

house amidst these mountains, and employed me ever since in quality of his shepherd. There I have continued some months, making it my business to be as much as possible in the fields, the better to conceal my sex. But notwithstanding all my care and industry, he at last discovered I was a woman, which made him presume to importune me with beastly offers; so that fortune not favouring me with the former opportunity of freeing myself, I left his house, and chose to seek a sanctuary among these woods and rocks, there with sighs and tears to beseech heaven to pity me, and to direct and relieve me in this forlorn condition; or at least to put an end to my miserable life, and bury in this desert the very memory of an unhappy creature, who, more through ill fortune than ill intent, has given the idle world occasion to be too busy with her fame."

CHAPTER II

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BEAUTIFUL DOROTHEA'S DISCRETION, WITH OTHER PLEASANT PASSAGES

"THIS, gentlemen," continued Dorothea, "is the true story of my tragical adventure; and now be you judges whether I had reason to make the complaint you overheard, and whether so unfortunate and hopeless a creature be in a condition to admit of comfort. I have only one favour to beg of you; be pleased to direct me to some place where I may pass the rest of my life secure from the search and inquiry of my parents; not but their former affection is a sufficient warrant for my kind reception, could the sense I have of the thoughts they must have of my past conduct permit me to return to them; but when I think they must believe me guilty, and can now have nothing but my bare word to assure them of my innocence, I can never resolve to stand their sight." Here Dorothea stopt, and the blushes that overspread her cheeks were certain signs of the discomposure of her

thoughts, and the unfeigned modesty of her soul. Those who had heard her story were deeply moved with compassion for her hard fate, and the curate would not delay any longer to give her some charitable comfort and advice. But scarce had he begun to speak, when Cardenio, addressing himself to her, interrupted him. "How, madam," said he, taking her by the hand, "are you then the beautiful Dorothea, the only daughter of the rich Cleonardo?" Dorothea was strangely surprised to hear her father named, and by one in so tattered a garb. "And pray who are you, friend,"* said she to him, "that know so well my father's name? for I think I did not mention it once throughout the whole narration of my afflictions."—"I am Cardenio," replied the other, "that unfortunate person, whom Lucinda, as you told us, declared to be her husband. I am that miserable Cardenio, whom the perfidiousness of the man who has reduced you to this deplorable condition, has also brought to this wretched state, to rags, to nakedness, to despair, nay, to madness itself, and all hardships and want of human comforts; only enjoying the privilege of reason by short intervals, to feel and bemoan my miseries

* *Y quien sois vos, hermano*; i. e., And pray, who are you, brother?

the more. I am the man, fair Dorothea, who was the unhappy eye-witness of Don Ferdinand's unjust nuptials, and who heard my Lucinda give her consent to be his wife; that heartless wretch, who, unable to bear so strange a disappointment, lost in amazement and trouble, flung out of the house, without staying to know what would follow her trance, and what the paper that was taken out of her bosom would produce. I abandoned myself to despair, and having left a letter with a person whom I charged to deliver it into Lucinda's own hands, I hastened to hide myself from the world in this desert, resolved to end there a life which from that moment I had abhorred as my greatest enemy. But fortune has preserved me, I see, that I may venture it upon a better cause; for from what you have told us now, which I have no reason to doubt, I am emboldened to hope that providence may yet reserve us both to a better fate than we durst have expected. Heaven will restore you Don Ferdinand, who cannot be Lucinda's, and to me Lucinda, who cannot be Don Ferdinand's. For my part, though my interests were not linked with yours, as they are, I have so deep a sense of your misfortunes, that I would expose myself to any dangers to see you righted

by Don Ferdinand; and here, on the word of a gentleman and a christian, I vow and promise not to forsake you till he has done you justice, and to oblige him to do it at the hazard of my life, should reason and generosity prove ineffectual to force him to be blest with you."

Dorothea, ravished with joy, and not knowing how to express a due sense of Cardenio's obliging offers, would have thrown herself at his feet had he not civilly hindered it. At the same time the curate, discreetly speaking for them both, highly applauded Cardenio for his generous resolution, and comforted Dorothea. He also very heartily invited them to his house, where they might furnish themselves with necessaries, and consult together how to find out Don Ferdinand, and bring Dorothea home to her father, which kind offer they thankfully accepted. Then the barber, who had been silent all this while, put in for a share, and handsomely assured them, he would be very ready to do them all the service that might lie in his power. After these civilities, he acquainted them with the design that had brought the curate and him to that place, and gave them an account of Don Quixote's strange kind of madness, and of their staying there for

his squire. Cardenio, hearing him mentioned, remembered something of the scuffle he had with them both, but only as if it had been a dream; so that though he told the company of it, he could not let them know the occasion. By this time they heard somebody call, and by the voice they knew it was Sancho Panza, who, not finding them where he had left them, tore his very lungs with holloaing. With that, they all went to meet him; which done, they asked him what was become of Don Quixote? "Alas!" answered Sancho, "I left him yonder, in an ill plight. I found him in his shirt, lean, pale, and almost starved, sighing and whining for his lady Dulcinea. I told him, how that she would have him come to her presently to Toboso, where she looked for him out of hand; yet for all this he would not budge a foot, but even told me he was resolved he would never set eyes on her sweet face again, till he had done some feats that might make him worthy of her goodness. So that," added Sancho, "if he leads this life any longer, I fear me my poor master is never like to be an emperor, as he is bound in honour to be, nay, not so much as an archbishop, which is the least thing he can come off with; therefore, good sir, see and get him away by all

means, I beseech you."—The curate bid him be of good cheer, for they would take care to make him leave that place whether he would or not; and then turning to Cardenio and Dorothea, he informed them of the design which he and the barber had laid, in order to his cure, or at least to get him home to his house. Dorothea, whose mind was much eased with the prospect of better fortune, kindly undertook to act the distressed lady herself, which she said she thought would become her better than the barber, having a dress very proper for that purpose; besides she had read many books of chivalry, and knew how the distressed ladies used to express themselves when they came to beg some knight-errant's assistance. "This is obliging, madam," said the curate, "and we want nothing more; so let us to work as fast as we can; we may now hope to succeed, since you thus happily facilitate the design." Presently Dorothea took out of her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a gown of very fine green silk; also a necklace, and several other jewels out of a box; and with these in an instant she so adorned herself, and appeared so beautiful and glorious, that they all stood in admiration that Don Ferdinand should be so injudicious as to slight so

accomplished a beauty. But he that admired her most was Sancho Panza; for he thought he had never set eyes on so fine a creature, and perhaps he thought right: which made him earnestly ask the curate who that fine dame was, and what wind had blown her thither among the woods and rocks?—"Who is that fine lady, Sancho?" answered the curate; "she is the only heiress in a direct line to the vast kingdom of Micomicon. Moved by the fame of your master's great exploits, that spreads itself all over Guinea, she comes to seek him out, and beg a boon of him; that is, to redress a wrong which a wicked giant has done her."—"Why, that's well," quoth Sancho; "a happy seeking, and a happy finding. Now, if my master be but so lucky as to right that wrong, by killing that son of a whore of a giant you tell me of, I am a made man. Yes, he will kill him, that he will, if he can but come at him, and he be not a hobgoblin; for my master can do no good with hobgoblins. But, Mr Curate, and it please you, I have a favour to ask of you. I beseech you put my master out of conceit with all archbishoprics, for that is what I dread; and therefore, to rid me of my fears, put it into his head to clap up a match with this same princess; for by that means it

will be past his power to make himself archbishop, and he will come to be emperor, and I a great man, as sure as a gun. I have thought well of the matter, and I find it is not at all fitting he should be an archbishop for my good; for what should I get by it? I am not fit for church preferment, I am a married man; and now for me to go trouble my head with getting a licence to hold church livings, it would be an endless piece of business; therefore, it will be better for him to marry out of hand this same princess, whose name I cannot tell, for I never heard it."—"They call her the Princess Micomicona," said the curate; "for her kingdom being called Micomicon, it is a clear case she must be called so."—"Like enough," quoth Sancho; "for I have known several men in my time go by the names of the places where they were born, as Pedro de Alcala,¹ Juan de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and mayhap the like is done in Guinea, and the queens go by the name of their kingdoms."—"It is well observed," replied the curate: "As for the match, I'll promote it to the utmost of my power." Sancho was heartily pleased with this promise; and, on the other side, the curate was amazed to find the poor

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chap. II., Book IV.

fellow so strangely infected with his master's mad notions, as to rely on his becoming an emperor. By this time Dorothea being mounted on the curate's mule, and the barber having clapped on his ox-tail beard, nothing remained but to order Sancho to show them the way, and to renew their admonitions to him, lest he should seem to know them, and to spoil the plot, which, if he did, they told him it would be the ruin of all his hopes, and his master's empire. As for Cardenio, he did not think fit to go with them, having no business there; besides, he could not tell but that Don Quixote might remember their late fray. The curate, likewise, not thinking his presence necessary, resolved to stay to keep Cardenio company; so, after he had once more given Dorothea her cue, she and the barber went before with Sancho, while the two others followed on foot at a distance.

Thus they went on for about three quarters of a league, and then among the rocks they spied Don Quixote, who had by this time put on his clothes, though not his armour. Immediately Dorothea, understanding he was the person, whipped her palfrey, and when she drew near Don Quixote, her squire alighted and took her from her saddle. When she was