

it was a signal given him by kind fortune, to animate him to give birth to the approaching adventure.

Now had Aurora displayed her rosy mantle over the blushing skies, and dark night withdrawn her sable veil; all objects stood confessed to human eyes, and Don Quixote could now perceive he was under some tall chestnut trees, whose thick-spreading boughs diffused an awful gloom around the place, but he could not yet discover whence proceeded the dismal sound of those incessant strokes. Therefore, being resolved to find it out, once more he took his leave of Sancho, with the same injunctions as before; adding, withal, that he should not trouble himself about the recompense of his services, for he had taken care of that in his will, which he had providently made before he left home; but if he came off victorious from this adventure, he might most certainly expect to be gratified with the promised island. Sancho could not forbear blubbing again to hear these tender expressions of his master, and resolved not to leave him till he had finished this enterprise. And from that deep concern, and this nobler resolution to attend him, the author of this history infers, that the squire was something of a gentleman by descent, or at least the

offspring of the old Christians.* Nor did his good-nature fail to move his master more than he was willing to shew, at a time when it behoved him to shake off all softer thoughts: for now he rode towards the place whence the noise of the blows and the water seemed to come, while Sancho trudged after him, leading by the halter the inseparable companion of his good and bad fortune.

After they had gone a pretty way under a pleasant covert of chestnut-trees, they came into a meadow adjoining to certain rocks, from whose top there was a great fall of waters. At the foot of those rocks they discovered certain old ill-contrived buildings, that rather looked like ruins than inhabited houses; and they perceived that the terrifying noise of the blows, which yet continued, issued out of that place. When they came nearer, even patient Rozinante himself started at the dreadful sound; but, being heartened and pacified by his master, he was at length prevailed with to draw nearer and nearer with wary steps; the knight recommending himself all the way most devoutly to his Dulcinea, and now and then also to heaven, in short ejaculations. As for Sancho, he stuck close to

* In contradiction to the Jewish or Moorish families, of which there were many in Spain.

his master, peeping all the way through Rozinante's legs, to see if he could perceive what he dreaded to find out. When, a little farther, at the doubling of the point of a rock, they plainly discovered (kind reader, do not take it amiss) six huge fulling-mill hammers, which interchangeably thumping several pieces of cloth, made the terrible noise that caused all Don Quixote's anxieties and Sancho's tribulation that night.

Don Quixote was struck dumb at this unexpected sight, and was ready to drop from his horse with shame and confusion. Sancho stared upon him, and saw him hang down his head, with a desponding dejected countenance, like a man quite dispirited with this cursed disappointment. At the same time he looked upon Sancho, and seeing by his eyes, and his cheeks swelled with laughter, that he was ready to burst, he could not forbear laughing himself, in spite of all his vexation; so that Sancho, seeing his master begin, immediately gave a loose to his mirth, and broke out into such a fit of laughing, that he was forced to hold his sides with both his knuckles, for fear of bursting his aching paunch. Four times he ceased, and four times renewed his obstreperous laughing; which sauciness Don Quixote began to resent with great

indignation; and the more when Sancho, in a jeering tone, presumed to ridicule him with his own words, repeating part of the vain speech he made when first they heard the noise; "Know, Sancho, I was born in this iron age to restore the age of gold. I am the man for whom heaven has reserved the most dangerous and glorious adventures," &c. Thus he went on, till his master, dreadfully enraged at his insolence, hit him two such blows on the shoulders with his lance, that, had they fallen upon his head, they had saved Don Quixote the trouble of paying him his wages, whatever he must have done to his heirs. Thereupon Sancho, finding his jest turned to earnest, begged pardon with all submission: "Mercy, good your worship," cried he, "spare my bones, I beseech you! I meant no harm, I did but joke a little."—"And because you joke, I do not," cried Don Quixote. "Come hither, good Mr. Jester, you who pretend to rally; tell me, had this been a dangerous adventure, as well as it proves only a false alarm, have I not shewn resolution enough to undertake and finish it? Am I, who am a knight, bound to know the meaning of every mechanic noise, and distinguish between sound and sound? Besides, it might happen, as really it is, that I had never seen a fulling-mill before, though

thou, like a base scoundrel as thou art, wert born and brought up among such mean implements of drudgery. But let the six fulling-hammers be transformed into so many giants, and then set them at me one by one, or all together; and if I do not lay them all at my feet with their heels upwards, then I will give thee leave to exercise thy ill-bred raillery as much as thou pleasest."

"Good your worship," quoth Sancho, "talk no more on it, I beseech you; I confess I carried the jest too far. But now all is hushed and well, pray tell me in sober sadness, as you hope to speed in all adventures, and come off safe and sound as from this, don't you think but that the fright we were in, I mean that I was in, would be a good subject for people to make sport with?"—"I grant it," answered Don Quixote, "but I would not have it told; for all people are not so discreet as to place things, or look upon them, in the position in which they should be considered."—"I will say that for you," quoth Sancho, "you have shewn you understand how to place things in their right position, when, aiming at my head, you hit my shoulders; had not I ducked a little on one side, I had been in a fine condition; but let that pass, it will wash out in the bucking. I

have heard my grannam say, that man loves thee well who makes thee to weep. Good masters may be hasty sometimes with a servant, but presently after a hard word or two they commonly give him a pair of cast breeches: what they give after a basting, heaven knows; all I can tell is, that knights-errant, after bastinadoes, give you some cast island, or some old-fashioned kingdom upon the mainland."

"Fortune," said Don Quixote, "will perhaps order everything thou hast said to come to pass; therefore, Sancho, I pray thee think no more of my severity; thou knowest a man cannot always command the first impulse of his passions. On the other side, let me advise thee not to be so saucy for the future, and not to assume that strange familiarity with me which is so unbecoming in a servant. I protest, in such a vast number of books of knight-errantry as I have read, I never found that any squire was ever allowed so great a freedom of speech with his master as thou takest with me; and truly I look upon it to be a great fault in us both; in thee for disrespecting me, and in me for not making myself be more respected. Gandalin, Amadis de Gaul's squire, though he was earl of the Firm Island, yet never spoke to his master but with cap in hand, his head

bowed, and his body half bent, after the Turkish manner. But what shall we say of Gasabal, Don Galaor's squire, who was such a strict observer of silence, that, to the honour of his marvellous taciturnity, he gave the author occasion to mention his name but once in that voluminous authentic history? From all this, Sancho, I would have thee make this observation, that there ought to be a distance kept between the master and the man, the knight and the squire. Therefore, once more I tell thee, let us live together for the future more according to the due decorum of our respective degrees, without giving one another any further vexation on this account; for after all, it will always be the worse for you on whatsoever occasion we happen to disagree. As for the rewards I promised you, they will come in due time; and should you be disappointed that way, you have your salary to trust to, as I have told you."

"You say very well," quoth Sancho; "but now, sir, suppose no rewards should come, and I should be forced to stick to my wages, I would fain know how much a squire-errant used to earn in the days of yore? Did they go by the month, or by the day, like our labourers?"—"I do not think," replied Don

Quixote, "they ever went by the hire, but rather that they trusted to their master's generosity. And if I have assigned thee wages in my will, which I left sealed up at home, it was only to prevent the worst, because I do not know yet what success I may have in chivalry in these depraved times; and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for such a trifling matter; for there is no state of life so subject to dangers as that of a knight-errant."—"Like enough," quoth Sancho, "when merely the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill is able to trouble and disturb the heart of such a valiant knight as your worship! But you may be sure I will not hereafter so much as offer to open my lips to jibe or joke at your doings, but always stand in awe of you, and honour you as my lord and master."—"By doing so," replied Don Quixote, "thy days shall be long on the face of the earth; for next to our parents, we ought to respect our masters, as if they were our fathers."