

that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be very well bestowed upon him.

Now, among other things, the barber during the skirmish said, "Gentlemen, this pannel is as certainly mine as the death I owe to God, and I know it as well, as if it were a child of my own body, and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lie: pray do but try it, and, if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be infamous: and moreover, by the same token, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, never handselled, that was worth a crown." Here Don Quixote could not forbear answering; and thrusting himself between the two combatants, and parting them, and making them lay down the pannel on the ground in public view, until the truth should be decided, he said: "Sirs, you shall presently see clearly and manifestly the error this honest squire is in, in calling that a basin, which was, is, and ever shall be, Mambrino's helmet: I won it in fair war, so am its right and lawful possessor. As to the pannel, I intermeddle not: what I can say of that matter is, that my squire Sancho asked my leave to take the trappings of this conquered coward's horse, to adorn his own with: I gave him leave; he took them, and, if from horse-trappings they are metamorphosed into an ass's pannel, I can give no other reason for it but that common one, that these kind of

transformations are frequent in adventures of chivalry: for confirmation of which, run, son Sancho, and fetch hither the helmet, which this honest man will needs have to be a basin."—"In faith, Sir," quoth Sancho, "if we have no other proof of our cause but what your Worship mentions, Mambrino's helmet will prove as errant a basin, as this honest man's trappings are a pack-saddle."—"Do what I bid you," replied Don Quixote; "for sure all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment." Sancho went for the basin, and brought it; and as soon as Don Quixote saw it, he took it in his hands, and said: "Behold, gentlemen; with what face can this squire pretend this to be a basin, and not the helmet I have mentioned? I swear by the order of Knighthood, which I profess, this helmet is the very same I took from him, without addition or diminution."—"There is no doubt of that," quoth Sancho; "for, from the time my master won it until now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was, when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves; and had it not been for his basin-helmet, he had not then got off over-well; for he had a power of stones hurled at him in that skirmish."

CHAP. XLV.

IN WHICH THE DISPUTE CONCERNING MAMBRINO'S HELMET, AND THE PANNEL, IS DECIDED; WITH OTHER ADVENTURES, THAT REALLY AND TRULY HAPPENED.

“PRAY, Gentlemen,” cried the barber, “what is your opinion of what these gentlefolks affirm? for they persist in it, that this is no basin, but a helmet.”—“And whoever shall affirm the contrary,” said Don Quixote, “I will make him know, if he be a Knight, that he lies, and, if a squire, that he lies and lies again a thousand times.” Our Barber, who was present all the while, and well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, had a mind to work up his madness, and carry on the jest, to make the company laugh; and so, addressing himself to the other barber, he said: “Signor Barber, or whoever you are, know, that I also am of your profession, and have had my certificate of examination above these twenty years, and am very well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery, without missing one. I have likewise been a soldier in my youthful days, and therefore know what is a helmet, and what a morion, or steel-cap, and what a casque with its beaver, as well as other matters relating to soldiery, I mean to all kinds of arms commonly used by soldiers.

And I say, with submission always to better judgments, that this piece here before us, which this honest gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so, as white is from black, and truth from falsehood. I say also, that, though it be an helmet, it is not a complete one."—"No, certainly," said Don Quixote; "for the beaver, that should make half of it, is wanting."—"It is so," added the Priest, who perceived his friend the Barber's design; and Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions, confirmed the same: and even the Judge, had not his thoughts been so taken up about the business of Don Louis, would have helped on the jest; but the concern he was in so employed his thoughts, that he attended but little, or not at all, to these pleasantries.

"Lord have mercy upon me!" exclaimed the bantered barber, "how is it possible so many honest gentlemen should maintain, that this is not a basin, but an helmet! a thing enough to astonish a whole university, though never so wise. Well, if this basin be an helmet, then this pannel must needs be a horse's furniture, as this gentleman has said."—"To me it seems, indeed, to be a pannel," answered Don Quixote; "but I have already told you, I will not intermeddle with the dispute, whether it be an ass's pannel, or a horse's furniture."—"All that remains," said the Priest, "is, for Signor Don Quixote to declare

his opinion : for, in matters of chivalry, all these gentlemen, and myself, yield him the preference.” —“By the living God, Gentlemen,” said Don Quixote, “ so many and such unaccountable things have befallen me twice, that I have lodged in this castle, that I dare not venture to vouch positively for any thing, that may be asked me about it : for I am of opinion, that every thing passes in it by the way of enchantment. The first time, I was very much harassed by an enchanted Moor, that was in it, and Sancho fared little better among some of his followers ; and to-night I hung almost two hours by this arm, without being able to guess how I came to fall into that mischance. And, therefore, for me to meddle now in so confused a business, and to be giving my opinion, would be to spend my judgment rashly. As to the question, whether this be a basin, or an helmet, I have already answered : but as to declaring, whether this be a pannel or a caparison, I dare not pronounce a definitive sentence, but remit it, Gentlemen, to your discretion : who perhaps not being dubbed Knights as I am, the enchantments of this place may have no power over you, and you may have your understandings free, and so may judge of the things of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to me.” —“There is no doubt,” answered Don Fernando, “ but that Signor Don Quixote has said very right, that the decision of

this case belongs to us; and, that we may proceed in it upon better and more solid grounds, I will take the votes of these gentlemen in secret, and then give you a clear and full account of the result."

To those, acquainted with Don Quixote, all this was matter of most excellent sport; but to those, who knew not his humour, it seemed to be the greatest absurdity in the world, especially to Don Louis's four servants, and to Don Louis himself as much as the rest, besides three other passengers, who were by chance just then arrived at the inn, and seemed to be troopers of the holy Brotherhood, as in reality they proved to be. As for the barber, he was quite at his wit's end, to see his basin converted into Mambrino's helmet before his eyes, and made no doubt but his pannel would be turned into a rich caparison for a horse. Every body laughed to see Don Fernando walking the round, and taking the opinion of each person at his ear, that he might secretly declare, whether that precious piece, about which there had been such a bustle, was a pannel or a caparison; and, after he had taken the votes of those, who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud: "The truth is, honest friend, I am quite weary of collecting so many votes; for I ask nobody, that does not tell me, it is ridiculous to say, this is an ass's pannel, and not a horse's caparison, and even that of a well-

bred horse: so that you must have patience; for, in spite of you and your ass too, this is a caparison, and no pannel, and the proofs you have alleged on your part are very trivial and invalid.” —“ Let me never enjoy a place in Heaven,” cried the bantered barber, “ if your Worships are not all mistaken; and so may my soul appear before God, as this appears to me a pannel, and not a caparison: but, so go the laws—I say no more; and verily I am not drunk, for I am fasting from every thing but sin.”

The barber’s simplicities caused no less laughter than the follies of Don Quixote, who, at this juncture, said: “ There is now no more to be done, but for every one to take what is his own; and to whom God has given it, may St. Peter give his blessing.” One of Don Louis’s four servants said: “ If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot persuade myself, that men of so good understanding, as all here are, or seem to be, should venture to say, and affirm, that this is not a basin, nor that a pannel; but seeing they do actually say and affirm it, I suspect there must be some mystery in obstinately maintaining a thing so contrary to truth and experience: for, by—(and out he rapped a round oath) all the men in the world shall never persuade me, that this is not a barber’s basin, and that a jack-ass’s pannel.” —“ May it not be a she ass’s?” cried the Priest. “ That is all one,” said the servant;

“ for the question is only, whether it be, or be not, a pannel, as your Worships say.” One of the officers of the holy Brotherhood, who came in, and had overheard the dispute, full of choler and indignation, said: “ It is as much a pannel as my father is my father; and whoever says, or shall say to the contrary, must be drunk.”— “ You lie like a pitiful scoundrel,” answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his lance, which he never had let go out of his hand, he went to give him such a blow over the head, that, had not the officer slipped aside, he had been laid flat on the spot. The lance was broke to splinters on the ground; and the other officers, seeing their comrade abused, cried out, “ Help, help the holy Brotherhood.” The innkeeper, who was one of the troop, ran in that instant for his wand and his sword, and prepared himself to stand by his comrades. Don Louis’s servants got about him, lest he should escape during the hurly-burly. The barber, perceiving the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his pannel, and Sancho did the same. Don Quixote drew his sword, and fell upon the troopers. Don Louis called out his servants, to leave him, and assist Don Quixote, Cardenio, and Don Fernando, who all took part with Don Quixote. The Priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter roared, Maritornes wept, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda stood amazed, and Donna

Clara fainted away. The barber cuffed Sancho, and Sancho pommelled the barber. Don Louis gave one of his servants, who laid hold of him by the arm lest he should escape, such a dash on the chops, that he bathed his mouth in blood. The Judge interposed in his defence. Don Fernando got one of the troopers down, and kicked him to his heart's content. The innkeeper reinforced his voice, demanding aid for the holy Brotherhood. Thus the whole inn was nothing but weeping, cries, shrieks, confusion, fears, frights, mischances, cuffs, cudgellings, kicks, and effusion of blood. And in the midst of this chaos, this mass, and labyrinth of things, it came into Don Quixote's fancy, that he was plunged over head and ears in the discord of King Agramante's camp³⁵; and therefore he said, with a voice which made the inn shake: "Hold all of you; all put up your swords; be pacified all, and hearken to me, if you would all continue alive." At which tremendous voice they all desisted, and he went on, saying: "Did I not tell you, Sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must certainly inhabit it? In confirmation of which, I would have you see with your own eyes, how the discord of Agramante's camp is passed over and transferred hither among us: behold, how there they fight for the sword, here for the horse, yonder for the eagle, here again for the helmet; and we all

fight, and no one understands another. Come therefore, my Lord Judge, and you master Priest, and let one of you stand for King Agramante, the other for King Sobrino³⁶, and make peace among us; for by the eternal God, it is a thousand pities, so many gentlemen of quality, as are here of us, should kill one another for such trivial matters." The troopers, who did not understand Don Quixote's language, and found themselves roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified; but the barber submitted; for both his beard and his pannel were demolished in the scuffle. Sancho, as became a dutiful servant, obeyed the least voice of his master. Don Louis's four servants were also quiet, seeing how little they got by being otherwise. The innkeeper alone was refractory, and insisted, that the insolences of that madman ought to be chastised, who at every foot turned the inn upside down. At last the bustle ceased for that time: the pannel was to remain a caparison, the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle, in Don Quixote's imagination, until the day of judgment.

Now all being pacified, and all made friends, by the persuasion of the Judge and the Priest, Don Louis's servants began again to press him to go with them that moment; and, while they were debating, and settling the point, the Judge consulted Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the Priest, what he should do in this emergency, telling them

all, that Don Louis had said. At last it was agreed, that Don Fernando should tell Don Louis's servants who he was, and that it was his desire Don Louis should go alone with him to Andalusia, where he should be treated by the Marquis his brother according to his quality, and worth; for he well knew his intention and resolution not to return, just at that time, into his father's presence, though they should tear him to pieces. Now, Don Fernando's quality, and Don Louis's resolution, being known to the four servants, they determined among themselves, that three of them should return to give his father an account of what had passed, and the other should stay to wait upon Don Louis, and not leave him, until the rest should come back for him, or until they knew what his father would order. Thus this mass of contentions was appeased by the authority of Agramante, and the prudence of King Sobrino. But the enemy of peace and concord, finding himself illuded and disappointed, and how thin a crop he had gathered from that large field of confusion, resolved to try his hand once more, by contriving fresh frays and disturbances.

Now the case was this: the troopers, upon notice of the quality of those, that had attacked them, had desisted and retreated from the fray, as thinking that, let matters go how they would, they were likely to come off by the worst. But one of them, namely, he who had been kicked and mauled

by Don Fernando, bethought himself, that, among some warrants he had about him for apprehending certain delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, whom the holy Brotherhood had ordered to be taken into custody for setting at liberty the galley-slaves, as Sancho had very justly feared. Having this in his head, he had a mind to be satisfied, whether the person of Don Quixote answered to the description; and, pulling a parchment out of his bosom, he presently found what he looked for; and setting himself to read it leisurely, for he was no great clerk, at every word he read, he fixed his eyes on Don Quixote, and then went on, comparing the marks in his warrant with the lines of Don Quixote's physiognomy, and found, that without all doubt he must be the person therein described: and, as soon as he had satisfied himself, rolling up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, with his right he laid so fast hold on Don Quixote by the collar, that he did not suffer him to draw breath, crying out aloud: "Help the holy Brotherhood! and, that every body may see I require it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein it is expressly commanded to apprehend this highway-robber." The Priest took the warrant, and found it all true, that the trooper had said, the marks agreeing exactly with Don Quixote: who, finding himself so roughly handled by this scoundrel, his choler being mounted to

the utmost pitch, and all his joints trembling with rage, caught the trooper by the throat, as well as he could, with both hands; and, had he not been rescued by his comrades, he had lost his life before Don Quixote had loosed his hold. The innkeeper, who was bound to aid and assist his brethren in office, ran immediately to his assistance. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, raised her voice anew. Her daughter and Maritornes joined in the same tune, praying aid from Heaven, and from the standers-by. Sancho, seeing what passed, said: "As God shall save me, my master says true, concerning the enchantments of this castle; for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet in it." At length Don Fernando parted the officer and Don Quixote, and, to both their contents, unlocked their hands, from the doublet-collar of the one, and from the wind-pipe of the other. Nevertheless the troopers did not desist from demanding their prisoner, and to have him bound and delivered up to them; for so the King's service, and that of the holy Brotherhood, required, in whose name they again demanded help and assistance in apprehending that common robber, padder, and highwayman. Don Quixote smiled to hear these expressions, and, with great calmness, said: "Come hither, base and ill-born crew; call ye it robbing on the highway, to loose the chains of the captived, to set the imprisoned

free, to succour the miserable, to raise the fallen and depressed, and to relieve the needy and distressed? Ah, scoundrel race! undeserving, by the meanness and baseness of your understandings, that Heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in Knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not reverencing the very shadow, and much more the presence, of any Knight-errant whatever! Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers, highwaymen with the licence of the holy Brotherhood, tell me, who was the blockhead that signed the warrant for apprehending such a Knight-errant as I am? Who was he that knew not, that Knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their sword is their law, their bravery their privileges, and their will their edicts? Who was the madman, I say again, that is ignorant, that no patent of gentility contains so many privileges and exemptions, as are acquired by the Knight-errant, the day he is dubbed, and gives himself up to the rigorous exercise of chivalry? What Knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, portorage, or ferry-boat? What taylor ever brought in a bill for making his clothes? What governor that lodged him in his castle, ever made him pay a reckoning? What King did not seat him at his table? What damsel was not in love with him, and did not yield herself up to his whole pleasure and will? And lastly, what Knight-

errant has there ever been, is, or shall be, in the world, who has not courage singly to bestow four hundred bastinadoes on four hundred troopers of the holy Brotherhood, that shall dare to present themselves before him?"



CHAP. XLVI.

IN WHICH IS FINISHED THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE
OF THE TROOPERS OF THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD,
WITH THE GREAT FEROCITY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT
DON QUIXOTE.

WHILE Don Quixote was talking at this rate, the Priest was endeavouring to persuade the troopers, that Don Quixote was out of his wits, as they might easily perceive by what he did and said, and that they need not give themselves any farther trouble upon that subject; for though they should apprehend and carry him away, they must soon release him as being a madman. To which the officer, that had produced the warrant, answered, that it was no business of his to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to obey the orders of his superior; and that, when he had once secured him, they might set him free three hundred times, if they pleased. "For all that," said the Priest, "for this once you must not take him, nor do I think he will suffer himself to be taken." In effect, the Priest said so much, and Don Qui-

xote did such extravagancies, that the officers must have been more mad than he, had they not discovered his infirmity: and therefore they judged it best to be quiet, and moreover to be mediators, for making peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their scuffle with great rancour. At last they, as officers of justice, compounded the matter, and arbitrated it in such a manner, that both parties rested, if not entirely contented, at least somewhat satisfied; for they exchanged pannels, but not girths nor halters. As for Mambrino's helmet, the Priest, underhand and unknown to Don Quixote, gave eight reals for the basin, and the barber gave him a discharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud from thenceforth and for evermore, amen.

These two quarrels, as being the chief and of the greatest weight, being thus made up, it remained, that three of Don Louis's servants should be contented to return home, and leave one of their fellows behind to wait upon him, wherever Don Fernando pleased to carry him. And, as good luck and better fortune had now begun to pave the way, and smooth the difficulties, in favour of the lovers and heroes of the inn, so fortune would carry it quite through, and crown all with prosperous success: for the servants were contented to do as Don Louis commanded, at which Donna Clara was so highly pleased, that nobody could look in her face without discovering

the joy of her heart. Zoraida, though she did not understand all she saw, yet grew sad or cheerful in conformity to what she observed in their several countenances, especially that of her Spaniard, on whom her eyes were fixed, and her soul depended. The innkeeper, observing what recompense the Priest had made the barber, demanded Don Quixote's reckoning, with ample satisfaction for the damage done to his skins, and the loss of his wine; swearing, that neither Rozinante nor the ass should stir out of the inn, until he had paid the uttermost farthing. The Priest pacified him, and Don Fernando paid him all, though the Judge very generously offered payment: and thus they all remained in peace and quietness, and the inn appeared no longer the discord of Agramante's camp, as Don Quixote had called it, but peace itself, and the very tranquillity of Octavius Cæsar's days: and it was the general opinion, that all this was owing to the good intention and great eloquence of the Priest, and the incomparable liberality of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote, finding himself now freed, and clear of so many quarrels, both of his squire's and his own, thought it was high time to pursue his voyage, and put an end to that grand adventure, to which he had been called and elected: and therefore, being thus resolutely determined, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, who would not suffer him to speak a word, until he stood up;

which he did in obedience to her, and said: "It is a common saying, fair Lady, that *diligence is the mother of good success*; and experience has shown, in many and weighty matters, that the care of the solicitor brings the doubtful suit to a happy issue: but this truth is in nothing more evident, than in matters of war, in which expedition and dispatch prevent the designs of the enemy, and carry the victory, before the adversary is in a posture to defend himself. All this I say, high and deserving Lady, because our abode in this castle seems to me now no longer necessary, and may be so far prejudicial, that we may repent it one day: for who knows but your enemy the giant may, by secret and diligent spies, get intelligence of my coming to destroy him? And, time giving him opportunity, he may fortify himself in some impregnable castle or fortress, against which my industry, and the force of my unwearied arm, may little avail. And therefore, sovereign Lady, let us prevent, as I have said, his designs by our diligence, and let us depart quickly in the name of good-fortune, which you can want no longer than I delay to encounter your enemy." Here Don Quixote was silent, and said no more, expecting with great sedateness the answer of the beautiful Infanta; who, with an air of grandeur, and in a style accommodated to that of Don Quixote, answered in this manner: "I am obliged to you, Sir Knight, for the in-

clination you show to favour me in my great need, like a true Knight, whose office and employment it is to succour the orphans and distressed, and Heaven grant, that your desire and mine be soon accomplished, that you may see there are some grateful women in the world. As to my departure, let it be instantly, for I have no other will but yours : and, pray, dispose of me entirely at your own pleasure ; for she, who has once committed the defence of her person, and the restoration of her dominions, into your hands, must not contradict whatever your wisdom shall direct.”—“ In the name of God,” added Don Quixote, “ since a lady so humbles herself, I will not lose the opportunity of exalting her, and setting her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart instantly ; for I am spurred on by the eagerness of my desire, and the length of the journey ; and they say, delays are dangerous. And since Heaven has not created, nor hell seen any danger, that can daunt or affright me, Sancho, saddle Rozinante, and get ready your ass, and her Majesty’s palfrey ; and let us take our leaves of the governor of the castle, and of these nobles, and let us depart hence this instant.”

Sancho, who was present all the while, said, shaking his head from side to side : “ Ah, master, master, there are more tricks in a town than are dreamt of, with respect to the honourable coifs be it spoken.”—“ What tricks can there be

to my discredit, in any town, or in all the towns in the world, thou bumpkin?" said Don Quixote. "If your Worship puts yourself into a passion," answered Sancho, "I will hold my tongue, and forbear to say what I am bound to tell, as a faithful squire and a dutiful servant ought to his master."—"Say what you will," replied Don Quixote, "so your words tend not to making me afraid: if you are afraid, you do but like yourself; and if I am not afraid, I do like myself."—"Nothing of all this, as I am a sinner to God," answered Sancho; "only that I am sure and positively certain, that this lady, who calls herself Queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a Queen than my mother: for, were she what she pretends to be, she would not be nuzzling, at every turn, and in every corner, with somebody that is in the company." Dorothea's colour came at what Sancho said, it being true indeed, that her husband, Don Fernando, now and then by stealth, had snatched with his lips an earnest of that reward his affections deserved: which Sancho having espied, he thought this freedom more becoming a lady of pleasure than a queen of so vast a kingdom. Dorothea neither could, nor would, answer Sancho a word, but let him go on with his discourse, which he did, saying: "I say this, Sir, because, supposing that, after we have travelled through thick and thin, and passed many bad

nights and worse days, one, who is now solacing himself in this inn, should chance to reap the fruit of our labours, I need be in no haste to saddle Rozinante, nor to get the ass and the palfrey ready; for we had better be quiet; and let every drab mind her spinning, and let us to dinner." Good God! how great was the indignation of Don Quixote, at hearing his squire speak thus disrespectfully! I say, it was so great, that, with speech stammering, tongue faltering, and living fire darting from his eyes, he said: "Scoundrel! designing, unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent, murmuring, and backbiting villain! darest thou utter such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious Ladies? And hast thou dared to entertain such rude and insolent thoughts in thy confused imagination? Avoid my presence, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceits, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and enemy of the respect due to royal personages! Be gone; appear not before me, on pain of my indignation." And in saying this, he arched his brows, puffed his cheeks, stared round about him, and gave a violent stamp with his right foot on the floor; all manifest tokens of the rage locked up in his breast. At these words and furious gestures Sancho was so frightened, that he would have been glad the earth had opened that instant, and

swallowed him up. And he knew not what to do, but to turn his back, and get out of the enraged presence of his master.

But the discreet Dorothea, who so perfectly understood Don Quixote's humour, to pacify his wrath, said: "Be not offended, good Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, at the follies your good squire has uttered: for, perhaps, he has not said them without some ground; nor can it be suspected, considering his good understanding and Christian conscience, that he would slander, or bear false witness against any body; and therefore we must believe, without all doubt, as you yourself say, Sir Knight, that, since all things in this castle fall out in the way of enchantment, perhaps, I say, Sancho, by means of the same diabolical illusion, may have seen what he says he saw, so much to the prejudice of my honour."—"By the omnipotent God I swear," cried Don Quixote, "your Grandeur has hit the mark, and some wicked apparition must have appeared to this sinner, and have made him see what was impossible for him to see by any other way but that of enchantment; for I am perfectly assured of the simplicity and innocence of this unhappy wretch, and that he knows not how to invent a slander on any body."—"So it is, and so it shall be," said Don Fernando: "wherefore, Signor Don Quixote, you ought to pardon him, and restore him to the bosom of your favour, *sicut*

erat in principio, before these illusions turned his brain." Don Quixote answered, that he pardoned him; and the Priest went for Sancho, who came in very humble, and, falling down on his knees, begged his master's hand, who gave it him; and, after he had let him kiss it, he gave him his blessing, saying: "Now you will be thoroughly convinced, son Sancho, of what I have often told you before, that all things in this castle are done by way of enchantment."—"I believe so too," quoth Sancho, "excepting the business of the blanket, which really fell out in the ordinary way."—"Do not believe it," answered Don Quixote; "for, were it so, I would have revenged you at that time, and even now. But neither could I then, nor can I now, find on whom to revenge the injury." They all desired to know what that business of the blanket was, and the innkeeper gave them a very circumstantial account of Sancho Panza's tossing: at which they were not a little diverted. And Sancho would have been no less ashamed, if his master had not assured him afresh, that it was all enchantment. And yet Sancho's folly never rose so high, as to believe, that it was not downright truth, without any mixture of illusion or deceit, being convinced he had been tossed in the blanket by persons of flesh and blood, and not by imaginary or visionary phantoms, as his master supposed and affirmed.

Two days had already passed since all this illustrious company had been in the inn; and thinking it now time to depart, they contrived how, without giving Dorothea and Don Fernando the trouble of going back with Don Quixote to his village, under pretence of restoring the Queen of Micomicon, the Priest and the Barber might carry him as they desired, and endeavour to get him cured of his madness at home. While this was in agitation, Don Quixote was laid down upon a bed, to repose himself after his late fatigues; and in the mean time they agreed with a waggoner, who chanced to pass by with his team of oxen, to carry him in this manner. They made a kind of cage with poles gratewise, large enough to contain Don Quixote at his ease: and immediately Don Fernando and his companions, with Don Louis's servants, and the officers of the holy Brotherhood, together with the innkeeper, all by the contrivance and direction of the Priest, covered their faces, and disguised themselves, some one way, some another, so as to appear to Don Quixote to be quite other persons than those he had seen in that castle. This being done, with the greatest silence they entered the room, where Don Quixote lay fast asleep, and not dreaming of any such accident; and laying fast hold of him, they bound him hand and foot, so that, when he awoke with a start, he could not stir, nor do any thing but look round him,

and wonder to see such strange visages about him. And presently he fell into the usual conceit, that his disordered imagination was perpetually presenting to him, believing that all these shapes were goblins of that enchanted castle, and that, without all doubt, he must be enchanted, since he could not stir, nor defend himself: all precisely as the Priest, the projector of this stratagem, fancied it would fall out. Sancho alone of all, that were present, was in his perfect senses, and in his own figure; and, though he wanted but little of being infected with his master's disease; yet he was not at a loss to know, who all these counterfeit goblins were; but he durst not open his lips, until he saw what this surprisal and imprisonment of his master meant. Neither did the Knight utter a word, waiting to see the issue of his disgrace: which was, that, bringing the cage thither, they shut him up in it, and nailed the bars so fast, that there was no breaking them open, though you pulled never so hard. They then hoisted him on their shoulders, and, at going out of the room, a voice was heard, as dreadful as the Barber could form (not he of the pannel, but the other), saying: "O Knight of the Sorrowful Figure! let not the confinement you are under afflict you; for it is expedient it should be so, for the more speedy accomplishment of the adventure, in which your great valour has engaged you:

which shall be finished, when the furious Manchegan lion shall be coupled with the white Tobosian dove, after having submitted their stately necks to the soft matrimonial yoke; from which unheard-of conjunction shall spring into the light of the world brave whelps, who shall emulate the tearing claws of their valorous sire. And this shall come to pass before the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have made two rounds, to visit the bright constellations, in his rapid and natural course. And thou, oh the most noble and obedient squire, that ever had sword in belt, beard on face, and smell in nostrils, be not dismayed nor afflicted, to see the flower of Knighterrantry carried thus away before thine eyes. For, ere long, if it so please the fabricator of the world, thou shalt see thyself so exalted and sublimated, that thou shalt not know thyself, and shalt not be defrauded of the promises made thee by thy noble lord. And I assure thee, in the name of the sage Mentironiana³⁷, that thy wages shall be punctually paid thee, as thou wilt see in effect: follow therefore the footsteps of the valorous and enchanted Knight, for it is expedient for you to go, where ye may both rest: and because I am permitted to say no more, God be with you; for I return I well know whither." And, at finishing the prophecy, he raised his voice very high, and then sunk it by degrees, with so soft an accent, that even they, who were

in the secret of the jest, were almost ready to believe, that what they heard was true.

Don Quixote remained much comforted by the prophecy he had heard ; for he presently apprehended the whole signification of it, and saw, that it promised he should be joined in holy and lawful wedlock with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb should issue the whelps, his sons, to the everlasting honour of La Mancha. And, with this firm persuasion, he raised his voice, and, fetching a deep sigh, he said : “ Oh thou, whoever thou art, who hast prognosticated me so much good, I beseech thee to entreat, on my behalf, the sage enchanter, who has the charge of my affairs, that he suffer me not to perish in this prison, in which I am now carried, until I see accomplished those joyous and incomparable promises now made me : for, if they come to pass, I shall account the pains of my imprisonment glory, the chains, with which I am bound, refreshment, and this couch, whereon I am laid, not a hard field of battle, but a soft bridal bed of down. And, as touching the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I trust in his goodness and integrity, that he will not forsake me, either in good or evil fortune. And though it should fall out, through his or my hard fortune, that I should not be able to give him the island, or something else equivalent, that I have promised him, at least he cannot

lose his wages; for, in my will, which is already made, I have declared what shall be given him, not indeed proportionable to his many and good services, but according to my own poor ability." Sancho Panza bowed with great respect, and kissed both his master's hands; for one alone he could not, they being both tied together. Then the goblins took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it on the waggon.



CHAP. XLVII.

OF THE STRANGE AND WONDERFUL MANNER, IN WHICH
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA WAS ENCHANTED;
WITH OTHER REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

DON Quixote, finding himself cooped up in this manner, and placed upon a cart, said: "Many and most grave histories have I read of Knights-errant; but I never read, saw, or heard of enchanted Knights being carried away after this manner, and so slowly as these lazy, heavy, animals seem to promise. For they always used to be carried through the air with wonderful speed, wrapped up in some thick and dark cloud, or in some chariot of fire, or mounted upon a hippogriff or some such beast. But to be carried upon a waggon drawn by oxen, by the living God, it puts me into confusion. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of these our times

may have taken a different turn from those of the ancients; and perhaps also, as I am a new Knight in the world, and the first who have revived the long-forgotten exercise of Knight-errantry, there may have been lately invented other kinds of enchantments, and other methods of carrying away those, that are enchanted. What think you of this, son Sancho?"—"I do not know what I think," answered Sancho, "not being so well read as your Worship in scriptures-errant. Yet I dare affirm and swear, that these hobgoblins here about us are not altogether catholic."—"Catholic indeed!" answered Don Quixote: "how can they be catholic, being devils, who have assumed fantastic shapes, on purpose to come and put me into this state? And if you would be convinced of this, touch them and feel them, and you will find they have no bodies but of air, consisting in nothing but appearance only."—"Before God, Sir," replied Sancho, "I have already touched them; and this devil, who is so very busy here about us, is as plump as a partridge, and has another property very different from what people say your devils are wont to have: for it is said, they all smell of brimstone, and other worse scents; but this spark smells of amber at half a league's distance." Sancho meant this of Don Fernando, who being a cavalier of such quality, must have smelt as Sancho hinted. "Wonder not at it, friend Sancho,"

answered Don Quixote; “for you must know, that the devils are a knowing sort of people; and, supposing they do carry perfumes about them, they have no scents in themselves, because they are spirits; or, if they do smell, it can be of nothing that is good, but of something bad and stinking: and the reason is, because, let them be where they will, they carry their hell about them, and can receive no kind of ease from their torments: now, a perfume being a thing delightful and pleasing, it is not possible they should smell of so good a thing: and if you think, that this devil smells of amber, either you deceive yourself, or he would deceive you, that you may not take him for a devil.” All this discourse passed between the master and the man; and Don Fernando and Cardenio, fearing lest Sancho, who already had no small suspicion, should discover their plot, they resolved to hasten their departure, and calling the innkeeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rozinante and pannel the ass, which he did with great expedition.

In the mean while the Priest had agreed, for so much a day, with the troopers of the holy Brotherhood, that they should accompany Don Quixote home to his village. Cardenio took care to hang the buckler on one side, and the basin on the other, of the pommel of Rozinante's saddle, and made signs to Sancho to mount his ass, and take Rozinante by the bridle, and placed