

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;

thou singest while I mourn; and while I am ready to faint for want of sustenance, thou art lazy and unwieldy with mere gluttony. It is the part of a good servant, to share in the afflictions of his master. Observe the stillness of the night, and the solitary place we are in. It is a pity such an opportunity should be lost in sloth and inactive rest; rouse for shame, step a little aside, and, with a good grace, and a cheerful heart, score me up some three or four hundred lashes upon thy back, towards the disenchanting of Dulcinea. This I make my earnest request, being resolved never to be rough with thee again upon this account; for I must confess thou canst lay a heavy hand on a man upon occasion. When that performance is over, we will pass the remainder of the night in chaunting, I of absence, and thou of constancy, and so begin those pastoral exercises which are to be our employment at home."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "do you take me for a monk or friar, that I should start up in the middle of the night, and discipline myself at this rate? Or, do you think it such an easy matter to scourge and clapperclaw my back one moment, and fall a singing the next? Look you, sir, say not a word more of this whipping; for as I love my flesh, you will put

me upon making some rash oath or other, that you will not like; and then, if the bare brushing of my coat would do you any good, you should not have it, much less the currying of my hide; and so let me go to sleep again."—"Oh, obdurate heart!" cried Don Quixote; "Oh, impious squire! Oh, nourishment and favours ill bestowed! Is this my reward for having got thee a government, and my good intentions to get thee an earldom, or an equivalent at least, which I dare engage to do when this year of our obscurity is elapsed? for, in short, *post tenebras spero lucem*."—"That I do not understand," quoth Sancho; "but this I very well know, that while I am asleep, I feel neither hope nor despair; I am free from pain, and insensible of glory. Now, blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even. There is only one thing, which somebody once put into my head, that I dislike in sleep; it is, that it resembles death; there is very little difference between

a man in his first sleep, and a man in his last sleep."—"Most elegantly spoken!" said Don Quixote. "Thou hast much outdone any thing I ever heard thee say before, which confirms me in the truth of one of thy own proverbs, Birth is much, but breeding more."—"Cod's me, master of mine!" cried Sancho; "I am not the only he now that threads proverbs; for you tack them together faster than I do, I think. I see no difference, but that yours come in season, mine out of season; but for all that, they are all but proverbs."

Thus they were employed, when their ears were alarmed with a kind of a hoarse and grunting noise, that spread itself over all the adjacent valleys. Presently Don Quixote started up on his legs, and laid his hand on his sword. As for Sancho, he immediately set up some entrenchments about him, clapping the bundle of armour on one side, and fortifying the other with the ass's pack-saddle; and then, gathering himself up of a heap, squatted down under Dapple's belly, where he lay panting, as full of fears as his master of surprise, while every moment the noise grew louder, as the cause of it approached, to the terror of the one, at least, for, as for the other, it is sufficiently known what his valour was.

Now, the occasion was this: some fellows were driving a herd of above six hundred swine to a certain fair; and, with their grunting and squeaking, the filthy beasts made such a horrible noise, that Don Quixote and Sancho were almost stunned with it, and could not imagine whence it proceeded. But at length, the knight and squire standing in their way, the rude bristly animals came thronging up all in a body, and, without any respect of persons, some running between the knight's legs, and some between the squire's, threw down both master and man, having not only insulted Sancho's entrenchments, but also thrown down Rozinante. And having thus broken in upon them, on they went, and bore down all before them, overthrowing pack-saddle, armour, knight, squire, horse, and all; crowding, treading, and trampling over them all at a horrid rate.

Sancho was the first that made a shift to recover his legs; and, having by this time found out what the matter was, he called to his master to lend him his sword, and swore he would stick at least half a dozen of those rude porkers immediately.—"No, no, my friend," said Don Quixote, "let them even go; Heaven inflicts this disgrace upon my guilty

head: for it is but a just punishment that dogs should devour, hornets sting, and vile hogs trample on, a vanquished knight-errant."—"And belike," quoth Sancho, "that Heaven sends the flies to sting, the lice to bite, and hunger to famish us poor squires, for keeping these vanquished knights company. If we squires were the sons of those knights, or anyways related to them, why, then something might be said for our bearing a share of their punishment, though it were to the third and fourth generation. But what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes? Well, let us to our old places again, and sleep out the little that is left of the night. To-morrow is a new day."—"Sleep, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "sleep, for thou wert born to sleep; but I, who was designed to be still waking, intend, before Aurora ushers in the sun, to give a loose to my thoughts and vent my conceptions in a madrigal that I made last night unknown to thee."—"Methinks," quoth Sancho, "a man cannot be in great affliction, when he can turn his brain to the making of verses. Therefore, you may versify on as long as you please, and I will sleep it out as much as I can." This said, he laid himself down on the ground, as he thought best, and, hunching himself close together, fell

fast asleep, without any disturbance from any debts, suretyships, or any care whatsoever. On the other side, Don Quixote, leaning against the trunk of a beech, or a cork tree, (for it is not determined by Cid Hamet which it was,) sung, in concert with his sighs, the following composition:

## A SONG TO LOVE.

"WHENE'ER I think what mighty pain  
The slave must bear who drags thy chain,  
O Love, for ease to death I go—  
The cure of thee, the cure of life and woe.

"But when, alas! I think I'm sure  
Of that which must by killing cure,  
The pleasure that I feel in death,  
Proves a strong cordial to restore my breath.

"Thus life each moment makes me die,  
And death itself new life can give;  
I hopeless and tormented lie,  
And neither truly die nor live."

The many tears as well as sighs that accompanied this musical complaint, were a sign that the knight had deeply laid to heart his late defeat, and the absence of his Dulcinea.

Now day came on, and the sun, darting his beams on Sancho's face, at last awaked him: Whereupon, rubbing his eyes, and yawning and stretching his drowsy limbs, he perceived

the havock that the hogs had made in his baggage, which made him wish not only the herd, but somebody else too, at the devil for company. In short, the knight and squire both set forward on their journey, and about the close of the evening they discovered some half a score horsemen, and four or five fellows on foot, making directly towards them. Don Quixote, at the sight, felt a strange emotion in his breast, Sancho fell a shivering from head to foot; for they perceived that these strangers were provided with spears and shields, and other warlike instruments: Whereupon the knight turning to the squire, "Ah! Sancho," said he, "were it lawful for me at this time to bear arms, and had I my hands at liberty, and not tied up by my promise, what a joyful sight should I esteem this squadron that approaches! But perhaps, notwithstanding my present apprehensions, things may fall out better than we expect."

By this time the horsemen, with their lances advanced, came close up to them without speaking a word, and encompassing Don Quixote in a menacing manner, with their points levelled to his back and breast, one of the footmen, by laying his finger upon his mouth, signified to Don Quixote that he must

be mute; then taking Rozinante by the bridle, he led him out of the road, while the rest of the footmen secured Sancho and Dapple, and drove them silently after Don Quixote, who attempted twice or thrice to ask the cause of this usage; but he no sooner began to open, than they were ready to run the heads of their spears down his throat. Poor Sancho fared worse yet; for, as he offered to speak, one of the foot-guards gave him a jag with a goad, and served Dapple as bad, though the poor beast had no thought of saying a word.

As it grew night, they mended their pace, and then the darkness increased the fears of the captive knight and squire, especially when every minute their ears were tormented with these or such-like words: "On, on, ye Troglodytes; silence, ye Barbarian slaves; vengeance, ye Anthropophagi; grumble not, ye Scythians; be blind, ye murdering Polyphemes, ye devouring lions."—"Bless us," thought Sancho, "what names do they call us here! Trollopites, Barber's slaves, and Andrew Hodge-poge, City-cans and Burframes: I do not like the sound of them. Here is one mischief on the neck of another. When a man is down, down with him: I would compound for a good dry beating, and glad to escape so

too." Don Quixote was no less perplexed not being able to imagine the reason either of their hard usage or scurrilous language, which, hitherto promised but little good. At last, after they had ridden about an hour in the dark, they came to the gates of the castle, which Don Quixote presently knowing to be the duke's where he had so lately been, "Heaven bless me," cried he, "what do I see! Was not this the mansion of civility and humanity? But thus the vanquished are doomed to see everything frown upon them." With that the two prisoners were led into the great court of the castle, and found such strange preparations made there, as increased at once their fear and their amazement; as we shall find in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER LXIX

OF THE MOST SINGULAR AND STRANGE ADVENTURE  
THAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE IN THE WHOLE  
COURSE OF THIS FAMOUS HISTORY

ALL the horsemen alighted, and the footmen snatching up Don Quixote and Sancho in their arms, hurried them into the court-yard, that was illuminated with above a hundred torches, fixed in huge candlesticks; and about all the galleries round the court, were placed above five hundred lights, insomuch that all was day in the midst of the darkness of the night. In the middle of the court there was a tomb, raised some two yards from the ground, with a large pall of black velvet over it, and round about it a hundred tapers of virgin-wax stood burning in silver candlesticks. Upon the tomb lay the body of a young damsel, who, though to all appearance dead, was yet so beautiful, that death itself seemed lovely in her face. Her head was crowned with a garland of fragrant flowers, and supported by a pillow of cloth of gold; and in her hands,