

swered the keeper, "he is condemned to ten years slavery, which is no better than a civil death: but I need not stand to tell you any more of him, but that he is that notorious rogue, Gines de Passamonte,<sup>1</sup> alias Ginesillo de Parapilla."—"Hark you, sir," cried the slave, "fair and softly; what a pox makes you give a gentleman more names than he has? Gines is my Christian name, and Passamonte my surname, and not Ginesillo, nor Parapilla, as you say. Blood! let every man mind what he says, or it may prove the worse for him."—"Don't you be so saucy, Mr Crack-rope," cried the officer to him, "or I may chance to make you keep a better tongue in your head."—"It is a sign," cried the slave, "that a man is fast and under the lash; but one day or other somebody shall know whether I am called Parapilla or no."—"Why, Mr Slipstring," replied the officer, "do not people call you by that name?"—"They do," answered Gines, "but I'll make them call me otherwise or I'll fleece and bite them worse than I care to tell you now.—But you, sir, who are so inquisitive," added he, turning to Don Quixote, "if you have a mind to give us anything, pray do it quickly, and go your ways; for I don't like to

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter VIII.

stand here answering questions, broil me! I am Gines de Passamonte, I am not ashamed of my name. As for my life and conversation, there is an account of them in black and white, written with this numerical hand of mine."—"There he tells you true," said the officer, "for he has written his own history himself, without omitting a tittle of his roguish pranks; and he has left the manuscript in pawn in the prison for two hundred reals." "Ay," said Gines, "and will redeem it, burn me! though it lay there for as many ducats."—"Then it must be an extraordinary piece," cried Don Quixote.—"So extraordinary," replied Gines, "that it far outdoes not only Lazarillo de Tormes, but whatever has been, and shall be written in that kind; for mine is true every word, and no invented stories can compare with it for variety of tricks and accidents."—"What is the title of the book?" asked Don Quixote.—"The life of Gines de Passamonte," answered the other.—"Is it quite finished?" asked the knight.—"How the devil can it be finished and I yet living?" replied the slave. "There is in it every material point from my cradle, to this my last going to the galleys."—"Then it seems you have been there before," said Don Quixote.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2, Book III., Chapter VIII.

—“To serve God and the king, I was some four years there once before,” replied Gines: “I already know how the biscuit and the bulls-pizzle agree with my carcase: it does not grieve me much to go there again, for there I shall have leisure to give a finishing stroke to my book. I have the devil knows what to add; and in our Spanish galleys there is always leisure and idle time enough o’conscience: neither shall I want so much for what I have to insert, for I know it all by heart.”

“Thou seemest to be a witty fellow,” said Don Quixote.—“You should have said unfortunate too,” replied the slave; “for the bitch Fortune is still unkind to men of wit.”—“You mean to such wicked wretches as yourself,” cried the officer. “Look you, Mr Commissary,” said Gines, “I have already desired you to use good language. The law did not give us to your keeping for you to abuse us, but only to conduct us where the king has occasion for us. Let every man mind his own business, and give good words, or hold his tongue; for by the blood—I will say no more, murder will out; there will be a time when some people’s rogueries may come to light, as well as those of other folks.”—With that the officer, provoked by the slave’s threats, held up his staff to strike

him; but Don Quixote stepped between them, and desired him not to do it, and to consider, that the slave was the more to be excused for being too free of his tongue, since he had ne’er another member at liberty. Then addressing himself to all the slaves, “My dearest brethren,” cried he, “I find, by what I gather from your own words, that though you deserve punishment for the several crimes of which you stand convicted, yet you suffer execution of the sentence by constraint, and merely because you cannot help it. Besides, it is not unlikely but that this man’s want of resolution upon the rack, the other’s want of money, the third’s want of friends and favour, and, in short, the judges perverting and wresting the law to your great prejudice, may have been the cause of your misery. Now, as heaven has sent me into the world to relieve the distressed, and free suffering weakness from the tyranny of oppression, according to the duty of my profession of knight-errantry, these considerations induce me to take you under my protection.—But because it is the part of a prudent man not to use violence where fair means may be effectual, I desire you, gentlemen of the guard, to release these poor men, there being people enough to serve his majesty in their places; for it is a

hard case to make slaves of men whom God and nature made free; and you have the less reason to use these wretches with severity, seeing they never did you any wrong. Let them answer for their sins in the other world; heaven is just, you know, and will be sure to punish the wicked as it will certainly reward the good. Consider besides, gentlemen, that it is neither a Christian-like, nor an honourable action, for men to be the butchers and tormentors of one another; principally, when no advantage can arise from it. I choose to desire this of you, with so much mildness, and in so peaceable a manner, gentlemen, that I may have occasion to pay you a thankful acknowledgment, if you will be pleased to grant so reasonable a request; but if you provoke me by refusal, I must be obliged to tell ye, that this lance, and this sword, guided by this invincible arm, shall force you to yield that to my valour which you deny to my civil entreaties."

"A very good jest, indeed," cried the officer; "what a devil makes you dote at such a rate? would you have us set at liberty the king's prisoners, as if we had authority to do it, or you to command it? Go, go about your business, good Sir Errant, and set your basin right upon your empty pate; and pray do not meddle any

further in what does not concern you, for those who will play with cats must expect to be scratched."

"Thou art a cat, and rat, and a coward to boot," cried Don Quixote; and with that he attacked the officer with such a sudden and surprising fury, that before he had any time to put himself in a posture of defence, he struck him down, dangerously wounded with his lance; and, as fortune had ordered it, this happened to be the horseman who was armed with a carbine. His companions stood astonished at such a bold action, but at last fell upon the champion with their swords and darts, which might have proved fatal to him, had not the slaves laid hold of this opportunity to break the chain, in order to regain their liberty; for, the guards perceiving their endeavours to get loose, thought it more material to prevent them, than to be fighting a madman; but, as he pressed them vigorously on one side, and the slaves were opposing them and freeing themselves on the other, the hurly-burly was so great, and the guards so perplexed, that they did nothing to the purpose. In the meantime, Sancho was helping Gines de Passamonte to get off his gyves, which he did sooner than can be imagined; and then that active desperado having seized the wounded officer's

sword and carbine, he joined with Don Quixote, and sometimes aiming at one, and sometimes at the other, as if he had been ready to shoot them, yet still without letting off the piece, the other slaves at the same time pouring volleys of stone-shot at the guards, they betook themselves to their heels, leaving Don Quixote and the criminals masters of the field. Sancho, who was always for taking care of the main chance, was not at all pleased with this victory; for he guessed that the guards who were fled, would raise a hue and cry, and soon be at their heels with the whole posse of the holy brotherhood, and lay them up for a rescue and rebellion. This made him advise his master to get out of the way as fast as he could, and hide himself in the neighbouring mountains. "I hear you," answered Don Quixote to this motion of his squire, "and I know what I have to do." Then calling to him all the slaves, who by this time had uncased the keeper to his skin, they gathered about him to know his pleasure, and he spoke to them in this manner; "It is the part of generous spirits to have a grateful sense of the benefits they receive, no crime being more odious than ingratitude. You see, gentlemen, what I have done for your sakes, and you cannot but be sensible how

highly you are obliged to me. Now all the recompence I require is, only that every one of you, loaden with that chain from which I have freed your necks, do instantly repair to the city of Toboso; and there presenting yourselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, tell her, that her faithful votary, the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, commanded you to wait on her, and assure her of his profound veneration. Then you shall give her an exact account of every particular relating to this famous achievement, by which you once more taste the sweets of liberty; which done, I give you leave to seek your fortunes where you please."

To this the ringleader and master thief, Gines de Passamonte, made answer for all the rest, "What you would have us to do," said he, "our noble deliverer, is absolutely impracticable and impossible; for we dare not be seen all together for the world. We must rather part, and sculk some one way, some another, and lie snug in creeks and corners under ground, for fear of those damned man-hounds that will be after us with a hue and cry; therefore all we can and ought to do in this case, is to change this compliment and homage which you would have us pay to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, into a certain

number of Ave Marias and Creeds, which we will say for your worship's benefit; and this may be done by night or by day, walking or standing, and in war as well as in peace: but to imagine we will return to our flesh-pots of Egypt, that is to say, take up our chains again, and lug them the devil knows where, is as unreasonable as to think it is night now at ten o'clock in the morning. 'Sdeath, to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree."—"Now, by my sword," replied Don Quixote, "sir son of a whore, Sir Ginesello de Parapilla, or whatever be your name, you yourself, alone, shall go to Toboso, like a dog that has scalded his tail, with the whole chain about your shoulders." Gines, who was naturally very choleric, judging by Don Quixote's extravagance in freeing them, that he was not very wise, winked on his companions, who, like men that understood signs, presently fell back to the right and left, and pelted Don Quixote with such a shower of stones, that all his dexterity to cover himself with his shield was now ineffectual, and poor Rozinante no more obeyed the spur, than if he had been only the statue of a horse. As for Sancho, he got behind his ass, and there sheltered himself from the volleys of flints that threatened his

bones, while his master was so battered, that in a little time he was thrown out of his saddle to the ground. He was no sooner down, but the student leaped on him, took off his basin from his head, gave him three or four thumps on the shoulders with it, and then gave it so many knocks against the stones, that he almost broke it to pieces. After this, they stripped him of his upper coat, and had robbed him of his hose too, but that his greaves hindered them. They also eased Sancho of his upper coat, and left him in his doublet; then, having divided the spoils, they shifted every one for himself, thinking more how to avoid being taken up, and linked again in the chain, than of trudging with it to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Thus the ass, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote, remained indeed masters of the field, but in an ill condition: the ass hanging his head, and pensive, shaking his ears now and then, as if the volleys of stones had still whizzed about them; Rozinante lying in a desponding manner, for he had been knocked down as well as his unhappy rider; Sancho uncased to his doublet, and trembling for fear of the holy brotherhood: and Don Quixote filled with sullen regret, to find himself so barbarously used by those whom he had so highly obliged.