

in this Part is, that it represents Don Quixote no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso." Upon these words, Don Quixote, burning with anger and indignation, cried out, "Whoever says that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgotten, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know, with equal arms, that he departs wholly from the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso cannot be forgotten, nor can Don Quixote be guilty of forgetfulness. *Constancy* is his motto; and, to preserve his fidelity with pleasure, and without the least constraint, is his profession."—"Who is he that answers us?" cries one of those in the next room. "Who should it be?" quoth Sancho, "but Don Quixote de la Mancha his own self, the same that will make good all he has said, and all he has to say, take my word for it; for a good paymaster never grudges to give security."

Sancho had no sooner made that answer, than in came the two gentlemen, (for they appeared to be no less,) and one of them, throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, "Your presence, sir knight," said he, "does not belie your reputation, nor can your reputation fail to raise a respect for your presence. You are certainly the true Don Quixote de la

Mancha, the north-star and luminary of chivalry-errant, in despite of him that has attempted to usurp your name, and annihilate your achievements, as the\* author of this book, which I here deliver into your hands, has presumed to do." With that he took the book from his friend, and gave it to Don Quixote. The knight took it, and, without saying a word, began to turn over the leaves; and then, returning it a while after, "In the little I have seen," said he, "I have found three things in this author that deserve reprehension. First, I find fault with some words in his preface. In the second place, his language is Arragonian, for sometimes he writes without articles. And the third thing I have observed, which betrays most his ignorance, is, he is out of the way in one of the principal parts of the history; for there he says, that the wife of my squire, Sancho Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez, which is not true, for her name is Teresa Panza; and he that errs in so considerable a passage, may well be suspected to have committed many gross errors through the whole history."—"A

\* An Arragonian published a book, which he called the Second Part of Don Quixote, before our author had printed this. See the Preface of this Second Part, and the account of the life of Cervantes, who brings this in by way of invective against that Arragonian.



pretty impudent fellow is this same history-writer!" cried Sancho. "Sure he knows much what belongs to our concerns, to call my wife Teresa Panza, Mary Gutierrez! Pray, take the book again, if it like your worship, and see whether he says any thing of me, and whether he has not changed my name too."—"Sure, by what you have said, honest man," said Don Jeronimo, "you should be Sancho Panza, squire to Signor Don Quixote?"—"So I am," quoth Sancho, "and I am proud of the office."—"Well," said the gentleman, "to tell you the truth, the last author does not treat you so civilly as you seem to deserve. He represents you as a glutton and a fool, without the least grain of wit or humour, and very different from the Sancho we have in the first part of your master's history."—"Heaven forgive him," quoth Sancho; "he might have left me where I was, without offering to meddle with me. Every man's nose will not make a shoeing horn. Let us leave the world as it is. St Peter is very well at Rome." Presently the two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them in their chamber, for they knew there was nothing to be got in the inn fit for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was always very complaisant, could not deny their

request, and went with them. Sancho staid behind with the flesh-pot, *cum mero mixto imperio*;\* he placed himself at the upper end of the table, with the innkeeper for his mess-mate; for he was no less a lover of cow-heels than the squire.

While Don Quixote was at supper with the gentlemen, Don John asked him when he heard of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso—whether she were married—whether she had any children, or were with child or no—or whether, continuing still in her maiden state, and preserving her honour and reputation unstained, she had a grateful sense of the love and constancy of Signor Don Quixote.—“Dulcinea is still a virgin,” answered Don Quixote, “and my amorous thoughts more fixed than ever; our correspondence after the old rate, not frequent, but her beauty transformed into the homely appearance of a female rustic.” And with that he told the gentlemen the whole story of her being enchanted, what had befallen him in the cave of Montesinos, and the means that the sage Merlin had prescribed to free her from enchantment,

\* That is, with a deputed or subordinate power. *Merum imperium*, according to the Civilians, is that residing in the sovereign. *Merum mixtum imperium*, is that delegated to vassals or magistrates, in causes civil or criminal.



which was Sancho's penance of three thousand three hundred lashes. The gentlemen were extremely pleased to hear from Don Quixote's own mouth the strange passages of his history; equally wondering at the nature of his extravagances, and his elegant manner of relating them. One minute they looked upon him to be in his senses, and the next, they thought he had lost them all; so that they could not resolve what degree to assign him between madness and sound judgment.

By this time Sancho having eaten his supper, and left his landlord, moved to the room where his master was with the two strangers; and as he bolted in, "Hang me," quoth he, "gentlemen, if he that made the book your worships have got, could have a mind that he and I should ever take a loving cup together: I wish, as he calls me greedy-gut, he does not set me out for a drunkard too."—"Nay," said Don Jeronimo, "he does not use you better as to that point, though I cannot well remember his expressions. Only this I know, they are scandalous and false, as I perceive by the physiognomy of sober Sancho here present."—"Take my word for it, gentlemen," quoth the squire, "the Sancho and the Don Quixote in your book, I do not know who they be, but

they are not the same men as those in Cid Hamet Benengeli's history, for we two are they, just such as Benengeli makes us; my master valiant, discreet, and in love; and I a plain, merry-conceited fellow, but neither a glutton nor a drunkard."—"I believe you," said Don John, "and I could wish, were such a thing possible, that all other writers whatsoever were forbidden to record the deeds of the great Don Quixote, except Cid Hamet, his first author; as Alexander forbade all other painters to draw his picture, except Apelles."—"Let any one draw mine, if he pleases," said Don Quixote; "but let him not abuse the original; for when patience is loaded with injuries, many times it sinks under its burden."—"No injury," replied Don John, "can be offered to Signor Don Quixote, but what he is able to revenge, or at least ward off with the shield of his patience, which, in my opinion, is very great and powerful."

In such discourse they spent a good part of the night; and though Don John endeavoured to persuade Don Quixote to read more of the book, to see how the author had handled his subject, he could by no means prevail with him; the knight giving him to understand he had enough of it, and as much as if he had read it



throughout, concluding it to be all of a piece, and nonsense all over; and that he would not encourage the scribbler's vanity so far as to let him think he had read it, should it ever come to his ears that the book had fallen into his hands; well knowing we ought to avoid defiling our thoughts, and much more our eyes, with vile and obscene matters.

They asked him, which way he was travelling? He told them he was going for Saragossa, to make one at the tournaments held in that city once a-year, for the prize of armour. Don John acquainted him, that the pretended Second Part of his History gave an account how Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been at Saragossa, at a public running at the ring, the description of which was wretched, and defective in the contrivance, mean and low in the style and expression, and miserably poor in devices, all made up of foolish idle stuff. "For that reason," said Don Quixote, "I will not set a foot in Saragossa; and so the world shall see what a notorious lie this new historian is guilty of! and all mankind shall perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of."—"You do very well," said Don Jeronimo; "besides, there is another tournament at Barcelona, where you may signalize your valour."—"I

design to do so," replied Don Quixote: "and so, gentlemen, give me leave to bid you good night, and permit me to go to bed, for it is time; and pray place me in the number of your best friends, and most faithful servants."—"And me too," quoth Sancho; "for mayhap you may find me good for something."

Having taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving the two strangers in admiration, to think what a medley the knight had made of good sense and extravagance; but fully satisfied, however, that these two persons were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those obtruded upon the public by the Arragonian author.

Early in the morning Don Quixote got up, and knocking at a thin wall that parted his chamber from that of the gentlemen, he took his leave of them. Sancho paid the host nobly, but advised him either to keep better provisions in his inn, or to commend it less.