

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.

rance from the valorous Malambruno, that no foul play shall be offered, nor will he use anything but his sword to offend him. It is but only turning the peg before him, and the horse will transport him through the air to the place where Malambruno attends their coming. But let them blindfold their eyes, lest the dazzling and stupendous height of their career should make them giddy; and let the neighing of the horse inform them that they are arrived at their journey's end."—Thus having made his speech, the savage turned about with his companions, and, leaving Clavileno, marched out handsomely the same way they came in.

The Disconsolate Matron, seeing the horse, almost with tears addressed Don Quixote. "Valorous knight," cried she, "Malambruno is a man of his word;—the horse is here, our beards bud on; therefore I and every one of us conjure you, by all the hairs on our chins, to hasten our deliverance, since there needs no more, but that you and your squire get up, and give a happy beginning to your intended journey."—"Madam," answered Don Quixote, "I will do it with all my heart; I will not so much as stay for a cushion, or to put on my spurs, but mount instantly; such is my impatience to disbeard your ladyship's face, and

restore you all to your former gracefulness."—"That is more than I should do," quoth Sancho; "I am not in such plaguy haste, not I; and if the quick-set hedges on their snouts cannot be lopped off without my riding on that hard crupper, let my master furnish himself with another squire, and these gentlewomen get some other barber. I am no witch, sure, to ride through the air at this rate on a broomstick! What will my islanders say, think ye, when they hear their governor is flying like a paper-kite? Besides, it is three or four thousand leagues from hence to Candaya; and what if the horse should tire upon the road, or the giant grow humoursome? what would become of us then? We may be seven years a-getting home again; and heaven knows by that time what would become of my government: neither island nor dry land would know poor Sancho again. No, no, I know better things. What says the old proverb? Delays breed danger; and, When a cow is given thee, run and halter her. I am the gentlewoman's humble servant, but they and their beards must excuse me, faith! St Peter is well at Rome, that is to say, here I am much made of, and, by the master of the house's good will, I hope to see myself a governor."—

“Friend Sancho,” said the duke, “as for your island, it neither floats nor stirs, so there is no fear it should run away before you come back; the foundations of it are fixed and rooted in the profound abyss of the earth. Now, because you must needs think I cannot but know, that there is no kind of office of any value that is not purchased with some sort of bribe, or gratification of one kind or other, all that I expect for advancing you to this government, is only that you wait on your master in this expedition, that there may be an end of this memorable adventure. And I here engage my honour, that whether you return on Clavileno with all the speed his swiftness promises, or that it should be your ill fortune to be obliged to foot it back like a pilgrim, begging from inn to inn, and door to door, still whenever you come you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders as glad to receive you for their governor as ever. And for my own part, Signior Sancho, I will assure you, you would very much wrong my friendship, should you in the least doubt my readiness to serve you.”—“Good your worship, say no more,” cried Sancho, “I am but a poor squire, and your goodness is too great a load for my shoulders. But hang

baseness; mount, master, and blindfold me, somebody; wish me a good voyage, and pray for me. But hark ye, good folks, when I am got up, and fly in the skies, may not I say my prayers, and call on the angels myself to help me, trow?”—“Yes, yes,” answered Trifaldi, “for Malambruno, though an enchanter, is nevertheless a Christian, and does all things with a great deal of sagacity, having nothing to do with those he should not meddle with.”—“Come on, then,” quoth Sancho; “God and the most holy Trinity of Gæta* help me!”—“Thy fear, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “might, by a superstitious mind, be thought ominous. Since the adventure of the fulling-mills, I have not seen thee possessed with such a panic terror. But hark ye, begging this noble company’s leave, I must have a word with you in private.”

Then withdrawing into a distant part of the garden among some trees, “My dear Sancho,” said he, “thou seest we are going to take a long journey; thou art no less sensible of the uncertainty of our return, and Heaven alone can tell what leisure or conveniency we may have in all that time. Let me therefore beg thee to slip aside to thy chamber, as if it were

* A church in Italy, of special devotion to the blessed Trinity.

to get thyself ready for our journey, and there presently despatch me only some 500 lashes, on account of the 3300 thou standest engaged for; it will soon be done, and a business well begun, you know, is half ended."—"Stark mad, before George!" cried Sancho. "I wonder you are not ashamed, sir. This is just as they say, you see me in haste, and ask me for a maidenhead. I am just going to ride the wooden horse, and you would have me flay my backside! Truly, truly, you are plaguily out at this time. Come, come, sir, let us do one thing after another; let us get off these women's whiskers, and then I will feague it away for Dulcinea. I have no more to say on the matter at present."—"Well, honest Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "I will take thy word for once, and I hope thou wilt make it good; for I believe thou art more fool than knave."—"I am what I am," quoth Sancho; "but whatever I be I will keep my word, never fear it."

Upon this they returned to the company; and, just as they were going to mount, "Blind thy eyes, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and get up. Sure he that sends so far for us can have no design to deceive us! since it would never be to his credit to delude those that rely on his

word of honour; and, though the success should not be answerable to our desires, still the glory of so brave an attempt will be ours, and it is not in the power of malice to eclipse it."—"To horse, then, sir," cried Sancho, "to horse. The tears of these poor bearded gentlemen have melted my heart, and methinks I feel the bristles sticking in it. I shall not eat a bit to do me good, till I see them have as pretty dimpled smooth chins, and soft lips, as they had before. Mount, then, I say, and blindfold yourself first; for, if I must ride behind, it is a plain case you must get up before me."—"That is right," said Don Quixote; and, with that, pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he gave it to the Disconsolate Matron to hoodwink him close. She did so; but, presently after, uncovering himself, "If I remember right," he said, "we read in Virgil of the Trojan Palladium, that wooden horse, which the Greeks offered Pallas, full of armed knights, who afterwards proved the total ruin of that famous city. It were prudent, therefore, before we get up, to probe this steed, and see what he has in his guts."—"You need not," said the Countess Trifaldi; "I dare engage there is no ground for any such surmise; for Malambruno is a man of honour,

and would not so much as countenance any base or treacherous practice; and, whatever accident befalls you, I dare answer for." Upon this, Don Quixote mounted, without any reply, imagining that what he might further urge concerning his security would be a reflection on his valour. He then began to try the pin, which was easily turned; and as he sat, with his long legs stretched at length for want of stirrups, he looked like one of those antique figures in a Roman triumph, woven in some old piece of arras.

Sancho, very leisurely and unwillingly, was made to climb up behind him; and, fixing himself as well as he could, on the crupper, felt it somewhat hard and uneasy. With that, looking on the duke, "Good my lord," quoth he, "will you lend me something to clap under me; some pillow from the page's bed, or the duchess's cushion of state, or any thing; for, this horse's crupper is so confounded hard, I fancy it is rather marble than wood."—"It is needless," said the countess; "for Clavileno will bear no kind of furniture upon him; so that, for your greater ease, you had best sit side-ways, like a woman." Sancho took her advice; and then, after he had taken his leave of the company, they bound a cloth over his

eyes; but, presently after, uncovering his face, with a pitiful look on all the spectators, "Good, tender-hearted Christians," cried he, with tears in his eyes, "bestow a few Pater-nosters and Ave-Marias on a poor departing brother, and pray for my soul, as you expect the like charity yourselves in such a condition!" "What! you rascal," said Don Quixote, "do you think yourself at the gallows, and at the point of death, that you hold forth in such a lamentable strain? Dastardly wretch without a soul, dost thou not know that the fair Magalona once sat in thy place, and alighted from thence, not into the grave, thou chicken-hearted varlet, but into the throne of France, if there is any truth in history? And do not I sit by thee, that I may vie with the valorous Peter of Provence, and press the seat that was once pressed by him? Come, blindfold thy eyes, poor spiritless animal, and let me not know thee betray the least symptom of fear, at least not in my presence."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "hoodwink me then among you: But, it is no marvel one should be afraid, when you will not let one say his prayers, nor be prayed for, though, for aught I know, we may have a legion of