

## CHAPTER LX

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE GOING TO  
BARCELONA

THE morning was cool, and seemed to promise a temperate day, when Don Quixote left the inn, having first informed himself which was the readiest way to Barcelona; for he was resolved he would not so much as see Saragossa, that he might prove that new author a liar, who, as he was told, had so misrepresented him in the pretended Second Part of his History. For the space of six days he travelled without meeting any adventure worthy of memory; but the seventh, having lost his way, and being overtaken by the night, he was obliged to stop in a thicket, either of oaks or cork-trees; for in this Cid Hamet does not observe the same punctuality he has kept in other matters. There both master and man dismounted, and laying themselves down at the foot of the trees, Sancho, who had handsomely filled his belly that day, easily resigned himself into the arms of sleep. But

Don Quixote, whom his chimeras kept awake much more than hunger, could not so much as close his eyes; his working thoughts being hurried to a thousand several places. This time he fancied himself in Montesinos's cave; fancied he saw his Dulcinea, perverted as she was into a country hoyden, jump at a single leap upon her ass colt. The next moment he thought he heard the sage Merlin's voice, heard him in awful words relate the means required to effect her disenchantment. Presently a fit of despair seized him; he was stark mad to think on Sancho's remissness and want of charity, the squire having not given him above five lashes, a small and inconsiderable number, in proportion to the quantity of the penance still behind. This reflection so nettled him, and so aggravated his vexation, that he could not forbear thinking on some extraordinary methods. If Alexander the Great, thought he, when he could not untie the Gordian knot, said, it is the same thing to cut or to undo, and so slashed it asunder, and yet became the sovereign of the world, why may not I free Dulcinea from enchantment by whipping Sancho myself, whether he will or no? For, if the condition of this remedy consists in Sancho's receiving three thousand and odd

lashes, what does it signify to me whether he gives himself those blows, or another gives them him, since the stress lies upon his receiving them, by what means soever they are given? Full of that conceit, he came up to Sancho, having first taken the reins of Rozinante's bridle, and fitted them to his purpose of lashing him with them. He then began to untruss Sancho's points; and it is a received opinion that he had but one that was used before, which held up his breeches; but he no sooner fell to work, than Sancho started out of his sleep, and was thoroughly awake in an instant. "What is here?" cried he; "who is it that fumbles about me, and untrusses my points?"—"It is I," answered Don Quixote; "I am come to repair thy negligence, and to seek the remedy of my torments: I am come to whip thee, Sancho, and to discharge, in part at least, that debt for which thou standest engaged. Dulcinea perishes, while thou livest careless of her fate, and I die with desire. Untruss, therefore, freely and willingly; for I am resolved, while we are here alone in this recess, to give thee at least two thousand stripes."—"Hold you there," quoth Sancho; "pray be quiet, will you?—Body of me, let me alone, or I protest deaf men shall hear us!

The jirks I am bound to give myself are to be voluntary, not forced; and at this time I have no mind to be whipped at all: Let it suffice that I promise you to firk and scourge myself when the humour takes me."—"No," said Don Quixote, "there is no standing to thy courtesy, Sancho; for thou art hard-hearted; and, though a clown, yet thou art tender of thy flesh;" and so saying, he strove with all his force to untie the squire's points; which, when Sancho perceived, he started up on his legs, and setting upon his master, closed with him, tripped up his heels, threw him fairly upon his back, and then set his knee upon his breast, and held his hands fast, so that he could hardly stir, or fetch his breath. Don Quixote, overpowered thus, cried, "How now, traitor! what, rebel against thy master, against thy natural lord, against him that gives thee bread!"—"I neither mar king nor make king," quoth Sancho; "I do but defend myself, that am naturally my own lord. If your worship will promise to let me alone, and give over the thoughts of whipping me at this time, I will

\* Henry the Bastard, afterwards king of Castile, being about to murder Pedro, the lawful king, as they struggled, he fell under him, when Bertram Claquin, a Frenchman that served Henry, coming to his assistance, turned him a-top of Pedro, speaking at the same time those words that Sancho repeats.

let you rise, and will leave you at liberty; if not, here thou diest, traitor to Donna Sancho." Don Quixote gave his parole of honour, and swore by the life of his best thoughts not to touch so much as a hair of Sancho's coat,\* but entirely leave it to his discretion to whip himself when he thought fit. With that Sancho got up from him, and removed his quarters to another place at a good distance; but as he went to lean against a tree, he perceived something bobbing at his head; and, lifting up his hands, found it to be a man's feet, with shoes and stockings on. Quaking for fear, he moved off to another tree, where the like impending horror dangled over his head. Straight he called out to Don Quixote for help. Don Quixote came, and inquired into the occasion of his fright; Sancho answered, that all those trees were full of men's feet and legs. Don Quixote began to search and grope about, and falling presently into the account of the business, "Fear nothing, Sancho," said he, "there is no danger at all; for what thou feelest in the dark are certainly the feet and

\* *Ropa*, in the original; which signifies all that belongs to a man's clothing. Stevens translates it *hair of his head*. The French translator has it right, *poil de la robe*. How Jarvis has it I know not; but I make no doubt of its being right, as having been supervised by the learned and polite Dr O——d and Mr P——.

legs of some banditti and robbers that have been hanged upon those trees, for here the officers of justice hang them up by twenties and thirties in clusters, by which I suppose we cannot be far from Barcelona;" and indeed he guessed right.

And now day breaking, they lifted up their eyes, and saw the bodies of the highwaymen hanging on the trees: But if the dead surprised them, how much more were they disturbed at the appearance of above forty live banditti, who poured upon them, and surrounded them in a sudden, charging them in the Catalan tongue, to stand till their captain came.

Don Quixote found himself on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance against a tree at some distance, and, in short, void of all defence; and, therefore, he was forced to put his arms across, hold down his head, and shrug up his shoulders, reserving himself for a better opportunity. The robbers presently fell to work, and began to rifle Dapple, leaving on his back nothing of what he carried, either in the wallet or the cloak-bag; and it was very well for Sancho that the duke's pieces of gold, and those he brought from home, were hidden in a girdle about his waist; though, for all that, those honest gentlemen would certainly have

taken the pains to have searched and surveyed him all over, and would have had the gold, though they had stripped him of his skin to come at it; but by good fortune their captain came in the interim. He seemed about four-and-thirty years of age, his body robust, his stature tall, his visage austere, and his complexion swarthy. He was mounted on a strong horse, wore a coat of mail, and no less than two pistols on each side. Perceiving that his squires (for so they call men of that profession in those parts,) were going to strip Sancho, he ordered them to forbear, and was instantly obeyed; by which means the girdle escaped. He wondered to see a lance reared up against a tree, a shield on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour, and pensive, with the saddest, most melancholy countenance that despair itself could frame. Coming up to him, "Be not so sad, honest man," said he; "you have not fallen into the hands of some cruel Busiris, but into those of Roque Guinart, a man rather compassionate than severe."—"I am not sad," answered Don Quixote, "for having fallen into thy power, valorous Roque, whose boundless fame spreads through the universe, but for having been so remiss, as to be surprised by thy soldiers with my horse unbridled; whereas,

according to the order of chivalry-errant, which I profess, I am obliged to live always upon my guard, and at all hours be my own sentinel; for, let me tell thee, great Roque, had they met me mounted on my steed, armed with my shield and lance, they would have found it no easy task to make me yield; for know, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the same whose exploits are celebrated through all the habitable globe."

Roque Guinart found out immediately Don Quixote's blind side, and judged there was more madness than valour in the case. Now, though he had several times heard him mentioned in discourse, he could never believe what was related of him to be true, nor could he be persuaded that such a humour should reign in any man; for which reason, he was very glad to have met him, that experience might convince him of the truth. Therefore, addressing himself to him, "Valorous knight," said he, "vex not yourself, nor tax fortune with unkindness; for it may happen, that what you look upon now as a sad accident, may redound to your advantage: For Heaven, by strange and unaccountable ways, beyond the reach of human imagination, uses to raise up those that are fallen, and fill the poor with riches." Don Quixote was going to return

him thanks, when from behind them they heard a noise like the trampling of several horses, though it was occasioned but by one; on which came, full speed, a person that looked like a gentleman, about twenty years of age. He was clad in green damask, edged with gold galloon, suitable to his waistcoat, and a hat turned up behind, strait wax-leather boots, his spurs, sword, and dagger, gilt, a light bird-piece in his hand, and a case of pistols before him. Roque, having turned his head to the noise, discovered the handsome apparition; which, approaching nearer, spoke to him in this manner: "You are the gentleman I looked for, valiant Roque; for with you I may perhaps find some comfort, though not a remedy in my affliction. In short, not to hold you in suspense, (for I am sensible you do not know me,) I will tell you who I am. My name is Claudia Jeronima; I am the daughter of your particular friend Simon Forte, sworn foe to Clauquel Torrelas, who is also your enemy, being one of your adverse faction. You already know this Torrelas had a son, whom they called Don Vincente Torrelas, at least he was called so within these two hours. That son of his, to be short in my sad story, I will tell you in four words what sorrow he has brought me

to. He saw me, courted me, was heard, and was beloved. Our amour was carried on with so much secrecy, that my father knew nothing of it; for there is no woman, though ever so retired and closely looked to, but can find time enough to compass and fulfil her unruly desires. In short, he made me a promise of marriage, and I the like to him, but without proceeding any further. Now, yesterday I understood, that forgetting his engagements to me, he was going to wed another, and that they were to be married this morning; a piece of news that quite distracted me, and made me lose all patience. Therefore, my father being out of town, I took the opportunity of equipping myself as you see, and, by the speed of this horse, overtook Don Vincente about a league hence, where, without urging my wrongs, or staying to hear his excuses, I fired at him, not only with this piece, but with both my pistols, and, as I believe, shot him through the body; thus, with his heart's blood, washing away the stains of my honour. This done, there I left him to his servants, who neither dared, nor could prevent the sudden execution; and came to seek your protection, that, by your means, I may be conducted into France, where I have relations to entertain me; and withal to beg of you to

defend my father from Don Vincente's party, who might otherwise revenge his death upon our family."

Roque admiring at once the resolution, agreeable deportment, and handsome figure of the beautiful Claudia, "Come, madam," said he, "let us first be assured of your enemy's death, and then consider what is to be done for you."—"Hold," cried Don Quixote, who had hearkened with great attention to all this discourse, "none of you need trouble yourselves with this affair, the defence of the lady is my province. Give me my horse and arms, and stay for me here: I will go and find out this knight, and, dead or alive, force him to perform his obligations to so great a beauty."—"Ay, ay," quoth Sancho, "you may take his word for it, my master has a rare stroke at making matches: it is but the other day he made a young rogue yield to marry a maid whom he would have left in the lurch, after he was promised to her; and had it not been for the enchanters, that plague his worship, who transmogrified the bridegroom into a footman, and broke off the match, the said maid had been none by this time."

Roque was so much taken up with the thoughts of Claudia's adventure, that he little

minded either master or man; but ordering his squires to restore what they had taken from Dapple to Sancho, and to retire to the place where they had quartered the night before, he went off upon the spur with Claudia to find the expiring Don Vincente. They got to the place where Claudia met him, and found nothing but the marks of blood newly spilt; but, looking round about them, they discovered a company of people at a distance on the side of a hill, and presently judged them to be Don Vincente carried by his servants, either to his cure or burial. They hastened to overtake them, which they soon effected, the others going but slowly; and they found the young gentleman in the arms of his servants, desiring them, with a spent and fainting voice, to let him die in that place, his wounds paining him so that he could not bear going any farther. Claudia and Roque dismounting, hastily came up to him. The servants were startled at the appearance of Roque, and Claudia was troubled at the sight of Don Vincente; and, divided between anger and compassion, "Had you given me this, and made good your promise," said she to him, laying hold of his hand, "you had never brought this misfortune upon yourself." The wounded gentleman, lifting up

his languishing eyes, and knowing Claudia, "Now do I see," said he, "my fair deluded mistress, it is you that has given me the fatal blow, a punishment never deserved by the innocent, unfortunate Vincente, whose actions and desires had no other end but that of serving his Claudia."—"What, sir," answered she presently, "can you deny that you went this morning to marry Leonora, the daughter of wealthy Belvastro?"—"It is all a false report," answered he, "raised by my evil stars to spur up your jealousy to take my life, which, since I leave in your fair hands, I reckon well disposed of; and, to confirm this truth, give me your hand, and receive mine, the last pledge of love and life, and take me for your husband: It is the only satisfaction I have to give for the imaginary wrong you suspect I have committed." Claudia pressed his hand, and being pierced at once to the very heart, dropped on his bloody breast into a swoon, and Don Vincente fainted away in a deadly trance.

Roque's concern struck him senseless, and the servants ran for water to throw on the faces of the unhappy couple; by which at last Claudia came to herself again, but Don Vincente never waked from his trance, but breathed out the last remainder of his life. When Claudia

perceived this, and could no longer doubt but that her dear husband was irrecoverably dead, she burst the air with her sighs, and wounded the heavens with her complaints. She tore her hair, scattered it in the wind, and with her merciless hands, disfigured her face, shewing all the lively marks of grief that the first sallies of despair can discover. "O cruel and inconsiderate woman!" cried she, "how easily wast thou set on this barbarous execution! Oh, madding sting of jealousy, how desperate are thy motions, and how tragic the effects! Oh, my unfortunate husband, whose sincere love and fidelity to me have thus, for his nuptial bed, brought him to the cold grave!" Thus the poor lady went on, in so sad and moving a strain, that even Roque's rugged temper now melted into tears, which on all occasions had still been strangers to his eyes. The servants wept and lamented; Claudia relapsed into her swooning as fast as they found means to bring her to life again; and the whole appearance was a most moving scene of sorrow. At last Roque Guinart bid Don Vincente's servants carry his body to his father's house, which was not far distant, in order to have it buried. Claudia communicated to Roque her resolution of retiring into a monastery, where an aunt of