

impossible to discover the cheat. Don Antonio himself was the first that made his application to the ear of the head, close to which, speaking in a voice just loud enough to be heard by the company, "Tell me, O head," said he, "by that mysterious virtue wherewith thou art endued, what are my thoughts at present?" The head, in a distinct and intelligible voice, though without moving the lips, answered, "I am no judge of thoughts." They were all astonished at the voice, being sensible nobody was in the room to answer. "How many of us are there in the room?" said Don Antonio again. The voice answered, in the same key, "Thou, and thy wife, two of thy friends, and two of hers, a famous knight, called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his squire, Sancho Panza by name." Now their astonishment was greater than before; now they wondered indeed, and the hair of some of them stood on end with amazement. "It is enough," said Don Antonio, stepping aside from the head, "I am convinced it was no impostor sold thee to me, sage head, discoursing head, oraculous, miraculous head! Now, let somebody else try their fortunes." As women are generally most curious and inquisitive, one of the dancing ladies, venturing up to it, "Tell me, head,"

said she, "what shall I do to be truly beautiful?"—"Be honest," answered the head.—"I have done," replied the lady. Her companion then came on, and, with the same curiosity, "I would know," said she, "whether my husband loves me or no." The head answered, "Observe his usage, and that will tell thee."—"Truly," said the married lady to herself, as she withdrew, "that question was needless; for, indeed, a man's actions are the surest tokens of the dispositions of his mind."—Next came up one of Don Antonio's friends, and asked, "Who am I?" The answer was, "Thou knowest."—"That is from the question," replied the gentleman; "I would have thee tell me whether thou knowest me."—"I do," answered the head; "thou art Don Pedro Norris."—"It is enough, O head," said the gentleman, "thou hast convinced me that thou knowest all things." So, making room for somebody else, his friend advanced, and asked the head what his eldest son and heir desired. "I have already told thee," said the head, "that I was no judge of thoughts; however, I will tell thee, that what thy heir desires is to bury thee."—"It is so," replied the gentleman; "what I see with my eye I mark with my finger; I know enough."

Don Antonio's lady asked the next question. "I do not well know what to ask thee," said she to the head; "only tell me whether I shall long enjoy my dear husband."—"Thou shalt," answered the head; "for his healthy constitution and temperance promise length of days, while those who live too fast are not like to live long." Next came Don Quixote. "Tell me, thou oracle," said he, "was what I reported of my adventures in Montesinos' cave a dream or reality? will Sancho my squire fulfil his promise, and scourge himself effectually? and shall Dulcinea be disenchantèd?"—"As for the adventures in the cave," answered the head, "there is much to be said; they have something of both; Sancho's whipping shall go on but leisurely; however, Dulcinea shall at last be really freed from enchantment."—"That is all I desire to know," said Don Quixote, "for the whole stress of my good fortune depends on Dulcinea's disenchantment." Then Sancho made the last application. "If it please you, Mr Head," quoth he, "shall I chance to have another government? shall I ever get clear of this starving squire-errant? and shall I ever see my own fire-side again?" The head answered, "Thou shalt be a governor in thine own house; if thou goest home thou

mayest see thy own fire-side again, and if thou leavest off thy service, thou shalt get clear of thy squireship."—"Gadzookers!" cried Sancho, "that is a very good one, I vow! A horse-head might have told all this; I could have prophesied thus much myself."—"How now, brute," said Don Quixote, "what answers wouldst thou have but what are pertinent to thy questions?"—"Nay," quoth Sancho, "since you will have it so, it shall be so; I only wish Mr Head would have told me a little more concerning the matter."

Thus, the questions proposed, and the answers returned, were brought to a period; but the amazement continued among all the company, except Don Antonio's two friends, who understood the mystery, which Benengeli is resolved now to discover, that the world should be no longer amazed with an erroneous opinion of any magic or witchcraft operating in the head. He therefore tells you, that Don Antonio Moreno, to divert himself, and surprise the ignorant, had this made, in imitation of such another device which he had seen contrived by a statuary at Madrid.

The manner of it was thus: the table, and the frame on which it stood, the feet of which resembled four eagles' claws, were of wood,

painted and varnished like jasper. The head, which looked like the bust of a Roman emperor, and of a brass colour, was all hollow, and so were the feet of the table, which answered exactly to the neck and breast of the head; the whole so artificially fixed, that it seemed to be all of a piece; through this cavity ran a tin pipe, conveyed into it by a passage through the ceiling of the room under the table. He that was to answer, set his mouth to the end of the pipe in the chamber underneath, and by the hollowness of the trunk, received their questions, and delivered his answers, in clear and articulate words, so that the imposture could scarcely be discovered. The oracle was managed by a young, ingenious gentleman, Don Antonio's nephew, who, having his instructions beforehand from his uncle, was able to answer, readily and directly, to the first questions, and, by conjectures or evasions, make a return handsomely to the rest, with the help of his ingenuity. Cid Hamet informs us further, that, during ten or twelve days after this, the wonderful machine continued in mighty repute; but, at last, the noise of Don Antonio's having an enchanted head in his house, that gave answers to all questions, began to fly about the city; and, as he feared this would reach the

ears of the watchful sentinels of our faith, he thought fit to give an account of the whole matter to the reverend inquisitors, who ordered him to break it to pieces, lest it should give occasion of scandal among the ignorant vulgar. But still the head passed for an oracle, and a piece of enchantment, with Don Quixote and Sancho; though, the truth is, the knight was much better satisfied in the matter than the squire.

The gentry of the city, in complaisance to Don Antonio, and for Don Quixote's more splendid entertainment, or, rather, to make his madness a more public diversion, appointed a running at the ring about six days after; but this was broken off upon an occasion that afterwards happened.

Don Quixote had a mind to take a turn in the city on foot, that he might avoid the crowd of boys that followed him when he rode. He went out with Sancho, and two of Don Antonio's servants, that attended him by their master's order; and, passing through a certain street, Don Quixote looked up, and spied, written over a door, in great letters, these words, "Here is a printing-house." This discovery pleased the knight extremely, having now an opportunity of seeing a printing-press

—a thing he had never seen before; and, therefore, to satisfy his curiosity, in he went, with all his train. There he saw some working off the sheets, others correcting the forms, some in one place, picking of letters out of the cases, in another, some looking over a proof; in short, all the variety that is to be seen in great printing-houses. He went from one workman to another, and was very inquisitive to know what everybody had in hand, and they were not backward to satisfy his curiosity. At length, coming to one of the compositors, and asking him what he was about, “Sir,” said the printer, “this gentleman here,” shewing a likely sort of a man, something grave, and not young, “has translated a book out of Italian into Spanish, and I am setting some of it here for the press.”—“What is the name of it, pray?” said Don Quixote. “Sir,” answered the author, “the title of it in Italian is *Le Bagatele*.”—“And pray, sir,” asked Don Quixote, “what is the meaning of that word in Spanish?”—“Sir,” answered the gentleman, “*Le Bagatele* is as much as to say, *Trifles*; but though the title promises so little, yet the contents are matters of importance.”—“I am a little conversant in the Italian,” said the knight, “and value myself upon singing some

stanzas of Ariosto; therefore, sir, without any offence, and not doubting of your skill, but merely to satisfy my curiosity, pray, tell me, have ever you met with such a word as *pignata* in Italian?”—“Yes, very often, sir,” answered the author. “And how do you render it, pray, sir?” said Don Quixote. “How should I render it, sir,” replied the translator, “but by the word *porridge-pot*?”—“Body of me!” cried Don Quixote, “you are master of the Italian idiom. I dare hold a good wager, that, where the Italian says *piace* you translate it *please*; where it says *piu* you render it *more*; *su*, above, and *giu*, beneath.”—“Most certainly, sir,” answered the other, “for such are their proper significations.”—“What rare parts,” said Don Quixote, “are lost to mankind, for want of their being exerted and known! I dare swear, sir, that the world is backward in encouraging your merit. But it is the fate of all ingenious men. How many of them are cramped up and discountenanced by a narrow fortune! and how many, in spite of the most laborious industry, discouraged! Though, by the way, sir, I think this kind of version from one language to another, except it be from the noblest of tongues, the Greek and Latin, is like viewing a piece of Flemish tapestry on the

wrong side, where, though the figures are distinguishable, yet there are so many ends and threads, that the beauty and exactness of the work is obscured, and not so advantageously discerned as on the right side of the hangings. Neither can this barren employment of translating out of easy languages, shew either wit or mastery of style, no more than copying a piece of writing by a precedent; though, still, the business of translating wants not its commendations, since men very often may be worse employed. As a further proof of its merits, we have Doctor Christoval de Figuero's translation of Pastor Fido, and Don Juan de Xaurigui's *Aminta*—pieces so excellently well done, that they have made them purely their own, and left the reader in doubt which was the translation, and which the original. But tell me, pray, sir, do you print your book at your own charge, or have you sold the copy to a bookseller?"

"Why, truly, sir," answered the translator, "I publish it upon my own account, and I hope to clear at least a thousand crowns by this first edition; for I design to print off two thousand books, and they will go off at six reals a-piece in a trice."—"I am afraid you will come short of your reckoning," said Don

Quixote; "it is a sign you are still a stranger to the tricks of these booksellers and printers, and the juggling that is among them. I dare engage you will find two thousand books lie heavy upon your hands, especially if the piece be somewhat tedious, and wants spirit."—"What, sir!" replied the author, "would you have me sell the profit of my labour to a bookseller, for three marvedis a-sheet? for that is the most they will bid, nay, and expect, too, I should thank them for the offer. No, no, sir; I print not my works to get fame in the world; my name is up already; profit, sir, is my end, and without it, what signifies reputation?"—"Well, sir, go on and prosper," said Don Quixote; and, with that, moving to another part of the room, he saw a man correcting a sheet of a book called *The Light of the Soul*. "Ay, now this is something," cried the knight; "these are the books that ought to be printed, though there are a great many of that kind; for the number of sinners is prodigious in this age, and there is need of an infinite quantity of lights for so many dark souls as we have among us." Then passing on, and inquiring the title of a book, of which another man was correcting a sheet, they told him it was the *Second Part* of that ingenious gentleman, Don

Quixote de la Mancha, written by a certain person, a native of Tordesillas. "I have heard of that book before," said Don Quixote, "and really thought it had been burnt, and reduced to ashes, for a foolish, impertinent libel; but all in good time. Execution-day will come at last.* For made stories are only so far good and agreeable, as they are profitable, and bear the resemblance of truth, and true history the more valuable the farther it keeps from the fabulous." And so saying, he flung out of the printing-house in a huff.

That very day, Don Antonio would needs shew Don Quixote the galleys in the road, much to Sancho's satisfaction, because he had never seen any in his life. Don Antonio, therefore, gave notice to the commander of the galleys, that in the afternoon he would bring his guest, Don Quixote de la Mancha, to see them; the commander, and all the people of the town, being, by this time, no stranger to the knight's character. But what happened in the galleys must be the subject of the next chapter.

* Martinmas, or about the feast of St Martin, is the time for making bacon for winter. Hence the Spanish proverb.

CHAPTER LXIII

OF SANCHO'S MISFORTUNES ON BOARD THE GALLEYS,
WITH THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF THE
BEAUTIFUL MORISCA (MOORISH LADY).

MANY and serious were Don Quixote's reflections on the answer of the enchanted head, though none hit on the deceit, but centred all in the promise of Dulcinea's disenchantment; and, expecting it would speedily be effected, he rested joyfully satisfied. As for Sancho, though he hated the trouble of being a governor, yet still he had an itching ambition to rule, to be obeyed, and appear great; for even fools love authority.

In short, that afternoon, Don Antonio, his two friends, Don Quixote, and Sancho, set out for the galleys. The commander, being advertised of their coming, upon their appearance on the quay, ordered all the galleys to strike sail; the music played, and a pinnace, spread with rich carpets, and crimson velvet cushions, was presently hoisted out, and sent to fetch them on board. As soon as Don Quixote set