

so big, that it overshadowed almost his whole body. In short, it is said to have been of a monstrous size, crooked in the middle, studded with warts and carbuncles, tawny as a russet-pippin, and hanging down some two fingers below his mouth. The unreasonable bulk, dismal hue, protuberancy, and crookedness of that nose so disfigured the squire, that Sancho was seized with a trembling at the sight, like a child in convulsions, and resolved now to take two hundred cuffs, before his choler should awaken to encounter such a hobgoblin. As for Don Quixote, he fixed his eyes upon his antagonist; but as his helmet was on, and he had pulled down the beaver, his face could not be seen; however, he observed him to be strong limbed, though not very tall. Over his armour he wore a coat that looked like cloth of gold, overspread with looking-glasses, (mirrors) cut into half-moons, which made a very glittering show: a large plume of yellow, green, and white feathers waved about his helmet; and his lance, which he had set up against a tree, was very thick and long, with a steel head a foot in length. Don Quixote surveyed every particular, and from his observations, judged him to be a

man of great strength. But all this was so far from daunting his courage, like Sancho, that, with a gallant deportment, "Sir Knight of the Mirrors," said he, "if your eager desire of combat has not made you deaf to the entreaties of civility, be pleased to lift up your beaver awhile, that I may see whether the gracefulness of your face equals that of your body."—"Whether you be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise," answered the Knight of the Mirrors, "you shall have leisure enough to see my face: I cannot at present satisfy your curiosity; for every moment of delay from combat is, in my thoughts, a wrong done to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia."—"However," replied Don Quixote, "while we get a-horseback, you may tell me whether I am the same Don Quixote whom you pretend to have overcome?"—"To this I answer you," said the Knight of the Mirrors, "you are as like the knight I vanquished as one egg is like another. But considering what you tell me, that you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not affirm that you are the same."—"It is enough for me," said Don Quixote, "that you believe you may be in an error; but that I may entirely rid your doubts, let us

to horse; for if providence, my mistress, and my arm assist me, I will see your face in less time than it would have cost you to have lifted up your beaver, and make you know that I am not the Don Quixote whom you talked of having vanquished."

This said, without any more words they mounted. Don Quixote wheeled about with Rozinante, to take ground for the career; the Knight of the Mirrors did the like. But before Don Quixote had rid twenty paces, he heard him call to him: So meeting each other half way, "Remember, Sir Knight," cried he, "the conditions on which we fight; the vanquished, as I told you before, shall be at the mercy of the conqueror."—"I grant it," answered Don Quixote, "provided the victor imposes nothing on him that derogates from the laws of chivalry."—"I mean no otherwise," replied the Knight of the Mirrors.—At the same time Don Quixote happened to cast his eye on the squire's strange nose, and wondered no less at the sight of it than Sancho, taking him to be rather a monster than a man. Sancho, seeing his master set out to take so much distance as was fit to return on his enemy with greater force, would not trust himself alone with Squire Nose,

fearing the greater should be too hard for the less, and either that or fear should strike him to the ground. This made him run after his master, till he had taken hold of Rozinante's stirrup-leathers; and when he thought him ready to turn back to take his career, "Good your worship," cried he, "before you run upon your enemy, help me to get up into yon cork-tree, where I may better, and much more to my liking, see your brave battle with the knight."—"I rather believe," said Don Quixote, "thou wantest to be perched up yonder as on a scaffold, to see the bull-baiting without danger."—"To tell you the truth," quoth Sancho, "that fellow's unconscionable nose has so frightened me, that I dare not stay within his reach."—"It is indeed such a sight," said Don Quixote, "as might affect with fear any other but myself; and therefore come, I will help thee up."—Now while Sancho was climbing up the tree, with his master's assistance, the Knight of the Mirrors took as much ground as he thought proper for his career; and imagining Don Quixote had done the same, he faced about, without expecting the trumpet's sound, or any other signal for a charge, and with his horse's full speed, which was no more than a middling

trot, (for he was neither more promising nor a better performer than Rozinante,) he went to encounter his enemy. But seeing him busy in helping up his squire, he held in his steed, and stopped in the middle of the career, for which the horse was mightily obliged to him, being already scarce able to stir a foot farther.

Don Quixote, who thought his enemy was flying upon him, set spurs to Rozinante's hinder flank vigorously, and so awakened his mettle, that the story says, this was the only time he was known to gallop a little, for at all others, downright trotting was his best. With this unusual fury, he soon got to the place where his opponent was striking his spurs into his horse's sides up to the very rowels, without being able to make him stir an inch from the spot. Now while he was thus goading him on, and at the same time encumbered with his lance, either not knowing how to set it in the rest, or wanting time to do it, Don Quixote, who took no notice of his disorder, encountered him without danger so furiously, that the Knight of the Mirrors was hurried, in spite of his teeth, over his horse's crupper, and was so hurt with falling to the ground, that he lay without motion, or any

sign of life. Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, but down he comes sliding from the tree, and runs to his master; who, having dismounted, was got upon the Knight of the Mirrors, and was unlacing his helmet, to see if he were dead or alive, and give him air. But who can relate what he saw, when he saw the face of the Knight of the Mirrors, without raising wonder, amazement, or astonishment in those that shall hear it? He saw, says the history, in that face, the very visage, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very make, the very features, the very effigy, of the bachelor Samson Carrasco! "Come Sancho," cried he, as he saw it, "come hither, look, and admire what thou mayest see, yet not believe. Haste, my friend, and mark the power of magic; what sorcerers and enchanterers can do!" Sancho drew near, and seeing the bachelor Samson Carrasco's face, began to cross himself a thousand times, and bless himself as many more.

The poor defeated knight all this while gave no sign of life: "Sir," quoth Sancho to his master, "if you will be ruled by me, make sure work: Right or wrong, e'en thrust your sword down this fellow's throat that is so like the bachelor Samson Carrasco; and so mayhap in

him you may chance to murder one of those bitter dogs, those enchanters that haunt you so." "That thought is not amiss," said Don Quixote; and with that, drawing his sword, he was going to put Sancho's advice in execution, when the knight's squire came running without the nose that so disguised him before; and calling to Don Quixote, "Hold, noble Don Quixote!" cried he, "Take heed! Beware! 'Tis your friend Samson Carrasco that now lies at your worship's mercy, and I am his squire."—"And where is your nose?" quoth Sancho, seeing him now without disguise.—"Here in my pocket," answered the squire: and so saying, he pulled out the nose of a varnished pasteboard vizard, such as it has been described. Sancho having more and more stared him in the face with great earnestness, "Blessed Virgin, defend me!" quoth he, "who is this? Thomas Cecial, my friend and neighbour!"—"The same, friend Sancho," quoth the squire. "I will tell you anon by what tricks and wheedles he was inveigled to come hither. Meanwhile desire your master not to misuse, nor slay, nor meddle in the least with the Knight of the Mirrors, that now lies at his mercy; for there is nothing more sure than that it is our ill-advised

countryman, Samson Carrasco, and nobody else."

By this time the Knight of the Mirrors began to come to himself; which, when Don Quixote observed, setting the point of his sword to his throat, "Thou diest, knight," cried he, "if thou refuse to confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels thy Casildea de Vandalia in beauty. Besides this, thou shalt promise (if thou escape with life from this combat) to go to the city of Toboso; where, as from me, thou shalt present thyself before the mistress of my desires, and resign thy person to her disposal: if she leaves thee to thy own, then thou shalt come back to me (for the track of my exploits will be thy guide,) and thou shalt give me an account of the transaction between her and thee. These conditions are conformable to our agreement before the combat, and do not transgress the rules of knight-errantry."—"I do confess," said the discomfited knight, "that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's ripped and dirty shoe is preferable to the clean, though ill-combed locks of Casildea; and I promise to go to her, and come from her presence to yours, and bring you a full and true relation of all you have enjoined me."—"You shall also confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the

knight you vanquished neither was nor could be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but somebody else in his likeness; as I, on the other side, do confess and believe, that though you seem to be the bachelor Samson Carrasco, you are not he, but some other, whom my enemies have transformed into his resemblance, to assuage the violence of my wrath, and make me entertain with moderation the glory of my victory."—"All this I confess, believe, and allow," said the knight; "and now I beseech you let me rise, if the hurt I have received by my fall will give me leave, for I find myself very much bruised." Don Quixote helped him to rise, by the aid of his squire Thomas Cecial, on whom Sancho fixed his eyes all the while, asking him a thousand questions; the answers to which convinced him, that he was the real Thomas Cecial, as he said, though the conceit of what was told him by his master, that the magicians had transformed the Knight of the Mirrors into Samson Carrasco, had made such an impression on his fancy, that he could not believe the testimony of his own eyes. In short, the master and the man persisted in their error. The Knight of the Mirrors and his squire, much out of humour, and much out of order, left Don Quixote, to go to some town where he might get some

ointments and plaisters for his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their progress for Saragosa; where the history leaves them, to relate who the Knight of the Mirrors and his squire were.