

they slept, lest some tyrant or giant, covetous of the great treasure of beauty which it inclosed, should make some dangerous attempt. He had the thanks of the house, and the judge, being further informed of his humour, was not a little pleased. Sancho Panza was very uneasy and waspish for want of sleep, though the best provided with a bed, bestowing himself on his pack-saddle; but he paid dearly for it, as we shall hear presently. The ladies being retired to their chamber, and every body else retired to rest, and Don Quixote planted sentinel at the castle gate, a voice was heard of a sudden singing so sweetly, that it allured all their attentions, but chiefly Dorothea's, with whom the judge's daughter, Donna Clara de Viedma, lay. None could imagine who could make such pretty music without an instrument. Sometimes it sounded as from the yard, sometimes as from the stable. With this Cardenio knocked softly at their door: "Ladies, ladies," said he, "are you awake? Can you sleep when so charmingly serenaded? Do not you hear how sweetly one of the footmen sings?"—"Yes, sir," said Dorothea, "we hear him plainly." Then Dorothea, hearkening as attentively as she could, heard this song.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PLEASANT STORY OF THE YOUNG MULETEER,
WITH OTHER STRANGE ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN

A SONG

I

"Toss'd in doubts and fears I rove
On the stormy seas of love;
Far from comfort, far from port,
Beauty's prize, and fortune's sport:
Yet my heart disclaims despair,
While I trace my leading star.

II

"But reservedness, like a cloud,
Does too oft her glories shroud.
Pierce to the gloom, reviving light!
Be auspicious as you're bright.
As you hide or dart your beams,
Your adorer sinks or swims."

Dorothea thought it would not be much amiss to give Donna Clara the opportunity of hearing so excellent a voice, wherefore jogging her gently, first on one side, and then on the other, and the young lady waking, "I ask your pardon, my dear," cried Dorothea, "for thus

interrupting your repose; and I hope you will easily forgive me, since I only wake you that you may have the pleasure of hearing one of the most charming voices that possibly you ever heard in your life." Donna Clara, who was hardly awake, did not perfectly understand what Dorothea said, and therefore desired her to repeat what she had spoke to her. Dorothea did so; which then obliged Donna Clara also to listen; but scarce had she heard the early musician sing two verses, ere she was taken with a strange trembling, as if she had been seized with a violent fit of a quartan ague, and then closely embracing Dorothea, "Ah! dear madam," cried she, with a deep sigh, "why did you wake me? Alas! the greatest happiness I could now have expected, had been to have stopped my ears: that unhappy musician!"—"How is this, my dear?" cried Dorothea; "have you not heard that the young lad who sung now is but a muleteer?"—"Oh no, he is no such thing," replied Clara, "but a young lord, heir to a great estate, and has such a full possession of my heart, that if he does not slight it, it must be his for ever." Dorothea was strangely surprised at the young lady's passionate expressions, that seemed far to exceed those of persons of her tender years: "You

speak so mysteriously, madam," replied she, "that I cannot rightly understand you, unless you will please to let me know more plainly, what you would say of hearts and sighs, and this young musician, whose voice has caused so great an alteration in you. However, speak no more of them now; for I am resolved I will not lose the pleasure of hearing him sing."—"Hold," continued she, "I fancy he is going to entertain us with another song."—"With all my heart," returned Clara, and with that she stopt her ears, that she might not hear him; at which again Dorothea could not choose but admire; but listening to his voice, she heard the following song.

HOPE

I

"Unconquer'd Hope! thou bane of fear,
 And last deserter of the brave;
 Thou soothing ease of mortal care,
 Thou traveller beyond the grave;
 Thou soul of patience, airy food,
 Bold warrant of a distant good,
 Reviving cordial, kind decoy:
 Though fortune frowns and friends depart,
 Though Sylvia flies me, flatt'ring joy,
 Nor thou, nor love, shall leave my doating heart.

II

"The phœnix, Hope, can wing her flight
 Through the vast deserts of the skies,
 And still defying fortune's spite,
 Revive, and from her ashes rise.

Then soar, and promise, though in vain,
 What reason's self despairs to gain.
 Thou only, O presuming trust,
 Can'st feed us still, yet never cloy :
 And even a virtue when unjust,
 Postpone our pain, and antedate our joy.

III

"No slave, to lazy ease resign'd,
 E'er triumph'd over noble foes;
 The monarch, Fortune, most is kind
 To him who bravely dares oppose.
 They say, love sets his blessings high;
 But who would prize an easy joy!
 Then I'll my scornful fair pursue,
 Though the coy beauty still denies;
 I grovel now on earth, 'tis true,
 But rais'd by her, the humble slave may rise."

Here the voice ended, and Donna Clara's sighs began, which caused the greatest curiosity imaginable in Dorothea, to know the occasion of so moving a song, and of so sad a complaint; wherefore she again entreated her to pursue the discourse she had begun before. Then Clara, fearing Lucinda would over-hear her, getting as near Dorothea as was possible, laid her mouth so close to Dorothea's ear, that she was out of danger of being understood by any other; and began in this manner. "He who sung is a gentleman's son of Arragon, his father is a great lord, and dwelt just over-against my father's at Madrid; and though he had always canvas windows in winter and

lattices in summer,* yet, I cannot tell by what accident this young gentleman, who then went to school, had a sight of me, and whether it were at church, or at some other place, I cannot justly tell you; but in short, he fell in love with me, and made me sensible of his passion from his own windows, which were opposite to mine, with so many signs, and such showers of tears, that at once forced me both to believe and to love him, without knowing for what reason I did so. Amongst the usual signs that he made me, one was that of joining his hands together, intimating by that his desire to marry me; which, though I heartily wished it, I could not communicate to any one, being motherless, and having none near me whom I might trust with the management of such an affair; and was therefore constrained to bear it in silence, without permitting him any other favour, more than to let him gaze on me, by lifting up the lattice or oiled cloth a little, when my father and his were abroad. At which he would be so transported with joy, that you would certainly have thought he had been distracted. At last my father's business called him away; yet not so soon, but that the

* Glass windows are not used in Spain, at least they are not common, and formerly there were none.

young gentleman had notice of it some time before his departure; whence he had it I know not, for it was impossible for me to acquaint him with it. This so sensibly afflicted him, as far as I understand, that he fell sick; so that I could not get a sight of him all the day of our departure, so much as to look a farewell on him. But after two days' travel, just as we came into an inn, in a village a day's journey hence, I saw him at the inn-door, dressed so exactly like a muleteer, that it had been utterly impossible for me to have known him, had not his perfect image been stamped in my soul. Yes, yes, dear madam, I knew him, and was amazed and overjoyed at the sight of him; and he saw me unknown to my father, whose sight he carefully avoids, when we cross the ways in our journey, and when we come to any inn: and now, since I know who he is, and what pain and fatigue it must necessarily be to him to travel thus afoot, I am ready to die myself with the thought of what he suffers on my account; and wherever he sets his feet, there I set my eyes. I cannot imagine what he proposes to himself in this attempt; nor by what means he could thus make his escape from his father, who loves him beyond expression, both because he has no other son and

heir, and because the young gentleman's merits oblige him to it; which you must needs confess when you see him: and I dare affirm, beside, that all he has sung was his own immediate composition; for, as I have heard, he is an excellent scholar, and a great poet. And now whenever I see him, or hear him sing, I start and tremble, as at the sight of a ghost, lest my father should know him, and so be informed of our mutual affection. I never spoke one word to him in my life; yet I love him so dearly, that it is impossible I should live without him. This, dear madam, is all the account I can give you of this musician, with whose voice you have been so well entertained, and which alone might convince you that he is no muleteer, as you were pleased to say, but one who is master of a great estate, and of my poor heart, as I have already told you."

"Enough, dear madam," replied Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times; "it is very well, compose yourself till day-light; and then I trust in heaven I shall so manage your affairs, that the end of them shall be as fortunate as the beginning is innocent."—"Alas! madam," returned Clara, "what end can I propose to myself; since his father is so rich, and of so noble a family, that he will hardly think me

worthy to be his son's servant, much less his wife? And then again, I would not marry without my father's consent for the universe. All I can desire is, that the young gentleman would return home, and leave his pursuit of me: happily by a long absence, and the great distance of place, the pain, which now so much afflicts me, may be somewhat mitigated; though I fear what I now propose as a remedy, would rather increase my distemper: though I cannot imagine whence, or by what means, this passion for him seized me, since we are both so young, being much about the same age, I believe; and my father says I shall not be sixteen till next Michaelmas." Dorothea could not forebear laughing to hear the young lady talk so innocently.—"My dear," said Dorothea, "let us repose ourselves the little remaining part of the night, and, when day appears, we will put a happy period to your sorrows, or my judgment fails me." Then they addressed themselves again to sleep, and there was a deep silence throughout all the inn; only the innkeeper's daughter and Maritornes were awake, who knowing Don Quixote's blind side very well, and that he sat armed on horseback, keeping guard without doors, a fancy took them, and they agreed to have a little

pastime with him, and hear some of his fine out-of-the-way speeches.

You must know, then, that there was but one window in all the inn that looked out into the field, and that was only a hole out of which they used to throw their straw: to this same hole, then, came these two demy-ladies, whence they saw Don Quixote mounted and leaning on his lance, and fetching such mournful and deep sighs, that his very soul seemed to be torn from him at each of them: they observed besides, that he said in a soft amorous tone,—"O my divine Dulcinea del Toboso! the heaven of all perfections! the end and quintessence of discretion! the treasury of sweet aspect and behaviour! the magazine of virtue! and, in a word, the idea of all that is profitable, modest, or delightful in the universe! What noble thing employs thy excellency at this present? May I presume to hope that thy soul is entertained with the thoughts of thy captive-knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many dangers for thy sake? O thou triformed luminary, give me some account of her! perhaps thou art now gazing with envy on her, as she is walking either through some stately gallery of her sumptuous palaces, or leaning on her happy window, there medi-