

worship pleases," answered Sancho; "but if I might have my will, it were best making an end of the job, now my hand is in, and my blood up. There is nothing like striking while the iron is hot, for delay breeds danger: It is best grinding at the mill before the water is past: Ever take while you may have it: A bird in hand is worth two in the bush."—"For Heaven's sake, good Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "let alone thy proverbs; if once thou goest back to *Sicut erat*, or, as it was in the beginning, I must give thee over. Canst thou not speak as other folks do, and not after such a tedious round-about manner? How often have I told thee of this? Mind what I tell you; I am sure you will be the better for it."—"It is an unlucky trick I have got," replied Sancho; "I cannot bring you in three words to the purpose, without a proverb, nor bring you any proverb but what I think to the purpose; but I will mend if I can." And so, for this time, their conversation broke off.

CHAPTER LXXII

HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO GOT HOME

THAT whole day Don Quixote and Sancho continued in the inn, expecting the return of night, the one to have an opportunity to make an end of his penance in the fields, and the other to see it fully performed, as being the most material preliminary to the accomplishment of his desires.

In the meantime, a gentleman, with three or four servants, came riding up to the inn, and one of them calling him that appeared to be the master, by the name of Don Alvaro Tarfe, "Your worship," said he, "had as good stop here till the heat of the day be over. In my opinion the house looks cool and cleanly." Don Quixote overhearing the name of Tarfe, and presently turning to his squire, "Sancho," said he, "I am much mistaken if I had not a glimpse of this very name of Don Alvaro Tarfe, in turning over that pretended second part of my history."—"As likely as not," quoth Sancho; "but first let him alight,

and then we will question him about the matter."

The gentleman alighted, and was shewn by the landlady into a ground room that faced Don Quixote's apartment, and was hung with the same sort of coarse painted stuff. A while after the stranger had undressed for coolness, he came out to take a turn, and walked into the porch of the house, that was large and airy; there he found Don Quixote, to whom addressing himself, "Pray, sir," said he, "which way do you travel?"—"To a country town, not far off," answered Don Quixote, "the place of my nativity. And pray, sir, which way are you bound?"—"To Grenada, sir," said the knight, "the country where I was born."—"And a fine country it is," replied Don Quixote. "But pray, sir, may I beg the favour to know your name; for the information I am persuaded will be of more consequence to my affairs than I can well tell you."—"They call me Don Alvaro Tarfe," answered the gentleman.—"Then, without dispute," said Don Quixote, "you are the same Don Alvaro Tarfe, whose name fills a place in the Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha's History, that was lately published by a new author?"—"The very man," answered the knight; "and that

very Don Quixote, who is the principal subject of that book, was my intimate acquaintance. I am the person that enticed him from his habitation, so far at least, that he had never seen the tournament at Saragossa, had it not been through my persuasions, and in my company; and indeed, as it happened, I proved the best friend he had, and did him a singular piece of service; for had I not stood by him, his intolerable impudence had brought him to some shameful punishment."—"But pray, sir," said Don Quixote, "be pleased to tell me one thing—am I any thing like that Don Quixote of yours?"—"The farthest from it in the world, sir," replied the other.—"And had he," said our knight, "one Sancho Panza for his squire?"—"Yes," said Don Alvaro, "but I was the most deceived in him that could be; for, by common report, that same squire was a comical witty fellow; but I found him a very great blockhead."—"I thought no less," quoth Sancho; "for it is not in every body's power to crack a jest, or say pleasant things; and that Sancho you talk of, must be some paltry ragamuffin, some gutlin mumper, or pilfering crack-rope, I warrant him. For it is I that am the true Sancho Panza, it is I that am the merry-conceited squire, that have always a

tinker's budget full of wit and waggery, that will make gravity grin in spite of its teeth. If you will not believe me, do but try me; keep my company for a twelvemonth or so, you will find what a shower of jokes and notable things drop from me every foot. Adad! I set every body a-laughing many times, and yet I wish I may be hanged, if I designed it in the least. And then for the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, here you have him before you. The staunch, the famous, the valiant, the wise, the loving Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, the punisher of wickedness, the father to the fatherless, the bully-rock of widows, the murderer* of damsels and maidens; he whose only dear and sweetheart is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; here he is, and here am I his squire. All other Don Quixotes, and all Sancho Panzas, besides us two, are but shams, and tales of a tub."—"Now, by the sword of St Jago, honest friend," said Don Alvaro, "I believe as much; for the little thou hast uttered now, has more of the humour than all I ever heard come from the other. The blockhead seemed to carry all his brains in his guts, there is nothing a jest with him but

* In the original, *el Matador de las Donellas*. A blunder of Sancho's; murderer of damsels, instead of maintainer.

filling his belly, and the rogue is too heavy to be diverting. For my part, I believe the enchanters that persecute the good Don Quixote, sent the bad one to persecute me too. I cannot tell what to make of this matter; for though I can take my oath I left one Don Quixote under the surgeon's hands at the nuncio's house in Toledo, yet here starts up another Don Quixote quite different from mine."—"For my part," said our knight, "I dare not avow myself the good, but I may venture to say I am not the bad one; and, as a proof of it, sir, be assured that in the whole course of my life I never saw the city of Saragossa; and, so far from it, that hearing this usurper of my name had appeared there at the tournament, I declined coming near it, being resolved to convince the world that he was an impostor. I directed my course to Barcelona, the seat of urbanity, the sanctuary of strangers, the refuge of the distressed, the mother of men of valour, the redresser of the injured, the residence of true friendship, and the first city in the world for beauty and situation. And though some accidents that befell me there are so far from being grateful to my thoughts, that they are a sensible mortification to me, yet, in my reflection of having seen that city, I find pleasure enough

to alleviate my misfortune. In short, Don Alvaro, I am that Don Quixote de la Mancha whom fame has celebrated, and not the pitiful wretch who has usurped my name, and would arrogate to himself the honour of my designs. Sir, you are a gentleman, and I hope will not deny me the favour to depose before the magistrate of this place, that you never saw me in all your life till this day, and that I am not the Don Quixote mentioned in that Second Part, nor was this Sancho Panza, my squire, the person you knew formerly."—"With all my heart," said Don Alvaro, "though I must own myself not a little confounded to find at the same time two Don Quixotes, and two Sancho Panzas, as different in their behaviour as they are alike in name; for my part, I do not know what to think of it; and I am sometimes apt to fancy my senses have been imposed upon."—"Ay, ay," quoth Sancho, "there has been foul play, to be sure. The same trick that served to bewitch my lady Dulcinea del Toboso has been played you; and if three thousand and odd lashes laid on by me on the hind part of my belly, would disenchant your worship as well as her, they should be at your service with

* In the original, it is, I am now assured that I have not seen what I have seen, nor, in respect to me, has that happened which has happened.

all my heart; and what is more, they should not cost you a farthing."—"I do not understand what you mean by those lashes," said Don Alvaro.—"Thereby hangs a tale," quoth Sancho, "but that is too long to relate at a minute's warning; but if it be our luck to be fellow-travellers, you may chance to hear more of the matter."

Dinner-time being come, Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together; and the mayor, or bailiff of the town, happening to come into the inn with a public notary, Don Quixote desired him to take the deposition which Don Alvaro Tarfe there present was ready to give, confessing and declaring, that the said deponent had not any knowledge of the Don Quixote there present, and that the said Don Quixote was not the same person that he, this deponent, had seen mentioned in a certain printed history, entitled or called, the Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. In short, the notary drew up and engrossed the affidavit in due form; and the testimonial wanted nothing to make it answer all the intentions of Don Quixote and Sancho, who were as much pleased as if it had been a matter of the last consequence, and that their words and behaviour

had not been enough to make the distinction apparent between the two Don Quixotes and the two Sanchos.

The compliments and offers of service that passed after that between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote were not a few; and our Knight of La Mancha behaved himself therein with so much discretion, that Don Alvaro was convinced he was mistaken; for he thought there was some enchantment in the case, since he had thus met with two knights and two squires of the same names and professions, and yet so very different.

They set out towards the evening, and about half a league from the town, the road parted into two; one way led to Don Quixote's habitation, and the other to that which Don Alvaro was to take. Don Quixote in that little time let him understand the misfortune of his defeat, with Dulcinea's enchantment, and the remedy prescribed by Merlin; all which was new matter of wonder to Don Alvaro, who, having embraced Don Quixote and Sancho, left them on their way, and he followed his own.

Don Quixote passed that night among the trees, to give Sancho a fair occasion to make an end of his discipline, when the cunning knave put it in practice just after the same

manner as the night before. The bark of the trees paid for all, and Sancho took such care of his back, that a fly might have rested there without any disturbance.

All the while his abused master was very punctual in telling the strokes, and reckoned, that, with those of the foregoing night, they amounted just to the sum of three thousand and twenty-nine. The sun, that seemed to have made more than ordinary haste to rise and see this human sacrifice, gave them light however to continue their journey; and as they went on they descanted at large upon Don Alvaro's mistake, and their own prudence, in relation to the certificate before the magistrate, in so full and authentic a form.

Their travels all that day, and the ensuing night, afforded no occurrence worth mentioning, except that Sancho that night put the last hand to his whipping-work, to the inexpressible joy of Don Quixote, who waited for the day with as great impatience, in hopes he might light on his Lady Dulcinea in her disenchanted state; and all the way he went he made up to every woman he spied, to see whether she was Dulcinea del Toboso or not; for he so firmly relied on Merlin's promises, that he did not doubt of the performance.

He was altogether taken up with these hopes and fancies, when they got to the top of a hill, that gave them a prospect of their village. Sancho had no sooner blessed his eyes with the sight, than down he fell on his knees. "O my long-wished-for home!" cried he, "open thy eyes, and here behold thy child Sancho Panza come back to thee again, if not very full of money, yet very full of whipping: Open thy arms, and receive thy son Don Quixote too, who, though he got the worst of it with another, he nevertheless got the better of himself, and that is the best kind of victory one can wish for; I have his own word for it. However, though I have been swingingly flogged, yet I have not lost all by the bargain, for I have whipped some money into my pocket."—"Forbear thy impertinence," said Don Quixote, "and let us now, in a decent manner, make our entry into the place of our nativity, where we will give a loose to our imaginations, and lay down the plan that is to be followed in our intended pastoral life." With these words they came down the hill, and went directly to their village.

CHAPTER LXXIII

OF THE OMINOUS ACCIDENTS THAT CROSSED DON QUIXOTE AS HE ENTERED HIS VILLAGE, WITH OTHER TRANSACTIONS THAT ILLUSTRATE AND ADORN THIS MEMORABLE HISTORY

WHEN they were entering into the village, as Cid Hamet relates, Don Quixote observed two little boys contesting together, in an adjoining field; and says one to the other, "Never fret thy gizzard about it, for thou shalt never see her whilst thou hast breath in thy body." Don Quixote overhearing this, "Sancho," said he, "did you mind the boy's words, Thou shalt never see her while thou hast breath in thy body."—"Well," answered Sancho, "and what is the great business though the boy did say so?"—"How!" replied Don Quixote, "dost thou not perceive, that, applying the words to my affairs, they plainly imply, that I shall never see my Dulcinea?" Sancho was about to answer again, but was hindered by a full cry of hounds and horsemen pursuing a hare, which was put so hard to her shifts, that