

hers was abbess, there to spend the rest of her life, wedded to a better and an immortal bridegroom. He commended her pious resolution, offering to conduct her whither she pleased, and to protect her father and family from all assaults and practices of the most dangerous enemies. Claudia made a modest excuse for declining his company, and took leave of him weeping. Don Vincente's servants carried off the dead body, and Roque returned to his men. Thus ended Claudia Jeronima's amour, brought to so lamentable a catastrophe by the prevailing force of a cruel and desperate jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his crew where he had appointed, and Don Quixote in the middle of them, mounted on Rozinante, and declaiming very copiously against their way of living, at once dangerous to their bodies, and destructive to their souls; but his auditory being chiefly composed of Gascoigners, a wild unruly kind of people, all his morality was thrown away upon them. Roque, upon his arrival, asked Sancho, if they had restored him all his things. "Every thing, sir," answered Sancho, "but three night-caps, that are worth a king's ransom."—"What says the fellow?" cried one of the robbers; "here they be, and they are not worth three reals."—"As to the intrinsic

value," replied Don Quixote, "they may be worth no more; but it is the merit of the person that gave them me, that raises their value to that price."

Roque ordered them to be restored immediately; and, commanding his men to draw up in a line, he caused all the clothes, jewels, money, and all the other booty they had got since the last distribution, to be brought before him; then, readily appraising every particular, and reducing into money what could not be divided, he cast up the account of the whole, and then made a just dividend into parts, paying to every man his exact and due proportion with so much prudence and equity, that he failed not in the least point of distributive justice. The booty thus shared to the general satisfaction, "If it were not for this punctual management," said Roque, turning to Don Quixote, "there would be no living among us."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "justice must needs be a good thing, and the old proverb still holds good, Thieves are never rogues among themselves." One of the banditti, overhearing him, cocked his gun, and would certainly have shot him through the head, had not the captain commanded him to hold. Poor Sancho was struck as mute as a fish, and resolved not to

open his lips once more, till he got into better company.

By this time came one or two of their scouts that were posted on the road, and informed their captain, that they had discovered a great company of travellers on the way to Barcelona. "Are they such as we look for," asked Roque, "or such as look for us?"—"Such as we look for, sir," answered the fellow. "Away then," cried Roque, "all of you, my boys, and bring them me hither straight, let none escape." The squires presently obeyed the word of command, and left Don Quixote, Roque, and Sancho, to wait their return. In the mean time, Roque entertained the knight with some remarks on his way of living. "I should not wonder," said he, "Signor Don Quixote, that our life should appear to you a restless complication of hazards and disquiets; for it is no more than what daily experience has made me sensible of. You must know, that this barbarity and austere behaviour which I affect to shew is a pure force upon my nature, being urged to this extremity by the resentment of some severe injuries, which I could not put up with without a satisfactory revenge, and now I am in, I must go through; one sin draws on another, in spite of my better designs; and I am now involved

in such a chain of wrongs, factions, abettors, and engagements, that no less than the divine power of providence can free me from this maze of confusion: Nevertheless, I despair not still of a successful end of my misfortunes."

Don Quixote, being surprised to hear such sound sense and sober reflection come from one whose disorderly profession was so opposite to discretion and politeness; "Signor Roque," said he, "it is a great step to health, for a man to understand his distemper, and the compliance of the patient to the rules of physic is reckoned half the cure. You appear sensible of the malady, and therefore may reasonably expect a remedy, though your disease, being fixed by a long inveteracy, must subject you (I am afraid) to a tedious course. The Almighty Physician will apply effectual medicines; therefore be of good heart, and do your part towards the recovery of your sick conscience. If you have a mind to take the shortest road to happiness, immediately abandon the fatal profession you now follow, and come under my tuition, to be instructed in the rules of knight-errantry, which will soon expiate your offences, and entitle you to honour and true felicity." Roque smiled to hear Don Quixote's serious advice, and, changing the discourse,

gave him an account of Claudia Jeronima's tragical adventure, which grieved Sancho to the heart; for the beauty, life, and spirit of the young damsel, had not a little wrought upon his affections.

By this time Roque's party had brought in their prize, consisting of two gentlemen on horseback, and two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by some half dozen servants on foot and on horseback, besides two muleteers that belonged to the two gentlemen. They were all conducted in solemn order, surrounded by the victors, both they and the vanquished being silent, and expecting the definite sentence of the grand Roque. He first asked the gentlemen who they were? Whither bound? And what money they had about them? They answered that they were both captains of Spanish foot, and their companies were at Naples; and they designed to embark on the four galleys which they heard were bound for Sicily, and their whole stock amounted to two or three hundred crowns, which they thought a pretty sum of money for men of their profession, who seldom use to hoard up riches. The pilgrims, being examined in like manner, said, they intended to embark for Rome, and had about

some threescore reals between them both. Upon examining the coach, he was informed by one of the servants, that my lady Donna Guiomar de Quinonnes, wife to a judge of Naples, with her little daughter, a chambermaid, and an old duenna, together with six other servants, had among them all about six hundred crowns. "So then," said Roque, "we have got here in all nine hundred crowns and sixty reals. I think I have got about threescore soldiers here with me. Now, among so many men, how much will fall to each particular share? Let me see, for I am none of the best accountants. Cast it up gentlemen." The highwaymen, hearing this, cried, "Long live Roque Guinart, and damn the dogs that seek his ruin!" The officers looked simply, the lady was sadly dejected, and the pilgrims were no less cast down, thinking this a very odd confiscation of their little stock. Roque held them a while in suspense, to observe their humours, which he found all very plainly to agree in that point, of being melancholy for the loss of their money: Then turning to the officers, "Do me the favour, captains," said he, "to lend me threescore crowns; and you, madam, if your ladyship pleases, shall oblige me with fourscore, to

gratify these honest gentlemen of my squadron: It is our whole estate and fortune; and you know, the abbot dines on what he sings for. Therefore I hope you will excuse our demands, which will free you from any more disturbance of this nature, being secured by a pass, which I shall give you, directed to the rest of my squadrons that are posted in these parts, and who, by virtue of my order, will let you go unmolested; for I scorn to wrong a soldier, and I must not fail in my respects, madam, to the fair sex, especially to ladies of your quality."

The captains, with all the grace they could, thanked him for his great civility and liberality, for so they esteemed his letting them keep their own money. The lady would have thrown herself out of the coach at his feet, but Roque would not suffer it, rather excusing the presumption of his demands, which he was forced to, in pure compliance with the necessity of his fortune. The lady then ordered her servant to pay the fourscore crowns; the officers disbursed their quota, and the pilgrims made an oblation of their mite; but Roque ordering them to wait a little, and turning to his men, "Gentlemen," said he, "here are two crowns a-piece for each of you, and twenty

over and above. Now let us bestow ten of them on these poor pilgrims, and the other ten on this honest squire, that he may give us a good word in his travels." So, calling for pen, ink, and paper, of which he always went provided, he wrote a passport for them, directed to the commanders of his several parties, and taking his leave, dismissed them; all wondering at his greatness of soul, that spoke rather an Alexander than a professed highwayman. One of his men began to mutter in his Catalan language, "This captain of ours is plaguy charitable; he would make a better friar than a pad; come, come, if he has a mind to be so liberal, forsooth, let his own pocket, not ours, pay for it." The wretch spoke not so low, but he was overheard by Roque, who, whipping out his sword, with one stroke almost cleft his skull in two. "Thus it is I punish mutiny," said he. All the rest stood motionless, and durst not mutter one word, so great was the awe they bore him. Roque then withdrew a little, and wrote a letter to a friend of his in Barcelona, to let him know, that the famous knight-errant, Don Quixote, of whom so many strange things were reported, was with him, that he might be sure to find him on Midsummer-day on the

great quay of that city, armed at all points, mounted on Rozinante, and his squire on an ass; that he was a most pleasant ingenious person, and would give great satisfaction to him and his friends the Niarros, for which reason he gave them this notice of the Don's coming; adding, that he should by no means let the Cadells, his enemies, partake of this pleasure, as being unworthy of it: But how was it possible to conceal from them, or any body else, the folly and discretion of Don Quixote, and the buffoonery of Sancho Panza! He delivered the letter to one of his men, who, changing his highway clothes to a countryman's habit, went to Barcelona, and gave it as directed.

CHAPTER LXI

DON QUIXOTE'S ENTRY INTO BARCELONA, WITH
OTHER ACCIDENTS THAT HAVE LESS INGENUITY
THAN TRUTH IN THEM

DON QUIXOTE staid three days and three nights with Roque, and had he tarried as many hundred years, he might have found subject enough for admiration in that kind of life. They slept in one place, and ate in another, sometimes fearing they knew not what, then lying in wait for they knew not whom. Sometimes forced to steal a nap standing, never enjoying a sound sleep. Now in this side the country, then presently in another quarter; always upon the watch, spies hearkening, scouts listening, carbines presenting; though of such heavy guns they had but few, being armed generally with pistols. Roque himself slept apart from the rest, making no man privy to his lodgings; for so many were the proclamations against him from the viceroy of Barcelona, and such were his disquiets and fears of being betrayed by some of his men, for