

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

him nothing against Bernardo del Carpio, who, understanding what he depended upon, squeezed him to death between his arms at Roncevalles. But, setting aside his valour, let us examine his madness; for that he was mad, is an unquestionable truth; nor is it less certain, that his frenzy was occasioned by the assurances he had that the fair Angelica had resigned herself up to the unlawful embraces of Medoro, that young Moor with curled locks, who was page to Agramont. Now, after all, seeing he was too well convinced of his lady's infidelity, it is not to be admired he should run mad: but how can I imitate him in his furies, if I cannot imitate him in their occasion? for I dare swear my Dulcinea del Toboso never saw a downright Moor in his own garb since she first beheld light, and that she is at this present speaking as right as the mother that bore her: so that I should do her a great injury, should I entertain any dishonourable thoughts of her behaviour, and fall into such a kind of madness as that of Orlando Furioso. On the other side I find, that Amadis de Gaul, without punishing himself with such distraction, or expressing his resentment in so boisterous and raving a manner, got as great a reputation for being a lover as any one whatsoever: for what I find

in history as to his abandoning himself to sorrow, is only this: he found himself disdained, his lady Oriana having charged him to get out of her sight, and not to presume to appear in her presence till she gave him leave; and this was the true reason why he retired to the Poor Rock with the hermit, where he gave up himself wholly to grief, and wept a deluge of tears, till pitying heaven at last, commiserating his affliction, sent him relief in the height of his anguish. Now then, since this is true, as I know it is, what need have I to tear off my clothes, to rend and root up these harmless trees, or trouble the clear water of these brooks, that must give me drink when I am thirsty? No, long live the memory of Amadis de Gaul, and let him be the great exemplar which Don Quixote de la Mancha chooses to imitate in all things that will admit of a parallel. So may it be said of the living copy, as was said of the dead original, that, if he did not perform great things, yet no man was more ambitious of undertaking them than he; and though I am not disdained nor discarded by Dulcinea, yet it is sufficient that I am absent from her. Then it is resolved: and now, ye famous actions of the great Amadis, recur to my remembrance, and be my trusty guides to follow his example."

—This said, he called to mind, that the chief exercise of that hero in his retreat was prayer; to which purpose, our modern Amadis presently went and made himself a rosary of galls or acorns instead of beads; but he was extremely troubled for want of a hermit to hear his confession, and comfort him in his affliction. However, he entertained himself with his amorous contemplations, walking up and down in the meadow, and writing some poetical conceptions in the smooth sand, and upon the barks of trees, all of them expressive of his sorrows, and the praises of Dulcinea; but unhappily none were found entire and legible but these stanzas that follow:—

Ye lofty trees, with spreading arms,  
The pride and shelter of the plain;  
Ye humbler shrubs, and flow'ry charms,  
Which here in springing glory reign!  
If my complaints may pity move,  
Hear the sad story of my love!

While with me here you pass your hours,  
Should you grow faded with my cares,  
I'll bribe you with refreshing showers,  
You shall be watered with my tears.  
Distant, though present in idea,  
I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

Love's truest slave despairing chose  
This lonely wild, this desert plain,  
The silent witness of the woes  
Which he, though guiltless, must sustain.

Unknowing why those pains he bears,  
He groans, he raves, and he despairs:  
With ling'ring fires love racks my soul,  
In vain I grieve, in vain lament;  
Like tortur'd fiends, I weep, I howl,  
And burn, yet never can repent.  
Distant, though present in idea,  
I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

While I through honour's thorny ways,  
In search of distant glory rove,  
Malignant fate my toil repays  
With endless woes and hopeless love.  
Thus I on barren rocks despair,  
And curse my stars, yet bless my fair.  
Love arm'd with snakes has left his dart,  
And now does like a fury rave,  
And scourge and sting in every part,  
And into madness lash his slave.  
Distant, though present in idea,  
I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

This addition of Del Toboso to the name of Dulcinea made those who found these verses laugh heartily; and they imagined, that when Don Quixote made them, he was afraid those who should happen to read them would not understand on whom they were made, should he omit to mention the place of his mistress's birth and residence; and this was indeed the true reason, as he himself afterwards confessed. With this employment did our disconsolate knight beguile the tedious hours; sometimes also he expressed his sorrows in prose, sighed

to the winds, and called upon the Sylvan gods and Fauns, the Naiades, the Nymphs of the adjoining groves, and the mournful Echo, imploring their attention and condolment with repeated supplications; at other times he employed himself in gathering herbs for the support of languishing nature, which decayed so fast, what with his slender diet, and what with his studied anxiety and intensesness of thinking, that had Sancho staid but three weeks from him, whereas by good fortune he staid but three days, the Knight of the Woeful Figure would have been so disfigured, that his mother would never have known the child of her own womb.

But now it is necessary we should leave him a while to his sighs, his sobs, and his amorous expostulations, and see how Sancho Pança behaved himself in his embassy. He made all the haste he could to get out of the mountain, and then taking the direct road to Toboso, the next day he arrived near the inn where he had been tossed in a blanket. Scarce had he descried the fatal walls, but a sudden shivering seized his bones, and he fancied himself to be again dancing in the air, so that he had a good mind to have rode farther before he baited, though it was dinner-time, and his mouth watered

strangely at the thoughts of a hot bit of meat, the rather, because he had lived altogether upon cold victuals for a long while. This greedy longing drew him near the inn, in spite of his aversion to the place; but yet when he came to the gate he had not the courage to go in, but stopped there, not knowing whether he had best enter or no. While he sat musing, two men happened to come out and believing they knew him, "Look, master doctor," cried one to the other, "is not that Sancho Pança, whom the house-keeper told us her master had inveigled to go along with him?"—"The same," answered the other; "and more than that, he rides on Don Quixote's horse." Now these two happened to be the curate and the barber, who had brought his books to a trial, and passed sentence on them; therefore, they had no sooner said this, but they called to Sancho, and asked him where he had left his master? The trusty squire presently knew them, and, having no mind to discover the place and condition he left his master in, told them he was taken up with certain business of great consequence at a certain place, which he durst not discover for his life. "How! Sancho," cried the barber, "you must not think to put us off with a flim-

flam story; if you will not tell us where he is, we shall believe you have murdered him, and robbed him of his horse; therefore either satisfy us where you have left him, or we will have you laid by the heels."—"Look you, neighbour," quoth Sancho, "I am not afraid of words, do you see, I am neither a thief nor a man-slayer; I kill nobody, so nobody kill me; I leave every man to fall by his own fortune, or by the hand of Him that made him. As for my master, I left him frisking and doing penance in the midst of yon mountain, to his heart's content." After this, without any further entreaty, he gave them a full account of that business, and of all their adventures; how he was then going from his master to carry a letter to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, Lorenzo Curchuelo's daughter, with whom he was up to the ears in love.

The curate and barber stood amazed, hearing all these particulars; and though they already knew Don Quixote's madness but too well, they wondered more and more at the increase of it, and at so strange a cast and variety of extravagance. Then they desired Sancho to shew them the letter. He told them it was written in a pocket-book, and that his master had ordered him to get it fairly transcribed

upon paper at the next village he should come at. Whereupon the curate promising to write it out very fairly himself, Sancho put his hand into his bosom to give him the table-book; but though he fumbled a great while for it, he could find none of it; he searched and searched again, but it had been in vain though he had searched till dooms-day, for he came away from Don Quixote without it. This put him into a cold sweat, and made him turn as pale as death; he fell a searching all his clothes, turned his pockets inside outwards, fumbled in his bosom again: but being at last convinced he had it not about him, he fell a raving and stamping, and cursing himself like a madman; he rent his beard from his chin with both hands, befisted his own forgetful skull, and his blubber cheeks, and gave himself a bloody nose in a moment. The curate and barber asked him what was the matter with him, and why he punished himself at that strange rate?—"I deserve it all," quoth Sancho, "like a blockhead as I am, for losing at one cast no less than three asses, of which the least was worth a castle."—"How so?" quoth the barber.—"Why," cried Sancho, "I have lost that same table-book, wherein was written Dulcinea's letter, and a bill of exchange drawn by my

master upon his niece for three of the five asses which he has at home;" and with that he told them how he had lost his own ass. But the curate cheered him up, and promised him to get another bill of exchange from his master written upon paper, whereas that in the table-book, not being in due form, would not have been accepted. With that Sancho took courage, and told them if it were so, he cared not a straw for Dulcinea's letter, for he knew it almost all by rote. "Then pr'ythee let us hear it," said the barber, "and we will see and write it." In order to this Sancho paused, and began to study for the words; presently he fell a scratching his head, stood first upon one leg, and then upon another, gaped sometimes upon the skies, sometimes upon the ground; at length, after he had gnawed away the top of his thumb, and quite tired out the curate and barber's patience, "Before George," cried he, "Mr Doctor, I believe the devil is in it, for may I be choked if I can remember a word of this confounded letter, but only, that there was at the beginning, high and subterrene lady."—"Sovereign or superhumane lady, you would say," quoth the barber.—"Ay, ay," quoth Sancho, "you are in the right; but stay, now I think I can remember some of that

which followed: ho! I have it, I have it now—He that is wounded, and wants sleep, sends you the dagger—which he wants himself—that stabbed him to the heart—and the hurt man does kiss your ladyship's hand—and at last, after a thousand hums and ha's, 'Sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso;' and thus he went on rambling a good while with I do not know what more of fainting, and relief, and sinking, till at last he ended with 'Yours till death, the Knight of the Woeful Figure.' "

The curate and the barber were mightily pleased with Sancho's excellent memory; inso-much, that they desired him to repeat the letter twice or thrice more, that they might also get it by heart, and write it down, which Sancho did very freely, but every time he made many odd alterations and additions as pleasant as the first. Then he told them many other things of his master, but spoke not a word of his own being tossed in a blanket at that very inn. He also told them, that if he brought a kind answer from the Lady Dulcinea, his master would forthwith set out to see and make himself an emperor, or at least a king; for so they two had agreed between themselves, he said; and that after all, it was a mighty easy matter for his master to become one, such

was his prowess, and the strength of his arm; which being done, his master would marry him to one of the empress's damsels, and that fine lady was to be heiress to a large country on the main land, but not to any island or islands, for he was out of conceit with them. Poor Sancho spoke all this so seriously, and so feelingly, ever and anon wiping his nose, and stroking his beard, that now the curate and the barber were more surprised than they were before, considering the prevalent influences of Don Quixote's folly upon that silly credulous fellow. However, they did not think it worth their while to undeceive him yet, seeing only this was a harmless delusion, that might divert them a while; and therefore they exhorted him to pray for his master's health, and long life, seeing it was no impossible thing, but that he might in time become an emp<sup>er</sup>or as he said, or at least an archbishop, or somewhat else equivalent to it.

"But pray, good Mr Doctor," asked Sancho, "should my master have no mind to be an emperor, and take a fancy to be an archbishop,<sup>1</sup> I would fain know what your archbishops-errant are wont to give their squires?"—"Why," answered the curate, "they use to give them

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

some parsonage, or sinecure, or some such other benefice, or church-living, which, with the profits of the altar, and other fees, brings them in a handsome revenue."—"Ay, but," says Sancho, "to put in for that, the squire must be a single man, and know how to answer, and assist at mass at least; and how shall I do then, seeing I have the ill luck to be married? nay, and besides I do not so much as know the first letter of my Christ-Cross-Row. What will become of me, should it come into my master's head to make himself an archbishop, and not an emperor, as it is the custom of knights-errant?"—"Do not let that trouble thee, friend Sancho," said the barber; "we will talk to him about it, and advise him, nay, urge him to it as a point of conscience, to be an emperor, and not an archbishop, which will be better for him, by reason he has more courage than learning."

"Troth, I am of your mind," quoth Sancho, "though he is such a head-piece, that I dare say he can turn himself to any thing: nevertheless, I mean to make it the burthen of my prayers, that heaven may direct him to that which is best for him, and what may enable him to reward me most."—"You speak like a wise man and a good Christian," said the

curate: "but all we have to do at present, is to see how we shall get your master to give over that severe unprofitable penance which he has undertaken; and therefore let us go in to consider about it, and also to eat our dinner, for I fancy it is ready by this time."—"Do you two go in if you please," quoth Sancho, "but as for me, I had rather stay without; and anon I'll tell you why I do not care to go in a' doors; however, pray send me out a piece of hot victuals to eat here, and some provender for Rozinante." With that they went in, and a while after the barber brought him out some meat; and returning to the curate, they consulted how to compass their design. At last the latter luckily bethought himself of an expedient that seemed most likely to take, as exactly fitting Don Quixote's humour; which was, that he should disguise himself in the habit of a damsel-errant, and the barber should alter his dress as well as he could, so as to pass for a squire, or gentleman-usher. "In that equipage," added he, "we will go to Don Quixote, and feigning myself to be a distressed damsel, I will beg a boon of him, which he, as a valourous knight-errant, will not fail to promise me. By this means I will engage him to go with me to redress a very great injury

done me by a false and discourteous knight, beseeching him not to desire to see my face, nor ask me any thing about my circumstances, till he has revenged me of that wicked knight. This bait will take, I dare engage, and by this stratagem we will decoy him back to his own house, where we will try to cure him of his romantic frenzy."