Sancho Panza; at which they wondered not a little, though they easily conceived how he might fall, by the corresponding circumstance of the pit, which had been there time out of mind: but they could not imagine how he had left the government without their having advice of his coming. Finally, they sent ropes and pullies, and, by dint of a great many hands, and a great deal of labour, Dapple and Sancho Panza were drawn out of those gloomy shades to the light of the sun. A certain scholar, seeing him, said: "Thus should all bad governors come out of their governments, as this sinner comes out of the depth of this abyss, starved with hunger, wan, and, I suppose, penniless." Sancho, hearing him, said: "It is about eight or ten days, brother murmurer, since I entered upon the government of the island, that was bestowed upon me, in all which time I had not my belly full one hour: I was persecuted by physicians, and had my bones broken by enemies; nor had I leisure to make perquisites, or receive my dues: and this being so, as it really is, methinks I deserved not to be packed off in this manner: but, man proposes, and God disposes; and he knows what is best and fittest for every body; and, as is the reason, such is the season; and, let nobody say, I will not drink of this water; for, where one expects to meet with gammons of bacon, there are no pins to hang them on. God

knows my mind, and that is enough: I say no more, though I could."—"Be not angry, Sancho, nor concerned at what you hear," replied Don Quixote; "for then you will never have done: come but you with a safe conscience, and let people say what they will; for you may as well think to barricado the highway, as to tie up the tongue of slander. If a governor comes rich from his government, they say he has plundered it; and, if he leaves it poor, that he has been a good-for-nothing fool."—"I warrant," answered Sancho, "that, for this bout, they will rather take me for a fool than a thief."

In such discourse, and surrounded by a multitude of boys and other people, they arrived at the castle, where the Duke and Dutchess were already in a gallery waiting for Don Quixote, and for Sancho, who would not go up to see the Duke, till he had first taken the necessary care of Dapple in the stable, saying, the poor thing had had but an indifferent night's lodging: and, that done, up he went to see the Duke and Dutchess, before whom kneeling, he said: "I, my Lord and Lady, because your Grandeurs would have it so, without any desert of mine, went to govern your island of Barataria, into which naked I entered, and naked I have left it: I neither win nor lose: whether I have governed well or ill, there are witnesses, who may say what they please. I have resolved doubts, and pronounced sentences,

and all the while ready to die with hunger, because Doctor Pedro Rezio, native of Tirteafuera, and physician in ordinary to the island and its governors, would have it so. Enemies attacked us by night, and though they put us in great danger, the people of the island say they were delivered, and got the victory, by the valour of my arm; and, according as they say true, so help them God. In short, in this time I have summed up the cares and burdens that governing brings with it, and find, by my account, that my shoulders cannot bear them, neither are they a proper weight for my ribs, or arrows for my quiver; and therefore, lest the government should forsake me, I resolved to forsake the government; and yesterday morning I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and roofs it had before I went into it. I borrowed nothing of any body, nor set about making a purse; and though I thought to have made some wholesome laws, I made none, fearing they would not be observed, which is all one as if they were not made. I quitted, I say, the island, accompanied by nobody but Dapple: I fell into a pit, and went along under ground, till this morning, by the light of the sun, I discovered a way out, though not so easy a one, but that, if Heaven had not sent my master Don Quixote there, I had staid till the end of the world. So that, my Lord Duke, and Lady Dutchess, behold

here your governor Sancho Panza, who, in ten days only, that he held the government, has gained the experience to know, that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not of an island only, but even of the whole world. This then being the case, kissing your Honours' feet, and imitating the boys at play, who cry, 'Leap you, and then let me leap,' I give a leap out of the government, and again pass over to the service of my master Don Quixote: for, after all, though with him I eat my bread in bodily fear, at least I have my belly full; and, for my part, so that be well filled, all is one to me, whether it be with carrots or partridges."

Here Sancho ended his long speech, Don Quixote fearing all the while he would utter a thousand extravagancies; and, seeing he had ended with so few, he gave thanks to Heaven in his heart. The Duke embraced Sancho, and assured him, that it grieved him to the soul he had left the government so soon; but that he would take care he should have some other employment, in his territories, of less trouble and more profit. The Dutchess also embraced him, and ordered he should be made much of; for he seemed to be sorely bruised, and in wretched plight.

CHAP. LVI.

OF THE PRODIGIOUS AND NEVER SEEN BATTLE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA AND THE LACKEY TOSILOS, IN DEFENCE OF THE DUENNA DONNA RODRIGUEZ'S DAUGHTER.

THE Duke and Dutchess repented not of the jest put upon Sancho Panza, in relation to the government they had given him; especially since their steward came home that very day, and gave them a punctual relation of almost all the words and actions Sancho had said and done during that time. In short, he exaggerated the assault of the island, with Sancho's fright and departure; at which they were not a little pleased.

After this, the history tells us, the appointed day of combat came; and the Duke having over and over again instructed his lackey Tosilos how he should behave towards Don Quixote, so as to overcome him without killing or wounding him, commanded that the iron heads should be taken off their lances; telling Don Quixote, that Christianity, upon which he valued himself, did not allow that this battle should be fought with so much peril and hazard of their lives, and that he should content himself with giving them free field-room in his territories, though in opposition to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits such challenges; and therefore he would not push

the affair to the utmost extremity. Don Quixote replied, that his Excellency might dispose matters relating to this business as he liked best, for he would obey him in every thing. The dreadful day being now come, and the Duke having commanded a spacious scaffold to be erected before the court of the castle for the judges of the field, and the two duennas, mother and daughter, appellants; an infinite number of people, from all the neighbouring towns and villages, flocked to see the novelty of this combat, the like having never been heard of in that country, neither by the living nor the dead.

The first, who entered the field and the pale, was the master of the ceremonies, who examined the ground, and walked it all over, that there might be no foul play, nor any thing covered to occasion stumbling or falling. Then entered the duennas, and took their seats, covered with veils to their eyes and even to their breasts, with tokens of no small concern. Don Quixote presented himself in the lists. A while after appeared on one side of the place, accompanied by many trumpets, and mounted upon a puissant steed, making the earth shake under him, the great lackey Tosilos, his visor down, and quite stiffened with strong and shining armour. The horse seemed to be a Friselander, well spread and flea-bitten, with a quarter of a hundred weight of wool about each fetlock. The valorous com-

batant came well instructed by the Duke his lord how to behave towards the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and cautioned in no wise to hurt him, but to endeavour to shun the first onset, to avoid the danger of his own death, which must be inevitable, should he encounter him full-butt. He traversed the lists, and, coming where the duennas were, he set himself to view awhile her, who demanded him for her husband. The marshal of the field called Don Quixote, who had presented himself in the lists, and, together with Tosilos, asked the duennas, whether they consented that Don Quixote de la Mancha should maintain their right. They answered, that they did, and that, whatever he should do in the case, they allowed it for well done, firm, and valid. By this time the Duke and Dutchess were seated in a balcony over the barriers, which were crowded with an infinite number of people, all expecting to behold this dangerous and unheard-of battle. It was articled between the combatants, that, if Don Quixote should conquer his adversary, the latter should be obliged to marry Donna Rodriguez's daughter; and, if he should be overcome, his adversary should be at his liberty, and free from the promise the women insisted upon, without giving any other satisfaction. The master of the ceremonies divided the sun equally between them, and fixed each in the post he was to stand in.

The drums beat; the sound of the trumpets filled the air; the earth trembled beneath their feet; the hearts of the gazing multitude were in suspense, some fearing, others hoping, the good or ill success of this business. Finally, Don Quixote, recommending himself with all his heart to God our Lord, and to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood waiting when the precise signal for the onset should be given. But our lackey's thoughts were very differently employed; for he thought of nothing but of what I am going to relate.

It seems, while he stood looking at his female enemy, he fancied her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life; and the little blind boy, called up and down the streets Love, would not lose the opportunity offered him of triumphing over a lacqueian[31] heart, and placing it in the catalogue of his trophies; and so, approaching him fair and softly, without any body's seeing him, he shot the poor lackey in at the left side with an arrow two yards long, and pierced his heart through and through: and he might safely do it; for love is invincible, and goes in and out where he lists, without being accountable to any body for his actions.

I say then, that, when the signal was given for the onset, our lackey stood transported, thinking on her he had now made the mistress of his liberty, and therefore regarded not the trumpet's

sound, as did Don Quixote, who had scarcely heard it, when, bending forward, he ran against his enemy, at Rozinante's best speed; and his trusty squire Sancho, seeing him set forward, cried aloud: "God guide you, cream and flower of Knights-errant; God give you victory, since you have right on your side." And though Tosilos saw Don Quixote making towards him, he stirred not a step from his post, but called as loud as he could to the marshal of the field; who coming up to see what he wanted, Tosilos said: "Sir, is not this combat to decide, whether I shall marry, or not marry, yonder young lady?" —"It is," answered the marshal. "Then," said the lackey, "my conscience will not let me proceed any farther; and I declare, that I yield myself vanquished, and am ready to marry that gentlewoman immediately." The marshal was surprised at what Tosilos said, and, as he was in the secret of the contrivance, he could not tell what answer to make him. Don Quixote, perceiving that his adversary did not come on to meet him, stopped short in the midst of his career. The Duke could not guess the reason, why the combat did not go forward: but the marshal went and told him what Tosilos had said: at which he was surprised and extremely angry. In the mean time, Tosilos went up to the place where Donna Rodriguez was, and said aloud: "I am willing, Madam, to marry your

daughter, and would not obtain that by strife and contention, which I may have by peace, and without danger of death." The valorous Don Quixote, hearing all this, said: "Since it is so, I am absolved from my promise: let them be married in God's name, and, since God has given her, Saint Peter bless her." The Duke was now come down to the court of the castle, and, going up to Tosilos, he said: "Is it true, Knight, that you yield yourself vanquished, and that, instigated by your timorous conscience, you will marry this damsel?"—"Yes, my Lord," answered Tosilos. "He does very well," quoth Sancho Panza at this juncture; "for what you would give to the mouse, give it the cat, and you will have no trouble." Tosilos was all this while unlacing his helmet, and desired them to help him quickly, for his spirits and breath were just failing him, and he could not endure to be so long pent up in the straitness of that lodging. They presently unarmed him, and the face of the lackey was exposed to view. Which Donna Rodriguez and her daughter seeing, they cried aloud: "A cheat, a cheat! Tosilos, my Lord Duke's lackey, is put upon us instead of our true spouse; justice from God and the King against so much deceit, not to say villany."—"Afflict not yourselves, ladies," said Don Quixote; "for this is neither deceit nor villany, and, if it be, the Duke is not to blame, but the wicked

enchanters, who persecute me, and who, envying me the glory of this conquest, have transformed the countenance of your husband into that of this person; who, you say, is a lackey of the Duke's. Take my advice, and, in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry him; for without doubt he is the very man you desire to take for your husband." The Duke, hearing this, was ready to vent his anger in laughter, and said: "The things, which befall Signor Don Quixote, are so extraordinary, that I am inclined to believe this is not my lackey: but let us make use of this stratagem and device; let us postpone the wedding for fifteen days, if you please, and, in the mean time, keep this person, who holds us in doubt, in safe custody: perhaps, during that time, he may return to his pristine figure; for the grudge the enchanters bear to Signor Don Quixote cannot surely last so long, and especially since these tricks and transformations avail them so little."—"O Sir," quoth Sancho, "those wicked wretches make it their practice and custom to change things relating to my master from one shape to another. A Knight, whom he vanquished a few days ago, called the Knight of the Looking-glasses, was changed by them into the shape and figure of the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a native of our town, and a great friend of ours; and they have turned my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a downright country wench:

therefore I imagine this lackey will live and die a lackey all the days of his life." To which Rodriguez's daughter said: "Let him be who he will, that demands me to wife, I take it kindly of him; for I had rather be a lawful wife to a lackey, than a cast mistress, and tricked by a gentleman, though he who abused me is not one." In short, all these accidents and events ended in Tosilos's confinement, till it should appear what his transformation would come to. The victory was adjudged to Don Quixote by a general acclamation: but the greater part of the spectators were out of humour to find, that the so much expected combatants had not hacked one another to pieces; just as boys are sorry, when the criminal they expected to see hanged is pardoned, either by the prosecutor or the court.

The crowd dispersed: the Duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle: Tosilos was confined: and Donna Rodriguez and her daughter were extremely well pleased to see, that, one way or other, this business was like to end in matrimony, and Tosilos hoped no less.

CHAP. LVII.

WHICH RELATES HOW DON QUIXOTE TOOK HIS LEAVE OF THE DUKE, AND OF WHAT BEFELL HIM WITH THE WITTY AND WANTON ALTISIDORA, ONE OF THE DUTCHESS'S WAITING-WOMEN.

DON Quixote now thought it high time to quit so idle a life as that he had led in the castle, thinking he committed a great fault in suffering his person to be thus confined, and in living lazily amidst the infinite pleasures and entertainments the Duke and Dutchess provided for him as a Knight-errant; and he was of opinion he must give a strict account to God for this inactivity. And therefore he one day asked leave of those princes, that he might depart, which they granted him, with tokens of being mightily troubled that he would leave them. The Dutchess gave Sancho Panza his wife's letters, which he wept over, and said: "Who could have thought, that hopes so great, as those conceived in the breast of my wife Teresa Panza at the news of my government, should end in my returning to the toilsome adventures of my master Don Quixote de la Mancha? Nevertheless I am pleased to find, that my Teresa has behaved like herself, in sending the acorns to the Dutchess; for, had she not sent them, I had been sorry, and she had showed herself ungrateful. But my comfort is,

that this present cannot be called a bribe; for I was already in possession of the government when she sent them: and it is very fitting, that those who receive a benefit, should show themselves grateful, though it be with a trifle. In short, naked I went into the government, and naked am I come out of it; and so I can say with a safe conscience (which is no small matter), naked I was born, naked I am; I neither win nor lose." This Sancho spoke in soliloquy on the day of their departure; and Don Quixote, sallying forth one morning, having taken leave of the Duke and Dutchess the night before, presented himself completely armed in the court of the castle. All the folks of the castle beheld him from the galleries: the Duke and Dutchess also came out to see him. Sancho was upon his Dapple, his wallets well furnished, and himself highly pleased; for the Duke's steward, who had played the part of the Trifaldi, had given him a little purse with two hundred crowns in gold, to supply the occasions of the journey; and this Don Quixote, as yet, knew nothing of. Whilst all the folks were thus gazing at him, as has been said, among the other duennas and damsels of the Dutchess who were beholding him, on a sudden the witty and wanton Altisidora raised her voice, and in a piteous tone, said:

Oh turn, Sir Knight! oh turn and hear,
Thou most unworthy cavalier!

Oh check the rein, and stay the speed
Of that thy wretched bare-ribb'd steed;
For, lo! thou fly'st no venom'd snake,
Infuriate darting from the brake,
But one more mild than mountain lamb,
Lamenting for its distant dam.
Thou fly'st a nymph more beauteous far
Than those, that in the mountains are
Attendant on the huntress queen,
Or 'mid the groves with Venus seen.
O Knight, than Eneas more false and perfidious,
More fierce than Bireno, than Barabbas hideous.

Thou bearest, impious theft! away,
To thy seductive wiles a prey,
A tender virgin's heart, within
Thy skel'ton frame of bones and skin.
Three nightcaps hast thou stolen too;
A pair of garters, heav'nly blue;
Garters, which circled legs more bright
Than Parian marble, and as white!
And sighs two thousand hast thou taken,
Sighs hot enough to scorch the bacon
Of twice two thousand Trojans sound,
If twice two thousand could be found.
O Knight, than Eneas more false and perfidious,
More fierce than Bireno, than Barabbas hideous.

Oh may the bullskin's scourge be plied
In vain on Sancho's scurvy hide!
Oh may he dance and roar with pain,
To disenchant thy nymph in vain!
Thus she my fell revenge shall share,
She of thy crimes the forfeit bear;

And Justice shall condemn the one
For t' other, as is often done.
Thy dread adventures and bold carriage,
May ignorance and scorn disparage;
And Quixote's lofty name hereafter,
Be never mention'd but with laughter.
O Knight, than Eneas more false and perfidious,
More fierce than Bireno, than Barabbas hideous.

Be thou esteem'd a very devil,
Even from Manchena to Seville,
By Loga-men and by Granaders,
By English and by London traders.
Ill luck attend thee at piquet,
At ombre, chess, and lansquenet;
Ne'er on thy dice six-ace await,
And all thy moves be but checkmate.
Thy corns may bungling artists cut,
Who mangle, but not cure the foot.
May dentists, when thy teeth they draw,
Leave rotten stumps within thy jaw.
O Knight, than Eneas more false and perfidious,
More fierce than Bireno, than Barabbas hideous.

While the afflicted Altisidora was complaining in the manner you have heard, Don Quixote stood beholding her, and, without answering her a word, and then turning his face to Sancho, he said: "By the age of your ancestors, my dear Sancho, I conjure you to tell me the truth: have you taken away the three nightcaps and the garters this enamoured damsel mentions?" To

which Sancho answered: "The three nightcaps I have: but, as to the garters, I know no more of them than the man in the moon." The Dutchess was surprised at the liberty Altisidora took; for though she knew her to be bold, witty, and free, yet not to that degree as to venture upon such freedoms: and, as she knew nothing of this jest, her surprise increased. The Duke resolved to carry on the humour, and said: "I think it does not look well, Sir Knight, that, having received so civil an entertainment in this castle of mine, you should dare to carry off three nightcaps at least, if not my damsel's garters besides: these are indications of a naughty heart, and ill become your character. Return her the garters: if not, I defy you to mortal combat, without being afraid that your knavish enchanters should change or alter my face, as they have done that of Tosilos my lackey, your intended adversary."—"God forbid," answered Don Quixote, "that I should draw my sword against your illustrious person, from whom I have received so many favours. The nightcaps shall be restored; for Sancho says he has them: but for the garters, it is impossible; for I have them not, nor he either; and if this damsel of yours will search her hiding-holes, I warrant she will find them. I, my Lord Duke, never was a thief, and think, if Heaven forsakes me not, I never shall be one as long as I live. This damsel talks (as she

owns) like one in love, which is no fault of mine; and therefore I have no reason to ask hers, or your Excellency's pardon, whom I beseech to have a better opinion of me, and, once again, to give me leave to depart."—"Pray God, Signor Quixote," said the Dutchess, "send you so good a journey, that we may continually hear good news of your exploits: and God be with you; for the longer you stay, the more you increase the fire in the breasts of the damsels that behold you; and, as for mine, I will take her to task so severely, that henceforward she shall not dare to transgress with her eyes, or her words."—"Do but hear one word more, O valorous Don Quixote, and I am silent," cried Altisidora; "which is, that I beg your pardon for saying you had stolen my garters; for, on my conscience and soul, I have them on: but I was absent in thought, like the man, who looked for his ass, while he was upon his back."—"Did I not tell you," quoth Sancho, "I am a rare one at concealing thefts? Had I been that way given, I had many a fair opportunity for it in my government." Don Quixote bowed his head, and made his obeisance to the Duke and Dutchess, and to all the spectators, and, turning Rozinante's head, Sancho following upon Dapple, he sallied out at the castle-gate, taking the road to Saragossa.

CHAP. LVIII.

SHOWING HOW ADVENTURES CROWDED SO FAST UPON DON QUIXOTE, THAT THEY TROD UPON ONE ANOTHER'S HEELS.

Don Quixote, seeing himself in the open field, free, and delivered from the courtship of Altisidora, thought himself in his proper element, and that his spirits were reviving in him to prosecute afresh his scheme of Knight-errantry; and, turning to Sancho, he said: "Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most valuable gifts Heaven has bestowed upon men: the treasures, which the earth encloses, or the sea covers, are not to be compared with it. Life may, and ought to be risked for liberty, as well as for honour: and, on the contrary, slavery is the greatest evil, that can befall us. I tell you this, Sancho, because you have observed the civil treatment and plenty we enjoyed in the castle we have left. In the midst of those seasoned banquets, those icy draughts, I fancied myself starving, because I did not enjoy them with the same freedom I should have done had they been my own. For the obligations of returning benefits and favours received are ties that obstruct the free agency of the mind. Happy the man to whom Heaven has given a morsel of bread, without laying him under the obligation of thanking any other for it than Heaven itself."

—"Notwithstanding all your Worship has said," quoth Sancho, "it is fit there should be some small acknowledgment on our part for the two hundred crowns in gold, which the Duke's steward gave me in a little purse; which, as a cordial and comfortative, I carry next my heart, against whatever may happen, for we shall not always find castles where we shall be made much of: now and then we must expect to meet with inns, where we may be soundly thrashed."

In these, and other discourses, our errants, Knight and squire, went jogging on, when, having travelled a little above a league, they espied a dozen men, clad like peasants, sitting at dinner upon the grass, and their cloaks spread under them, in a little green meadow. Close by them were certain white sheets, as it seemed, under which something lay concealed. They were raised above the ground, and stretched out at some little distance from each other. Don Quixote approached the eaters, and, first courteously saluting them, asked them what they had under those sheets? One of them answered: "Sir, under that linen are certain wooden images, designed to be placed upon an altar we are erecting in our village. We carry them covered, that they may not be sullied, and upon our shoulders, that they may not be broken."—"If you please," answered Don Quixote, "I should be glad to see them; for images, that are

carried with so much precaution, must doubtless be good ones."—"Ay, and very good ones too," said another, "as their price will testify; for, in truth, there is not one of them, but stands us in above fifty ducats. And, to convince your Worship of this truth, stay but a little while, and you shall see it with your own eyes." And rising up from eating, he went and took off the covering from the first figure, which appeared to be a St. George on horseback, with a serpent coiled up at his feet, and his lance run through its mouth, with all the fierceness it is usually painted with. The whole image seemed to be, as we say, one blaze of gold. Don Quixote seeing it, said: "This Knight was one of the best errants the divine warfare ever had. He was called Don St. George, and was besides a defender of damsels: let us see this other." The man uncovered it, and it appeared to be that of St. Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with the poor man. And scarcely had Don Quixote seen it, when he said: "This Knight also was one of the Christian adventurers; and I take it he was more liberal than valiant, as you may perceive, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with the beggar, and giving him half of it: and doubtless it must have been then winter; otherwise he would have given it him all, so great was his charity."—"That was not the reason," quoth Sancho; "but he had a mind to keep the proverb, which says: *What to give,*

and what to keep, requires an understanding deep." Don Quixote smiled, and desired another sheet might be taken off, underneath which was discovered the image of the patron of Spain on horseback, his sword all bloody, trampling on Moors, and treading upon heads. And, at sight of it, Don Quixote said: "Ay, marry, this is a Knight indeed, one of Christ's own squadron. He is called Don St. Diego, the Moor-killer, one of the most valiant saints and Knights the world had formerly, or Heaven has now." Then they removed another sheet, which covered St. Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances, that are usually drawn in the picture of his conversion. When Don Quixote saw it represented in so lively a manner, that one would almost say Christ was speaking to him, and St. Paul answering, he said: "This was the greatest enemy the church of God our Lord had in his time, and the greatest defender it will ever have: a Knight-errant in his life, and a stedfast saint in his death; an unwearied labourer in the Lord's vineyard; a teacher of the gentiles; whose school was Heaven, and whose professor and master Jesus Christ himself." There were no more images, and so Don Quixote bid them cover them up again, and said: "I take it for a good omen, brethren, to have seen what I have seen: for these saints and Knights professed what I profess, which is, the exercise of arms: the only

difference between them and me is, that they were saints, and fought after a heavenly manner, and I am a sinner, and fight after an earthly manner. They conquered Heaven by force of arms (for Heaven suffers violence), and I hitherto cannot tell what I conquer by force of my sufferings. But, could my Dulcinea del Toboso get out of hers, my condition being bettered, and my understanding directed aright, I might perhaps take a better course than I do."—"God hear him," quoth Sancho straight, "and let sin be deaf." The men wondered, as well at the figure, as at the words of Don Quixote, without understanding half what he meant by them. They finished their repast, packed up the images, and, taking their leave of Don Quixote, pursued their journey.

Sancho remained as much in admiration at his master's knowledge, as if he had never known him before, thinking there was not an history, nor event, in the world which he had not at his fingers' ends, and fastened down to his memory, and he said: "Truly, master of mine, if this, that has happened to us to-day, may be called an adventure, it has been one of the softest and sweetest, that has befallen us in the whole course of our peregrinations: we are got clear of it without blows, or any heart-beating; we have neither laid our hands to our swords, nor beaten the earth with our bodies, nor are we starved with hunger. Blessed be God for letting me

see this with my own eyes!"—"You say well, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "but you must consider that all times are not alike, nor do they take the same course; and what the vulgar commonly call omens, though not founded upon any natural reason, a discreet man will yet look upon as lucky encounters. One of these superstitious rises and goes abroad early in the morning, and meeting with a frier of the order of the blessed St. Francis, turns his back, as if he had met a griffin, and goes home again. Another, a Mendoza, spills the salt upon the table, and presently melancholy overspreads his heart, as if nature was bound to show signs of ensuing mischances, by such trivial accidents as the afore-mentioned. The wise man and good Christian ought not to pry too curiously into the counsels of Heaven. Scipio, arriving in Africa, stumbled at jumping ashore: his soldiers took it for an ill omen; but he, embracing the ground, said: 'Africa, thou canst not escape me, for I have thee fast between my arms.' So that, Sancho, the meeting with these images has been a most happy encounter to me."—"I verily believe it," answered Sancho, "and I should be glad your Worship would inform me, why the Spaniards, when they join battle, invoke that saint Diego the Moor-killer, and cry, *Saint Jago, and Close Spain.* Is Spain, peradventure, so open, as to want closing? Or what ceremony is this?"—

"You are a very child, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for take notice, God gave this great Knight of the red cross to Spain for its patron and protector, especially in those rigorous conflicts the Spaniards have had with the Moors; and therefore they pray to, and invoke him as their defender, in all the battles they fight; and they have frequently seen him, visibly overthrowing, trampling down, destroying, and slaughtering the Hagarene squadrons[32]; and of this I could produce many examples recorded in the true Spanish histories."

Sancho changed the discourse, and said to his master: "I am amazed, Sir, at the assurance of Altisidora, the Dutchess's waiting-woman. He they call Love must surely have wounded her sorely, and pierced her through and through. They say, he is a boy, who, though blear-eyed, or, to say better, without sight, if he takes aim at any heart, how small soever, he hits and pierces it through and through with his arrows. I have also heard say, that the darts of Love are blunted and rendered pointless by the modesty and reserve of maidens: but in this same Altisidora, methinks, they are rather whetted than blunted." —"Look you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "Love regards no respects, nor observes any rules of reason in his proceedings, and is of the same nature with Death, which assaults the stately palaces of kings, as well as the lowly

cottages of shepherds; and, when he takes entire possession of a soul, the first thing he does, is, to divest it of fear and shame; and thus Altisidora, being without both, made an open declaration of her desires, which produced rather confusion, than compassion, in my breast."—"Notorious cruelty!" quoth Sancho; "unheard-of ingratitude! I dare say for myself, that the least amorous hint of hers would have subdued me, and made me her vassal. O whoreson! what a heart of marble, what bowels of brass, and what a soul of plaster of Paris! But I cannot conceive what it is this damsel saw in your Worship, that subdued and captivated her to that degree. What finery, what gallantry, what gaiety, what face; which of these, jointly or severally, made her fall in love with you? for, in truth, I have often surveyed your Worship, from the tip of your toe to the top of your head, and I see in you more things to cause affright than love. And, having also heard say, that beauty is the first and principal thing that enamours, your Worship having none at all, I wonder what the poor thing was in love with."—"Look you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there are two sorts of beauty, the one of the mind, the other of the body. That of the mind, shines and discovers itself in the understanding, in modesty, good behavour, liberality, and good breeding: and all these qualities may subsist and

be found in an ill-favoured man; and when the aim is at this beauty, and not at that of the body, it produces love with impetuosity and advantage. I know very well, Sancho, that I am not handsome; but I know also, that I am not deformed; and an honest man, who is not a monster, may be beloved, provided he has the qualities of the mind I have mentioned."

Amidst these discourses they entered into a wood, not far out of the road; and on a sudden Don Quixote found himself entangled in some nets of green thread, which hung from one tree to another; and, not being able to imagine what it might be, he said to Sancho: "The business of these nets, Sancho, must, I think, be one of the newest adventures imaginable: let me die, if the enchanters, who persecute me, have not a mind to entangle me in them, and stop my journey, by way of revenge for the rigorous treatment Altisidora received from me. But I would have them to know, that though these nets, as they are made of thread, were made of the hardest diamonds, or stronger than that, in which the jealous god of blacksmiths entangled Venus and Mars, I would break them as easily, as if they were made of bulrushes or yarn." And, as he was going to pass forward, and break through all, unexpectedly, from among some trees, two most beautiful shepherdesses presented themselves before him; at least they were clad like shepher-

desses, excepting that their waistcoats and petticoats were of fine brocade. Their habits were of rich gold tabby; their hair, which for brightness might come in competition with the rays of the sun, hanging loose about their shoulders, and their heads crowned with garlands of green laurel and red flower-gentles interwoven. Their age seemed to be not under fifteen, nor above eighteen. This was a sight, which amazed Sancho, surprised Don Quixote, made the sun stop in his career to behold them, and held them all in marvellous silence. At length one of the shepherdesses spoke, and said to Don Quixote: "Stop, Signor cavalier, and break not the nets, placed here, not for your hurt, but our diversion; and because I know you will ask us, why they are spread, and who we are, I will tell you, in a few words. In a town about two leagues off, where there are several people of quality, and a great many gentlemen, and those rich, it was agreed among several friends and relations, that their sons, wives, and daughters, neighbours, friends, and relations, should all come to make merry in this place, which is one of the pleasantest in these parts, forming among ourselves a new pastoral Arcadia, and dressing ourselves, the maidens like shepherdesses, and the young men like shepherds. We have got by heart two eclogues, one of the famous poet Garcilasso, and the other of the most excellent Camoëns, in

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Don Quixote breaking the Nets.

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