

lished a word, and were as many books published against me, as there are letters in Mingo Revulgo's poems; yet the bounty of these two princes, that have taken charge of me, without any soliciting, or adulation, were sufficient in my favour; and I think myself richer and greater in their esteem, than I would in any profitable honour that can be purchased at the ordinary rate of advancement. The indigent men may attain their favour, but the vicious cannot. Poverty may partly eclipse a gentleman, but cannot totally obscure him; and those glimmerings of ingenuity that peep through the chinks of a narrow fortune, have always gained the esteem of the truly noble and generous spirits.

Now, reader, I have done with him and you. Only give me leave to tell you, that this Second Part of Don Quixote, which I now present you, is cut by the same hand, and of the same piece with the first. Here you have the knight once more fitted out, and at last brought to his death, and fairly laid in his grave; that nobody may presume to raise any more stories of him. He has committed extravagances enough already, he is sorry for it and that is sufficient. Too much of one thing clogs the appetite, but scarcity makes everything go down.

I forgot to tell you, that my Persiles is almost finished, and expects to kiss your hands in a little time; and the second part of the Galatea will shortly put in for the same honour.

CHAPTER I

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THE CURATE, THE BARBER,
AND DON QUIXOTE, CONCERNING HIS INDISPOSITION

CID HAMET BENENGELI relates in the Second Part of this History, and Don Quixote's third sally, that the curate and the barber were almost a whole month without giving him a visit, lest, calling to mind his former extravagances, he might take occasion to renew them. However, they failed not every day to see his niece and his house-keeper, whom they charged to treat and cherish him with great care, and to give him such diet as might be most proper to cheer his heart, and comfort his brain, whence, in all likelihood, his disorder wholly proceeded. They answered, that they did so, and would continue it to their utmost power; the rather, because they observed, that sometimes he seemed to be in his right senses. This news was very welcome to the curate and the barber, who looked on this amendment as an effect of their contrivance in bringing him

home in the enchanted waggon, as it is recorded in the last chapter of the first part of this most important, and no less punctual history. Thereupon they resolved to give him a visit, and make trial themselves of the progress of a cure, which they thought almost impossible. They also agreed not to speak a word of knight-errantry, lest they should endanger a wound so lately closed, and so tender. In short, they went to see him, and found him sitting up in his bed, in a waistcoat of green baise, and a red Toledo cap on his head; but the poor gentleman was so withered and wasted, that he looked like a mere mummy. He received them very civilly, and when they inquired of his health, gave them an account of his condition, expressing himself very handsomely, and with a great deal of judgment. After they had discoursed a while of several matters, they fell at last on state affairs and forms of government, correcting this grievance, and condemning that, reforming one custom, rejecting another, and establishing new laws, as if they had been the Lycurguses or Solons of the age, till they had refined and new modelled the commonwealth at such a rate, that they seemed to have clapped it into a forge, and drawn it out wholly different from

what it was before. Don Quixote reasoned with so much discretion on every subject that his two visitors now undoubtedly believed him in his right senses.

His niece and house-keeper were present at these discourses, and, hearing him give so many marks of sound understanding, thought they could never return heaven sufficient thanks for so extraordinary a blessing. But the curate, who wondered at this strange amendment, being resolved to try whether Don Quixote was perfectly recovered, thought fit to alter the resolution he had taken to avoid entering into any discourse of knight-errantry, and therefore began to talk to him of news, and, among the rest, that it was credibly reported at court, that the Grand Seignior was advancing with a vast army, and nobody knew where the tempest would fall; that all Christendom was alarmed, as it used to be almost every year; and that the king was providing for the security of the coasts of Sicily and Naples, and the island of Malta. "His majesty," said Don Quixote, "acts the part of a most prudent warrior, in putting his dominions betimes in a posture of defence, for by that precaution he prevents the surprises of the enemy; but yet, if my counsel were to be taken in this matter, I would advise

another sort of preparation, which, I fancy, his majesty little thinks of at present."—"Now heaven assist thee, poor Don Quixote," said the curate to himself, hearing this, "I am afraid thou art now tumbling from the top of thy madness to the very bottom of simplicity." Thereupon the barber, who had presently made the same reflection, desired Don Quixote to communicate to them this mighty project of his; "for," said he, "who knows but, after all, it may be one of those that ought only to find a place in the list of impertinent admonitions usually given to princes."—"No, good Mr Trimmer," answered Don Quixote, "my projects are not impertinent, but highly advisable."—"I meant no harm in what I said, sir;" replied the barber, "only we generally find most of those projects that are offered to the king, are either impracticable or whimsical, or tend to the detriment of the king or kingdom."—"But mine," said Don Quixote, "is neither impossible nor ridiculous; far from that, it is the most easy, the most thoroughly weighed, and the most concise, that ever can be devised by man."—"Methinks you are too long before you let us know it, sir," said the curate. "To deal freely with you," replied Don Quixote, "I should be loth to tell it you here now, and have it

reach the ear of some privy-counsellor to-morrow, and so afterwards see the fruit of my invention reaped by somebody else."—"As for me," said the barber, "I give you my word here, and in the face of heaven, never to tell it, either to king, queen, rook,* pawn, or knight, or any earthly man, an oath I learned out of the romance of the Curate, in the preface of which he tells the king who it was that robbed him of his hundred doubloons, and his ambling mule."—"I know nothing of the story," said Don Quixote, "but I have reason to be satisfied with the oath, because I am confident Master Barber is an honest man."—"Though he were not," said the curate, "I will be his surety in this matter, and will engage for him, that he shall no more speak of it, than if he were dumb, under what penalty you please."—"And who shall answer for you, Master Curate?" answered Don Quixote. "My profession," replied the curate, "which binds me to secrecy."—"Body of me then!" cried Don Quixote, "what has the king to do more, but to cause public proclamation to be made, enjoining all the knights-errant that are dispersed in this kingdom, to make their personal appearance at court, upon a certain day?"

* In allusion to the game of Chess, so common then in Spain.

For though but half a dozen should meet, there may be some one among them, who, even alone, might be able to destroy the whole united force of Turkey. For pray observe well what I say, gentlemen, and take me along with ye. Do you look upon it as a new thing for one knight-errant alone to rout an army of two hundred thousand men, with as much ease as if all of them joined together had but one throat, or were made of sugar-paste? You know how many histories are full of these wonders. Were but the renowned Don Belianis living now, with a vengeance on me, (for I will curse nobody else,) or some knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul, and he met with these Turks, what a woful condition would they be in! However, I hope providence will in pity look down upon his people, and raise up, if not so prevalent a champion as those of former ages, at least, some one who may perhaps rival them in courage; heaven knows my meaning; I say no more."—"Alas!" said the niece, hearing this, "I will lay my life uncle has still a hankering after knight-errantry."—"I will die a knight-errant," cried Don Quixote, "and so let the Turks land where they please, how they please, and when they please, and with all the forces they can muster; once more I say, heaven

knows my meaning."—"Gentlemen," said the barber, "I beg leave to tell you a short story of somewhat that happened at Seville; indeed it falls out as pat as if it had been made for our present purpose, and so I have a great mind to tell it." Don Quixote gave consent, the curate and the rest of the company were willing to hear; and thus the barber began:—

"A certain person being distracted, was put into the mad-house at Seville, by his relations. He had studied the civil law, and taken his degrees at Ossuna, though, had he taken them at Salamanca, many are of opinion that he would have been mad too. After he had lived some years in this confinement, he was pleased to fancy himself in his right senses, and, upon this conceit, wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him, with great earnestness, and all the colour of reason imaginable, to release him out of his misery by his authority, since, by the mercy of heaven, he was wholly freed from any disorder in his mind; only his relations, he said, kept him in still to enjoy his estate, and designed, in spite of truth, to have him mad to his dying day. The archbishop, persuaded by many letters which he wrote to him on that subject, all penned with sense and judgment, ordered one of his chaplains to inquire of the

governor of the house, into the truth of the matter, and also to discourse with the party, that he might set him at large, in case he found him free from distraction. Thereupon the chaplain went, and having asked the governor what condition the graduate was in, was answered that he was still mad; that sometimes, indeed, he would talk like a man of excellent sense, but presently after he would relapse into his former extravagances, which, at least, balanced all his rational talk, as he himself might find if he pleased to discourse him. The chaplain, being resolved to make the experiment, went to the madman, and conversed with him above an hour, and in all that time could not perceive the least disorder in his brain; far from that, he delivered himself with so much sedateness, and gave such direct and pertinent answers to every question, that the chaplain was obliged to believe him sound in his understanding; nay, he went so far as to make a plausible complaint against his keeper, alleging, that, for the lucre of those presents which his relations sent him, he represented him to those who came to see him, as one who was still distracted, and had only now and then lucid intervals; but that, after all, his greatest enemy was his estate, the possession of which

his relations being unwilling to resign, they would not acknowledge the mercy of heaven, that had once more made him a rational creature. In short, he pleaded in such a manner, that the keeper was suspected, his relations were censured as covetous and unnatural, and he himself was thought master of so much sense, that the chaplain resolved to take him along with him, that the archbishop might be able to satisfy himself of the truth of the whole business. In order to this, the credulous chaplain desired the governor to give the graduate the habit which he had brought with him at his first coming. The governor used all the arguments which he thought might dissuade the chaplain from his design, assuring him that the man was still frantic and disordered in his brain. But he could not prevail with him to leave the madman there any longer, and therefore was forced to comply with the archbishop's order, and returned the man his habit, which was neat and decent.

“Having now put off his madman's weeds, and finding himself in the garb of rational creatures, he begged of the chaplain, for charity's sake, to permit him to take leave of his late companions in affliction. The chaplain told him he would bear him company,