

CHAPTER LXV

AN ACCOUNT OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON,
DON GREGORIO'S ENLARGEMENT, AND OTHER
PASSAGES

DON ANTONIO MORENO followed the Knight of the White Moon to his inn, whither he was attended by a troublesome rabble of boys. The knight being got to his chamber, where his squire waited to take off his armour, Don Antonio came in, declaring he would not be shook off till he had discovered who he was. The knight finding that the gentleman would not leave him, "Sir," said he, "since I lie under no obligation of concealing myself, if you please, while my man disarms me, you shall hear the whole truth of the story.

"You must know, sir, I am called the Bachelor Carrasco: I live in the same town with this Don Quixote, whose unaccountable phrenzy has moved all his neighbours, and me among the rest, to endeavour, by some means, to cure his madness; in order to which, believing that rest and ease would prove the surest

remedy, I bethought myself of this present stratagem, and, about three months ago, in all the equipage of a knight-errant, under the title of the Knight of the Mirrors, I met him on the road, fixed a quarrel upon him, and the conditions of our combat were as you have heard already. But fortune then declared for him, for he unhorsed and vanquished me, and so I was disappointed: He prosecuted his adventures, and I returned home shamefully, very much hurt with my fall. But, willing to retrieve my credit, I made this second attempt, and now have succeeded; for I know him to be so nicely punctual in whatever his word and honour is engaged for, that he will undoubtedly perform his promise. This, sir, is the sum of the whole story; and I beg the favour of you to conceal me from Don Quixote, that my project may not be ruined the second time, and that the honest gentleman, who is naturally a man of good parts, may recover his understanding."—"Oh! sir," replied Don Antonio, "what have you to answer for, in robbing the world of the most diverting folly that ever was exposed among mankind? Consider, sir, that his cure can never benefit the public half so much as his distemper. But I am apt to believe, Sir Bachelor, that

his madness is too firmly fixed for your art to remove; and, Heaven forgive me, I cannot forbear wishing it may be so; for, by Don Quixote's cure, we not only lose his good company, but the drolleries and comical humours of Sancho Panza too, which are enough to cure melancholy itself of the spleen. However, I promise to say nothing of the matter, though I confidently believe, sir, your pains will be to no purpose." Carrasco told him, that, having succeeded so far, he was obliged to cherish better hopes; and, asking Don Antonio if he had any farther service to command him, he took his leave, and, packing up his armour on a carriage-mule, presently mounted his charging horse, and, leaving the city that very day, posted homewards, meeting no adventure on the road worthy a place in this faithful history.

Don Antonio gave an account of the discourse he had had with Carrasco to the viceroy, who was vexed to think that so much pleasant diversion was like to be lost to all those that were acquainted with the Don's follies.

Six days did Don Quixote keep his bed, very dejected, sullen, and out of humour, and full of severe and black reflections on his fatal overthrow. Sancho was his comforter, and, among other his crumbs of comfort, "My dear master,"

quoth he, "cheer up; come, pluck up a good heart, and be thankful for coming off no worse. Why, a man has broken his neck with a less fall, and you have not so much as a broken rib. Consider, sir, that they that game sometimes must lose; we must not always look for bacon where we see the hooks. Come, sir, cry a fig for the doctor, since you will not need him this bout; let us jog home fair and softly, without thinking any more of sauntering up and down, nobody knows whither, in quest of adventures and bloody noses. Why, sir, I am the greatest loser, if you go to that, though it is you that are in the worse pickle. It is true, I was weary of being a governor, and gave over all thoughts that way; but yet I never parted with my inclination of being an earl; and now, if you miss being a king, by casting off your knight-errantry, poor I may go whistle for my earldom."—"No more of that, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "I shall only retire for a year, and then reassume my honourable profession, which will undoubtedly secure me a kingdom, and thee an earldom."—"Heaven grant it may," quoth Sancho, "and no mischief betide us; hope well and have well, says the proverb."

Don Antonio coming in, broke off the dis-

course, and, with great signs of joy, calling to Don Quixote, "Reward me, sir," cried he, "for my good news; Don Gregorio and the renegado are safe arrived: they are now at the viceroy's palace, and will be here this moment." The knight was a little revived at this news: "Truly, sir," said he to Don Antonio, "I could almost be sorry for his good fortune, since he has forestalled the glory I should have acquired in releasing, by the strength of my arm, not only him, but all the Christian slaves in Barbary. But whither am I transported, wretch that I am! Am I not miserably conquered, shamefully overthrown! forbidden the paths of glory for a whole long tedious year! What should I boast, who am fitter for a distaff than a sword!"—"No more of that," quoth Sancho; "better my hog dirty at home, than no hog at all; let the hen live, though she have the pip. To-day for thee, and to-morrow for me. Never lay this ill fortune to heart; he that is down to-day may be up to-morrow, unless he has a mind to lie a-bed. Hang bruises; so rouse, sir, and bid Don Gregorio welcome to Spain; for, by the hurry in the house, I believe he is come." And so it happened; for Don Gregorio, having paid his duty to the viceroy, and given him an account of his delivery, was

just arrived at Don Antonio's with the renegado, very impatient to see Anna Felix. He had changed the female habit he wore when he was freed, for one suitable to his sex, which he had from a captive who came along with him in the vessel, and appeared a very amiable and handsome gentleman, though not above eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went out to meet him, the father with tears, and the daughter with a joyful modesty. Their salutation was reserved, without an embrace, their love being too refined for any loose behaviour; but their beauties surprised everybody. Silence was emphatical in their joys, and their eyes spoke more loves than their tongues could express. The renegado gave a short account of the success of his voyage, and Don Gregorio briefly related the shifts he was put to among the women in his confinement, which shewed his wit and discretion to be much above his years. Ricote gratified the ship's crew very nobly, and particularly the renegado, who was once more received into the bosom of the church, having, with due penance and sincere repentance, purified himself from all his former uncleanness.

Some few days after, the viceroy, in concert with Don Antonio, took such measures as were

expedient to get the banishment of Ricote and his daughter repealed, judging it no inconvenience to the nation that so just and orthodox persons should remain among them. Don Antonio, being obliged to go to court about some other matters, offered to solicit in their behalf, hinting to him, that, through the intercession of friends, and more powerful bribes, many difficult matters were brought about there, to the satisfaction of the parties. "There is no relying upon favour and bribes in our business," said Ricote, who was by; "for the great Don Bernardo de Velasco, Count de Salazar, to whom the king gave the charge of our expulsion, is a person of too strict and rigid justice to be moved either by money, favour, or affection; and though I cannot deny him the character of a merciful judge in other matters, yet his piercing and diligent policy finds the body of our Moriscan race to be so corrupted, that amputation is the only cure. He is an Argus in his ministry, and, by his watchful eyes, has discovered the most secret springs of their machinations; and resolving to prevent the danger which the whole kingdom was in, from such a powerful multitude of inbred foes, he took the most effectual means; for, after all, lopping off the branches may only prune the

tree, and make the poisonous fruit spring faster; but to overthrow it from the root, proves a sure deliverance. Nor can the great Philip the Third be too much extolled; first, for his heroic resolution in so nice and weighty an affair, and then for his wisdom in entrusting Don Bernardo de Velasco with the execution of this design."—"Well, when I come to court," said Don Antonio to Ricote, "I will, however, use the most advisable means, and leave the rest to Providence. Don Gregorio shall go with me to comfort his parents, that have long mourned for his absence. Anna Felix shall stay here with my wife, or in some monastery; and as for honest Ricote, I dare engage the viceroy will be satisfied to let him remain under his protection till he see how I succeed." The viceroy consented to all this, but Don Gregorio, fearing the worst, was unwilling to leave his fair mistress; however, considering that he might return to her after he had seen his parents, he yielded to the proposal, and so Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote with the viceroy.

Two days after, Don Quixote being somewhat recovered, took his leave of Don Antonio, and, having caused his armour to be laid on

Dapple, he set forwards on his journey home, Sancho thus being forced to trudge after him on foot. On the other side, Don Gregorio, bid adieu to Anna Felix, and their separation, though but for a while, was attended with floods of tears, and all the excess of passionate sorrow. Ricote offered him a thousand crowns, but he refused them, and only borrowed five of Don Antonio, to repay him at court.

CHAPTER LXVI

WHICH TREATS OF THAT WHICH SHALL BE SEEN BY HIM THAT READS IT, AND HEARD BY HIM THAT LISTENS WHEN IT IS READ

DON QUIXOTE, as he went out of Barcelona, cast his eyes on the spot of ground where he was overthrown. "Here once Troy stood," said he; "here my unhappy fate, and not my cowardice, deprived me of all the glories I had purchased. Here fortune, by an unexpected reverse, made me sensible of her inconstancy and fickleness. Here my exploits suffered a total eclipse; and, in short, here fell my happiness, never to rise again."—Sancho, hearing his master thus dolefully paraphrasing on his misfortunes, "Good sir," quoth he, "it is as much the part of great spirits to have patience when the world frowns upon them, as to be joyful when all goes well; and I judge of it by myself; for if when I was governor I was merry, now I am but a poor squire a-foot, I am not sad. And indeed I have heard say, that this same she thing they call Fortune, is a whimsical, freakish, drunken