

favour;" and so, putting on a little faster than they had done before, about two in the afternoon they reached the village, and got to the house of Don Diego, whom now Don Quixote called the Knight of the Green Coat.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW DON QUIXOTE WAS ENTERTAINED AT THE CASTLE OR HOUSE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN COAT, WITH OTHER EXTRAVAGANT PASSAGES

DON QUIXOTE found, that Don Diego de Miranda's house was spacious, after the country manner; the arms of the family were over the gate in rough stone, the buttery in the fore-yard, the cellar under the porch, and all around several great jars of that sort commonly made at Toboso; the sight of which bringing to his remembrance his enchanted and transformed Dulcinea, he heaved a deep sigh, and neither minding what he said, nor who was by, broke out into the following exclamation:

"* O! pledges, once my comfort and relief,
Though pleasing still, discovered now with grief."

"O ye Tobosian urns, that awaken in my mind the thoughts of the sweet pledge of my most bitter sorrows!" Don Diego's son, who, as it has been said, was a student, and poetically

* *O dulces prendas*, the beginning of a sonnet in the *Diana* of Montemayor.

inclined, heard these words as he came with his mother to welcome him home; and, as well as she, was not a little surprised to see what a strange creature his father had brought with him. Don Quixote alighted from Rozinante, and very courteously desiring to kiss her ladyship's hands, "Madam," said Don Diego, "this gentleman is the noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, the wisest, and most valiant knight-errant in the world; pray let him find a welcome suitable to his merit, and your usual civility." Thereupon Donna Christina (for that was the lady's name) received him very kindly, and with great marks of respect; to which Don Quixote made a proper and handsome return; and then almost the same compliments passed between him and the young gentleman, whom Don Quixote judged by his words to be a man of wit and sense.

Here the author inserts a long description of every particular in Don Diego's house, giving us an inventory of all the goods and chattels, and every circumstance peculiar to the house of a rich country gentleman: But the translator presumed that it would be better to omit these little things, and such like insignificant matters, being foreign to the main subject of this history, which ought to be more grounded

on material truth, than cold and insipid digressions.

Don Quixote was brought into a fair room, where Sancho took off his armour, and then the knight appeared in a pair of close breeches, and a doublet of shamoy-leather, all besmeared with the rust of his armour.¹ About his neck he wore a plain band, unstarched, after the manner of a student; about his legs sad-coloured spatter-dashes, and on his feet a pair of wax-leather shoes. He hung his trusty sword by his side in a belt of a sea-wolf's skin; which makes many of opinion he had been long troubled with a pain in the kidneys. Over all this he clapped on a long cloak of good russet-cloth: But first of all he washed his head and face in five kettle-fulls of water, if not in six: for as to the exact number there is some dispute. And it is observable, that the water still retained a tincture of whey: Thanks to Sancho's gluttony, which had made him clap into his master's helmet those dismal curds, that so contaminated his awful head and face.

In this dress the knight, with a graceful and sprightly air, walked into another room, where Don Lorenzo, the young gentleman whom we have already mentioned, waited his coming, to

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XVIII.

keep him company till the cloth was laid; the mistress of the house being gone in the meantime to provide a handsome entertainment, that might convince her guest she understood how to make those welcome that came to her house. But before the knight was ready, Don Lorenzo had leisure to discourse his father about him.—“Pray, sir,” said he, “who is this gentleman you have brought with you? Considering his name, his aspect, and the title of knight-errant, which you give him, neither my mother nor I can tell what to think of him.”—“Truly, son,” answered Don Diego, “I do not know what to say to you; all that I can inform you of is, that I have seen him play the maddest pranks in the world, and yet say a thousand sensible things that contradict his actions. But discourse him yourself, and feel the pulse of his understanding; make use of your sense to judge of his; though, to tell you the truth, I believe his folly exceeds his discretion.”

Don Lorenzo then went to entertain Don Quixote, and after some discourse had passed between them, “Sir,” said the knight, “I am not wholly a stranger to your merit; Don Diego de Mirando, your father, has given me to understand you are a person of excellent parts, and especially a great poet.”—“Sir,” answered the

young gentleman, “I may perhaps pretend to poetry, but never to be a great poet: It is true, I am somewhat given to rhyming, and love to read good authors; but I am very far from deserving to be thought one of their number.”—“I do not mislike your modesty,” replied Don Quixote; “it is a virtue not often found among poets, for almost every one of them thinks himself the greatest in the world.”—“There is no rule without an exception,” said Don Lorenzo; “and it is not impossible but there may be one who may deserve the name, though he does not think so himself.”—“That is very unlikely,” replied Don Quixote. “But pray, sir, tell me what verses are those that your father says you are so puzzled about? If it should be what we call a gloss or a paraphrase, I understand something of that way of writing, and should be glad to see it. If the composition be designed for a poetical prize, I would advise you only to put in for the second; for the first always goes by favour, and is rather granted to the great quality of the author than to his merit; but as to the next, it is adjudged to the most deserving; so that the third may in a manner be esteemed the second, and the first no more than the third, according to the methods used in our universities of giving degrees. And yet, after

all, it is no small matter to gain the honour of being called the first."

Hitherto all is well, thought Don Lorenzo to himself, I cannot think thee mad yet; let us go on.—With that addressing himself to Don Quixote, "Sir," said he, "you seem to me to have frequented the schools; pray what science has been your particular study?"—"That of knight-errantry," answered Don Quixote, "which is as good as that of poetry, and somewhat better too."—"I do not know what sort of a science that is," said Don Lorenzo, "nor indeed did I ever hear of it before."—"It is a science," answered Don Quixote, "that includes in itself all the other sciences in the world, or at least the greatest part of them: Whoever professes it, ought to be learned in the laws, and understand distributive and commutative justice, in order to right all mankind. He ought to be a divine, to give a reason of his faith, and vindicate his religion by dint of argument. He ought to be skilled in physic, especially in the botanic part of it, that he may know the nature of simples, and have recourse to those herbs that can cure wounds; for a knight-errant must not expect to find surgeons in the woods and deserts. He must be an astronomer, to understand the motions of the

celestial orbs, and find out by the stars the hour of the night, and the longitude and latitude of the climate on which fortune throws him: and he ought to be well instructed in all the other parts of the mathematics, that science being of constant use to a professor of arms, on many accounts too numerous to be related. I need not tell you, that all the divine and moral virtues must centre in his mind. To descend to less material qualifications; he must be able to swim like a fish,¹ know how to shoe a horse, mend a saddle or bridle: and returning to higher matters, he ought to be inviolably devoted to heaven and his mistress, chaste in his thoughts, modest in words, and liberal and valiant in deeds; patient in afflictions, charitable to the poor; and finally, a maintainer of truth, though it cost him his life to defend it. These are the endowments to constitute a good knight-errant; and now, sir, be you a judge, whether the professors of chivalry have an easy task to perform, and whether such a science may not stand in competition with the most celebrated and best of those that are taught in colleges?"—"If it be so," answered Don Lorenzo, "I say it deserves the pre-eminence over all other sciences."—"What do you mean,

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XVIII.

sir, by that, If it be so?" cried Don Quixote.—"I mean, sir," cried Don Lorenzo, "that I doubt whether there are now, or ever were, any knights-errant, especially with so many rare accomplishments."—"This makes good what I have often said," answered Don Quixote; "most people will not be persuaded there ever were any knights-errant in the world. Now, sir, because I verily believe, that unless heaven will work some miracle to convince them that there have been, and still are knights-errant, those incredulous persons are too much wedded to their opinion to admit such a belief; I will not now lose time to endeavour to let you see how much you and they are mistaken; all I design to do, is only to beseech heaven to convince you of your being in an error, that you may see how useful knights-errant were in former ages, and the vast advantages that would result in ours from the assistance of men of that profession. But now effeminacy, sloth, luxury, and ignoble pleasures, triumph, for the punishment of our sins."—Now, said Lorenzo to himself, our gentleman has already betrayed his blind side; but yet he gives a colour of reason to his extravagance, and I were a fool should I think otherwise.

Here they were called to dinner, which ended

the discourse: And at that time Don Diego taking his son aside, asked him what he thought of the stranger? "I think, sir" said Don Lorenzo, "that it is not in the power of all the physicians in the world to cure his distemper. He is mad past recovery, but yet he has lucid intervals." In short, they dined, and their entertainment proved such as the old gentleman had told the knight he used to give his guests, neat, plentiful, and well-ordered. But that which Don Quixote most admired, was the extraordinary silence he observed through the whole house, as if it had been a monastery of mute Carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly desired Don Lorenzo to show him the verses he had wrote for the poetical prize.—"Well, sir," answered he, "because I will not be like those poets that are unwilling to show their verses when entreated to do it, but will tire you with them when nobody desires it, I will show you my gloss or paraphrase, which I did not write with a design to get a prize, but only to exercise my muse."—"I remember," said Don Quixote, "a friend of mine, a man of sense, once told me, he would not advise any one to break his brains about that sort of composition;

and he gave me this reason for it. That the gloss or comment could never come up to the theme; so far from it, that most commonly it left it altogether, and run contrary to the thought of the author. Besides, he said, that the rules to which custom ties up the composers of those elaborate amusements are too strict, allowing no interrogations, no such interjections as *said he*, or *shall I say*; no changing of nouns into verbs; nor any altering of the sense: Besides several other confinements that cramp up those who puzzle their brains with such a crabbed way of glossing, as you yourself, sir, without doubt must know."—"Really, Signior Don Quixote," said Don Lorenzo, "I would fain catch you tripping, but you still slip from me like an eel."—"I do not know, sir," replied Don Quixote, "what you mean by your slipping."—"I will tell you another time," answered the young gentleman; "in the meanwhile be pleased to hear the Theme and Paraphrase, which is this:

THE THEME.

"Could I recal departed joy,
Though barr'd the hopes of greater gain,
Or now the future hours employ,
That must succeed my present pain!"

THE GLOSS, OR PARAPHRASE.

I.

"All fortune's blessings disappear,
She's fickle as the wind;
And now I find her as severe,
As once I thought her kind.
How soon the fleeting pleasure's past!
How long the lingering sorrows last!
Unconstant goddess, through thy hate,
Do not thy prostrate slave destroy,
I'd ne'er complain, but bless my fate,
Could I recal departed joy.

II.

"Of all thy gifts I beg but this,
Glut all mankind with more;
Transport them with redoubled bliss,
But only mine restore.
With thought of pleasure once possess'd,
I'm now as curst as I was bless'd;
Oh would the charming hour return,
How pleased I'd live, how free from pain!
I ne'er would pine, I ne'er would mourn,
Though barr'd the hopes of greater gain.

III.

"But oh! the blessing I implore,
Not fate itself can give!
Since time elapsed exists no more,
No power can bid it live.
Our days soon vanish into nought,
And have no being but in thought.
Whate'er began must end at last;
In vain we twice would youth enjoy;
In vain would we recal the past,
Or now the future hours employ.

IV.

"Deceived by hope, and rack'd by fear,
No longer life can please;
I'll then no more its torments bear,
Since death so soon can ease.

This hour I'll die—but let me pause—
A rising doubt my courage awes.

Assist, ye powers, that rule my fate,
Alarm my thoughts, my rage refrain,
Convince my soul there's yet a state
That must succeed my present pain."

As soon as Don Lorenzo had read over his paraphrase, Don Quixote rose from his seat, and taking him by the hand, "By the highest mansions in the skies," cried the knight aloud, "noble youth, you are the best poet in the world, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not at Cyprus or Gaeta, as a certain poet said, whom heaven forgive, but at the University of Athens, were it still in being, and at those of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. May those judges, that deny you the honour of the first prize, be shot with arrows by the god of verse, and may the muses abhor to come within their houses! Pray, sir, if I may beg that favour, let me hear you read one of your loftiest productions, for I desire to have a full taste of your admirable genius." I need not tell you that Don Lorenzo was mightily pleased to hear himself praised by Don Quixote, though he believed him to be mad; so bewitching and welcome a thing is adulation, even from those we at other times despise. Don Lorenzo verified this truth, by his ready compliance with Don

Quixote's request, and recited to him the following sonnet, on the story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

PYRAMUS AND THISBIE.

A SONNET.

"See how, to bless the loving boy,
The nymph, for whom he burns with equal fires,
Pierces the wall that parts them from their joy,
While hovering love prompts, gazes, and admires.

"The trembling maid in whispers and in sighs
Dares hardly breathe the passion she betrays:
But silence speaks, and love through ravished eyes,
Their thoughts, their flames, their very souls conveys.

"Wild with desires, they sally out at last,
But quickly find their ruin in their haste:
And rashly lose all pleasure in despair.

"O strange mischance! But do not fortune blame;
Love joined them first, then death, the grave, and fame;
What loving wretch a nobler fate would share!"

"Now heaven be praised," said Don Quixote, when Don Lorenzo had made an end. "Among the infinite number of insipid men of rhyme, I have at last found a man of rhyme and reason, and, in a word, an absolute poet."

Don Quixote stayed four days at Don Diego's house, and, during all that time, met with a very generous entertainment. However, he then desired his leave to go, and returned him a thousand thanks for his kind reception;

letting him know that the duty of his profession did not admit of his staying any longer out of action; and therefore he designed to go in quest of adventures, which he knew were plentifully to be found in that part of Spain; and that he would employ his time in that till the tilts and tournaments began at Saragosa, to which place it was now his chief intent to go. However, he would first go to Montesino's cave, about which so many wonderful stories were told in those parts; and there he would endeavour to explore and discover the source and original springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son highly commended his noble resolution, and desired him to command whatever their house afforded, assuring him he was sincerely welcome to do it; the respect they had for his honourable profession, and his particular merit, obliging them to do him all manner of service.

In short, the day of his departure came, a day of joy and gladness to Don Quixote, but of grief and sadness to poor Sancho, who had no mind to change his quarters, and liked the good cheer and plenty at Don Diego's house, much better than his short hungry commons in forests and deserts, or the sorry pittance of

his ill-stored wallets, which he however crammed and stuffed with what he thought could best make the change of his condition tolerable. And now Don Quixote taking his leave of Don Lorenzo, "Sir," said he, "I don't know whether I have already said it to you, but if I have, give me leave to repeat it once more, that if you are ambitious of climbing up to the difficult, and in a manner inaccessible, summit of the temple of Fame, your surest way is to leave on one hand the narrow path of poetry, and follow the narrower track of knight-errantry, which in a trice may raise you to an imperial throne." With these words, Don Quixote seemed to have summed up the whole evidence of his madness. However, he could not conclude without adding something more: "Heaven knows," said he, "how willingly I would take Don Lorenzo with me, to instruct him in those virtues that are annexed to the employment I profess, to spare the humble, and crush the proud and haughty. But since his tender years do not qualify him for the hardships of that life, and his laudable exercises detain him, I must rest contented with letting you know, that one way to acquire fame in poetry, is, to be governed by other men's judgment more than your own: For it

is natural to fathers and mothers not to think their own children ugly; and this error is nowhere so common as in the offspring of the mind."

Don Diego and his son were again surprised to hear this medley of good sense and extravagance, and to find the poor gentleman so strongly bent on the quest of these unlucky adventures, the only aim and object of his desires.

After this, and many compliments, and mutual reiterations of offers of service, Don Quixote having taken leave of the lady of the castle, he on Rozinante, and Sancho on Dapple, set out, and pursued their journey.

CHAPTER XIX

THE ADVENTURE OF THE AMOROUS SHEPHERD, AND
OTHER TRULY COMICAL PASSAGES

DON QUIXOTE had not travelled far, when he was overtaken by two men that looked like students or ecclesiastics, with two farmers, all mounted upon asses. One of the scholars had behind him a small bundle of linen, and two pair of stockings, trussed up in green buckram like a portmanteau; the other had no other luggage but a couple of foils and a pair of fencing pumps. And the husbandmen had a parcel of other things, which shewed, that having made their market at some adjacent town, they were now returning home with their ware. They all admired (as indeed all others did that ever beheld him) what kind of a fellow Don Quixote was, seeing him make a figure so different from any thing they had ever seen. The knight saluted them, and perceiving their road lay the same way, offered them his company, entreating them, however, to move an easier pace, because their asses went faster