

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

Quixote cast his eyes round a verdant meadow, and at the farther end of it descried a company whom, upon a nearer view, he judged to be persons of quality,¹ that were taking the diversion of hawking. Approaching nearer yet, he observed among them a very fine lady upon a white pacing mare, in green trappings, and a saddle of cloth of silver. The lady herself was dressed in green, so rich and so gay that nothing could be finer. She rode with a goss-hawk on her left fist, by which Don Quixote judged her to be of quality, and mistress of the train that attended; as indeed she was. Thereupon calling to his squire, "Son Sancho," cried he, "run and tell that lady on the palfrey with the goss-hawk on her fist, that I, the Knight of the Lions, humbly salute her highness; and that if she pleases to give me leave, I should be proud to receive her commands, and have the honour of waiting on her, and kissing her fair hands. But take special care, Sancho, how thou deliverest thy message, and be sure do not lard my compliments with any of thy proverbs."—"Why this to me?" quoth Sancho. "Marry, you need not talk of larding, as if I had never went ambassador before to a high and mighty dame."—"I do not

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXX.

know that ever thou did'st," replied Don Quixote, "at least on my account, unless it were when I sent thee to Dulcinea."—"It may be so," quoth Sancho; "but a good paymaster needs no surety; and where there is plenty, the guests cannot be empty. That is to say, I need none of your telling nor tutoring about that matter; for, as silly as I look, I know something of everything."—"Well, well, I believe it," said Don Quixote. "Go then in in a good hour, and heaven inspire and guide thee."

Sancho put on, forcing Dapple from his old pace to a gallop; and, approaching the fair huntress, he alighted, and, falling on his knees, "Fair lady," quoth he, "that knight yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master; I am his squire, Sancho Panza by name. This same Knight of the Lions, who but the other day was called The Knight of the Woful Figure, has sent me to tell you, That so please your worship's grace to give him leave, with your good liking, to do as he has a mind, which, as he says, and as I believe, is only to serve your high-flown beauty, and be your 'ternal vassal, you may chance to do a thing that would be for your own good, and he would take it for a hugeous kindness at your hands."

“Indeed, honest squire,” said the lady, “you have acquitted yourself of your charge with all the graceful circumstances which such an embassy requires: Rise, pray rise, for it is by no means fit the squire to so great a knight, as The Knight of the Woful Figure, to whose name and merit we are no strangers, should remain on his knees. Rise then, and desire your master by all means to honour us with his company, that my Lord Duke and I may pay him our respects at a house we have hard by.”

Sancho got up, no less amazed at the lady's beauty than at her affability, but much more because she told him that they were no strangers to his master, The Knight of the Woful Figure. Nor did he wonder why she did not call him by his title of Knight of the Lions, considering he had but lately assumed it.

“Pray,” said the duchess, whose particular title we do not yet know, “is not this master of yours the person, whose history came out in print by the name of ‘The Renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha,’ the mistress of whose affections is a certain lady, called Dulcinea del Toboso?”—“The very same, an't please your worship,” said Sancho “and that squire of his that is, or should be in the book, Sancho Panza by name, is my own self, if I was not

changed in my cradle; I mean changed in the press.”—“I am mighty glad to hear all this,” said the duchess. “Go then, friend Panza, and tell your master,¹ That I congratulate him upon his arrival in our territories, to which he is welcome; and assure him from me, that this is the most agreeable news I could possibly have heard.”

Sancho, overjoyed with this gracious answer, returned to his master, to whom he repeated all that the great lady had said to him; praising to the skies, in his clownish phrase, her great beauty and courteous nature.

Don Quixote, pleased with this good beginning, seated himself handsomely in the saddle, fixed his toes in his stirrups, set the beaver of his helmet as he thought best became his face, roused up Rozinante's mettle, and with a graceful assurance moved forwards to kiss the duchess's hand. As soon as Sancho went from her, she sent for the duke, her husband, and gave him an account of Don Quixote's embassy. Thereupon they both attended his coming with a pleasant impatience; for, having read the first part of his history, they were no less desirous to be acquainted with his person; and resolved, as long as he stayed with them,

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XXX.

to give him his own way, and humour him in all things, treating him still with all the forms essential to the entertainment of a knight-errant; which they were the better able to do, having been much conversant with books of that kind.

And now Don Quixote drew nigh with his vizor up; and Sancho, seeing him offer to alight, made all the haste he could to be ready to hold his stirrup: But as ill-luck would have it, as he was throwing his leg over his pack-saddle to get off, he entangled his foot so strangely in the rope that served him instead of a stirrup, that not being able to get it out, he hung by the heel with his nose to the ground. On the other side, Don Quixote, who was used to have his stirrup held when he dismounted, thinking Sancho had hold of it already, lifted up his right leg over the saddle to alight; but as it happened to be ill-girt, down he brought it with himself to the ground, confounded with shame and muttering between his teeth many a hearty curse against Sancho, who was all the while with his foot in the stocks. The duke seeing them in that condition, ordered some of his people to help them; and they raised Don Quixote, who was in no very good case with his fall;

however, limping as well as he could, he went to pay his duty to the lady, and would have fallen on his knees at her horse's feet: But the duke alighting, would by no means permit it; and embracing Don Quixote, "I am sorry," said he, "Sir Knight of the Woful Figure, that such a mischance should happen to you at your first appearance on my territories, but the negligence of squires is often the cause of worse accidents."—"Most generous prince," said Don Quixote, "I can think nothing bad that could befall me here, since I have had the happiness of seeing your grace: For though I had fallen low as the very centre, the glory of this interview would raise me up again. My squire indeed, a vengeance seize him for it, is much more apt to give his saucy idle tongue a loose, than to gird a saddle well; but prostrate or erect, on horseback, or on foot, in any posture I shall always be at your grace's command, and no less at her grace's, your worthy consort's service. Worthy did I say? yes, she is worthy to be called the Queen of Beauty and Sovereign Lady of all courtesy."—"Pardon me there," said the duke, "noble Don Quixote de la Mancha; where the peerless Dulcinea is remembered, the praise of all other beauties ought to be forgot."

Sancho was now got clear of the noose, and standing near the duchess, "An't please your worship's highness," quoth he, before his master could answer, "it cannot be denied, nay, I dare vouch it in any ground in Spain, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso in woundy handsome and fair: But, where we least think, there starts the hare. I have heard your great scholars say, That she you call Dame Nature, is like a potter, and he that makes one handsome pipkin may make two or three hundred. And so, do ye see, you may understand by this, that my Lady Duchess here does not a jot come short of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote upon this, addressing himself to the duchess, "Your grace must know," said he, "that no knight-errant ever had such an eternal babbler, such a bundle of conceit for a squire, as I have; and if I have the honour to continue for some time in your service, your grace will find it true."—"I am glad," answered the duchess, "that honest Sancho has his conceits, it is a shrewd sign he is wise; for merry conceits, you know, sir, are not the offspring of a dull brain, and therefore if Sancho be jovial and jocose, I will warrant him also a man of sense."—"And a prater, madam," added Don Quixote.—"So much the

better," said the duke; "for a man that talks well, can never talk too much. But not to lose our time here, come on, Sir Knight of the Woful Figure——"—"Knight of the Lions, your highness should say," quoth Sancho: "The Woful Figure is out of date; and so pray let the lions come in play."—"Well then," said the duke, "I entreat the Knight of the Lions to vouchsafe us his presence at a castle I have hard by, where he shall find such entertainment as is justly due to so eminent a personage, such honours as the duchess and myself are wont to pay all knights-errant that travel this way."

Sancho having by this got Rozinante ready, and girded the saddle tight, Don Quixote mounted his steed, and the duke a stately horse of his own; and the duchess riding between them both, they moved towards the castle: She desired that Sancho might always attend near her, for she was extremely taken with his notable sayings. Sancho was not hard to be entreated, but crowded in between them, and made a fourth in their conversation, to the great satisfaction both of the duke and duchess, who esteemed themselves very fortunate in having an opportunity to entertain at their castle such a knight-errant and such an erring squire.