

the Knights-errant in the world, if they are all ungrateful. Leave this place, Signor Don Quixote; for the poor girl will not come to herself so long as your Worship stays here." To which Don Quixote answered: "Be pleased, Madam, to give order, that a lute be left in my chamber to-night, and I will comfort this poor damsel the best I am able: for, in the beginning of love, to be early undeceived is the readiest cure." And so saying, away he went, to avoid the observation of those, who might see him there. He was hardly gone, when Altisidora, recovering from her swoon, said to her companion: "By all means let him have the lute: for doubtless he intends us some music, and it cannot be bad, if it be his." They presently went and gave the Dutchess an account of what had passed, and of Don Quixote's desiring a lute: and she, being exceedingly rejoiced at it, concerted with the Duke and her damsels how they might play him some trick, which would be more merry than mischievous. And being pleased with their contrivance, they waited for night, which came on as fast as the day had done, which they spent in relishing conversation with Don Quixote. That same day the Dutchess dispatched one of her pages, being he, who in the wood had personated the figure of the enchanted Dulcinea, to Teresa Panza, with her husband Sancho Panza's letter, and a bundle he had left to be sent, charging

him to bring back an exact account of all that should pass. This being done, and eleven o'clock at night being come, Don Quixote found in his chamber a lute. He touched it; he opened his casement, and perceived, that the people were walking in the garden: and having again run over the strings of the instrument, and tuned it as well as he could, he hemmed, and cleared his pipes, and then, with a hoarse though not unmusical voice, he sung the following song, which he himself had composed that day.

When mighty Love the breast assails,

His pointed dart

Gives keenest smart,

Where careless indolence prevails.

From the soft reign of fond desires

To guard the mind,

Employment find:

From busy scenes the God retires.

If bridal hopes the bosom warm,

How quick to speak

The blushing cheek!

Dear proof of virtue, beauty's charm!

Though gallant Knights delight to greet

The gay and free

For present glee,

They love to marry the discreet.

Some loves arise like morning light

To gild the day

With transient ray,

Soon to decline and sink in night.

Such short-liv'd joys, O maid, beware ;
 Which in the mind
 Leave nought behind,
 Save seeds of misery and care.

Who would the vivid bow paint o'er
 May hope to prove
 In second love

The joys the soul has known before.

My Dulcinea's heav'nly face,
 By Love's fond art
 Grav'd on my heart,

Nor time nor chance can e'er erase.

O Constancy ! 't is thine to show

In loftiest deeds

How love exceeds

All other passions here below.

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his song, to which the Duke and Dutchess, Altisidora, and almost all the folks of the castle were very attentive ; when on a sudden, from an open gallery directly over Don Quixote's window, a rope was let down, to which above an hundred bells were fastened ; and immediately after them was emptied a great sackful of cats, which had smaller bells tied to their tails. The noise of the jangling of the bells, and the mewling of the cats, was so great, that the Duke and Dutchess, though the inventors of the jest, were frightened at it, and Don Quixote himself was in a panic : and fortune so ordered it, that two or three of

the cats got in at the casement of his chamber, and scouring about from side to side, one would have thought a legion of devils was broken loose in it. They extinguished the lights, that were burning in the chamber, and endeavoured to make their escape. The cord, to which the bells were fastened, was let down and pulled up incessantly. Most of the folks of the castle, who were not in the secret, were in suspense and astonishment. Don Quixote got upon his feet: and, laying hold on his sword, he began to make thrusts at the casement, and cried out aloud: "Avaunt, ye malicious enchanters; avaunt, ye rabble of wizards! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your wicked arts are of no force nor effect." And, turning to the cats, who were running about the room, he gave several cuts at them. They took to the casement, and got out at it all but one, which finding itself hard pressed by Don Quixote's slashing, flew at his face, and seized him by the nose with its claws and teeth; the pain of which made him roar as loud as he was able. Which the Duke and Dutchess hearing, and guessing the occasion, they ran in all haste up to his chamber, and opening it with a master-key, they found the poor gentleman striving with all his might to disengage the cat from his face. They entered with lights, and beheld the unequal combat. The Duke ran to part the fray, and Don Quixote cried aloud: "Let no one take him

off; leave me to battle it with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter; for I will make him know the difference betwixt him and me, and who Don Quixote de la Mancha is." But the cat, not regarding these menaces, growled on, and kept her hold. At length the Duke forced open her claws, and threw her out at the window.

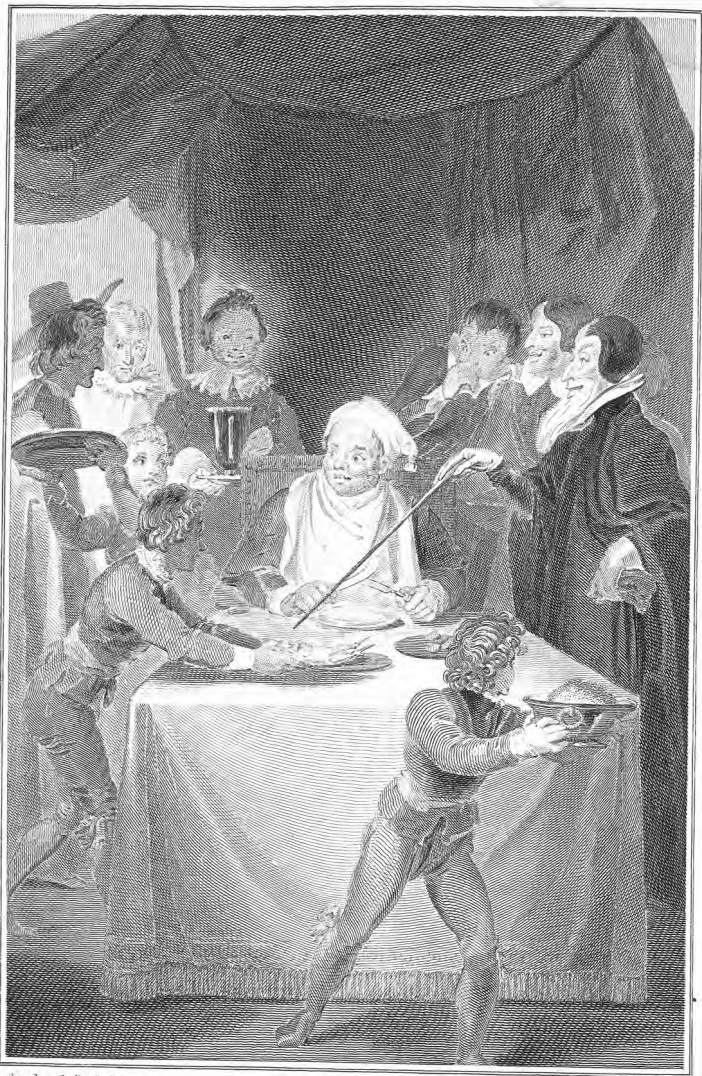
Don Quixote remained with his face like a sieve, and his nose not over whole, though greatly dissatisfied that they would not let him finish the combat, he had so toughly maintained against that caitiff enchanter. They fetched some oil of Aparicio, and Altisidora herself, with her lily-white hands, bound up his wounds; and, while she was so employed, she said to him in a low voice: "All these misadventures befall you, hard-hearted Knight, for the sin of your stubborn disdain: and God grant, that Sancho, your squire, may forget to whip himself, that this same beloved Dulcinea of yours may never be released from her enchantment, nor you ever enjoy her, or approach her nuptial bed, at least while I live, who adore you." To all this Don Quixote returned no other answer, than a profound sigh, and then stretched himself at full length upon his bed, humbly thanking the Duke and Dutchess for their assistance, not as being afraid of that cattish, bell-ringing, necromantic crew, but as he was sensible of their good intention by their readiness to succour him. They left him to his rest, and

went away, not a little concerned at the ill success of their joke; for they did not think this adventure would have proved so heavy and so hard upon Don Quixote; for it cost him five days confinement to his bed; where another adventure befell him more relishing than the former, which his historian will not relate at present, that he may attend Sancho Panza, who went on very busily and very pleasantly with his government.

CHAP. XLVII.

GIVING A FARTHER ACCOUNT OF SANCHO'S BEHAVIOUR
IN HIS GOVERNMENT.

THE history relates, that they conducted Sancho Panza from the court of judicature to a sumptuous palace, where, in a great hall, was spread an elegant and splendid table; and as soon as Sancho entered the hall, the waits struck up, and in came four pages with water to wash his hands, which Sancho received with great gravity. The music ceased, and Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table: for there was but that one chair, and no other napkin or plate. A personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, placed himself, standing, on one side of him, with a whalebone rod in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth, which covered several fruits, and a great variety of eatables. One, who



Stothard R.A. del.

Fidler A. sc.

Sancho at dinner in the Island of Barataria.



looked like a student, said grace, and a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin. Another, who played the sewer's part, set a plate of fruit before him¹⁹: but scarcely had he eaten a bit, when, he of the wand touching the dish with it, the waiter snatched it away from before him with great haste, but the sewer set another dish of meat in its place. Sancho was going to try it, but before he could reach or taste it, the wand had been already at it, and a page whipped that away also with as much speed as he had done the fruit. Sancho seeing it, was surprised, and, looking about him, asked, if this repast was to be eaten like a show of slight of hand? To which he of the wand replied: "My Lord Governor, here must be no other kind of eating but such as is usual and customary in other islands, where there are governors. I, Sir, am a physician, and have an appointed salary in this island, for serving the governors of it in that capacity; and I consult their healths much more than my own, studying night and day, and sounding the governor's constitution, the better to know how to cure him, when he is sick: and my principal business is, to attend at his meals, to let him eat of what I think is most proper for him, and to remove from him whatever I imagine will do him harm, and be hurtful to his stomach. And therefore I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too moist; and that other dish of

meat I also ordered away, as being too hot, and having in it too much spice, which increases thirst: for he, who drinks much, destroys and consumes the radical moisture, in which life consists.”—“ Well then,” quoth Sancho; “ yon plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, will they do me any harm?” To which the doctor answered: “ My Lord Governor shall not eat a bit of them, while I have life.”—“ Pray, why not?” quoth Sancho. The physician answered: “ Because our master Hippocrates, the north star, and luminary of medicine, says in one of his Aphorisms: *Omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima*; that is to say, *All repletion is bad, but that of partridges the worst of all.*”—“ If it be so,” quoth Sancho, “ pray see, Signor Doctor, of all the dishes upon this table, which will do me most good, and which least harm, and let me eat of it, without conjuring it away with your wand: for by the life of the governor, and as God shall give me leave to use it, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me my victuals, though it be against the grain of Signor Doctor, and though he should say as much more against it, I say, is rather the way to shorten my life, than to lengthen it.”—“ Your Worship is in the right, my Lord Governor,” answered the physician, “ and therefore I am of opinion, you should not eat of yon stewed coneys, because they are a sharp-haired food: of that veal, perhaps, you

might pick a bit, were it not *à la daube* ; but as it is, not a morsel."—"That great dish," said Sancho, "smoking yonder, I take to be an olla-podrida²⁰; and, amidst the diversity of things contained in it, surely I may light upon something both wholesome and toothsome."—" *Ab-sit*," quoth the doctor ; "far be such a thought from us : there is not worse nutriment in the world than your olla-podridas : leave them to prebendaries and rectors of colleges, or for country-weddings ; but let the tables of governors be free from them, where nothing but neatness and delicacy ought to preside ; and the reason is, because simple medicines are more esteemed than compound, by all persons, and in all places ; for in simples there can be no mistake, but in compounds there may, by altering the quantities of the ingredients. Therefore what I would advise at present for Signor Governor's eating, to corroborate and preserve his health, is, about an hundred of rolled-up wafers, and some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit easy upon the stomach, and help digestion." Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, surveying the doctor from head to foot, with a grave voice, asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered : "My Lord Governor, I am called Doctor Pedro Rezio de Agüero : I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, lying between Ca-

raquel and Almoddobar del Campo, on the right hand, and have taken my doctor's degree in the university of Ossuna²¹." To which Sancho, burning with rage, answered: "Why then, Signor Doctor Pedro Rezzio de Aguero²², native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraqueel to Almoddobar del Campo, graduate in Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant, or, by the sun, I will take a cudgel, and, beginning with you, will so lay about me, that there shall not be left one physician in the whole island, at least of those I find to be ignorant: as for those, that are learned, prudent, and discreet, I shall respect and honour them as divine persons. And I say again, let Pedro Rezio quit my presence, or I shall take this chair I sit upon, and fling it at his head; and, if I am called to an account for it before the judge, when I am out of office, I will justify myself by saying, I did God service in killing a bad physician, the hangman of the public. And give me to eat, or take back your government; for an office, that will not find a man in victuals, is not worth two beans."

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor so choleric, and would have taken himself out of the hall, had not the sound of a post-horn been heard that instant in the street. The sewer going to the window, and looking out, came back, and said: "A courier is arrived from my Lord Duke, and must certainly have brought

some dispatches of importance." The courier entered sweating and in a hurry, and, pulling a packet out of his bosom, he delivered it into the governor's hands, and Sancho gave it to the steward, bidding him read the superscription, which was this: "To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, to be delivered into his own hands, or into his secretary's." Which Sancho hearing, he said: "Which is my secretary here?" One of those present answered: "I am he, Sir; for I can read and write, and am a Biscainer."—"With that addition," quoth Sancho; "you may very well be secretary to the Emperor himself: open the packet, and see what it contains." The new-born secretary did so, and having cast his eye over the contents, he said, it was a business which required privacy. Sancho commanded the hall to be cleared, and that none should stay but the steward and the sewer; and all the rest, with the physician, being withdrawn, the secretary read the following letter.

"It is come to my knowledge, Signor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine, and of the island, intend one of these nights to assault it furiously. You must be watchful and diligent, that they may not attack you unprepared. I am informed, also, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise are got into the island, to take away your life, because they are in fear

of your abilities. Have your eyes about you, and be careful who is admitted to speak to you, and be sure eat nothing sent you as a present. I will take care to send you assistance, if you are in any want of it. And, upon the whole, I do not doubt but you will act as is expected from your judgment.

“From this place, the 16th of August,
at four in the morning.

“Your Friend, the DUKE.”

Sancho was astonished, and the rest seemed to be so too; and, turning to the steward, he said: “The first thing to be done, is, to clap Doctor Rezio into prison; for if any body has a design to kill me, it is he, and that by a lingering and the worst of deaths, by hunger.”—“It is my opinion,” answered the steward, “that your Honour would do well to eat nothing of all this meat here upon the table; for it was presented by some nuns; and it is a saying, *The devil lurks behind the cross.*”—“I grant it,” quoth Sancho, “and, for the present, give me only a piece of bread, and some four pounds of grapes: no poison can be conveyed in them; for, in short, I cannot live without eating: and, if we must hold ourselves in readiness for these wars, that threaten us, it will be necessary we should be well victualled; for the guts uphold the heart, and not the heart the guts. And you, secretary, answer my Lord Duke, and tell him, his com-

mands shall be punctually obeyed, just as he gives them; and present my humble service to my Lady Dutchess, and beg her not to forget sending my letter and the bundle, by a special messenger, to my wife Teresa Panza, which I shall look upon as a particular favour, and will be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. And, by the way, you may put in a service to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am grateful bread²³; and like a good secretary, and a stanch Biscainer, you may add what you please, or what will turn to best account: and, pray, take away the cloth, and give me something to eat; for I will deal well enough with all the spies, murderers, and enchanters, that shall attack me, or my island."

Now a page came in, and said: "Here is a countryman about business, who would speak with your Lordship concerning an affair, as he says, of great importance."—"A strange case this," quoth Sancho, "that these men of business should be so silly, as not to see, that such hours as these are not proper for business! What! truly we, who govern, and are judges, are not made of flesh and bones, like other men? Are we made of marble, that we must not refresh, at times, when necessity requires it? Before God, and upon my conscience, if my government lasts, as I have a glimmering it will not, I shall hamper more than one of these men of business. Bid

this honest man come in, for this once; but first see, that he be not one of the spies, or one of my murderers."—"No, my Lord," answered the page: "he looks like a pitcher-souled fellow; and I know little, or he is as harmless as a piece of bread."—"You need not fear," said the steward, "while we are present."—"Is it not possible, sewer," quoth Sancho, "now that the doctor Pedro Rezio is not here, for me to eat something of substance and weight, though it were but a luncheon of bread, and an onion?"—"To-night at supper," replied the sewer, "amends shall be made for the defects of dinner, and your Lordship shall have no cause to complain."—"God grant it," answered Sancho.

Then came in the countryman, who was of a goodly presence; and one might see, a thousand leagues off, that he was an honest, good soul. The first thing he said, was: "Which is the lord governor here?"—"Who should," answered the secretary, "but he, who is in the chair?"—"I humble myself in his presence," said the countryman, kneeling down, and begging his hand to kiss. Sancho refused it, and commanded him to rise, and to tell his business. The countryman did so, and then said: "My Lord, I am a countryman, a native of Miguel Turra, two leagues from Ciudad Real."—"What! another Tirteafuera?" quoth Sancho: "say on, brother, for, let me tell you, I know Miguel Turra very

well: it is not so far from our town.”—“The business is this, Sir,” proceeded the peasant. “By the mercy of God I was married in peace, and in the face of the holy catholic Roman church. I have two sons, bred scholars: the younger studies for bachelor, and the elder, for licentiate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or rather a wicked physician killed her, by purging her when she was with child; and, if it had been God’s will that the child had been born, and had proved a son, I would have put him to study for doctor, that he might not envy his two brothers, the bachelor and licentiate.”—“So that,” quoth Sancho, “if your wife had not died, or had not been killed, you had not been a widower!”—“No, certainly, my Lord,” answered the peasant. “We are much the nearer,” replied Sancho: “go on, brother; for this is an hour rather for bed than business.”—“I say then,” quoth the countryman, “that this son of mine, who is to be the bachelor, fell in love, in the same village, with a damsel called Clara Perlerina, daughter of Andres Perlerino, a very rich farmer; and this name of Perlerino came not to them by lineal, or any other descent, but because all of that race are subject to the palsy; and, to mend the name, they call them Perlerinos: though, to say the truth, the damsel is like any oriental pearl, and, looked at on the right side, seems a very flower of the field: but, on the left, she

is not quite so fair; for, on that side, she wants an eye, which she lost by the small-pox: and, though the pits in her face are many and deep, her admirers say, they are not pits, but sepulchres, wherein the hearts of her lovers are buried. She is so cleanly, that, to prevent defiling her face, she carries her nose so crooked up, that it seems to be flying from her mouth: and, for all that, she looks extremely well: for she has a large mouth: and, did she not lack half a score or a dozen teeth and grinders, she might pass, and make a figure, among ladies of the best fashion. I say nothing of her lips; for they are so thin and slender, that, were it the fashion to reel lips, as they do yaru, one might make a skein of them: but, being of a different colour from what is usually found in lips, they have a marvellous appearance; for they are marbled with blue, green, and orange-tawney. And, pray, my Lord Governor, pardon me, if I paint so minutely the parts of her, who, after all, is to be my daughter; for I love her, and like her mightily.”

—“Paint what you will,” quoth Sancho; “for I am mightily taken with the picture; and, had I but dined, I would not desire a better dessert than your portrait.”—“It shall be always at your service,” answered the peasant; “and the time may come when we may be acquainted, though we are not so now: and, I assure you, my Lord, if I could but paint her gentleness, and the tall-

ness of her person, you would admire: but that cannot be, because she is crooked, and crumpled up together, and her knees touch her mouth; though, for all that, you may see plainly, that, could she but stand upright, she would touch the ceiling with her head. And she would ere now have given her hand to my bachelor, to be his wife, but that she cannot stretch it out, it is so shrunk: nevertheless her long guttered nails show the goodness of its make."

"So far, so good," quoth Sancho; "and now, brother, make account that you have painted her from head to foot: what is it you would be at? Come to the point, without so many windings and turnings, so many fetches and digressions."—"What I desire, my Lord," answered the countryman, "is, that your Lordship would do me the favour to give me a letter of recommendation to her father, begging his consent to the match, since we are pretty equal in our fortunes and natural endowments: for, to say the truth, my Lord Governor, my son is possessed, and there is scarcely a day, in which the evil spirits do not torment him three or four times; and, by having fallen once into the fire, his face is as shrivelled as a piece of scorched parchment, and his eyes are somewhat bleared and running: but he is as good conditioned as an angel; and, did he not buffet, and give himself frequent cuffs, he would be a very saint."—"Would you have any thing

else, honest friend?" replied Sancho. "One thing more I would ask," quoth the peasant, "but that I dare not: yet out it shall; for, in short, it shall not rot in my breast, come of it what will. I say then, my Lord, I could be glad your Worship would give me three or six hundred ducats towards the fortune of my bachelor; I mean towards the furnishing his house; for, in short, they are to live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinences of their fathers-in-law."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "see if you would have any thing else, and be not ashamed to tell it."—"No, for certain," answered the peasant: and scarcely had he said this, when the governor, getting up, and laying hold of the chair he sat on, said: "I vow to God, Don lubberly, saucy bumpkin, if you do not get you gone, and instantly avoid my presence, with this chair will I crack your skull: son of a whore, rascal, painter for the devil himself! at this time of day to come and ask me for six hundred ducats! Where should I have them, stinkard? And, if I had them, why should I give them to thee, jibing fool? What care I for Miguel Turra, or for the whole race of the Perlerinos? Be gone, I say, or by the life of my Lord Duke, I will be as good as my word. You are no native of Miguel Turra, but some scoffer sent from hell to tempt me. Impudent scoundrel! I have not yet had the government a day

and a half, and you would have me have six hundred ducats?" The sewer made signs to the countryman to go out of the hall, which he did, hanging down his head; and seemingly afraid, lest the governor should execute his threat; for the knave very well knew how to play his part.

But let us leave Sancho in his passion, and peace be with him and company: and let us turn to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bound up, and under cure of his cattish wounds, of which he was not quite healed in eight days; in one of which there befell him what Cid Hamete promises to relate, with that punctuality and truth, with which he relates every thing belonging to the history, be it never so minute.



CHAP. XLVIII.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH DONNA RODRIGUEZ, THE DUTCHESS'S DUENNA, TOGETHER WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE WRITTEN, AND HAD IN ETERNAL REMEMBRANCE.

ABOVE measure discontented and melancholy was the sore-wounded Don Quixote, having his face bound up and marked, not by the hand of God, but by the claws of a cat; misfortunes incident to Knight-errantry. During six days he

appeared not in public; on one night of which, lying awake and restless, meditating on his misfortunes, and the persecution he suffered from Altisidora, he perceived somebody was opening his chamber-door with a key, and presently imagined, that the enamoured damsel was coming to assault his chastity, and expose him to the temptation of failing in the fidelity he owed to his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. "No," said he, believing what he fancied, and so loud as to be overheard, "not the greatest beauty upon earth shall prevail with me to cease adoring her, who is engraven and printed in the bottom of my heart, and in the inmost recesses of my entrails; whether, my dearest Lady, you be now transformed into a garlic-eating country wench, or into a nymph of the golden Tagus, weaving tissue webs with gold and silken twist; or whether you are in the power of Merlin, or Montesinos: wherever you are, mine you are, and wherever I am, yours I have been, and yours I will remain." The conclusion of these words, and the opening the door, were at the same instant. Up he stood upon the bed, wrapped from top to toe in a quilt of yellow satin, a woollen cap on his head, and his face and mustachoes bound up; his face, because of its scratches, and his mustachoes, to keep them from flagging and falling down. In which guise he appeared the most extraordinary phantasm imaginable. He nailed his eyes to the door, and

when he expected to see the poor captivated and sorrowful Altisidora enter, he perceived approaching a most reverend duenna, in a long white veil, that covered her from head to foot. She carried between the fingers of her left hand half a lighted candle, and held her right hand over it, to shade her face, and keep the glare from her eyes, which were hidden behind a huge pair of spectacles. She advanced very slowly, and trod very softly. Don Quixote observed her from his watch-tower, and perceiving her figure, and noting her silence, he fancied some witch, or sorceress, was come in that disguise to do him some shrewd turn, and began to cross himself apace. The apparition kept moving forward, and, when it came to the middle of the room, it lifted up its eyes, and saw in what a hurry Don Quixote was crossing himself: and, if he was afraid at seeing such a figure, she was no less dismayed at sight of his; and, seeing him so lank and yellow, with the quilt, and the bandages, which disfigured him, she cried out, saying: "Jesus! what do I see?" With the fright the candle fell out of her hand, and, finding herself in the dark, she turned about to be gone, and, with the fear, treading on her skirts, she tumbled, and fell down. Don Quixote, trembling with affright, began to say; "I conjure thee, phantom, or whatever thou art, tell me who thou art, and what thou wouldest have with me: if thou art a

soul in torment, tell me, and I will do all I can for thee; for I am a catholic Christian, and love to do good to all the world: for that purpose I took upon me the profession of Knight-errantry, an employment, which extends to the doing good even to souls in purgatory." The bruised duenna, hearing herself thus exorcised, guessed at Don Quixote's fear by her own, and, in a low and doleful voice, answered: "Signor Don Quixote (if peradventure your Worship be Don Quixote), I am no phantom, nor apparition, nor soul in purgatory, as your Worship seems to think, but Donna Rodriguez, duenna of honour to my Lady Dutchess; and am come to your Worship with one of those cases of necessity, your Worship is wont to remedy."—"Tell me then, Signora Donna Rodriguez," said Don Quixote, "does your Ladyship, peradventure, come in quality of procuress? If you do, I give you to understand I am fit for nobody's turn, thanks to the peerless beauty of my mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. In short, Signora Donna Rodriguez, on condition you wave all amorous messages, you may go and light your candle, and return hither, and we will discourse of whatever you please to command, with exception, as I told you, to all kind of amorous excitements."—"I bring messages, good Sir!" answered the duenna: "your Worship mistakes me very much: I am not yet so advanced in years, to be forced to betake my-

self to so low an employment; for, God be praised, my soul is still in my body, and all my teeth in my head, excepting a few usurped from me by catarrhs, so common in this country of Arragon. But stay a little, Sir, till I go and light my candle, and I will return instantly, to relate my griefs to your Worship, as to the redresser of all the grievances in the world." And without staying for an answer, she went out of the room, leaving Don Quixote in expectation of her return.

Straight a thousand thoughts crowded into his mind, touching this new adventure, and he was of opinion he had done ill, and judged worse, to expose himself to the hazard of breaking his plighted troth to his Lady; and he said to himself: "Who knows but the devil, who is subtle and designing, means to deceive me now with a duenna, though he has not been able to effect it with Empresses, Queens, Dutchesses, Marchionesses, or Countesses? For I have often heard ingenious people say, the devil, if he can, will sooner tempt a man with a flat-nosed than a hawk-nosed woman: and who can tell, but this solitude, this opportunity, and this silence, may awake my desires, which are now asleep, and, in my declining years, make me fall, where I never yet stumbled? In such cases, it is better to fly than stand the battle. But sure I am not in my right senses to talk so idly; for it is im-

possible, that a white-veiled, lank, and bespectacled duenna should move or excite a wanton thought in the lowliest breast in the world. Is there a duenna upon earth, that has tolerable flesh and blood? Is there a duenna upon the globe, that is not impertinent, wrinkled, and squeamish? Avaunt then, ye rabble of duennas, useless to any human pleasure! Oh how rightly did that lady act, of whom it is said, that she had, at the foot of her state sofa, a couple of statues of duennas, with their spectacles and bobbin-cushions, as if they were at work; which statues served every whit as well for the dignity of her state-room, as real duennas." And, so saying, he jumped off the bed, designing to lock his door, and not let Signora Rodriguez enter. But, before he could shut it, Signora Rodriguez was just returned, with a lighted taper of white wax; and, seeing Don Quixote so much nearer, wrapped up in his quilt, with his bandages, and nightcap, she was again frightened, and, retreating two or three steps, she said; "Sir Knight, am I safe? for I take it to be no very good sign of modesty, that your Worship is got out of bed."—"I should rather ask you that question, Madam," answered Don Quixote; "and therefore I do ask, if I am safe from being assaulted and ravished?"—"By whom, and from whom, Sir Knight, do you expect this security?" answered the duenna. "By you and from you,"

replied Don Quixote: "for I am not made of marble, nor you, I suppose, of brass; nor is it ten o'clock in the morning, but midnight, and somewhat more, as I imagine; and we are in a room closer and more secret than the cave, in which the bold and traitorous Æneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido. But, Madam, give me your hand; for I desire no greater security than my own continence and reserve, besides what that most venerable veil inspires." And, so saying, he kissed his right hand, and with it took hold of hers, which she gave him with the same ceremony.

Here Cid Hamete makes a parenthesis, and swears by Mahomet, he would have given the better of his two vests, to have seen these two walking from the door to the bed-side, handing and handed so ceremoniously.

In short, Don Quixote got into bed, and Donna Rodriguez sat down in a chair at some little distance from it, without taking off her spectacles, or setting down her candle. Don Quixote covered himself up close, all but his face; and, they both having paused a while, the first who broke silence was Don Quixote, saying: "Now, Signora Donna Rodriguez, you may unrip and unbosom all that is in your careful heart and piteous bowels; for you shall be heard by me with chaste ears, and assisted by compassionate deeds."—"I believe it," answered the du-

enna; "for none but so Christian an answer could be expected from your Worship's gentle and pleasing presence.

"The business then is, Signor Don Quixote, that, though your Worship sees me sitting in this chair, and in the midst of the kingdom of Arragon, and in the garb of a poor persecuted duenna, I was born in the Asturias of Oviedo, and of a family allied to some of the best of that province. But my hard fortune, and the negligence of my parents, which reduced them, I know not which way, to untimely poverty, carried me to the court of Madrid, where, for peace sake, and to prevent greater inconveniences, my parents placed me in the service of a great lady: and I would have your Worship know that in making needle-cases and plain-work, I was never outdone by any body in all my life. My parents left me in service, and returned to their own country; and, in a few years after, I believe, they went to Heaven; for they were very good and catholic Christians. I remained an orphan, and stinted to the miserable wages, and short commons, usually given in great houses to such kind of servants. About that time, without my giving any encouragement for it, a gentleman-usher of the family fell in love with me; a man in years, with a fine beard, and of a comely person, and, above all, as good a gentleman as the King himself; for he was a highlander. We did not carry on our

amour so secretly, but it came to the notice of my lady, who, without more ado, had us married in peace, and in the face of our holy mother the Catholic Roman church; from which marriage sprung a daughter, to finish my good fortune, if I had any; not that I died in child-bed (for I went my full time, and was safely delivered), but because my husband died soon after of a certain fright he took; and had I but time to tell the manner how, your Worship, I am sure, would wonder."

Here she began to weep most tenderly, and said: "Pardon me, good Signor Don Quixote; for I cannot command myself; but as often as I call to mind my unhappy spouse, my eyes are brimful. God be my aid! with what stateliness did he use to carry my lady behind him on a puissant mule, black as the very jet! for in those times coaches and side-saddles were not in fashion, as it is said they are now, and the ladies rode behind their squires. Nevertheless I cannot help telling you the following story, that you may see how well bred, and how punctilious my good husband was. At the entrance into Saint James's Street in Madrid, which is very narrow, a judge of one of the courts happened to be coming out with two of his officers before him, and, as soon as my good squire saw him, he turned his mule about, as if he designed to wait upon him. My lady, who was behind him, said to him in a low

voice, 'What are you doing, blockhead? am not I here?' The judge civilly stopped his horse, and said: 'Keep on your way, Sir; for it is my business rather to wait upon my Lady Donna Casilda:' that was my mistress's name. My husband persisted, cap in hand, in his intention to wait upon the judge. Which my lady perceiving, full of choler and indignation, she pulled out a great pin, or rather, I believe, a bodkin, and stuck it into his back: whereupon my husband bawled out, and, writhing his body, down he came with his lady to the ground. Two of her footmen ran to help her up, as did the judge and his officers. The gate of Guadalajara, I mean the idle people that stood there, were all in an uproar. My mistress was forced to walk home on foot, and my husband went to a barber-surgeon's, telling him he was quite run through and through the bowels. The courteousness and breeding of my spouse was rumoured abroad, insomuch that the boys got it, and teased him with it in the streets; and, upon this account, and because he was a little short-sighted, my lady turned him away; the grief whereof, I verily believe, was the death of him. I was left a widow, and helpless, with a daughter upon my hands, who went on increasing in beauty like the foam of the sea. Finally, as I had the reputation of a good workwoman at my needle, my Lady Dutchess, who was then newly married to my Lord