

taken away, and they had entertained themselves a good while with Sancho's relishing conversation, on a sudden they heard the dismal sound of a fife, and also that of a hoarse and unbraced drum. They all discovered some surprise at the confused, martial, and doleful harmony; especially Don Quixote, who could not contain himself in his seat through pure emotion. As for Sancho, it is enough to say, that fear carried him to his usual refuge, which was the Dutchess's side, or the skirts of her petticoat: for the sound they heard was really and truly most horrid and melancholy. And, while they were thus in suspense they perceived two men enter the garden, clad in mourning robes, so long and extended, that they trailed upon the ground. They came beating two great drums, covered also with black. By their side came the fife, black and frightful like the rest. These three were followed by a personage of gigantic stature, not clad, but mantled about with a robe of the blackest dye, the train of which was of a monstrous length. This robe was girt about with a broad black belt, at which there hung an unmeasurable scimitar in a black scabbard. His face was covered with a transparent black veil, through which appeared a prodigious long beard as white as snow. He marched to the sound of the drums with much gravity and composure. In short, his huge bulk, his stateliness, his blackness, and his attendants,

might very well surprise, as they did, all, who beheld him, and were not in the secret. Thus he came, with the state and appearance aforesaid, and kneeled down before the Duke, who, with the rest, received him standing. But the Duke would in no wise suffer him to speak, till he rose up. The monstrous spectre did so; and as soon as he was upon his feet he lifted up his veil, and exposed to view the horridest, the longest, the whitest, and best furnished beard, that human eyes till then had ever beheld; and straight he sent forth, from his broad and ample breast, a voice grave and sonorous: and, fixing his eyes on the Duke, he said: "Most mighty and puissant Sir, I am called Trifaldin of the White Beard: I am squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, from whom I bring your Grandeur a message; which is, that your Magnificence would be pleased to give her permission and leave to enter, and tell her distress, which is one of the newest and most wonderful, that the most distressed thought in the world could ever have imagined: but, first, she desires to know whether the valorous and invincible Don Quixote de la Mancha resides in this your castle; in quest of whom she is come on foot, and without breaking her fast, from the kingdom of Candaya to this your territory; a thing which may and ought to be considered as a miracle, or ascribed to the force of enchantment. She waits at the

door of this fortress, or country-house, and only stays for your good pleasure to come in." Having said this, he hemmed, and stroked his beard from top to bottom with both his hands, and with much tranquillity stood expecting the Duke's answer, which was: "It is now many days, honest squire Trifaldin of the White Beard, since we have had notice of the misfortune of my Lady the Countess Trifaldi, whom the enchanters have occasioned to be called the Afflicted Matron. Tell her, stupendous squire, she may enter, and that the valiant Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha is here, from whose generous disposition she may safely promise herself all kind of aid and assistance. Tell her also from me, that if my favour be necessary, it shall not be wanting, since I am bound to it by being a Knight; for to such it particularly belongs to protect all sorts of women, especially injured and afflicted matrons, such as her Ladyship." Trifaldin, hearing this, bent a knee to the ground, and making a sign to the fife and drums to play, he walked out of the garden to the same tune, and with the same solemnity as he came in, leaving every one in wonder at his figure and deportment.

The Duke then, turning to Don Quixote, said: "In short, renowned Knight, neither the clouds of malice, nor those of ignorance, can hide or obscure the light of valour and virtue. This I say, because it is hardly six days that your Goodness

has been in this castle, when, behold, the sorrowful and afflicted are already come in quest of you, from far distant and remote countries, and not in coaches, or upon dromedaries, but on foot, and fasting, trusting, they shall find, in that strenuous arm of yours, the remedy for their troubles and distresses; thanks to your grand exploits, which run and spread themselves over the whole face of the earth.”—“I wish, my Lord Duke,” answered Don Quixote, “that the same ecclesiastic, who the other day expressed so much ill will and so great a grudge to Knights-errant, were now here, that he might see with his eyes, whether or no such Knights as those are necessary in the world: at least he would be made sensible, that the extraordinarily afflicted and disconsolate in great cases, and in enormous mishaps, do not fly for a remedy to the houses of scholars, nor to those of country parish priests, nor to the cavalier, who never thinks of stirring from his own town, nor to the lazy courtier, who rather inquires after news to tell again, than endeavours to perform actions and exploits for others to relate or write of him. Remedy for distress, relief in necessities, protection of damsels, and consolation of widows, are no where so readily to be found, as among Knights-errant; and that I am one, I give infinite thanks to Heaven, and shall not repine at any hardship or trouble, that can befall me in so honourable an exercise. Let this matron come, and make what request she

pleases: for I will commit her redress to the force of my arm, and the intrepid resolution of my courageous spirit.”

CHAP. XXXVII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF
THE AFFLICTED MATRON.

THE Duke and Dutchess were extremely delighted to see how well Don Quixote answered their expectation; and here Sancho said: “I should be loath, that this madam duenna should lay any stumbling-block in the way of my promised government; for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, say, that, where duennas have to do, no good thing can ere ensue. Ods my life! what an enemy was that apothecary to them! and therefore, since all duennas are troublesome and impertinent, of what quality or condition soever they be, what must the afflicted be, as they say this same Countess Three-skirts or Three-tails is? for in my country, skirts and tails, and tails and skirts, are all one.”—“Peace, friend Sancho,” said Don Quixote: “for, since this lady duenna comes in quest of me from so remote a country, she cannot be one of those the apothecary has in his list. Besides, this is a Countess; and when Countesses serve as duennas, it must be as attendants upon Queens and Empresses; for in

their own houses they command, and are served by other duennas." To this Donna Rodriguez, who was present, answered: "My Lady Dutchess has duennas in her service, who might have been Countesses, if fortune had pleased; but laws go on Kings' errands; and let no one speak ill of duennas, especially of the ancient maiden ones; for though I am not of that number, yet I well know, and clearly perceive, the advantage a maiden duenna has over a widow duenna; though a pair of shears cut us all out of the same piece."—"For all that," replied Sancho, "there is still so much to be sheared about your duennas, as my barber tells me, that it is better not to stir the rice, though it burn to the pot."—"These squires," said Donna Rodriguez, "are always our enemies; and, as they are a kind of fairies, that haunt the antichambers, and spy us at every turn, the hours they are not at their beads, which are not a few, they employ in speaking ill of us, unburying our bones and burying our reputations. But let me tell these moving blocks, that, in spite of their teeth, we shall live in the world, and in the best families too, though we starve for it, and cover our delicate or not delicate bodies with a black weed, as people cover a dunghill with a piece of tapestry on a procession-day. In faith, if I might, and had time, I would make all here present, and all the world besides, know, that there is no virtue, but is contained in a duenna."—"I

am of opinion," said the Dutchess, "that my good Donna Rodriguez is in the right, and very much so: but she must wait for a fit opportunity to stand up for herself, and the rest of the duennas, to confound the ill opinion of that wicked apothecary, and root out that, which the great Sancho has in his breast." To which Sancho answered: "Ever since the fumes of government have got into my head, I have lost the megrims of squireship, and care not a fig for all the duennas in the world."

This dialogue about duennas would have continued, had they not heard the drum and fife strike up again; by which they understood, the afflicted matron was just entering. The Dutchess asked the Duke, whether it was not proper to go and meet her, since she was a Countess, and a person of quality."—"As she is a Countess," quoth Sancho, before the Duke could answer, "it is very fit your Grandeurs should go to receive her; but, as she is a duenna, I am of opinion you should not stir a step."—"Who bid you intermeddle in this matter, Sancho?" said Don Quixote: "Who, Sir?" answered Sancho: "I myself, who have a right to intermeddle as a squire; that has learned the rules of courtesy in the school of your Worship, who is the best bred Knight courtesy ever produced: and in these matters, as I have heard your Worship say, one may as well lose the game by a card too much as a card too little; and a word to the wise."—"It is even as Sancho

says," added the Duke: "we shall soon see what kind of a Countess this is, and by that we shall judge what courtesy is due to her." And now the drums and fife entered, as they did the first time. And here the author ended this short chapter, and began another with the continuation of the same adventure, being one of the most notable in the history.



CHAP. XXXVIII.

IN WHICH AN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF THE AFFLICTED
MATRON'S MISFORTUNE.

AFTER the doleful music, there began to enter the garden twelve duennas, divided into two files, all clad in large mourning habits, seemingly of milled serge, with white veils of thin muslin, so long, that only the border of the robe appeared. After these came the Countess Trifaldi, whom squire Trifaldin of the White Beard led by the hand. She was clad in a robe of the finest serge; each grain of which, had it been napped, would have been of the size of a good rounceval pea. The train, or tail (call it which you will), was divided into three corners, supported by three pages, clad also in mourning, making a sightly and mathematical figure, with the three acute angles, formed by the three corners; from which

all that saw them concluded, she was from thence called the Countess Trifaldi, as much as to say, the Countess of the Three Skirts: and Benengeli says, that was the truth of the matter, and that her right title was the Countess Lobuna, because that earldom produced abundance of wolves; and, had they been foxes instead of wolves, she would have been styled Countess Zorruna, it being the custom in those parts for great persons to take their titles from the thing or things; with which their country most abounded. But this Countess, in favour of the new cut of her train, quitted that of Lobuna, and took that of Trifaldi. The twelve duennas, with the lady, advanced a procession pace, their faces covered with black veils, and not transparent like Trifaldin's, but so close, that nothing could be seen through them. Now, upon the appearance of this squadron of duennas, the Duke, Dutchess, and Don Quixote, rose from their seats, as did all the rest, who beheld this grand procession. The twelve duennas halted and made a lane, through which the Afflicted advanced, without Trifaldin's letting go her hand. Which the Duke, Dutchess, and Don Quixote seeing, they stepped forward about a dozen paces to receive her. She, kneeling on the ground, with a voice rather harsh and coarse, than fine and delicate, said: "May it please your Grandeurs to spare condescending to do so great a courtesy to this your valet; I mean your hand-

maid: for such is my affliction, that I shall not be able to answer as I ought, because my strange and unheard-of misfortune has carried away my understanding, I know not whither; and sure it must be a vast way off, since the more I seek it the less I find it."—"He would want it, Lady Countess," replied the Duke, "who could not judge of your worth by your person, which, without seeing any more, merits the whole cream of courtesy, and the whole flower of well-bred ceremonies;" and, raising her by the hand, he led her to a chair close by the Dutchess, who also received her with much civility. Don Quixote held his peace, and Sancho was dying with impatience to see the face of the Trifaldi, or of some one of her many duennas: but it was not possible, till they of their own accord unveiled themselves.

Now, all keeping silence, and in expectation, who should break it, the afflicted matron began in these words: "Confident I am, most mighty Lord, most beautiful Lady, and most discreet bystanders, that my most miserableness will find in your most valorous breasts a protection, no less placid, than generous and dolorous: for such it is, as is sufficient to mollify marbles, soften diamonds, and melt the steel of the hardest hearts in the world. But, before it ventures on the public stage of your hearing, not to say of your ears, I should be glad to be informed, whether the refinedissimo Knight, Don Quixote de la Man-

chissima, and his squirrissimo Panza, be in this bosom, circle, or company.”—“Panza,” said Sancho, before any body else could answer, “is here, and also Don Quixotissimo; and therefore, afflictedissima matronissima, say what you have a mindissima; for we are all ready and preparedissimos to be your servitorissimos.” Upon this Don Quixote stood up, and directing his discourse to the afflicted matron, said: “If your distresses, afflicted Lady, can promise themselves any remedy from the valour or fortitude of a Knight-errant, behold mine, which, though weak and scanty, shall all be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose function it is to succour the distressed of all sorts; and this being so, as it really is, you need not, Madam, bespeak good will, nor have recourse to preambles, but plainly, and without circumlocution, tell your griefs; for you are within hearing of those, who know how to compassionate, if not to redress them.” The afflicted matron hearing this, made a show, as if she would prostrate herself at Don Quixote’s feet; and actually did so; and, struggling to kiss them, said: “I prostrate myself, O invincible Knight, before these feet and legs, as the basis and pillars of Knight-errantry: these feet will I kiss, on whose steps the whole remedy of my misfortune hangs and depends, O valorous Errant, whose true exploits outstrip and obscure the fabulous ones of the

Amadis, Esplandians, and Belianises." And, leaving Don Quixote, she turned to Sancho Panza, and, taking him by the hand, said: "Oh thou the most trusty squire, that ever served Knight-errant, in the present or past ages, whose goodness is of greater extent than the beard of my companion Trifaldin here present, well mayest thou boast, that, in serving Don Quixote, thou dost serve in miniature the whole tribe of Knights, that ever handled arms in the world: I conjure thee, by what thou owest to thy own fidelity and goodness, to become an importunate intercessor for me with thy Lord, that he would instantly favour the humblest and unhappiest of Countesses." To which Sancho answered: "Whether my goodness, Madam, be, or be not, as long and as broad as your squire's beard, signifies little to me: so that my soul be bearded and whiskered, when it departs this life, I care little or nothing for beards here below: but, without these wheedlings and beseechings, I will desire my master, who I know has a kindness for me, especially now that he wants me for a certain business, to favour and assist your Ladyship in whatever he can. Unbundle your griefs, Madam, and let us into the particulars; and leave us alone to manage, for we shall understand one another." The Duke and Dutchess were ready to burst with laughing at all this, as knowing the drift of this adventure; and commended, in their

thoughts, the smartness and dissimulation of the Trifaldi, who, returning to her seat, said :

“ Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, which lies between the great Taprobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Camorin, was Queen Donna Maguncia, widow of King Archipiela, her lord and husband ; from which marriage sprung the Infanta Antonomasia, heiress of the kingdom ; which Infanta Antonomasia was educated under my care and instruction, as being the most ancient duenna, and of the best quality, among those, that waited upon her mother. Now, in process of time, the young Antonomasia arrived to the age of fourteen, with such perfection of beauty, that nature could not raise it a pitch higher : and, what is more, discretion itself was but a child to her ; for she was as discreet as fair, and she was the fairest creature in the world, and is so still, if envious fates and hard-hearted destinies have not cut short her thread of life. But, surely, they have not done it ; for Heaven would never permit, that so much injury should be done to the earth, as to tear off such an unripe cluster from its fairest vine. Of this beauty, never sufficiently extolled by my feeble tongue, an infinite number of Princes, as well natives as foreigners, grew enamoured. Among whom, a private gentleman of the court dared to raise his thoughts to the Heaven of so much beauty, confiding in his youth, his genteel finery,

his many abilities and graces, and the facility and felicity of his wit: for I must tell your Grandeurs, if it be no offence, that he touched a guitar so as to make it speak. He was besides a poet, and a fine dancer, and could make bird-cages so well, as to get his living by it, in case of extreme necessity. So many qualifications and endowments were sufficient to overset a mountain, and much more a tender virgin. But all his gentility, graceful behaviour, and fine accomplishments, would have signified little or nothing towards the conquest of my girl's fortress, if the robber and ruffian had not artfully contrived to reduce me first. The assassin and barbarous vagabond began with endeavouring to obtain my good will, and suborn my inclination, that I might, like a treacherous keeper as I was, deliver up to him the keys of the fortress I guarded. In short, he imposed upon my understanding, and got from me my consent, by means of I know not what toys and trinkets he presented me with. But that, which chiefly brought me down, and levelled me with the ground, was a stanza, which I heard him sing one night, through a grate, that looked into an alley, where he stood; and, if I remember right, the verses were these:

My cruel, yet delightful foe,
 With anxious pain my breast does fill;
 And farther to increase my woe,
 Forbids me to impart my ill.

“The stanza seemed to me to be of pearls, and his voice of barley-sugar; and many a time since have I thought, considering the mishap I fell into, that poets, at least the lascivious, ought, as Plato advised, to be banished from all good and well-regulated commonwealths; because they write couplets, not like those of the Marquis of Mantua, which divert, and make children and women weep, but such pointed things, as, like smooth thorns, pierce the soul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment whole and un-singed. Another time he sung:

O Death, with steps so softly steal,
That I may not thy presence know,
Lest, dying I such pleasure feel,
That life's chill'd streams again should flow—

with such other couplets and ditties as enchant, when sung, and surprise, when written. Now, when they condescend to compose a kind of verses, at that time in fashion in Candaya, which they call roundelays, they presently occasion a dancing of the soul, a tickling of the fancy, a perpetual agitation of the body, and, lastly, a kind of quicksilver of all the senses. And therefore I say, most noble Auditors, that such versifiers deserve to be banished to the isle of Lizards: though in truth they are not to blame, but the simpletons, who commend them, and the idiots, who believe them: and, had I been the honest

duenna I ought, his nightly serenades had not moved me, nor had I believed those poetical expressions: *Dying I live; in ice I burn; I shiver in flames; in despair I hope; I go, yet stay;* with other impossibilities of the like stamp, of which their writings are full. And when they promise us the phoenix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the hairs of the sun, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tiber, and the balsam of Pancaya; they then give their pen the greatest scope, as it costs them little to promise what they never intend, nor can perform. But, woe is me, unhappy wretch! whither do I stray? What folly or what madness hurries me to recount the faults of others, having so many of my own to relate? Woe is me again, unhappy creature! for not his verses, but my own simplicity, vanquished me: not the music, but my levity, my great ignorance, and my little caution, melted me down, opened the way, and smoothed the passage for Don Clavijo; for that is the name of the aforesaid cavalier. And so, I being the go-between, he was often in the chamber of the betrayed, not by him but me, Antonomasia, under the title of her lawful husband: for, though a sinner, I would never have consented, without his being her husband, that he should have come within the shadow of her shoe-string. No, no, marriage must be the forerunner of any business of this kind undertaken by me: only there was one mischief in it, which was

the disparity between them, Don Clavijo being but a private gentleman, and the Infanta Antonomasia heiress, as I have already said, of the kingdom. This intrigue lay concealed and wrapped up in the sagacity of my cautious management for some time, till I perceived it began to show itself in I know not what kind of swelling of Antonomasia; the apprehension of which made us lay our three heads together: and the result was, that before the unhappy slip should come to light, Don Clavijo should demand Antonomasia in marriage before the vicar, in virtue of a contract, signed by the Infanta and given him to be his wife, worded by my wit, and in such strong terms, that the force of Sampson was not able to break through it. The business was put in execution; the vicar saw the contract, and took the lady's confession: she acknowledged the whole, and was ordered into the custody of an honest alguazil of the court." Here Sancho said: "What! are there court alguazils, poets, and roundelays in Candaya too? If so, I swear, I think, the world is the same every where: but, Madam Trifaldi, pray make haste; for it grows late, and I die to hear the end of this very long story."—"That I will," answered the Countess.

CHAP. XXXIX.

WHERLIN TRIFALDI CONTINUES HER STUPENDOUS AND
MEMORABLE HISTORY.

AT every word Sancho spoke, the Dutchess was in as high delight as Don Quixote was at his wit's end; who commanded him to hold his peace, and the Afflicted went on, saying: "In short, after many pros and cons, the Infanta standing stiffly to her engagement, without varying or departing from her first declaration, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of Don Clavijo, and gave her to him to wife: at which the Queen Donna Maguncia, mother to the Infanta Antonomasia, was so much disturbed, that we buried her in three days time."—"She died then, I suppose?" quoth Sancho. "Most assuredly," answered Trifaldin; "for in Candaya they do not bury the living but the dead."—"Master squire," replied Sancho, "it has happened, ere now, that a person in a swoon has been buried for dead; and, in my opinion, Queen Maguncia ought to have swooned away rather than have died; for, while there is life there is hope; and the Infanta's transgression was not so great, that she should lay it so much to heart. Had the lady married one of her pages, or any other servant of the family, as many others have done, as I have been told, the mischief had

been without remedy; but, she having made choice of a cavalier, so much a gentleman, and of such parts as he is here painted to us, verily, verily, though perhaps it was foolish, it was not so very much so as some people think: for, according to the rules of my master, who is here present, and will not let me lie, as Bishops are made out of learned men, so Kings and Emperors may be made out of cavaliers, especially if they are errant.”—“ You are in the right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “ for a Knight-errant, give him but two inches of good luck, is next to being the greatest lord in the world. But let Madam Afflicted proceed: for I fancy the bitter part of this hitherto sweet story is still behind.”—“ The bitter behind!” answered the Countess: “ Ay, so bitter, that, in comparison, wormwood is sweet, and rue savoury.

“ The Queen being now dead, and not swooned away, we buried her; and scarcely had we covered her with earth, and pronounced the last farewell, when, *Quis talia fando temperet à lacrymis?* upon the Queen’s sepulchre appeared, mounted on a wooden horse, the giant Malambruno her cousin-german, who, besides being cruel, is an enchanter also. This giant, in revenge of his cousin’s death, and in chastisement of the boldness of Don Clavijo, and the folly of Antonomasia, left them both enchanted by his art upon the very sepulchre; she being converted into a

monkey of brass, and he into a fearful crocodile of an unknown metal; and between them lies a plate of metal likewise, with letters engraved upon it in the Syriac language, which, being rendered into the Candayan, and now into the Castilian, contains this sentence: *These two presumptuous lovers shall not recover their pristine form, till the valorous Manchegan shall enter into single combat with me: for the destinies reserve this unheard-of adventure for his great valour alone.* This done, he drew out of the scabbard a broad and unmeasurable scimitar, and, taking me by the hair of my head, he made show as if he would cut my throat, or whip off my head at a blow. I was frightened to death, and my voice stuck in my throat; nevertheless, recovering myself as well as I could, with a trembling and doleful voice, I used such entreaties as prevailed with him to suspend the execution of so rigorous a punishment. Finally, he sent for all the duennas of the palace, being those here present, and, after having exaggerated our fault, and inveighed against the qualities of duennas, their wicked plots, and worse intrigues, and charging them with all that blame, which I alone deserved, he said; he would not chastise us with capital punishment, but with other lengthened pains, which should put us to a kind of civil and perpetual death: and in the very instant he had done speaking, we all felt the pores of our faces

open, and a pricking pain all over them like the pricking of needles. Immediately we clapped our hands to our faces, and found them in the condition you shall see presently."

Then the Afflicted, and the rest of the duennas, lifted up the veils, which concealed them, and discovered their faces all planted with beards, some red, some black, some white, and some piebald: at which sight the Duke and Dutchess seemed to wonder, Don Quixote and Sancho were amazed, and all present astonished; and the Trifaldi proceeded: "Thus that wicked and evil-minded felon Malambruno punished us, covering the soft smoothness of our faces with the ruggedness of these bristles: would to Heaven he had struck off our heads with his unmeasurable scimitar, rather than have obscured the light of our countenances with these brushes, that overspread them! For, noble Lords and Lady, if we rightly consider it, and what I am now going to say I would speak with rivers of tears, but that the consideration of our misfortune, and the seas our eyes have already wept, keep them without moisture, and dry as the beards of corn; and therefore I will speak it without tears: I say then, whither can a duenna with a beard go? What father or what mother will bewail her? Who will succour her? For even when her grain is the smoothest, and her face tortured with a thousand sorts of washes and ointments, scarcely can she

find any body to show kindness to her; what must she do then, when her face is become a wood? Oh ye duennas, my dear companions, in an unlucky hour were we born, and in an evil minute did our fathers beget us :” and, so saying, she seemed to faint away.

CHAP. XL.

OF MATTERS RELATING AND APPERTAINING TO THIS ADVENTURE, AND TO THIS MEMORABLE HISTORY.

IN reality and truth, all, who delight in such histories as this, ought to be thankful to its original author Cid Hamete, for his curious exactness in recording the minutest circumstances of it, without omitting any thing how trifling soever, but bringing every thing distinctly to light. He paints thoughts, discovers imaginations, answers the silent, clears up doubts, resolves arguments; and, lastly, manifests the least atoms of the most inquisitive desire. O most celebrated author! O happy Don Quixote! O famous Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! Live each jointly and severally infinite ages, for the general pleasure and pastime of the living!

Now the story says, that, when Sancho saw the Afflicted faint away, he said: “ Upon the faith of an honest man, and by the blood of all my ancestors, the Panzas, I swear, I never heard

or saw, nor has my master ever told me, nor did such an adventt're as this ever enter into his thoughts. A thousand devils take thee (I would not curse any body) for an enchanter, and a giant, Malambruno! couldst thou find no other kind of punishment to inflict upon these sinners, but that of bearding them? Had it not been better (I am sure it had been better for them) to have whipt off half their noses, though they had snuffed for it, than to have clapped them on beards? I will lay a wager, they have not wherewith to pay for shaving."—"That is true, Sir," answered one of the twelve; "we have not wherewithal to keep ourselves clean; and therefore, to shift as well as we can, some of us use sticking plaisters of pitch; which being applied to the face, and pulled off with a jerk, we remain as sleek and smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar: for, though there are women in Candaya, who go from house to house, to take off the hair of the body, and shape the eyebrows and other jobs pertaining to women, we, who are my Lady's duennas, would never have any thing to do with them; for most of them smell of the procuress, having ceased to be otherwise serviceable: and if we are not relieved by Signor Don Quixote, with beards shall we be carried to our graves."—"Mine," cried Don Quixote "shall be plucked off in the country of the Moors, rather than not free you from yours."

By this time Trifaldi was come to herself, and said: "The mumuring sound of that promise, valorous Knight, in the midst of my swoon, reached my ears, and was the occasion of my coming out of it, and recovering my senses: and so once again I beseech you, illustrious Errant, and invincible Sir, that your gracious promises may be converted into deeds."—"It shall not rest at me," answered Don Quixote: "inform me, Madam, what it is I am to do; for my inclination is fully disposed to serve you."—"The case is," answered the Afflicted, "that, from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, it is five thousand leagues, one or two more or less; but, if you go through the air in a direct line, it is three thousand, two hundred, and twenty-seven. You must know also, that Malambruno told me, that, when fortune should furnish me with the Knight, our deliverer, he would send him a steed, much better, and with fewer vicious tricks, than a post-horse returned to his stage; for it is to be that very wooden horse, upon which the valiant Peter of Provence carried off the fair Magalona. This horse is governed by a pin he has in his forehead, which serves for a bridle; and he flies through the air with such swiftness, that one would think the devil himself carried him. This same horse, according to ancient tradition, was the workmanship of the sage Merlin, who lent him to Peter, who was his

friend ; upon which he took great journeys, and stole, as has been said, the fair Magalona, carrying her behind him through the air, and leaving all, that beheld him from the earth, staring and astonished: and he lent him to none but particular friends, or such as paid him a handsome price. Since the grand Peter to this time we know of nobody, that has been upon his back. Malambruno procured him by his art, and keeps him in his power, making use of him in the journeys he often takes through divers parts of the world: to-day he is here, to-morrow in France, and the next day in Potosi ; and the best of it is, that this same horse neither eats nor sleeps, nor wants any shoeing, and ambles such a pace through the air, without wings, that his rider may carry a dishful of water in his hand, without spilling a drop, he travels so smooth and easy: which made the fair Magalona take great delight in riding him."

To this Sancho said : " For smooth and easy goings, commend me to my Dapple, though he goes not through the air ; but by land, I will match him against all the amblers in the world." This made the company laugh, and the Afflicted proceeded : " Now this horse, if Malambruno intends to put an end to our misfortune, will be here with us within half an hour after it is dark ; for he told me, that the sign, by which I should be assured of having found that Knight I sought

after, should be the sending me the horse to the place, where the Knight was, with conveniency and speed." — "And, pray," quoth Sancho, "how many can ride upon this same horse?" — "Two persons," answered the Afflicted; "one in the saddle, and the other behind on the crupper: and generally these two persons are the Knight and his squire, when there is no stolen damsel in the case." — "I should be glad to know, too, Madam Afflicted," quoth Sancho, "what this horse's name is." — "His name," answered the Afflicted, "is not Pegasus, as was that of Bellerophon; nor Bucephalus, as was that of Alexander the Great; nor Brigliador, as was that of Orlando Furioso: nor is it Bayarte, which belonged to Reynaldos of Montalvan; nor Frontino, which was Rogero's: nor is it Boötes, nor Pyrithous, as they say the horses of the sun are called; neither is he called Orelia, the horse, which the unfortunate Roderigo, the last king of the Goths in Spain, mounted in that battle, wherein he lost his kingdom and life." — "I will venture a wager," quoth Sancho, "since they have given him none of those famous and well-known names, neither have they given him that of my master's horse Rozinante, which in propriety exceeds all, that have been hitherto named." — "True," answered the bearded Countess; "but still it suits him well: for he is called Clavileno the winged; which name answers to

his being of wood, to the peg in his forehead, and to the swiftness of his motion ; so that, in respect of his name, he may very well come in competition with the renowned Rozinante.”—“ I dislike not the name,” replied Sancho : “ but with what bridle, or with what halter, is he guided ? ”—“ I have already told you,” answered the Trifaldi, “ that he is guided by a peg, by which the rider, turning it this way or that, makes him go, either aloft in the air, or else sweeping, and, as it were, brushing the earth ; or in the middle region, which is what is generally aimed at, and is to be kept to in all well-ordered actions.”

“ I have a great desire to see him,” answered Sancho ; “ but to think, that I will get upon him, either in the saddle, or behind upon the crupper, is to look for pears upon an elm-tree. It were a good jest indeed, for me, who can hardly sit my own Dapple, though upon a pannel softer than very silk, to think now of getting upon a crupper of boards, without either pillow or cushion : in faith, I do not intend to flay myself, to take off any body’s beard : let every one shave as he likes best ; I shall not bear my master company in so long a journey : besides, I am out of the question ; for I can be of no service towards the shaving these beards, as I am for the disenchanting of my Lady Dulcinea.”—“ Indeed but you can, friend,” answered the Trifaldi,

“and of so much service, that, without you, as I take it, we are likely to do nothing at all.”—
“In the King’s name,” quoth Sancho, “what have squires to do with their masters’ adventures? Must they run away with the fame of those they accomplish, and must we undergo the fatigue? Body of me! did the historians but say; Such a Knight achieved such and such an adventure, with the help of such a one, his squire, without whom it had been impossible for him to finish it, it were something: but you shall have them drily write thus: ‘Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars, achieved the adventure of the six goblins:’ without naming his squire, who was present all the while, as if there had been no such person in the world. I say again, good my Lord and Lady, my master may go by himself, and much good may do him; for I will stay here by my Lady Dutchess; and, perhaps, when he comes back, he may find Madam Dulcinea’s business pretty forward; for I intend, at idle and leisure whiles, to give myself such a whipping-bout, that not a hair shall interpose.”

“For all that, honest Sancho,” said the Dutchess, “you must bear him company, if need be, and that at the request of good people; for it would be a great pity the faces of these ladies should remain thus bushy through your needless fears.”—“In the King’s name once more,” replied Sancho, “were this piece of charity under-

taken for modest sober damsels, or for poor innocent hospital-girls, a man might venture upon some pains-taking: but, to endure it to rid duennas of their beards, with a murrain to them, I had rather see them all bearded from the highest to the lowest, and from the nicest to the most slatternly.”—“You are upon very bad terms with the duennas, friend Sancho,” replied the Dutchess, “and are much of the Toledan apothecary’s mind: but in troth you are in the wrong; for I have duennas in my family, fit to be patterns to all duennas; and here stands Donna Rodriguez, who will not contradict me.”—“Your Excellency may say what you please,” replied Rodriguez; “for God knows the truth of every thing, and, good or bad, bearded or smooth, such as we are our mothers brought us forth, like other women; and since God cast us into the world, he knows for what; and I rely upon his mercy, and not upon any body’s beard whatever.”

“Enough, mistress Rodriguez,” said Don Quixote; “and, Madam Trifaldi and Company, I trust in God, that he will look upon your distresses with an eye of goodness; and as for Sancho, he shall do what I command him. I wish Clavileno were once come, and that Malambruno and I were at it; for I am confident, no razor would more easily shave your Ladyships’ beards, than my sword shall shave off Malambruno’s head from his shoulders: for, though God permits

the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time."—
“ Ah !” said the Afflicted, at this juncture,
“ valorous Knight, may all the stars of the celestial regions behold your Worship with eyes of benignity, and infuse into your heart all prosperity and courage, to be the shield and refuge of our reviled and dejected order, abominated by apothecaries, murmured at by squires, and scoffed at by pages ! Ill betide the wretch, who, in the flower of her age, does rather profess herself a nun, than a duenna ! Unfortunate duennas ! though we were descended in a direct male line from Hector of Troy, our mistresses will never forbear *thouing* us, were they to be made queens for it. O giant Malambruno, who, though thou art an enchanter, art very punctual in thy promises, send us now the incomparable Clavileno, that our misfortune may have an end ; for, if the heats come on, and these beards of ours continue, woe be to us.” The Trifaldi uttered this with so deep a concern, that she drew tears from the eyes of all the by-standers, and even made Sancho’s overflow ; and he purposed in his heart to accompany his master to the farthest part of the world, if the clearing of those venerable faces of their wool depended on that.