

knight," said she, "whose barbarity has made me an inhabitant of the other world for aught I know a thousand years.—But to thee," said she, turning to Sancho, "to thee, the most compassionate squire that the world contains, I return my thanks for my change from death to life, in acknowledgment of which, six of the best smocks I have shall be changed into shirts for thee; and if they are not spick and span new, yet they are all as clean as a penny." Sancho pulled off his mitre, put his knee to the ground, and kissed her hand. The duke commanded that they should return him his cap, and, instead of his flaming frock, to give him his gaberdine; but Sancho begged of his grace that he might keep the frock and mitre, to carry into his own country, as a relic of that wonderful adventure. The duchess said he should have them, for he knew she was always one of the best of his friends. Then the duke ordered the company to clear the court, and retired to their respective lodgings; and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their apartments.

CHAPTER LXX

WHICH COMES AFTER THE SIXTY-NINTH, AND CONTAINS SEVERAL PARTICULARS, NECESSARY FOR THE ILLUSTRATION OF THIS HISTORY

THAT night, Sancho lay in a truckle-bed in Don Quixote's chamber, a lodging not greatly to the squire's liking, being very sensible that his master would disturb him with impertinent chat all night long. And this entertainment he found himself not rightly disposed for, his late penance having taken him quite off the talking-pin; and a hovel, with good sound sleep, had been more agreeable to his circumstances, than the most stately apartments in such troublesome company. And indeed, his apprehensions proved so right, that his master was scarcely laid when he began to open.

"Sancho," said he, "what is your opinion of the night's adventure? Great and mighty is the force of love, when heightened by disdain, as the testimony of your own eyes may convince you in the death of Altisidora. It was neither a dart, a dagger, nor any poison

that brought her to her end, but she expired through the mere sense of my disdain of her affection."—"I had not cared a pin," answered Sancho, "though she had died of the pip, so she had but let me alone; I never courted her nor slighted her in my born days; and, for my part, I must still think it strange, that the life and well-doing of Altisidora, a whimsical, maggotty gentlewoman, should depend upon the plaguing of Sancho Panza. But there are such things as enchanters and witchcrafts, that is certain, from which good Heaven deliver me! for it is more than I can do myself. But now sir, let me sleep, I beseech you; for, if you trouble me with any more questions, I am resolved to leap out of the window."—"I will not disturb thee, honest Sancho," said Don Quixote; "sleep, if the smart of thy late torture will let thee."—"No pain," answered Sancho, "can be compared to the abuse my face suffered, because it is done by the worst of ill-natured creatures,—I mean old waiting-women; the devil take them, say I, and so good night; I want a good nap to set me to rights; and so once again, pray let me sleep."—"Do so," said Don Quixote, "and Heaven be with thee!" Thereupon they both fell asleep, and while they are asleep Cid Hamet takes the opportunity to

tell us the motives that put the duke and duchess upon this odd compound of extravagances, that has been last related. He says that the Bachelor Carrasco, meditating revenge for having been defeated by Don Quixote, when he went by the title of the Knight of the Mirrors, resolved to make another attempt, in hopes of better fortune; and therefore, having understood where Don Quixote was, by the page that brought the letters and present to Sancho's wife, he furnished himself with a fresh horse and arms, and had a white moon painted on his shield; his accoutrements were all packed upon a mule, and, lest Thomas Cecil, his former attendant, should be known by Don Quixote or Sancho, he got a country-fellow to wait on him as a squire. Coming to the duke's castle, he was informed that the knight was gone to the tournament at Saragossa; the duke giving the bachelor an account also how pleasantly they had imposed upon him, with the contrivance for Dulcinea's disenchantment, to be effected at the expense of Sancho's posteriors. Finally, he told him how Sancho had made his master believe that Dulcinea was transformed into a country wench by the power of magic; and how the duchess had persuaded Sancho that he was deluded himself, and Dulcinea enchanted in good

earnest. The bachelor, though he could not forbear laughing, was nevertheless struck with wonder at this mixture of cunning and simplicity in the squire, and the uncommon madness of the master. The duke then made it his request, that if he met with the knight, he should call at the castle as he returned, and give him an account of his success, whether he vanquished him or not. The bachelor promised to obey his commands; and, departing in search of Don Quixote, he found him not at Saragossa, but travelling farther, met him at last, and had his revenge as we have told you. Then taking the duke's castle in his way home, he gave him an account of the circumstances and conditions of the combat, and how Don Quixote was repairing homewards, to fulfil his engagement of returning to, and remaining in his village for a year, as it was incumbent on the honour of chivalry to perform: and in this space, the bachelor said, he hoped the poor gentleman might recover his senses; declaring withal, that the concern he had upon him, to see a man of his parts in such a distracted condition, was the only motive that could put him upon such an attempt. Upon this he returned home, there to expect Don Quixote, who was coming after

him. This information engaged the duke, who was never to be tired with the humours of the knight and the squire, to take this occasion to make more sport with them; he ordered all the roads thereabouts, especially those that Don Quixote was most likely to take, to be watched by a great many of his servants, who had orders to bring him to the castle, right or wrong.

They met him accordingly, and sent their master an account of it; whereupon all things being prepared against his coming, the duke caused the torches and tapers to be all lighted round the court, and Altisidora's tragi-comical interlude was acted, with the humours of Sancho Panza, the whole so to the life, that the counterfeit was hardly discernible. Cid Hamet adds, that he believed those that played all these tricks were as mad as those they were imposed upon: And that the duke and duchess were within a hair's breadth of being thought fools themselves, for taking so much pains to make sport with the weakness of two poor silly wretches.

To return to our two adventurers; the morning found one of them fast asleep, and the other broad awake, transported with his wild imaginations. They thought it time to rise,

especially the Don; for the bed of sloth was never agreeable to him, whether vanquished or victorious.

Altisidora, whom Don Quixote supposed to have been raised from the dead, did that day (to humour her lord and lady) deck her head with the same garland she wore upon the tomb, and in a loose gown of white taffety, flowered with gold, her dishevelled locks flowing negligently on her shoulders, she entered Don Quixote's chamber, supporting herself with an ebony staff.

The knight was so surprised and amazed at this unexpected apparition, that he was struck dumb; and, not knowing how to behave himself, he slunk down under the bed-clothes, and covered himself over head and ears. However, Altisidora placed herself in a chair close by his bed's head, and, after a profound sigh, "To what an extremity of misfortune and distress," said she, in a soft and languishing voice, "are young ladies of my virtue and quality reduced, when they thus trample upon the rules of modesty, and, without regard to virgin decency, are forced to give their tongues a loose, and betray the secrets of their hearts! Alas! noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am one of those unhappy persons over-ruled by my passion, but

yet so reserved and patient in my sufferings, that silence broke my heart, and my heart broke in silence. It is now two days, most inexorable and marble-hearted man, since the sense of your severe usage and cruelty brought me to my death, or something so like it, that every one that saw me judged me to be dead. And, had not love been compassionate, and assigned my recovery on the sufferings of this kind squire, I had ever remained in the other world."—"Truly," quoth Sancho, "love might even as well have made choice of my ass for that service, and he would have obliged me a great deal more. But pray, good mistress, tell me one thing now, and so heaven provide you a better-natured sweetheart than my master, What did you see in the other world? What sort of folks are there in hell? For there, I suppose, you have been; for those that die of despair must needs go to that summer-house."—"To tell you the truth," replied Altisidora, "I fancy I could not be dead outright, because I was not got so far as hell; for, had I been once in, I am sure I should never have been allowed to have got out again. I got to the gates, indeed, where I found a round dozen of devils, in their breeches and waistcoats, playing at tennis with flaming rackets; they wore flat bands, with

scalloped Flanders lace and ruffles of the same; four inches of their wrists bare, to make their hands look the longer, in which they held racks of fire. But what I most wondered at was, that, instead of tennis-balls, they made use of books that were every whit as light, and stuffed with wind and flocks, or such kind of trumpery. This was, indeed, most strange and wonderful; but, what still amazed me more, I found, that, contrary to the custom of gamesters, among whom the winning party at least is in good humour, and the losers only angry, these hellish tossers of books, of both sides, did nothing but fret, fume, stamp, curse, and swear most horribly, as if they had been all losers."—"That is no wonder at all," quoth Sancho; "for your devils, whether they play or no, win or lose, they can never be contented."—"That may be," said Altisidora; "but, another thing that I admire, (I then admired, I would say) was, that the ball would not bear a second blow, but, at every stroke, they were obliged to change books, some of them new, some old, which I thought very strange. And one accident, that happened upon this, I cannot forget: They tossed up a new book, fairly bound, and gave it such a smart stroke, that the very guts flew out of it,

and all the leaves were scattered about. Then cried one of the devils to another, 'Look, look, what book is that?'—"It is the Second Part of the History of Don Quixote," said the other; 'not that which was composed by Cid Hamet, the author of the First, but by a certain Arragonian, who professes himself a native of Tordesillas.'—"Away with it," cried the first devil; 'down with it, plunge it to the lowest pit of hell, where I may never see it more.'—"Why, is it such sad stuff?" said the other. 'Such intolerable stuff,' cried the first devil, 'that if I, and all the devils in hell, should set their heads together to make it worse, it were past our skill.' The devils continued their game, and shattered a world of other books; but the name of Don Quixote, that I so passionately adored, confined my thoughts only to that part of the vision which I have told you."—"It could be nothing but a vision, to be sure," said Don Quixote; "for I am the only person of the name now in the universe; and that very book is tossed about here at the very same rate, never resting in a place, for every body has a fling at it. Nor am I concerned that any phantom assuming my name should wander in the shades of darkness, or in the light of this world, since I am not the