

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

she came and squatted down for shelter just between Dapple's feet. Immediately Sancho laid hold of her without difficulty, and presented her to Don Quixote; but he, with a dejected look, refusing the present, cried out aloud, "*Malum signum, malum signum!* an ill omen, an ill omen; a hare runs away, hounds pursue her, and Dulcinea is not started."—"You are a strange man," quoth Sancho; "cannot we suppose now, that poor puss here is Dulcinea, the grey-hounds that followed her are those dogs the enchanters, that made her a country lass; she scours away, I catch her by the scut, and give her safe and sound into your worship's hands? And pray make much of her now you have her; for my part, I cannot for the blood of me see any harm, nor any ill-luck in this matter."

By this time the two boys that had fallen out came up to see the hare; and Sancho having asked the cause of their quarrel, he was answered by the boy that spoke the ominous words, that he had snatched from his play-fellow a little cage full of crickets, which he would not let him have again. Upon that Sancho put his hand into his pocket, and gave the boy a three-penny piece for his cage; and, giving it to Don Quixote, "There, sir," quoth

he, "here are all the signs of ill-luck come to nothing. You have them in your own hands; and, though I am but a dunderhead, I dare swear these things are no more to us than the rain that falls at Christmas. I am much mistaken if I have not heard the parson of our parish advise all sober catholics against heeding such fooleries; and I have heard you yourself, my dear master, say, that all such Christians as troubled their heads with these fortune-telling follies, were neither better nor worse than downright numskulls; so let us even leave things as we found them, and get home as fast as we can."

By this time the sportsmen were come up, and, demanding their game, Don Quixote delivered them their hare. They passed on, and, just at their coming into the town, they perceived the curate and the bachelor Carrasco at their devotions in a small field adjoining. But we must observe, by the way, that Sancho Panza, to cover his master's armour, had, by way of a sumpter-cloth, laid over Dapple's back the buckram-frock, figured with flames of fire, which he wore at the duke's the night that Altisidora rose from the dead; and he had no less judiciously clapped the mitre on the head of the ass; which made so odd and

whimsical a figure, that it might be said, never four-footed ass was so bedizened before. The curate and the bachelor, presently knowing their old friends, ran to meet them with open arms; and, while Don Quixote alighted, and returned their embraces, the boys, who are ever so quick-sighted that nothing can escape their eyes, presently spying the mitred ass, came running and flocking about them: "Oh la!" cried they to one another, "look you there, boys! here is Gaffer Sancho Panza's ass as fine as a lady! and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever." With that they ran whooping and hollowing about them through the town, while the two adventurers, attended by the curate and the bachelor, moved towards Don Quixote's house, where they were received at the door by his housekeeper and his niece, that had already got notice of their arrival. The news having also reached Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, she came running, half naked, with her hair about her ears, to see him; leading by the hand, all the way, her daughter Sanchica, who hardly wanted to be tugged along. But, when she found that her husband looked a little short of the state of a governor,—“Mercy on me,” quoth she, “what is the meaning of this, husband! You look

as though you had come all the way on foot, and tired off your legs, too! Why, you come liker a shark than a governor.”—“Mum, Teresa,” quoth Sancho, “it is not all gold that glisters; and every man was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. First let us go home, and then I will tell thee wonders. I have taken care of the main chance. Money I have, old girl, and I came honestly by it, without wronging any body.”—“Hast got money, old boy? Nay, then, it is well enough, no matter which way; let it come by hook or by crook, it is but what your betters have done before you.” At the same time, Sanchica, hugging her father, asked him what he had brought her home, for she had gaped for him as the flowers do for the dew in May. Thus Sancho, leading Dapple by the halter on one side, his wife taking him by the arm on the other, and his daughter fastening upon the waist-band of his breeches, away they went together to his cottage, leaving Don Quixote at his own house, under the care of his niece and housekeeper, with the curate and bachelor to keep him company.

That very moment Don Quixote took the two last aside, and without mincing the matter, gave them a short account of his defeat, and

the obligation he lay under of being confined to his village for a year, which, like a true knight-errant, he was resolved punctually to observe. He added, that he intended to pass that interval of time in the innocent functions of a pastoral life; and, therefore, he would immediately commence shepherd, and entertain his amorous passion solitarily in fields and woods; and begged, if business of greater importance were not an obstruction, that they would both please to be his companions; assuring them he would furnish them with such a number of sheep as might entitle them to such a profession. He also told them, that he had already in a manner fitted them for the undertaking; for he had provided them all with names the most pastoral in the world. The curate being desirous to know the names, Don Quixote told him he would himself be called the shepherd Quixotis; that the bachelor should be called the shepherd Carrascone; the curate, pastor Curiambro; and Sancho Panza, Panzino the shepherd.

They were struck with amazement at this new strain of folly; but, considering this might be a means of keeping him at home, and hoping, at the same time, that, within the year, he might be cured of his mad knight-errantry,

they came into his pastoral folly, and, with great applause to his project, freely offered their company in the design. "We shall live the most pleasant life imaginable," said Sampson Carrasco; "for, as every body knows, I am a most celebrated poet, and I will write pastorals in abundance. Sometimes, too, I may raise my strain, as occasion offers, to divert us, as we range the groves and plains. But one thing, gentlemen, we must not forget; it is absolutely necessary that each of us choose a name for the shepherdess he means to celebrate in his lays; nor must we forget the ceremony used by the amorous shepherds, of writing, carving, notching, or engraving, on every tree, the names of such shepherdesses, though the bark be ever so hard."—"You are very much in the right," replied Don Quixote; "though, for my part, I need not be at the trouble of devising a name for any imaginary shepherdess, being already captivated by the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the nymph of these streams, the ornament of these meads, the primrose of beauty, the cream of gracefulness, and, in short, the subject that can merit all the praises that hyperbolical eloquence can bestow."—"We grant all this," said the curate; "but we, who cannot pretend to such perfections, must make it our business

to find out some shepherdesses of a lower form, that will be good-natured, and meet a man half way upon occasion."—"We shall find enough, I will warrant you," replied Carrasco; "and though we meet with none, yet will we give those very names we find in books, such as Phyllis, Amaryllis, Diana, Florinda, Galatea, Belisarda, and a thousand more, which are to be disposed of publicly in the open market, and when we have purchased them, they are our own. Besides, if my mistress (my shepherdess I should have said) be called Anne, I will name her in my verses Anarda; if Frances, I will call her Francenia; and if Lucy be her name, then Lucinda shall be my shepherdess, and so forth. And, if Sancho Panza will make one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife Teresa by the name of Teresania." Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the turn given to that name. The curate again applauded his laudable resolution, and repeated his offer of bearing him company all the time that his other employment would allow him; and then they took their leave, giving him all the good advice that they thought might conduce to his health and welfare.

No sooner were the curate and bachelor gone, than the housekeeper and niece, who,

according to custom, had been listening to all their discourse, came both upon Don Quixote. "Bless me, uncle," cried the niece, "what is here to do! What new maggot is got into your head! When we thought you were come to stay at home, and live like a sober, honest gentleman in your own house, are you hankering after new inventions, and running a wool-gathering after sheep, forsooth? By my troth, sir, you are somewhat of the latest. The corn is too old to make oaten pipes of."—"Lord, sir," quoth the housekeeper, "how will your worship be able to endure the summer's sun, and the winter's frost in the open fields? And then the howlings of the wolves, Heaven bless us! Pray, good sir, do not think of it; it is a business fit for nobody but those that are bred and born to it, and as strong as horses. Let the worst come to the worst; better be a knight-errant still, than a keeper of sheep. Troth, master, take my advice; I am neither drunk nor mad, but fresh and fasting from everything but sin, and I have fifty years over my head. Be ruled by me; stay at home, look after your concerns, go often to confession, do good to the poor; and, if aught goes ill with you, let it lie at my door."—"Good girls," said Don Quixote, "hold your prating: I know best

what I have to do: Only help to get me to bed, for I find myself somewhat out of order. However, do not trouble your heads; whether I be a knight-errant or an errant-shepherd, you shall always find that I will provide for you." The niece and maid, who, without doubt, were good-natured creatures, undressed him, put him to bed, brought him something to eat, and tended him with all imaginable care.

## CHAPTER LXXIV

HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL SICK, MADE HIS LAST WILL  
AND DIED

As all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, their very beginnings being but steps to their dissolution; so Don Quixote, who was no way exempted from the common fate, was snatched away by death, when he least expected it. Whether his sickness was the effect of his melancholy reflections, or whether it was so preordained by Heaven, most certain it is, he was seized with a violent fever that confined him to his bed six days.

All that time his good friends, the curate, bachelor, and barber, came often to see him, and his trusty squire Sancho Panza never stirred from his bedside.

They conjectured that his sickness proceeded from the regret of his defeat, and his being disappointed of Dulcinea's disenchantment; and accordingly they left nothing unessayed to divert him. The bachelor begged him to pluck up a good heart, and rise, that they might be-