Peter's ape had told him, that part of those things was true, and part false, he inclined rather to believe all true than false, quite the reverse of Sancho, who held them all for falsehood itself.

Now, as they sauntered along in this manner, they perceived a small bark, without oars or any sort of tackle, tied to the trunk of a tree, which grew on the brink of the river. Don Quixote looked round him on every way, and seeing nobody at all, without more ado alighted from Rozinante, and ordered Sancho to do the like from Dapple, and to tie both the beasts very fast to the body of a poplar or willow, which grew there. Sancho asked the reason of this hasty alighting and tying. Don Quixote answered: "You are to know, Sancho, that this vessel lies here for no other reason in the world but to invite me to embark in it, in order to succour some Knight, or other person of high degree, who is in extreme distress; for such is the practice of enchanters in the books of chivalry, when some Knight happens to be engaged in some difficulty, from which he cannot be delivered, but by the hand of another Knight. Then, though they are distant from each other two or three thousand leagues, and even more, they either snatch him up in a cloud, or furnish him with a boat to embark in; and in less than the twinkling of an eye they carry him through the air, or over

the sea, whither they list, and where his assistance is wanted. So that, Sancho, this bark must be placed here for the self-same purpose: and this is as true, as that it is now day; and, before it be spent, tie Dapple and Rozinante together, and the hand of God be our guide; for I would not fail to embark, though barefooted friars themselves should entreat me to the contrary."—"Since it is so," answered Sancho, "and that your Worship will every step be running into these same (how shall I call them?) extravagancies, there is no way but to obey, and bow the head, giving heed to the proverb, *Do what your master bids you, and sit down by him at table.* But for all that, as to what pertains to the discharge of my conscience, I must warn your Worship, that to me this same boat seems not to belong to the enchanted, but to some fishermen upon the river; for here they catch the best shads in the world."

All this Sancho said while he was tying the cattle, leaving them to the protection and care of enchanters, with sufficient grief of his soul. Don Quixote bid him be in no pain about forsaking those beasts; for he, who was to carry themselves through ways and regions of such longitude, would take care to feed them."—"I do not understand your logitudes," said Sancho, "nor have I heard such a word in all the days of my life."—"Longitude," replied Don Quixote, "means length, and no wonder you do not un-

derstand it; for you are not bound to know Latin; though some there are, who pretend to know it, and are quite as ignorant as yourself."—"Now they are tied," quoth Sancho, "what must we do next?"—"What?" answered Don Quixote: "why, bless ourselves, and weigh anchor; I mean, embark ourselves, and cut the rope with which the vessel is tied." And, leaping into it, Sancho following him, he cut the cord, and the boat fell off by little and little from the shore; and when Sancho saw himself about a couple of yards from the bank, he began to quake, fearing he should be lost; but nothing troubled him more than to hear his ass bray, and to see Rozinante struggling to get loose; and he said to his master: "The ass brays as bemoaning our absence, and Rozinante is endeavouring to get loose, to throw himself into the river after us. Oh dearest friends, abide in peace, and may the madness which separates you from us, converted into a conviction of our error, return us to your presence!" and here he began to weep so bitterly, that Don Quixote grew angry, and said: "What are you afraid of, cowardly creature? What weep you for, heart of butter? Who pursues, who hurts you, soul of a house-rat? Or what want you, poor wretch, in the midst of the bowels of abundance? Art thou trudging barefoot over the Riphean mountains? No, but seated upon a bench, like an archduke, sliding easily down the

stream of this charming river, whence in a short space we shall issue out into the boundless ocean. But doubtless we are got out already, and must have gone at least seven or eight hundred leagues. If I had here an astrolabe, to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell you how many we have gone; though either I know little, or we are already past, or shall presently pass, the equinoctial line, which divides and cuts the opposite poles at equal distances."—"And when we arrive at that line your Worship speaks of," quoth Sancho, "how far shall we have travelled?"—"A great way," replied Don Quixote: "for, of three hundred and sixty degrees, contained in the terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolomy, the greatest geographer we know of, we shall have travelled one half, when we come to the line I told you of."—"By the Lord," quoth Sancho, "your Worship has brought a very pretty fellow, that same Tolmy, or whatever you call him, with his amputation, to vouch the truth of what you say."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's blunders as to the name and computation of the geographer Ptolomy, and said: "You must know, Sancho, that one of the signs, by which the Spaniards, and those who embark at Cadiz for the East Indies, discover, whether they have passed the equinoctial line I told you of, is, that all the lice upon every man in the ship die, not one remain-

ing alive: nor is one to be found in the vessel, though they would give its weight in gold for it: and therefore, Sancho, pass your hand over your thigh, and if you light upon any thing alive, we shall be out of this doubt, and, if not, we have passed the line."—"I believe nothing of all this," answered Sancho: "but for all that I will do as your Worship bids me, though I do not know what occasion there is for making this experiment, since I see with my own eyes, that we are not got five yards from the bank, nor fallen two yards below our cattle: for yonder stand Rozinante and Dapple in the very place where we left them; and taking aim as I do now, I vow to God we do not stir nor move an ant's pace."—"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "make the trial I bid you, and take no further care; for you know not what things colures are, nor what are lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points, and measures, of which the celestial and terrestrial globes are composed: for, if you knew all these things, or but a part of them, you would plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left behind us, and are just now leaving. And once more I bid you feel yourself all over, and fish; for I, for my part, am of opinion you are as clean as a sheet of paper, smooth and white." Sancho carried his hand softly and gently towards his

left ham, and then lifted up his head, and looking at his master, said: "Either the experiment is false, or we are not arrived where your Worship says, not by a great many leagues."—"Why," replied Don Quixote, "have you met with something then?"—"Ay, several somethings," answered Sancho, and shaking his fingers, he washed his whole hand in the river, down whose current the boat was gently gliding, not moved by any secret influence, nor by any concealed enchanter, but merely by the stream of the water, then smooth and calm.

By this time they discovered certain large water-mills, standing in the midst of the river; and scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said with a loud voice to Sancho: "Oh friend, behold, yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, in which some Knight lies under oppression, or some Queen, Infanta, or Princess, in evil plight; for whose relief I am brought hither."—"What the devil of a city, fortress, or castle do you talk of, Sir?" quoth Sancho: "do you not perceive, that they are mills standing in the river for the grinding of corn?"—"Peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for though they seem to be mills, they are not so: I have already told you that enchanters transform and change all things from their natural shape. I do not say, they change them really from one thing to another, but only in appearance, as experience

showed us in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hopes."

The boat, being now got into the current of the river, began to move a little faster than it had done hitherto. The millers seeing it coming adrift with the stream, and that it was just going into the mouth of the swift stream of the mill-wheels, several of them ran out in all haste with long poles to stop it; and, their faces and clothes being covered with meal, they made but an ill appearance; and calling out aloud they said: "Devils of men, where are you going? are ye desperate, that ye have a mind to drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?"—"Did I not tell you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, at this juncture, "that we are come where I must demonstrate how far the valour of my arm extends? Look what a parcel of murderers and felons come out against me: see what hobgoblins to oppose us, and what ugly countenances to scare us. Now ye shall see, rascals." And, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers aloud, saying: "Ill led and worse advised scoundrels, set at liberty, and free the person you keep under oppression in this your fortress, or prison, whether of high or low degree: for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom, by order of the high Heavens, the putting an happy end to

this adventure is reserved." And, so saying, he clapped his hand to his sword, and began to fence with it in the air against the millers, who, hearing, but not understanding, these foolish flourishes, set themselves with their poles to stop the boat, which was just entering into the stream and eddy of the wheels. Sancho fell upon his knees, and prayed to Heaven devoutly to deliver him from so apparent a danger; which it did by the diligence and agility of the millers, who, setting their poles against the boat, stopped it; though not so dexterously, but that they overset it, and tipped Don Quixote and Sancho into the water. It was well for Don Quixote, that he knew how to swim like a goose,; nevertheless the weight of his armour carried him twice to the bottom; and had it not been for the millers, who threw themselves into the river, and, as it were, craned them both up, they must have inevitably perished.

When they were dragged on shore, more wet than thirsty, Sancho, kneeling, with hands joined and eyes uplifted, beseeched God, in a long and devout prayer, to deliver him thenceforward from the daring desires and enterprises of his master. And now came the fishermen, owners of the boat, which the mill-wheels had crushed to pieces; and, seeing it broke, they began to strip Sancho, and demand payment for it of Don Quixote, who, with great tranquillity, as if no-

thing had befallen him, told the millers and the fishermen he would pay for the boat with all his heart, upon condition they should deliver up to him, free and without ransom, the person, or persons, who lay under oppression in their castle. "What persons, or what castle do you mean, madman?" answered one of the millers: "would you carry off those, who come to grind their corn at our mills?"—"Enough," thought Don Quixote to himself; "it will be preaching in the desert, to endeavour, by entreaty, to prevail with such mob to do any thing that is honourable: and, in this adventure, two able enchanters must have engaged, the one frustrating what the other attempts, the one providing me a bark, and the other oversetting it: God help us! this world is nothing but machinations and tricks quite opposite one to the other: I can do no more." Then looking towards the mills he raised his voice, and said: "Friends, whoever you are, that are enclosed in this prison, pardon me, that, through my misfortune and yours, I cannot deliver you from your affliction; this adventure is kept and reserved for some other Knight." Having said this, he compounded with the fishermen, and paid fifty reals for the boat, which Sancho disbursed much against his will, saying: "A couple more of such embarkations will sink our whole capital." The fishermen and millers stood wondering at these two figures, so out of the fashion

and semblance of other men, not being able to comprehend what Don Quixote drove at by his questions, and the discourse he held with them: and, looking upon them as madmen, they left them, and betook themselves to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho, like beasts themselves, returned to their beasts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAP. XXX.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH A FAIR HUNTRESS.

The Knight and squire arrived at their cattle, sufficiently melancholy and out of humour; especially Sancho, who was grieved to the very soul to touch the capital of the money, all that was taken from thence seeming to him to be so much taken from the very apples of his eyes. At length, they mounted, without exchanging a word, and quitted the famous river; Don Quixote buried in the thoughts of his love, and Sancho in those of his preferment, which he thought, for the present, far enough off; for as much a blockhead as he was, he saw well enough, that most, or all of his master's actions were extravagancies, and waited for an opportunity, without coming to accounts or discharges, to walk off

some day or other, and march home. But fortune ordered matters quite contrary to what he feared.

It fell out then, that the next day, about sunset, going out of a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow, and saw people at the farther side of it: and drawing near, he found they were persons taking the diversion of hawking. Drawing yet nearer, he observed among them a gallant lady upon a palfrey, or milk-white pad, with green furniture, and a side-saddle of cloth of silver. The lady herself also was arrayed in green, and her attire so full of fancy, and so rich, that fancy herself seemed transformed into her. On her left hand she carried a hawk; from whence Don Quixote conjectured, she must be a lady of great quality, and mistress of all those sportsmen about her, as in truth she was; and so he said to Sancho; "Run, son Sancho, and tell that lady of the palfrey and the hawk, that I, the Knight of the Lions, kiss the hands of her great beauty, and, if her Highness gives me leave, I will wait upon her to kiss them, and to serve her to the utmost of my power, in whatever her Highness shall command: and take heed, Sancho, how you speak, and have a care not to interlard your embassy with any of your proverbs."—"You have hit upon the interlarder," quoth Sancho: "why this to me? As if this were the first time I had carried a message to high and

mighty ladies in my life."—"Excepting that to the Lady Dulcinea," replied Don Quixote, "I know of none you have carried, at least none from me."—"That is true," answered Sancho; "but a good paymaster needs no surety; and where there is plenty, dinner is not long a-dressing: I mean, there is no need of advising me; for I am prepared for all, and have a smattering of every thing."—"I believe it, Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "go in a good hour, and God be your guide."

Sancho went off at a round rate, forcing Dapple out of his usual pace, and came where the fair huntress was; and alighting, and kneeling before her, he said; "Beauteous Lady, that Knight yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, called at home Sancho Panza. This same Knight of the Lions, who not long ago was called he of the Sorrowful Figure, sends by me to desire your Grandeur would be pleased to give leave, that, with your liking, good will, and consent, he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which, as he says, and I believe, are no other, than to serve your high-towering falconry and beauty: which, if your Ladyship grant him, you will do a thing that will redound to your Grandeur's advantage, and he will receive a most signal favour and satisfaction."

"Truly, good squire," answered the Lady,

"you have delivered your message with all the circumstances, which such embassies require: rise up; for it is not fit the squire of so renowned a Knight as he of the Sorrowful Figure, of whom we have already heard a great deal in these parts, should remain upon his knees; rise, friend, and tell your master, he may come and welcome; for I, and the Duke, my husband, are at his service in a country-seat we have here hard by." Sancho rose up, in admiration as well at the good Lady's beauty, as at her great breeding and courtesy, and especially at what she had said, that she had some knowledge of his master, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure; and, if she did not call him the Knight of the Lions, he concluded, it was because he had assumed it so very lately. The Dutchess, whose title is not yet known, said to him: "Tell me, brother squire, is not this master of yours the person, of whom there goes about a history in print, called, 'THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, WHO HAS FOR MISTRESS OF HIS AFFECTIONS ONE DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO'?" — "The very same," answered Sancho; "and that squire of his, who is, or ought to be, in that same history, called Sancho Panza, am I, unless I was changed in the cradle, I mean in the press."—"I am very glad of all this," said the Dutchess: "go, brother Panza, and tell your master, he is heartily welcome to my estates, and that nothing could happen to

me, which could give me greater pleasure." With this agreeable answer, Sancho, infinitely delighted, returned to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great Lady had said to him, extolling, in his rustic phrase, her beauty, her good-humour, and her courtesy, to the skies. Don Quixote, putting on his best airs, seated himself handsomely in his saddle, adjusted his visor, enlivened Rozinante's mettle, and with a genteel assurance advanced to kiss the Dutchess's hand; who, having caused the Duke, her husband, to be called, had been telling him, while Don Quixote was coming up, the purport of Sancho's message: and they both having read the first part of this history, and having learned by it the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, waited for him with the greatest pleasure, and desire to be acquainted with him, and a purpose of carrying on the humour, and giving him his own way, treating him like a Knight-errant, all the while he should stay with them, with all the ceremonies usual in books of chivalry, which they had read, and were also very fond of.

By this time Don Quixote was arrived, with his beaver up; and making a show of alighting, Sancho was hastening to hold his stirrup, but was so unlucky, that, in getting off from Dapple, his foot hung in one of the rope-stirrups in such manner, that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself: but he hung by it with his face

and breast on the ground. Don Quixote, who was not used to alight without having his stirrup held, thinking Sancho was come to do his office, threw his body off with a swing, and carrying with him Rozinante's saddle, which was ill girted, both he and his saddle came to the ground, to his no small shame, and many a heavy curse muttered between his teeth on the unfortunate Sancho, who still had his legs in the stocks. The Duke commanded some of his sportsmen to help the Knight and squire; who raised up Don Quixote in ill plight through his fall: and limping, and as well as he could, he made shift to go and kneel before the Lord and Lady. But the Duke would by no means suffer it: on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he went and embraced Don Quixote, saying: "I am very sorry, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that your first arrival at my estate should prove so unlucky: but the carelessness of squires is often the occasion of worse mischances."—"It could not be accounted unlucky, oh valorous Prince," answered Don Quixote, "though I had met with no stop till I had fallen to the bottom of the deep abyss: for the glory of having seen your Highness would have raised me even from thence. My squire, God's curse light on him, is better at letting loose his tongue to say unlucky things, than at fastening a saddle to make it sit firm; but whether down or up, on foot or on horse-

back, I shall always be at your Highness's service, and at my Lady Dutchess's your worthy consort, and worthy mistress of all beauty, and universal Princess of courtesy."—"Softly, dear Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha," said the Duke; "for where Lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso is, it is not reasonable other beauties should be praised."

Sancho Panza was now got free from the noose; and happening to be near, before his master could answer, he said: "It cannot be denied, but must be affirmed, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very beautiful: but where we are least aware, there starts the hare. I have heard say, that what they call nature is like a potter, who makes earthen vessels, and he, who makes one handsome vessel, may also make two, and three, and a hundred. This I say, because, on my faith, my Lady the Dutchess comes not a whit behind my mistress the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote turned himself to the Dutchess, and said: "I assure you, Madam, never any Knight-errant in the world had a more prating, nor a more merry-conceited squire, than I have; and he will make my words good, if your Highness is pleased to make use of my service for some days." To which the Dutchess answered: "I am glad to hear that honest Sancho is pleasant: it is a sign he is discreet; for pleasantry and good humour, Signor Don Qui-

xote, as your Worship well knows, dwell not in dull noddles; and since Sancho is pleasant and witty, from henceforward I pronounce him discreet."—"And a prate-apace," added Don Quixote. "So much the better," said the Dutchess; "for many good things cannot be expressed in few words, and, that we may not throw away all our time upon them, come on, great Knight of the Sorrowful Figure."—"Of the Lions, your Highness should say," quoth Sancho; "the Sorrowful Figure is no more."—"Of the Lions then let it be," continued the Duke: "I say, come on, Sir Knight of the Lions, to a castle of mine hard by, where you shall be received in a manner suitable to a person of so elevated a rank, and as the Dutchess and I are wont to receive all Knights-errant, who come to it."

By this time Sancho had adjusted and well girted Rozinante's saddle; and Don Quixote, mounting upon him, and the Duke upon a very fine horse, they placed the Dutchess in the middle, and rode towards the castle. The Dutchess ordered Sancho to be near her, being mightily delighted with his conceits. Sancho was easily prevailed upon, and, winding himself in among the three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the great satisfaction of the Duke and Dutchess, who looked upon it as a notable piece of good fortune, to entertain in their castle such a Knight-errant, and such an erred squire.

CHAP. XXXI.

WHICH TREATS OF MANY AND GREAT THINGS.

EXCESSIVE was the joy, which Sancho conceived, to see himself, in his thinking, a favourite of the Dutchess; expecting to find in her castle the same as at Don Diego's, or Basilius's: for he was always a lover of good cheer, and consequently took every opportunity of regaling himself by the forelock, where, and whenever it presented. Now the history relates, that, before they came to the pleasure-house, or castle, the Duke rode on before, and gave all his servants their cue, in what manner they were to behave to Don Quixote; who arriving with the Dutchess at the castle-gate, immediately there issued out two lacqueys or grooms, clad in a kind of morning-gown of fine crimson satin down to their heels; and, taking Don Quixote in their arms, without being observed, said to him: "Go, great Sir, and take our Lady the Dutchess off her horse." Don Quixote did so, and great compliments passed between them. But in short the Dutchess's positiveness got the better, and she would not alight, nor descend from her palfrey, but into the Duke's arms, saying, she did not think herself worthy to charge so grand a Knight with so unprofitable a burden. At length the Duke came out, and took her off her horse; and

at their entering into a large court-yard, two beautiful damsels came, and threw over Don Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet, and in an instant all the galleries of the court-yard were crowded with men and women servants, belonging to the Duke and Dutchess, crying aloud: "Welcome the flower and cream of Knights-errant!" and all or most of them sprinkled whole bottles of sweet-scented waters upon Don Quixote, and on the Duke and Dutchess; at all which Don Quixote wondered: and this was the first day that he was thoroughly convinced of his being a true Knight-errant, and not an imaginary one, finding himself treated just as he had read Knights-errant were in former times.

Sancho, abandoning Dapple, tacked himself close to the Dutchess, and entered into the castle: but, his conscience soon pricking him for leaving his ass alone, he approached a reverend duenna, who, among others, came out to receive the Dutchess, and said to her in a whisper: "Mistress Gonzalez, or, what is your duennaship's name?"—"Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva," answered the duenna: "what would you please to have with me, brother?" To which Sancho answered: "Be so good, sweetheart, as to step to the castle-gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine; and be so kind as to order him to be put, or put him yourself, into the stable; for

the poor thing is a little timorous, and cannot abide to be alone by any means in the world."—"If the master be as discreet as the man," answered the duenna, "we are finely thriven. Go, Brother, in an evil hour for you and him that brought you hither, and make account, you and your beast, that the duennas of this house are not accustomed to such kind of offices."—"Why truly," answered Sancho, "I have heard my master, who is the very mine-finder[51] of histories, relating the story of Lancelot, when he from Britain came, say, that ladies took care of his person, and duennas of his horse; and, as to the particular of my ass, I would not change him for Signor Lancelot's steed."—"If you are a buffoon, brother," replied the duenna, "keep your jokes for some place, where they may make a better figure, and where you may be paid for them; for from me you will get nothing but a fig for them."—"That is pretty well, however," answered Sancho; "for I am sure then it will be a ripe one, there being no danger of your losing the game at your years for want of a trick."—"You son of a whore," cried the duenna, all on fire with rage, "whether I am old or no, to God I am to give an account, and not to you, rascal, garlic-eating stinkard." This she uttered so loud, that the Dutchess heard it, and turning about, and seeing the duenna so disturbed, and her eyes red as blood, asked her with whom

she was so angry? "With this good man here," answered the duenna, "who h s desired me in good earnest to go and set up an ass of his, that stands at the castle-gate; bringing me for a precedent, that the same thing was done, I know not where, by one Lancelot, and telling me how certain ladies looked after him, and certain duennas after his steed; and to mend the matter, in mannerly terms called me old woman."—"I should take that for the greatest affront that could be offered me," answered the Dutchess; and, speaking to Sancho, she said: "Be assured, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is very young, and wears those veils more for authority and the fashion, than upon account of her years."—"May the remainder of those I have to live never prosper," answered Sancho, "if I meant her any ill: I only said it, because the tenderness I have for my ass is so great, that I thought I could not recommend him to a more charitable person, than to Signora Donna Rodriguez." Don Quixote, who overheard all, said: "Are these discourses, Sancho, fit for this place?"—"Sir," answered Sancho, "every one must speak of his wants, be he where he will. Here I bethought me of Dapple, and here I spoke of him; and if I had thought of him in the stable, I had spoken of him there." To which the Duke said: "Sancho is very much in the right, and not to be blamed in any thing: Dapple shall have pro-

vender to his heart's content; and let Sancho take no further care, for he shall be treated like his own person."

With these discourses, pleasing to all but Don Quixote, they mounted the stairs, and conducted Don Quixote into a great hall, hung with rich tissue and cloth of gold and brocade. Six damsels unarmed him, and served him as pages, all instructed and tutored by the Duke and Dutchess what they were to do, and how they were to behave towards Don Quixote, that he might imagine and see they used him like a Knight-errant. Don Quixote, being unarmed, remained in his strait breeches and shammy doublet, lean, tall, and stiff, with his jaws meeting, and kissing each other on the inside: such a figure, that, if the damsels who waited upon him, had not taken care to contain themselves (that being one of the precise orders given them by their Lord and Lady), they had burst with laughing. They desired he would suffer himself to be undressed, and put on a clean shirt; but he would by no means consent, saying, that modesty was as becoming a Knight-errant as courage. However, he bade them give Sancho the shirt; and shutting himself up with him in a room, where stood a rich bed, he pulled off his clothes, and put on the shirt; and, finding himself alone with Sancho, he said to him: "Tell me, modern buffoon, and antique blockhead, do you think it a becoming

thing to dishonour and affront a duenna so venerable and so worthy of respect? Was that a time to think of Dapple? Or are these gentry likely to let our beasts fare poorly, who treat their owners so elegantly? For the love of God, Sancho, refrain yourself, and do not discover the grain, lest it should be seen of how coarse a country web you are spun. Look you, sinner, the master is so much the more esteemed, by how much his servants are civiler and better bred; and one of the greatest advantages great persons have over other men, is, that they employ servants as good as themselves. Do you not consider, pitiful thou, and unhappy me, that, if people perceive you are a gross peasant, or a ridiculous fool, they will be apt to think I am some gross cheat, or some Knight of the sharping order? No, no, friend Sancho, avoid, avoid these inconveniences; for whoever sets up for a talker and a railer, at the first trip, tumbles down into a disgraced buffoon. Bridle your tongue; consider, and deliberate upon your words, before they go out of your mouth; and take notice, we are come to a place, from whence, by the help of God, and the valour of my arm, we may depart bettered three or even five-fold in fortune and reputation." Sancho promised him faithfully to sew up his mouth, or bite his tongue, before he spoke a word that was not to the purpose, and well considered, as he commanded him, and

that he need be under no pain as to that matter, for no discovery should be made to his prejudice by him.

Don Quixote then dressed himself, girt on his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, put on a green satin cap, which the damsels had given him, and thus equipped marched out into the great saloon, where he found the damsels drawn up in two ranks, as many on one side as the other, and all of them provided with an equipage for washing his hands, which they administered with many reverences and ceremonies. Then came twelve pages, with the gentleman-sewer, to conduct him to dinner, where by this time the Lord and Lady were waiting for him. They placed him in the middle of them, and, with great pomp and majesty, conducted him to another hall, where a rich table was spread with four covers only. The Duke and Dutchess came to the hall-door to receive him, and with them a grave ecclesiastic: one of those, who govern great men's houses; one of those, who, not being princes born, know not how to instruct those that are, how to demean themselves as such; one of those, who would have the magnificence of the great measured by the narrowness of their own minds; one of those, who, pretending to teach those they govern to be frugal, teach them to be misers. One of this sort, I say, was the grave ecclesiastic, who came out with the

Duke to receive Don Quixote. A thousand polite compliments passed upon this occasion; and, taking Don Quixote between them, they went and sat down to table. The Duke offered Don Quixote the upper end, and, though he would have declined it, the importunities of the Duke prevailed upon him to accept it. The ecclesiastic seated himself over-against him, and the Duke and Dutchess on each side. Sancho was present all the while, surprised and astonished to see the honour those Princes did his master, and, perceiving the many entreaties and ceremonies, which passed between the Duke and Don Quixote, to make him sit down at the head of the table, he said; "If your Honours will give me leave, I will tell you a story of a passage, that happened in our town concerning places." Scarcely had Sancho said this, when Don Quixote began to tremble, believing, without doubt, he was going to say some foolish thing. Sancho observed, and understood him, and said: "Be not afraid, Sir, of my breaking loose, or of my saying any thing that is not pat to the purpose: I have not forgotten the advice your Worship gave me awhile ago, about talking much or little, well or ill."—"I remember nothing, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "say what you will, so you say it quickly."—"What I would say," quoth Sancho, "is very true, and, should it be otherwise, my master Don Quixote, who is present, will not

suffer me to lie."—" Lie as much as you will for me, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; " I will not be your hindrance: but take heed what you are going to say."—" I have so heeded, and reheeded it," quoth Sancho, " that all is as safe as the repique in hand, as you will see by the operation." —" It will be convenient," said Don Quixote, " that your Honours order this blockhead to be turned out of doors; for he will be making a thousand foolish blunders."—" By the life of the Duke," said the Dutchess, " Sancho shall not stir a jot from me: I love him much; for I know he is mighty discreet."—" Many such years," quoth Sancho, "may your Holiness live, for the good opinion you have of me, though it is not in me: but the tale I would tell is this:

" A certain gentleman of our town, very rich, and of a good family——for he was descended from the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married Donna Mencia de Quinnones, who was daughter of Don Alonzo de Marannon, Knight of the order of St. James, who was drowned in the Herradura; about whom there happened that quarrel in our town some years ago, in which, as I take it, my master Don Quixote was concerned, and Tommy the mad-cap, son of Balvastro the smith, was hurt——Pray, good master of mine, is not all this true? Speak, by your life, that these gentlemen may not take me for some lying prating fellow."—" Hitherto," said

the ecclesiastic, " I take you rather for a prater, than for a liar; but henceforward I know not what I shall take you for."—" You produce so many evidences, and so many tokens, that I cannot but say," replied Don Quixote, " it is likely you tell the truth: go on, and shorten the story; for you take the way not to have done in two days."—" He shall shorten nothing," said the Dutchess; " and, to please me, he shall tell it his own way, though he have not done in six days; and should it take up so many, they would be to me the most agreeable of any I ever spent in my life."

" I say then, Sirs," proceeded Sancho, " that this same gentleman, whom I know as well as I do my right hand from my left, for it is not a bow-shot from my house to his, invited a farmer, who was poor but honest, to dinner."—" Proceed, friend," said the ecclesiastic, at this period; " for you are going the way with your tale not to stop till you come to the other world."—" I shall stop before we get half way thither, if it pleases God," answered Sancho: " and so I proceed. This same farmer, coming to the said gentleman-inviter's house——God rest his soul, for he is dead and gone, by the same token it is reported he died like an angel; for I was not by, being at that time gone a-reaping to Tembleque."—" Pr'ythee, son," said the ecclesiastic, " come back quickly from Tembleque, and, without bu-

rying the gentleman (unless you have a mind to make more burials), make an end of your tale."— "The business, then," quoth Sancho, "was this, that they being ready to sit down to table——methinks I see them now more than ever." The Duke and Dutchess took great pleasure in seeing the displeasure the good ecclesiastic suffered by the length and pauses of Sancho's tale: but Don Quixote was quite angry and vexed. "I say, then," quoth Sancho, "that they both standing, as I have said, and just ready to sit down, the farmer disputed obstinately with the gentleman to take the upper end of the table, and the gentleman, with as much positiveness, pressed the farmer to take it, saying, he ought to command in his own house. But the countryman, piquing himself upon his civility and good breeding, would by no means sit down, till the gentleman, in a fret, laying both his hands upon the farmer's shoulders, made him sit down by main force, saying: *Sit thee down, chaff-thrashing churl; for, let me sit where I will, that is the upper end to thee.* This is my tale, and truly I believe it was brought in here pretty much to the purpose."

The natural brown of Don Quixote's face was speckled with a thousand colours. The Duke and Dutchess dissembled their laughter, that Don Quixote might not be quite abashed, he having understood Sancho's slyness: and, to wave the discourse, and prevent Sancho's running into

more impertinencies, the Dutchess asked Don Quixote what news he had of the Lady Dulcinea, and whether he had lately sent her any presents of giants or caitiffs, since he must certainly have vanquished a great many. To which Don Quixote answered: "My misfortunes, Madam, though they have had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have conquered, and caitiffs, and have sent several; but where should they find her, if she be enchanted, and transformed into the ugliest country wench, that can be imagined?"—"I know not," quoth Sancho Panza; "to me she appeared the most beautiful creature in the world: at least, in activity, or a certain spring she has with her, I am sure she will not yield the advantage to a tumbler. In good faith, Lady Dutchess, she bounces from the ground upon an ass as if she were a cat."—"Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?" said the Duke. "Seen her!" answered Sancho: "who the devil but I was the first that hit upon the business of her enchantment? She is as much enchanted as my father."

The ecclesiastic, when he heard talk of giants, caitiffs, and enchantments, began to suspect that this must be Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history, the Duke was commonly reading; and he had as frequently reproved him for so doing, telling him it was extravagance to read such extravagancies: and, being assured of the truth of

his suspicion, with much choler he said to the Duke: "Your Excellency, Sir, shall give an account to God for what this good man is doing. This Don Quixote, or Don Coxcomb, or how do you call him, I fancy can hardly be so great an idiot as your Excellency would have him, laying occasions in his way to go on in his follies and extravagancies." And turning the discourse to Don Quixote, he said: "And you stupid wretch, who has thrust it into your brain, that you are a Knight-errant, and that you conquer giants and seize caitiffs? Be gone in a good hour, and in such this is said to you; return to your own house, and breed up your children, if you have any; mind your affairs, and cease to ramble up and down the world, sucking the wind, and making all people laugh that know you, or know you not. Where, with a mischief, have you ever found, that there have been, or are, Knights-errant? Where are there any giants in Spain, or caitiffs in La Mancha, or Dulcineas enchanted, or all the rabble-rout of follies, that are told of you?" Don Quixote was very attentive to the words of this venerable man; and, finding that he now held his peace, without minding the respect due to the Duke and Dutchess, with an ireful mien, and disturbed countenance, he started up, and said——But his answer deserves a chapter by itself.

CHAP. XXXII.

OF THE ANSWER DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO HIS REPROVER, WITH OTHER GRAVE AND PLEASANT EVENTS.

Don Quixote, then standing up, and trembling from head to foot, as if he had quicksilver in his joints, with precipitate and disturbed speech, said: "The place where I am, and the presence of the personages before whom I stand, together with the respect I ever had, and have, for men of your profession, restrain and tie up the hands of my just indignation: and therefore, as well upon the account of what I have said, as being conscious of what every body knows, that the weapons of gownsmen are the same as those of women, namely, their tongues, I will enter with mine into combat with your Reverence, from whom one rather ought to have expected good counsels, than opprobrious revilings. Pious and well-meant reproof demands another kind of behaviour and language; and least the reproving me in public, and so rudely, has passed all the bounds of decent reprehension: for it is better to begin with mildness than asperity, and it is not right, without knowledge of the fault, without more ado to call the offender madman and idiot. Tell me, I beseech your Reverence, for which of the follies you have seen in me, do you condemn and revile me, bidding me get me home, and