

out of her guts by dint of good kicks and fist-cuffs; for it is not to be endured, that such a notable knight-errant as your worship is, should thus run out of his wits without knowing why or wherefore, for such a—odsbobs, I know what I know; she had best not provoke me to speak it out; for, by the Lord, I shall let fly, and out with it by wholesale, though it spoil the market.”

“I protest, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “I think thou art as mad as myself.”—“Nay, not so mad neither,” replied Sancho, “but somewhat more choleric. But talk no more of that.—Let us see, how will you do for victuals when I am gone? Do you mean to do like the other madman yonder, rob upon the high-way, and snatch the goat-herds’ victuals from them by main force?”—“Never let that trouble thy head,” replied Don Quixote, “for though I had all the dainties that can feast a luxurious palate, I would feed upon nothing but the herbs and fruits which this wilderness will afford me; for the singularity of my present task consists in fasting, and half starving myself, and in the performance of other austerities.”—“But there is another thing come into my head,” quoth Sancho; “how shall I do to find the way hither again, it is such a bye-place?”—“Take

good notice of it before-hand,” said Don Quixote, “and I will endeavour to keep hereabouts till thy return; besides, about the time when I may reasonably expect thee back, I will be sure to watch on the top of yonder high rock for thy coming. But now I bethink myself of a better expedient, thou shalt cut down a good number of boughs, and strew them in the way as thou ridest along, till thou gettest to the plains, and this will serve thee to find me again at thy return, like Perseus’s clue to the labyrinth in Crete.”

“I will go about it out of hand,” quoth Sancho. With that he went and cut down a bundle of boughs, then came and asked his master’s blessing, and, after a shower of tears shed on both sides, mounted Rozinante, which Don Quixote very seriously recommended to his care, charging him to be as tender of that excellent steed as of his own person. After that he set forward toward the plains, strewing several boughs as he rode, according to order. His master importuned him to stay and see him do two or three of his antic postures before he went, but he could not prevail with him: however, before he was got out of sight he considered of it and rode back. “Sir,” quoth he, “I have thought better of it and believe I had best take

your advice, that I may swear with a safe conscience I have seen you play your mad tricks; therefore I would see you do one of them at least, though I think I have seen you do a very great one already, I mean your staying by yourself in this desert."

"I had advised thee right," said Don Quixote; "and therefore stay but while a man may repeat the Creed, and I will shew thee what thou wouldst see." With that, slipping off his breeches, and stripping himself naked to the waist, he gave two or three frisks in the air, and then pitching on his hands, he fetched his heels over his head twice together; and as he tumbled with his legs aloft, discovered such rarities, that Sancho even made haste to turn his horse's head, that he might no longer see them, and rode away full satisfied, that he might swear his master was mad. And so we will leave him to make the best of his way till his return, which will be more speedy than might be imagined.

## CHAPTER XII

A CONTINUATION OF THE REFINED EXTRAVAGANCES  
BY WHICH THE GALLANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA  
CHOSE TO EXPRESS HIS LOVE IN THE SIERRA  
MORENA

THE history relates, that as soon as the Knight of the Woeful Figure saw himself alone, after he had taken his frisks and leaps naked as he was, the prelude to his amorous penance, he ascended the top of a high rock, and there began seriously to consider with himself what resolution to take in that nice dilemma, which had already so perplexed his mind; that is, whether he should imitate Orlando in his wild ungovernable fury, or Amadis in his melancholy mood. To which purpose, reasoning with himself, "I do not much wonder," said he, "at Orlando's being so very valiant, considering he was enchanted in such a manner, that he could not be slain, but by the thrust of a long pin through the bottom of his foot, which he sufficiently secured, always wearing seven iron soles to his shoes; and yet this availed