: for, had I not been present, what would have become of good Don Gayferos and the fair Melisendra? I warrant ye, these dogs would have overtaken them by this time, and have offered them some indignity. When all is done, long live Knight-errantry above all things living in the world!"—"In God's name, let it

live, and let me die," cried master Peter at this juncture, with a fainting voice, "since I am so unfortunate, that I can say with King Roderigo⁴⁸, 'Yesterday I was sovereign of Spain, and to-day have not a foot of land I can call my own.' It is not half an hour ago, nor scarcely half a minute, since I was master of Kings and Emperors, my stalls full of horses, and my trunks and sacks full of fine things; and now I am desolate and dejected, poor and a beggar, and, what grieves me most of all, without my ape, who, i' faith, will make my teeth sweat for it, before I get him again: and all through the inconsiderate fury of this Sir Knight, who is said to protect orphans, redress wrongs, and do other charitable deeds; but in me alone, praised be the highest Heavens for it, his generous intention has failed. In short, it could only be the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, who was destined thus to disfigure me and mine."

Sancho Panza was moved to compassion by what master Peter had spoken, and therefore said to him: "Weep not, master Peter, nor take on so; for you break my heart, and I assure you my master Don Quixote is so catholic and scrupulous a Christian, that, if he comes to reflect that he has done you any wrong, he knows how, and will certainly make you amends with interest."—"If Signor Don Quixote," replied master Peter, "would but repay me part of the damage he has

done me, I should be satisfied, and his Worship would discharge his conscience; for nobody can be saved, who withholds another's property against his will, and does not make restitution." — "True," said Don Quixote; "but as yet I do not know that I have any thing of yours, master Peter." — "How!" answered master Peter: "what but the invincible force of your powerful arm, scattered and annihilated these relics, which lie up and down on this hard and barren ground? Whose were their bodies but mine? And how did I maintain myself but by them?" — "Now am I entirely convinced," replied Don Quixote at this juncture, "of what I have often believed before, that those enchanters who persecute me, are perpetually setting shapes before me as they really are, and presently putting the change upon me, and transforming them into whatever they please. I protest to you, Gentlemen, that hear me, that whatever has passed at this time seemed to me to pass actually and precisely so: I took Melisendra to be Melisendra; Don Gayferos, Don Gayferos; Marsilio, Marsilio; and Charlemagne, Charlemagne. This it was that inflamed my choler; and in compliance with the duty of my profession as a Knight-errant, I had a mind to assist and succour those who fled; and with this good intention I did what you just now saw: if things have fallen out the reverse, it is no fault of mine, but of those my wicked persecutors; and, not-

withstanding this mistake of mine, and though it did not proceed from malice, yet will I condemn myself in costs. See, master Peter, what you must have for the damaged figures, and I will pay it you down in current and lawful money of Castile." Master Peter made him a low bow, saying: "I expected no less from the unexampled Christianity of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the true succourer and support of all the needy and distressed: and let master innkeeper and the great Sancho be umpires and appraisers, between your Worship and me, of what the demolished figures are or might be worth."

The innkeeper and Sancho said they would: and then master Peter, taking up Marsilio, King of Saragossa, without a head, said: "You see how impossible it is to restore this King to his pristine state, and therefore I think, with submission to better judgment, you must award me for his death and destruction four reals and a half."—"Proceed," said Don Quixote. "Then for this that is cleft from top to bottom," continued master Peter, taking up the Emperor Charlemagne, "I think five reals and a quarter little enough to ask."—"Not very little," quoth Sancho. "Not very much," replied the innkeeper: "but split the difference, and set him down five reals."—"Give him the whole five and a quarter," said Don Quixote; "for, in such a notable mischance as this, a quarter more or less is

not worth standing upon: and make an end, master Péter; for it grows towards supper-time, and I have some symptoms of hunger upon me.” —“ For this figure,” cried master Peter, “ which wants a nose and an eye, and is the fair Melisendra, I must have, and can abate nothing of, two reals and twelve maravedis.” —“ Nay,” said Don Quixote, “ the devil must be in it, if Melisendra be not, by this time, with her husband at least upon the borders of France: for methought the horse they rode seemed to fly rather than gallop; and therefore do not pretend to sell me a cat for a coney, showing me here Melisendra noseless, whereas, at this very instant, probably, she is solacing herself at full stretch with her husband in France. God help every one with his own, master Peter; let us have plain-dealing, and proceed.” Master Peter, finding that Don Quixote began to warp, and was returning to his old bent, had no mind he should escape him so, and therefore said to him: “ Now I think on it, this is not Melisendra, but one of her waiting-maids; and so with sixty maravedis I shall be well enough paid, and very well contented.” Thus he went on, setting a price upon several broken figures, which the arbitrators afterwards moderated to the satisfaction of both parties. The whole amounted to forty reals and three quarters: and over and above all this, which Sancho immediately disbursed, master Peter de-

manded two reals for the trouble he should have in catching his ape. "Give him them, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not for catching the ape, but to drink. I would give two hundred to any one that could tell me for certain, that Donna Melisendra and Signor Don Gayferos are at this time in France, and among their friends."—"Nobody can tell us that, better than my ape," said master Peter: "but the devil himself cannot catch him now; though I suppose his affection for me, or hunger, will force him to come to me at night; and to-morrow is a new day, and we shall see one another again."

In conclusion, the bustle of the puppet-show was quite over, and they all supped together in peace and good company, at the expense of Don Quixote, who was liberal to the last degree. He, who carried the lances and halberts, went off before day, and after it was light, the scholar and the page came to take their leaves of Don Quixote, the one in order to return home, and the other to pursue his intended journey; and Don Quixote gave him a dozen reals to help to bear his charges. Master Peter had no mind to enter into any more *tell me's and I will tell you's*, with Don Quixote, whom he knew perfectly well; and therefore up he got before sun; and, gathering up the fragments of his show, and taking his ape, away he went in quest of adventures of his own. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Qui-

xote, was equally in astonishment at his madness and liberality. In short, Sancho, by order of his master, paid him very well: and about eight in the morning, bidding him farewell, they left the inn, and went their way, where we will leave them, to give place to the relating several other things, necessary to the better understanding this famous history.

CHAP. XXVII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED WHO MASTER PETER AND HIS APE WERE; WITH THE ILL SUCCESS DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, WHICH HE FINISHED NOT AS HE WISHED AND INTENDED.

CID Hamete, the chronicler of this grand history, begins this chapter with these words: "I swear as a catholic Christian." To which his translator says, that Cid Hamete's swearing as a catholic Christian, he being a Moor, as undoubtedly he was, meant nothing more than that, as the catholic Christian, when he swears, does, or ought to speak and swear the truth, so did he, in writing of Don Quixote, and especially in declaring who master Peter was, with some account of the divining ape, who surprised all the villages thereabouts with his divinations. He says then, that whoever has read the former part of this history, must needs remember that Gines de Passa-

monte, to whom, among other galley-slaves, Don Quixote gave liberty in the Sable Mountain: a benefit, for which afterward he had small thanks, and worse payment, from that mischievous and misbehaving crew. This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the person who stole Sancho Panza's Dapple; and the not particularizing the when, nor the how, in the first part, through the neglect of the printers, made many ascribe the fault of the press to want of memory in the author. But, in short, Gines stole him, while Sancho was asleep upon his back, making use of the same trick and device that Brunelo did, who, while Sacrapante lay at the siege of Albraca, stole his horse from between his legs; and afterwards Sancho recovered him, as has been already related. This Gines, then, being afraid of falling into the hands of justice, which was in pursuit of him, in order to chastise him for his numberless rogueries and crimes, which were so many, and so flagrant, that he himself wrote a large volume of them, resolved to pass over to the kingdom of Arragon, and, covering his left eye, took up the trade of puppet-playing and legerdemain, both of which he perfectly understood. It fell out, that, lighting upon some Christian slaves redeemed from Barbary, he bought that ape, which he taught, at a certain signal, to leap up on his shoulder, and mutter something, or seem to do so, in his

ear. This done, before he entered any town, to which he was going with his show and his ape, he informed himself in the next village, or where he best could, what particular things had happened in such and such a place, and to whom; and bearing them carefully in his memory, the first thing he did, was, to exhibit his show, which was sometimes of one story, and sometimes of another, but all pleasant, gay, and generally known. The show ended, he used to propound the abilities of his ape, telling the people, he divined all that was past and present; but as to what was to come, he did not pretend to any skill therein. He demanded two reals for answering each question, and to some he afforded it cheaper, according as he found the pulse of his clients beat; and coming sometimes to houses, where he knew what had happened to the people that lived in them, though they asked no question, because they would not pay him, he gave the signal to his ape, and presently said, he told him such and such a thing, which tallied exactly with what had happened; whereby he gained infallible credit, and was followed by every body. At other times, being very cunning, he answered in such a manner, that his answers came pat to the questions; and as nobody went about to sift, or press him to tell how his ape divined, he gulled every body, and filled his pockets. No sooner was he come into the inn, but he knew

Don Quixote and Sancho; which made it very easy for him to excite the wonder of Don Quixote, Sancho, and all that were present. But it would have cost him dear, had Don Quixote directed his hand a little lower, when he cut off King Marsilio's head, and destroyed all his cavalry, as is related in the foregoing chapter. This is what offers concerning master Peter and the ape.

And, returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say, he determined, before he went to Saragossa, first to visit the banks of the river Hebro, and all the parts thereabouts, since he had time enough and to spare before the tournaments began. With this design he pursued his journey, and travelled two days without lighting on any thing worth recording, till, the third day, going up a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and guns. At first he thought some regiment of soldiers was marching that way, and he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and ascended the hill to see them: and, being got to the top, he perceived, as he thought, in the valley beneath, above two hundred men, armed with various weapons, as spears, cross-bows, partisans, halberds, and pikes, with some guns and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew so near to the squadron, that he saw the banners distinctly, and distinguished their colours, and observed the devices they bore; especially one upon a banner, or pennant, of white

satin, on which an ass, of the little Sardinian breed, holding up its head, its mouth open, and its tongue out, in the act and posture, as it were, of braying, was painted to the life, and round it these two verses written in large characters :

The bailiffs both oft open'd wide their throats,
And bravely bray'd, nor useless were their notes.

From this motto Don Quixote gathered, that these folks must belong to the braying town, and so he told Sancho, telling him also what was written on the banner. He said also, that the person, who had given an account of this affair, was mistaken in calling the two brayers aldermen, since, according to the motto, they were not aldermen but bailiffs. To which Sancho Panza answered : " That breaks no squares, Sir ; for it may very well be, that the aldermen, who brayed, might, in process of time, become bailiffs of their town, and therefore may properly be called by both those titles ; though it signifies nothing to the truth of the history, whether the brayers were bailiffs or aldermen, so long as they both brayed ; for a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman." In fact, they found, that the town derided was sallied forth to attack another, which had laughed at them too much, and beyond what was fitting for good neighbours. Don Quixote advanced towards them, to the no small concern of Sancho, who never loved to make one in these kinds of expeditions. Those of the

squadron received him amongst them, taking him for some one of their party. Don Quixote, lifting up his visor, with an easy and graceful deportment, approached the ass-banner, and all the chiefs of the army gathered about him to look at him, being struck with the same astonishment, that every body was the first time of seeing him. Don Quixote, seeing them so intent upon looking at him, without any one's speaking to him, or asking him any question, resolved to take advantage of this silence, and, breaking his own, he raised his voice, and said :

“ Good Gentlemen, I earnestly entreat you not to interrupt a discourse I shall make to you, till you find it disgusts and tires you : for, if that happens, at the least sign you shall make, I will clap a seal on my lips, and a gag upon my tongue.” They all desired him to say what he pleased ; for they would hear him with a very good will. With this license Don Quixote proceeded, saying : “ I, Gentlemen, am a Knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and whose profession that of succouring those, who stand in need of succour, and relieving the distressed. Some days ago I heard of your misfortune, and the cause that induces you to take arms at every turn, to revenge yourselves on your enemies. And, having often pondered your business in my mind, I find, that, according to the laws of duel, you are mistaken in thinking yourselves af-

fronted: for no one person can affront a whole town, unless it be by accusing them of treason conjointly, as not knowing in particular who committed the treason, of which he accuses them. An example of this we have in Don Diego Ordonez de Lara, who challenged the whole people of Zamora, because he did not know, that Vellido Dolfos alone had committed the treason of killing his king; and therefore he challenged them all, and the revenge and answer belonged to them all: though it is very true, that Signor Don Diego went somewhat too far, and greatly exceeded the limits of challenging; for he needed not have challenged the dead, the waters, the bread, or the unborn, nor several other particularities mentioned in the challenge. But let that pass; for, when choler overflows its dam, the tongue has no father, governor, nor bridle, to restrain it. This being so, then, that a single person cannot affront a kingdom, province, city, republic, or a whole town, it is clear, there is no reason for your marching out to revenge such an affront, since it is really none. Would it not be pretty indeed, if those of the watch-making business⁴⁹ should endeavour to knock every body's brains out, who calls them by their trade? And would it not be pleasant, if the cheesemongers, the costarmongers, the fishmongers, and soap-boilers, with those of several other names and appellations, which are in every body's mouth,

and common among the vulgar; would it not be fine indeed, if all these notable folks should be ashamed of their business, and be perpetually taking revenge, and making sackbuts of their swords upon every quarrel, though never so trivial? No, no, God neither permits, nor wills it. Men of wisdom, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought to take arms, draw their swords, and hazard their lives and fortunes, upon four accounts: First, to defend the catholic faith; secondly, to defend their lives, which is agreeable to the natural and divine law; thirdly, in defence of their honour, family, or estate; and fourthly, in the service of their King, in a just war: and, if we may add a fifth, which may indeed be ranked with the second, it is in the defence of their country. To these five capital causes several others might be added, very just and very reasonable, and which oblige us to take arms. But to have recourse to them for trifles, and things, rather subjects for laughter and pastime, than for affronts, looks like acting against common sense. Besides, taking an unjust revenge (and no revenge can be just) is acting directly against the holy Religion we profess, whereby we are commanded to do good to our enemies, and to love those that hate us; a precept, which, though seemingly difficult, is really not so, to any but those, who have less of God than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit: for Jesus Christ, true God and man, who never

lied, nor could, nor can lie, and who is our legislator, has told us, *his yoke is easy and his burden light*: and therefore he would not command us any thing impossible to be performed. So that, Gentlemen, you are bound to be quiet and pacified by all laws both divine and human."

"The devil fetch me," quoth Sancho to himself, "if this master of mine be not a tologue⁵⁰; or, if not, he is as like one, as one egg is like another." Don Quixote took breath a little; and, perceiving that they still stood attentive, he had a mind to proceed in his discourse, and had certainly done so, had not Sancho's acuteness interposed: who, observing that his master paused awhile, took up the cudgels for him, saying: "My master Don Quixote de la Mancha, once called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, and now the Knight of the Lions, is a sage gentleman, and understands Latin and the vulgar tongue like any bachelor of arts; and, in all he handles or advises, proceeds like an expert soldier, having all the laws and statutes of what is called duel at his fingers' ends: and so there is no more to be done, but to govern yourselves by his direction, and I will bear the blame, if you do amiss: besides, you are but just told, how foolish it is to be ashamed to hear one bray. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed as often as I pleased, without any body's hindering me, and with such grace and propriety, that, whenever I

brayed, all the asses of the town brayed: and for all that I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were very honest people: and, though for this rare ability I was envied by more than a few of the proudest of my neighbours, I cared not two farthings. And, to convince you, that I speak the truth, do but stay and hearken: for this science, like that of swimming, once learned, is never forgotten.”

Then, laying his hands to his nostrils, he began to bray so strenuously, that the adjacent vallies resounded again. But one of those, who stood close by him, believing he was making a mock of them, lifted up a pole he had in his hand, and gave him such a polt with it, as brought Sancho Panza to the ground. Don Quixote, seeing Sancho so evil entreated, made at the striker with his lance: but so many interposed, that it was impossible for him to be revenged: on the contrary, finding a shower of stones come thick upon him, and a thousand cross-bows presented, and as many guns levelled at him, he turned Rozinante about, and, as fast as he could gallop, got out from among them, recommending himself to God with all his heart, to deliver him from this danger, fearing, at every step, lest some bullet should enter at his back and come out at his breast; and at every moment he fetched his breath, to try whether it failed him or not. But those of the squadron were satisfied

with seeing him fly, and did not shoot after him. As for Sancho, they set him again upon his ass scarcely come to himself, and suffered him to follow his master : not that he had sense to guide him ; but Dapple naturally followed Rozinante's steps, not enduring to be a moment from him. Don Quixote, being got a good way off, turned about his head, and saw that Sancho followed ; and, finding that nobody pursued him, he stopped till he came up. Those of the squadron stayed there till night, and, the enemy not coming forth to battle, they returned to their own homes, joyful and merry : and, had they known the practice of the ancient Greeks, they would have erected a trophy in that place.



CHAP. XXVIII.

OF THINGS, WHICH BENENGELI SAYS, HE, WHO READS THEM, WILL KNOW, IF HE READS THEM WITH ATTENTION.

WHEN the valiant flies, it is plain he is over-matched ; for it is the part of the wise to reserve themselves for better occasions. This truth was verified in Don Quixote, who, giving way to the fury of the people, and to the evil intentions of that resentful squadron, took to his heels, and, without bethinking him of Sancho, or of the danger in which he left him, got as far on as he deemed sufficient for his safety. Sancho followed

him on his beast, as has been said. At last he came up to him, having recovered his senses; and, at coming up, he fell from Dapple at the feet of Rozinante, all in anguish, all bruised, and all beaten. Don Quixote alighted to examine his wounds; but, finding him whole from head to foot, with much choler he said: "In an unlucky hour, Sancho, must you needs show your skill in braying; where did you learn, that it was fitting to name a halter in the house of a man that was hanged? To the music of braying what counterpoint could you expect but that of a cudgel? Give God thanks, Sancho, that instead of crossing your back with a cudgel, they did not make the sign of the cross on you with a scimitar."—"I am not now in a condition to answer," replied Sancho: "for methinks I speak through my shoulders: let us mount, and be gone from this place: as for braying, I will have done with it; but I shall not with telling, that Knights-errant fly, and leave their faithful squires to be beaten to powder by their enemies."—"To retire is not to fly," answered Don Quixote; "for you must know, Sancho, that the valour, which has not prudence for its basis, is termed rashness, and the exploits of the rash are ascribed rather to their good fortune than their courage. I confess I did retire, but not fled; and herein I imitated sundry valiant persons, who have reserved themselves for better times; and of this histories are

full of examples, which, being of no profit to you, or pleasure to me, I omit at present."

By this time Sancho was mounted, with the assistance of Don Quixote, who likewise got upon Rozinante; and so they gently took the way toward a grove of poplars, which they discovered about a quarter of a league off. Sancho every now and then fetched most profound sighs, and doleful groans. Don Quixote asking him the cause of such bitter moaning, he answered, that he was in pain from the lowest point of his backbone to the nape of his neck, in such manner that he was ready to swoon. "The cause of this pain," said Don Quixote, "must doubtless be, that the pole they struck you with, being a long one, took in your whole back, where lie all the parts that give you pain, and, if it had reached further, it would have pained you more." — "Before God," quoth Sancho, "your Worship has brought me out of a grand doubt, and explained it in very fine terms. Body of me! was the cause of my pain so hid, that it was necessary to tell me, that I felt pain in all those parts, which the pole reached? If my ankles ached, you might not perhaps so easily guess, why they pained me: but to divine, that I am pained because beaten, is no great business. In faith, master of mine, other men's harms hang by a hair: I descry land more and more every day, and what little I am to expect from keeping your Worship company; for

if this bout you let me be basted, we shall return again, and a hundred times again, to our old blanket-tossing, and other follies ; which, if this time they have fallen upon my back, the next they will fall upon my eyes. It would be much better for me, but that I am a barbarian, and shall never do any thing that is right while I live; I say again, it would be much better for me, to return to my own house, and to my wife and children, to maintain and bring them up with the little God shall be pleased to give me, and not be following your Worship through roadless roads, and pathless paths, drinking ill and eating worse. Then for sleeping, measure out, brother squire; seven foot of earth, and, if that is not sufficient, take as many more : it is in your own power to dish up the mess, and stretch yourself out to your heart's content. I wish I may see the first who set on foot Knight-errantry, burnt to ashes, or at least the first that would needs be squire to such idiots as all the Knights-errant of former times must have been. I say nothing of the present : for, your Worship being one of them, I am bound to pay them respect, and because I know your Worship knows a point beyond the devil in all you talk and think."

"I would lay a good wager with you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that now you are talking, and without interruption, you feel no pain in all your body. Talk on, my son, all that

comes into your thoughts, and whatever comes uppermost; for, so you feel no pain, I shall take pleasure in the very trouble your impertinencies give me: and if you have so great a desire to return home to your wife and children, God forbid I should hinder you. You have money of mine in your hands; see how long it is since we made this third sally from our town, and how much you could or ought to get each month, and pay yourself.”—“When I served Thomas Carrasco, father of the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, whom your Worship knows full well,” said Sanchico, “I got two ducats a month, besides my victuals: with your Worship I cannot tell what I may get; though I am sure it is a greater drudgery to be squire to a Knight-errant, than servant to a farmer; for, in short, we, who serve husbandmen, though we labour never so hard in the daytime, let the worst come to the worst, at night we have a supper from the pot, and we sleep in a bed, which is more than I have done since I have served your Worship, excepting the short time we were at Don Diego de Miranda’s house, the good cheer I had with the skimming of Camacho’s pots, and while I ate, drank, and slept, at Basilius’s house. All the rest of the time I have lain on the hard ground, in the open air, subject to what people call the inclemencies of Heaven, living upon bits of bread and scraps of cheese, and drinking water, sometimes from the brook,

and sometimes from the fountain, such as we met with up and down by the way."

"I confess, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that all you say is true: how much think you I ought to give you more than Thomas Carrasco gave you?"—"I think," quoth Sancho, "if your Worship adds two reals a month, I shall reckon myself well paid. This is to be understood as to wages due for my labour; but as to the promise your Worship made of bestowing on me the government of an island, it would be just and reasonable you should add six reals more; which make thirty in all."—"It is very well," replied Don Quixote: "according to the wages you have allotted yourself, it is five and twenty days since we sallied from our town; reckon, Sancho, in proportion, and see what I owe you, and pay yourself, as I have already said, with your own hand."—"Body of me!" quoth Sancho, "your Worship is clean out in the reckoning: for, as to the business of the promised island, we must compute from the day you promised me, to the present hour."—"Why, how long is it since I promised it you?" said Don Quixote. "If I remember right," answered Sancho, "it is about twenty years and three days, more or less." Don Quixote gave himself a good clap on the forehead, with the palm of his hand, and began to laugh very heartily, and said: "Why, my rambling up and down the Sable Mountain, with the whole

series of our sallies, scarcely take up two months, and say you, Sancho, it is twenty years, since I promised you the island? Well, I perceive you have a mind your wages should swallow up all the money you have of mine: if it be so, and such is your desire, from henceforward I give it you, and much good may it do you; for so I may get rid of so worthless a squire, I shall be glad to be left poor and pennyless. But tell me, perverter of the squirely ordinances of Knight-errantry, where have you seen or read, that any squire to a Knight-errant ever presumed to article with his master, and say, *So much and so much per month you must give me to serve you?* Launch out, launch out, cut-throat scoundrel, and hobgoblin, for thou art all these, launch, I say, into the *mare magnum* of their histories, and, if you can find, that any squire has said, or thought, what you have now said, I will give you leave to nail it on my forehead, and over and over to write fool upon my face in capitals. Turn about the bridle, or halter, of Dapplé, and be gone home; for one single step farther you go not with me. Oh bread ill bestowed! Oh promises ill placed! Oh man, that hast more of the beast than of the human creature! Now when I thought of settling you, and in such a way, that, in spite of your wife, you should have been styled your Lordship, do you now leave me? Now you are for going, when I have taken a firm

and effectual resolution to make you lord of the best island in the world? But, as you yourself have often said, honey is not for an ass's mouth. An ass you are, an ass you will continue to be, and an ass you will die; for I verily believe, your life will reach its final period, before you will perceive or be convinced, that you are a beast."

Sancho looked very wistfully at Don Quixote all the time he was thus rating him: and so great was the compunction he felt, that the tears stood in his eyes, and, with a doleful and faint voice, he said, "Dear Sir, I confess, that, to be a complete ass, I want nothing but a tail: if your Worship will be pleased to put me on one, I shall deem it well placed, and will serve your Worship in the quality of an ass, all the remaining days of my life. Pardon me, Sir, have pity on my ignorance, and consider, that, if I talk much, it proceeds more from infirmity than malice: but, *He who errs and mends; himself to God commends.*"—"I should wonder, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "if you did not mingle some little proverb with your talk. Well, I forgive you, upon condition of your amendment, and that henceforward you show not yourself so fond of your interest, but that you endeavour to enlarge your heart, take courage, and strengthen your mind to expect the accomplishment of my promises, which, though they are deferred, are

not therefore desperate." Sancho answered, he would, though he should draw force from his weakness. On which they entered the poplar grove. Don Quixote accommodated himself at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at the foot of a beech; for this, and similar kinds of trees, have always feet, but never hands. Sancho passed the night uneasily, the cold renewing the pain of his bruises. Don Quixote passed it in his wonted meditations: but for all that they both slept, and at break of day they pursued their way towards the banks of the famous Hebro, where befell them what shall be related in the ensuing chapter.



CHAP. XXIX.

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED
BARK.

IN two days after leaving the poplar grove, Don Quixote and Sancho travelling as softly as foot could fall, came to the river Hebro, the sight of which gave Don Quixote great pleasure, while he saw and contemplated the verdure of its banks, the clearness of its waters, the smoothness of its current, and the abundance of its liquid crystal. This cheerful prospect brought to his remembrance a thousand amorous thoughts; and particularly he mused upon what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos: for though master