

me," quoth Tosilos, "if I know what to make of this master of yours; doubtless he ought to be reckoned a madman."—"Why ought?"* replied Sancho; "he owes nothing to any body, for he pays for everything, especially where madness is current; there he might be the richest man in the kingdom, he has such a stock of it. I see it full well, and full well I tell him of it; but what boots it, especially now that he is all in the dumps, for having been worsted by the Knight of the White Moon?" Tosilos begged of Sancho to tell him that story; but Sancho said it would not be handsome to let his master stay for him, but that, next time they met, he would tell him the whole matter. With that they got up, and, after the squire had brushed his clothes, and shaken off the crumbs from his beard, he drove Dapple along, and, with a good-by-to-ye, left Tosilos in order to overtake his master, who staid for him under the cover of a tree.

* A double entendre upon the word *deve*, which is put for *must*, the sign of a mood, or for owing a debt.

CHAPTER LXVII

HOW DON QUIXOTE RESOLVED TO TURN SHEPHERD, AND LEAD A RURAL LIFE FOR THE YEAR'S TIME HE WAS OBLIGED NOT TO BEAR ARMS; WITH OTHER PASSAGES TRULY GOOD AND DIVERTING

IF Don Quixote was much disturbed in mind before his overthrow, he was much more disquieted after it. While he staid for his squire under the tree, a thousand thoughts crowded into his head, like flies in a honey-pot; sometimes he pondered on the means to free Dulcinea from enchantment; and, at others, on the life he was to lead during his involuntary retirement. In this brown study Sancho came up to him, crying up Tosilos as the honestest fellow, and the most gentleman-like footman in the world. "Is it possible, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou shouldst still take that man for a real lackey? Hast thou forgotten how thou saw'st Dulcinea converted and transformed into the resemblance of a rustic wench, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the

bachelor Carrasco; and all this by the necromantic arts of those evil-minded magicians that persecute me? But, laying this aside, pr'ythee, tell me, didst thou not ask Tosilos what became of Altisidora? whither she be-moaned my absence, or dismissed from her breast those amorous sentiments that disturbed her when I was near her?"—"Faith and troth," quoth Sancho, "my head ran on something else, and I was too well employed to think on such foolish stuff. Body of me, sir! are you now in a mood to ask about other folk's thoughts, especially their love-thoughts too?"

"Look you," said Don Quixote, "there is a great deal of difference between those actions that proceed from love, and those that are the effect of gratitude. It is possible a gentleman should not be at all amorous; but, strictly speaking, he cannot be ungrateful. It is very likely that Altisidora loved me well; she presented me, as thou know'st, with three night-caps; she wept and took on when I went away; cursed me, abused me, and, in spite of modesty, gave a loose to her passion: All tokens that she was deeply in love with me; for the anger of lovers commonly vents itself in curses. It was not in my power to give her

any hopes, nor had I any costly present to bestow on her; for all I have is reserved for Dulcinea; and the treasures of a knight-errant are but fairy gold, and a delusive good: So all I can do, is only to remember the unfortunate fair, without prejudice, however, to the rights of my Dulcinea, whom thou greatly injurest, Sancho, by delaying the accomplishment of the penance that must free the poor lady from misery. And, since thou art so ungenerously sparing of that pampered hide of thine, may I see it devoured by wolves, rather than see it kept so charily for the worms."—"Sir," quoth Sancho, "to deal plainly with you, it cannot, for the blood of me, enter into my head, that jerking my backside will signify a straw to the disenchanting of the enchanted. Sir, it is as if we should say if your head aches, anoint your shins. At least, I dare be sworn, that, in all the stories of knight-errantry you have thumbed over, you never knew flogging unbewitched any body. However, when I can find myself in the humour, do you see, I will about it; when time serves, I will chastise myself, never fear."—"I wish thou wouldst," answered Don Quixote; "and may Heaven give thee grace at least to understand how much it is thy duty to relieve thy mistress; for, as she is mine, by

consequence she is thine, since thou belongest to me."

Thus they went on talking, till they came near the place where the bulls had run over them; and Don Quixote knowing it again, "Sancho," said he, "yonder is that meadow where we met the fine shepherdesses, and the gallant shepherds, who had a mind to renew or imitate the pastoral Arcadia. It was certainly a new and ingenious conceit. If thou thinkest well of it we will follow their example, and turn shepherds too, at least for the time I am to lay aside the profession of arms. I will buy a flock of sheep, and every thing that is fit for a pastoral life; and so, calling myself the shepherd Quixotis, and thee the shepherd Pansino, we will range the woods, the hills, and meadows, singing and versifying. We will drink the liquid crystal, sometimes out of the fountains, and sometimes from the purling brooks, and swift-gliding streams. The oaks, the cork-trees, and chestnut trees, will afford us both lodging and diet, the willows will yield us their shade, the roses present us their inoffensive sweets, and the spacious meads will be our carpets, diversified with colours of all sorts; blessed with the purest air, and unconfined alike, we shall breathe that and freedom. The

moon and stars, our tapers of the night, shall light our evening walks. Light hearts will make us merry, and mirth will make us sing. Love will inspire us with a theme and wit, and Apollo with harmonious lays. So shall we become famous, not only while we live, but make our loves eternal as our songs."

"As I live," quoth Sancho, "this sort of life nicks me to a hair;* and I fancy, that, if the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas, have but once a glimpse of it, they will even turn shepherds too; nay, it is well if the curate does not put it for one among the rest, for he is a notable joker, and merrily inclined."—"That was well thought on," said Don Quixote; "and then, if the bachelor will make one among us, as I doubt not but he will, he may call himself the shepherd Samsonino, or Carrascon; and Master Nicholas, Niculoso, as formerly old Boscan called himself Nemoroso.† For the curate, I do not well know what name we shall give him, unless we should call him the shepherd Curiambro. As for the shepherdesses, with whom we must

* This kind of life squares and corners with me exactly, *Quadrado y esquinado*; alluding to the corner-stone of a building, which answers both ways.

† In plain English as if Mr Wood (for so *Bosque* signifies) should call himself Mr Grove, so *Nemus* signifies in Latin.

fall in love, we cannot be at a loss to find them names, there are enough for us to pick and choose; and, since my mistress's name is not improper for a shepherdess, any more than for a princess, I will not trouble myself to get a better; thou mayest call thine as thou pleasest."—"For my part," quoth Sancho, "I do not think of any other name for mine than Teresona; that will fit her fat sides full well, and is taken from her christian name too. So, when I come to mention her in my verses, every body will know her to be my wife, and commend my honesty, as being one that is not for picking another man's lock. As for the curate, he must be contented without a shepherdess, for good example's sake. As for the bachelor, let him take his own choice, if he means to have one."—"Bless me!" said Don Quixote, "what a life shall we lead! What a melody of oaten reeds, and Zamora* bagpipes, shall we have resounding in the air! what intermixture of tabors, morrice-bells, and fiddles! And if to all the different instruments, we add the albogues, we shall have all manner of pastoral music."—"What are the albogues?" quoth Sancho; "for I do not

* Zamora is a city in Spain, famous for that sort of music, as Lancashire is in England for the bagpipe.

remember I have seen or ever heard of them in my life."

"They are," said Don Quixote, "a sort of instruments made of brass plates, rounded like candlesticks: The one shutting into the other, there arises, through the holes or stops, and the trunk or hollow, an odd sound, which, if not very grateful or harmonious, is, however, not altogether disagreeable, but does well enough with the rusticity of the bagpipe and tabor. You must know the word is Moorish, as indeed are all those in our Spanish that begin with Al, as Almoasa, Almorsar, Alhombra, Alguasil, Alucema, Almacen, Alcanzia, and the like, which are not very many. And we have also but three Moorish words in our tongue that end in I; and they are, Borcequi, Zaquicami, and Maravedi; for, as to Alheli and Alfaqui, they are as well known to be Arabic by their beginning with Al, as their ending in I. I could not forbear telling thee so much by the bye, thy query about Albogue having brought it into my head. There is one thing more, that will go a great way towards making us complete in our new kind of life, and that is poetry. Thou knowest I am somewhat given that way, and the bachelor Carrasco is a most accomplished poet, to say

nothing of the curate; though, I will hold a wager, he is a dabbler in it too; and so is Master Nicholas, I dare say; for all your barbers are notable scrapers and songsters. For my part, I will complain of absence; thou shalt celebrate thy own loyalty and constancy; the shepherd Carrascon shall expostulate on his shepherdess's disdain; and the pastor Curiambro choose what subject he likes best; and so all will be managed to our heart's content."

"Alas!" quoth Sancho, "I am so unlucky, that I fear me, I shall never live to see these blessed days. How shall I lick up the curds and cream! I will never be without a wooden spoon in my pocket! Oh, how many of them will I make! What garlands, and what pretty pastoral fancies will I contrive! which, though they may not recommend me for wisdom, will make me pass at least for an ingenious fellow. My daughter Sanchica shall bring us our dinner a-field. But hold, have a care of that! She is a young likely wench, and some shepherds are more knaves than fools; and I would not have my girl to go out for wool, and come home shorn; for love and wicked doings are to be found in the fields as well as in cities, and in a shepherd's cot as well as in

a king's palace. Take away the cause, and the effect ceases; what the eye never sees, the heart never rues; one pair of heels is worth two pair of hands; and we must watch as well as pray."

"No more proverbs, good Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "any one of these is sufficient to make us know thy meaning. I have told thee often enough not to be so lavish of thy proverbs; but it is all lost upon thee; I preach in a desert; my mother whips me, and I whip the top."—"Faith and troth," quoth Sancho, "this is just as the saying is,—the porridge-pot calls the kettle black—a—e. You chide me for speaking proverbs, and yet you bring them out two at a time."—"Look you, Sancho, those I spoke are to the purpose; but thou fetchest thine in by head and shoulders, to their utter disgrace, and thy own. But no more at this time—it grows late—let us leave the road a little, and take up our quarters yonder in the fields; to-morrow will be a new day." They did accordingly, and made a slender meal, as little to Sancho's liking as his hard lodging; which brought the hardships of knight-erranting fresh into his thoughts, and made him wish for the better entertainment he had sometimes found, as at Don Diego's,

Camacho's and Don Antonio's houses. But he considered after all, that it could not be always fair weather, nor was it always foul; so he betook himself to his rest till morning, and his master to the usual exercise of his roving imaginations.

CHAPTER LXVIII

THE ADVENTURE OF THE HOGS

THE night was pretty dark, though the moon still kept her place in the sky; but it was in such a part as obliged her to be invisible to us; for now and then Madam Diana takes a turn to the Antipodes, and then the mountains in black, and the valleys in darkness, mourn her ladyship's absence. Don Quixote, after his first sleep, thought nature sufficiently refreshed, and would not yield to the temptations of a second. Sancho, indeed, did not enjoy a second, but from a different reason. For he usually made but one nap of the whole night; which was owing to the soundness of his constitution, and his inexperience of cares, that lay so heavy upon Don Quixote.

"Sancho," said the knight, after he had pulled the squire till he had waked him too, "I am amazed at the insensibility of thy temper. Thou art certainly made of marble or solid brass, thou liest so without either motion or feeling. Thou sleepest while I wake;