

no mind to come off worse, be sure you do not yoke with such cattle." The drover thanked him as well as he could, and away he went, and all the people admired afresh their new governor's judgment and sentences; an account of which was taken by him that was appointed to be his historiographer, and forthwith transmitted to the duke, who expected it with impatience.

Now, let us leave honest Sancho here, for his master, with great earnestness, requires our attendance, Altisidora's serenade having strangely discomposed his mind.

## CHAPTER XLVI

OF THE DREADFUL ALARM GIVEN TO DON QUIXOTE BY THE BELLS AND CATS, DURING THE COURSE OF ALTISIDORA'S AMOUR

WE left the great Don Quixote profoundly buried in the thoughts into which the enamoured Altisidora's serenade had plunged him. He threw himself into his bed; but the cares and anxieties which he brought thither with him, like so many fleas, allowed him no repose, and the misfortune of his torn stocking added to his affliction. But as time is swift, and no bolts nor chains can bar his rapid progress, posting away on the wings of the hours, the morning came on apace. At the return of light, Don Quixote, more early than the sun, forsook his downy bed, put on his shamoy apparel, and, drawing on his walking boots, concealed in one of them the disaster of his hose. He threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulder, and clapped on his valiant head his cap of green velvet edged with silver lace. Over his right shoulder he hung his belt, the

sustainer of his trusty executing sword. About his wrist he wore the rosary, which he always carried about him; and thus accoutred, with a great deal of state and majesty, he moved towards the ante-chamber, where the duke and duchess were ready dressed, and, in a manner, expecting his coming. As he went through a gallery, he met Altisidora and her companion, who waited for him in the passage; and no sooner did Altisidora espy him, than she dissembled a swooning fit, and immediately dropt into the arms of her friend, who presently began to unlace her stays. Which Don Quixote perceiving, he approached, and, turning to the damsel, "I know the meaning of all this," said he, "and whence these accidents proceed."—"You know more than I do," answered the assisting damsel; "but this I am sure of, that hitherto, there is not a damsel in this house that has enjoyed her health better than Altisidora: I never knew her make the least complaint before. A vengeance seize all the knights-errant in the world, if they are all so ungrateful. Pray, my Lord Don Quixote, retire; for this poor young creature will not come to herself while you are by."—"Madam," answered the knight, "I beg that a lute may be left in my chamber this

evening, that I may assuage this lady's grief as well as I can; for in the beginning of an amour, a speedy and free discovery of our aversion or pre-engagement is the most effectual cure." This said, he left them, that he might not be found alone with them by those that might happen to go by. He was scarce gone when Altisidora's counterfeited fit was over; and, turning to her companion, "By all means," said she, "let him have a lute; for without doubt, the knight has a mind to give us some music, and we shall have sport enough." Then they went and acquainted the duchess with their proceeding, and Don Quixote's desiring a lute; whereupon, being overjoyed at the occasion, she plotted with the duke and her woman a new contrivance, to have a little harmless sport with the Don. After this they expected, with a pleasing impatience, the return of night, which stole upon them as fast as had done the day, which the duke and duchess passed in agreeable converse with Don Quixote. The same day she dispatched a trusty page of hers, who had personated Dulcinea in the wood, to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter, and the bundle of clothes which he had left behind him, charging him to bring her back

a faithful account of every particular between them.

At last, it being eleven o'clock at night, Don Quixote retired to his apartment, and, finding a lute there, he tuned it, opened the window, and, perceiving there was somebody walking in the garden, he ran over the strings of the instrument; and having tuned it again as nicely as he could, he coughed and cleared his throat, and then, with a voice somewhat hoarse, yet not unmusical, he sang the following song, which he had composed himself that very day.

#### THE ADVICE

LOVE, a strong designing foe,  
Careless hearts with ease deceives;  
Can thy breast resist his blow,  
Which your sloth unguarded leaves?

If you're idle, you're destroy'd,  
All his art on you he tries;  
But be watchful and employ'd,  
Straight the baffled tempter flies.

Maids for modest grace admired,  
If they would their fortunes raise,  
Must in silence live retired;  
'Tis their virtue speaks their praise.

Prudent men in this agree,  
Whether arms or courts they use;  
They may trifle with the free,  
But for wives the virtuous chuse.

Wanton loves, which, in their way,  
Roving travellers put on,  
In the morn are fresh and gay,  
In the evening cold and gone.

Loves, that come with eager haste,  
Still with equal haste depart;  
For an image ill imprest  
Soon is vanished from the heart.

On a picture fair and true  
Who would paint another face?  
Sure no beauty can subdue,  
While a greater holds the place.

The divine Tobosan fair,  
Dulcinea, claims me whole;  
Nothing can her image tear;  
'Tis one substance with my soul.

Then let fortune smile or frown,  
Nothing shall my faith remove;  
Constant truth, the lover's crown,  
Can work miracles in love.

No sooner had Don Quixote made an end of his song, to which the duke, duchess, Altisidora, and almost all the people in the castle, listened all the while, than on a sudden, from an open gallery, that was directly over the knight's window, they let down a rope, with at least a hundred little tinkling bells hanging about it. After that came down a great number of cats, poured out of a huge sack, all of them with smaller bells tied to their tails. The jangling of the bells, and the squalling of

the cats, made such a dismal noise, that the very contrivers of the jest themselves were scared for the present, and Don Quixote was strangely surprised, and quite dismayed. At the same time, as ill luck would have it, two or three frightened cats leaped in through the bars of his chamber-window, and, running up and down the room like so many evil spirits, one would have thought a whole legion of devils had been flying about the chamber. They put out the candles that stood lighted there, and endeavoured to get out. Meanwhile the rope, with the bigger bells about it, was pulled up and down, and those who knew nothing of the contrivance were greatly surprised. At last, Don Quixote, recovering from his astonishment, drew his sword, and fenced and laid about him at the window, crying aloud, "Avaunt, ye wicked enchanters! hence, infernal scoundrels! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, and all your damned devices cannot work their ends against me." And then, running after the cats that frisked about the room, he began to thrust and cut at them furiously, while they strove to get out. At last they made their escape at the window, all but one of them, who, finding himself hard put to it, flew in his face, and, laying hold on

his nose with his claws and teeth, put him to such pain that the Don began to roar out as loud as he could. Thereupon the duke and the duchess, imagining the cause of his outcry, ran to his assistance immediately; and, having opened the door of his chamber with a master-key, found the poor knight struggling hard with the cat, that would not quit its hold. By the light of the candles which they had with them, they saw the unequal combat. The duke offered to interpose, and take off the animal, but Don Quixote would not permit him. "Let nobody take him off," cried he; "let me alone hand to hand with this devil, this sorcerer, this necromancer! I'll make him know what it is to deal with Don Quixote de la Mancha." But the cat, not minding his threats, growled on, and still held fast; till at length the duke got its claws unhooked from the knight's flesh, and flung the beast out at the window. Don Quixote's face was hideously scratched, and his nose in no very good condition. Yet nothing vexed him so much as that they had rescued out of his hands that villainous necromancer. Immediately some ointment was sent for, and Altisidora herself, with her own lily-white hands, applied some plasters to his sores, and whispering in his ear, as she was

dressing him, "Cruel hard-hearted knight," said she, "all these disasters are befallen thee, as a just punishment for thy obdurate stubbornness and disdain. May thy squire Sancho forget to whip himself, that thy darling Dulcinea may never be delivered from her enchantment, nor thou be ever blessed with her embraces, at least so long as I, thy neglected adorer, live." Don Quixote made no answer to all this; only he heaved up a profound sigh, and then went to take his repose, after he had returned the duke and duchess thanks, not so much for their assistance against that rascally crew of caterwauling and jangling enchanters, for he defied them all, but for their kindness and good intent. Then the duke and duchess left him, not a little troubled at the miscarriage of their jest, which they did not think would have proved so fatal to the knight, as to oblige him, as it did, to keep his chamber five days. During which time, there happened to him another adventure, more pleasant than the last; which, however, cannot be now related; for the historian must return to Sancho Panza, who was very busy, and no less pleasant in his government.

## CHAPTER XLVII

## A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF SANCHO PANZA'S BEHAVIOUR IN HIS GOVERNMENT

THE history informs us, that Sancho was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where, in a spacious room, he found the cloth laid, and a most neat and magnificent entertainment prepared. As soon as he entered, the wind-music played, and four pages waited on him, in order to the washing his hands, which he did with a great deal of gravity. And now the instruments ceasing, Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table, for there was no seat but there, and the cloth was only laid for one. A certain personage, who afterwards appeared to be a physician, came and stood at his elbow, with a whalebone wand in his hand. Then they took off a curious white cloth that lay over the dishes on the table, and discovered great variety of fruit, and other eatables. One that looked like a student said grace; a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin, and