

Rozinante; this shoulder is all broke to pieces." —"With all my heart, my good lord," replied Sancho, "and pray let me advise you to go back to our village with these gentlemen, who are your special friends. At home we may think of some other journey, that may be more profitable and honourable than this."—"With reason hast thou spoken, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "it will become our wisdom to be inactive, till the malevolent aspects of the planets, which now reign, be over." This grave resolution was highly commended by the canon, curate, and barber, who had been sufficiently diverted by Sancho Panza's ridiculous lamentation. Don Quixote was placed in the waggon, as before, the processioners recovered their former order, and passed on about their business. The goat-herd took his leave of the whole company. The curate satisfied the officers for their attendance, since they would stir no further. The canon desired the curate to send him an account of Don Quixote's condition from that time forward, having a mind to know whether his frenzy abated or increased; and then took his leave, to continue his journey. Thus the curate, the barber, Don Quixote, and Sancho Panza, were left together, as also the good Rozinante, that bore all these passages as

patiently as his master. The waggoner then yoked his oxen, and having set Don Quixote on a truss of hay, jogged on after his slow accustomed pace, that way the curate had directed. In six days' time they reached the knight's village. It was about noon when they entered the town; and as it happened to be on a Sunday, all the people were in the market-place, through the middle of which Don Quixote's car must of necessity pass. Everybody was curious to know what was in it; and the people were strangely surprised when they saw and knew their townsman. While they were gaping and wondering, a little boy ran to the knight's house, and gave intelligence to the house-keeper and niece, that their master and uncle was returned, and very lean, pale, and frightful as a ghost, stretched out at length on a bundle of hay, in a waggon, and drawn along by a team of oxen.

It was a piteous thing to hear the wailings of those two poor creatures; the thumps, too, which they gave their faces, with the curses and execrations they thundered out against all books of chivalry, were almost as numerous as their sighs and tears; but the height of their lamenting was when Don Quixote entered the door. Upon the noise of his arrival, Sancho

Panza's wife made haste thither to inquire after her good-man, who, she was informed, went a squiring with the knight. As soon as ever she set eyes on him, the question she asked him was this, "Is the ass in health or no?" Sancho answered, he was come back in better health than his master. "Well," said she, "heaven be praised for the good news; but hark you, my friend," continued she, "what have you got by this new squireship? Have you brought me home ever a gown¹ or petticoat, or shoes for my children?"—"In troth, sweet wife," replied Sancho, "I have brought thee none of those things; I am loaded with better things."—"Ay," said his wife, "that's well. Pr'ythee let me see some of them fine things, for I vow I have a hugeous mind to see them; the sight of them will comfort my poor heart, which has been like to burst with sorrow and grief ever since thou went'st away."—"I'll show them thee when we come home," returned Sancho; "in the meantime rest satisfied; for if heaven see good that we should once again go abroad in search of other adventures, within a little time after, at my return, thou shalt find me some earl, or the governor of some island; ay, of one of the very best in the whole world."—

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

"I wish with all my heart this may come to pass," replied the good-wife; "for, by my troth, husband, we want it sorely. But what do you mean by that same word island? for believe me I don't understand it."—"All in good time, wife," said Sancho; "honey is not made for an ass's mouth: I'll tell thee what it is hereafter. Thou wilt be amazed to hear all thy servants and vassals never speak a word to thee without 'An't please you, madam;' 'An't like your ladyship;' and 'Your Honour.'"—"What dost thou mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands, and vassals?" quoth Joan Panza, for so she was called, though her husband and she were nothing akin, only it is a custom in La Mancha that the wives are there called by their husband's surnames. "Pr'ythee, Joan," said Sancho, "do not trouble thy head to know these matters all at once, and in a heap, as a body may say; it is enough, I tell thee the truth, therefore hold thy tongue.* Yet, by the way, one thing I will assure thee, that nothing in the vassal world is better for an honest man, than to be squire to a knight-errant, while he is hunting of adventures. It is true, most adventures he goes about do not answer a man's expectations so much as he could wish; for of a hundred

* *Cose la boca, i.e., sew up thy mouth.*

that are met with, ninety-nine are wont to be crabbed and unlucky ones. This I know to my cost: I myself have got well kicked and tossed in some of them, and soundly drubbed and belaboured in others; yet, for all that, it is a rare sport to be a watching for strange chances, to cross forests, to search, and beat up and down in woods, to scramble over rocks, to visit castles, and to take up quarters in an inn at pleasure, and all the while the devil a cross to pay."

These were the discourses with which Sancho Panza and his wife Joan entertained one another, while the house-keeper and niece undressed Don Quixote, and put him into his bed, where he lay looking asquint on them, but could not imagine where he was. The curate charged the niece to be very careful and tender of her uncle, and to be very watchful, lest he should make another sally; telling her the trouble and charge he had been at to get him home. Here the women began their outeries again: here the books of knight-errantry were again execrated, and damned to the bottomless pit. Here they begged those cursed bewitching chimeras and lies might be thrown down into the very centre, to the hellish father of them; for they were still almost distracted with the fear of losing their master and uncle

again, so soon as ever he recovered; which indeed fell out according to their fear. But though the author of this history has been very curious and diligent in his inquiry after Don Quixote's achievements in his third expedition in quest of adventures, yet he could never learn a perfect account of them, at least from any author of credit; fame and tradition alone have preserved some particulars of them in the memoirs and antiquities of La Mancha; as, that after the knight's third sally, he was present at certain famous tilts and tournaments made in the city of Saragosa, where he met with occasions worthy the exercise of his sense and valour: but how the knight died, our author neither could, nor ever should have learned, if, by good fortune, he had not met with an ancient physician, who had a leaden box in his possession, which, as he averred, was found in the ruins of an old hermitage, as it was re-building. In this box were certain scrolls of parchment written in Gothic characters, but containing verses in the Spanish tongue, in which many of his noble acts were sung, and Dulcinea del Toboso's beauty celebrated, Rozinante's figure described, and Sancho Panza's fidelity applauded. They likewise gave an account of Don Quixote's

sepulchre, with several epitaphs and encomiums on his life and conversation. Those that could be thoroughly read and transcribed, are here added by the faithful author of this new and incomparable history; desiring no other recompense or reward of the readers, for all his labour and pains, in searching all the numerous and old records of La Mancha to perfect this matchless piece, but that they will be pleased to give it as much credit as judicious men use to give to books of knight-errantry, which are now-a-days so generally taking. This is the utmost of his ambition, and will be sufficient satisfaction for him, and likewise encourage him to furnish them with other matter of entertainment, which, though possibly not altogether so true as this, yet it may be as well contrived and diverting. The first words in the parchment found in the leaden box are these:—

Monicongo, Academic of Aramgasilla, on Don Quixote's Monument.

EPITAPH

Here lies a doughty knight,
Who, bruised, and ill in plight,
Jogg'd over many a track
On Rozinante's back.
Close by him Sancho's laid;
Whereat let none admire:
He was a clown, 'tis said,
But ne'er the worse a squire.

Paniaguado, Academic of Aramgasilla, on Dulcinea del Toboso's Monument.

EPITAPH

Here Dulcinea lies,
Once brawny, plump, and lusty;
But now to death a prize,
And somewhat lean and musty.
For her the country-fry,
Like Quixote, long stood steady,
Well might she carry't high;
Far less has made a lady.

These were the verses that could be read: as for the rest, the characters being defaced, and almost eaten away, they were delivered to a university student, in order that he might give us his conjectures concerning their meaning. And we are informed, that after many lucubrations, and much pains, he has effected the work, and intends to oblige the world with it, giving us at the same time some hopes of Don Quixote's third sally.

*Por si altro cantera con miglior plettro.**

* "Another hand may touch a better string."
Orlando Furioso, Canto XXX.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.