winding-sheets, or other offerings, or signs, to denote those to be saints, who were buried in them."—"That is what I am coming to," replied Sancho; "and now, pray tell me; which is the more difficult, to raise a dead man to life, or to slay a giant?"—"The answer is very obvious," answered Don Quixote; "to raise a dead man."—"There I have caught you," quoth Sancho. "His fame then, who raises the dead, gives sight to the blind, makes the lame walk, and cures the sick; before whose sepulchre lamps are continually burning, and whose chapels are crowded with devotees, adoring his relics upon their knees; his fame, I say, shall be greater both in this world and the next, than that, which all the heathen Emperors and Knights-errant in the world ever had, or ever shall have."—"I grant it," answered Don Quixote. "Then," replied Sancho, "the bodies and relics of saints have this fame, these graces, these prerogatives, or how do you call them, with the approbation and license of our holy mother church, and also their lamps, winding-sheets, crutches, pictures, perukes, eyes, and legs, whereby they increased people's devotion, and spread their own Christian fame. Besides, kings themselves carry the bodies or relics of saints upon their shoulders, kiss bits of their bones, and adorn and enrich their chapels and most favourite altars with them."—"What would you have me infer, Sancho, from all you

have been saying?" said Don Quixote. "I would infer," quoth Sancho, "that we had better turn saints immediately, and we shall then soon attain to that renown we aim at. And pray take notice, Sir, that yesterday, or t'other day (for it is so little a while ago, that I may so speak) a couple of poor bare-footed friars [21] were beatified or canonized, whose iron chains, wherewith they girded and disciplined themselves, people now reckon it a great happiness to touch or kiss; and they are now held in greater veneration than Orlando's sword in the armoury of our Lord the King, God bless him. So that, master of mine, it is better being a poor friar of the meanest order, than the valiantest Knight-errant whatever; for a couple of dozen of penitential lashes are more esteemed in the sight of God, than two thousand tilts with a lance, whether it be against giants, goblins, or dragons."—"I confess," answered Don Quixote, "all this is just as you say: but we cannot be all friars; and many and various are the ways, by which God conducts his elect to Heaven. Chivalry is a kind of religious profession; and some Knights are now saints in glory."—"True," answered Sancho; "but I have heard say, there are more friars in Heaven, that Knights-errant."—"It may well be so," replied Don Quixote, "because the number of the religious is much greater than that of the Knights-errant."—"And yet," quoth Sancho,

"there are abundance of the errant sort."—"Abundance indeed," answered Don Quixote; "but few, who deserve the name of Knights."

In these and the like discourses they passed that night, and the following day, without any accident worth relating; at which Don Quixote was not a little grieved. Next day they descried the great city of Toboso; at sight of which Don Quixote's spirits were much elevated, and Sancho's as much dejected, because he did not know Dulcinea's house, and had never seen her in his life, no more than his master had; so that they were both equally in pain, the one to see her, and the other for not having seen her: and Sancho knew not what to do, when his master should send him to Toboso. In short, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city about night-fall: and, till that hour came, they staid among some oak-trees near the town; and the time appointed being come, they went into the city, where things befell them, that were things indeed.

CHAP. IX.

WHICH RELATES WHAT WILL BE FOUND IN IT.

HALF the night, or thereabouts, was spent, when Don Quixote and Sancho left the mountain, and entered into Toboso. The town was all hushed in silence: for its inhabitants were sound

asleep, reposing, as the phrase is, with outstretched legs. The night was not quite a dark one; though Sancho could have wished it were, that the obscurity of it might cover or excuse his prevarication. Nothing was heard in all the place but the barking of dogs, stunning Don Quixote's ears, and disquieting Sancho's heart. Now and then an ass brayed, swine grunted, and cats mewed: which different sounds were augmented by the silence of the night. All this the enamoured Knight took for an ill omen; nevertheless he said to Sancho: "Sancho, son, lead on before to Dulcinea's palace; for it may be we shall find her awake."—"To what palace, body of the sun?" answered Sancho. "That I saw her Highness in was but a very little house."—"She must have been retired at that time," replied Don Quixote, "to some small apartment of her castle, amusing herself with her damsels, as is usual with great ladies and Princesses."—"Since your Worship," quoth Sancho, "will needs have my Lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gates open; and is it fit we should stand thundering at the door, till they open and let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar? Think you, we are going to a bawdy-house, like your gallants, who knock, and call, and are let in at what hour they please, be it never so late?"—"First, to make one thing sure, let us find this castle," re-

plied Don Quixote, "and then I will tell you what is fit to be done: and look, Sancho; for either my eyes deceive me, or that great, dark bulk we see yonder must be Dulcinea's palace."—"Then lead on yourself, Sir," answered Sancho: "perhaps it may be so; though, if I were to see it with my eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it just as much as I believe it is now day."

Don Quixote led the way, and, having gone about two hundred paces, he came up to the bulk, which cast the dark shade, and perceived it was a large steeple, and presently knew that the building was no palace, but the principal church of the place: upon which he said: "We are come to the church, Sancho."—"I find we are," answered Sancho, "and pray God we be not come to our graves; for it is no very good sign, to be rambling about church-yards at such hours, and especially since I have already told your Worship, if I remember right, that this same lady's house stands in an alley, where there is no thoroughfare."—"God's curse light on thee, thou blockhead," said Don Quixote: "where have you found, that castles and royal palaces are built in alleys without a thoroughfare?"—"Sir," replied Sancho, "each country has its customs: perhaps it is the fashion here in Toboso to build your palaces and great edifices in alleys; and therefore I beseech your Worship to let me look

about among these lanes or alleys just before me; and it may be in one nook or other I may pop upon this same palace, which I wish I may see devoured by dogs, for confounding and bewildering us at this rate."—" Speak with respect, Sancho, of my Lady's matters," said Don Quixote: " let us keep our holydays in peace, and not throw the rope after the bucket."—" I will curb myself," answered Sancho: " but with what patience can I bear to think, that your Worship will needs have me know our mistress's house, and find it at midnight, having seen it but once, when you cannot find it yourself, though you must have seen it thousands of times?"—" You will put me past all patience, Sancho," said Don Quixote: " come hither, heretic; have I not told you a thousand times, that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea in all the days of my life, nor ever stepped over the threshold of her palace, and that I am enamoured only by hearsay, and by the great fame of her wit and beauty?"—" I hear it now," answered Sancho; " and I say, that since your Worship has never seen her, no more have I."—" That cannot be," replied Don Quixote: " for at least you told me some time ago, that you saw her winnowing wheat, when you brought me the answer to the letter I sent by you."—" Do not insist upon that, Sir," answered Sancho; " for, let me tell you, the sight of her, and the answer I brought, were both by

hearsay too; and I can no more tell, who the Lady Dulcinea is, than I am able to box the moon." — "Sancho, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there is a time to jest, and a time, when jests are unseasonable. What! because I say, that I never saw nor spoke to the mistress of my soul, must you therefore say so too, when you know the contrary so well?"

While they were thus discoursing, they perceived one passing by with a couple of mules, and, by the noise a ploughshare made in dragging along the ground, they judged it must be some husbandman, who had got up before day, and was going to his work; and so in truth it was. The ploughman came singing the ballad of the defeat of the French in Roncesvalles. Don Quixote hearing it, said: "Let me die, Sancho, if we shall have any good luck to-night; do you not hear what this peasant is singing?"—"Yes, I do," answered Sancho: "but what is the defeat at Roncesvalles to our purpose? He might as well have sung the ballad of Calainos; for it had been all one as to the good or ill success of our business." By this time the country-fellow was come up to them, and Don Quixote said to him: "Good-morrow, honest friend; can you inform me, whereabouts stands the palace of the peerless Princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"Sir," answered the young fellow, "I am a stranger, and have been but a few days in this town, and

serve a rich farmer in tilling his ground: in yon house over the way live the parish priest and the sexton of the place: both, or either of them, can give your Worship an account of this same Princess; for they keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso: though I am of opinion no Princess at all lives in this town, but several great ladies, that might every one be a Princess in her own house."—"One of these, then," said Don Quixote, "must be she I am inquiring after."—"Not unlikely," answered the ploughman; "and God speed you well, for the dawn begins to appear:" and, pricking on his mules, he staid for no more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and sufficiently dissatisfied, said to him: "Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be advisable to let the sun overtake us in the street: it will be better to retire out of the city, and that your Worship shelter yourself in some grove hereabouts, and I will return by daylight, and leave no nook or corner in all the town unsearched for this house, castle, or palace of my Lady's; and I shall have ill luck, if I do not find it: and as soon as I have found it, I will speak to her Ladyship, and will tell her, where, and how your Worship is waiting for her orders and direction for you to see her without prejudice to her honour or reputation."—"Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "you have uttered a thousand sentences in the

compass of a few words: the counsel you give I relish much, and accept of most heartily: come along, son, and let us seek, where we can take covert: afterwards, as you say, you shall return, to seek, see, and speak to my Lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I expect more than miraculous favours." Sancho stood upon thorns till he got his master out of the town, lest he should detect the lie of the answer he carried him to the Sable Mountain, pretending it came from Dulcinea: and therefore he made haste to be gone, and about two miles from the place they found a grove or wood, in which Don Quixote took shelter while Sancho returned back to the city to speak to Dulcinea; in which embassy there befell him things, which require fresh attention and fresh credit.

CHAP. X.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE CUNNING USED BY SANCHO IN ENCHANTING THE LADY DULCINEA, WITH OTHER EVENTS AS RIDICULOUS AS TRUE.

THE author of this grand history, coming to relate, what is contained in this chapter, says, he had a mind to have passed it over in silence, fearing not to be believed, because herein Don Quixote's madness exceeds all bounds, and rises to the utmost pitch, even two bow-shots beyond

the greatest extravagance: however, notwithstanding this fear and diffidence, he has set every thing down in the manner it was transacted, without adding to, or diminishing a tittle from, the truth of the story, and not regarding the objections, that might be made against his veracity: and he had reason; for truth may be stretched, but cannot be broken, and always gets above falsehood, as oil does above water: and so, pursuing his story, he says:

As soon as Don Quixote had sheltered himself in the grove, oak-wood, or forest, near the great Toboso, he ordered Sancho to go back to the town, commanding him not to return into his presence, until he had first spoken to his lady, beseeching her, that she would be pleased to give her captive Knight leave to wait upon her, and that she would deign to give him her blessing, that from thence he might hope for the most prosperous success in all his encounters and difficult enterprises. Sancho undertook to fulfil his command, and to bring him as good an answer now as he did the time before. "Go, then, son," replied Don Quixote, "and be not in confusion when you stand before the blaze of that sun of beauty you are going to seek. Happy thou above all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, and be sure do not forget, how she receives you; whether she changes colour, while you are delivering your embassy; whether you perceive in

her any uneasiness or disturbance at hearing my name; whether her cushion cannot hold her, if perchance you find her seated on the rich Estrado[22] of her dignity; and, if she be standing, mark, whether she stands sometimes upon one foot and sometimes upon the other; whether she repeats the answer she gives you three or four times; whether she changes it from soft to harsh, from sharp to amorous; whether she lifts her hand to adjust her hair, though it be not disordered: lastly, son, observe all her actions and motions: for by your relating them to me just as they were, I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at what she keeps concealed in the secret recesses of her heart, touching the affair of my love. For you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that among lovers the external actions and gestures, when their loves are the subject, are most certain couriers, and bring infallible tidings of what passes in the inmost recesses of the soul. Go, friend, and better fortune than mine be your guide; and may better success, than what I fear and expect in this bitter solitude, send you back safe."—"I will go, and return quickly," quoth Sancho: "in the mean time, good Sir, enlarge that little heart of yours, which at present can be no bigger than a hazel-nut, and consider the common saying, *A good heart breaks bad luck;* and, *Where there is no bacon there are no pins to hang it on;* and, *Where we least think it, there*

starts the hare: this I say, because, though we could not find the castles or palaces of my Lady Dulcinea last night, now it is daylight, I reckon to meet with them, when I least think of it; and when I have found them, let me alone to deal with her."—"Verily, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you have the knack of applying your proverbs so to the subject we are upon, that I pray God send me better luck in obtaining my wishes."

Upon this Sancho turned his back, and switched his Dapple, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, full of sad and confused imaginations: where we will leave him, and go along with Sancho Panza, who departed from his master no less confused and thoughtful than he; insomuch that he was scarcely got out of the grove, when turning about his head, and finding that Don Quixote was not in sight, he lighted from his beast, and setting himself down at the foot of a tree, he began to talk to himself, and say: "Tell me now, brother Sancho, whither is your Worship going? Are you going to seek some ass that is lost?—No verily.—Then what are you going to seek?—Why, I go to look for a thing of nothing, a Princess, and in her the sun of beauty, and all Heaven together.—Well, Sancho, and where think you to find all this?—Where? In the grand city of Toboso.—Very well; and pray who sent

you on this errand?—Why, the renowned Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who redresses wrongs, and gives drink to the hungry, and meat to the thirsty.—All this is very well: and do you know her house, Sancho?—My master says it must be some royal palace, or stately castle.—And have you ever seen her?—Neither I, nor my master, have ever seen her.—And do you think it would be right or advisable, that the people of Toboso should know, you come with a design to inveigle away their Princesses, and lead their ladies astray? What if they should come, and grind your ribs with pure dry basting, and not leave you a whole bone in your skin?—Truly they would be much in the right of it, unless they please to consider, that I am commanded, and being but a messenger, am not in fault.—Trust not to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and so ticklish, nobody must touch them.—God's my life! if they smoke us, woe be to us. But why go I looking for three legs in a cat, for another man's pleasure? Besides, to look for Dulcinea up and down Toboso is, as if one should look for little Mary in Rabena, or a bachelor in Salamanca. The devil, the devil, and nobody else, has put me upon this business."

This soliloquy Sancho held with himself, and the upshot was to return to it again, saying to himself: "Well; there is a remedy for every

thing but death, under whose dominion we must all pass in spite of our teeth, at the end of our lives. This master of mine, by a thousand tokens that I have seen, is mad enough to be tied in his bed; and in truth I come very little behind him: nay, I am madder than he, to follow him, and serve him, if there be any truth in the proverb that says: *Show me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art;* or in that other; *Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou art fed.* He, then, being a madman, as he really is, and so mad as frequently to mistake one thing for another, taking black for white, and white for black, as appeared plainly, when he said, the windmills were giants, and the monks' mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and many more matters to the same tune; it will not be very difficult to make him believe, that the first country wench I light on is the Lady Dulcinea; and should he not believe it, I will swear to it; and if he swears, I will outswear him; and if he persists, I will persist more than he, in such manner, that mine shall still be uppermost, come what will of it. Perhaps by this positiveness, I shall put an end to his sending me again upon such errands, seeing what preposterous answers I bring him; or perhaps he will think, as I imagine he will, that some wicked enchanter, of those he says bear him a spite, has changed her form to do him mischief and harm."

This project set Sancho's spirit at rest, and he reckoned his business as good as half done; and so staying where he was till towards evening, that Don Quixote might have room to think he had spent so much time in going to, and returning from Toboso, every thing fell out so luckily for him, that when he got up to mount his Dapple, he espied three country wenches, coming from Toboso toward the place where he was, upon three young asses; but whether male or female, the author declares not, though it is more probable they were she-asses, that being the ordinary mounting of country-women: but as it is a matter of no consequence, we need not give ourselves any trouble to decide it.

In short, as soon as Sancho spied the lasses, he rode back at a round rate to seek his master Don Quixote, whom he found breathing a thousand sighs, and amorous lamentations. As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he said: "Well, friend Sancho, am I to mark this day with a white or a black stone?"—"Your Worship," answered Sancho, "had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions on professors' chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers-on." — "By this," said Don Quixote, "you should bring good news."—"So good," answered Sancho, "that your Worship has no more to do, but to clap spurs to Rozinante, and get out upon the plain, to see the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso,

who, with a couple of her damsels, is coming to make your Worship a visit."—"Holy God! what is it you say, friend Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Take care you do not impose on my real sorrow by a counterfeit joy."—"What should I get," answered Sancho, "by deceiving your Worship, and being detected the next moment? Come, Sir, put on, and you will see the Princess our Mistress, arrayed and adorned, in short, like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold; all strings of pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of tissue above ten hands deep; their tresses, loose about their shoulders, are so many sunbeams playing with the wind: and, what is more, they come mounted upon three pye-bellied belfreys, the finest one can lay eyes on."—"Palfreys, you would say, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "There is no great difference, I think," answered Sancho, "between belfreys and palfreys: but let them be mounted how they will, they are surely the finest creatures one would wish to see, especially my Mistress the Princess Dulcinea, who ravishes one's senses."—"Let us go, son Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and, as a reward for this news, as unexpected as good, I bequeath you the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure; and if that will not satisfy you, I bequeath you the colts my three mares will foal this year upon our town common."—"I stick to the colts," an-

swered Sancho; "for it is not very certain, that the spoils of your next adventure will be worth much."

By this time they were got out of the wood, and saw the three wenches very near. Don Quixote darted his eyes over all the road toward Toboso, and seeing nobody but the three wenches, he was much troubled, and asked Sancho, whether they were come out of the city, when he left them? "Out of the city!" answered Sancho: "are your Worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see it is they, who are coming, shining like the sun at noon-day?"—"I see only three country girls," answered Don Quixote, "on three asses."—"Now, God keep me from the devil!" quoth Sancho; "is it possible that three palfreys, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should appear to you to be asses? As the Lord liveth, you shall pluck off this beard of mine, if that be so."—"I tell you, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that it is as certain they are he or she asses, as I am Don Quixote, and you Sancho Panza; at least such they seem to me."—"Sir," quoth Sancho, "say not such a word, but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and make your reverence to the mistress of your thoughts, who is just at hand." And so saying, he advanced a little forward to meet the country wenches, and, alighting from Dapple, he laid hold of one of their asses by the

halter, and, bending both his knees to the ground, he said: "Queen, Princess, and Dutchess of beauty, let your Haughtiness and Greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good liking your captive Knight, who stands yonder turned into stone, in total disorder, and without any pulse, to find himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is that forlorn Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure."

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees close by Sancho, and with staring and disturbed eyes, looked wistfully at her, whom Sancho called Queen, and Lady; and as he saw nothing in her but a plain country girl, and homely enough, for she was round-visaged and flat-nosed, he was confounded and amazed, without daring to open his lips. The wenches too were astonished to see their companion stopped by two men, of such different aspects, and both on their knees; but she, who was stopped, broke silence, and in an angry tone said; "Get out of the road, and be hanged, and let us pass by, for we are in haste." To which Sancho made answer: "O Princess, and universal Lady of Toboso, does not your magnificent heart relent to see, kneeling before your sublimated presence, the pillar and prop of Knight-errantry?" Which one of the other two hearing, said (checking her beast, that was

turning out of the way), "Look ye, how these small gentry come to make a jest of us poor country girls, as if we did not know how to give them as good as they bring: Get you gone your way, and let us go ours, and so speed you well." —"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote, hearing this; "for I now perceive, that fortune, not yet satisfied with afflicting me, has barred all the avenues, whereby any relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me in the flesh. And thou, oh extreme of all that is valuable, utmost limit of all human gracefulness, sole remedy of this disconsolate heart, that adores thee; though now some wicked enchanter persecutes me, spreading clouds and cataracts over my eyes, and has to them, and them only, changed and transformed thy peerless beauty and countenance into that of a poor country wench; if he has not converted mine also into that of some goblin, to render it abominable in your eyes, afford me one kind and amorous look, and let this submissive posture, and these bended knees, before your disguised beauty, tell you the humility wherewith my soul adores you."—"Marry come up," cried the wench, "with your idle gibberish! Get you gone, and let us go, and we shall be obliged to you." Sancho moved off and let her go, highly delighted that he was come off so well with his contrivance. The imaginary Dulcinea was scarcely at liberty, when, pricking her beast with a goad

she had in a stick, she began to scour along the field; and the ass, feeling the smart more than usual, fell a kicking and wincing in such a manner, that down came the Lady Dulcinea to the ground. Don Quixote, seeing this, ran to help her up, and Sancho to adjust the pannel, that was got under the ass's belly. The pannel being righted, and Don Quixote desirous to raise his enchanted mistress in his arms, and set her upon her palfrey, the lady, getting up from the ground, saved him that trouble; for, retiring three or four steps back, she took a little run, and, clapping both hands upon the ass's crupper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a falcon, and seated herself astride like a man. Upon which Sancho said: "By Saint Roque, Madam our mistress is lighter than a hawk, and able to teach the most expert Cordovan or Mexican how to mount *à la gineta:* she springs into the saddle at a jump, and, without the help of spurs, makes her palfrey run like a wild ass; and her damsels are as good at it as she; they all fly like the wind." And so it really was; for Dulcinea being remounted, they all made after her, and ran, without looking behind them, for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them, as far as he could, with his eyes; and when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said: "Sancho, what think you? How am I persecuted by enchanters! and take notice how far their malice, and the

grudge they bear me, extends, even to the depriving me of the pleasure I should have had in seeing my mistress in her own proper form. Surely I was born to be an example to the unhappy, and the butt and mark, at which all the arrows of ill fortune are aimed and levelled. And you must also observe, Sancho, that these traitors were not contented with barely changing and transforming my Dulcinea, but they must transform and metamorphose her into the mean and deformed resemblance of that country wench; at the same time robbing her of that, which is peculiar to great ladies, the fragrant scent occasioned by being always among flowers and perfumes: for I must tell you, Sancho, that, when I approached to help Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as you call it, though to me it appeared to be nothing but an ass, she gave me such a whiff of undigested garlick as almost knocked me down, and poisoned my very soul."—"Oh scoundrels!" cried Sancho at this juncture, "Oh! barbarous and evil-minded enchanters! Oh! that I might see you all strung and hung up by the gills like sardines[23] a-smoking! Much ye know, much ye can, and much more ye do. It might, one would think, have sufficed ye, rogues as ye are, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-galls, and her hair of the purest gold into bristles of a red cow's tail, and lastly all her features from beautiful to deformed, without meddling with her

breath, by which we might have guessed at what was hid beneath that coarse disguise: though, to say the truth, to me she did not appear in the least deformed, but rather all beauty, and that increased too by a mole she had on her right lip, like a whisker, with seven or eight red hairs on it, like threads of gold, and above a span long."—"As to that mole," said Don Quixote, "according to the correspondence there is between the moles of the face and those of the body, Dulcinea should have another on the brawn of her thigh, on the same side with that on her face: but hairs of the length you mention are somewhat of the longest for moles."—"Yet I can assure your Worship," answered Sancho, "that there they were, and looked as if they had been born with her."—"I believe it, friend," replied Don Quixote; "for nature has placed nothing about Dulcinea but what is finished and perfect: and therefore, had she an hundred moles, like those you speak of, in her they would not be moles, but moons and resplendent stars. But, tell me, Sancho, that which to me appeared to be a pannel, and which you adjusted, was it a side-saddle, or a pillion?"—"It was a side-saddle," answered Sancho, "with a field covering, worth half a kingdom for the richness of it."—"And why could not I see all this, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Well, I say it again, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate

of men." The sly rogue Sancho had much ado to forbear laughing, to hear the fooleries of his master, who was so delicately gulled. In short, after many other discourses passed between them, they mounted their beasts again, and followed the road to Saragossa, which they intended to reach in time to be present at a solemn festival wont to be held every year in that noble city. But, before their arrival, there befell them things, which, for their number, greatness, and novelty, deserve to be written and read, as will be seen.

CHAP. XI.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE, WHICH BEFELL THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE, WITH THE WAIN, OR CART, OF THE PARLIAMENT OF DEATH.

Don Quixote went on his way exceedingly pensive, to think what a base trick the enchanters had played him, in transforming his Lady Dulcinea into the homely figure of a country wench: nor could he devise what course to take to restore her to her former state. And these meditations so distracted him, that, without perceiving it, he let drop the bridle on Rozinante's neck; who, finding the liberty that was given him, at every step turned aside to take a mouthful of the fresh grass, with which those fields abounded. Sancho brought him back out of his maze by saying to

him: "Sir, sorrow was made, not for beasts, but men: but, if men give way too much to it, they become beasts: rouse, Sir, recollect yourself, and gather up Rozinante's reins; cheer up, awake, and exert that lively courage so befitting a Knight-errant. What the devil is the matter? What dejection is this? Are we here, or in France? Satan take all the Dulcineas in the world, since the welfare of a single Knight-errant is of more worth than all the enchantments and transformations of the earth."—"Peace, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, with no very faint voice; "peace, I say, and do not utter blasphemies against that enchanted Lady, whose disgrace and misfortune are owing to me alone, since they proceed entirely from the envy the wicked bear to me."—"I say so too," quoth Sancho: "Whoever saw her then and sees her now, his heart must melt with grief."—"Well may you say so, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "you, who saw her in the full lustre of her beauty: for the enchantment extended not to disturb your sight, nor to conceal her perfections from you: against me alone, and against my eyes, was the force of its poison directed. Nevertheless I have hit upon one thing, Sancho, which is, that you did not give me a true description of her beauty: for if I remember right, you said her eyes were of pearl; now eyes that look like pearl are fitter for a sea bream than a lady. I rather think Dulcinea's eyes

must be of verdant emeralds arched over with two celestial bows, that serve for eyebrows. Take therefore those pearls from her eyes, and apply them to her teeth: for doubtless, Sancho, you mistook eyes for teeth."—"It may be so," answered Sancho; "for her beauty confounded me, as much as her deformity did your Worship. But let us recommend all to God, who alone knows what shall befall in this vale of tears, this evil world we have here, in which there is scarce any thing to be found without some mixture of iniquity, imposture, or knavery. One thing, dear Sir, troubles me more than all the rest; which is, to think, what must be done, when your Worship shall overcome some giant, or some other Knight-errant, and send him to present himself before the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea. Where shall this poor giant, or miserable vanquished Knight, be able to find her? Methinks I see them sauntering up and down Toboso, and looking about, like fools, for my Lady Dulcinea; and though they should meet her in the middle of the street, they will no more know her, than they would my father."—"Perhaps, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "the enchantment may not extend so far as to conceal Dulcinea from the knowledge of the vanquished Knights or giants, who shall present themselves before her; and we will make the experiment upon one or two of the first I overcome, and send them with orders to

return and give me an account of what happens with respect to this business."—"I say, Sir," replied Sancho, "that I mightily approve of what your Worship has said: for by this trial we shall come to the knowledge of what we desire; and if she is concealed from your Worship alone, the misfortune will be more yours than hers: but, so the Lady Dulcinea have health and contentment, we, for our parts, will make a shift, and bear it as well as we can, pursuing our adventures, and leaving it to time to do his work, who is the best physician for these, and other greater maladies."

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by a cart's crossing the road before him, laden with the strangest and most different figures and personages imaginable. He, who guided the mules, and served for carter, was a frightful dæmon. The cart was uncovered, and opened to the sky, without awning or wicker sides. The first figure, that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes, was that of Death itself with a human visage. Close by him sat an angel, with large painted wings. On one side stood an Emperor, with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At Death's feet sat the god, called Cupid, not blindfolded, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows. There was also a Knight completely armed, excepting only that he had no morion, or casque, but a hat with a large plume

of feathers of divers colours. With these came other persons differing both in habits and countenances. All this appearing on a sudden, in some sort startled Don Quixote, and frightened Sancho to the heart. But Don Quixote presently rejoiced at it, believing it to be some new and perilous adventure: and with this thought, and a courage prepared to encounter any danger whatever, he planted himself just before the cart, and, with a loud menacing voice, said: "Carter, coachman, or devil, or whatever you are, delay not to tell me, who you are, whither you are going, and who are the persons you are carrying in that coach-waggon, which looks more like Charon's ferry-boat, than any cart now in fashion." To which the devil, stopping the cart, calmly replied: "Sir, we are strollers belonging to Angulo el Malo's company: this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, a piece representing the *Cortes*, or *Parliament of Death;* and this evening we are to play it again in that village just before us; which being so near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing, we come in the clothes we are to act our parts in. That lad there acts Death; that other an angel; yonder woman, our author's wife, a queen; that other a soldier; he an emperor, and I a devil; and I am one of the principal personages of the drama; for in this

company I have all the chief parts. If your Worship would know any more of us, ask me, and I will answer you most punctually; for, being a devil, I know every thing."—"Upon the faith of a Knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "when I first espied this cart, I imagined some grand adventure offered itself; and I say now, that it is absolutely necessary, if one would be undeceived, to lay one's hand upon appearances. God be with you, good people: go, and act your play, and, if there be any thing, in which I may be of service to you, command me; for I will do it readily, and with a good will, having been, from my youth, a great admirer of masques and theatrical representations."

While they were thus engaged in discourse, fortune so ordered it, that there came up one of the company, in an antic dress, hung round with abundance of bells, and carrying at the end of a stick three blown ox-bladders. This masque approaching Don Quixote, began to fence with the stick, and to beat the bladders against the ground, jumping, and tinkling all his bells: which horrid apparition so startled Rozinante, that, taking the bit between his teeth, Don Quixote not being able to hold him in, he began to run about the field with a greater pace than the bones of his anatomy seemed to promise. Sancho, considering the danger his master was in of getting a fall, leaped from Dapple, and ran to help him: but

by that time he was come up to him, he was already upon the ground, and close by him Rozinante, who fell together with his master, the usual end and upshot of Rozinante's frolics and adventurings. But scarcely had Sancho quitted his beast, to assist Don Quixote, when the bladder-dancing devil jumped upon Dapple, and thumping him with the bladders, fear and the noise, more than the smart, made him fly through the field toward the village, where they were going to act. Sancho beheld Dapple's career, and his master's fall, and did not know which of the two necessities he should apply to first: but, in short, like a good squire and good servant, the love he bore his master prevailed over his affection for his ass; though, every time he saw the bladders hoisted in the air, and fall upon the buttocks of his Dapple, they were to him so many tortures and terrors of death, and he could have wished those blows had fallen on the apple of his own eyes, rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this perplexity and tribulation he came up to Don Quixote, who was in a much worse plight than he could have wished; and helping him to get upon Rozinante, he said to him: "Sir, the devil has run away with Dapple." —"What devil?" demanded Don Quixote. "He with the bladders," answered Sancho. "I will recover him," replied Don Quixote, "though he should hide him in the deepest and darkest dun-

geons of hell. Follow me, Sancho; for the cart moves but slowly, and the mules shall make satisfaction for the loss of Dapple."—"There is no need," answered Sancho, "to make such haste: moderate your anger, Sir; for the devil, I think, has already abandoned Dapple, and is gone his way." And so it was; for the devil, having fallen with Dapple, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rozinante, trudged on foot toward the town, and the ass turned back to his master. "Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "it will not be amiss to chastise the unmannerliness of this devil, at the expense of some of his company, though it were the Emperor himself."—"Good your Worship," quoth Sancho, "never think of it, but take my advice, which is, never to meddle with players; for they are a people mightily beloved. I have seen a player taken up for two murders, and get off scot-free. Your Worship must know, that, as they are merry folks and give pleasure, all people favour them; every body protects, assists, and esteems them, and especially if they are of his Majesty's company of comedians, or that of some grandee, all or most of whom, in their manner and garb, look like any princess."—"For all that," answered Don Quixote, "that farcical devil shall not escape me, nor have cause to brag, though all human kind favoured him."

And so saying, he rode after the cart, which