

CHAPTER XL

OF SOME THINGS THAT RELATE TO THIS ADVENTURE,
AND APPERTAIN TO THIS MEMORABLE STORY

ALL persons that love to read histories of the nature of this, must certainly be very much obliged to Cid Hamet, the original author, who has taken such care in delivering every minute particular distinctly entire, without concealing the least circumstance that might heighten the humour, or, if omitted, have obscured the light and the truth of the story. He draws lively pictures of the thoughts, discovers the imaginations, satisfies curiosity in secrets, clears doubts, resolves arguments; and, in short, makes manifest the least atoms of the most inquisitive desire. O most famous author! O fortunate Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho! jointly and severally may you live, and continue to the latest posterity, for the general delight and recreation of mankind—But the story goes on.

“Now, on my honest word,” quoth Sancho,

when he saw the matron in a swoon, “and by the blood of all the Panzas, my forefathers, I never heard nor saw the like, neither did my master ever tell me, or so much as conceit in that working head-piece of his, such an adventure as this. Now, all the devils in hell (and I would not curse anybody) run away with thee for an enchanting son of a whore, thou damned giant Malambruno! Couldst thou find no other punishment for these poor sinners, but by clapping scrubbing-brushes about their muzzles, with a pox to you. Had it not been much better to slit their nostrils half way up their noses, though they had snuffled for it a little, than to have planted these quick-set hedges over their chaps? I will lay any man a wager now, the poor devils have not money enough to pay for their shaving.”

“It is but too true, sir,” said one of them, “we have not wherewithal to pay for taking our beards off; so that some of us, to save charges, are forced to lay on plasters of pitch that pull away roots and all, and leave our chins as smooth as the bottom of a stone-mortar. There is indeed a sort of women in Candaya, that go about from house to house to take off the down or hairs that grow about the

face,* trim the eye-brows, and do twenty other little private jobs for the women; but we here, who are my lady's duennas, would never have anything to do with them, for they have got ill names; for though, formerly, they got free access, and passed for relations, now they are looked upon to be no better than bawds. So, if my Lord Don Quixote do not relieve us, our beards will stick by us as long as we live."—"I will have mine plucked off hair by hair among the Moors," answered Don Quixote, "rather than not free you from yours."—"Ah, valourous knight!" cried the Countess Trifaldi, recovering that moment from her fit, "the sweet sound of your promise reached my hearing in the very midst of my trance, and has perfectly restored my senses. I beseech you therefore once again, most illustrious sir, and invincible knight-errant, that your gracious promise may soon have the wished-for effect."—"I will be guilty of no neglect, madam," answered Don Quixote: "Point out the way, and you shall soon be convinced of my readiness to serve you."

"You must know then, sir," said the Disconsolate Lady, "from this place to the kingdom

* There is a sort of women-barbers in Spain, that take the down off women's faces, and sell them washes, and these are commonly reputed to be giving to bawding.

of Candaya, by computation, we reckon about five thousand leagues, two or three more or less: But if you ride through the air in a direct line, it is not above three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You are likewise to understand, that Malambruno told me, that when fortune should make me find out the knight who is to dissolve our enchantment, he would send him a famous steed, much easier, and less resty and full of tricks, than those jades that are commonly let out to hire, as being the same wooden horse that carried the valourous Peter of Provence, and the fair Magalona, when he stole her away. It is managed by a wooden peg in its forehead, instead of a bridle, and flies as swiftly through the air as if all the devils in hell were switching him, or blowing fire in his tail. This courser, tradition delivers to have been the handiwork of the sage Merlin, who never lent him to any but particular friends, or when he was paid sauce for him. Among others, his friend Peter of Provence borrowed him, and by the help of his wonderful speed, stole away the fair Magalona,¹ as I said, setting her behind on the crupper (for you must know he carries double), and so towering up in the air, he left

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XL.

the people that stood near the place whence he started, gaping, staring, and amazed.

"Since that journey, we have heard of nobody that has backed him; but this we know, that Malambruno, since that, got him by his art, and has used, ever since, to post about to all parts of the world. He is here to-day, and to-morrow in France, and the next day in America: And one of the best properties of the horse is, that he costs not a farthing in keeping, for he neither eats nor sleeps, neither needs he any shoeing; besides, without having wings, he ambles so very easy through the air, that you may carry in your hand a cup full of water a thousand leagues, and not spill a drop, so that the fair Magalona loved mightily to ride him."

"Nay," quoth Sancho, "as for an easy pacer, commend me to Dapple. Indeed, he is none of your highflyers, he cannot gallop in the air; but, on the king's highway, he shall pace you with the best ambler that ever went on four legs." This set the whole company a-laughing; but then the Disconsolate Lady going on, "This horse," said she, "will certainly be here within half an hour after it is dark, if Malambruno designs to put an end to our misfortunes, for that was the sign by which I should discover

my deliverer."—"And pray, forsooth," quoth Sancho, "how many will this same horse carry upon occasion?"—"Two," answered she; "one on the saddle, and the other behind on the crupper, and those two are commonly the knight and the squire, if some stolen damsel be not to be one."—"Good disconsolate madam," quoth Sancho, "I would fain know the name of this same nag."—"The horse's name," answered she, "is neither Pegasus, like Belleophon's; nor Bucephalus, like Alexander's; nor Brilladoro, like Orlando's; nor Bayard, like Rinaldo's; nor Frontin, like Rogero's; nor Bootes, nor Pyrithous, like the horses of the Sun; neither is he called Orelia, like the horse which Rodrigo, the last king of Spain of the Gothic race, bestrode that unfortunate day when he lost the battle, the kingdom, and his life."—"I will lay you a wager," quoth Sancho, "since the horse goes by none of those famous names, he does not go by that of Rozinante neither, which is my master's horse, and another guess-beast than you have reckoned up."—"It is very right," answered the bearded lady; "however, he has a very proper and significant name, for he is called Clavileno, or Wooden Peg the swift, from the wooden peg in his forehead; so that, from the significancy of name

at least, he may be compared with Rozinante.”—“I find no fault with his name,” quoth Sancho; “but what kind of bridle or halter do you manage him with?”—“I told you already,” replied she, “that he is guided by the peg, which, being turned this way or that way, he moves accordingly, either mounting aloft in the air, or almost brushing and sweeping the ground, or else flying in the middle region, the way which ought indeed most to be chosen in all affairs of life.”—“I should be glad to see this notable tit,” quoth Sancho; “but do not desire to get on his back, either before or behind. No, by my Holy Dame, you may as well expect pears from an elm. It were a pretty jest, I trow, for me that can hardly sit my own Dapple, with a pack-saddle as soft as silk, to suffer myself to be horsed upon a hard wooden thing, without either cushion or pillow under my buttocks. Before George! I will not gall my backside to take off the best lady’s beard in the land. Let them that have beards wear them still, or get them whipped off as they think best; I will not take such a long jaunt with my master, not I. There is no need of me in this shaving of beards, as there was in Dulcinea’s business.”—“Upon my word, dear sir, but there is,” replied Trifaldi; “and

so much, that without you nothing can be done.”—“God save the king!” cried Sancho; “what have we squires to do with our master’s adventures? We must bear the trouble, forsooth, and they run away with the credit! Body o’me, it were something, would those that write their stories but give the squires their due shares in their books; as thus, ‘such a knight ended such an adventure; but it was with the help of such a one, his squire, without which, the devil a bit could he ever have done it.’ But they shall barely tell you in their histories, ‘Sir Paralipomenon, Knight of the Three Stars, ended the adventure of the six hobgoblins,’ and not a word all the while of his squire’s person, as if there were no such man, though he was by all the while, poor devil. In short, good people, I do not like it; and, once more, I say, my master may even go by himself for Sancho, and joy betide him. I will stay and keep Madam Duchess company here; and mayhap, by that time he comes back, he will find his Lady Dulcinea’s business pretty forward, for I mean to give my bare breech a jirking, till I brush off the very hair at idle times, that is, when I have nothing else to do.”

“Nevertheless, honest Sancho,” said the duchess, “if your company be necessary in

this adventure, you must go, for all good people will make it their business to entreat you; and it would look very ill, that, through your vain fears, these poor gentlewomen should remain thus with rough and bristly faces.”—“God save the king, I cry again,” said Sancho; “were it a piece of charity for the relief of some good sober gentlewoman, or poor innocent hospital girls, something might be said; but to gall my backside, and venture my neck, to unbeard a pack of idling, trolloping chamber-jades, with a murrain! Not I, let them go elsewhere for a shaver. I wish I might see the whole tribe of them wear beards, from the highest to the lowest, from the proudest to the primest, all hairy like so many she-goats.”—“You are very angry with the waiting-women, Sancho,” said the duchess; “that apothecary has inspired you with this bitter spirit. But you are to blame, friend, for I will assure you there are some in my family that may serve for patterns of discretion to all those of their function; and Donna Rodriguez here will let me say no less.”—“Ay, ay, madam,” said Donna Rodriguez, “your grace may say what you please. This is a censorious world we live in, but heavens knows all; and whether good or bad, bearded or unbearded, we waiting gentle-

women had mothers as well as the rest of our sex; and since Providence has made us as we are, and placed us in the world, it knows wherefore; and so we trust in its mercy, and nobody's beard.”—“Enough, Donna Rodriguez,” said Don Quixote. “As for you, Lady Trifaldi, and other distressed matrons, I hope that heaven will speedily look with a pitying eye on your sorrows, and that Sancho will do as I shall desire. I only wish Clavileno would once come, that I may encounter Malambruno; for I am sure no razor should be more expeditious in shaving your ladyship's beard, than my sword to shave that giant's head from his shoulders. Heaven may a while permit the wicked, but not for ever.”

“Ah! most valorous champion,” said the Disconsolate Matron, “may all the stars in the celestial regions shed their most propitious influence on your generous valour, which thus supports the cause of our unfortunate office, so exposed to the poisonous rancour of apothecaries, and so reviled by saucy grooms and squires. Now an ill luck attend the low-spirited quean, who, in the flower of her youth, will not rather choose to turn nun than waiting-woman! Poor forlorn contemned creatures as we are, though descended, in a direct line

from father to son, from Hector of Troy himself; yet would not our ladies find a more civil way to speak to us than thee and thou, though it were to gain them a kingdom. O giant Malambruno! thou who, though an enchanter, art always most faithful to thy word, send us the peerless Clavileno, that our misfortunes may have an end; for if the weather grows hotter than it is, and these shaggy beards still sprout about our faces, what a sad pickle will they be in!"

The Disconsolate Lady uttered these lamentations in so pathetic a manner, that the tears of all the spectators waited on her complaints; and even Sancho himself began to water his plants, and condescended at last to share in the adventure, and attend his master to the very fag-end of the world, so he might contribute to the clearing away the weeds that overspread those venerable faces.

CHAPTER XLI

OF CLAVILENO'S* (ALIAS WOODEN PEG'S) ARRIVAL,
WITH THE CONCLUSION OF THIS TEDIOUS
ADVENTURE

THESE discourses brought on the night, and with it the appointed time for the famous Clavileno's arrival. Don Quixote, very impatient at his delay, began to fear, that either he was not the knight for whom this adventure was reserved, or else that the giant Malambruno had not courage to enter into a single combat with him. But, unexpectedly, who should enter the garden but four savages, covered with green ivy, bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse, which they set on his legs before the company; and then one of them cried out, "Now let him that has courage mount this engine."—"I am not he," quoth Sancho, "for I have no courage, nor am I a knight."—"And let him take his squire behind him, if he has one," continued the savage; "with this assu-

* A name derived from two Spanish words, *clavo*, a nail or pin, and *leno*, wood.