his own Portuguese tongue, which we have not yet acted. Yesterday was the first day of our coming hither: we have some field-tents pitched among the trees, on the margin of a copious stream, which spreads fertility over all these meadows. Last night we hung our nets upon these trees to deceive the simple little birds, which should come at the noise we make, and be caught in them. If, Sir, you please to be our guest, you shall be entertained generously and courteously; for into this place neither sorrow nor melancholy enter."

She held her peace, and said no more. To which Don Quixote answered: "Assuredly, fairest Lady, Actæon was not in greater surprise and amazement, when unawares he saw Diana bathing herself in the water, than I have been in at beholding your beauty. I applaud the scheme of your diversions, and thank you for your kind offers; and if I can do you any service, you may lay your commands upon me, in full assurance of being obeyed; for my profession is no other than to show myself grateful, and a benefactor to all sorts of people, especially to those of the rank your presence denotes you to be of: and should these nets, which probably take up but a small space, occupy the whole globe of the earth, I would seek out new worlds, to pass through, rather than hazard the breaking them. And, that you may afford some

credit to this exaggeration of mine, behold, he, who makes you this promise, is no less than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if perchance this name has ever reached your ears."—"Ah! friend of my soul!" cried the other young shepherdess then, "what good fortune is this, that has befallen us? See you this gentleman here before us? I assure you, he is the most valiant, the most enamoured, the most complaisant Knight in the world, unless a history which goes about of him in print, and which I have read, lies, and deceive us. I will lay a wager this honest man, who comes with him, is that very Sancho Panza, his squire, whose pleasantries none can equal."—"That is true," quoth Sancho; "I am that same jocular person, and that squire you say; and this gentleman is my master, the very Don Quixote de la Mancha aforesaid, and historified."—"Ah!" cried the other, "my dear, let us entreat him to stay; for our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleased to have him here; for I have heard the same things of his valour and wit, that you tell me: and particularly they say, he is the most constant and most faithful lover in the world; and that his mistress is one Dulcinea del Toboso, who bears away the palm from all the beauties in Spain."—"And with good reason," said Don Quixote, "unless your matchless beauty brings it into question. But weary not yourselves, Ladies, in endeavouring

to detain me; for the precise obligations of my profession will suffer me to rest no where."

By this time there came up to where the four stood, a brother of one of the young shepherdesses; he was also in a shepherd's dress, answerable in richness and gallantry to theirs. They told him that the person he saw was the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the other Sancho, his squire, of whom he had some knowledge by having read their history. The gallant shepherd saluted him, and desired him to come with him to the tents. Don Quixote could not refuse, and therefore went with him. Then the nets were drawn, and filled with variety of little birds, who, deceived by the colour of the nets, fell into the very danger they endeavoured to fly from. Above thirty persons, genteelly dressed in pastoral habits, were assembled together in that place, and presently were made acquainted who Don Quixote and his squire were: which was no small satisfaction to them, being already no strangers to his history. They hastened to the tents, where they found the table spread, rich, plentiful, and neat. They honoured Don Quixote with placing him at the upper end. They all gazed at him, and admired at the sight. Finally, the cloth being taken away, Don Quixote with great gravity raised his voice, and said:

"Of all the grievous sins men commit, though some say, pride, I say ingratitude is the worst, adhering to the common opinion, that hell is full of the ungrateful. This sin I have endeavoured to avoid, as much as possibly I could, ever since I came to the use of reason; and, if I cannot repay the good offices done me with the like, I place in their stead the desire of doing them; and, when this is not enough, I publish them; for he, who tells and publishes the good deeds done him, would return them in kind if he could: for generally the receivers are inferior to the givers, and God is therefore above all, because he is bountiful above all. But though the gifts of men are infinitely disproportionate to those of God, gratitude in some measure supplies their narrowness and defect. I then, being grateful for the civility offered me here, but restrained by the narrow limits of my ability from making a suitable return, offer what I can, and what is in my power; and therefore, I say, I will maintain, for two whole days, in the middle of this the king's highway, which leads to Saragossa, that these Lady Shepherdesses in disguise are the most beautiful and most courteous damsels in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my thoughts; without offence to any, that hear me, be it spoken." Sancho, who had been listening to him with

great attention, hearing this, said with a loud voice: "Is it possible there should be any persons in the world, who presume to say, and swear, that this master of mine is a madman? Speak, Gentlemen Shepherds; is there a country vicar, though ever so discreet, or ever so good a scholar, who can say all that my master has said? Is there a Knight-errant, though ever so renowned for valour, who can offer what my master has now offered?" Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and, with a wrathful countenance, said: "Is it possible, O Sancho, there is any body upon the globe, who will say you are not an idiot, lined with the same, and edged with I know not what of mischievous and knavish? Who gave you authority to meddle with what belongs to me, and to call in question my folly or discretion? Hold your peace, and make no reply; but go and saddle Rozinante, if he be unsaddled, and let us go and put my offer in execution; for, considering how much I am in the right, you may conclude all those, who shall contradict me, already conquered." Then, with great fury, and tokens of indignation, he rose from his seat, leaving the company in admiration, and in doubt, whether they should reckon him a madman or a man of sense. In short, they would have persuaded him not to put himself upon such a trial, since they were satisfied of his grateful nature, and wanted no other proofs of his valour, than

those related in the history of his exploits. But for all that Don Quixote persisted in his design, and, being mounted upon Rozinante, bracing his shield, and taking his lance, he planted himself in the middle of the highway, which was not far from the verdant meadow. Sancho followed upon his Dapple, with all the pastoral company, being desirous to see what would be the event of this arrogant and unheard-of challenge.

Don Quixote, being posted as I have said, in the middle of the road, wounded the air with such words as these: "O ye passengers, travellers, knights, squires, people on foot or on horseback, who now pass this way, or are to pass in these two days following, know that Don Quixote de la Mancha, Knight-errant, is posted here, ready to maintain, that the nymphs, who inhabit these meadows and groves, exceed all the world in beauty and courtesy, excepting only the mistress of my soul, Dulcinea del Toboso: and let him, who is of a contrary opinion, come; for here I stand, ready to receive him." Twice he repeated the same words, and twice they were not heard by any adventurer. But fortune, which was disposing his affairs from good to better, so ordered it, that soon after they discovered a great many men on horseback, and several of them with lances in their hands, all trooping in a cluster, and in great haste. Scarcely had they, who were with Don Quixote, seen them, when they turned

their backs, and got far enough out of the way, fearing, if they staid, they might be exposed to some danger. Don Quixote alone, with an intrepid heart, stood firm, and Sancho Panza screened himself with Rozinante's buttocks. The troop of lance-men came up, and one of the foremost began to cry aloud to Don Quixote: "Get out of the way, devil of a man, lest these bulls trample you to pieces."—"Rascals," replied Don Quixote, "I value not your bulls, though they were the fiercest, that Xarama[33] ever bred upon its banks: confess, ye scoundrels, unsight unseen, that what I have here proclaimed is true: if not, I challenge ye to battle." The herdsmen had no time to answer, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way, if he would: and so the whole herd of fierce bulls and tame kine, with the multitude of herdsmen, and others, who were driving them to a certain town, where they were to be baited in a day or two, ran over Don Quixote, and over Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, leaving them all sprawling and rolling on the ground. Sancho remained bruised, Don Quixote astonished, Dapple battered, and Rozinante not perfectly sound. But at length they all got up, and Don Quixote, in a great hurry, stumbling here, and falling there, began to run after the herd, crying aloud; "Hold, stop, ye scoundrels; for a single Knight defies ye all, who is not of the disposition or opinion of those, who say, 'Make a bridge of

silver for a flying enemy'." But the hasty runners stopped not the more for this, and made no more account of his menaces than of last year's clouds. Weariness stopped Don Quixote, and, more enraged than revenged, he sat down in the road, expecting the coming up of Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple. They came up; master and man mounted again, and, without turning back to take their leaves of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia, with more shame than satisfaction, pursued their journey.

CHAP. LIX.

WHEREIN IS RELATED AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT, WHICH BEFELL DON QUIXOTE, AND WHICH MAY PASS FOR AN ADVENTURE.

THE dust and weariness, Don Quixote and Sancho underwent through the rude encounter of the bulls, were relieved by a clear and limpid fountain they met with in a cool grove; on the brink of which, leaving Dapple and Rozinante free without halter or bridle, the way-beaten couple, master and man, sat them down. Sancho had recourse to the cupboard of his wallet, and drew out what he was wont to call his sauce. He rinsed his mouth, and Don Quixote washed his face: with which refreshment they recovered their

fainting spirits. Don Quixote would eat nothing out of pure chagrin, nor durst Sancho touch the victuals out of pure good manners, expecting his master should first be his taster. But seeing him so carried away by his imaginations, as to forget to put a bit in his mouth, he said nothing, but breaking through all kind of ceremony, began to stuff his hungry maw with the bread and cheese before him. "Eat, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and support life, which is of more importance to you than to me, and leave me to die by the hands of my reflections, and by the force of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and you to die eating: and, to show you that I speak the truth, consider me printed in histories, renowned in arms, courteous in my actions, respected by princes, courted by damsels; and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs, and crowns, earned and merited by my valorous exploits, this morning have I seen myself trod upon, kicked, and bruised under the feet of filthy and impure beasts. This reflection sets my teeth on edge, stupifies my grinders, benumbs my hands, and quite takes away my appetite; so that I intend to suffer myself to die with hunger, the cruellest of all deaths."—"At this rate," quoth Sancho (chewing all the while apace), "your Worship will not approve of the proverb, which says: *let Martha die, but die with her belly full.* At least, I do not intend to kill myself,

but rather to imitate the shoemaker, who pulls the leather with his teeth till he stretches it to what he would have it. I will stretch my life by eating, till it reaches the end Heaven has allotted it; and let me tell you, Sir, there is no greater madness, than to despair as you do: believe me, and, after you have eaten, try to sleep a little upon the green mattress of this grass, and you will see, when you awake, you will find yourself much eased." Don Quixote complied, thinking Sancho reasoned more like a philosopher than a fool; and he said: "If, O Sancho, you would now do for me, what I am going to tell you, my comforts would be more certain, and my sorrows not so great: and it is this, that while I, in pursuance of your advice, am sleeping, you will step a little aside from hence, and with the reins of Rozinante's bridle, turning up your flesh to the sky, give yourself three or four hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd, you are bound to give yourself for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for it is a great pity the poor Lady should continue under enchantment through your carelessnees and neglect."—"There is a great deal to be said as to that," quoth Sancho: "for the present, let us both sleep, and afterwards God knows what may happen. Pray, consider, Sir, that this same whipping one's self in cold blood is a cruel thing, and more so, when the lashes light upon a body ill sustained and worse fed.

Let my Lady Dulcinea have patience; for, when she least thinks of it, she shall see me pinked like a sieve by dint of stripes; and, until death all is life: I mean, I am still alive, together with the desire of fulfilling my promise." Don Quixote thanked him, ate a little, and Sancho much; and both of them addressed themselves to sleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, those inseparable companions and friends, at their own discretion, and without any control, to feed upon the plenty of grass, with which that meadow abounded.

They awoke somewhat of the latest; they mounted again, and pursued their journey, hastening to reach an inn, which seemed to be about a league off; I say an inn, because Don Quixote called it so, contrary to his custom of calling all inns castles. They arrived at it, and demanded of the host if he had any lodging? He answered, he had, with all the conveniencies and entertainment that was to be found even in Saragossa. They alighted, and Sancho secured his travelling cupboard in a chamber, of which the landlord gave him the key. He took the beasts to the stable, gave them their allowance, and went to see what commands Don Quixote, who was sat down upon a stone bench, had for him, giving particular thanks to Heaven, that this inn had not been taken by his master for a castle. Supper-time came: they betook them to their chamber. Sancho asked the host, what he had to

give them for supper. The host answered, his mouth should be measured, and he might call for whatever he pleased; for the inn was provided, as far as birds of the air, fowls of the earth, and fishes of the sea could go. "There is no need of quite so much," answered Sancho: "roast us but a couple of chickens, and we shall have enough; for my master is of a nice stomach, and I am no glutton." The host replied, he had no chickens, for the kites had devoured them. "Then order a pullet, Signor host," quoth Sancho, "to be roasted; but see that it be tender." —"A pullet? My father!" answered the host: "truly, truly, I sent above fifty yesterday to the city to be sold; but, excepting pullets, ask for whatever you will."—"If it be so," quoth Sancho, "veal or kid cannot be wanting."—"There is none in the house at present," answered the host; "for it is all made an end of: but next week there will be enough and to spare."—"We are much the nearer for that," answered Sancho: "I will lay a wager, all these deficiencies will be made up with a superabundance of bacon and eggs."—"Before God," answered the host, "my guest has an admirable guess with him: I told him I had neither pullets nor hens, and he would have me have eggs: talk of other delicacies, but ask no more for hens."—"Body of me! let us come to something," quoth Sancho: "tell me, in short, what you have, and

lay aside your flourishings, master host."—"Then," said the innkeeper, "what I really and truly have, is, a pair of cow-heels, that look like calves-feet, or a pair of calves-feet that look like cow-heel: they are stewed with pease, onions, and bacon, and at this very minute are crying, 'Come eat me, come eat me'."—"I mark them for my own, from this moment," quoth Sancho, "and let nobody touch them; for I will pay more for them than another shall, because I could wish for nothing, that I like better; and I care not a fig what heels they are, so they are not hoofs."—"Nobody shall touch them," said the host; "for some other guests in the house, out of pure gentility, bring their own cook, their caterer, and their provisions with them."—"If gentility be the business," quoth Sancho, "nobody is more a gentleman than my master: but the calling he is of allows of no catering nor butlering: alas! we clap us down in the midst of a green field, and fill our bellies with acorns, or medlars." This discourse Sancho held with the innkeeper, because he did not care to answer him any farther; for he had already asked him of what calling or employment his master was.

Supper-time being come, Don Quixote withdrew to his chamber: the host brought the flesh-pot just as it was, and fairly sat himself down to supper. It seems in the room next to that, where Don Quixote was, and divided only by a partition

of lath, Don Quixote heard somebody say; "By your life, Signor Don Jeronimo, while supper is getting ready, let us read another chapter of the second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha." Scarcely had Don Quixote heard himself named, when up he stood, and, with an attentive ear, listened to their discourse, and heard the aforesaid Don Jeronimo answer: "Why, Signor Don John, would you have us read such absurdities? For he, who has read the first part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, cannot possibly be pleased with reading the second."—"But for all that," said Don John, "it will not be amiss to read it; for there is no book so bad, but it has something good in it. What displeases me most in it, is, that the author describes Don Quixote as no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso." Which Don Quixote overhearing, full of wrath and indignation, he raised his voice, and said: "Whoever shall say, that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgotten, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know, with equal arms, that he is very wide of the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea can neither be forgotten, nor is Don Quixote capable of forgetting: his motto is constancy, and his profession is to preserve it with sweetness, and without doing himself any violence."—"Who is it that answers us?" replied one in the other room. "Who should it be," quoth Sancho, "but Don

Quixote de la Mancha himself? who will make good all he says, and all he shall say. For, a good paymaster is in pain for no pawn." Scarcely had Sancho said this, when into the room came two gentlemen; for such they seemed to be: and one of them, throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, said: "Your presence can neither belie your name, nor your name do otherwise than credit your presence. Doubtless, Signor, you are the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the north and morning star of Knight-errantry, maugre and in despite of him, who has endeavoured to usurp your name, and annihilate your exploits, as the author of this book I here give you has done." And, putting a book, that his companion brought, into Don Quixote's hands, he took it, and without answering a word, began to turn over the leaves, and presently after returned it, saying: "In the little I have seen I have found three things in this author, that deserve reprehension. The first is, some words I have read in the preface: the next, that the language is Arragonian; for he sometimes writes without articles: and the third, which chiefly convicts him of ignorance, is, that he errs, and deviates from the truth, in a principal point of the history. For here he says, that the wife of my squire Sancho Panza is called Mary Gutierrez, whereas that is not her name, but Teresa Panza; and he, who errs in so principal a point, may

very well be supposed to be mistaken in the rest of the history." Here Sancho said: "Prettily done indeed, of this same historian! he must be well informed, truly, of our adventures, since he calls Teresa Panza, my wife, Mary Gutierrez. Take the book again, Sir, and see whether I am in it, and whether he has changed my name."—"By what I have heard you speak, friend," said Don Jeronimo, "without doubt, you are Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's squire."—"I am so," answered Sancho, "and value myself upon it."—"In faith then," said the gentleman, "this modern author does not treat you with that decency, which seems agreeable to your person. He describes you a glutton, and a simpleton, and not at all pleasant, and a quite different Sancho from him described in the first part of your master's history."—"God forgive him," quoth Sancho; "he might have let me alone in my corner, without remembering me at all: for let him, who knows the instrument, play on it; and, Saint Peter is no where so well as at Rome."—The two gentlemen desired of Don Quixote, that he would step to their chamber, and sup with them; for they knew very well, there was nothing to be had in that inn, fit for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was always courteous, condescended to their request, and supped with them. Sancho staid behind with the flesh-pot, *cum mero mixto imperio:* he placed himself at the head of

the table, and by him sat down the innkeeper, as fond of the calves-feet, or cow-heels, as he.

While they were at supper, Don John asked Don Quixote, what news he had of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; whether she was married; whether yet brought to bed, or with child; or if, continuing a maiden, she still remembered, with the reserve of her modesty and good decorum, the amorous inclinations of Signor Don Quixote. To which our Knight replied: "Dulcinea is still a maiden, and my inclinations more constant than ever; our correspondence upon the old foot, and her beauty transformed into the visage of a coarse country wench." Then he recounted every particular of the enchantment of the Lady Dulcinea, and what had befallen him in Montesinos's cave, with the direction the sage Merlin had given him for her disenchantment, namely, by Sancho's lashes. Great was the satisfaction the two gentlemen received to hear Don Quixote relate the strange adventures of his history, admiring equally at his extravagancies, and at his elegant manner of telling them. One while they held him for a wise man, then for a fool; nor could they determine what degree to assign him between discretion and folly.

Sancho made an end of supper, and, leaving the innkeeper fuddled, went to the chamber where his master was, and, at entering, he said: "May I die, Gentlemen, if the author of this

book you have got has a mind he and I should eat a good meal together: I wish, since, as you say, he calls me glutton, he may not call me drunkard too."—"Ay, marry, does he," replied Don Jeronimo; "but I do not remember after what manner: though I know the expressions carried but an ill sound, and were false into the bargain, as I see plainly by the countenance of honest Sancho here present."—"Believe me, Gentlemen," quoth Sancho, "that the Sancho and Don Quixote of that history are not the same with those of the book, composed by Cid Hamete Benengeli, who are we; my master, valiant, discreet, and in love; and I, simple, and pleasant, and neither a glutton nor a drunkard."—"I believe it," answered Don John, "and, if it were possible, it should be ordered, that none should dare to treat of matters relating to Don Quixote, but only Cid Hamete, his first author; in like manner as Alexander commanded, that none should dare to draw his picture but Apelles."—"Draw me who will," said Don Quixote; "but let him not abuse me; for patience is apt to fail, when it is overladen with injuries."—"None," replied Don John, "can be offered Signor Don Quixote, that he cannot revenge; unless he wards it off with the buckler of his patience, which, in my opinion, is strong and great."

In these, and the like discourses, they spent

great part of the night; and though Don John had a mind Don Quixote should read more of the book, to see what it treated of, he could not be prevailed upon, saying, he deemed it as read, and pronounced it as foolish: besides, he was unwilling its author should have the pleasure of thinking he had read it, if peradventure he might come to hear he had had it in his hands; for the thoughts, and much more the eyes, ought to be turned from every thing filthy and obscene. They asked him, which way he intended to bend his course? He answered, to Saragossa, to be present at the jousts for the suit of armour, which are held every year in that city. Don John told him, how the new history related, that Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been there at the running at the ring, and that the description thereof was defective in the contrivance, mean and low in the style, miserably poor in devices, and rich only in simplicities. "For that very reason," answered Don Quixote, "I will not set a foot in Saragossa, and so I will expose to the world the falsity of this modern historiographer, and all people will plainly perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of."—"You will do very well," said Don Jeronimo, "and there are to be other jousts at Barcelona, where Signor Don Quixote may display his valour."—"It is my intention so to do," answered Don Quixote; "and, Gentlemen, be pleased to give me leave to go to

bed, for it is time, and place me among the number of your best friends and faithful servants."—"And me too," quoth Sancho: "perhaps I may be good for something." Having thus taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving Don John and Don Jeronimo in astonishment at the mixture he had discovered of wit and madness; and they verily believed these were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those described by the Arragonese author. Don Quixote got up very early, and, tapping at the partition of the other room, he again bid his new friends adieu: Sancho paid the innkeeper most magnificently, and advised him to brag less of the provision of his inn, or to provide it better.

CHAP. LX.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN HIS WAY TO BARCELONA.

THE morning was cool, and the day promised to be so too, when Don Quixote left the inn, first informing himself which was the directest road to Barcelona, without touching at Saragossa; so great was his desire to give the lie to that new historian, who, it was said, had abused him so much. Now it happened, that

in above six days, nothing fell out worth setting down in writing: at the end of which, going out of the road, night overtook them among some shady oaks or cork-trees; for, in this, Cid Hamete does not observe that punctuality he is wont to do in other matters. Master and man alighted from their beasts, and, seating themselves at the foot of the trees, Sancho, who had had his afternoon's collation that day, entered abruptly the gates of sleep. But Don Quixote, whose imaginations, much more than hunger, kept him waking, could not close his eyes: on the contrary, he was hurried in thought to and from a thousand places: now he fancied himself in Montesinos's cave; now, that he saw Dulcinea, transformed into a country wench, mount upon her ass at a spring; the next moment, that he was hearing the words of the sage Merlin, declaring to him the conditions to be observed, and the dispatch necessary for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. He was ready to run mad, to see the carelessness and little charity of his squire Sancho, who, as he believed, had given himself five lashes only; a number, poor, and disproportionate to the infinite still behind: and hence he conceived so much chagrin and indignation, that he spoke thus to himself: "If Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, saying, To cut is the same as to untie, and became nevertheless universal lord of all Asia, the same, neither more

nor less, may happen now, in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, if I should whip Sancho, whether he will or no: for, if the condition of this remedy consists in Sancho's receiving upwards of three thousand lashes, what is it to me, whether he gives them himself, or somebody else for him, since the essence lies in his receiving them, come they from what hand they will?"

With this conceit, he approached Sancho, having first taken Rozinante's reins, and adjusted them so that he might lash him with them, and began to untruss his points; though it is generally thought, that he had none but that before, which kept up his breeches. But no sooner had he begun, than Sancho awoke, and said: "What is the matter? Who is it that touches and untrusses me?"—"It is I," answered Don Quixote, "who come to supply your defects, and to remedy my own troubles: I come to whip you, Sancho, and to discharge, at least in part, the debt you stand engaged for. Dulcinea is perishing; you live unconcerned; I am dying with desire; and therefore untruss of your own accord, for I mean to give you, in this solitude, at least two thousand lashes."—"Not so," quoth Sancho; "pray be quiet, or, by the living God, the deaf shall hear us. The lashes I stand engaged for must be voluntary, and not upon compulsion; and, at present, I have no inclination to whip myself: let it suffice, that I give your

Worship my word to flog and flay myself, when I have a disposition to it."—"There is no leaving it to your courtesy, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for you are hard-hearted, and, though a peasant, of very tender flesh." Then he struggled with Sancho, and endeavoured to untruss him. Which Sancho Panza perceiving, he got upon his legs, and, closing with his master, he flung his arms about him, and, tripping up his heels, he laid him flat on his back, and, setting his right knee upon his breast, with his hands he held both his master's so fast, that he could neither stir nor breathe. Don Quixote said to him: "How, traitor! do you rebel against your master and natural lord? Do you lift up your hand against him, who feeds you?"—"I neither make nor unmake kings," answered Sancho: "I only assist myself, who am my own lord. If your Worship will promise me to be quiet, and not meddle with whipping me for the present, I will let you go free, and at your liberty: if not, here thou diest, traitor, enemy to Donna Sancha." Don Quixote promised him he would, and swore, by the life of his thoughts, he would not touch a hair of his garment, and would leave the whipping himself entirely to his own choice and free will, whenever he was so disposed.

Sancho got up, and went aside some little distance from thence; and, leaning against a tree, he felt something touch his head, and,

lifting up his hands, he felt a couple of feet dangling, with hose and shoes. He began to tremble with fear; he went to another tree, and the like befell him again: he called out to Don Quixote for help. Don Quixote, going to him, asked him, what the matter was, and what he was frightened at. Sancho answered, that all those trees were full of men's legs and feet. Don Quixote felt them, and immediately guessed what it was, and said to Sancho: "You need not be afraid: for what you feel, without seeing, are, doubtless, the feet and legs of some robbers and banditti, who are hung upon these trees: for here the officers of justice hang them, when they can catch them, by twenties and thirties at a time, in clusters: whence I guess I am not far from Barcelona." And, in truth, it was as he imagined.

And now, the day breaking, they lifted up their eyes, and perceived, that the clusters hanging on those trees, were so many bodies of banditti: and, if the dead had scared them, no less were they terrified by above forty living banditti, who surrounded them unawares, bidding them, in the Catalan tongue, be quiet, and stand still, till their captain came. Don Quixote was on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance leaning against a tree, and, in short, defenceless; and therefore he thought it best to cross his hands, and hang his head, reserving himself for a better

opportunity and conjuncture. The robbers fell to rifling Dapple, and stripping him of every thing he carried in the wallet or the pillion: and it fell out luckily for Sancho, that he had secured the crowns given him by the Duke, and those he brought from home, in a belt about his middle. But, for all that, these good folks would have searched and examined him, even to what lay hid between the skin and the flesh, had not their captain arrived just in the nick. He seemed to be about thirty-four years of age, robust, above the middle size, of a grave aspect, and a brown complexion. He was mounted upon a puissant steed, clad in a coat of mail, and armed with two case of pistols, or firelocks. He saw, that his squires (for so they call men of that vocation) were going to plunder Sancho Panza: he commanded them to forbear, and was instantly obeyed, and so the girdle escaped. He wondered to see a lance standing against a tree, a target on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour and pensive, with the most sad and melancholy countenance, that sadness itself could frame. He went up to him, and said: "Be not so dejected, good Sir; for you are not fallen into the hands of a cruel Osiris, but into those of Roque Guinart, who is more compassionate than cruel." —"My dejection," answered Don Quixote, "is not upon account of my having fallen into your hands, O valorous Roque, whose renown no

bounds on earth can limit, but for being so careless, that your soldiers surprised me, my horse unbridled; whereas I am bound, by the order of Knight-errantry, which I profess, to be continually upon the watch, and at all hours my own sentinel: for, let me tell you, illustrious Roque, had they found me on horseback, with my lance and my target, it had not been very easy for them to have made me surrender; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, he of whose exploits the whole world is full." Roque Guinart presently perceived, that Don Quixote's infirmity had in it more of madness than valour; and, though he had sometimes heard him spoken of, he never took what was published of him for truth, nor could he persuade himself, that such an humour should reign in the heart of man: so that he was extremely glad he had met with him, to be convinced near at hand of the truth of what he had heard at a distance; and therefore he said to him: "Be not concerned, valorous Knight, nor look upon this accident as a piece of sinister fortune: for it may chance, among these turnings and windings, that your crooked lot may be set to rights; for Heaven, by strange unheard-of, and by men unimagined, ways, raises those that are fallen, and enriches those that are poor."

Don Quixote was just going to return him thanks, when they heard behind them a noise like that of a troop of horses; but it was occa-

sioned by one only, upon which came, riding full speed, a youth, seemingly about twenty years of age, clad in green damask with a gold-lace trimming, trousers, and a loose coat; his hat cocked in the walloon fashion, with straight waxed boots, and his spurs, dagger, and sword gilt; a small carabine in his hand, and a brace of pistols by his side. Roque turned about his head at the noise, and saw this handsome figure, which, at coming up to him, said: "In quest of you I come, O valorous Roque, hoping to find in you, if not a remedy, at least some alleviation of my misfortune; and, not to keep you in suspense, because I perceive you do not know me, I will tell you who I am. I am Claudia Jeronima, daughter of Simon Forte, your singular friend, and particular enemy to Clauquel Torellas, who is also yours, being of the contrary faction: and you know, that this Torellas has a son, called Don Vincente de Torellas, or at least was called so not two hours ago. He then (to shorten the story of my misfortune, I will tell you in a few words what he has brought upon me), he, I say, saw me, and courted me: I hearkened to him, and fell in love with him, unknown to my father: for there is no woman, be she never so retired, or never so reserved, but has time enough to effect and put in execution her unruly desires. In short, he promised to be my husband, and I gave him my word to be his, without proceeding

any farther. Yesterday I was informed, that, forgetting his obligations to me, he had contracted himself to another, and, this morning, was going to be married. This news confounded me, and I lost all patience: and, my father happening to be out of town, I had an opportunity of putting myself into this garb you see me in, and, spurring this horse, I overtook Don Vincente about a league from hence, and, without urging reproaches, or hearing excuses, I discharged this carabine, and this pair of pistols into the bargain, and, as I believe, lodged more than a brace of balls in his body, opening a door, through which my honour, distained in his blood, might issue out. I left him among his servants, who durst not, or could not, interpose in his defence. I am come to seek you, that by your means I may escape to France, where I have relations, and to entreat you likewise to protect my father, that the numerous relations of Don Vincente may not dare to take a cruel revenge upon him."

Roque, surprised at the gallantry, bravery, fine shape, and accident of the beautiful Claudia, said: "Come, Madam, and let us see, whether your enemy be dead, and afterwards we will consider what is most proper to be done for you." Don Quixote, who had listened attentively to what Claudia had said, and what Roque Guinart answered, said: "Let no one trouble himself

about defending this lady; for I take it upon myself: give me my horse and my arms, and stay here for me, while I go in quest of this Knight, and, dead or alive, make him fulfil his promise made to so much beauty."—"Nobody doubts that," quoth Sancho: "my master has a special hand at match-making; for, not many days ago, he obliged another person to marry, who also had denied the promise he had given to another maiden; and, had not the enchanters, who persecute him, changed his true shape into that of a lackey, at this very hour that same maiden would not have been one."

Roque, who was more intent upon Claudia's business, than the reasoning of master and man, understood them not; and, commanding his squires to restore to Sancho all they had taken from Dapple, ordering them likewise to retire to the place, where they had lodged the night before, he presently went off with Claudia, in all haste, in quest of the wounded, or dead, Don Vincente. They came to the place, where Claudia had come up with him, and found nothing there but blood newly spilt; then, looking round about them, as far as they could extend their sight, they discovered some people upon the side of a hill, and guessed (as indeed it proved) that it must be Don Vincente, whom his servants were carrying off, alive or dead, in order either to his cure, or his burial. They made all the

haste they could to overtake them; which they easily did, the others going but softly. They found Don Vincente in the arms of his servants, and, with a low and feeble voice, desiring them to let him die there, for the anguish of his wounds would not permit him to go any further. Claudia and Roque, flinging themselves from their horses, drew near. The servants were startled at the sight of Roque, and Claudia was disturbed at that of Don Vincente: and so, divided betwixt tenderness and cruelty, she approached him, and, taking hold of his hand, she said: "If you had given me this, according to our contract, you had not been reduced to this extremity." The wounded cavalier opened his almost closed eyes; and, knowing Claudia, he said: "I perceive, fair and mistaken Lady, that to your hand I owe my death; a punishment neither merited by me, nor due to my wishes; for neither my desires, nor my actions, could, or would, offend you."—"Is it not true then," said Claudia, "that this very morning, you were going to be married to Leonora, daughter of the rich Balvastro?"—"No, in truth," answered Don Vincente: "my evil fortune must have carried you that news, to excite your jealousy to bereave me of life, which since I leave in your hands, and between your arms, I esteem myself happy; and, to assure you of this truth, take my hand, and receive me for your husband, if you