

are willing ; for I can give you no greater satisfaction for the injury, you imagine you have received."

Claudia pressed his hand, and so wrung her own heart, that she fell into a swoon upon the bloody bosom of Don Vincente, and he into a mortal paroxysm. Roque was confounded, and knew not what to do. The servants ran for water to fling in their faces, and bringing it, sprinkled them with it. Claudia returned from her swoon, but not Don Vincente from his paroxysm ; for it put an end to his life. Which Claudia seeing, and being assured that her sweet husband was no longer alive, she broke the air with her sighs, wounded the Heavens with her complaints, tore her hair, and gave it to the winds, disfigured her face with her own hands, with all the signs of grief and affliction, that can be imagined to proceed from a sorrowful heart. " Oh cruel and inconsiderate woman !" said she ; " with what facility wert thou moved to put so evil a thought in execution ! Oh raging force of jealousy, to what a desperate end dost thou lead those, who harbour thee in their breasts ! Oh my husband ! whose unhappy lot, for being mine, hath sent thee, for thy bridal bed, to the grave !" Such and so great were the lamentations of Claudia, that they extorted tears from the eyes of Roque, not accustomed to shed them upon any occasion. The servants wept ; Claudia fainted

away at every step, and all around seemed to be a field of sorrow, and seat of misfortune. Finally, Roque Guinart ordered Don Vincente's servants to carry his body to the place, where his father dwelt, which was not far off, there to give it burial. Claudia told Roque, she would retire to a nunnery, of which an aunt of hers was abbess; where she designed to end her life, in the company of a better and an eternal Spouse. Roque applauded her good intention, and offered to bear her company whithersoever she pleased, and to defend her father against Don Vincente's relations, and all, who should desire to hurt him. Claudia would by no means accept of his company, and thanking him for his offer in the best manner she could, took her leave of him weeping. Don Vincente's servants carried off his body, and Roque returned to his companions. Thus ended the loves of Claudia Jeronima: and no wonder, since the web of her doleful history was woven by the cruel and irresistible hand of jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his squires in the place he had appointed them, and Don Quixote among them, mounted upon Rozinante, and making a speech, wherein he was persuading them to leave that kind of life, so dangerous both to soul and body. But, most of them being Gascons, a rude and disorderly sort of people, Don Quixote's harangue made little or no impression upon them. Roque, being arrived, demanded of Sancho

Panza, whether they had returned and restored him all the moveables and jewels his folks had taken from Dapple. Sancho answered, they had, all but three nightcaps, which were worth three cities. "What does the fellow say?" cried one of the by-standers: "I have them, and they are not worth three reals."—"That is true," said Don Quixote; "but my squire values them at what he has said, for the sake of the person, who gave them." Roque Guinart ordered them to be restored that moment, and, commanding his men to draw up in a line, he caused all the clothes, jewels, and money, and, in short, all they had plundered, since the last distribution, to be brought before them; and, making a short appraisal, and reducing the undividable into money, he shared it among his company with so much equity and prudence, that he neither went beyond, nor fell the least short of distributive justice. This done, with which all were paid, contented, and satisfied, Roque said to Don Quixote: "If this punctuality were not strictly observed, there would be no living among these fellows." To which Sancho said: "By what I have seen, justice is so good a thing, that it is necessary even among thieves themselves." One of the squires hearing him, lifted up the butt-end of a musket, and had doubtless split Sancho's head therewith, had not Roque Guinart called out aloud to him to forbear. Sancho was fright-

ened, and resolved not to open his lips, while he continued among those people.

At this juncture came two or three of the squires, who were posted as sentinels on the highway, to observe travellers, and give notice to their chief of what passed, and said to him : " Not far from hence, Sir, in the road, that leads to Barcelona, comes a great company of people." To which Roque replied : " Have you distinguished, whether they are such as seek us, or such as we seek?"—"Such as we seek," answered the squire. "Then sally forth," replied Roque, "and bring them hither presently, without letting one escape."

They obeyed; and Don Quixote, Sancho, and Roque, remaining by themselves, stood expecting what the squires would bring; and, in this interval, Roque said to Don Quixote: "This life of ours must needs seem very new to Signor Don Quixote; new adventures, new accidents, and all of them full of danger: nor do I wonder it should appear so to you; for, I confess truly to you, there is no kind of life more unquiet, nor more full of alarms, than ours. I was led into it by I know not what desire of revenge, which has force enough to disturb the most sedate minds. I am naturally compassionate and good-natured: but, as I have said, the desire of revenging an injury done me so bears down this good inclination in me, that I persevere in this



state, in spite of knowing better: and, as one mischief draws after it another, and one sin is followed by a second, my revenges have been so linked together, that I not only take upon me my own, but those of other people. But it pleases God, that, though I see myself in the midst of this labyrinth of confusions, I do not lose the hope of getting out of it, and arriving at last in a safe harbour."

Don Quixote was in admiration to hear Roque talk such good and sound sense; for he thought, that, amongst those of his trade of robbing, murdering, and waylaying, there could be none capable of serious reflection; and he answered: "Signor Roque, the beginning of health consists in the knowledge of the distemper, and in the patient's being willing to take the medicines, prescribed him by the physician. You are sick: you know your disease; and Heaven, or rather God, who is our physician, will apply medicines to heal you, such as usually heal gradually, by little and little, and not suddenly, and by miracle. Besides, sinners of good understanding are nearer to amendment than foolish ones; and since, by your discourse, you have shown your prudence, it remains only, that you be of good cheer, and hope for a bettering of your conscience; and, if you would shorten the way, and place yourself with ease in that of your salvation, come with me, and I will teach you to

be a Knight-errant; in which profession there are so many troubles and disasters, that, being placed to the account of penance, they will carry you to Heaven in two twinklings of an eye." Roque smiled at Don Quixote's counsel, to whom, changing the discourse, he related the tragical adventure of Claudia Jeronima, which extremely grieved Sancho, who did not dislike the beauty, freedom, and sprightliness of the young lady.

By this time the squires returned with their prize, bringing with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, with about six servants, some on foot and some on horseback, accompanying them, and two muleteers belonging to the gentlemen. The squires enclosed them round, the vanquishers and vanquished keeping a profound silence, waiting till the great Roque should speak; who asked the gentlemen who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had. One of them answered: "Sir, we are two captains of Spanish foot; our companies are at Naples, and we are going to embark in four galleys, which are said to be at Barcelona, with orders to pass over to Sicily. We have about two or three hundred crowns, with which we think ourselves rich and happy, since the usual penury of soldiers allows no greater treasures." Roque put the same question to the pilgrims, who replied,

they were going to embark for Rome, and that, between them both, they might have about sixty reals. He demanded also, who those were in the coach, where they were going, and what money they carried; and one of those on horseback answered: "The persons in the coach are, my Lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones, wife of the regent of the vicarship of Naples, a little daughter, a waiting-maid, and a duenna. Six servants of us accompany them; and the money they carry is six hundred crowns."—"So then," said Roque Guinart, "we have here nine hundred crowns, and sixty reals: my soldiers are sixty; see how much it comes to apiece, for I am but an indifferent accomptant."

The robbers, hearing him say this, lifted up their voices, saying: "Long live Roque Guinart, in spite of all the wretches, who seek his destruction." The captains showed signs of affliction, the Lady Regent was dejected, and the pilgrims were not at all pleased, at seeing the confiscation of their effects. Roque held them thus for some time in suspense, but would not let their sorrow, which might be seen a musket-shot off, last any longer; and, turning to the captains, he said: "Be pleased, Gentlemen, to do me the favour to lend me sixty crowns, and you, Lady Regent, fourscore, to satisfy this squadron of my followers: for, the abbot must eat, that sings for his meat: and then you may

depart free and unmolested, with a pass I will give you, that if you meet with any more of my squadrons, which I keep in several divisions up and down in these parts, they may not hurt you; for it is not my intention to wrong soldiers, nor any woman, especially if she be of quality." Infinite and well expressed were the thanks the captains returned Roque for his courtesy and liberality; for such they esteemed his leaving them part of their own money. Donna Guiomar de Quinones was ready to throw herself out of her coach, to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque: but he would in no wise consent to it, but rather begged pardon for the injury he was forced to do them, in compliance with the precise duty of his wicked office. The Lady Regent ordered one of her servants immediately to give the eighty crowns, her share of the assessment, and the captains had already disbursed their sixty. The pilgrims were going to offer their little all: but Roque bid them stay a little, and, turning about to his men, he said: "Of these crowns, two fall to each man's share, and twenty remain: let ten be given to these pilgrims, and the other ten to this honest squire, that he may have it in his power to speak well of this adventure:" and, calling for pen, ink, and paper, with which he always was provided, Roque gave them a pass, directed to the chiefs of his band, and, taking leave of them, he let them go free, in admiration

at his generosity, his graceful deportment, and strange procedure, and looking upon him rather as an Alexander the Great, than a notorious robber.

One of the squires said, in his Gascon and Catalan language; "This captain of ours is fitter for a friar than a felon: for the future, if he has a mind to show himself liberal, let it be of his own goods, and not of ours." The wretch spoke not so low, but Roque overheard him, and, drawing his sword, he almost cleft his head in two, saying; "Thus I chastise the ill-tongued and saucy." All the rest were frightened, and no one durst utter a word; such was the awe and obedience they were held in. Roque went a little aside, and wrote a letter to a friend of his at Barcelona, acquainting him, that the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, that Knight-errant, of whom so many things were reported, was in his company; giving him to understand, that he was the pleasantest and most ingenious person in the world; and that, four days after, on the feast of Saint John Baptist, he would appear on the strand of the city, armed at all points, mounted on his horse Rozinante, and his squire Sancho upon an ass; desiring him to give notice thereof to his friends the Niarri, that they might make themselves merry with him; and expressing his wishes, that his enemies the Cadelli might not partake of the diversion; though that

was impossible, because the wild extravagances and distraction of Don Quixote, together with the witty sayings of his squire Sancho Panza, could not fail to give general pleasure to all the world. He dispatched this epistle by one of his squires, who, changing the habit of an outlaw for that of a peasant, entered into Barcelona, and delivered it into the hands of the person it was directed to.

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## CHAP. LXI.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE AT HIS ENTRANCE INTO BARCELONA; WITH OTHER EVENTS, MORE TRUE THAN INGENIOUS.

THREE days and three nights Don Quixote staid with Roque; and, had he staid three hundred years, he would not have wanted subject matter for observation and admiration in his way of life. Here they lodge, there they dine: one while they fly, not knowing from whom; another, they lie in wait, they know not for whom. They slept standing, with interrupted slumbers, and shifting from one place to another: they were perpetually sending out spies, posting sentinels, blowing the matches of their muskets; though they had but few, most of them making use of firelocks. Roque passed the nights apart from his followers, in places to them unknown:

for the many proclamations the viceroy of Barcelona had published against him, kept him in fear and disquiet, not daring to trust any body, and apprehensive lest his own men should either kill or deliver him up to justice, for the price set upon his head: a life truly miserable and irksome. In short, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho; attended by six squires, set out for Barcelona, through unfrequented ways, short cuts, and covered paths. They arrived upon the strand on the eve of Saint John, in the night-time; and Roque, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, to whom he gave the ten crowns promised, but not yet given him, left them, with a thousand offers of service made on both sides.

Roque returned back, and Don Quixote staid expecting the day on horseback, just as he was; and it was not long, before the face of the beautiful Aurora began to discover itself through the balconies of the east, rejoicing the grass and flowers, instead of rejoicing the ears; though, at the same instant, the ears also were rejoiced by the sound of abundance of waits and kettle-drums, the jingling of morrice-bells, with the trampling of horsemen, seemingly coming out of the city. Aurora gave place to the sun, which was rising by degrees from below the horizon, with a face bigger than a target. Don Quixote and Sancho, casting their eyes around on every side, saw the sea, which till then they had never seen. It ap-



peared to them very large and spacious, somewhat bigger than the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha. They saw the gallies lying close to the shore, which, taking in their awnings, appeared full of streamers and pennants trembling in the wind, and kissing and brushing the water. From within them sounded clarions, trumpets, and waits, filling the air all around with sweet and martial music. Presently the gallies began to move, and to skirmish, as it were, on the still waters : and, at the same time, corresponding with them, as it were, on the land, an infinite number of cavaliers mounted on beautiful horses, and attended with gay liveries, issued forth from the city. The soldiers on board the gallies discharged several rounds of cannon, which were answered by those on the walls and forts of the city. The heavy artillery, with dreadful noise, rent the wind, which was echoed back by the cannon on the forecastles of the gallies. The sea was cheerful, the land jocund, and the air bright, only now and then obscured a little by the smoke of the artillery. All which together seemed to infuse and engender a sudden pleasure in all the people. Sancho could not imagine how those bulks, which moved backwards and forwards in the sea, came to have so many legs.

By this time those with the liveries came up on a full gallop, with leilies and shouts after the Moorish fashion, to the place, where Don Qui-

xote was standing, wrapped in wonder and surprise; and one of them (the person to whom Roque had sent the letter) said in a loud voice to Don Quixote: "Welcome to our city, the mirror, the beacon, and polar star of Knight-errantry in its greatest extent: welcome, I say, the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha; not the spurious, the fictitious, the apocryphal, lately exhibited among us in lying histories, but the true, the legitimate, the genuine, described to us by Cid Hamete Benengeli, the flower of historians." Don Quixote answered not a word, nor did the cavaliers wait for any answer; but wheeling about with all their followers, they began to career and curvet it round Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said: "These people seem to know us well; I will lay a wager they have read our history, and even that of the Arragonese lately printed." The gentleman, who spoke to Don Quixote, said again to him: "Be pleased, Signor Don Quixote, to come along with us; for we are all very humble servants, and great friends of Roque Guinart." To which Don Quixote replied: "If courtesies beget courtesies, yours, good Sir, is daughter, or very near kinswoman, to those of the great Roque; conduct me whither you please; for I have no other will but yours, especially if you please to employ it in your service." The gentleman answered in expressions no less civil; and, enclosing him in

the midst of them, they all marched with him, to the sound of waits and drums, toward the city, at the entrance of which, the wicked one, who is the author of all mischief, so ordered it, that, among the boys, who are more wicked than the wicked one himself, two bold and unlucky rogues crowded through the press, and one of them lifting up Dapple's tail, and the other that of Rozinante, they thrust under each a handful of briars. The poor beasts felt the new spurs, and by clapping their tails the closer, augmented their smart, in such sort, that, after several plunges, they flung their riders to the ground. Don Quixote, out of countenance, and affronted, hastened to free his horse's tail from this new plumage, and Sancho did the like by Dapple. Those, who conducted Don Quixote, would have chastised the insolence of the boys; but it was impossible, for they were soon lost among above a thousand more, that followed them. Don Quixote and Sancho mounted again, and, with the same acclamations and music, arrived at their conductor's house, which was large and fair, such, in short, as became a gentleman of fortune: where we will leave them for the present; for so Cid Hamete Benengeli will have it.

## CHAP. LXII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED HEAD, WITH OTHER TRIFLES, THAT MUST NOT BE OMITTED.

DON Quixote's host was called Don Antonio Moreno, a rich and discreet gentleman, and a lover of mirth in a decent and civil way. And so, having Don Quixote in his house, he began to contrive methods, how, without prejudice to his guest, he might take advantage of Don Quixote's madness; for jests, that hurt, are no jests, nor are those pastimes good for any thing, which turn to the detriment of a third person. The first thing therefore, he did, was to cause Don Quixote to be unarmed, and exposed to view in his strait shamois doublet (as we have already described and painted it) in a balcony, which looked into one of the chief streets of the city, in sight of the populace and of the boys, who stood gazing at him as if he had been a monkey. The cavaliers with the liveries began to career it afresh before him, as if for him alone, and not in honour of that day's festival, they had provided them. Sancho was highly delighted, thinking he had found, without knowing how or which way, another Camacho's wedding, another house like Don Diego de Miranda's, and another castle like the Duke's.

Several of Don Antonio's friends dined with him that day; all honouring and treating Don Quixote as a Knight-errant; at which he was so puffed up with vain-glory, that he could scarcely conceal the pleasure it gave him. Sancho's witty conceits were such, and so many, that all the servants of the house hung as it were upon his lips, and so did all, that heard him. While they were at table, Don Antonio said to Sancho: "We are told here, honest Sancho, that you are so great a lover of capons and sausages, that, when you have filled your belly, you stuff your pockets with the remainder for next day."—"No, Sir, it is not so," answered Sancho; "your Worship is misinformed; for I am more cleanly, than gluttonous; and my master Don Quixote, here present, knows very well, how he and I often live eight days upon a handful of acorns or hazel-nuts: it is true, indeed, if it so falls out, that they give me a heifer, I make haste with a halter; I mean, that I eat whatever is offered me, and take the times as I find them; and whoever has said, that I am given to eat much, and am not cleanly, take it from me, he is very much out: and I would say this in another manner, were it not out of respect to the honourable beards here at table."—"In truth," added Don Quixote, "Sancho's parsimony and cleanliness in eating deserve to be written and engraved on plates of brass, to remain an eternal memorial

for ages to come. I must confess, when he is hungry, he seems to be somewhat of a glutton; for he eats fast, and chews at both sides at once; but as for cleanliness, he always strictly observes it; and, when he was a governor, he learned to eat so nicely, that he took up grapes, and even the grains of a pomegranate, with the point of a fork." — "How!" cried Don Antonio, "has Sancho then been a governor?" — "Yes," answered Sancho, "and of an island, called Barataria. Ten days I governed it, at my own will and pleasure; in which time I lost my rest, and learned to despise all the governments in the world: I fled away from it, and fell into a pit, where I looked upon myself as a dead man, and out of which I escaped alive by a miracle." Don Quixote related minutely all the circumstances of Sancho's government; which gave great pleasure to the hearers.

The cloth being taken away, Don Antonio, taking Don Quixote by the hand, led him into a distant apartment, in which there was no other furniture, but a table seemingly of jasper, standing upon a foot of the same: upon which there was placed, after the manner of the busts of the Roman emperors, a head, which seemed to be of brass. Don Antonio walked with Don Quixote up and down the room, taking several turns about the table; after which he said: "Signor Don Quixote, now that I am assured nobody is

within hearing, and that the door is fast, I will tell you one of the rarest adventures, or rather one of the greatest novelties, that can be imagined, upon condition, that what I shall tell you be repositied in the inmost recesses of secrecy.”—  
“I swear it shall,” answered Don Quixote, “and I will clap a grave-stone over it, for the greater security; for I would have your Worship know, Signor Don Antonio (for by this time he had learned his name), that you are talking to one, who, though he has ears to hear, has no tongue to speak: so that you may safely transfer whatever is in your breast into mine, and make account you have thrown it into the abyss of silence.”—  
“In confidence of this promise,” answered Don Antonio, “I will raise your admiration by what you shall see and hear, and procure myself some relief from the pain I suffer by not having somebody to communicate my secrets to, which are not to be trusted with every body.” Don Quixote was in suspense, expecting what so many precautions would end in. Don Antonio then, taking hold of his hand, made him pass it over the brazen head, the table, and the jasper pedestal it stood upon, and then said: “This head, Signor Don Quixote, was wrought and contrived by one of the greatest enchanters and wizards the world ever had. He was, I think, by birth a Polander, and disciple of the famous Escotillo<sup>34</sup>, of whom so many wonders are related. He was



here in my house, and, for the reward of a thousand crowns, made me this head, which has the virtue and property of answering to every question asked at its ear. After drawing figures, erecting schemes, and observing the stars, he brought it at length to the perfection we shall see to-morrow; for it is mute on Fridays, and, this happening to be Friday, we must wait till to-morrow. In the mean while you may bethink yourself what questions you will ask; for I know by experience, it tells the truth in all its answers." Don Quixote wondered at the property and virtue of the head, and was ready to disbelieve Don Antonio: but considering how short a time was set for making the experiment, he would say no more, but only thanked him for having discovered to him so great a secret. They went out of the chamber: Don Antonio locked the door after him; and they came to the hall, where the rest of the gentlemen were; and in this time Sancho had recounted to them many of the adventures and accidents, that had befallen his master.

That evening they carried Don Quixote abroad, to take the air, not armed, but dressed like a citizen, in a long loose garment of tawny-coloured cloth, which would have made frost itself sweat at that season. They ordered their servants to entertain and amuse Sancho, so as not to let him go out of doors. Don Quixote rode, not upon Rozinante, but upon a large, easy-paced

mule, handsomely accoutred. In dressing him, unperceived by him, they pinned at his back a parchment whereon was written in capital letters; THIS IS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. They no sooner began their march, but the scroll drew the eyes of all that passed by, and they read aloud, "This is Don Quixote de la Mancha." Don Quixote wondered, that every body, who saw him, named, and knew him; and, turning to Don Antonio, who was riding by his side, he said: "Great is the prerogative inherent in Knight-errantry, since it makes all its professors known and renowned throughout the limits of the earth: for, pray observe, Signor Don Antonio, how the very boys of this city know me, without having ever seen me."—"It is true, Signor Don Quixote," answered Don Antonio; "for, as fire cannot be hidden nor confined, so virtue will be known: and that, which is obtained by the profession of arms, shines with a brightness and lustre superior to that of all others."

Now it happened, that, as Don Quixote was riding along with the applause aforesaid, a Castilian, who had read the label on his shoulders, lifted up his voice, saying: "The devil take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha! What! are you got hither, without being killed by the infinite number of bangs you have had upon your back? You are mad, and, were you so alone, and within the doors of your own folly, the mis-

chief were the less: but you have the property of converting into fools and madmen, all that converse, or have any communication with you; witness these Gentlemen, who accompany you. Get you home, fool, and look after your estate, your wife and children, and leave off these vanities, which worm-eat your brain, and skim off the cream of your understanding.”—“Brother,” replied Don Antonio, “keep on your way, and do not be giving counsel to those, who do not ask it. Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha is wise, and we, who bear him company, are not fools. Virtue challenges respect, wherever it is found: and be gone in an evil hour, and meddle not, where you are not called.”—“Before God,” answered the Castilian, “your Worship is in the right; for to give advice to this good man, is to kick against the pricks. But for all that it grieves me very much, that the good sense, it is said, this madman discovers in all other things, should run to waste through the channel of his Knight-errantry: and the evil hour, your Worship wished me, be to me and to all my descendants, if, from this day forward, though I should live more years than Methusalem, I give advice to any body, though they should ask it me.” The adviser departed; the procession went on: but the boys and the people crowded so to read the scroll, that Don Antonio was forced to take it off, under pretence of taking off something else.

Night came : the processioners returned home, where was a ball of ladies : for Don Antonio's wife, who was a lady of distinction, cheerful, beautiful, and discreet, had invited several of her friends to honour her guest, and to entertain them with his unheard-of madness. Several ladies came : they supped splendidly, and the ball began about ten o'clock at night. Among the ladies, there were two of an arch and pleasant disposition, who, though they were very modest, yet behaved with more freedom than usual, that the jest might divert without giving distaste. These were so eager to take Don Quixote out to dance, that they teased, not only his body, but his very soul. It was a perfect sight to behold the figure of Don Quixote, long, lank, lean, and yellow, straitened in his clothes, awkward, and especially not at all nimble. The ladies courted him as it were by stealth, and he disdained them by stealth too. But, finding himself hard pressed by their courtships, he exalted his voice, and said : "*Fugite, partes adversæ*; leave me to my repose, ye unwelcome thoughts; avaunt, ladies, with your desires; for she, who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, will not consent, that any others but hers should subject and subdue me." And, so saying, he sat down in the middle of the hall upon the floor, quite fatigued and disjointed by his dancing exercise. Don Antonio ordered the servants

to take him up, and carry him to bed; and the first, who lent an helping hand, was Sancho, who said: "What, in God's name, master of mine, put you upon dancing? Think you that all, who are valiant, must be caperers, or all Knights-errant dancing-masters? If you think so, I say you are mistaken: I know those, who would sooner cut a giant's windpipe than a caper. Had you been for the shoe-jig<sup>35</sup>, I would have supplied your defect; for I slap it away like any gerfalcon: but as for regular dancing, I cannot work a stitch at it." With this, and similar discourse, Sancho furnished matter of laughter to the company, and laid his master in bed, covering him up stoutly, that he might sweat out the cold he might have got by his dancing.

The next day, Don Antonio thought fit to make an experiment of the enchanted head; and so, with Don Quixote, Sancho, and two other friends, with the two ladies, who had worried Don Quixote in dancing (for they staid that night with Don Antonio's wife), he locked himself up in the room, where the head stood. He told them the property it had, charged them all with the secret, and told them, this was the first day of his trying the virtue of that enchanted head. Nobody but Don Antonio's two friends knew the trick of the enchantment; and, if Don Antonio had not first discovered it to them, they also would have been as much surprised as the

rest, it being impossible not to be so, so cunningly and curiously was it contrived. The first, who approached the ear of the head, was Don Antonio himself, who said in a low voice, yet not so low but he was overheard by them all: "Tell me, head, by the virtue inherent in thee, what am I now thinking of?" The head answered, without moving its lips, in a clear and distinct voice, so as to be heard by every body: "I am no judge of thoughts." At hearing of which they were all astonished, especially since, neither in the room, nor any where about the table, was there any human creature that could answer. "How many of us are here?" demanded Don Antonio again. Answer was made him in the same key: "You and your wife, with two friends of yours, and two of hers, and a famous Knight, called Don Quixote de le Mancha, with a certain squire of his, Sancho Panza by name." Here was wondering indeed; here was every body's hair standing on end out of pure affright. Don Antonio, going aside at some distance from the head, said: "This is enough to assure me, I was not deceived by him, who sold you to me, sage head, speaking head, answering head, and admirable head! Let somebody else go, and ask it what they please." Now, as women are commonly in haste, and inquisitive, the first, who went up to it, was one of the two friends of Don Antonio's wife, and her question was: "Tell me,

head, what shall I do to be very handsome?" It was answered: "Be very modest."—"I ask you no more," said the querist. Then her companion came up, and said: "I would know, head, whether my husband loves me, or no." The answer was: "You may easily know that by his usage of you." The married woman, going aside, said: "The question might very well have been spared; for, in reality, a man's actions are the best interpreters of his affections." Then one of Don Antonio's two friends went and asked him: "Who am I?" The answer was: "You know."—"I do not ask you that," answered the gentleman, "but only, whether you know me?"—"I do," replied the head; "you are Don Pedro Noriz."—"I desire to hear no more," said he; "since this is sufficient, O head, to convince me, that you know every thing." Then the other friend stepped up, and demanded: "Tell me, head, what desires has my eldest son?" It was answered; "Have I not told you already, that I do not judge of thoughts? But, for all that, I can tell you, that your son's desire is to bury you."—"It is so," replied the gentleman; "I see it with my eyes, and touch it with my finger; and I ask no more questions." Then came Don Antonio's wife, and said: "I know not, O head, what to ask you: only I would know of you, whether I shall enjoy my dear husband many years." The answer was:



“ You shall ; for his good constitution, and his temperate way of living, promise many years of life, which several are wont to shorten by intemperance.” Next came Don Quixote, and said: “ Tell me, O answerer, was it truth, or a dream, what I related as having befallen me in Montesinos’s cave? Will the whipping of Sancho, my squire, be certainly fulfilled? Will the disenchantment of Dulcinea take effect?”—“ As to the business of the cave,” it was answered, “ there is much to be said: it has something of both: Sancho’s whipping will go on but slowly: the disenchantment of Dulcinea will be brought about in due time.”—“ I desire to know no more,” replied Don Quixote; “ for, so I may but see Dulcinea disenchanted, I shall make account, that all the good fortune I can desire comes upon me at a clap.” The last querist was Sancho, and his question was this: “ Head, shall I, peradventure, get another government? Shall I quit the penurious life of a squire? Shall I return to see my wife and children?” To which it was answered: “ You shall govern in your own house; and if you return to it, you shall see your wife and your children, and, quitting service, you shall cease to be a squire.”—“ Very good, in faith,” quoth Sancho Panza: “ I could have told myself as much, and the prophet Pero-grullo could have told me no more.”—“ Beast,” cried Don Quixote, “ what answer would you

have? Is it not enough, that the answers this head returns, correspond to the questions put to it?"—"Yes, it is enough," answered Sancho: "but I wish it had explained itself, and told me a little more."

Thus ended the questions and answers, but not the amazement of the whole company, excepting Don Antonio's two friends, who knew the secret: which Cid Hamete Benengeli would immediately discover, not to keep the world in suspense, believing there was some witchcraft, or extraordinary mystery, concealed in that head: and therefore he says, that Don Antonio Moreno procured it to be made, in imitation of another head he had seen at Madrid, made by a statuary for his own diversion, and to surprise the ignorant; and the machine was contrived in this manner. The table was of wood, painted, and varnished over like jasper; and the foot it stood upon was of the same, with four eagle-claws, to make it stand the firmer, and bear the weight the better. The head resembling that of a Roman emperor, and coloured like copper, was hollow, and so was the table itself, in which the bust was so exactly fixed, that no sign of a joint appeared. The foot also was hollow, and answered to the neck and breast of the head; and all this corresponding with another chamber just under that, where the head stood. Through all this hollow of the foot, table, neck, and breast

of the figure aforesaid, went a pipe of tin, which could not be seen. The answerer was placed in the chamber underneath, with his mouth close to the pipe, so that the voice descended and ascended in clear and articulate sounds, as through a speaking-trumpet; and thus it was impossible to discover the juggle. A nephew of Don Antonio's, a student acute and discreet, was the respondent; who, being informed beforehand by his uncle, who were to be with him that day in the chamber of the head, could easily answer, readily and exactly, to the first question: to the rest he answered by conjectures, and, as a discreet person, discreetly. Cid Hamete says farther, that this wonderful machine lasted about eight or ten days: but it being divulged up and down the city, that Don Antonio kept in his house an enchanted head, which answered to all questions, he, fearing lest it should come to the ears of the watchful sentinels of our faith, acquainted the gentlemen of the Inquisition with the secret; who ordered him to break it in pieces, lest the ignorant vulgar should be scandalized at it: but still, in the opinion of Don Quixote and of Sancho Panza, the head continued to be enchanted, and an answerer of questions, more indeed to the satisfaction of Don Quixote than of Sancho.

The gentlemen of the town, in complaisance to Don Antonio, and for the better entertain-

ment of Don Quixote, as well as to give him an opportunity of discovering his follies, appointed a running at the ring six days after, which was prevented by an accident, that will be told hereafter. Don Quixote had a mind to walk about the town, without ceremony, and on foot, apprehending that, if he went on horseback, he should be persecuted by the boys; and so he and Sancho, with two servants assigned him by Don Antonio, walked out to make the tour. Now it fell out, that, as they passed through a certain street, Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, saw written over a door in very large letters; "HERE BOOKS ARE PRINTED." At which he was much pleased; for, till then, he had never seen any printing, and was desirous to know how it was performed. In he went, with all his retinue, and saw drawing off the sheets in one place, correcting in another, composing in this, revising in that, in short, all the machinery to be seen in great printing-houses. Don Quixote went to one of the boxes, and asked, what they had in hand there. The workman told him: he wondered, and went on. He came to another box, and asked one, what he was doing. The workman answered: "Sir, that gentleman yonder," pointing to a man of a good person and appearance, and of some gravity, "has translated an Italian book into our Castilian language, and I am composing it here for the press."—"What title has

the book?" demanded Don Quixote. To which the author answered: "Sir, the book in Italian is called, *Le Bagetelle*."—"And what answers to *Bagetelle* in our Castilian?" asked Don Quixote. "*Le Bagetelle*," said the author, "is, as if we should say, Trifles. But, though its title be mean, it contains many very good and substantial things." Don Quixote added; "I know a little of the Tuscan language, and value myself upon singing some stanzas of Ariosto. But, good Sir, pray tell me (and I do not say this with design to examine your skill, but out of curiosity, and nothing else), in the course of your writing, have you ever met with the word *Pignata*?"—"Yes, often," replied the author. "And how do you translate it in Castilian?" said Don Quixote. "How should I translate it," replied the author, "but by the word *Olla*?"—"Body of me," said Don Quixote, "what a progress has your Worship made in the Tuscan language! I would venture a good wager, that, where the Tuscan says *Piace*, you say, in Castilian, *Place*; and where it says *Più*, you say *Mas*; and *Su* you translate *Arriba*, and *Giù* by *Abaxo*."—"I do so, most certainly," replied the author; "for these are their proper renderings."—"I dare swear," added Don Quixote, "you are not known in the world, which is ever an enemy to rewarding florid wits, and laudable pains. What abilities are lost, what geniuses cooped up, and what virtues

undervalued ! But, for all that, I cannot but be of opinion, that translating out of one language into another, unless it be from those queens of the languages, Greek and Latin, is like setting to view the wrong side of a piece of tapestry, where, though the figures are seen, they are full of ends and threads, which obscure them, and are not seen with the smoothness and evenness of the right side. And the translating out of easy languages shows neither genius nor elocution, any more than transcribing one paper from another. But I would not hence infer, that translating is not a laudable exercise ; for a man may be employed in things of worse consequence, and less advantage. Out of this account are excepted the two celebrated translators, Doctor Christopher de Figueroa in his *Pastor Fido*, and Don John de Xauregui in his *Aminta*; in which, with a curious felicity, they bring it in doubt, which is the translation, and which the original. But, tell me, Sir, is this book printed on your own account, or have you sold the copy to some bookseller ?"—“ I print it on my own account,” answered the author ; “ and I expect to get a thousand ducats by this first impression, of which there will be two thousand copies, and they will go off, at six reals a set, in a trice.”—“ Mighty well, Sir,” answered Don Quixote : “ it is plain you know but little of the turns and doubles of the booksellers, and the combination there is