

here confined; for great performances are properly reserved for great personages.'—'And should it not be so?' answered the grieving Durandarte, with a faint and languishing voice, —'Should it not be so, I say? Oh! cousin, patience, and shuffle the cards.' Then turning on one side, without speaking a word more, he relapsed into his usual silence.

"After this, I was alarmed with piteous howling and crying, which, mixed with lamentable sighs and groans, obliged me to turn about, to see whence it proceeded. Then through the crystal-wall I saw a mournful procession of most beautiful damsels, all in black, marching in two ranks, with turbans on their heads after the Turkish fashion; and last of all came a majestic lady, dressed also in mourning, with a long white veil, that reached from her head down to the ground. Her turban was twice as big as the biggest of the rest: She was somewhat bettle-browed, her nose was flattish, her mouth wide, but her lips red; her teeth, which she sometimes discovered, seemed to be thin and snaggy, but indeed as white as blanched almonds. She held a fine handkerchief, and within it I could perceive a heart of flesh, so dry and withered, that it looked like mummy. Montesinos informed me, that the procession

consisted of Durandarte's and Belerma's servants, who were enchanted there with their master and mistress: but that the last was Belerma herself, who with her attendants used four days in the week constantly thus to sing, or rather howl their dirges over the heart and body of his cousin; and that though Belerma appeared a little haggard at that juncture, occasioned by the grief she bore in her own heart, for that which she carried in her hand; yet had I seen her before her misfortunes had sunk her eyes and tarnished her complexion, worse than the diseases of her sex, from which she was free, I must have owned, that even the celebrated Dulcinea del Toboso, so famous in La Mancha, and over the whole universe, could scarce have vied with her in gracefulness and beauty.

"'Hold there, good Signior Don Montesinos,' said I. 'You know that comparisons are odious, therefore no more comparing I beseech you; but go on with your story. The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the Lady Belerma is what she is, and has been: so no more upon that subject.'—'I beg your pardon,' answered Montesinos; 'Signior Don Quixote, I might have guessed indeed that you were the Lady Dulcinea's Knight, and therefore

I ought to have bit my tongue off, sooner than to have compared her to anything lower than heaven itself.' This satisfaction, which I thought sufficient from the great Montesinos, stifled the resentment I else had shewn, for hearing my mistress compared to Belerma."—"Nay, marry," quoth Sancho, "I wonder you did not catch the old doating hunks by the weasond, and maul, and thresh him thick and threefold! How could you leave one hair on his chin?"—"No, no, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there is always a respect due to our seniors, though they be no knights; but most when they are such, and under the oppression of enchantment. However, I am satisfied, that in what discourse passed between us, I took care not to have anything that looked like an affront fixed upon me."—"But, Sir," asked the scholar, "how could you see and hear so many strange things in so little time? I cannot conceive how you could do it."—"How long," said Don Quixote, "do you reckon that I have been in the cave?"—"A little above an hour," answered Sancho.—"That is impossible," said Don Quixote, "for I saw morning and evening, and evening and morning, three times since; so that I could not be absent less than three days from this upper world."—"Ay, ay," quoth

Sancho, "my master is in the right; for these enchantments, that have the greatest share in all his concerns, may make that seem three days and three nights to him, which is but an hour to other people."—"It must be so," said Don Quixote.—"I hope, sir," said the scholar, "you have eaten something in all that time."—"Not one morsel," replied Don Quixote, "neither have had the least desire to eat, or so much as thought of it all the while."—"Do not they that are enchanted sometimes eat?" asked the scholar.—"They never do," answered Don Quixote, "and consequently they are never troubled with exonerating the dregs of food; though it is not unlikely that their nails, their beards and hair still grow."—"Do they never sleep neither?" said Sancho.—"Never," said Don Quixote, "at least they never closed their eyes while I was among them, nor I neither."—"This makes good the saying," quoth Sancho, "Tell me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art. Troth! you have all been enchanted together. No wonder if you neither eat nor slept, since you were in the land of those that always watch and fast. But, sir, would you have me speak as I think; and pray do not take it in ill part, for if I believe one word of all you have said——"—"What

do you mean, friend?" said the student, "Do you think the noble Don Quixote would be guilty of a lie; and if he had a mind to stretch a little, could he, think you, have had leisure to frame such a number of stories in so short a time?"—"I do not think that my master would lie neither," said Sancho.—"What do ye think then, sir?" said Don Quixote.—"Why truly, sir," quoth Sancho, "I do believe that this same cunning man, this Merlin, that bewitched, or enchanted, as you call it, all that rabble of people you talk of, may have crammed and enchanted some way or other, all that you have told us, and have yet to tell us, into your noddle."—"It is not impossible but such a thing may happen," said Don Quixote, "though I am convinced it was otherwise with me; for I am positive that I saw with these eyes, and felt with these hands, all I have mentioned. But what will you think when I tell you, among many wonderful things, that I saw three country wenches leaping and skipping about those pleasant fields like so many wild goats; and at first sight knew one of them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and the other two the very same we spoke to not far from Tobosa. I asked Montesinos if he knew them? He answered in the negative; but imagined them some enchanted

ladies, who were newly come, and that the appearance of strange faces was no rarity among them, for many of the past ages and the present were enchanted there, under several disguises; and that, among the rest, he knew Queen Guinever and her woman Quintaniona, that officiated as Sir Lancelot's cup-bearer, as he came from Britain."

Sancho, hearing his master talk at this rate, had like to have forgot himself, and burst out a-laughing; for he well knew that Dulcinea's enchantment was a lie, and that he himself was the chief magician, and raiser of the story; and thence, concluding his master stark mad, "In an ill hour," quoth he, "dear master of mine, and in a woful day, went your worship down to the other world; and in a worse hour met you with that plaguy Montesinos, that has sent you back in this rueful pickle. You went hence in your right senses; could talk prettily enough now and then; had your handsome proverbs and wise sayings every foot, and would give wholesome counsel to all that would take it; but now, bless me! you talk as if you had left your brains in the devil's cellar."—"I know thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and therefore I regard thy words as little as possible."—"And I yours," replied

Sancho: "nay, you may cripple, lame, or kill me, if you please, either for what I have said, or mean to say; I must speak my mind though I die for it. But before your blood is up, pray, sir, tell me how did you know it was your mistress? Did you speak to her? What did she say to you? and what did you say to her?"—"I knew her again," said Don Quixote, "by the same clothes she wore when thou shew'dst her to me. I spoke to her; but she made no answer, but suddenly turned away, and fled from me like a whirlwind. I intended to have followed her, had not Montesinos told me it would be to no purpose; warning me besides, that it was high time to return to the upper air; and, changing the discourse, he told me that I should hereafter be made acquainted with the means of disenchanting them all. But while Montesinos and I were thus talking together, a very odd accident, the thoughts of which trouble me still, broke off our conversation. For, as we were in the height of our discourse, who should come to me but one of the unfortunate Dulcinea's companions, and, before I was aware, with a faint and doleful voice, 'Sir,' said she, 'my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso gives her service to you, and desires to know how you do; and, being a little short of

money at present, she desires you, of all love and kindness, to lend her six reals upon this new fustian petticoat, or more or less, as you can spare it, sir, and she will take care to redeem it very honestly in a little time.'

"The message surprised me strangely; and therefore, turning to Montesinos, 'Is it possible, sir,' said I, 'that persons of quality, when enchanted, are in want?'—'O! very possible, sir,' said he; 'poverty rages everywhere, and spares neither quality enchanted nor unenchanted; and therefore, since the Lady Dulcinea desires you to lend her these six reals, and the pawn is a good pawn, let her have the money; for sure it is very low with her at this time.' 'I scorn to take pawns,' said I; 'but my misfortune is, that I cannot answer the full request; for I have but four reals about me;' and that was the money thou gavest me the other day, Sancho, to distribute among the poor. However, I gave her all I had, and desired her to tell her mistress, I was very sorry for her wants; and that if I had all the treasures which Cræsus possessed, they should be at her service; and withal, that I died every hour for want of her reviving company; and made it my humble and earnest request, that she would vouchsafe to see and converse with

her captive servant and weather-beaten knight. 'Tell her,' continued I, 'when she least expects it, she will come to hear how I made an oath, as the Marquis of Mantua did, when he found his nephew Baldwin ready to expire on the mountain, never to eat upon a table-cloth, and several other particulars, which he swore to observe, till he had revenged his death; so, in the like solemn manner will I swear, never to desist from traversing the habitable globe, and ranging through all the seven parts of the world, more indefatigable than ever was done by Prince Pedro¹ of Portugal, till I have freed her from her enchantment.'—'All this and more you owe my mistress,' said the damsel; and then, having got the four reals, instead of dropping me a curtsy, she cut me a caper in the air two yards high."

"Now heaven defend us!" cried Sancho. "Who could ever have believed that these devilish enchanters and enchantments should have so much power as to bewitch my master at this rate, and craze his sound understanding in this manner? Alas! sir, for the love of heaven take care of yourself. What will the

¹ This Prince Pedro of Portugal was a great traveller for the time he lived in, which gave occasion to the spreading of many fables concerning him, and which made the ignorant vulgar say, he travelled over seven parts of the world.

world say of you? Rouse up your dozing senses, and do not dote upon those whimsies that have so wretchedly cracked that rare head-piece of yours."—"Well," said Don Quixote, "I cannot be angry at thy ignorant tittle-tattle, because it proceeds from thy love towards me. Thou thinkest, poor fellow, that whatever is beyond the sphere of thy narrow comprehension must be impossible; but, as I have already said, there will come a time when I shall give thee an account of some things I have seen below, that will convince thee of the reality of those I told thee now, the truth of which admits of no dispute."