was by this time got very near the town, and calling aloud he said: "Hold, stop a little, merry sirs, and let me teach you how to treat asses and cattle, which serve to mount the squires of Knights-errant." Don Quixote's cries were so loud, that the players heard him, and judging of his design by his words, in an instant out jumped Death, and after him the Emperor, the carter-devil, and the angel; nor did the Queen, or the god Cupid, stay behind; and all of them taking up stones, ranged themselves in battle-array, waiting to receive Don Quixote at the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, seeing them posted in such order, and so formidable a battalion, with arms uplifted, ready to discharge a ponderous volley of stones, checked Rozinante with the bridle, and set himself to consider how he might attack them with least danger to his person. While he delayed, Sancho came up, and, seeing him in a posture of attacking that well-formed brigade, he said to him: "It is mere madness, Sir, to attempt such an enterprise: pray, consider, there is no fencing against a flail, nor defensive armour against stones and brick-bats, unless it be thrusting one's self into a bell of brass. Consider also, that it is rather rashness than courage, for one man alone to encounter an army, where Death is present, and where Emperors fight in person, and are assisted by good and bad angels. But if this consideration

does not prevail with you to be quiet, be assured, that, among all those, who stand there, though they appear to be Princes, Kings, and Emperors, there is not one Knight-errant."—"Now indeed," said Don Quixote, "you have hit the point, Sancho, which only can, and must make me change my determinate resolution. I neither can, nor ought to draw my sword, as I have often told you, against any, who are not dubbed Knights. To you it belongs, Sancho, to revenge the affront offered to your Dapple: and I from hence will encourage and assist you with my voice, and with salutary instructions."—"There is no need, Sir, to be revenged on any body," answered Sancho; "for good Christians should not take revenge for injuries: besides, I will settle it with my ass to submit the injury done him to my will, which is, to live peaceably all the days, that Heaven shall give me of life."—"Since this is your resolution, good Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho, and pure Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "let us leave these phantoms, and seek better and more substantial adventures; for this country, I see, is likely to afford us many and very extraordinary ones." Then he wheeled Rozinante about: Sancho took his Dapple: Death and all his flying squadron returned to their cart, and pursued their way. And this was the happy conclusion of the terrible adventure of Death's cart; thanks to the wholesome advice Sancho Panza

gave his master, to whom the day following there fell out an adventure, no less surprising than the former, with an enamoured Knight-errant.

CHAP. XII.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE, WHICH BEFELL THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE, WITH THE BRAVE KNIGHT OF THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

Don Quixote and his squire passed the night, ensuing the rencounter with Death, under some lofty and shady trees. Don Quixote, at Sancho's persuasion, refreshed himself with some of the provisions carried by Dapple; and, during supper, Sancho said to his master: "Sir, what a fool should I have been, had I chosen, as a reward for my good news, the spoils of the first adventure your Worship should achieve, before the three ass-colts! Verily, verily, *A sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture upon the wing.*"—"However, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "had you suffered me to attack as I had a mind to do, your share of the booty would at least have been the Emperor's crown of gold, and Cupid's painted wings; for I would have plucked them off against the grain, and put them into your possession."—"The crowns and sceptres of your theatrical Emperors," answered Sancho, "never were of pure gold, but of tinsel, or copper."—"It is

true," replied Don Quixote; "nor would it be fit, that the decorations of a play should be real, but counterfeit, and mere show, as comedy itself is, which I would have you value and take into favour, and consequently the actors and authors; for they are all instruments of much benefit to the common-weal, setting at every step a looking-glass before our eyes, in which we see very lively representations of the actions of human life: and there are no comparisons, which more truly present to us what we are, and what we should be, than comedy and comedians. Tell me; have you not seen a play acted, in which Kings, Emperors, Popes, Lords, and Ladies are introduced, besides divers other personages: one acts the pimp, another the cheat, this the merchant, that the soldier, one a designing fool, another a foolish lover: and when the play is done, and the actors undressed, they are all again upon a level!"—"Yes, marry have I," quoth Sancho. "Why, the very same thing," said Don Quixote, "happens on the stage of this world, whereon some play the part of Emperors, others of Popes; in short, all the parts that can be introduced in a comedy. But in the conclusion, that is, at the end of our life, death strips us of the robes, which made the difference, and we remain upon the level and equal in the grave."—"A brave comparison," quoth Sancho, "but not so new (for I have heard it many and different times) as

that of the game at chess; in which, while the game lasts, every piece has its particular office, and, when the game is ended, they are all huddled together, mixed, and put into a bag, which is just like being buried after we are dead." — "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are every day growing less simple and more discreet." — "And good reason why," answered Sancho; "for some of your Worship's discretion must needs stick to me, as lands, that in themselves are barren and dry, by dunging and cultivating come to bear good fruit. My meaning is, that your Worship's conversation has been the dung laid upon the barren soil of my dry understanding, and the cultivation has been the time I have been in your service, and in your company; and by that I hope to produce fruit like any blessing, and such as will not disparage or deviate from the seeds of good-breeding, which your Worship has sown in my shallow understanding." Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's affected speeches, that appearing to him to be true, which he had said of his improvement: for every now and then he surprised him by his manner of talking; though always, or for the most part, when Sancho would either speak in contradiction to, or in imitation of, the courtier, he ended his discourse with falling headlong from the height of his simplicity into the depth of his ignorance; and that, in which he most displayed his elegance and memory,

was, his bringing in proverbs, whether to the purpose, or not, of what he was discoursing about, as may be seen and observed throughout the progress of this history.

In these and other discourses they spent great part of the night, and Sancho had a mind to let down the portcullises of his eyes, as he used to say, when he was inclined to sleep: and so, unrigging Dapple, he turned him loose into abundant pasture. But he did not take off the saddle from Rozinante's back, it being the express command of his master, that he should continue saddled, all the time they kept the field, or did not sleep under a roof: for it was an ancient established custom, and religiously observed among Knights-errant, to take off the bridle, and hang it at the pommel of the saddle; but by no means to take off the saddle. Sancho observed this rule, and gave Rozinante the same liberty he had given Dapple: the friendship of which pair was so singular and reciprocal, that there is a tradition handed down from father to son, that the author of this faithful history compiled particular chapters upon that subject: but, to preserve the decency and decorum due to so heroic an history, he would not insert them; though sometimes waving this precaution, he writes, that, as soon as the two beasts came together, they would fall to scratching one another with their teeth, and when they were tired, or satisfied, Rozinante

would stretch his neck at least half a yard across Dapple's, and both, fixing their eyes attentively on the ground, would stand three day in that manner, at least so long as they were let alone, or till hunger compelled them to seek some food. It is reported, I say, that the author had compared their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, or that of Pylades and Orestes; whence it may appear, to the admiration of all people, how firm the friendship of these two peaceable animals must have been; to the shame of men, who so little know how to preserve the rules of friendship towards one another. Hence the sayings, *A friend cannot find a friend; Reeds become darts;* and, as the poet sings, *From a friend to a friend, the bug*, &c. [24]. Let no one think, that the author was at all out of the way, when he compared the friendship of these animals to that of men: for men have received divers wholesome instructions, and many lessons of importance, from beasts; such as the clyster from storks, the vomit and gratitude from dogs, vigilance from cranes, industry from ants, modesty from elephants, and fidelity from horses.

At length Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote slumbered under an oak. But it was not long before he was awakened by a noise behind him; and starting up, he began to look about, and to listen from whence the noise came. Presently he perceived two men

on horseback, one of whom dismounting, said to the other: "Alight, friend, and unbridle the horses; for this place seems as if it would afford them pasture enough, and me that silence and solitude my amorous thoughts require." The saying this, and laying himself along on the ground, were both in one instant; and, at throwing himself down, his armour made a rattling noise: a manifest token, from whence Don Quixote concluded he must be a Knight-errant; and going to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he pulled him by the arm, and having with some difficulty waked him, he said to him, with a low voice: "Brother Sancho, we have an adventure."—"God send it be a good one," answered Sancho; "and pray, Sir, where may her Ladyship Madam Adventure be?"—"Where, Sancho!" replied Don Quixote: "turn your eyes and look, and you will see a Knight-errant lying along, who, to my thoughts, does not seem to be over-pleased; for I saw him throw himself off his horse, and stretch himself on the ground, with some signs of discontent; and his armour rattled as he fell."—"But by what do you gather," quoth Sancho, "that this is an adventure?"—"I will not say," answered Don Quixote, "that this is altogether an adventure, but an introduction to one; for adventures usually begin thus. But hearken; for methinks he is tuning a lute of some sort or other, and by his spitting and clearing his pipes,

he should be preparing himself to sing."—"In good faith, so it is," answered Sancho, "and he must be some Knight or other in love."—"There is no Knight-errant but is so," said Don Quixote: "and let us listen to him; for by the thread we shall guess at the bottom of his thoughts, if he sings: for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Sancho would have replied to his master; but the Knight of the Wood's voice, which was neither very bad nor very good, hindered him; and, while they both stood amazed, they heard, that what he sung was this;

SONNET.

Appoint, O nymph, a quick returning hour,
By which your utmost wishes I'll obey;
With mine indeed they'll hold such even way,
That strict compliance will proclaim your pow'r.
If silent anguish, and, at last, to die,
Will meet your wishes, count me even dead;
Or if, by some strange means, my love to spread
Will meet your fancy, such strange means I'll try.
I'll swear, that of extremes my frame is made,
Plastic, like wax, or as the di'mond hard:
My heart according to love's laws I'll guard,
Which, hard or soft, shall at your feet be laid.
Whatever form you print upon my breast,
I swear shall always strongly be imprest.

With a deep Ah! fetched, as it seemed, from the very bottom of his heart, the Knight of the

Wood ended his song; and, after some pause, with a mournful and complaining voice, he said: "Oh the most beautiful and most ungrateful woman of the world! Is it then possible, Casildea de Vandalia, that you should suffer this your captive Knight to consume, and pine away in continual travels, and in rough and laborious toils? Is it not enough, that I have caused you to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world, by all the Knights of Navarre, all those of Leon, all the Andalusians, all the Castilians, ay, and all the Knights of La Mancha too?"—"Not so," said Don Quixote; "for I am of La Mancha, and never have acknowledged any such thing; neither could I, nor ought I to confess a thing so prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress. Now you see, Sancho, how this Knight raves: but let us listen; perhaps he will make some farther declaration."—"Ay, marry will he," replied Sancho; "for he seems to be in a strain of complaining for a month to come." But it was not so; for the Knight, overhearing somebody talk near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but stood up, and said, with an audible and courteous voice, "Who goes there? What are ye? Of the number of the happy, or of the afflicted?"—"Of the afflicted," answered Don Quixote. "Come hither to me then," answered the Knight of the Wood, "and make account how you come to sorrow and affliction

itself." Don Quixote, finding he returned so soft and civil an answer, went up to him, and Sancho did the same. The wailing Knight laid hold of Don Quixote by the arm, saying; "Sit down here, Sir Knight; for, to know that you are such, and one of those, who profess Knight-errantry, it is sufficient to have found you in this place, where your companions are solitude and the night-dew, the natural beds and proper stations of Knights-errant."

To which Don Quixote answered: "A Knight I am, and of the profession you say; and, although sorrows, disgraces, and misfortunes have got possession of my mind, yet they have not chased away that compassion I have for other men's misfortunes. From what you sung just now I gathered, that yours are of the amorous kind; I mean, occasioned by the love you bear to that ungrateful fair you named in your complaint." Whilst they were thus discoursing they sat down together upon the hard ground, very peaceably and sociably, as if at day-break they were not to break one another's heads. "Peradventure you are in love, Sir Knight," said he of the Wood to Don Quixote. "Unfortunately, I am," answered Don Quixote: "though the mischiefs arising from well-placed affections ought rather to be accounted blessings than disasters." —"That is true," replied he of the Wood, "supposing that disdains did not disturb our reason

and understanding; but when they are many, they seem to have the nature of revenge."—"I never was disdained by my mistress," answered Don Quixote. "No verily," quoth Sancho, who stood close by; "for my Lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as a print of butter."—"Is this your squire?" demanded the Knight of the Wood. "He is," replied Don Quixote. "I never in my life saw a squire," replied the Knight of the Wood, "who durst presume to talk, where his lord was talking: at least yonder stands mine, as tall as his father, and it cannot be proved, that he ever opened his lips, where I was speaking."—"In faith," quoth Sancho, "I have talked, and can talk, before one as good as —— and perhaps ——, but let that rest; for the more you stir it—" The Knight of the Wood's squire took Sancho by the arm, and said: "Let us two go, where we may talk by ourselves, in squire-like discourse, all we have a mind to, and leave these masters of ours to have their bellies full of relating the histories of their loves to each other: for I warrant they will not have done before to-morrow morning."—"With all my heart," quoth Sancho, "and I will tell you, who I am, that you may see, whether I am fit to make one among the most talkative squires." Hereupon the two squires withdrew; between whom there passed a dialogue as pleasant as that of their masters was grave.

CHAP. XIII.

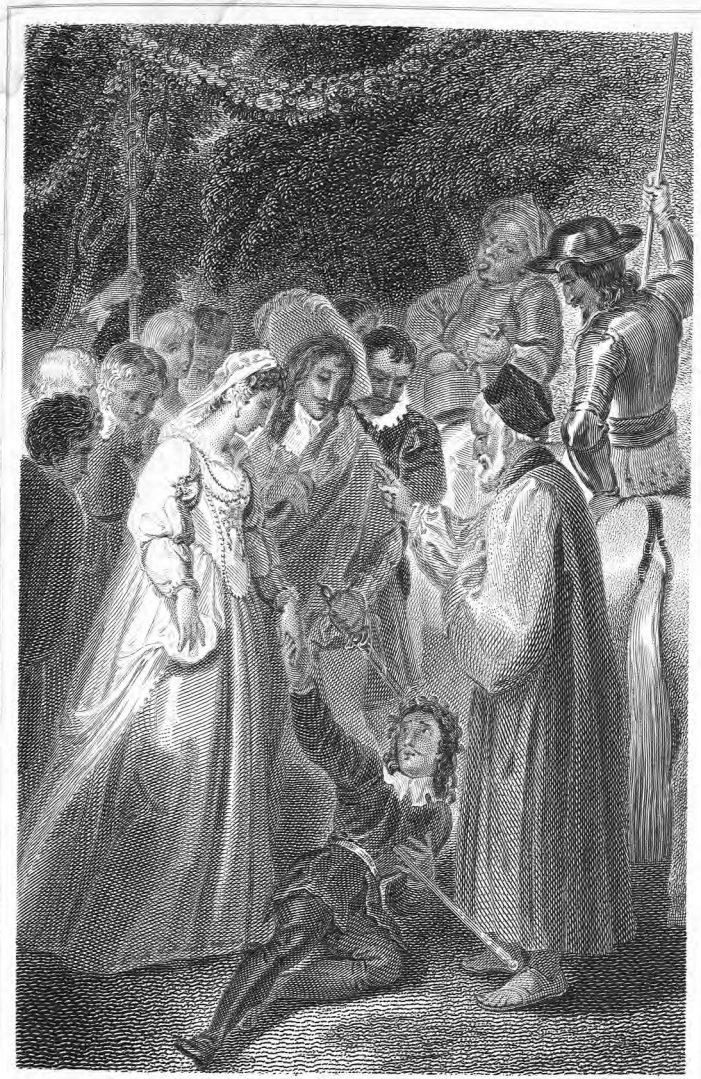
WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOOD, WITH THE WISE, NEW, AND PLEASANT DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE TWO SQUIRES.

THE Knights and squires were separated, the latter relating the story of their lives, and the former that of their loves: but the history begins with the conversation between the servants, and afterwards proceeds to that of the masters: and it says, that, being gone a little apart, the squire of the Wood said to Sancho: "It is a toilsome life we lead, Sir, we who are squires to Knights-errant: in good truth we eat our bread in the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses God laid upon our first parents."—"It may also be said," added Sancho, "that we eat it in the frost of our bodies; for who endure more heat and cold than your miserable squires to Knight-errantry? Nay, it would not be quite so bad, did we but eat at all; for good fare lessens care: but it now and then happens, that we pass a whole day or two without breaking our fast, unless it be upon air."—"All this may be endured," said he of the Wood, "with the hopes we entertain of the reward: for if the Knight-errant, whom a squire serves, is not over and above unlucky, he must, in a short time, find himself recompensed, at least, with a handsome government of some island, or

some pretty Earldom."—" I," replied Sancho, " have already told my master, that I should be satisfied with the government of any island; and he is so noble, and so generous, that he has promised it me a thousand times."—" I," said he of the Wood, " should think myself amply rewarded for all my services with a canonry, and my master has already ordered me one."—" Why then," quoth Sancho, " belike your master is a Knight in the ecclesiastical way, and so has it in his power to bestow these sort of rewards on his faithful squires: but mine is a mere layman; though I remember some discreet persons (but in my opinion with no very good design) advised him to endeavour to be an Archbishop: but he rejected their counsel, and would be nothing but an Emperor. I trembled all the while, lest he should take it into his head to be of the church, because I am not qualified to hold ecclesiastical preferments; and, to say the truth, Sir, though I look like a man, I am a very beast in church matters."—" Truly, you are under a great mistake," said he of the Wood; " for your insular governments are not all of them so inviting; some are crabbed, some poor, and some unpleasant; in short, the best and most desirable of them carries with it a heavy burden of cares and inconveniences, which the unhappy wight, to whose lot it falls, must unavoidably undergo. It would be far better for us, who profess this cursed ser-

vice, to retire home to our houses, and pass our time there in more easy employments, such as hunting or fishing: for what squire is there in the world so poor as not to have his nag, his brace of greyhounds, and his angle-rod, to divert himself within his own village?"

"I want nothing of all this," answered Sancho: "it is true, indeed, I have no horse, but then I have an ass, that is worth twice as much as my master's steed. God send me a bad Easter, and may it be the first that comes, if I would swap with him, though he should give me four bushels of barley to boot. Perhaps, Sir, you will take for a joke the price I set upon my Dapple, for dapple is the colour of my ass. And then I cannot want greyhounds, our town being overstocked with them: besides, sporting is the more pleasant, when it is at other people's charge."—"Really and truly, Signor squire," answered he of the Wood, "I have resolved and determined with myself to quit the frolics of these Knights-errant, and to get me home again to our village, and bring up my children; for I have three, like three oriental pearls."—"And I have two," quoth Sancho, "fit to be presented to the Pope himself in person, and especially a girl, that I am breeding up for a Countess, if it please God, in spite of her mother."—"And pray, what may be the age of the young lady you are breeding up for a Countess?" demanded he of the Wood.



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The supposed death of Basilius the Poor.

"Fifteen years, or thereabouts," answered Sancho: "but she is as tall as a lance, as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter."—"These are qualifications," said he of the Wood, "not only for a countess, but for a nymph of the green grove. Ah the whoreson young slut! how buxom must the maid be!" To which Sancho answered somewhat angrily: "She is no whore, nor was her mother one before her, nor shall either of them be so, God willing, whilst I live. And, pray, speak more civilly: for such language is unbecoming a person educated, as you have been, among Knights-errant, who are courtesy itself."—"How little, Signor squire, do you understand what belongs to praising!" said he of the Wood: "What! do you not know, that, when some Knight, at a bull-feast, gives the bull a home thrust with his lance, or when any one does a thing well, the common people usually cry; 'How cleverly the son of a whore did it!' and what seems to carry reproach with it, is indeed a notable commendation? I would have you renounce those sons or daughters, whose actions do not render their parents deserving of praise in that fashion."—"I do renounce them," answered Sancho; "and in this sense, and by this same rule, if you mean no otherwise, you may call my wife and children all the whores and bawds you please; for all they do or say, are perfections worthy of such praises: and, that

I may return and see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from mortal sin, that is, from this dangerous profession of a squire, into which I have run a second time, enticed and deluded by a purse of a hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midst of the Sable Mountain; and the devil is continually setting before my eyes, here and there, and every where, a bag full of gold pistoles: so that methinks, at every step, I am laying my hand upon it, embracing it, and carrying it home, buying lands, settling rents, and living like a prince: and all the while this runs in my head, all the toils I undergo with this fool my master, who to my knowledge is more of the madman than of the Knight, become supportable and easy to me."

"For this reason," answered he of the Wood, "it is said, that covetousness bursts the bag: and now you talk of madmen, there is not a greater in the world than my master, who is one of those meant by the saying, *Other folk's burdens break the ass's back:* for, that another Knight may recover his wits, he loses his own, and is searching after that, which, when found, may chance to hit him in the teeth."—"By the way, is he in love?" demanded Sancho. "Yes," replied he of the Wood, "with one Casildea de Vandalia, one of the most whimsical dames in the world. But that is not the foot he halts on at present: he has some other crotchets of more

consequence in his pate, and we shall hear more of them anon."—"There is no road so even," quoth Sancho, "but it has some stumbling-places or rubs in it: In other folk's houses they boil beans, but in mine whole kettles-full: Madness will have more followers than Discretion. But if the common saying be true, that it is some relief to have partners in grief, I may comfort myself with your Worship, who serve a master as crack-brained as my own."—"Crack-brained, but valiant," answered he of the Wood, "and more knavish than crack-brained, or valiant."—"Mine is not so," answered Sancho: "I can assure you, he has nothing of the knave in him; on the contrary, he has a soul as dull as a pitcher; knows not how to do ill to any, but good to all; bears no malice; a child may persuade him it is night at noon-day; and for this simplicity I love him as my life, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, let him commit never so many extravagancies."—"For all that, Brother and Signor," quoth he of the Wood, "if the blind lead the blind, both are in danger of falling into the ditch. We had better turn us fairly about, and go back to our homes; for they, who seek adventures, do not always meet with good ones."

Here Sancho beginning to spit every now and then, and very dry, the squire of the Wood, who saw and observed it, said; "Methinks, we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our

mouths: but I have brought, hanging at my saddle-bow, that which will loosen them:" and rising up, he soon returned with a large bottle of wine, and a pasty half a yard long: and this is no exaggeration; for it was of a tame rabbit, so large, that Sancho, at lifting it, thought verily it must contain a whole goat, or at least a large kid. Sancho, viewing it, said: "And do you carry all this about with you?"—"Why, what did you think?" answered the other: "did you take me for some holyday squire? I have a better cupboard behind me on my horse, than a general has with him upon a march." Sancho fell to, without staying to be entreated, and, swallowing mouthfuls in the dark, said: "Your Worship is indeed a squire, trusty and loyal, wanting for nothing, magnificent and great, as this banquet demonstrates, which, if it came not hither by enchantment, at least it looks like it, and not as I am, a poor unfortunate wretch, who have nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, and that so hard, that you may knock out a giant's brains with it, and, to bear it company, four dozen of carobes[25], and as many hazel-nuts and walnuts, thanks to my master's stinginess, and to the opinion he has, and the order he observes, that Knights-errant ought to feed and diet themselves only upon dried fruits and wild salads." —"By my faith, Brother," replied he of the Wood, "I have no stomach for your wild pears,

nor your sweet thistles, nor your mountain roots: let our masters have them, with their opinions and laws of chivalry, and let them eat what they commend. I carry cold meats, and this bottle hanging at my saddle-pommel, happen what will; and such a reverence I have for it, and so much I love it, that few minutes pass but I give it a thousand kisses, and a thousand hugs." And so saying, he put it into Sancho's hand, who, grasping and setting it to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour: and, having done drinking, he let fall his head on one side, and, fetching a deep sigh, said, "O whoreson rogue! how catholic it is!"—"You see now," cried he of the Wood, hearing Sancho's whoreson, "how you have commended this wine in calling it whoreson."—"I confess my error," answered Sancho, "and see plainly, that it is no discredit to any body to be called son of a whore, when it comes under the notion of praising.

"But tell me, Sir, by the life of him you love best, is not this wine of Ciudad Real?"—"You have a distinguishing palate," answered he of the Wood: "it is of no other growth, and besides has some years over its head."—"Trust me for that," quoth Sancho: "depend upon it, I always hit right, and guess the kind. But is it not strange, Signor squire, that I should have so great and natural an instinct in the business of knowing wines? Let me but smell to any, I hit upon the

country, the kind, the flavour, and how long it will keep, how many changes it will undergo, with all other circumstances appertaining to wines. But no wonder; for I have had in my family, by the father's side, the two most exquisite tasters, that La Mancha has known for many ages; for proof whereof there happened to them what I am going to relate. To each of them was given a taste of a certain hogshead, and their opinion asked of the condition, quality, goodness, or badness of the wine. The one tried it with the tip of his tongue; and the other put it to his nose. The first said the wine savoured of iron; the second said, it had rather a tang of goat's leather. The owner protested, the vessel was clean and the wine neat, so that it could not taste either of iron or leather. Notwithstanding this, the two famous tasters stood positively to what they had said. Time went on; the wine was sold off, and, at rincing the hogshead, there was found in it a small key hanging to a leather thong. Judge then, Sir, whether one of that race may not very well undertake to give his opinion in these matters."—"Therefore, I say," replied he of the Wood, "let us give over seeking adventures, and, since we have a good loaf of bread, let us not look for cheesecakes; and let us get home to our cabins, for there God will find us, if it be his will."—"I will serve my master, till he arrives at Saragossa," quoth

Sancho, "and then we shall all understand one another."

In short, the two good squires talked and drank so much, that it was high time sleep should tie their tongues, and allay their thirst, for to quench it was impossible: and thus both of them, keeping fast hold of the almost empty bottle, with their meat half chewed, fell fast asleep; where we will leave them at present, to relate what passed between the Knight of the Wood and him of the Sorrowful Figure.

CHAP. XIV.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOOD.

AMONG sundry discourses, which passed between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Wood, the history tells us, that he of the Wood said to Don Quixote: "In short, Sir Knight, I would have you to know, that my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to fall in love with the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. Peerless I call her, not so much on account of her stature, as the excellency of her state and beauty. This same Casildea I am speaking of, repaid my honourable thoughts and virtuous desires by employing me as Hercules was by his stepmother, in many and various perils, promising me at the end of each of them, that

the next should crown my hopes: but she still goes on, adding link upon link to the chain of my labours, insomuch that they are become without number; nor can I guess, which will be the last, and that which is to give a beginning to the accomplishment of my good wishes. One time she commanded me to go and challenge the famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda[26], who is so stout and strong, as being made of brass, and, without stirring from the place, is the most changeable and unsteady woman in the world. I came, I saw, I conquered; I made her stand still, and fixed her to a point; for in above a week's time no wind blew but the north. Another time she sent me to weigh the ancient stones of the stout bulls of Guisando[27], an enterprise fitter for porters than Knights; and another time she commanded me to plunge headlong into Cabra's cave, an unheard-of and dreadful attempt; and to bring her a particular relation of what is locked up in that obscure abyss. I stopped the motion of the Giralda, I weighed the bulls of Guisando, I precipitated myself into the cavern of Cabra, and brought to light the hidden secrets of that abyss: and yet my hopes are dead, oh! how dead! and her commands and disdains alive, oh! how alive! In short, she has at last commanded me to travel over all the provinces of Spain, and oblige all the Knights I shall find wandering therein, to confess, that she alone excels in beauty all beauties

this day living, and that I am the most valiant and the most completely enamoured Knight in the world. In obedience to which command, I have already traversed the greater part of Spain, and have vanquished divers Knights, who have dared to contradict me. But what I am most proud of, and value myself most upon, is, the having vanquished in single combat the so renowned Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess, that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea; and I make account, that, in this conquest alone, I have vanquished all the Knights in the world; for that very Don Quixote I speak of has conquered them all, and I, having overcome him, his glory, his fame, and his honour are transferred and passed over to my person; for the victor's renown rises in proportion to that of the vanquished: so that the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote are already mine, and placed to my account."

Don Quixote was amazed to hear the Knight of the Wood, and was ready a thousand times to give him the lie, and *You lie* was at the tip of his tongue: but he restrained himself the best he could, in order to make him confess the lie with his own mouth; and therefore he said very calmly: "Sir Knight, that you may have vanquished most of the Knights-errant of Spain, yea, and of the whole world, I will not dispute; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I

somewhat doubt: it might indeed be somebody resembling him, though there are very few such." —"Why not?" replied he of the Wood. "By the canopy of Heaven, I fought with Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made him submit; by the same token that he is tall of stature, thin-visaged, upright-bodied, robust-limbed, grizzle-haired, hawk-nosed, with large black mustachoes: he gives himself the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure: his squire is a country fellow, called Sancho Panza: he oppresses the back, and governs the reins, of a famous steed called Rozinante: in a word, he has for the mistress of his thoughts one Dulcinea del Toboso, sometime called Aldonza Lorenzo: in like manner as mine, who because her name was Casildea, and being of Andalusia, is now distinguished by the name of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these tokens are not sufficient to prove the truth of what I say, here is my sword, which shall make incredulity itself believe it."—"Be not in a passion, Sir Knight," said Don Quixote, "and hear what I have to say. You are to know, that this Don Quixote, you speak of, is the dearest friend I have in the world, insomuch that I may say he is as it were my very self; and by the tokens and marks you have given of him, so exact and so precise, I cannot but think it must be he himself, that you have subdued. On the other side, I see with my eyes, and feel with my hands, that it cannot be

the same, unless it be, that, having many enchanters his enemies, one especially, who is continually persecuting him, some one or other of them may have assumed his shape, and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired, over the face of the whole earth. And, for confirmation hereof, you must know, that these enchanters his enemies, but two days ago, transformed the figure and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into those of a dirty, mean, country wench; and in like manner they must have transformed Don Quixote. And if all this be not sufficient to justify this truth, here stands Don Quixote himself, ready to maintain it by force of arms, on foot, or on horseback, or in whatever manner you please." And so saying, he rose up, and, grasping his sword, expected what resolution the Knight of the Wood would take; who very calmly answered, and said: "A good pay-master is in pain for no pawn: he, who could once vanquish you, Signor Don Quixote, when transformed, may well hope to make you yield in your own proper person. But as Knights-errant should by no means do their feats of arms in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for daylight, that the sun may be witness of our exploits: and the condition of our combat shall be, that the conquered shall be entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror, to do with

him whatever he pleases, provided always that he command nothing but what a Knight may with honour submit to."—"I am entirely satisfied with this condition and compact," answered Don Quixote; and upon this they both went to look for their squires, whom they found snoring in the very same posture, in which sleep had seized them. They awakened them, and ordered them to get ready their steeds; for, at sunrise, they were to engage in a bloody and unparalleled single combat. At which news Sancho was thunderstruck, and ready to swoon, in dread of his master's safety, from what he had heard the squire of the Wood tell of his master's valour. But the two squires, without speaking a word, went to look for their cattle, and found them all together; for the three horses and Dapple had already smelt one another out.

By the way the squire of the Wood said to Sancho: "You must understand, Brother, that the fighters of Andalusia have a custom, when they are godfathers in any combat, not to stand idle with their arms across, while their godsons are fighting[28]. This I say to give you notice, that while our masters are engaged, we must fight too, and make splinters of one another."—"This custom, Signor squire," answered Sancho, "may be current, and pass among the ruffians and fighters you speak of; but among the squires of Knights-errant, no, not in thought: at least I

have not heard my master talk of any such custom, and he has all the laws and ordinances of Knight-errantry by heart. But, taking it for granted, that there is an express statute for the squires engaging while their masters are at it, yet will I not comply with it, but rather pay the penalty imposed upon such peaceable squires; which I dare say cannot be above a couple of pounds of white wax [29]; and I will rather pay them, for I know they will cost me less than the money I shall spend in tents to get my head cured, which I already reckon as cut and divided in twain. Besides, another thing, which makes it impossible for me to fight, is, my having no sword; for I never wore one in my life."—"I know a remedy for that," said he of the Wood; "I have here a couple of linen bags of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and we will have a bout at bag-blows with equal weapons."—"With all my heart," answered Sancho; "for such a battle will rather dust our jackets, than wound our persons."—"It must not be quite so neither," replied the other: "for, lest the wind should blow them aside, we must put in them half a dozen clean and smooth pebbles, of equal weight; and thus we may brush one another without much harm or damage."—"Body of my father!" answered Sancho, "what sable fur, what bottoms of carded cotton, he puts into the bags, that we may not break our noddles, nor beat our bones to