

in such a manner.”—“It is to be supposed,” said the duchess, “that being sorry for the harm he had done, not only to the Countess Trifaldi and her attendants, but to many others, and repenting of the bad deeds which, as a wizard and a necromancer, he doubtless had committed, he had a mind to destroy all the instruments of his wicked profession, and accordingly he burned Clavileno as the chief of them, that engine having served him to rove all over the world; or perhaps he did not think any man worthy of bestriding him after the great Don Quixote, and so, with his destruction, and the inscription which he has caused to be set up, he has eternized your valour.”

Don Quixote returned his thanks to the duchess, and after supper retired to his chamber, not suffering anybody to attend him, so much he feared to meet some temptation that might endanger the fidelity which he had consecrated to his Dulcinea, keeping always the eyes of his mind fixed on the constancy of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knight-errantry. He therefore shut the door of his chamber after him, and undressed himself by the light of two wax-candles. But oh! the misfortune that befell him, unworthy of such a

person! As he was straining to put off his hose, there fell—not sighs, or anything that might disgrace his decent cleanliness, but—about four-and-twenty stitches of one of his stockings, which made it look like a lattice-window. The good knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk; green silk, I say, because his stockings were green.

Here Benengeli could not forbear exclaiming, “O poverty! poverty! what could induce that great Cardova poet¹ to call thee a holy, thankless gift! Even I, that am a Moor, have learned by the converse I have had with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, in humility, in faith, in obedience, and in poverty. But, sure, he who can be contented when poor, had need to be strengthened by God’s peculiar grace, unless the poverty which is included among these virtues, be only that poorness in spirit which teaches us to use the things of this world as if we had them not. But thou, second poverty, fatal indigence, of which I am now speaking, why dost thou intrude upon gentlemen, and affect well-born souls more than other people? Why dost thou reduce them to cobble their shoes, and wear some silk,

¹ See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XLIV.

some hair, and some glass buttons, on the same tattered waistcoat, as if it were only to betray variety of wretchedness? Why must their ruffs be of such a dismal hue, in rags, dirty, rumpled, and ill-starched? (and by this you may see how ancient is the use of starch and ruffs.) How miserable is a poor gentleman, who, to keep up his honour, starves his person, fares sorrily, or fasts unseen, within his solitary narrow apartment; then putting the best face he can upon the matter, comes out picking his teeth, though it is but an honourable hypocrisy, and though he has eaten nothing that requires that nice exercise? Unhappy he, whose honour is in continual alarm, who thinks that, at a mile's distance, everyone discovers the patch in his shoe, the sweat of his forehead soaked through his old rusty hat, the bareness of his clothes, and the very hunger of his famished stomach!"

All these melancholy reflections were renewed in Don Quixote's mind by the rent in his stocking. However, for his consolation, he bethought himself that Sancho had left him a pair of light boots, which he designed to put on the next day.

In short, to bed he went, with a pensive, heavy mind; the thought of Sancho's absence,

and the irreparable damage that his stocking had received, made him uneasy; he would have darned it, though it had been with silk of another colour, one of the greatest tokens of want a poor gentleman can show, during the course of his tedious misery. At last he put out the lights, but it was sultry hot, and he could not compose himself to rest. Getting up, therefore, he opened a little shutter of a barred window, that looked into a fine garden, and was presently sensible that some people were walking and talking there. He listened, and as they raised their voices, he easily overheard their discourse.

"No more, dear Emerenia," said one to the other. "Do not press me to sing; you know that from the first moment this stranger came to the castle, and my unhappy eyes gazed on him, I have been too conversant with tears and sorrow, to sing or relish songs! Alas, all music jars when the soul is out of tune. Besides, you know the least thing wakens my lady, and I would not for the world she should find us here. But, grant she might not wake, what will my singing signify, if this new Æneas, who is come to our habitation to make me wretched, should be asleep, and not hear the sound of my complaint?"—"Pray, my

dear Altisidora," said the other, "do not make yourself uneasy with those thoughts; for, without doubt, the duchess is fast asleep, and every body in the house but we and the lord of thy desires. He is certainly awake; I heard him open his window just now; then sing, my poor grieving creature, sing and join the melting music of the lute to the soft accents of thy voice. If my lady happen to hear us, we will pretend we came out for a little air. The heat within doors will be our excuse."—"Alas! my dear," replied Altisidora, "it is not that frightens me most: I would not have my song betray my thoughts, for those that do not know the mighty force of love, will be apt to take me for a light and indiscreet creature—But yet, since it must be so, I will venture: Better shame on the face, than sorrow in the heart." This said, she began to touch her lute so sweetly, that Don Quixote was ravished. At the same time, an infinite number of adventures of this nature, such as he had read of in his idle books of knight-errantry; windows, grates, gardens, serenades, amorous meetings, parleys, and fopperies, all crowded into his imagination, and he presently fancied that one of the duchess's damsels was fallen in love with him, and struggled with her modesty

to conceal her passion. He began to be apprehensive of the danger to which his fidelity was exposed, but yet firmly determined to withstand the powerful allurements; and so, recommending himself, with a great deal of fervency, to his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he resolved to hear the music; and, to let the serenading ladies know he was awake, he feigned a kind of sneeze, which did not a little please them, for it was the only thing they wanted, to be assured their jest was not lost. With that, Altisidora, having tuned her lute afresh, after a flourish, began the following song.

THE MOCK SERENADE.

"Wake, Sir Knight, now love's invading,
Sleep in Holland-sheets no more;
When a nymph is serenading,
'Tis an arrant shame to snore.

"Hear a damsel, tall and tender,
Honing in most rueful guise,
With heart almost burn'd to cinder,
By the sun-beams of thy eyes.

"To free damsels from disaster
Is, they say, your daily care;
Can you, then, deny a plaster
To a wounded virgin here?

"Tell me, doughty youth, who cursed thee
With such humours and ill-luck?
Was't some sullen bear dry-nursed thee,
Or she-dragon gave thee suck?

"Dulcinea, that virago,
Well may brag of such a kid;
Now her name is up, and may go
From Toledo to Madrid.

"Would she but her prize surrender,
(Judge how on thy face I dote!)
In exchange I'd gladly send her
My best gown and petticoat.

"Happy I, would fortune doom thee
But to have me near thy bed,
Stroak thee, pat thee, curry-comb thee,
And hunt o'er thy solid head!

"But I ask too much sincerely,
And I doubt I ne'er must do't;
I'd but kiss thy toe, and fairly
Get the length thus of thy foot.

"How I'd rig thee, and what riches
Should be heap'd upon thy bones;
Caps and socks, and cloaks and breeches,
Matchless pearls, and precious stones.

"Do not from above, like Nero,
See me burn, and slight my woe!
But, to quench my fires, my hero,
Cast a pitying eye below.

"I'm a virgin-pullet, truly,
One more tender ne'er was seen,
A mere chicken, fledg'd but newly;
Hang me if I'm yet fifteen.

"Wind and limb, all's tight about me,
My hair dangles to my feet;
I am straight, too; if you doubt me,
Trust your eyes, come down and see't.

"I've a bob-nose has no fellow,
And a sparrow's mouth as rare;
Teeth like topazes all yellow,
Yet I'm deem'd a beauty here.

"You know what a rare musician
(If you'd hearken) courts your choice:
I can say my disposition
Is as taking as my voice.

"These, and such like charms, I've plenty;
I'm a damsel of this place;
Let Altisidora tempt ye,
Or she's in a woful case."

Here the courting damsel ended her song, and the courted knight began his expostulation. "Why," said he, with a sigh heaved from the bottom of his heart, "why must I be so unhappy a knight, that no damsel can gaze on me without falling in love! Why must the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso be so unfortunate, as not to be permitted the single enjoyment of my transcendent fidelity? Queens, why do you envy her? Empresses, why do you persecute her? Damsels of fifteen, why do you attempt to deprive her of her right? Leave! oh! leave the unfortunate fair! Let her triumph, glory, and rejoice, in the quiet possession of the heart which love has allotted her, and the absolute sway which she bears over my yielding soul. Away, un-

welcome crowd of loving impertinents; Dulcinea alone can soften my manly temper, and mould me as she pleases. For her I am all sweetness, for you I am bitterness itself. There is to me no beauty, no prudence, no modesty, no gaiety, no nobility among your sex, but in Dulcinea alone. All other women seem to be deformed, silly, wanton, and base born, when compared with her. Nature brought me forth only that I should be devoted to her service. Let Altisidora weep or sing; let the lady despair on whose account I have received so many blows in the disastrous castle of the enchanted Moor,* still I am Dulcinea's, and hers alone, dead or alive, dutiful, unspotted, and unchanged, in spite of all the necromantic powers in the world." This said, he hastily clapped down the window, and flung himself into his bed with as high an indignation as if he had received some great affront. There let us leave him a while, in regard the great Sancho Panza calls upon us to see him commence his famous government.

* Alluding to the story of Maritornes and the carrier, in the former part of the history.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW THE GREAT SANCHO PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND IN WHAT MANNER HE BEGAN TO GOVERN

O! THOU perpetual surveyor of the antipodes, bright luminary of the world, and eye of heaven, sweet fermenter of liquids, here Timbrius called, there Phœbus, in one place an archer, in another a physician! Parent of poesy, and inventor of music, perpetual mover of the universe, who, though thou seemest sometimes to set, art always rising! O, sun, by whose assistance man begets man, on thee I call for help! Inspire me, I beseech thee, warm and illumine my gloomy imagination, that my narration may keep pace with the great Sancho Panza's actions through his government; for, without thy powerful influence, I feel myself benumbed, dispirited, and confused.—Now I proceed.

Sancho, with all his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best where the duke had