

CHAPTER XIX

THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE
HOLY BROTHERHOOD, WITH DON QUIXOTE'S GREAT
FEROCITY AND ENCHANTMENT

WHILST Don Quixote talked at this rate, the curate endeavoured to persuade the officers that he was distracted, as they might easily gather from his words and actions; and therefore, though they should carry him before a magistrate, he would be presently acquitted, as being a madman. He that had the warrant made answer, that it was not his business to examine whether he were mad or not; he was an officer in commission, and must obey orders; and accordingly was resolved to deliver him up to the superior power, which once done, they might acquit him five hundred times if they would. But for all that, the curate persisted they should not carry Don Quixote away with them this time, adding, that the knight himself would by no means be brought to it; and in short, said so much, that they had been greater fools than he, could they not have plainly seen

his madness. They therefore not only desisted, but offered their service in compounding the difference between Sancho and the barber. Their mediation was accepted, they being officers of justice, and succeeded so well, that both parties stood to their arbitration, though not entirely satisfied with their award, which ordered them to change their pannels, but not their halters nor the girths. The curate made up the business of the basin, paying the barber, under-hand, eight reals for it, and getting a general release under his hand of all claims or actions concerning it, and all things else. These two important differences being so happily decided, the only obstacles to a general peace were Don Lewis's servants and the innkeeper; the first were prevailed upon to accept the proposals offered, which were, that three of them should go home, and the fourth attend Don Lewis, where Don Ferdinand should appoint. Thus this difference was made up, to the unspeakable joy of Donna Clara. Zoraida, not well understanding any thing that past, was sad and cheerful by turns, as she observed others to be by their countenances, especially her beloved Spaniard, on whom her eyes were more particularly fixed. The innkeeper made a hideous bawling; having discovered that the barber had

received money for his basin. "He knew no reason," he said, "why he should not be paid as well as other folks, and swore that Rozinante and Sancho's ass should pay for their master's extravagance before they should leave his stable." The curate pacified him, and Don Ferdinand paid him his bill. All things thus accommodated, the inn no longer resembled the confusion of Agramant's camp, but rather the universal peace of Augustus's reign: upon which the curate and Don Ferdinand had the thanks of the house, as a just acknowledgment for their so effectual mediation.

Don Quixote being now free from the difficulties and delays that lately embarrassed him, held it high time to prosecute his voyage, and bring to some decision the general enterprize which he had the voice and election for. He therefore fully resolved to press his departure, and fell on his knees before Dorothea, but she would not hear him in that posture, but prevailed upon him to rise: he then addressing her in his usual forms, "Most beautiful lady," said he, "it is a known proverb, that diligence is the mother of success; and we have found the greatest successes in war still to depend on expedition and despatch, by preventing the enemy's design, and forcing a victory before an assault

is expected. My inference from this, most high and illustrious lady, is, that our residence in this castle appears nothing conducive to our designs, but may prove dangerous; for we may reasonably suppose that our enemy the giant may learn by spies, or some other secret intelligence, the scheme of our intentions, and consequently fortify himself in some inexpugnable fortress against the power of our utmost endeavours, and so the strength of my invincible arm may be ineffectual. Let us therefore, dear madam, by our diligence and sudden departure hence, prevent any such his designs, and force our good fortune, by missing no opportunity that we may lay hold of." Here he stopt, waiting the princess's answer. She, with a grave aspect, and style suiting his extravagance, replied, "The great inclination and indefatigable desire you show, worthy knight, in assisting the injured, and restoring the oppressed, lay a fair claim to the praises and universal thanks of mankind; but your singular concern, and industrious application in assisting me, deserve my particular acknowledgments and gratification; and I shall make it my peculiar request to heaven, that your generous designs, in my favour, may be soon accomplished, that I may be enabled to convince you of the hon-

our and gratitude that may be found in some of our sex. As to our departure, I shall depend upon your pleasure, to whose management I have not only committed the care of my person, but also resigned the whole power of command."—"Then, by the assistance of the divine power," answered he, "I will lose no opportunity of reinstating your highness, since you condescend to humble yourself to my orders; let our march be sudden, for the eagerness of my desires, the length of the journey, and the dangers of delay, are great spurs to my despatch. Since, therefore, heaven has not created, nor hell seen the man I ever feared, fly Sancho, saddle Rozinante, harness your ass, and make ready the lady's palfrey; let us take leave of the governor here, and these other lords, and set out from hence immediately."

Poor Sancho, hearing all that passed, shook his head. "Lord, lord, master," said he, "there is always more tricks in a town than are talked of, with reverence be it spoken."—"Ho! Villain," cried Don Quixote, "what tricks can any town or city show to impair my credit?"—"Nay, sir," quoth Sancho, "if you grow angry, I can hold my tongue, if that be all; but there are some things which you

ought to hear, and I should tell as becomes a trusty squire, and honest servant."—"Say what thou wilt," said the knight, "so it tend not to cowardice; for if thou art afraid, keep it to thyself, and trouble not me with the mention of fear, which my soul abhors."—"Pshaw, hang fear," answered Sancho, "that is not the matter; but I must tell you, sir, that which is as certain and plain as the nose on your face. This same madam here, that calls herself the Queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my grandam. For, do but consider, sir, if she were such a fine queen as you believe, can you imagine she would always be sucking of snouts,* and kissing and slabbering a certain person that shall be nameless, in this company?" Dorothea blushed at Sancho's words, for Don Ferdinand had, indeed, sometimes, and in private, taken the freedom with his lips to reap some part of the reward his affection deserved; which Sancho spying by chance made some constructions upon it, very much to the disadvantage of her royalty; for, in short, he concluded her no better than a woman of pleasure. She nevertheless would take no notice of his aspersion, but let him go

* *Hocicando* in the original, from *Hocico*, the snout of any beast.

on; "I say this, sir," continued he, "because after our trudging through all weathers, fair and foul, day after night, and night after day, this same person in the inn here, is like to divert himself at our expense, and to gather the fruit of our labours. I think therefore, master, there is no reason, do you see, for saddling Rozinante, harnessing my ass, or making ready the lady's palfrey; for we had better stay where we are; and let every whore brew as she bakes, and every man that is hungry go to dinner."

Heavens! into what a fury did these disrespectful words of Sancho put the knight! His whole body shook, his tongue faltered, his eyes glowed. "Thou villainous, ignorant, rash, unmannerly, blasphemous detractor," said he, "how darest thou entertain such base and dishonourable thoughts, much more utter thy rude and contemptible suspicions before me and this honourable presence? Away from my sight, thou monster of nature, magazine of lies, cupboard of deceits, granary of guile, publisher of follies, foe of all honour! Away, and never let me see thy face again, on pain of my most furious indignation!" Then bending his angry brows, puffing his cheeks, and stamping on the ground, he gave Sancho such a look

as almost frightened the poor fellow to annihilation.

In the height of this consternation, all that the poor squire could do, was to turn his back, and sneak out of the room. But Dorothea knowing the knight's temper, undertook to mitigate his anger. "Sir Knight of the Woeful Figure," said she, "assuage your wrath, I beseech you; it is below your dignity to be offended at these idle words of your squire; and I dare not affirm but that he has some colour of reason for what he said; for it were uncharitable to suspect his sincere understanding, and honest principles, of any false or malicious slander or accusation. We must therefore search deeper into this affair, and believe, that as you have found all transactions in this castle governed by enchantment, so some diabolical illusion has appeared to Sancho, and represented to his enchanted sight what he asserts to my dishonour."—"Now by the powers supreme," said the knight, "your highness has cut the knot. This misdemeanour of that poor fellow must be attributed purely to enchantment, and the power of some malicious apparition; for the good nature and simplicity of the poor wretch could never invent a lie, or be guilty of an aspersion to any

one's disadvantage."—"It is evident," said Don Ferdinand; "we therefore all intercede in behalf of honest Sancho, that he may be again restored to your favour, *sicut erat in principio*, before these illusions had imposed upon his sense." Don Quixote complied, and the curate brought in poor Sancho trembling, who on his knees made an humble acknowledgment of his crime, and begged to have his pardon confirmed by a gracious kiss of his master's hand. Don Quixote gave him his hand and his blessing. "Now, Sancho," said he, "will you hereafter believe what I so often have told you, that the power of enchantment overrules every thing in this castle?"—"I will, and like your worship," quoth Sancho, "all but my tossing in a blanket; for really, sir, that happened according to the ordinary course of things."—"Believe it not Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "for were I not convinced of the contrary, you should have plentiful revenge; but neither then, nor now, could I ever find any object to wreak my fury or resentment on."

Every one desired to know what was the business in question; whereupon the innkeeper gave them an account of Sancho's tossing, which set them all a laughing, and would have made

Sancho angry, had not his master afresh assured him that it was only a mere illusion, which, though the squire believed not, he held his tongue. The whole company having passed two days in the inn, bethought themselves of departing; and the curate and barber found out a device to carry home Don Quixote, without putting Don Ferdinand and Dorothea to the trouble of humouring his impertinence any longer. They first agreed with a waggoner that went by with his team of oxen, to carry him home; then had a kind of a wooden cage made, so large that the knight might conveniently sit or lie in it. Presently after all the company of the inn disguised themselves, some with masks, others by disfiguring their faces, and the rest by change of apparel, so that Don Quixote should not take them to be the same persons. This done, they all silently entered his chamber, where he was sleeping very soundly after his late fatigues: they immediately laid hold on him so forcibly, and held his arms and legs so hard, that he was not able to stir, or do any thing but stare on those odd figures which stood round him. This instantly confirmed him in the strange fancy that had so long disturbed his crazed understanding, and made him believe himself undoubtedly enchanted,

and those frightful figures to be the spirits and demons of the enchanted castle. So far the curate's invention succeeded to his expectation. Sancho being the only person there in his right shape and senses, beheld all this very patiently, and though he knew them all very well, yet was resolved to see the end of it, or he ventured to speak his mind. His master likewise said nothing, patiently expecting his fate, and waiting the event of his misfortune. They had by this lifted him out of bed, and placing him in the cage, they shut him in, and nailed the bars of it so fast, that no small strength could force them open. Then mounting him on their shoulders, as they conveyed him out of the chamber-door, they heard as dreadful a voice as the barber's lungs could bellow, speak these words:

"Be not impatient, O Knight of the Woeful Figure, at your imprisonment, since it is ordained by the fates, for the more speedy accomplishment of that most noble adventure, which your incomparable valour has intended. For accomplished it shall be, when the rampant Manchegan lion* and the white Tobosian dove shall be united, by humbling their lofty and

* It may be translated the rampant spotted lion, as well as the rampant *Manchegan* lion: for the Spanish word *Mancha* signifies both a spot and the country *La Mancha*. An untranslatable double entendre.

erected chests to the soft yoke of wedlock, from whose wonderful coition shall be produced and spring forth brave whelps, which shall imitate the rampart paws of their valorous sire. And this shall happen before the bright pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall, by his rapid and natural course, take a double circumference in visitation of the luminous signs. And thou, the most noble and faithful squire that ever had sword on thigh, beard on face, or sense of smell in nose, be not dispirited or discontented at this captivity of the flower of all chivalry; for very speedily, by the eternal will of the world's Creator, thou shalt find thyself ennobled and exalted beyond the knowledge of thy greatness. And I confirm to thee, from the sage *Mentironiana*,* that thou shalt not be defrauded of the promises made by thy noble lord. I therefore conjure thee to follow closely the steps of the courageous and enchanted knight; for it is necessarily enjoined, that you both go where you both shall stay. The fates have commanded me no more, farewell.¹ For I now return, I well know whither."

The barber managed the cadence of his voice so artificially towards the latter end of his

* *Mentironiana* is a framed word from *Mentira*, a lie.

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XIX., Book IV.

prophecy, that even those who were made acquainted with the jest, had almost taken it for supernatural.

Don Quixote was much comforted at the prophecy, apprehending presently the sense of it, and applying it to his marriage with Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb should issue the cubs, signifying his sons, to the eternal glory of La Mancha; upon the strength of which belief, raising his voice, and heaving a profound sigh; "Whatsoever thou art," said he, "whose happy prognostication I own and acknowledge, I desire thee to implore, in my name, the wise magician, whose charge I am, that his power may protect me in this captivity, and not permit me to perish before the fruition of these grateful and incomparable promises made to me; for the confirmation of such hopes, I would think my prison a palace, my fetters freedom, and this hard field-bed on which I lie, more easy than the softest down, or most luxurious lodgings. And as to the consolation offered my squire Sancho Panza, I am so convinced of his honesty, and he has proved his honour in so many adventures, that I mistrust not his deserting me, through any change of fortune. And though his or my harder stars should disable me from bestowing on him the

island I have promised, or some equivalent, his wages at least are secured to him by my last will and testament, though what he will receive is more answerable, I confess, to my estate and ability, than to his services and great deserts." Sancho Panza made him three or four very respectful bows, and kissed both his hands, for one alone he could not, being both tied together, and in an instant the demons hoisted up the cage, and yoked it very handsomely to the team of oxen.