

self at the foot of an elm, and his squire at the foot of a beech; for every one of those trees, and such others, has always a foot, though never a hand. Sancho had but an ill night's rest of it, for his bruises made his bones more than ordinarily sensible of the cold. As for Don Quixote, he entertained himself with his usual imaginations. However, they both slept, and by break of day continued their journey towards the River Ebro, where they met—what shall be told in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXIX

## THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK

FAIR and softly, step by step, Don Quixote and his squire got in two days' time to the banks of the River Ebro, which yielded a very entertaining prospect to the knight. The verdure of its banks, and the abounding plenty of the water, which, clear like liquid crystal, flowed gently along within the spacious channel, awaked a thousand amorous chimeras in his roving imagination, and more especially the thoughts of what he had seen in Montesinos' cave; for though Master Peter's ape had assured him, that it was partly false as well as partly true, he was rather inclined to believe it all true; quite contrary to Sancho, who thought it every tittle as false as hell.

While the knight went on thus agreeably amused, he spied a little boat without any oars or tackle, moored by the river-side to the stump of a tree:<sup>1</sup> Thereupon looking round about him, and discovering nobody, he pre-

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXIX.

sently alighted, and ordered Sancho to do the like, and tie their beasts fast to some of the elms or willows thereabouts. Sancho asked him what was the meaning of all this? "Thou art to know," answered Don Quixote, "that most certain this boat lies here for no other reason but to invite me to embark in it, for the relief of some knight or other person of high degree, that is in great distress: For thus, according to the method of enchanters, in the books of chivalry, when any knight whom they protect, happens to be involved in some very great danger, from which none but some other valorous knight can set him free; then, though they be two or three thousand leagues at least distant from each other, up the magician snatches the auxiliary champion in a cloud, or else provides him a boat, and in the twinkling of an eye, in either vehicle, through the airy fluid or the liquid plain, he wafts him to the place where his assistance is wanted. Just to the same intent does this very bark lie here; it is as clear as the day, and therefore, before it be too late, Sancho, tie up Rozinante and Dapple, let us commit ourselves to the guidance of Providence; for embark I will, though bare-footed friars should beg me to desist."

"Well, well," quoth Sancho, "if must, I

must. Since you will every foot run haring into these—I do not know how to call them,—these confounded vagaries, I have no more to do but to make a leg, and submit my neck to the collar; for, as the saying is, 'Do as thy master bid thee, though it be to sit down at his table.' But for all that, fall back fall edge, I must and will discharge my conscience, and tell you plainly, that as blind as I am, I can see with half an eye, that it is no enchanted bark, but some fisherman's boat; for there are many in this river, whose waters afford the best shads in the world."

This caution did Sancho give his master while he was tying the beasts to a tree, and going to leave them to the protection of enchanters, full sore against his will. Don Quixote bid him not be concerned at leaving them there, for the sage who was to carry them through in a journey of such an extent and longitude, would be sure to take care of the animals. "Nay, nay, as for that matter," quoth Sancho, "I do not understand your longitude, I never heard such a cramp word in my born-days."—"Longitude," said Don Quixote, "is the same as length: I do not wonder that thou dost not understand the word, for thou art not obliged to understand

Latin. Yet you shall have some forward cox-combs pretend to be knowing, when they are ignorant."—"Now the beasts are fast, sir," quoth Sancho, "what is next to be done?"—"Why now," answered Don Quixote, "let us recommend ourselves to Providence and weigh anchor, or, to speak plainly, embark and cut the cable." With that, leaping in, and Sancho following, he cut the rope, and so by degrees the stream carried the boat from the shore.

Now when Sancho saw himself towards the middle of the river, he began to quake for fear; but nothing grieved his heart so much as to hear Dapple bray, and to see Rozinante struggle to get loose. "Sir," quoth he, "hark how my poor Dapple brays, to bemoan our leaving of him; and see how poor Rozinante tugs hard to break his bridle, and is even wild to throw himself after us.—Alack and alack! my poor dear friends, peace be with you where you are, and when this mad freak, the cause of our doleful parting, is ended in repentance, may we be brought back to your sweet company again!" This said, he fell a blubbering, and set up such a howl, that Don Quixote had no patience with him, but looking angrily on him, "What dost fear," cried he, "thou great

white-livered calf? What dost thou cry for? Who pursues thee? Who hurts thee, thou dastardly craven, thou cowardly mouse, thou soul of a milk-sop, thou heart of butter? Dost want for anything, base unsatisfied wretch? What would'st thou say, wert thou to climb bare-footed the rugged Rhiphean mountains? thou that sittest here in state like an archduke, plenty and delight on each side of thee, while thou glidest gently down the calm current of this delightful river, which will soon convey us into the main ocean? We have already flowed down some seven or eight hundred leagues. Had I but an astrolabe here to take the altitude of the pole, I could easily tell thee how far we have proceeded to an inch: though either I know but little, or we have just passed or shall presently pass, the Equinoctial Line, that divides and cuts the two opposite poles at equal distances."

"And when we come to this same Line you speak of," quoth Sancho, "how far have we gone then?"—"A mighty way," answered Don Quixote. "When we come under the Line I spoke of, we shall have measured the other half of the terraqueous globe, which, according to the system and computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer

in the world, contains three hundred and sixty degrees."—"Odsbodikins," quoth Sancho, "you have brought me now a notable fellow to be your voucher, goodman Tollme, with his *amputation* and *cistern*, and the rest of your gibberish!" Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's blunders, and going on, "The Spaniards," said he, "and all those that embark at Cadiz for the East-Indies, to know whether they have passed the Equinoctial Line, according to an observation that has been often experienced, need do no more than look whether there be any lice left alive among the ship's crew; for if they have passed it, not a louse is to be found in the ship, though they would give his weight in gold for him. Look therefore, Sancho, and if thou findest any such vermin still creeping about thee, then we have not yet passed the Line; but if thou do'st not, then we have surely passed it."

"The devil a word I believe of all this," quoth Sancho. "However, I will do as you bid me. But hark you me, sir, now I think on it again, where is the need of trying these quirks; do not I see with my two eyes that we are not five rods length from the shore? Look you, there stands Rozinante and Dapple, upon the very spot where we left them; and now I

look closely into the matter, I will take my corporal oath that we move no faster than a snail can gallop, or an ant can trot."—"No more words," said Don Quixote, "but make the experiment as I bid you, and let the rest alone. Thou dost not know what belongs to colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points, and measures, of which the spheres celestial and terrestrial are composed; for did'st thou know all these things, or some of them at least, thou mightest plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have passed, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. Therefore I would wish thee once again to search thyself; for I cannot believe but thou art as clear from vermin as a sheet of white paper."

Thereupon Sancho, advancing his hand very gingerly towards the left side of his neck, after he had groped a while, lifted up his head, and, staring in his master's face, "Look you, sir," quoth he, pulling out something, "either your rule is not worth this, or we are many a fair league from the place you spoke of."—"How!" answered Don Quixote, "hast thou found something then, Sancho?"—"Ay, marry have I," quoth Sancho, "and more things than one

too." And so saying, he shook and snapped his fingers, and then washed his whole hand in the river, down whose stream the boat drove gently along, without being moved by any secret influence, or hidden enchantment, but only by the help of the current, hitherto calm and smooth.

By this time they descried two great water-mills in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner spied, but, calling to his squire, "Look, look, my Sancho!" cried he, "seest thou yon city or castle there? this is the place where some knight lies in distress, or some queen or princess is detained, for whose succour I am conveyed hither."—"What a devil do you mean with your city or castle?" cried Sancho. "Body of me! sir, do not you see as plain as the nose on your face, they are nothing but water-mills, in the midst of the river, to grind corn?"—"Peace, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "they look like water-mills, I grant you, but they are no such things. How often, have I not told thee already, do these magicians change and overturn every thing as they please? not that they can change their very being, but they disguise and alter the appearances of them; of which we have an instance in the unhappy trans-

formation of Dulcinea, the only refuge of my hope."

The boat being now got into the very strength of the stream, began to move less slowly than it did before. The people in the mills, perceiving the boat to come adrift full upon the mill-wheels, came running out with their long poles to stop it; and, as their faces and clothes were powdered all over with meal-dust, they made a very odd appearance. "Soho! there!" cried they as loud as they could bawl; "is the devil in the fellows? are ye mad in the boat there? hold! you will be drowned, or ground to pieces by the mill-wheels." Don Quixote, having cast his eyes upon the millers, "Did I not tell thee, Sancho," said he, "that we should arrive where I must exert the strength of my arm? Look what hang-dogs, what horrid wretches, come forth to make head against me! how many hobgoblins oppose my passage! do but see what deformed physiognomies they have! mere bugbears! But I shall make ye know, scoundrels, how insignificant all your efforts must prove." Then, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers in a haughty tone. "Ye paltry slaves," cried he, "base and ill-advised scum of the world, release instantly the captive person who is injuriously

detained and oppressed within your castle or prison, be they of high or low degree; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom the happy achievement of this adventure is reserved, by the decree of Heaven." This said, he unsheathed his sword, and began to fence with the air, as if he had been already engaging the millers; who, hearing, but not understanding, his mad words, stood ready with their poles to stop the boat, which was now near the mill-dam, and just entering the rapid stream and narrow channel of the wheels.

In the meantime Sancho was devoutly fallen on his knees, praying Heaven for a happy deliverance out of this mighty plunge but this one time. And indeed his prayers met with pretty good success; for the millers so bestirred themselves with their poles that they stopped the boat, yet not so cleverly but they overset it, tipping Don Quixote and Sancho over into the river. It was well for the knight that he could swim like a duck; and yet the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom; and had it not been for the millers, who jumped into the water, and made a shift to pull out both the master and the man, in a manner

craning them up, there had been an end of them both.

When they were both hauled ashore, more overdrenched than thirsty, Sancho betook himself to his knees again, and, with uplifted hands and eyes, made a long and hearty prayer, that Heaven might keep him from this time forwards clear of his master's rash adventures.

And now came the fishermen who owned the boat, and, finding it broken to pieces, fell upon Sancho, and began to strip him, demanding satisfaction both of him and his master for the loss of their bark. The knight, with a great deal of gravity and unconcern, as if he had done no manner of harm, told both the millers and the fishermen, that he was ready to pay for the boat, provided they would fairly surrender the persons that were detained unjustly in their castle. "What persons, or what castle, you mad oaf?" said one of the millers. "Marry, guep, would you carry away the folk that come to grind their corn at our mills?"—"Well," said Don Quixote to himself, "man had as good preach to a stone-wall, as to expect to persuade with entreaties such dregs of human kind to do a good and generous action. Two sage enchanters certainly clash in this adventure, and the one thwarts the other. One

provided me a bark, the other overwhelmed me in it. Heaven send us better times! There is nothing but plotting and counter-plotting, undermining and countermining in this world. Well, I can do no more." Then raising his voice, and casting a fixed eye on the water-mills, "My dear friends," cried he, "whoever you are that are immured in this prison, pardon me, I beseech ye; for so my ill fate and yours ordains, that I cannot free you from your confinement: the adventure is reserved for some other knight." This said, he came to an agreement with the fishermen, and ordered Sancho to pay them fifty reals for the boat. Sancho pulled out the money with a very ill will, and parted with it with a worse, muttering between his teeth, that two voyages like that would sink their whole stock.

The fishermen and the millers could not forbear admiring at two such figures of human offspring, that neither spoke nor acted like the rest of mankind; for they could not so much as guess what Don Quixote meant by all his extravagant speeches. So, taking them for madmen, they left them, and went the millers to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts like a couple of as senseless animals, and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

## CHAPTER XXX .

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE WITH THE  
FAIR HUNTRESS

WITH wet bodies and melancholy minds, the knight and squire went back to Rozinante and Dapple; though Sancho was the more cast down and out of sorts of the two; for it grieved him to the very soul to see the money dwindle, being as chary of that as of his heart's blood, or the apples of his eyes. To be short, to horse they went, without speaking one word to each other, and left the famous river; Don Quixote buried in his amorous thoughts, and Sancho in those of his preferment, which he thought far enough off yet; for, as much a fool as he was, he plainly perceived that all, or most of his master's actions, tended only to folly; therefore he but waited an opportunity to give him the slip and go home, without coming to any farther reckoning, or taking a formal leave. But fortune provided for him much better than he expected.

It happened that the next day about sunset, as they were coming out of a wood, Don