

tating how, with safety of her honour and grandeur, she may sweeten and alleviate the torture which my poor afflicted heart suffers for love of her; with what glories she shall crown my pains, what rest she shall give to my cares, what life to my death, and what reward to my services. And thou, more glorious planet, which by this time, I presume, art harnessing thy horses to pay thy earliest visit to my adorable Dulcinea; I entreat thee, as soon as thou dost see her, to salute her with my most profound respects: but take heed, that when thou look'st on her, and addressest thyself to her, that thou dost not kiss her face; for if thou dost, I shall grow more jealous of thee, than ever thou wert of the swift ingrate, who made thee run and sweat so over the plains of Thessaly, or the banks of Peneus, I have forgotten through which of them thou rannest, so raging with love and jealousy." At these words the innkeeper's daughter began to call to him softly:—"Sir knight," said she, "come a little nearer this way if you please."—At these words Don Quixote turned his head, and the moon shining then very bright, he perceived somebody called him from the hole, which he fancied was a large window full of iron-bars, all richly gilt, suitable to the

stately castle, for which he mistook the inn; and all on a sudden, he imagined that the beautiful damsel, daughter to the lady of the castle, overcome by the charms of his person, returned to court him, as she did once before. In this thought, that he might not appear uncivil or ungrateful, he turned Rozinante and came to the hole; where seeing the two lasses, "Fair damsels," said he, "I cannot but pity you for your misplaced affection, since it is altogether impossible you should meet with any return from the object of your wishes proportionable to your great merits and beauty; but yet you ought not by any means to condemn this unhappy knight-errant for his coldness, since love has utterly incapacitated him to become a slave to any other but to her who, at first sight, made herself absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me therefore, excellent lady, and retire to your apartment. Let not, I beseech you, any further arguments of love force me to be less grateful or civil than I would: but if, in the passion you have for me, you can bethink yourself of anything else wherein I may do you any service, love alone excepted, command it freely; and I swear to you by my absent, yet most charming enemy, to sacrifice it to you immediately,

though it be a lock of Medusa's hair, which are all snakes, or the very sun-beams enclosed in a glass-vial."

"My lady needs none of those things, sir knight," replied Maritornes.—"What then would she command?" asked Don Quixote.—"Only the honour of one of your fair hands," returned Maritornes, "to satisfy, in some measure, that violent passion which has obliged her to come hither with the great hazard of her honour: for if my lord, her father, should know it, the cutting off one of her beautiful ears were the least thing he would do to her."—"Oh! that he durst attempt it!" cried Don Quixote; "but I know he dare not, unless he has a mind to die the most unhappy death that ever father suffered, for sacrilegiously depriving his amorous daughter of one of her delicate members." Maritornes made no doubt that he would comply with her desire, and having already laid her design, got in a trice to the stable, and brought Sancho Panza's ass's halter to the hole, just as Don Quixote was got on his feet upon Rozinante's saddle, more easily to reach the barricaded window, where he imagined the enamoured lady staid; and lifting up his hand to her, said, "Here, madam, take the hand, or rather, as I may say, the executioner of all

earthly miscreants; take, I say, that hand, which never woman touched before; no, not even she herself who has entire possession of my whole body; nor do I hold it up to you that you may kiss it, but that you may observe the contexture of the sinews, the ligament of the muscles, and the largeness and dilatation of the veins; whence you may conclude how strong that arm must be, to which such a hand is joined."—"We shall see that presently," replied Maritornes, and cast the noose she had made in the halter on his wrist; and then descending from the hole, she tied the other end of the halter very fast to the lock of the door. Don Quixote being sensible that the bracelet she had bestowed on him was very rough, cried, "You seem rather to abuse than compliment my hand; but I beseech you treat it not so unkindly, since that is not the cause why I do not entertain a passion for you; nor is it just or equal you should discharge the whole tempest of your vengeance on so small a part. Consider, those who love truly, can never be so cruel in their revenge." But not a soul regarded what he said; for as soon as Maritornes had fastened him, she and her confederate, almost dead with laughing, ran away, and left him so strongly obliged,

that it was impossible he should disengage himself.

He stood then, as I said, on Rozinante's saddle, with all his arm drawn into the hole, and the rope fastened to the lock, being under a fearful apprehension, that if Rozinante moved but never so little on any side, he should slip and hang by the arm, and therefore durst not use the least motion in the world, though he might reasonably have expected from Rozinante's patience and gentle temper, that if he were not urged, he would never have moved for a whole age together of his own accord. In short, the knight, perceiving himself fast, and that the ladies had forsaken him, immediately concluded that all this was done by way of enchantment, as in the last adventure in the very same castle, when the enchanted Moor (the carrier) did so damnably maul him. Then he began alone to curse his want of discretion and conduct, since having once made his escape out of that castle in so miserable a condition, he should venture into it a second time; for, by the way, it was an observation among all knights-errant, that if they were once foiled in an adventure, it was a certain sign it was not reserved for them,¹ but for some other to

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XVI., Book IV.

finish; wherefore they would never prove it again. Yet, for all this, he ventured to draw back his arm, to try if he could free himself; but he was so fast bound, that his attempt proved fruitless. It is true, it was with care and deliberation he drew it, for fear Rozinante should stir: and then fain would he have seated himself on the saddle; but he found he must either stand, or leave his arm for a ransom. A hundred times he wished for Amadis's sword, on which no enchantment had power; then he fell a cursing his stars; then reflected on the great loss the world would sustain all the time he should continue under his enchantment, as he really believed it; then his adorable Dulcinea came afresh into his thoughts; many a time did he call to his trusty squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in a profound sleep, lay stretched at length on his ass's pannel, never so much as dreaming of the pangs his mother felt when she bore him; then the aid of the necromancers Lirgandeo and Alquife was invoked by the unhappy knight. And, in fine, the morning surprised him, racked with despair and confusion, bellowing like a bull; for he could not hope from day-light any cure, or mitigation of his pain, which he believed would be eternal, being absolutely persuaded he was enchanted, since

he perceived that Rozinante moved no more than a mountain; and therefore he was of opinion, that neither he nor his horse should eat, drink, or sleep, but remain in that state till the malignancy of the stars were o'erpast, or till some more powerful magician should break the charm.

But it was an erroneous opinion; for it was scarce day-break, when four horsemen, very well accoutred, their firelocks hanging at the pommels of their saddles, came thither, and finding the inn-gate shut, called and knocked very loud and hard; which Don Quixote perceiving from the post where he stood sentinel, cried out with a rough voice and a haughty mein, "Knights, or squires, or of whatsoever other degree you are, knock no more at the gates of this castle, since you may assure yourselves, that those who are within at such an hour as this, are either taking their repose, or not accustomed to open their fortress, till Phœbus has displayed himself upon the globe; retire, therefore, and wait till it is clear day, and then we will see whether it is just or no, that they should open their gates to you."—"What a devil," cried one of them, "what castle or fortress is this, that we should be obliged to so long a ceremony? Pr'ythee,

friend, if thou art the innkeeper, bid them open the door to us; for we ride post, and can stay no longer than just to bait our horses."—"Gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "do I look like an innkeeper then?"—"I cannot tell what thou art like," replied another, "but I am sure thou talkest like a madman, to call this a castle."—"It is a castle," returned Don Quixote, "ay, and one of the best in the province, and contains one who has held a sceptre in her hand, and wore a crown on her head."—"It might more properly have been said exactly contrary," replied the traveller, "a sceptre in her tail, and a crown in her hand; yet it is not unlikely that there may be a company of strollers within, and those do frequently hold such sceptres, and wear such crowns as thou pratest of: for certainly no person worthy to sway a sceptre, or wear a crown, would condescend to take up a lodging in such a paltry inn as this, where I hear so little noise."—"Thou hast not been much conversant in the world," said Don Quixote, "since thou art so miserably ignorant of accidents so frequently met with in knight-errantry."—The companions of him that held this tedious discourse with Don Quixote, were tired with their foolish chattering so long together, and therefore they

returned with greater fury to the gate, where they knocked so violently, that they waked both the innkeeper and his guests; and so the host rose to ask who was at the door.

In the meantime Rozinante, pensive and sad, with ears hanging down, and motionless, bore up his outstretched lord, when one of the horses those four men rode upon, walked towards Rozinante, to smell him; and he, truly being real flesh and blood, though very like a wooden block, could not choose but be sensible of it, nor forbear turning to smell the other, which so seasonably came to comfort and divert him; but he had hardly stirred an inch from his place, when Don Quixote's feet, that were close together, slipt asunder, and, tumbling from the saddle, he had inevitably fallen to the ground, had not his wrist been securely fastened to the rope; which put him to so great a torture, that he could not imagine but that his hand was cutting off, or his arm tearing from his body; yet he hung so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tips of his toes,¹ which added to his torment; for, perceiving how little he wanted to the setting his feet wholly on the ground, he strove and tugged as much as he could to effect it; not

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XVI., Book IV.

much unlike those that suffer the strapade, who put themselves to greater pain in striving to stretch their limbs, deluded by the hopes of touching the ground, if they could but inch themselves out a little longer.