

and persuaded, and seating himself well in his chair, held out his face and beard to the first, who gave him a twitch well sealed, and then made him a profound reverence. "Less complaisance, less daubing, Mistress Duenna," quoth Sancho; "for, before God, your fingers smell of vinegar." In short, all the duennas sealed him, and several others of the house pinched him: but what he could not bear, was, the pricking of the pins; and so up he started from his seat, quite out of all patience, and, catching hold of a lighted torch that was near him, he laid about him with it, putting the duennas, and all his executioners, to flight, and saying: "Avaunt, ye infernal ministers; for I am not made of brass, to be insensible of such extraordinary torments."

Upon this, Altisidora, who could not but be tired with lying so long upon her back, turned herself on one side: which the by-standers perceiving, almost all of them with one voice, cried: "Altisidora is alive, Altisidora lives!" Then Rhadamanthus bid Sancho lay aside his wrath, since they had already attained the desired end. Don Quixote no sooner saw Altisidora stir, than he went and kneeled down before Sancho, and said: "Now is the time, dear son of my bowels, rather than my squire, to give yourself some of those lashes, you stand engaged for, in order to the disenchantment of Dulcinea. This, I say,

is the time, now that your virtue is seasoned, and of efficacy to operate the good expected from you." To which Sancho answered: "This seems to me to be reel upon reel, and not honey upon fritters: a good jest indeed, that twitches, pinches, and pin-prickings, must be followed by lashes: but take a great stone, once for all, and tie it about my neck, and toss me into a well: it will not grieve me much, if, for the cure of other folk's ailments, I must still be the wedding-heifer: let them not meddle with me; else, by the living God, all shall out."

And now Altisidora had seated herself upright on the tomb, and at the same instant the waits struck up, accompanied by flutes, and the voices of all, crying aloud: "Live Altisidora, Altisidora live!" The Duke and Dutchess, and the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus, rose up, and, all in a body, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive Altisidora, and help her down from the tomb: who, counterfeiting a person fainting, inclined her head to the Duke and Dutchess, and to the kings, and, looking askew at Don Quixote, said: "God forgive you, unrelenting Knight, through whose cruelty I have been in the other world, to my thinking, above a thousand years: and thee I thank, O most compassionate squire of all the globe contains, for the life I enjoy. From this day, friend Sancho, six of my smocks are at your service, to be made

into so many shirts for yourself; and, if they are not all whole, at least they are all clean." Sancho, with his mitre in his hand, and his knee on the ground, kissed her hand. The Duke ordered it to be taken from him, and his cap to be returned him, and his own garment instead of the flaming robe. Sancho begged the Duke to let him keep the mitre and frock, having a mind to carry them to his own country, in token and memory of this unheard-of adventure. The Dutchess replied, he should have them, for he knew how much she was his friend. Then the Duke ordered the court to be cleared, and every body to retire to their own apartment, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their old lodgings.

CHAP. LXX.

WHICH FOLLOWS THE SIXTY-NINTH, AND TREATS OF MATTERS INDISPENSABLY NECESSARY TO THE PERSPICUITY OF THIS HISTORY.

SANCHO slept that night on a truckle-bed, in the same chamber with Don Quixote; a thing he would have excused, if he could; for he well knew, his master would disturb his sleep with questions and answers, and he was not much disposed to talk; the smart of his past sufferings being still present to him, and an obstruction to

the free use of his tongue: and he would have liked better to have lain in a hovel alone, than in that rich apartment in company. His fear proved so well founded, and his suspicion so just, that, scarcely was his master got into bed, when he said: "What think you, Sancho, of this night's adventure? Great and mighty is the force of rejected love, as your own eyes can testify, which saw Altisidora dead, by no other darts, no other sword, nor any other warlike instrument, nor by deadly poison, but merely by the consideration of the rigour and disdain, with which I always treated her."—"She might have died in a good hour, as much as she pleased, and how she pleased," answered Sancho; "and she might have left me in my own house, since I neither made her in love, nor ever disdained her in my life. I know not, nor can I imagine how it can be, that the recovery of Altisidora, a damsel more whimsical than discreet, should have any thing to do (as I have already said) with the torturing of Sancho Panza. Now indeed I plainly and distinctly perceive, there are enchanters and enchantments in the world, from which good Lord deliver me, since I know not how to deliver myself. But, for the present, I beseech your Worship to let me sleep, and ask me no more questions, unless you have a mind I should throw myself out of the window."—"Sleep, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if the pin-

prickings, pinchings, and twitchings, you have received will give you leave.”—“ No smart,” replied Sancho, “ came up to the affront of the twitches, and for no other reason, but because they were given by duennas, confound them! and once more I beseech your Worship to let me sleep; for sleep is the relief of those, who are uneasy awake.”—“ Be it so,” replied Don Quixote, “ and God be with you.”

They both fell asleep, and, in this interval, Cid Hamete, author of this grand history, had a mind to write, and give an account, of what moved the Duke and Dutchess to raise the edifice of the aforementioned contrivance, and says, that the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, not forgetting how, when Knight of the Looking-glasses, he was vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, which defeat and overthrow baffled and put a stop to all his designs, had a mind to try his hand again, hoping for better success than the past. And so, informing himself by the page, who brought the letter and presents to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, where Don Quixote was, he procured fresh armour, and a horse, and painted a white moon on his shield, carrying the whole magazine upon a he-mule, and conducted by a peasant, not Thomas Cecial, his former squire, lest Sancho Panza or Don Quixote should know him. He arrived at the Duke's castle, who informed him what way and route

Don Quixote had taken to be present at the tournaments of Saragossa. He also related to him the jests that had been put upon him, with the contrivance for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, at the expense of Sancho's posteriors. In short, he gave him an account, how Sancho had imposed upon his master, making him believe, that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country wench; and how the Dutchess his wife had persuaded Sancho, that he himself was deceived, and that Dulcinea was really enchanted. At which the Bachelor laughed, and wondered not a little, considering as well the acuteness and simplicity of Sancho, as the extreme madness of Don Quixote. The Duke desired, if he found him; and overcame him, or not, to return that way, and acquaint him with the event. The Bachelor promised he would: he departed in search of him; and, not finding him at Saragossa, he went forward, and there befell him what you have already heard. He came back to the Duke's castle, and recounted the whole to him, with the conditions of the combat, and that Don Quixote was now actually returning to perform his word, like a true Knight-errant, and retire home to his village for a twelvemonth, in which time perhaps, said the Bachelor, he may be cured of his madness. This, he said, was the motive of these his disguises, it being a great pity, that a gentleman of so good an under-

standing as Don Quixote should be mad. Then he took leave of the Duke, and returned home, expecting there Don Quixote, who was coming after him.

Hence the Duke took occasion to play him this trick, so great was the pleasure he took in every thing relating to Don Quixote and Sancho: and, sending a great many of his servants, on horseback and on foot, to beset all the roads about the castle every way by which Don Quixote might possibly return, he ordered them, if they met with him, to bring him, with or without his good will, to the castle. They met with him, and gave notice of it to the Duke, who, having already given orders for what was to be done, as soon as he heard of his arrival, commanded the torches, and other illuminations, to be lighted up in the court-yard, and Altisidora to be placed upon the tomb, with all the preparations before related; the whole represented so to the life, that there was but little difference between that and truth. And Cid Hamete says besides, that, to his thinking, the mockers were as mad as the mocked; and that the Duke and Dutchess were within two fingers breadth of appearing to be mad themselves, since they took so much pains to make a jest of two fools: one of whom was sleeping at full swing, and the other waking with his disjointed thoughts; in which state the day found them, and the desire to get up; for Don Quixote,

whether conquered, or conqueror, never took pleasure in the downy bed of sloth.

Altisidora, who, in Don Quixote's opinion, was just returned from death to life, carrying on the humour of the Duke and Dutchess, crowned with the same garland she wore on the tomb, and clad in a robe of white taffeta, flowered with gold, and her hair dishevelled, and leaning on a black staff of polished ebony, entered the chamber of Don Quixote, who was so amazed and confounded at the sight of her, that he shrunk down, and covered himself almost over head and ears with the sheets and quilts, his tongue mute, and with no inclination to show her any kind of civility. Altisidora sat down in a chair by his bed's head, and, after fetching a profound sigh, with a tender and enfeebled voice, she said: "When women of distinction, and reserved maidens, trample upon honour, and give a loose to the tongue, breaking through every inconveniency, and giving public notice of the secrets of their heart, they must sure be reduced to a great strait. I, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, am one of these distressed, vanquished, and enamoured, but, for all that, patient, long-suffering, and modest, to such a degree, that my soul burst through my silence, and I lost my life. It is now two days since, by reflection on your rigour, oh flinty Knight, and harder than any marble to my complaints, I have been dead,

or at least judged to be so by those, that saw me; and were it not that love, taking pity on me, placed my recovery in the sufferings of this good squire, there had I remained in the other world.” —“ Love,” quoth Sancho, “ might as well have placed it in those of my ass, and I should have taken it as kindly. But, pray tell me, Signora, so may Heaven provide you with a more tender-hearted lover than my master, what is it you saw in the other world? What is there in hell? For whoever dies in despair must perforce take up his rest in that place.” —“ In truth,” said Altisidora, “ I did not die quite, since I went not to hell: for, had I once set foot in it, I could not have got out again, though I had never so great a desire. The truth is, I came to the gate, where about a dozen devils were playing at tennis, in their waistcoats and drawers, their shirt-collars ornamented with Flanders lace, and ruffles of the same, with four inches of their wrists bare, to make their hands seem the longer⁴², in which they had rackets of fire. But what I wondered most at, was, that, instead of tennis-balls, they made use of books, seemingly stuffed with wind and flocks; a thing marvellous and new; but this I did not so much wonder at, as to see, that, whereas it is natural for winning gamesters to rejoice, and losers to be sorry, among the gamesters of that place, all grumbled, all were upon the fret, and all cursed one another.” —“ That is

not at all strange," answered Sancho: "for devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be contented."—"That is true," said Altisidora: "but there is another thing I wonder at; I mean, I wondered at it then; which was, that, at the first toss, the ball was demolished, and could not serve a second time; and so they whipped them away, new and old, that it was marvellous to behold; and to one of them, flaming new, and neatly bound, they gave such a smart stroke, that they made its guts fly out, and scattered its leaves all about; and one devil said to another: 'See what book that is;' and the other devil answered: 'It is the Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, not composed by Cid Hamete, its first author, but by an Arragonese, who calls himself a native of Tordesillas.'—"Away with it," cried the other devil, "and down with it to the bottom of the infernal abyss, that my eyes may never see it more."—"Is it so bad?" answered the other, "So bad," replied the first, "that had I myself undertaken to make it worse, it had been past my skill." They went on with their play, tossing other books up and down; and I, for having heard Don Quixote named, whom I so passionately love, endeavoured to retain this vision in my memory."—"A vision, doubtless, it must be," said Don Quixote; "for there is no other I in the world, and this history is tossed about from hand

to hand, but stays in none; for every body has a kick at it. It gives me no concern to hear, that I wander, like a phantom, about the shades of the abyss, or about the light of this earth, because I am not the person this history treats of. If it be good, faithful, and true, it will survive for ages; but, if it be bad, from its birth to its grave the passage will be but short."

Altisidora was going on with her complainings of Don Quixote, when Don Quixote said to her: "I have often told you, Madam, that I am very sorry you have placed your affections on me, since from mine you must expect no other return but thanks. I was born to be Dulcinea del Toboso's, and to her the fates, if there be any, have devoted me; and to think, that any other beauty shall occupy the place she possesses in my soul, is to think what is impossible. This may suffice to disabuse you, and prevail with you to retreat within the bounds of your own modesty, since no creature is tied to the performance of impossibilities." Which Altisidora hearing, she assumed an air of anger and fury, and said: "God's my life! Don poor-jack⁴³, soul of a mortar, stone of a date, and more obdurate and obstinate than a courted clown, if I come at you, I will tear your very eyes out. Think you, Don vanquished, and Don cudgelled, that I died for you? All that you have seen this night, has been but a fiction; for I am not a woman

to let the black of my nail ake for such camels, much less to die for them.”—“That I verily believe,” quoth Sancho; “for the business of dying for love is a jest: folks may talk of it; but, for doing it, believe it Judas.”

While they were engaged in this discourse, there entered the musician, singer, and poet, who had sung the two aforementioned stanzas: who, making a profound reverence to Don Quixote, said: “Be pleased, Sir Knight, to reckon and look upon me in the number of your most humble servants; for I have been most affectionately so this great while, as well on account of your fame, as of your exploits.” Don Quixote answered; “Pray, Sir, tell me who you are, that my civility may correspond with your merits.” The young man answered, that he was the musician and panegyrist of the foregoing night. “Indeed,” replied Don Quixote, “you have an excellent voice: but what you sung did not seem to me much to the purpose; for what have the stanzas of Garcilasso to do with the death of this gentlewoman?”—“Wonder not at that, Sir,” answered the musician; “for, among the upstart poets of our age, it is the fashion, for every one to write as he pleases, and to steal from whom he pleases, be it to the purpose or not; and, in these times, there is no silly thing sung or written, but is ascribed to poetical license.”

Don Quixote would have replied: but the

Duke and Dutchess, coming to visit him, prevented him: and between them there passed a long and delicious conversation, in which Sancho said so many pleasant and waggish things, that their Grandeurs admired afresh, as well at his simplicity, as his acuteness. Don Quixote beseeched them to grant him leave to depart that very day, for it was more becoming such vanquished Knights as he to dwell in a hogsty, than a royal palace. They readily granted his request, and the Dutchess asked him, whether Altisidora remained in his good graces. He answered: "Your Ladyship must know, dear Madam, that the whole of this damsel's distemper proceeds from idleness, the remedy whereof consists in some honest and constant employment. And she has told me here, that lace is much worn in hell, and, since she must needs know how to make it, let her stick to that; for, while her fingers are employed in managing the bobbins, the image or images of what she loves will not be roving so much in her imagination. This is the truth, this is my opinion, and this my advice."—"And mine too," added Sancho; "for I never in my life saw a maker of lace that died for love; for your damsels, that are busied, have their thoughts more intent upon performing their tasks, than upon their loves. I know it by myself; for, while I am digging, I never think of my deary; I mean my Teresa Panza, whom I love better

than my very eyelids."—"You say very well, Sancho," added the Dutchess, "and I will take care, that my Altisidora shall henceforward be employed in needle-work, at which she is very expert."—"There is no need, Madam," answered Altisidora, "of this remedy, since the consideration of the cruel treatment, I have received from this ruffian and monster, will blot him out of my memory, without any other expedient; and, with your Grandeur's leave, I will withdraw, that I may not have before my eyes, I will not say, his sorrowful figure, but his abominable and hideous aspect."—"I wish," cried the Duke, "this may not prove like the saying, a lover railing is not far from forgiving." Altisidora, making show of wiping the tears from her eyes with a handkerchief, and then making a low courtesy to her Lord and Lady, went out of the room. "Poor damsel," quoth Sancho, "I forebode thee ill luck, since thou hast to do with a heart of matweed, and a soul of oak; for, in faith, if thou hadst had to do with me, another-guise cock would have crowed." The conversation was at an end: Don Quixote dressed himself, dined with the Duke and Dutchess, and departed that afternoon.

CHAP. LXXI.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH HIS SQUIRE
SANCHO, IN THE WAY TO HIS VILLAGE.

THE vanquished and forlorn Don Quixote travelled along exceedingly pensive on the one hand, and very joyful on the other. His defeat caused his sadness, and his joy was occasioned by considering, that the disenchantment of Dulcinea was likely to be effected by the virtue inherent in Sancho, of which he had just given a manifest proof in the resurrection of Altisidora; though he could not readily bring himself to believe, that the enamoured damsel was really dead. Sancho went on, not at all pleased to find, that Altisidora had not been as good as her word, in giving him the smocks: and, revolving it in his mind, he said to his master: "In truth, Sir, I am the most unfortunate physician, that is to be met with in the world; in which there are doctors, who kill the patient they have under cure, and yet are paid for their pains, which is no more than signing a little scroll of certain medicines, which the apothecary, not the doctor, makes up: while poor I, though another's cure cost me drops of blood, twitches, pinchings, pin-prickings, and lashes, get not a doit. But, I vow to God, if ever any sick body falls into my hands again, they shall grease them well before I perform the

cure; for, the abbot must eat, that sings for his meat; and I cannot believe Heaven has endued me with the virtue I have, that I should communicate it to others for nothing.”—“ You are in the right, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “ and Altisidora has done very ill by you, not to give you the promised smocks; though the virtue you have was given you gratis, and without any studying on your part, more than studying how to receive a little pain in your person. For myself, I can say, if you had a mind to be paid for disenchanting Dulcinea, I would have made it good to you ere now: but I do not know, whether payment will agree with the conditions of the cure, and I would by no means have the reward hinder the operation of the medicine. But, for all that, I think there can be no risk in making a small trial. Consider, Sancho, what you would demand, and set about the whipping straight, and pay yourself in ready money, since you have cash of mine in your hands.”

At these offers Sancho opened his eyes and ears a span wider, and in his heart consented to whip himself heartily, and he said to his master: “ Well then, Sir, I will now dispose myself to give your Worship satisfaction, since I shall get something by it; for, I confess, the love I have for my wife and children makes me seem a little self-interested. Tell me, Sir, how much will

your Worship give for each lash?"—"Were I to pay you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "in proportion to the greatness and quality of the cure, the treasure of Venice, and the mines of Potosi, would be too small a recompense. But see how much cash you have of mine, and set your own price upon each lash."—"The lashes," answered Sancho, "are three thousand, three hundred, and odd: of these I have already given myself five; the rest remain; let the five pass for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand, three hundred; which, at a quarter of a real apiece, and I will not take less, though all the world should command me to do it, amount to three thousand, three hundred, quarter-reals; which make one thousand, six hundred, and fifty half-reals; which make eight hundred and twenty-five reals. These I will deduct from what I have of your Worship's in my hands, and shall return to my house rich and contented, though well whipped: for, they do not take trouts—I say no more."—"Oh blessed Sancho! Oh amiable Sancho!" replied Don Quixote: "how much shall Dulcinea and I be bound to serve you all the days of life Heaven shall be pleased to grant us? If she recovers her lost state, as it is impossible but she must, her mishap will prove her good fortune, and my defeat a most happy triumph: and, when, Sancho, do you propose to begin the discipline? I will add an hundred reals over and above for

dispatch."—"When?" replied Sancho; "even this very night without fail: take you care, Sir, that we may be in open field, and I will take care to lay my flesh open."

At length came the night, expected by Don Quixote with the greatest anxiety in the world, the wheels of Apollo's chariot seeming to him to be broken, and the day to be prolonged beyond its usual length: even as it happens to lovers, who, in the account of their impatience, think the hour of the accomplishment of their desires will never come.

Finally, they got among some pleasant trees a little way out of the high road, where, leaving the saddle and pannel of Rozinante and Dapple vacant, they laid themselves along on the green grass, and supped out of Sancho's cupboard: who, making a ponderous and flexible whip of Dapple's headstall and halter, withdrew about twenty paces from his master among some beech-trees. Don Quixote seeing him go with such resolution and spirit, said to him: "Take care, friend, you do not lash yourself to pieces; take time; let one stroke stay till another's over; hurry not yourself so as to lose your breath in the midst of your career; I mean, you must not lay it on so unmercifully, as to lose your life before you attain to the desired number. And that you may not lose the game by a card too much or too little, I will stand aloof, and keep reckoning upon

my beads the lashes you shall give yourself; and Heaven favour you as your worthy intention deserves."—"The good paymaster is in pain for no pawn," answered Sancho: "I design to lay it on in such a manner, that it may smart without killing me; for in this the substance of the miracle must needs consist." He then stripped himself naked from the waist upward; and then, snatching and cracking the whip, he began to lay himself on, and Don Quixote to count the strokes. Sancho had given himself about six or eight, when he thought the jest a little too heavy, and the price much too easy; and, stopping his hand awhile, he said to his master, that he appealed on being deceived, every lash of those being richly worth half a real, instead of a quarter. "Proceed, friend Sancho, and be not faint-hearted," cried Don Quixote; "for I double the pay."—"If so," quoth Sancho, "away with it in God's name, and let it rain lashes." But the sly knave, instead of laying them on his back, laid them on the trees, fetching ever and anon such groans, that one would have thought, each would have torn up his very soul by the roots. Don Quixote, naturally tender-hearted, and fearing he would put an end to his life, and so he should not attain his desire through Sancho's imprudence, said to him: "I conjure you, by your life, friend, let the business rest here; for this medicine seems to me very harsh; and it

will not be amiss to give time to time; for Zamora was not taken in one hour. You have already given yourself, if I reckon right, above a thousand lashes, enough for the present; for the ass (to speak in homely phrase) will carry the load, but not a double load."—"No, no," answered Sancho, "it shall never be said for me, the money paid, the work delayed: pray, Sir, get a little farther off, and let me give myself another thousand lashes at least; for a couple more of such bouts will finish the job, and stuff to spare."—"Since you find yourself in so good a disposition," replied Don Quixote, "Heaven assist you: and stick to it, for I am gone." Sancho returned to his task with so much fervour, and such was the rigour, with which he gave the lashes, that he had already disbarked many a tree: and once, lifting up his voice, and giving an unmeasurable stroke to a beech, he cried: "Down with thee, Sampson, and all that are with thee." Don Quixote presently ran to the sound of the piteous voice, and the stroke of the severe whip, and, laying hold of the twisted halter, which served Sancho instead of a bull's pizzle, he said: "Heaven forbid, friend Sancho, that, for my pleasure, you should lose that life, upon which depends the maintenance of your wife and children: let Dulcinea wait a better opportunity: for I will contain myself within the bounds of the nearest hope, and stay till you recover fresh

strength, that this business may be concluded to the satisfaction of all parties."—"Since your Worship, dear Sir, will have it so," answered Sancho, "so be it, in God's name, and pray, fling your cloak over my shoulders: for I am all in a sweat, and am loath to catch cold, as new disciplinants are apt to do." Don Quixote did so; and, leaving himself in his doublet, he covered up Sancho, who slept till the sun waked him, and then they prosecuted their journey, till they stopped at a place about three leagues off.

They alighted at an inn; for Don Quixote took it for such, and not for a castle, moated round, with its turrets, portcullises, and draw-bridge: for, since his defeat, he discoursed with more judgment on all occasions, as will presently appear. He was lodged in a ground room, hung with painted serge, instead of tapestry, as is the fashion in country towns. In one of the pieces was painted, by a wretched hand, the rape of Helen, when the daring guest carried her off from Menelaus. In another, was the history of Dido and Æneas; she upon a high tower, as making signals with half a bed-sheet to her fugitive guest, who was out at sea, flying away from her, in a frigate or brigantine. He observed in the two history-pieces, that Helen went away with no very ill will; for she was slyly laughing to herself: but the beauteous Dido seemed to let fall from her eyes tears as big as walnuts.

Don Quixote, seeing this, said: "These two ladies were most unfortunate in not being born in this age, and I above all men unhappy, that I was not born in theirs: for had I encountered those gallants, neither had Troy been burnt, nor Carthage destroyed; since, by my killing Paris only, all these mischiefs had been prevented."—"I hold a wager," quoth Sancho, "that, ere it be long, there will not be either victualling-house, tavern, inn, or barber's shop, in which the history of our exploits will not be painted, but I could wish, they may be done by the hand of a better painter, than he that did these."—"You are in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for this painter is like Orbaneja of Ubeda, who, when he was asked what he was drawing, answered; As it shall happen; and if it chanced to be a cock, he wrote under it, *This is a cock*, lest people should take it for a fox. Just such a one, methinks, Sancho, the painter or writer (for it is all one) must be, who wrote the history of this new Don Quixote, lately published: he painted, or wrote, whatever came uppermost. Or, he is like a poet, some years about the court, called Mauleon, who answered all questions extempore; and, a person asking him the meaning of *Deum de Deo*, he answered, *Deé donde diere*. But, setting all this aside, tell me, Sancho, do you think of giving yourself the other brush to-night? And have you a mind it should be under a roof,

or in the open air?"—"Before God, Sir," answered Sancho, "for what I intend to give myself, it is all the same to me, whether it be in a house, or in a field: though I had rather it were among trees; for, methinks, they accompany me, as it were, and help me to bear my toil marvellously well."—"However, it shall not be now, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "but, that you may recover strength, it shall be reserved for our village; and we shall get thither by the day after to-morrow at farthest." Sancho replied, he might order that as he pleased; but, for his part, he was desirous to make an end of the business out of hand, and in hot blood, and while the mill was grinding: for usually the danger lies in the delay; and, "pray to God devoutly, and hammer out stoutly;" and, "one *take* is worth two *I'll give thee's*;" and, "a bird in hand is better than a vulture on the wing."—"No more proverbs, Sancho, for God's sake," cried Don Quixote; "for, methinks, you are going back to *sicut erat*. Speak plainly, and without flourishes, as I have often told you, and you will find it a loaf per cent. in your way."—"I know not how I came to be so unlucky," answered Sancho, "that I cannot give a reason without a proverb, nor a proverb, which does not seem to me to be a reason: but I will mend if I can:" and thus ended the conversation for that time.

CHAP. LXXII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO ARRIVED AT THEIR VILLAGE.

DON Quixote and Sancho staid all the day at the inn in that village, waiting for night; the one to finish his task of whipping in the fields, and the other to see the success of it, in which consisted the accomplishment of his wishes. At this juncture came a traveller on horseback to the inn, with three or four servants, one of whom said to him, who seemed to be the master of them: "Here, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your Worship may pass the heat of the day; the lodging seems to be cool and cleanly." Don Quixote, hearing this, said to Sancho: "I am mistaken, Sancho, if, when I turned over the second part of my history, I had not a glimpse of this Don Alvaro Tarfe."—"It may be so," answered Sancho: "let him first alight, and then we will question him." The gentleman alighted, and the landlady showed him into a ground room, opposite to that of Don Quixote, hung likewise with painted serge. This new-arrived cavalier undressed and equipped himself for coolness, and stepping out to the porch, which was airy and spacious, where Don Quixote was walking backwards and forwards, he asked him: "Pray, Sir, which way is your Worship travelling?" And

Don Quixote answered: "To a village not far off, where I was born. And, pray, Sir, which way may you be travelling?"—"I, Sir," answered the gentleman, "am going to Granada, which is my native country."—"And a good country it is," replied Don Quixote. "But, Sir, oblige me so far as to tell me your name; for I conceive it imports me to know it, more than I can well express."—"My name is Don Alvaro Tarfe," answered the new guest. To which Don Quixote replied: "Then, I presume, your Worship is that Don Alvaro Tarfe, mentioned in the second part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, lately printed, and published by a certain modern author."—"The very same," answered the gentleman; "and that Don Quixote, the hero of the said history, was a very great friend of mine; and I was the person, who drew him from his native place: at least I prevailed upon him to be present at certain jousts and tournaments held at Saragossa, whither I was going myself; and, in truth, I did him a great many kindnesses, and saved his back from being well stroked by the hangman for being too bold."—"Pray tell me, Signor Don Alvaro," said Don Quixote, "am I any thing like that Don Quixote you speak of?"—"No, in truth," answered the guest, "not in the least."—"And this Don Quixote," said ours, "had he a squire with him, called Sancho Panza?"—"Yes, he had," answered Don Al-

varo; "and, though he had the reputation of being very pleasant, I never heard him say any one thing, that had any pleasantry in it."—"I verily believe it," quoth Sancho straight; "for it is not every body's talent to say pleasant things; and this Sancho your Worship speaks of, Signor Gentleman, must be some very great rascal, idiot, and knave into the bargain: for the true Sancho Panza am I, who have more witty conceits than there are drops in a shower. Try but the experiment, Sir, and follow me but one year, and you will find, that they drop from me at every step, and are so many, and so pleasant, that, for the most part, without knowing what I say, I make every body laugh, that hears me: and the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the renowned, the valiant, the discreet, the enamoured, the undoer of injuries, the defender of pupils and orphans, the protector of widows, the murderer of damsels, he, who has the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso for his sole mistress, is this gentleman here present, my master: any other Don Quixote whatever, and any other Sancho Panza, is all mockery, and a mere dream."—"Before God, I believe it," answered Don Alvaro; "for you have said more pleasant things, friend, in four words you have spoken, than that other Sancho Panza in all I ever heard him say, though that was a great deal: for he was more gluttonous than well-spoken, and more stupid than pleasant: and I take it for

granted, that the enchanters, who persecute the good Don Quixote, have had a mind to persecute me too with the bad one: but I know not what to say; for I durst have sworn I had left him under cure in the Nuncio of Toledo's house, and now here starts up another Don Quixote very different from mine."—"I know not," said Don Quixote, "whether I am the good one; but I can say I am not the bad one; and as a proof of what I say, you must know, dear Signor Alvaro Tarfe, that I never was in Saragossa in all the days of my life: on the contrary, having been told, that this imaginary Don Quixote was at the tournaments of that city, I resolved not to go thither, that I might make him a liar in the face of all the world: and so I went directly to Barcelona, that register of courtesy, asylum of strangers, hospital of the poor, native country of the valiant, avenger of the injured, agreeable seat of firm friendship, and, for situation and beauty, singular. And, though what befell me there be not very much to my satisfaction, but, on the contrary, much to my sorrow, the having seen that city enables me the better to bear it. In a word, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the same that fame speaks of, and not that unhappy wretch, who would usurp my name, and arrogate to himself the honour of my exploits. And, therefore, I conjure you, Sir, as you are a gentleman, to make a declaration be-

fore the magistrate of this town, that you never saw me before in your life, and that I am not the Don Quixote printed in the second part; nor this Sancho Panza, my squire, him, you knew."—"That I will, with all my heart," answered Don Alvaro; "though it surprises me to see two Don Quixotes, and two Sanchos, at the same time, as different in their actions, as alike in their names. And, I say again, I am now assured, that I have not seen what I have seen, nor, in respect to me, has that happened, which has happened."—"Without doubt," quoth Sancho, "your Worship must be enchanted, like my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso: and would to Heaven your disenchantment depended upon my giving myself another three thousand and odd lashes, as I do for her; for I would lay them on without interest or reward."—"I understand not this business of lashes," replied Don Alvaro. Sancho answered, it was too long to tell at present, but he would give him an account if they happened to travel the same road.

Dinner-time was now come: Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together. By chance the magistrate of the town came into the inn, with a notary; and Don Quixote desired of him, that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, might depose before his Worship, that he did not know Don Quixote de la Mancha, there present, also, and that he was not the man handed

about in a printed history, intituled, "The Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by such a one de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas." In short, the magistrate proceeded according to form: the deposition was worded as strong as could be in such cases: at which Don Quixote and Sancho were overjoyed, as if this attestation had been of the greatest importance to them, and as if the difference between the two Don Quixotes, and the two Sanchos, were not evident enough from their words and actions. Many compliments and offers of service passed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote, in which the great Manchegan showed his discretion in such manner, that he convinced Don Alvaro Tarfe of the error he was in; who was persuaded he must needs be enchanted, since he had touched with his hand two such contrary Don Quixotes.

The evening came: they departed from that place, and, at the distance of about half a league, the road parted into two: one led to Don Quixote's village, and the other to where Don Alvaro was going. In this little way Don Quixote related to him the misfortune of his defeat, and the enchantment and cure of Dulcinea: which was new cause of admiration to Don Alvaro, who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, went on his way, and Don Quixote his.

That night he passed among some other trees, to give Sancho an opportunity of finishing his

discipline, which he did after the same manner as he had done the night before, more at the expense of the bark of the beeches, than of his back, of which he was so careful, that the lashes he gave it would not have brushed off a fly, that had been upon it. The deceived Don Quixote was very punctual in telling the strokes, and found, that, including those of the foregoing night, they amounted to three thousand and twenty-nine. One would have thought the sun himself had risen earlier than usual to behold the sacrifice; by whose light they resumed their journey, discoursing together of Don Alvaro's mistake, and how prudently they had contrived to procure his deposition before a magistrate, and in so authentic a form.

That day, and that night, they travelled without any occurrence worth relating, unless it be, that Sancho finished his task that night; at which Don Quixote was above measure pleased, and waited for the day, to see if he could light on his Lady, the disenchanted Dulcinea, in his way: and, continuing his journey, he looked narrowly at every woman he met, to see if she were Dulcinea del Toboso, holding it for infallible that Merlin's promises could not lie. With these thoughts and desires, they ascended a little hill, from whence they discovered their village; which as soon as Sancho beheld, he kneeled down, and said: "Open thine eyes, O desired country, and

behold thy son Sancho Panza, returning to thee again, if not very rich, yet very well whipped: open thine arms, and receive likewise thy son Don Quixote, who, if he comes conquered by another's hand, yet he comes a conqueror of himself, which, as I have heard him say, is the greatest victory, that can be desired. Money I have; for, if I have been well whipped, I am come off like a gentleman."—"Leave these fooleries, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and let us go directly home to our village, where we will give full scope to our imaginations, and settle the plan, we intend to govern ourselves by, in our pastoral life." This said, they descended the hill, and went directly to the village,

CHAP. LXXIII.

OF THE OMENS DON QUIXOTE MET WITH AT THE ENTRANCE INTO HIS VILLAGE, WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS, WHICH ADORN AND ILLUSTRATE THIS GREAT HISTORY.

AT the entrance into the village, as Cid Hamete reports, Don Quixote saw a couple of boys quarrelling in a threshing-floor, and one said to the other: "Trouble not yourself, Periquillo; for you shall never see it more while you live." Don Quixote, hearing him, said to Sancho: