

than mollifying ointments : so that, by prudence, by sagacity, by diligence, by terrors, he has supported on his able shoulders the weight of this great machine, and brought it to due execution and perfection : our artifices, stratagems, diligence, and policies, not being able to blind his Argus' eyes, continually open to see, that none of us stay, or lurk behind, that, like a concealed root, may hereafter spring up, and spread venomous fruit through Spain, already cleared, already freed from the fears our vast numbers kept the kingdom in. A most heroic resolution of the great Philip the Third, and unheard-of wisdom in committing this charge to the said Don Bernardino de Velasco !"—“ However, when I am at court,” said Don Antonio, “ I will use all the diligence and means possible, and leave the success to Heaven. Don Gregorio shall go with me, to comfort his parents under the affliction they must be in for his absence : Anna Felix shall stay at my house with my wife, or in a monastery ; and I am sure the viceroy will be glad, that honest Ricote remain in his house, till he sees the success of my negotiation.” The viceroy consented to all, that was proposed. But Don Gregorio, knowing what passed, expressed great unwillingness to leave Anna Felix : but, resolving to visit his parents, and to concert the means of returning for her, he came at length into the proposal. Anna Felix remained with

Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote in the viceroy's house.

The day of Don Antonio's departure came, and that of Don Quixote's and Sancho's two days after, his fall not permitting him to travel sooner. At Don Gregorio's parting from Anna Felix, all was tears, sighs, swoonings, and sobbings. Ricote offered Don Gregorio a thousand crowns, if he desired them; but he would accept only of five, that Don Antonio lent him, to be repaid, when they met at court. With this they both departed; and Don Quixote and Sancho afterwards, as has been said; Don Quixote unarmed, and in a travelling dress, and Sancho on foot, because Dapple was loaded with the armour.

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## CHAP. LXVI.

TREATING OF MATTERS, WHICH HE, WHO READS,  
WILL SEE; AND HE, WHO HEARS THEM READ,  
WILL HEAR.

**A**T going out of Barcelona, Don Quixote turned about to see the spot, where he was overthrown, and said: "Here stood Troy; here my misfortunes, not my cowardice, despoiled me of my acquired glory: here I experienced the fickleness of fortune; here the lustre of my exploits was obscured; and lastly, here fell my happiness,

never to rise again." Which Sancho hearing, he said: "It is as much the part of valiant minds, dear Sir, to be patient under misfortunes, as to rejoice in prosperity: and this I judge by myself: for as, when a governor, I was merry, now that I am a squire on foot, I am not sad: for I have heard say, that she, they commonly call Fortune, is a drunken, capricious dame, and, above all, very blind; so that she does not see what she is about, nor knows, whom she casts down, or whom she exalts."—"You are much of a philosopher, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and talk very discreetly; I know not whence you had it. What I can tell you is, that there is no such thing in the world as Fortune, nor do the things, which happen in it, be they good or bad, fall out by chance, but by the particular appointment of Heaven; and hence comes the saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune. I have been so of mine, but not with all the prudence necessary; and my presumption has succeeded accordingly: for I ought to have considered, that the feebleness of Rozinante was not a match for the ponderous bulk of the Knight of the White Moon's steed. In short, I adventured it; I did my best; I was overthrown; and, though I lost my honour, I lost not, nor could I lose, the virtue of performing my promise. When I was a Knight-errant, daring and valiant, by my works I gained credit to my exploits; and, now

that I am but a walking squire, I will gain reputation to my words, by performing my promise. March on then, friend Sancho, and let us pass at home the year of our noviciate; by which retreat we shall acquire fresh vigour, to return to the never-by-me-forgotten exercise of arms.”

—“Sir,” answered Sancho, “trudging on foot is no such pleasant thing, as to encourage or incite me to travel great days journeys: let us leave this armour hanging upon some tree, instead of a hanged man; and, when I am mounted upon Dapple, my feet from the ground, we will travel as your Worship shall like and lead the way; for to think, that I am to foot it, and make large stages, is to expect what cannot be.”

—“You have said well, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “hang up my armour for a trophy; and under them, or round about them, we will carve on that tree that, which was written on the trophy of Orlando’s arms:

“These arms let none attempt to wear,  
Unless they Roldan’s rage can bear.”

“All this seems to me extremely right,” answered Sancho, “and, were it not for the want we should have of Rozinante upon the road, it would not be amiss to leave him hanging too.”—

“Neither him, nor the armour,” replied Don Quixote, “will I suffer to be hanged, that it may not be said, for good service, bad recom-



pense.”—“Your Worship says well,” answered Sancho; “for, according to the opinion of the wise, the ass’s fault should not be laid upon the pack-saddle; and, since your Worship is in fault for this business, punish yourself, and let not your fury spend itself upon the already shattered and bloody armour, nor upon the gentleness of Rozinante, nor upon the tenderness of my feet, making them travel more than they can bear.”

In these reasonings and discourses they passed all that day, and even four more, without encountering any thing to put them out of their way. And, on the fifth, at entering into a village, they saw, at the door of an inn, a great number of people, who, it being a holyday, were there solacing themselves. When Don Quixote came up to them, a peasant said aloud: “One of these two gentlemen, who are coming this way, and who know not the parties, shall decide our wager.”—“That I will,” answered Don Quixote, “most impartially, when I am made acquainted with it.”—“The business, good Sir,” said the peasant, “is, that an inhabitant of this town, who is so corpulent, that he weighs about twenty-three stone<sup>37</sup>, has challenged a neighbour, who weighs not above ten and a half, to run with him an hundred yards, upon condition of carrying equal weight; and the challenger, being asked how the weight should be made equal, said, that the challenged, who weighed

but ten and a half, should carry thirteen stone of iron about him, and so both the lean and the fat would carry equal weight.”—“Not so,” quoth Sancho immediately, before Don Quixote could answer; “and to me, who have so lately left being a governor and a judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to resolve these doubts, and give my opinion in every controversy.”—“Answer in a good hour, friend Sancho,” cried Don Quixote; “for I am not fit to feed a cat<sup>38</sup>, my brain is so disturbed and turned topsy-turvy.” With this license, Sancho said to the country-fellows, who crowded about him, gaping, and expecting his decision: “Brothers, the fat man’s proposition is unreasonable, nor is there the least shadow of justice in it; for, if it be true, what is commonly said, that the challenged may choose his weapons, it is not reasonable the other should choose for him such as will hinder and obstruct his coming off conqueror; and therefore my sentence is, that the fat fellow, the challenger, pare away, slice off, or cut out, thirteen stone of his flesh, somewhere or other, as he shall think best and properest; and so, being reduced to ten and a half stone weight, he will be equal to, and matched exactly with his adversary: and so they may run upon even terms.”—“I vow,” cried one of the peasants, who listened to Sancho’s decision, “this gentleman has spoken like a saint, and given sentence like a canon: but I warrant the

fat fellow will have no mind to part with an ounce of his flesh, much less thirteen stone."—"The best way," answered another, "will be, not to run at all, that the lean may not break his back with the weight, nor the fat lose flesh; and let half the wager be spent in wine, and let us take these gentlemen to the tavern that has the best, and, give me the cloak when it rains."—"I thank ye, Gentlemen," answered Don Quixote, "but cannot stay a moment: for melancholy thoughts, and disastrous circumstances, oblige me to appear uncivil, and to travel faster than ordinary." And so, clapping spurs to Rozinante, he went on, leaving them in admiration, both at the strangeness of his figure, and the discretion of his man (for such they took Sancho to be); and another of the peasants said; "If the man be so discreet, what must the master be? I will lay a wager, if they go to study at Salamanca, in a trice they will come to be judges at court; for there is nothing easier; it is but studying hard, and having favour and good luck, and when a man least thinks of it, he finds himself with a white wand in his hand, or a mitre on his head."

That night master and man passed in the middle of the fields, exposed to the smooth and clear sky; and, the next day, going on their way, they saw coming towards them a man on foot, with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin or

half-pike in his hand, the proper equipment of a foot-post; who, when he was come pretty near to Don Quixote, mended his pace, and, half running, went up to him, and, embracing his right thigh (for he could reach no higher) with signs of great joy, he said: "Oh! Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, with what pleasure will my Lord Duke's heart be touched, when he understands, that your Worship is returning to his castle, where he still is with my Lady Dutchess!"—"I know you not, friend," answered Don Quixote, "nor can I guess who you are, unless you tell me."—"I, Signor Don Quixote," answered the foot-post, "am Tosilos the Duke's lackey, who would not fight with your Worship about the marriage of Donna Rodriguez's daughter."—"God be my aid!" cried Don Quixote, "are you he, whom the enchanters, my enemies, transformed into the lackey, to defraud me of the glory of that combat?"—"Peace, good Sir," replied the foot-post: "for there was not any enchantment, nor change of face: I was as much the lackey Tosilos, when I entered the lists, as Tosilos the lackey, when I came out. I thought to have married without fighting, because I liked the girl: but my design succeeded quite otherwise; for, as soon as your Worship was departed from our castle, my Lord Duke ordered a hundred bastinadoes to be given me, for having contravened the directions he gave me

before the battle: and the business ended in the girl's turning nun, and Donna Rodriguez's returning to Castile: and I am now going to Barcelona, to carry a packet of letters from my Lord to the viceroy. If your Worship pleases to take a little draught, pure, though warm, I have here a calabash full of the best, with a few slices of Trochon cheese, which will serve as a provocative and awakener of thirst, if perchance it be asleep." — "I accept of the invitation," quoth Sancho; "and throw aside the rest of the compliment, and fill, honest Tosilos, maugre and in spite of all the enchanters that are in the Indies." — "In short, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are the greatest glutton in the world, and the greatest ignorant upon earth, if you cannot be persuaded that this foot-post is enchanted, and this Tosilos a counterfeit. Stay you with him, and sate yourself; for I will go on fair and softly before, and wait your coming." The lackey laughed, unsheathed his calabash, and unwalleted his cheese; and taking out a little loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the green grass, and, in peace and good fellowship, quickly dispatched, and got to the bottom of the provisions in the wallet, with so good an appetite, that they licked the very packet of letters, because it smelt of cheese. Tosilos said to Sancho: "Doubtless, friend Sancho, this master of yours ought to be reckoned a madman." — "Why ought<sup>39</sup>?" replied Sancho; "he

owes nothing to any body; for he pays for every thing, especially where madness is current. I see it full well, and full well I tell him of it: but what boots it, especially now that there is an end of him? For he is vanquished by the Knight of the White Moon." Tosilos desired him to tell him what had befallen him: but Sancho said, it was unmannerly to let his master wait for him, and that some other time, if they met, he should have leisure to do it. And rising up, after he had shaken his loose upper coat, and the crumbs from his beard, he drove Dapple before him, and, bidding Tosilos adieu, he left him, and overtook his master, who was staying for him under the shade of a tree.



## CHAP. LXVII.

OF THE RESOLUTION DON QUIXOTE TOOK TO TURN SHEPHERD, AND LEAD A RURAL LIFE, TILL THE YEAR OF HIS PROMISE SHOULD BE EXPIRED; WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS TRULY PLEASANT AND GOOD.

IF various cogitations perplexed Don Quixote before his defeat, many more tormented him after his overthrow. He staid, as has been said, under the shade of a tree, where reflections, like flies about honey, assaulted and stung him; some dwelling upon the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and others upon the life he was to lead in his

forced retirement. Sancho came up, and commended to him the generosity of the lackey Tosilos. "Is it possible, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that you persist in thinking that he is a real lackey? You seem to have quite forgotten, that you saw Dulcinea converted and transformed into a country wench, and the Knight of the Looking-glasses into the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco: all the work of enchanters, who persecute me. But, tell me, did you inquire of this Tosilos, what God has done with Altisidora; whether she still bewails my absence, or has already left in the hands of oblivion the amorous thoughts, that tormented her, whilst I was present?"—"Mine," answered Sancho, "were not of a kind to afford me leisure to inquire after fooleries: body of me, Sir, is your Worship now in a condition to be inquiring after other folk's thoughts, especially amorous ones?"—"Look you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "there is a great deal of difference between what is done out of love, and what out of gratitude: it is very possible, a gentleman may not be in love; but it is impossible, strictly speaking, he should be ungrateful. Altisidora, to all appearance, loved me: she gave me three nightcaps you know of: she wept at my departure: she cursed me, vilified me, and, in spite of shame, complained publicly of me; all signs, that she adored me; for the anger of lovers usually ends in maledictions. I



had neither hopes to give her, nor treasures to offer her; for mine are all engaged to Dulcinea, and the treasures of Knights-errant, like those of fairies, are delusions, not realities, and I can only give her these remembrances I have of her, without prejudice however to those I have of Dulcinea, whom you wrong through your remissness in whipping yourself, and in disciplining that flesh of yours, (may I see it devoured by wolves!) which had rather preserve itself for the worms, than for the relief of that poor lady.”—

“Sir,” answered Sancho, “if I must speak the truth, I cannot persuade myself, that the lashing of my posteriors can have any thing to do with disenchanting the enchanted; for it is as if one should say, ‘If your head aches, anoint your kneepans.’ At least I dare swear, that in all the histories your Worship has read, treating of Knight-errantry, you never met with any body disenchanted by whipping. But, be that as it will, I will lay it on, when the humour takes me, and time gives me conveniency of chastising myself.”—“God grant it,” answered Don Quixote, “and Heaven give you grace to see the duty and obligation you are under to aid my Lady, who is yours too, since you are mine.”

With these discourses they went on their way, when they arrived at the very place and spot, where they had been trampled upon by the bulls. Don Quixote knew it again, and said to Sancho:

“ This is the meadow, where we lighted on the gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds, who intended to revive in it, and imitate, the pastoral Arcadia: a thought, as new as ingenious; in imitation of which, if you approve it, I could wish, O Sancho, we might turn shepherds, at least for the time I must live retired. I will buy sheep, and all other materials necessary for the pastoral employment; and I calling myself the shepherd Quixotiz, and you the shepherd Panzino, we will range the mountains, the woods, and meadows, singing here, and complaining there, drinking the liquid crystal of the fountains, of the limpid brooks, or of the mighty rivers. The oaks with a plentiful hand shall give their sweetest fruit; the trunks of the hardest cork-trees shall afford us seats; the willows shall furnish shade, and the roses scent; the spacious meadow shall yield us carpets of a thousand colours; the air, clear and pure, shall supply breath; the moon and stars afford light, in spite of the darkness of the night: singing shall furnish pleasure, and complaining yield delight; Apollo shall provide verses, and love conceits; with which we shall make ourselves famous and immortal, not only in the present, but in future ages.”—“ Before God,” quoth Sancho, “ this kind of life squares and corners with me exactly. Besides, no sooner will the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas, the Barber, have

well seen it, but they will have a mind to follow and turn shepherds with us, and God grant that the Priest have not an inclination to make one in the fold, he is of so gay a temper, and such a lover of mirth.”—“ You have said very well,” replied Don Quixote; “and the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, if he enters himself into the pastoral society, as doubtless he will, may call himself the shepherd Sampsonino, or Carrascon. Nicholas the Barber may be called Niculoso, as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso<sup>40</sup>. As for the Priest, I know not what name to bestow upon him, unless it be some derivative from his profession, calling him the shepherd Curiambro. As for the shepherdesses, whose lovers we are to be, we may pick and choose their names, as we do pears; and since that of my Lady quadrates alike with a shepherdess and a princess, I need not trouble myself about seeking another that may suit her better. You, Sancho, may give yours what name you please.”—“ I do not intend,” answered Sancho, “ to give mine any other than Teresona, which will fit her fat sides well, and is near her own too, since her name is Teresa. Besides, when I come to celebrate her in verse, I shall discover my chaste desires: for I am not for looking on other folk’s houses for better bread than made of wheat. As for the Priest, it will not be proper he should have a shepherdess, that he may set a good example; and if the Bachelor

Sampson will have one, his soul is at his own disposal."

"God be my aid!" cried Don Quixote, "what a life shall we lead, friend Sancho! what a world of bagpipes shall we hear! what pipes of Zamora! what tambourets! what tabors! and what rebecs! And, if to all these different musics be added the albogues, we shall have almost all the pastoral instruments."—"What are your albogues?" demanded Sancho; "for I never heard them named, nor ever saw one of them in all my life."—"Albogues," answered Don Quixote, "are certain plates of brass like candlesticks, which, being hollow, and struck against each other, give a sound, if not very agreeable, or harmonious, yet not offensive, and agreeing well enough with the rusticity of the tabor and pipe. And this name Albogues is Moorish, as are all those in Spanish, that begin with *al*: as *Almohaza*, *Almorzar*, *Alhombra*, *Alguacil*, *Aluzema*, *Almacen*, *Alcancia*, and the like, with very few more: and our language has only three Moorish words ending in *i*, namely *Borcegui*, *Zaquizami*, and *Maravedi*: *Alheli* and *Alfaqui*, as well for beginning with *al*, as ending in *i*, are known to be Arabic. This I have told you by the by, the occasion of naming albogues having brought it into my mind. One main help, probably, we shall have toward perfecting this profession, is, that I, as you know, am somewhat of a poet, and the Ba-

chelor Sampson Carrasco an extremely good one. Of the Priest I say nothing: but I will venture a wager, he has the points and collar of a poet<sup>41</sup>, and that master Nicholas, the Barber, has them too, I make no doubt: for most or all of that faculty are players on the guitar and song-makers. I will complain of absence: you shall extol yourself for a constant lover: the shepherd Carrasco shall lament his being disdained; and the Priest Curiambro may say, or sing, whatever will do him most service: and so the business will go on as well as heart can wish."

To which Sancho answered: "I am so unlucky, Sir, that I am afraid I shall never see the day, wherein I shall be engaged in this employment. Oh! what neat wooden spoons shall I make, when I am a shepherd! what crumbs! what cream! what garlands! what pastoral gimcracks! which, though they do not procure me the reputation of being wise, will not fail to procure me that of being ingenious. My daughter Sanchica shall bring us our dinner to the sheepfold: but have a care of that; she is a very sightly wench, and shepherds there are, who are more of the knave than the fool; and I would not have my girl come for wool, and return back shorn: and your loves, and wanton desires, are as frequent in fields, as in the cities, and to be found in shepherds' cottages, as well as in kings' palaces: and, take away the occasion, and you take away

the sin: and, what the eye views not, the heart rues not: a leap from behind a bush has more force than the prayer of a good man.”—“No more proverbs, good Sancho,” cried Don Quixote; “for any one of those you have mentioned is sufficient to let us know your meaning. I have often advised you not to be so prodigal of your proverbs, and to keep a strict hand over them: but, it seems, it is preaching in the desert, and, the more my mother whips me the more I rend and tear.”—“Methinks,” answered Sancho, “your Worship makes good the saying, The kettle called the pot black-face. You are reproving me for speaking proverbs, and you string them yourself by couples.”—“Look you, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “I use mine to the purpose, and, when I speak them, they are as fit as a ring to the finger: but you drag them in by head and shoulders. If I remember right, I have already told you, that proverbs are short sentences, drawn from experience, and the speculations of our ancient sages; and the proverb, that is not to the purpose, is rather an absurdity than a sentence. But enough of this; and, since night approaches, let us retire a little way out of the high road, where we will pass this night, and God knows what will be to-morrow.”

They retired: they supped late and ill, much against Sancho's inclination, who now began to reflect upon the difficulties attending Knight-

errantry, among woods and mountains; though now and then plenty showed itself in castles and houses, as at Don Diego de Miranda's, at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and at Don Antonio Moreno's: but he considered it was not possible it should always be day, nor always night; and so he spent the remainder of that sleeping, and his master waking.



## CHAP. LXVIII.

OF THE BRISTLED ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL DON QUIXOTE.

THE night was somewhat dark, though the moon was in the heavens, but not in a part, where she could be seen; for sometimes Signora Diana takes a trip to the antipodes, and leaves the mountains black, and the vallies in the dark. Don Quixote gave way to nature, taking his first sleep, without giving place to a second; quite the reverse of Sancho, who never had a second, one sleep lasting him from night to morning; an evident sign of his good constitution, and few cares. Those of Don Quixote kept him so awake, that he awakened Sancho, and said: "I am amazed, Sancho, at the insensibility of your temper; you seem to me to be made of marble, or brass, not susceptible of any emotion or sentiment: I wake, while you sleep; I weep, when



you are singing; I am fainting with hunger, when you are lazy and unwieldy with pure cramming: it is the part of good servants to share in their masters' pains, and to be touched with what affects them, were it but for the sake of decency. Behold the serenity of the night, and the solitude we are in, inviting us, as it were, to intermingle some watching with our sleep. Get up, by your life, and go a little apart from hence, and, with a willing mind and a good courage, give yourself three or four hundred lashes, upon account, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea: and this I ask as a favour; for I will not come to wrestling with you again, as I did before, because I know the weight of your arms. After you have laid them on, we will pass the remainder of the night in singing, I my absence, and you your constancy, beginning from this moment our pastoral employment, which we are to follow in our village."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "I am of no religious order, to rise out of the midst of my sleep, and discipline myself; neither do I think, one can pass from the pain of whipping to music. Suffer me to sleep, and urge not this whipping myself, lest you force me to swear never to touch a hair of my coat, much less of my flesh."—"O hardened soul!" cried Don Quixote; "O remorseless squire! O bread ill employed, and favours ill considered, those I have already bestowed upon you, and those I

still intend to bestow upon you ! To me you owe that you have been a governor ; and to me you owe, that you are in a fair way of being an earl, or of having some title equivalent ; and the accomplishment of these things will be delayed no longer than the expiration of this year ; for *post tenebras spero lucem*.”—“ I know not what that means,” replied Sancho : “ I only know, that, while I am asleep, I have neither fear, nor hope, neither trouble, nor glory : and blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle, that covers all human thoughts ; the food, that appeases hunger ; the drink, that quenches thirst ; the fire, that warms cold ; the cold, that moderates heat ; and, lastly, the general coin, that purchases all things ; the balance and weight, that makes the shepherd equal to the king ; and the simple to the wise. One only evil, as I have heard, sleep has in it, namely, that it resembles death ; for, between a man asleep and a man dead, there is but little difference.”—“ I never heard you, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “ talk so elegantly as now ; whence I come to know the truth of the proverb, you often apply, *Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed*.”—“ Dear master of mine,” added Sancho, “ it is not I, that am stringing of proverbs now ; for they fall from your Worship’s mouth also, by couples, faster than from me : only between yours and mine there is this difference, that your Worship’s

come at the proper season, and mine out of season: but, in short, they are all proverbs.”

They were thus employed, when they heard a kind of deaf noise, and harsh sound, spreading itself through all those vallies. Don Quixote started up, and laid his hand to his sword; and Sancho squatted down under Dapple, and clapped the bundle of armour on one side of him, and the ass's pannel on the other, trembling no less with fear, than Don Quixote with surprise. The noise increased by degrees, and came nearer to the two tremblers, one at least so, for the other's courage is already sufficiently known. Now the business was, that certain fellows were driving above six hundred hogs to sell at a fair, and were upon the road with them at that hour: and so great was the din they made with gruntling and blowing, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not presently guess the occasion of it. The far-spreading and gruntling herd came crowding on, and, without any respect to the authority of Don Quixote, or to that of Sancho, trampled over them both, demolishing Sancho's intrenchment, and overthrowing, not only Don Quixote, but Rozinante to boot. The crowding, the gruntling, the hurrying on of those unclean animals put into confusion, and overturned, the pack-saddle, the armour, Dapple, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote. Sancho got up as well as he could,

and desired his master to lend him his sword, saying, he would kill half a dozen of those unmannerly gentlemen swine, for such by this time he knew them to be. Said Don Quixote to him: "Let them alone, friend; for this affront is a punishment for my sin; and it is a just judgment of Heaven, that wild dogs should devour, wasps sting, and hogs trample upon, a vanquished Knight-errant."—"It is also, I suppose, a judgment of Heaven," answered Sancho, "that the squires of vanquished Knights-errant should be stung by flies, eaten up by lice, and besieged by hunger. If we squires were the sons of the Knights we serve, or very near of kin to them, it would be no wonder, if the punishment of their faults should overtake us to the fourth generation: but what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes? Well, let us compose ourselves again, and sleep out the little remainder of the night, and God will send us a new day, and we shall have better luck."—"Sleep you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for you were born to sleep; whilst I, who was born to watch, in the space between this and day, give the reins to my thoughts, and cool their heat in a little madrigal, which, unknown to you, I composed to-night in my mind."—"Methinks," quoth Sancho, "the thoughts, which give way to the making of couplets, cannot be many. Couplet it as much as your Worship pleases, and I will sleep as much as I can." Then

taking as much ground as he wanted, he bundled himself up, and fell into a sound sleep, neither suretyship, nor debts, nor any troubles disturbing him. Don Quixote, leaning against a beech or cork-tree (for Cid Hamete Benengeli does not distinguish what tree it was), to the music of his own sighs sung as follows :

O Love, whene'er I think of thee,  
Whose torments rend my anxious breast,  
I fain would seek that peaceful rest,  
Which death alone can give to me.

But when I reach the destin'd spot,  
The tranquil port from restless seas,  
I haste me back, my mind's at ease,  
And sooth'd the sorrows of my lot.

Thus life is death—yet (stranger thing !)  
Thus dying leads to life again.  
Oh ! state unknown to other men,  
Which life and death at once can bring !

He accompanied each stanza with a multitude of sighs, and not a few tears, like one, whose heart was pierced through by the grief of being vanquished, and by the absence of Dulcinea. Now the day appeared, and the sun began to dart his beams in Sancho's eyes. He awaked, roused, and shook himself, and stretched his lazy limbs, and beheld what havoc the hogs had made in his cupboard ; and cursed the drove, and somebody else besides.

Finally, they both set forward on their journey; and, toward the decline of the afternoon, they discovered about half a score men on horseback, and four or five on foot, advancing toward them. Don Quixote's heart leaped with surprise, and Sancho's with fear: for the men, that were coming up, carried spears and targets, and advanced in very warlike array. Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and said: "Sancho, if I could but make use of my arms, and my promise had not tied up my hands, this machine, that is coming towards us, I would make no more of than I would of so many tarts and cheesecakes. But it may be something else than what we fear." By this time the horsemen were come up; and lifting up their lances, without speaking a word, they surrounded Don Quixote, and clapped their spears to his back and breast, threatening to kill him. One of those on foot, putting his finger to his mouth, to signify he should be silent, laid hold on Rozinante's bridle, and drew him out of the road: and the others on foot, driving Sancho and Dapple before them, all keeping a marvellous silence, following the steps of him, who led Don Quixote, who had a mind three or four times to ask, whither they were carrying him, or what they would have. But scarcely did he begin to move his lips, when they were ready to close them with the points of their spears. And the same befell Sancho; for no sooner did he show an inclina-

tion to talk, than one of those on foot pricked him with a goad, and did as much to Dapple, as if he had a mind to talk too. It grew night; they mended their pace; the fear of the two prisoners increased, especially, when they heard the fellows ever and anon say to them: "On, on, ye Troglodytes; peace, ye barbarous slaves; pay, ye Anthropophagi; complain not, ye Scythians; open not your eyes, ye murdering Polyphemuses; ye butcherly lions;" and other the like names, with which they tormented the ears of the miserable pair, master and man. Sancho went along, saying to himself: "We Ortolans? We barbers' slaves? We Andrew popinjays? We citadels? We Polly famous's? I do not like these names at all: this is a bad wind for winnowing our corn; the whole mischief comes upon us together, like kicks to a cur; and would to God this disventurous adventure, that threatens us, may end in no worse!" Don Quixote marched along, quite confounded, and not being able to conjecture, by all the conclusions he could make, why they called them by those reproachful names; from which he could only gather, that no good was to be expected, and much harm to be feared. In this condition, about an hour after nightfall, they arrived at a castle, which Don Quixote presently knew to be the Duke's, where he had so lately been. "God be my aid!" said he, as soon as he knew the place, "what will this end in?"



In this house all is courtesy and civil usage; but to the vanquished, good is converted into bad, and bad into worse." They entered into the principal court of the castle, and saw it decorated and set out in such a manner, that their admiration increased, and their fear doubled, as will be seen in the following chapter.

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## CHAP. LXIX.

ON THE NEWEST AND STRANGEST ADVENTURE OF ALL,  
THAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE WHOLE COURSE  
OF THIS GRAND HISTORY.

THE horsemen alighted, and, together with those on foot, taking Sancho and Don Quixote forcibly in their arms, carried them into the court-yard, round which near an hundred torches were placed in sockets, and above five hundred lights about the galleries of the court; insomuch that, in spite of the night, which was somewhat darkish, there seemed to be no want of the day. In the middle of the court was erected a tomb, about two yards from the ground, and over it a large canopy of black velvet; round which, upon its steps, were burning above an hundred wax tapers in silver candlesticks: On the tomb was seen the corpse of a damsel so beautiful, that her beauty made death itself appear beautiful. Her head lay upon a cushion of gold brocade, crowned

with a garland interwoven with odoriferous flowers of divers kinds: her hands lying crosswise upon her breast, and between them a branch of never-fading victorious palm. On one side of the court was placed a theatre, and in two chairs were seated two personages, whose crowns on their heads, and sceptres in their hands, denoted them to be kings, either real, or feigned. On the side of the theatre, to which the ascent was by steps, stood two other chairs; upon which they, who brought in the prisoners, seated Don Quixote and Sancho, all this in profound silence, and by signs giving them to understand they must be silent too: but, without bidding, they held their peace; for the astonishment they were in at what they beheld tied up their tongues. And now two great persons ascended the theatre with a numerous attendance, whom Don Quixote presently knew to be the Duke and Duchess, whose guest he had been. They seated themselves in two very rich chairs, close by those, who seemed to be kings. Who would not have admired at all this, especially considering that Don Quixote had now perceived, that the corpse upon the tomb was that of the fair Altisidora? At the Duke and Duchess's ascending the theatre, Don Quixote and Sancho rose up, and made them a profound reverence, and their Grandeurs returned it by bowing their heads a little. At this juncture, an officer crossed the place, and, coming to Sancho,

threw over him a robe of black buckram, all painted over with flames, and, taking off his cap, put on his head a pasteboard mitre three foot high, like those used by the penitents of the Inquisition; bidding him in his ear not to unsew his lips; if he did, they would clap a gag in his mouth, or kill him. Sancho viewed himself from top to toe, and saw himself all over in flames; but, finding they did not burn him, he cared not two farthings. He took off his mitre, and saw it all painted over with devils: he put it on again, saying within himself: "Well enough yet, these do not burn me, nor those carry me away." Don Quixote also surveyed him, and, though fear suspended his senses, he could not but smile to behold Sancho's figure.

And now, from under the tomb, proceeded a low and pleasing sound of flutes; which not being interrupted by any human voice, for Silence herself kept silence there, the music sounded both soft and amorous. Then on a sudden, by the cushion of the seemingly dead body, appeared a beautiful youth in a Roman habit, who, in a sweet and clear voice, to the sound of a harp, which he played on himself, sung the two following stanzas:

Whilst the high pow'rs of magic lend their aid

To call thy spirit back to realms of day,

Thy spir't, Altisidora, luckless maid!

Of unrequited love the early prey;

Whilst dames, of this enchanted court the grace,  
Sit richly rob'd in silken weeds of woe,  
And she, the sovereign Lady of the place,  
In humble vestment clad, stands far below,  
Will I declare thy beauty and thy pain,  
With wilder notes, and in a sweeter strain,  
Than ever was attun'd by the sad Thracian swain.

Nor deem, fair maiden, that I shall forbear,  
E'en in the grasp of death, my votive song ;  
My cold and lifeless tongue will still declare  
The charms, the graces, which to thee belong.  
And when my soul, from its dull load releas'd,  
Shall trace with fitting step the Stygian bound,  
Thee will I sing, in words so pure, so chaste,  
That Lethe's self, rous'd from her sleep profound,  
Her drowsy head, with poppies crown'd, shall raise,  
Stop her slow course, and listen to my lays,  
Charm'd into living joy by more than mortal praise.

“ Enough,” said one of the supposed kings,  
“ enough, divine enchanter ; for there would be  
no end of describing to us the death and graces  
of the peerless Altisidora, not dead, as the ig-  
norant world supposes, but alive in the mouth of  
fame, and in the penance Sancho Panza here  
present must pass through, to restore her to the  
lost light : and therefore, O Rhadamanthus,  
who with me judgest in the dark caverns of  
Pluto, since thou knowest all, that is decreed by  
the inscrutable destinies, about bringing this  
damsel to herself, speak and declare it instantly,

that the happiness we expect from her revival may not be delayed." Scarcely had Minos, judge, and companion of Rhadamanthus, said this, when Rhadamanthus, rising up, said: "Ho, ye officers of this household, high and low, great and small, run one after another, and seal Sancho's face with four-and-twenty twitches, and his arms and sides with twelve pinches, and six pricks of a pin; for in the performance of this ceremony consists the restoration of Altisidora." Which Sancho Panza hearing, he broke silence, and said: "I vow to God, I will no more let my face be sealed, nor my flesh be handled, than I will turn Turk: body of me! what has handling my countenance to do with the resurrection of this damsel? The old woman has had a taste, and now her mouth waters. Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be whipped to disenchant her; and now Altisidora dies, of some distemper it pleases God to send her, and she must be brought to life again, by giving me four-and-twenty twitches, and making a sieve of my body by pinking it with pins, and pinching my arms black and blue. Put these jests upon a brother-in-law: I am an old dog, and *tus, tus*, will not do with me."—"Thou shalt die then," cried Rhadamanthus, in a loud voice: "relent, thou tiger; humble thyself, thou proud Nimrod; suffer and be silent, since no impossibilities are required of thee, and set not thyself to examine

the difficulties of this business: twitched thou shalt be, pricked thou shalt see thyself, and pinched shalt thou groan. Ho, I say, officers, execute my command; if not, upon the faith of an honest man, you shall see what you were born to."

Now there appeared, coming in procession along the court, six duennas, four of them with spectacles, and all of them with their right hands lifted up, and four fingers breadth of their wrists naked, to make their hands seem the longer, as is now the fashion. Scarcely had Sancho laid his eyes on them, when, bellowing like a bull, he said: "I might, perhaps, let all the world beside handle me; but to consent that duennas touch me, by no means: let them cat-claw my face, as my master was served in this very castle let them pierce my body through and through with the points of the sharpest daggers; let them tear off my flesh with red-hot pincers; and I will endure it patiently, to serve these noble persons: but, to let duennas touch me, I will never consent, though the devil should carry me away." Don Quixote also broke silence, saying to Sancho: "Be patient, son; oblige these noble persons, and give many thanks to Heaven, for having infused such virtue into your person, that, by its martyrdom, you disenchant the enchanted, and raise the dead." By this time the duennas were got about Sancho; and he, being mollified