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WIT AND WISDOM OF DON QUIXOTE

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WIT AND WISDOM

OF

DON QUIXOTE.

Patch grief with proverbs.—SHAKESPEARE.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON & CO., 443 AND 445 BROADWAY.
1867.

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PREFACE.

As the priest, the friend of Don Quixote, when endeavoring to cure the mental malady of the knight (as he thought it) by destroying all his books of chivalry, in now and then saving one from condemnation, said of one of the contributors to the "Mirror of Chivalry:" "If I find him here speaking in any other language than his own, I will show him no respect; but if he talks in his own tongue, I will place him on my head in token of regard."

"I have got him at home," said the barber, "in Italian, but I don't understand that language."

"Nor is it necessary you should," replied the curate. "And here let us pray Heaven to forgive the captain, who has impoverished him so much, by translating him into Spanish, and making him a Castilian. And, indeed, the same thing will

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happen to all those who pretend to translate books of poetry into a foreign language; for, in spite of all their care and ability, they will find it impossible to give the translation the same energy which is found in the original."

So, in giving (or trying to so do) a translation of the proverbs, poems, and aphorisms of Don Quixote, I must be pardoned for impoverishing them so much, and making the knight of the rueful countenance an Englishman, while I at the same time acknowledge my indebtedness to the many more able translators preceding me, believing, to quote the priest again, that, "since Apollo was Apollo; the muses, muses; and the bards were poets, so humorous and so whimsical a book as Don Quixote was never written."

We find gleaning from the text of Cervantes all that is knightly and noble. I know of no literature in the world so rich in proverbs as the Spanish; indeed, there exists a manuscript collection, gathered by that distinguished Spanish scholar, Juan Yriarte, containing between twenty-five and thirty thousand. Yriarte devoted himself to this pursuit with such eagerness that he offered a fee for any new proverb brought him, while to each inserted in his list he attached a memorandum from whence

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it came, and if this was not from books but from life, an indication of the name, the rank, and the condition in life of the person from whom it was derived. According to Trench, having a right to take Cervantes as the truest exponent of the Spanish character, "We should be prepared to trace in the proverbs of Spain a grave thoughtfulness, a stately humor; to find them breathing the very spirit of chivalry and honor, and indeed of freedom too."

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WIT AND WISDOM

OF

DON QUIXOTE.

Down in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to recollect, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old buckler, a lean horse, and a coursing greyhound. Soup, composed of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights, lentils on Fridays, pains and breakings on Saturdays, and a pigeon, by way of addition, on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income; the remainder of it supplied him with a cloak of fine cloth, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same for holidays, and a suit of the best homespun, in which he adorned himself on week-days. His family consisted of a housekeeper above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad who served him both in the field and at home, who could saddle the horse or handle the pruning-hook.

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The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years; he was of a strong constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a lover of the chase. Some pretend to say that his surname was Quixada, or Quesada, for on this point his historians differ; though, from very probable conjectures, we may conclude that his name was Quixana. This is, however, of little importance to our history; let it suffice that, in relating it, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

In fine, his judgment being completely obscured, he was seized with one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any madman: this was, a belief that it behooved him, as well for the advancement of his glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant, and traverse the world, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures, and to practise all that had been performed by knights-errant, of whom he had read; redressing every species of grievance, and exposing himself to dangers which, being surmounted, might secure to him eternal glory and renown. The poor gentleman imagined himself at least crowned emperor of Trebisond, by the valor of his arm; and thus wrapped in these agreeable delusions, and borne away by the extraordinary pleasure he found in them, he hastened to put his designs into execution.

The first thing he did was to scour up some rusty armor, which had been his great-grandfather's, and had lain many years neglected in a corner.

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This he cleaned and adjusted as well as he could, but he found one grand defect; the helmet was incomplete, having only the morion; this deficiency, however, he ingeniously supplied, by making a kind of visor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the morion, gave the appearance of an entire helmet. It is true indeed that, in order to prove its strength, he drew his sword, and gave it two strokes, the first of which instantly demolished the labor of a week; but not altogether approving of the facility with which it was destroyed, and in order to secure himself against a similar misfortune, he made another visor, which, having fenced in the inside with small bars of iron, he felt assured of its strength, and, without making any more experiments, held it to be a most excellent helmet.

In the next place he visited his steed; and although this animal had more blemishes than the horse of Gonela, which "tantum pellis et ossa fuit," yet, in his eyes, neither the Bucephalus of Alexander, nor the Cid's Babieca, could be compared with him. Four days was he deliberating upon what name he should give him; for, as he said to himself, it would be very improper that a horse so excellent, appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without an appropriate name; he therefore endeavored to find one that should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and also what he now was: nothing could, indeed, be more reasonable than that, when the master changed

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his state, the horse should likewise change his name, and assume one, pompous and high-sounding, as became the new order he now professed. So after having devised, altered, lengthened, curtailed, rejected, and again framed in his imagination a variety of names, he finally determined upon Rozinante, a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and full of meaning; importing that he had been only a *rozin*, a drudge-horse, *before* his present condition, and that now he was *before* all the *rozins* in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to fix upon one for himself. This consideration employed him eight more days, when at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote; whence some of the historians of this most true history have concluded that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. Then recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, styling himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a good knight, also added the name of his province, and called himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he fully proclaimed his lineage and country, which, at the same time, he honored by taking its name.

His armor being now furbished, his helmet made perfect, his horse and himself provided with

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names, he found nothing wanting but a lady to be in love with, as he said—

A knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a soul!

In the mean time Don Quixote tampered with a laborer, a neighbor of his, and an honest man (if such an epithet can be given to one that is poor), but shallow-brained; in short, he said so much, used so many arguments, and made so many promises, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him and serve him in the capacity of a squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him that he ought to be very glad to accompany him, for such an adventure might some time or the other occur, that by one stroke an island might be won, where he might leave him governor. With this and other promises, Sancho Panza (for that was the laborer's name) left his wife and children, and engaged himself as squire to his neighbor.

Modesty well becomes beauty, and excessive laughter proceeding from slight cause is folly.

Keep your mouth shut, and your eyes open.

The brave man carves out his own fortune.

"Where art thou, mistress of my heart,
Unconscious of thy lover's smart?

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Ah me! thou know'st not my distress,
Or thou art false and pitiless."

"If I find him here uttering any other language than his own, I will show no respect; but if he speaks in his own tongue, I will put him upon my head."

"I have him in Italian," said the barber, "but I do not understand him."

"Neither is it any great matter, whether you understand him or not," answered the priest; "and we would willingly have excused the good captain from bringing him into Spain and making him a Castilian; for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value; which, indeed, is the misfortune of all those who undertake the translation of poetry into other languages; for, with all their care and skill, they can never bring them on a level with the original production."

"The devil lurks behind the cross."

"There cannot be too much of a good thing."

"What is lost to-day may be won to-morrow."

"A saint may sometimes suffer for a sinner."

"Many go out for wool and return shorn."

Matters of war are most subject to continual change.

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Every man that is aggrieved is allowed to defend himself by all laws human and divine.

Truth is the mother of history, the rival of time, the depository of great actions, witness of the past, example and adviser of the present, and oracle of future ages.

Love, like knight-errantry, puts all things on a level.

* "He that humbleth himself, God will exalt."

After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took up a handful of acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expressions like these:

"Happy times, and happy ages, were those which the ancients termed the Golden Age! not because gold, so prized in this our iron age, was to be obtained, in that fortunate period, without toil; but because they who then lived were ignorant of those two words, Mine and Thine. In that blessed age, all things were in common; to provide their ordinary sustenance, no other labor was necessary than to raise their hands and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood liberally inviting them to taste their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains and running streams offered them, in magnifi-

* Showing that Cervantes was familiar with the Bible, as well as Latin classics.

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cent abundance, their delicious and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in hollow trees, the industrious and provident bees formed their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without interest, the fertile produce of their most delicious toil. The stately cork-trees, impelled by their own courtesy alone, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark, with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only as a defence against the inclemency of the heavens. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. The heavy colter of the crooked plough had not yet dared to force open and search into the tender bowels of our first mother, who, unconstrained, offered, from every part of her fertile and spacious bosom, whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those, her children, by whom she was then possessed."

ANTONIO.

Yes, lovely nymph, thou art my prize;
I boast the conquest of thy heart,
Though nor the tongue, nor speaking eyes,
Have yet revealed the latent smart.

Thy wit and sense assure my fate,
In them my love's success I see;
Nor can he be unfortunate
Who dares avow his flame for thee.

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Yet sometimes hast thou frowned, alas!
And given my hopes a cruel shock;
Then did thy soul seem formed of brass,
Thy snowy bosom of the rock.

But in the midst of thy disdain,
Thy sharp reproaches, cold delays,
Hope from behind, to ease my pain,
The border of her robe displays.

Ah! lovely maid! in equal scale
Weigh well thy shepherd's truth and love,
Which ne'er, but with his breath, can fail,
Which neither frowns nor smiles can move.

If love, as shepherds wont to say,
Be gentleness and courtesy,
So courteous is Olalia,
My passion will rewarded be.

And if obsequious duty paid,
The grateful heart can never move,
Mine sure, my fair, may well persuade
A due return, and claim thy love.

For, to seem pleasing in thy sight,
I dress myself with studious care,
And, in my best apparel dight,
My Sunday clothes on Monday wear.

And shepherds say I'm not to blame;
For cleanly dress and spruce attire

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Preserve alive love's wanton flame,
And gently fan the dying fire.

To please my fair, in mazy ring
I join the dance, and sportive play;
And oft beneath thy window sing,
When first the cock proclaims the day.

With rapture on each charm I dwell,
And daily spread thy beauty's fame:
And still my tongue thy praise shall tell,
Though envy swell, or malice blame.

Teresa of the Berrocal,
When once I praised you, said in spite,
Your mistress you an angel call,
But a mere ape is your delight.

Thanks to the bugle's artful glare,
And all the graces counterfeit;
Thanks to the false and curled hair,
Which wary Love himself might cheat.

I swore 'twas false; and said she lied;
At that her anger fiercely rose;
I boxed the clown that took her side,
And how I boxed my fairest knows.

I court thee not, Olalia,
To gratify a loose desire;
My love is chaste, without alloy
Of wanton wish, or lustful fire.

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The church hath silken cords, that tie
  Consenting hearts in mutual bands:
If thou, my fair, its yoke will try,
  Thy swain its ready captive stands.

If not, by all the saints I swear
  On these bleak mountains still to dwell,
Nor ever quit my toilsome care,
  But for the cloister and the cell.

A clergyman must be over and above good, who makes all his parishioners speak well of him.

Parents ought not to settle their children against their will.

For never sure was any knight
  So served by damsel, or by dame,
As Lancelot, that man of might,
  When he at first from Britain came.

The soldier who executes his captain's command is no less valuable than the captain who gave the order.

* One swallow does not make a summer.

It is neither just nor wise to fulfil the will of him who commands what is utterly unreasonable.

Showing also his familiarity with Æsop.

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CHRYSOSTOM'S SONG.

I.

Since, cruel maid, you force me to proclaim
From clime to clime the triumph of your scorn,
Let hell itself inspire my tortured breast
With mournful numbers, and untune my voice;
Whilst the sad pieces of my broken heart
Mix with the doleful accents of my tongue,
At once to tell my griefs and thy exploits.
Hear, then, and listen with attentive ear—
Not to harmonious sounds, but echoing groans,
Fetched from the bottom of my lab'ring breast,
To ease, in spite of thee, my raging smart.

II.

The lion's roar, the howl of midnight wolves,
The scaly serpent's hiss, the raven's croak,
The burst of fighting winds that vex the main,
The widowed owl and turtle's plaintive moan,
With all the din of hell's infernal crew,
From my grieved soul forth issue in one sound—
Leaving my senses all confused and lost.
For ah! no common language can express
The cruel pains that torture my sad heart.

III.

Yet let not Echo bear the mournful sounds
To where old Tagus rolls his yellow sands,
Or Betis, crowned with olives, pours his flood

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But here, 'midst rocks and precipices deep,
Or to obscure and silent vales removed,
On shores by human footsteps never trod,
Where the gay sun ne'er lifts his radiant orb,
Or with the envenomed face of savage beasts
That range the howling wilderness for food,
Will I proclaim the story of my woes—
Poor privilege of grief!—while echoes hoarse
Catch the sad tale, and spread it round the world.

IV.

Disdain gives death; suspicions, true or false,
O'erturn the impatient mind: with surer stroke
Fell jealousy destroys; the pangs of absence
No lover can support; nor firmest hope
Can dissipate the dread of cold neglect;
Yet I, strange fate! though jealous, though disdained,
Absent, and sure of cold neglect, still live.
And amidst the various torments I endure,
No ray of hope e'er darted on my soul,
Nor would I hope; rather in deep despair
Will I sit down, and, brooding o'er my griefs,
Vow everlasting absence from her sight.

V.

Can hope and fear at once the soul possess,
Or hope subsist with surer cause of fear?
Shall I, to shut out frightful jealousy,
Close my sad eyes, when every pang I feel

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Presents the hideous phantom to my view?
What wretch so credulous but must embrace
Distrust with open arms, when he beholds
Disdain avowed, suspicions realized,
And truth itself converted to a lie?
Oh, cruel tyrant of the realm of love,
Fierce Jealousy, arm with a sword this hand,
Or thou, Disdain, a twisted cord bestow!

VI.

Let me not blame my fate; but, dying, think
The man most blest who loves, the soul most free
That love has most enthralled. Still to my thoughts
Let fancy paint the tyrant of my heart
Beauteous in mind as face, and in myself
Still let me find the source of her disdain
Content to suffer, since imperial Love
By lover's woes maintains his sovereign state.
With this persuasion, and the fatal noose,
I hasten to the doom her scorn demands,
And, dying, offer up my breathless corse,
Uncrowned with garlands, to the whistling winds.

VII.

Oh thou, whose unrelenting rigor's force
First drove me to despair, and now to death;
When the sad tale of my untimely fall
Shall reach thy ear, though it deserve a sigh,
Veil not the heaven of those bright eyes in grief,
Nor drop one pitying tear, to tell the world

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At length my death has triumphed o'er thy scorn:
But dress thy face in smiles, and celebrate
With laughter and each circumstance of joy
The festival of my disastrous end.
Ah! need I bid thee smile? too well I know
My death's thy utmost glory and thy pride.

VIII.

Come, all ye phantoms of the dark abyss:
Bring, Tantalus, thy unextinguished thirst,
And Sisyphus, thy still returning stone;
Come Tityus, with the vulture at thy heart;
And thou, Ixion, bring thy giddy wheel;
Nor let the toiling sisters stay behind.
Pour your united griefs into this breast,
And in low murmurs sing sad obsequies
(If a despairing wretch such rites may claim)
O'er my cold limbs, denied a winding-sheet.
And let the triple porter of the shades,
The sister furies and chimeras dire,
With notes of woe the mournful chorus join.
Such funeral pomp alone befits the wretch
By beauty sent untimely to the grave.

IX.

And thou, my song, sad child of my despair,
Complain no more; but since thy wretched fate
Improves her happier lot who gave thee birth,
Be all thy sorrows buried in my tomb.

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All beauty does not inspire love; some please the sight without captivating the affections. If all beauties were to enamour and captivate, the hearts of mankind would be in a continual state of perplexity and confusion—for beautiful objects being infinite, the sentiments they inspire should also be infinite.

True love cannot be divided, and must be voluntary and unconstrained.

The viper deserves no blame for its sting, although it be mortal—because it is the gift of Nature.

Beauty in a modest woman is like fire or a sharp sword at a distance; neither doth the one burn nor the other wound those that come not too near them.

Honor and virtue are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so.

Let him who is deceived complain.

Let him to whom faith is broken despair.

She who loves none can make none jealous, and sincerity ought not to pass for disdain.

The body of a wretched swain,
Killed by a cruel maid's disdain,
In this cold bed neglected lies.

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He lived, fond, hapless youth! to prove
Th' inhuman tyranny of love,
Exerted in Marcela's eyes.

Much time is necessary to know people thoroughly.

We are sure of nothing in this life.

There is no remembrance which time does not obliterate, nor pain which death does not terminate.

Fortune always leaves some door open in misfortune.

Sometimes we look for one thing and find another.

Self-praise depreciates.

The cat to the rat—the rat to the rope—the rope to the gallows.

Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

One man is no more than another, only inasmuch as he does more than another.

The lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance.

A mouth without teeth is like a mill without a stone.

The dead to the bier, and the living to good cheer.

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He that seeketh danger perisheth therein.

Fear hath many eyes.

Evil to him that evil seeks.

Everybody has not discretion to take things by the right handle.

He loves thee well who makes thee weep.

Shut one door, and another will soon open.

Be brief in thy discourse, for what is prolix cannot be pleasing.

Never stand begging for that which you have the power to take.

A snatch from behind a bush is better than the prayer of good men.

Customs come not altogether, neither were they all invented at once.

Who sings in grief procures relief.

To be grateful for benefits received is the duty of honest men—one of the sins that most offendeth God is ingratitude.

Benefits conferred on base-minded people are like drops of water thrown into the sea.

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Retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom when the danger overbalances the hope; and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw.

The wicked are always ungrateful.

Necessity urges desperate measures.

I.

Love either cruel is or blind;
Or still unequal to the cause,
Is this distemper of the mind,
That with infernal torture gnaws.

II.

But Love's a god, and cruelty
In heavenly breasts can never dwell:
Then say by what authority
I'm doomed to feel the pains of hell?

III.

Of all my sufferings and my woe,
Is Chloe then the fatal source?
Sure ill from good can never flow,
Nor so much beauty gild a curse.

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IV.

With hopeless misery weighed down,
I'll seek for quiet in the grave;
For when the malady's unknown,
A miracle alone can save.

The devil is subtle, and lays stumbling-blocks in our way, over which we fall without knowing how.

In all misfortunes the greatest consolation is a sympathizing friend.

Riches are but of little avail against the ills inflicted by the hand of Heaven.

He that buys and denies, his own purse belies.

Till you hedge in the sky, the starlings will fly.

If a painter would be famous in his art, he must endeavor to copy after the originals of the most excellent masters; the same rule is also applicable to all the other arts and sciences which adorn the commonwealth; thus, whoever aspires to a reputation for prudence and patience, must imitate Ulysses, in whose person and toils Homer draws a lively picture of those qualities; so also Virgil, in the character of Æneas, delineates filial piety, courage, and martial skill, being representations of not what they really were, but of what they ought to be, in order

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to serve as models of virtue to succeeding generations.

The absent feel and fear every ill.
From Hell there is no retention.

One should not talk of halters in the house of the hanged.

DON QUIXOTE'S LETTER TO DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

HIGH AND SOVEREIGN LADY:—He who is stabbed by the point of absence, and pierced by the arrows of love, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, greets thee with wishes for that health which he enjoys not himself. If thy beauty despise me, if thy worth favor me not, and if thy disdain still pursue me, although inured to suffering I shall ill support an affliction which is not only severe but lasting. My good squire Sancho will tell thee, O ungrateful fair, and most beloved foe, to what a state I am reduced on thy account. If it be thy pleasure to relieve me, I am thine; if not, do what seemeth good to thee: for by my death I shall at once appease thy cruelty and my own passion.

Until death thine,
THE KNIGHT OF THE SORROWFUL FIGURE.

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LINES DISCOVERED ON THE BARK OF A TREE, ADDRESSED TO DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

Ye lofty trees, with spreading arms,
  The pride and shelter of the plain;
Ye humble shrubs and flowery charms,
  Which here in springing glory reign!
If my complaints may pity move,
Hear the sad story of my love!
  While with me here you pass your hours,
Should you grow faded with my cares,
  I'll bribe you with refreshing showers;
You shall be watered with my tears.
  Distant, though present in idea,
  I mourn my absent Dulcinea
    Del Toboso.

Love's truest slave, despairing, chose
  This lonely wild, this desert plain,
This silent witness of the woes
  Which he, though guiltless, must sustain.
Unknowing why these pains he bears,
He groans, he raves, and he despairs.
  With lingering fires love racks my soul:
In vain I grieve, in vain lament;
  Like tortured fiends I weep, I howl,
And burn, yet never can repent.
  Distant, though present in idea,
  I mourn my absent Dulcinea
    Del Toboso.

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While I through honor's thorny ways,
In search of distant glory rove,
Malignant fate my toil repays
With endless woes and hopeless love.
Thus I on barren rocks despair,
And curse my stars, yet bless my fair.
Love, armed with snakes, has left his dart,
And now does like a fury rave;
And scourge and sting on every part,
And into madness lash his slave.
Distant, though present in idea,
I mourn my absent Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

Let every man's fate kill him, or God who made him.

I.

Ah! what inspires my woful strain?
Unkind disdain!
Ah! what augments my misery?
Fell jealousy!
Or, say, what hath my patience worn?
An absent lover's scorn!
The torments then that I endure
No mortal remedy can cure;
For every languid hope is slain
By absence, jealousy, disdain!

II.

From love, my unrelenting foe,
These sorrows flow!

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My infant glory is overthrown,
By fortune's frown;
Confirmed in this my wretched state
By the decrees of fate,
In death alone, I hope release
From this compounded dire disease;
Whose cruel pangs to aggravate,
Fortune and love conspire with fate!

III.

Ah! what will mitigate my doom?
The silent tomb!
Ah! what retrieve departed joy?
Inconstancy!
Or say, can aught but frenzy bear
This tempest of despair?
All other efforts, then, are vain,
To cure this foul tormenting pain,
That owns no other remedy
Than madness, death, inconstancy.

Friendship, thou hast with nimble flight
Exulting gained the empyreal height,
In heaven to dwell, while here below
Thy semblance reigns in mimic show;
From thence to earth, at thy behest,
Descends fair peace, celestial guest!
Beneath whose veil of shining hue
Deceit oft lurks, concealed from view.

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Leave, friendship! leave thy heavenly seat,
Or strip thy livery off the cheat.
If still he wears thy borrowed smiles,
And still unwary truth beguiles,
Soon must this dark terrestrial ball
Into its first confusion fall.

When the stars are adverse, what is human power?

Who is there in the world that can boast of having fathomed and thoroughly penetrated the intricate and ever-changing nature of a woman?

Would to God I could find a place to serve as a private tomb for this wearisome burden of life, which I bear so much against my inclination! This very spot will yield me what I ask, if I can trust the solitary appearance of these mountains. Alas! how much more agreeable is the company of these rocks and thickets, which give me opportunities of complaining to Heaven, than that of faithless man! since Nature hath not created one of whom I could reasonably expect advice in difficulty, comfort in affliction, or remedy in distress!

O memory, thou mortal enemy of my repose! wherefore now recall to me the incomparable beauty of that adored enemy of mine! Were it not better, thou cruel faculty! to represent to my imagination her conduct at that period—that, moved by so

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flagrant an injury, I may strive, if not to avenge it, at least to end this life of pain?

For no grievance can harass or drive the afflicted to such extremity, while life remains, as to make them shut their ears against that counsel which is given with the most humane and benevolent intention.

What is sudden death, to a protracted life of anguish?

Music lulls the disordered thoughts, and elevates the dejected spirits.

All women, let them be never so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for beauty.

The eyes of love or of idleness are like those of a lynx.

One mischance invites another, and the end of one misfortune is often the beginning of a worse.

Among friends we ought not to stand upon trifles.

No man can command the first emotions of his passions.

Every new fault deserves a new penance.

Where is the wonder one devil should be like another?

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Gifts are good after Easter.

A sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard on the wing.

He that will not when he may, when he would he shall have nay.

"I have heard it preached," quoth Sancho, "that God is to be loved with this kind of love, for Himself alone, without our being moved to it by hope of reward or fear of punishment; though, for my part, I am inclined to love and serve Him for what He is able to do for me." "The devil take thee for a bumpkin," said Don Quixote; "thou sayest ever and anon such apt things that one would almost think thee a scholar." "And yet, by my faith," quoth Sancho, "I cannot so much as read."

Squires and knight-errants are subject to much hunger and ill-luck.

A man on whom Heaven has bestowed a beautiful wife should be as cautious respecting the friends he introduces at home as to her female acquaintance abroad.

Men may prove and use their friends, and not presume upon their friendship in things contrary to the decrees of Heaven.

A man dishonored is worse than dead.

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If from equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are equal.

To attempt voluntarily that which must be productive of evil rather than good, is madness and folly.

Difficult works are undertaken for the sake of Heaven, or of the world, or both: the first are such as are performed by the saints, while they endeavor to live the life of angels in their human frames; such as are performed for love of the world are encountered by those who navigate the boundless ocean, traverse different countries and various climates to acquire what are called the goods of fortune. Those who assail hazardous enterprises for the sake of both God and man are brave soldiers, who no sooner perceive in the enemy's wall a breach made by a single cannon-ball, than, regardless of danger and full of zeal in the defence of their faith, their country, and their king, they rush where death in a thousand shapes awaits them. These are difficulties commonly attempted, and, though perilous, are glorious and profitable.

When Peter saw the approach of rosy morn,
His soul with sorrow and remorse was torn;
For, though from every mortal eye concealed,
The guilt to his own bosom stood revealed:
The candid breast will, self-accusing, own
Each conscious fault, though to the world unknown:
Nor will th' offender 'scape internal shame,
Though unimpeached by justice or by fame.

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Expect not, therefore, by concealment, to banish sorrow; for, even though you weep not openly, tears of blood will flow from your heart. So wept that simple doctor, who, according to the poet, would venture to make a trial of the cup which the more prudent Rinaldo wisely declined doing; and although this be a poetical fiction, there is a concealed moral in it worthy to be observed and followed.

There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a chaste and virtuous woman. The honor of women consists in the good opinion of the world; and since that of your wife is eminently good, why would you have it questioned? Woman, my friend, is an imperfect creature; and, instead of laying stumbling-blocks in her way, we should clear the path before her, that she may readily attain that virtue which is essential in her. Naturalists inform us that the ermine is a little creature with extremely white fur, and that when the hunters are in pursuit of it, they spread with mire all the passes leading to its haunts, to which they then drive it, knowing that it will submit to be taken rather than defile itself. The virtuous and modest woman is an ermine, and her character whiter than snow; and in order to preserve it, a very different method must be taken from that which is used with the ermine.

The reputation of a woman may also be compared to a mirror of crystal, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied by every breath that comes near

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it. The virtuous woman must be treated like a relic—adored, but not handled; she should be guarded and prized, like a fine flower-garden, the beauty and fragrance of which the owner allows others to enjoy only at a distance, and through iron rails.

I.

Woman is formed of brittle ware;
  Then, wherefore rashly seek to know
What force, unbroken, she will bear,
  And strike perhaps some fatal blow?

II.

Though easily to fragments tore,
  'Twere equally absurd and vain,
To dash in pieces on the floor,
  What never can be joined again.

III.

This maxim, then, by facts assured,
  Should henceforth be espoused by all;
Where'er a Danae lies immured,
  The tempting shower of gold will fall.

The devil, when he would entrap a cautious person, assumes an angel form till he carries his point, when the cloven foot appears.

He who builds on impossibilities, should be denied the privilege of any other foundation.

Hope is ever born with love.

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In death alone I life would find,
And health in racking pain;
Fair Honor in a traitor's mind,
Or freedom in a chain.

But since I ask what ne'er can be,
The Fates, alas! decide,
What they would else have granted me,
Shall ever be denied.

Castles should not be left without governors, nor armies without generals.

The passion of love is to be conquered by flight alone; it is vain to contend with a power which, though human, requires more than human strength to subdue.

SONNET.

In the dead silence of the peaceful night,
When others' cares are hushed in soft repose,
The sad account of my neglected woes
To conscious Heaven and Chloris I recite.
And when the sun, with his returning light,
Forth from the east his radiant journey goes,
With accents such as sorrow only knows,
My griefs to tell is all my poor delight.
And when bright Phœbus from his starry throne
Sends rays direct upon the parched soil,
Still in the mournful tale I persevere;
Returning night renews my sorrow's toil;

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And though from morn to night I weep and moan,
Nor Heaven nor Chloris my complainings hear.

Are we to take all that enamoured poets sing, for truth ?

SONNET.

Believe me, nymph, I feel th' impending blow,
And glory in the near approach of death ;
For when thou see'st my corse devoid of breath,
My constancy and truth thou sure wilt know.
Welcome to me Oblivion's shade obscure !
Welcome the loss of fortune, life, and fame !
But thy loved features, and thy honored name,
Deep graven on my heart, shall still endure.
And these, as sacred relics, will I keep
Till that sad moment when to endless night
My long-tormented soul shall take her flight.
Alas for him who on the darkened deep
Floats idly, sport of the tempestuous tide,
No port to shield him, and no star to guide !

He who gives freely gives twice.

That which is lightly gained is little valued.

For Love sometimes flies and sometimes walks —runs with one person, and goes leisurely with another : some he warms, and some he burns ; some he wounds, and others he kills : in one and the same instant he forms and accomplishes his projects. He often in the morning lays siege to a fortress

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which in the evening surrenders to him—for no force is able to resist him.

The nearer the prospect of possession, the more eager we are for the enjoyment.

Heaven always favors the honest purpose.

Rank is not essential in a wife.

True nobility consists in virtue.

It is no derogation to rank to elevate beauty adorned with virtue.

Time will discover.

"Certainly, gentlemen, if we rightly consider it, those who make knight-errantry their profession often meet with surprising and most stupendous adventures. For what mortal in the world, at this time entering within this castle, and seeing us sit together as we do, will imagine and believe us to be the same persons which in reality we are? Who is there that can judge that this lady by my side is the great queen we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the Sorrowful Figure so universally made known by fame? It is, then, no longer to be doubted but that this exercise and profession surpasses all others that have been invented by man, and is so much the more honorable as it is more exposed to dangers. Let none presume to tell me

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that the pen is preferable to the sword. This may be ascertained by regarding the end and object each of them aims at; for that intention is to be most valued which makes the noblest end its object. The scope and end of learning, I mean human learning (in this place I speak not of divinity, whose aim is to guide souls to Heaven, for no other can equal a design so infinite as that), is to give a perfection to distributive justice, bestowing upone very one his due, and to procure and cause good laws to be observed; an end really generous, great, and worthy of high commendation, but yet not equal to that which knight-errantry tends to, whose object and end is peace, which is the greatest blessing man can wish for in this life. And, therefore, the first good news that the world received was that which the angels brought in the night—the beginning of our day—when they sang in the air, 'Glory to God on high, peace on earth, and to men good-will.' And the only manner of salutation taught by our great Master to His friends and favorites was, that entering any house they should say, 'Peace be to this house.' And at other times He said to them, 'My peace I give to you,' 'My peace I leave to you,' 'Peace be among you.' A jewel and legacy worthy of such a donor, a jewel so precious that without it there can be no happiness either in earth or heaven. This peace is the true end of war; for arms and war are one and the same thing. Allowing, then, this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it ex-

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ces the end of learning, let us now weigh the bodily labors the scholar undergoes against those the warrior suffers, and then see which are the greatest."

The method and language Don Quixote used in delivering himself were such, that none of his hearers at that time looked upon him as a madman; but, on the contrary, most of them being gentlemen to whom the use of arms properly appertains, they gave him a willing attention; and he proceeded in this manner: "These, then, I say, are the sufferings and hardships a scholar endures. First poverty (not that they are all poor, but to urge the worst that may be in this case); and having said he endures poverty, methinks nothing more need be urged to express his misery; for he that is poor enjoys no happiness, but labors under this poverty in all its parts, at one time in hunger, at another in cold, another in nakedness, and sometimes in all of them together; yet his poverty is not so great, but still he eats, though it be later than the usual hour, and of the scraps of the rich; neither can the scholar miss of somebody's stove or fireside to sit by; where, though he be not thoroughly heated, yet he may gather warmth, and at last sleep away the night under a roof. I will not touch upon other less material circumstances, as the want of linen, and scarcity of shoes, thinness and baldness of their clothes, and their surfeiting when good fortune throws a feast in their way; this is the difficult and uncouth path they tread, often stumbling and fall-

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ing, yet rising again and pushing on, till they attain the preferment they aim at; whither being arrived, we have seen many of them, who, having been carried by a fortunate gale through all these quicksands, from a chair govern the world; their hunger being changed into satiety, their cold into comfortable warmth, their nakedness into magnificence of apparel, and the mats they used to lie upon, into stately beds of costly silks and softest linen, a reward due to their virtue. But yet their sufferings being compared to those the soldier endures, appear much inferior, as I shall in the next place make out."

Don Quixote, after a short pause, continued his discourse thus: "Since, in speaking of the scholar, we began with his poverty and its several branches, let us see whether the soldier be richer. We shall find that poverty itself is not more poor: for he depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, and sometimes never; or upon what he can pillage, at the imminent risk of his life and conscience. Such often is his nakedness that his slashed buff-doublet serves him both for finery and shirt; and in the midst of winter, on the open plain, he has nothing to warm him but the breath of his mouth, which, issuing from an empty place, must needs be cold. But let us wait, and see whether night will make amends for these inconveniences: if his bed be too narrow it is his own fault, for he may measure out as many feet of earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure without fear of rumpling the

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sheets. Suppose the moment arrived of taking his degree—I mean, suppose the day of battle come: his doctoral cap may then be of lint, to cover some gun-shot wound, which perhaps has gone through his temples, or deprived him of an arm or leg.

"And evens uppose that Heaven in its mercy should preserve him alive and unhurt, he will probably remain as poor as ever; for he must be engaged and victorious in many battles before he can expect high promotion; and such good fortune happens only by a miracle: for you will allow, gentlemen, that few are the number of those that have reaped the reward of their services, compared with those who have perished in war. The dead are countless; whereas those who survived to be rewarded may be numbered with three figures. Not so with scholars, who by their salaries (I will not say their perquisites) are generally handsomely provided for. Thus the labors of the soldier are greater, although his reward is less. It may be said in answer to this, that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars than thirty thousand soldiers: for scholars are rewarded by employments which must of course be given to men of their profession; whereas the soldier can only be rewarded by the property of the master whom he serves; and this defence serves to strengthen my argument.

"But, waiving this point, let us consider the comparative claims to pre-eminence: for the partisans of each can bring powerful arguments in support of

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their own cause. It is said in favor of letters that without them arms could not subsist; for war must have its laws, and laws come within the province of the learned. But it may be alleged in reply, that arms are necessary to the maintenance of law; by arms the public roads are protected, cities guarded, states defended, kingdoms preserved, and the seas cleared of corsairs and pirates. In short, without arms there would be no safety for cities, commonwealths, or kingdoms. Besides, it is just to estimate a pursuit in proportion to the cost of its attainment. Now it is true that eminence in learning is purchased by time, watching, hunger, nakedness, vertigo, indigestion, and many other inconveniences already mentioned: but a man who rises gradually to be a good soldier endures all these, and far more. What is the hunger and poverty which menace the man of letters compared to the situation of the soldier, who, besieged in some fortress, and placed as sentinel in some ravelin or cavalier, perceives that the enemy is mining toward the place where he stands, and yet he must on no account stir from his post or shun the imminent danger that threatens him? All that he can do in such a case is to give notice to his officer of what passes, that he may endeavor to counteract it; in the mean time he must stand his ground, in momentary expectation of being mounted to the clouds without wings, and then dashed headlong to the earth. And if this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see whether it be

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equalled or exceeded by the encounter of two galleys, prow to prow, in the midst of the white sea, locked and grappled together, so that there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the break-head; and though he sees as many threatening ministers of death before him as there are pieces of artillery pointed at him from the opposite side, not the length of a lance from his body; though he knows that the first slip of his foot sends him to the bottom of the sea; yet, with an undaunted heart, inspired by honor, he exposes himself as a mark to all their fire, and endeavors by that narrow pass to force his way into the enemy's vessel! And, what is most worthy of admiration, no sooner is one fallen, never to rise again in this world, than another takes his place; and if he also fall into the sea, which lies in wait to devour him, another and another succeeds without intermission! In all the extremities of war there is no example of courage and intrepidity to exceed this. Happy those ages which knew not the dreadful fury of artillery!—those instruments of hell (where, I verily believe, the inventor is now receiving the reward of his diabolical ingenuity), by means of which the cowardly and the base can deprive the bravest soldier of life. While a gallant spirit animated with heroic ardor is pressing to glory, comes a chance ball, sent by one who perhaps fled in alarm at the flash of his own accursed weapon, and in an instant cuts short the life of him who deserved to live for ages! When I

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III.

On Afric's coast, as records tell,
The scene of past and present woes,
More valiant bodies never fell,
More spotless spirits never rose.

How seldom promises made in slavery are remembered after a release from bondage!

Good fortune seldom comes pure and single unattended by some troublesome or unexpected circumstance.

I.

Tossed in a sea of doubts and fears,
Love's hapless mariner, I sail,
Where no inviting port appears,
To screen me from the stormy gale.

II.

At distance viewed, a cheering star
Conducts me through the swelling tide;
A brighter luminary, far,
Than Palinurus e'er descried.

III.

My soul attracted by its blaze,
Still follows where it points the way,
And while attentively I gaze,
Considers not how far I stray.

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IV.

But female pride, reserved and shy,
  Like clouds that deepen on the day,
Oft shroud it from my longing eye,
  When most I need the genial ray.

V.

O lovely star, so pure and bright!
  Whose splendor feeds my vital fire,
The moment thou deny'st thy light,
  Thy lost adorer will expire!

SONG.

Unconquered hope, thou bane of fear,
  And last deserter of the brave,
Thou soothing ease of mortal care,
  Thou traveller beyond the grave;
Thou soul of patience, airy food,
Bold warrant of a distant good,
  Reviving cordial, kind decoy;
Though fortune frowns and friends depart,
  Though Silvia flies me, flattering joy,
Nor thou, nor love, shall leave my doting heart.

No slave, to lazy ease resigned,
  E'er triumphed over noble foes;
The monarch fortune most is kind
  To him who bravely dares oppose.
They say, Love rates his blessing high,
But who would prize an easy joy?

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consider this, I could almost repent having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry in so detestable an age; for though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern to think that powder and lead may suddenly cut short my career of glory. But Heaven's will be done! I have this satisfaction, that I shall acquire the greater fame if I succeed, inasmuch as the perils by which I am beset are greater than those to which the knights-errant of past ages were exposed."

The army is a school in which the miser becomes generous, and the generous prodigal.

A covetous soldier is a monster which is rarely seen.

Liberality may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit from them.

We have a saying in Spain, which, I believe, is very true, as indeed all proverbs are, because they are short sentences dictated by long and sage experience: that which I mean, contains no more than these words: "The church, the court, or the sea;" as if it more fully expressed the following advice, He that would make his fortune, ought either to dedicate his time to the church, go to sea as a merchant, or attach himself to the court: for it is commonly observed, that "the king's crumb is worth the baron's batch." *

* The king's morsel is better than the lord's bounty.

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Though we love the treason, we abhor the traitor.

What transport in life can equal that which a man feels on the restoration of his liberty ?

SONNET UPON THE GOLETA.

O happy souls, by death at length set free
From the dark prison of mortality,
By glorious deeds, whose memory never dies—
From earth's dim spot exalted to the skies !
What fury stood in every eye confessed !
What generous ardor fired each manly breast,
While slaughtered heaps distained the sandy shore,
And the tinged ocean blushed with hostile gore !
O'erpowered by numbers, gloriously ye fell :
Death only could such matchless courage quell ;
Whilst dying thus ye triumphed o'er your foes—
Its fame the world, its glory heaven, bestows !

SONNET ON THE FORT.

I.

Lo ! from yon ruins on the desert plain,
Oppressed with numbers, in th' unequal fight,
Three thousand souls of Christian warriors slain,
To happier regions winged their joyous flight.

II.

Yet, not before, in vain, they had essayed
The force and vigor of their dauntless arms :
Till wearied and reduced, though undismayed,
They welcomed death encompassed with alarms.

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My scornful fair then I'll pursue,
Though the coy beauty still denies;
I grovel now on earth, 'tis true,
But, raised by her, the humble slave may rise.

Might overcomes.

Him to whom God giveth, may St. Peter bless.

It is a common proverb that diligence is the mother of success, and in many important causes experience hath shown that the assiduity of the solicitor hath brought a very doubtful suit to a very fortunate issue; but the truth of this maxim is nowhere more evinced than in war, where activity and dispatch anticipate the designs of the enemy, and obtain the victory before he has time to put himself in a posture of defence.

The common adage that delays are dangerous acts as spurs upon the resolution.

There are more tricks in the town than are dreamt of.

Virtue is so powerful that of herself she will, in spite of all the necromancy possessed by the first inventor Zoroaster, come off conqueror in every severe trial, and shine refulgent in the world, as the sun shines in the heavens.

Virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous.

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Just are virtue's fears where envy domineers!

Bounty will not stay where niggards bear the sway.

Fortune turns faster than a mill-wheel, and those who were yesterday at top, may find themselves at bottom to-day.

Every one is the son of his own works.

The mind receives pleasure from the beauty and consistency of what is presented to the imagination, not from that which is incongruous and unnatural.

Fiction is always the better the nearer it resembles truth, and agreeable in proportion to the probability it bears and the doubtful credit which it inspires. Wherefore, all such fables ought to be suited to the understanding of those who read them, and written so, as that by softening impossibilities, smoothing what is rough, and keeping the mind in suspense, they may surprise, agreeably perplex, and entertain, creating equal admiration and delight; and these never can be excited by authors who forsake probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing consists.

Epics may be written in prose as well as verse.

To assert that there never was an Amadis in the world, nor any other of the knights-adventurers of

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whom so many records remain, is to say that the sun does not enlighten, the frost produce cold, nor the earth yield sustenance.

The approbation of the judicious few should far outweigh the censure of the ignorant.

An author had better be applauded by the few that are wise than laughed at by the many that are foolish.

Our modern plays, not only those which are formed upon fiction, but likewise such as are founded on the truth of history, are all, or the greatest part, universally known to be monstrous productions, without either head or tail, and yet received with pleasure by the multitude, who approve and esteem them as excellent performances, though they are far from deserving that title; and if the authors who compose, and the actors who represent them, affirm that this and no other method is to be practised, because the multitude must be pleased; that those which bear the marks of contrivance, and produce a fable digested according to the rules of art, serve only for entertainment to four or five people of taste, who discern the beauties of the plan, which utterly escape the rest of the audience; and that it is better for them to gain a comfortable livelihood by the many, than starve upon reputation with the few; at this rate, said I, if I should finish my book, after having scorched every hair in my

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whiskers in poring over it, to preserve those rules and precepts already mentioned, I might fare at last like the sagacious botcher, who sewed for nothing and found his customers in thread.

It is not a sufficient excuse to say that the object in permitting theatrical exhibitions being chiefly to provide innocent recreation for the people, it is unnecessary to limit and restrain the dramatic author within strict rules of composition; for I affirm that the same object is, beyond all comparison, more effectually attained by legitimate works. The spectator of a good drama is amused, admonished, and improved, by what is diverting, affecting, and moral in the representation; he is cautioned against deceit, corrected by example, incensed against vice, stimulated to the love of virtue.

Comedy, according to Tully, ought to be the mirror of life, the exemplar of manners, and picture of truth; whereas those that are represented in this age are mirrors of absurdity, exemplars of folly, and pictures of lewdness; for sure nothing can be more absurd in a dramatic performance, than to see the person, who, in the first scene of the first act, was produced a child in swaddling-clothes, appear a full-grown man with a beard in the second; or to represent an old man active and valiant, a young soldier cowardly, a footman eloquent, a page a counsellor, a king a porter, and a princess a scullion. Then what shall we say concerning their management of

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the time and place in which the actions have, or may be supposed to have happened? I have seen a comedy, the first act of which was laid in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third was finished in Africa; nay, had there been a fourth, the scene would have shifted to America, so that the fable would have travelled through all the four divisions of the globe. If imitation be the chief aim of comedy, how can any ordinary understanding be satisfied with seeing an action that passed in the time of King Pepin and Charlemagne, ascribed to the Emperor Heraclius, who, being the principal personage, is represented, like Godfrey of Boulogne, carrying the cross into Jerusalem, and making himself master of the holy sepulchre, an infinite number of years having passed between the one and the other? Or, when a comedy is founded upon fiction, to see scraps of real history introduced, and facts misrepresented both with regard to persons and times, not with any ingenuity of contrivance, but with the most manifest and inexcusable errors and stupidity; and what is worst of all, there is a set of ignorant pretenders who call this the perfection of writing, and that every attempt to succeed by a contrary method is no other than a wild-goose chase.

The bow cannot remain always bent, and relaxation, both of body and mind, is indispensable to all.

Can you deny what is in everybody's mouth,

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when a person is in the dumps? It is always then said, "I know not what such a one ails—he neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose, like other men—surely he is enchanted." Wherefore, it is clear that such, and such only, are enchanted who neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, and not they who eat and drink when they can get it, and answer properly to all that is asked them.

"The poor man is unable to exercise the virtue of liberality, and the gratitude which consists only in inclination is a dead thing, even as faith without works is dead. I shall, therefore, rejoice when fortune presents me with an opportunity of exalting myself, that I may show my heart in conferring benefits on my friends, especially on poor Sancho Panza here, my squire, who is one of the best men in the world; and I would fain bestow on him an earldom, as I have long since promised; although I am somewhat in doubt of his ability in the government of his estate."

Sancho, overhearing his master's last words, said, "Take you the trouble, Signor Don Quixote, to procure me that same earldom, which your worship has so often promised, and I have been so long waiting for, and you shall see that I shall not want ability to govern it. But even if I should, there are people, I have heard say, who farm these lordships; and, paying the owners so much a year, take upon themselves the government of the whole,

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while his lordship lolls at his ease, enjoying his estate, without concerning himself any further about it. Just so will I do, and give myself no more trouble than needs must, but enjoy myself like any duke, and let the world rub." "This, brother Sancho," said the canon, "may be done, as far as regards the management of your revenue; but the administration of justice must be attended to by the lord himself, and requires capacity, judgment, and, above all, an upright intention, without which nothing prospers; for Heaven assists the good intent of the simple, and disappoints the evil designs of the cunning." "I do not understand these philosophies," answered Sancho; "all that I know is, that I wish I may as surely have the earldom as I should know how to govern it; for I have as large a soul as another, and as large a body as the best of them; and I should be as much king of my own dominion as any other king; and, being so, I would do what I pleased; and, doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and, having my will, I should be contented; and, being content, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to desire, there is an end of it, and let the estate come; so Heaven be with ye, and let us see it, as one blind man said to another." "These are no bad philosophies, as you say, Sancho," quoth the canon; "nevertheless, there is a great deal more to be said upon the subject of earldoms." "That may be," observed Don Quixote; "but I am guided by the numerous

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examples offered on this subject by knights of my own profession; who, in compensation for the loyal and signal services they had received from their squires, conferred upon them extraordinary favors, making them absolute lords of cities and islands; indeed, there was one whose services were so great, that he had the presumption to accept of a kingdom. But why should I say more, when before me is the bright example of the great Amadis de Gaul, who made his squire knight of the Firm Island? Surely I may, therefore, without scruple of conscience, make an earl of Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires that ever served knight-errant."

Fame hath preserved some memoirs in La Mancha, by which it appears that Don Quixote, when he set out the third time, went to Saragossa, where he was present at a most celebrated tournament, in which many things happened to him worthy of his genius and valor; but with regard to his death and burial he could obtain no information, and must have remained entirely ignorant of that event, had he not luckily met with an old physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, which he said he found under the foundation of an ancient hermitage that was repairing. This box contained some skins of parchment, on which were written in Gothic characters, and Castilian verse, many of our knight's exploits, with a description of Dulcinea's beauty, Rozinante's figure, Sancho's fidelity, and Don

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Quixote's own funeral, celebrated by divers epitaphs, and panegyrics on his life and morals. All that could be read and fairly copied, are those which are here inserted by the faithful author of this new and surprising history, who, in recompense for the immense trouble he has undergone in his inquiries, and in examining the archives of La Mancha, that he might publish it with more certainty, desires the reader to favor him with the same credit which intelligent persons give to those books of chivalry that pass so currently in the world; and herewith he will rest fully satisfied; and perhaps be animated to search after and find out other histories, if not as authentic, at least as full of invention and entertainment.

The verses which were written in the first skin of parchment found in the leaden box were these:

The Academicians of Argamasilla, a town of La Mancha, on the Life and Death of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, hoc scripserunt.

MONICONGO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

Mancha's thunderbolt of war,
The sharpest wit and loftiest muse,
The arm which from Gaeta far
To Catai did its force diffuse;
He who, through love and valor's fire,
Outstript great Amadis's fame,

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Bid warlike Galaor retire,
And silenced Belianis' name:
He who, with helmet, sword, and shield,
On Rozinante, steed well known,
Adventures fought in many a field,
Lies underneath this frozen stone.

PANIAGUADO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

SONNET.

She whom you see the plump and lusty dame,
With high erected chest and vigorous mien,
Was erst th' enamored knight Don Quixote's flame,
The fair Dulcinea, of Toboso, queen.

For her, armed cap-a-pie with sword and shield,
He trod the sable mountain o'er and o'er;
For her he traversed Montiel's well-known field,
And in her service toils unnumbered bore.
Hard fate! that death should crop so fine a flower!
And love o'er such a knight exert his tyrant power!

CAPRICHOSO, A MOST INGENIOUS ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF DON QUIXOTE'S HORSE ROZINANTE.

SONNET.

On the aspiring adamantine trunk
Of a huge tree, whose root, with slaughter drunk,
Sends forth a scent of war, La Mancha's knight,
Frantic with valor, and returned from fight,
His bloody standard trembling in the air,
Hangs up his glittering armor beaming far,

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With that fine-tempered steel whose edge o'er-
throws,
Hacks, hews, confounds, and routs opposing foes.
Unheard-of prowess! and unheard-of verse!
But art new strains invents, new glories to rehearse.
If Amadis to Grecia gives renown,
Much more her chief does fierce Bellona crown.
Prizing La Mancha more than Gaul or Greece,
As Quixote triumphs over Amadis.
Oblivion ne'er shall shroud his glorious name,
Whose very horse stands up to challenge fame!
Illustrious Rozinante, wondrous steed!
Not with more generous pride or mettled speed,
His rider erst Rinaldo's Bayard bore,
Or his mad lord, Orlando's Brilladore.

BURLADOR, THE LITTLE ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON SANCHO PANZA.

SONNET.

See Sancho Panza, view him well,
And let this verse his praises tell.
His body was but small, 'tis true,
Yet had a soul as large as two.
No guile he knew, like some before him,
But simple as his mother bore him,
This gentle squire on gentle ass,
Went gentle Rozinante's pace,
Following his lord from place to place.
To be an earl he did aspire,
And reason good for such desire,

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But worth, in these ungrateful times,
To envied honor seldom climbs.
Vain mortals! give your wishes o'er,
And trust the flatterer Hope no more,
Whose promises, whate'er they seem,
End in a shadow or a dream.

CACHIDIABLO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

Here lies an evil-errant knight,
Well bruised in many a fray,
Whose courser, Rozinante hight,
Long bore him many a way.
Close by his loving master's side
Lies booby Sancho Panza,
A trusty squire of courage tried,
And true as ever man saw.

TIQUITOC, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

Here lies Dulcinea, once so plump,
But now her fat all melts away;
For Death, with an inhuman thump,
Has turned her into dust and clay.
Of a true breed she surely sprung,
And wanted not external grace;
Don Quixote's heart with love she stung,
And shone the glory of her race.

These were all the verses which could be read;

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the rest being worm-eaten, were delivered to an academician, that he might attempt to unravel their meaning by conjecture. This task, we understand, he has performed with infinite pains and study, intending to publish them to the world, in expectation of the third sally of Don Quixote.

"Forse altri cantera con miglior plettro."

With God nothing is impossible.

Despair added to misfortune impairs the health and hastens death.

Mountains produce learned men, and philosophers are to be found within the shepherd's cot.

No padlocks, bolts, or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.

Honey is not for the mouth of an ass.

He must be blind, indeed, who cannot see through a sieve.

Comparisons, whether as to sense, courage, beauty, or rank, are always offensive.

Scruples of conscience afford no peace.

You have reckoned without your host.

When the head aches, all the members ache also.

When virtue exists in an eminent degree, it is always persecuted.

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To be represented otherwise than with approbation is worse than the worst of deaths.

There are as many different opinions as there are different tastes.

Pedir cotufas en el golfo, signifies to look for truffles in the sea, a proverb applicable to those who are too sanguine in their expectations and unreasonable in their desires.

"There is no necessity for recording actions which are prejudicial to the hero, without being essential to the history. It is not to be supposed that Æneas was in all his actions so pure as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so uniformly prudent as he is described by Homer." "True," replied Sampson; "but it is one thing to write as a poet, and another to write as an historian. The poet may say or sing, not as things were, but as they ought to have been; but the historian must pen them not as they ought to have been, but as they really were, without adding to or diminishing aught from the truth."

There is no human history that does not contain reverses of fortune.

While thou art advancing in years, age will bring experience.

Let every man take care how he speaks or

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writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes uppermost.

With hay or with straw it is all the same.

Much knowledge and a mature understanding are requisite for an historian.

Wit and humor belong to genius alone.

The wittiest person in the comedy is he that plays the fool.

History is a sacred subject, because the soul of it is truth; and where truth is, there the divinity will reside; yet there are some who compose and cast off books as if they were tossing up a dish of pancakes.

There is no book so bad but something good may be found in it.

Printed works may be read leisurely, their defects easily seen, so they are scrutinized more or less strictly in proportion to the celebrity of the author.

"Men of great talents, whether poets or historians, seldom escape the attacks of those who, without ever favoring the world with any production of their own, take delight in criticising the works of others." "Nor can we wonder at that," said Don Quixote, "when we observe the same practice among divines, who, though dull enough in the pul-

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pit themselves, are wonderfully sharp-sighted in discovering the defects of other preachers." "True, indeed, Signor Don Quixote," said Carrasco; "I wish critics would be less fastidious, nor dwell so much upon the motes which may be discerned even in the brightest works; for, though *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, they ought to consider how much he was awake to produce a work with so much light and so little shade; nay, perhaps even his seeming blemishes are like moles, which are sometimes thought to be rather an improvement to beauty. But it cannot be denied that whoever publishes a book to the world, exposes himself to imminent peril, since, of all things, nothing is more impossible than to satisfy everybody."

Me pondra en la Espina de Santa Lucia; i. e., Will put me on St. Lucia's thorn; applicable to any uneasy situation.

Let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not take white for black, nor black for white; for we are all as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

Works done in haste are never finished with perfection.

There must be a time to attack and a time to retreat, and it must not be always, "St. Jago!" and, "Charge, Spain!"

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True valor lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and rashness.

When the heifer is offered, be ready with the rope.

When good fortune knocks, make haste to bid her welcome.

Honors often change manners.

Sancho went home in such high spirits that his wife observed his gayety a bow-shot off, insomuch that she could not help saying, "What makes you look so blithe, friend Sancho?" To which he answered: "Would to Heaven, dear wife, I were not so well pleased as I seem to be!" "I know not what you mean, husband," replied she, "by saying you wish you were not so much pleased; now, silly as I am, I cannot guess how any one can desire not to be pleased." "Look you, Teresa," answered Sancho, "I am thus merry because I am about to return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is going again in search after adventures, and I am to accompany him; for so my fate wills it. Besides, I am merry with the hopes of finding another hundred crowns like those we have spent; though it grieves me to part from you and my children; and if Heaven would be pleased to give me bread, dryshod and at home, without dragging me over crags and cross-paths, it is plain that my joy would be better grounded, since it is now mingled with

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sorrow for leaving you; so that I was right in saying that I should be glad if it pleased Heaven I were not so well pleased." "Look you, Sancho," replied Teresa, "ever since you have been a knight-errant man, you talk in such a roundabout manner that nobody can understand you." "It is enough, wife," said Sancho, "that God understands me. For He is the understander of all things; and so much for that. And do you hear, wife, it behooves you to take special care of Dapple for these three or four days to come, that he may be in a condition to bear arms; so double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tackling; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to give and take with giants, fiery dragons, and goblins, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings, and bleatings, all which would be but flowers of lavender, if we had not to do with Yangueses and enchanted Moors." "I believe, indeed, husband," replied Teresa, "that your squires-errant do not eat their bread for nothing, and therefore I shall not fail to beseech Heaven to deliver you speedily from so much evil hap." "I tell you, wife," answered Sancho, "that did I not expect, ere long, to see myself governor of an island, I vow I should drop down dead upon the spot." "Not so, good husband," quoth Teresa; "let the hen live, though it be with the pip. Do you live, and the devil take all the governments in the world! Without a government you came into

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the world, without a government you have lived till now, and without it you can be carried to your grave, whenever it shall please God. How many folks are there in the world that have no government! and yet they live, and are reckoned among the people. The best sauce in the world is hunger, and as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat with a relish. But if perchance, Sancho, you should get a government, do not forget me and your children. Consider that your son Sancho is just fifteen years old, and it is fit he should go to school, if his uncle the abbot means to breed him up to the church. Consider, also, that Mary Sancha, your daughter, will not break her heart if we marry her; for I am mistaken if she has not as much mind to a husband as you have to a government; and verily say I, better a daughter but humbly married than highly kept." "In good faith, dear wife," said Sancho, "if Heaven be so good to me that I get any thing like a government, I will match Mary Sancha so highly that there will be no coming near her without calling her your ladyship." "Not so, Sancho," answered Teresa; "the best way is to marry her to her equal; for if you lift her from clouted shoes to high heels, and, instead of her russet coat of fourteenpenny stuff, give her a farthingale and petticoats of silk; and instead of plain Molly and thou, she be called madam and your ladyship, the girl will not know where she is, and will fall into a thousand mistakes at every step,

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showing her home-spun country stuff." "Peace, fool!" quoth Sancho, "she has only to practise two or three years, and the gravity will set upon her as if it were made for her; and if not, what matters it? Let her be a lady, and come of it what will." "Measure yourself by your condition, Sancho," answered Teresa; "and do not seek to raise yourself higher, but remember the proverb, 'Wipe your neighbor's son's nose and take him into your house.' It would be a pretty business, truly, to marry our Mary to some great count or knight, who, when the fancy takes him, would look upon her as some strange thing, and be calling her country-wench, clod-breaker's brat, and I know not what else. No, not while I live, husband; I have not brought up my child to be so used; do you provide money, Sancho, and leave the matching of her to my care; for there is Lope Tocho, John Tocho's son, a lusty, hale young man, whom we know, and I am sure he has a sneaking kindness for the girl; to him she will be very well married, considering he is our equal, and will be always under our eye; and we shall be all as one, parents and children, grandsons and sons-in-law, and so the peace and blessing of Heaven will be among us all; and do not you be for marrying her at your courts and great palaces, where they will neither understand her, nor she understand herself." "Hark you, beast, and wife for Barabbas," replied Sancho, "why would you now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from

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marrying my daughter with one who may bring me grandchildren that may be styled your lordships? Look you, Teresa, I have always heard my betters say, 'He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay;' and it would be wrong, now that fortune is knocking at our door, not to open it and bid her welcome. 'Let us spread our sail to the favorable gale, now that it blows.' . . . Can't you perceive, animal, with half an eye," proceeded Sancho, "that I shall act wisely, in devoting this body of mine to some beneficial government that will lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha according to my own good pleasure; then wilt thou hear thyself called Donna Teresa Panza, and find thyself seated at church upon carpets, cushions, and tapestry, in despite and defiance of all the small gentry in the parish; and not be always in the same moping circumstances, without increase or diminution, like a picture in the hangings; but no more of this; Sanchica shall be a countess, though thou shouldst cry thy heart out." "Look before you leap, husband," answered Teresa; "after all, I wish to God this quality of my daughter may not be the cause of her perdition; take your own way, and make her duchess or princess, or what you please; but I'll assure you it shall never be with my consent or good-will; I was always a lover of equality, my dear, and can't bear to see people hold their heads high without reason. Teresa was I christened, a bare and simple name,

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without the addition, garniture, and embroidery of Don or Donna; my father's name is Cascajo, and mine, as being your spouse, Teresa Panza, though by rights I should be called Teresa Cascajo; but as the king minds, the law binds; and with that name am I contented, though it be not burdened with a Don, which weighs so heavy, that I should not be able to bear it. Neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess or governor's lady, to say, 'Mind Mrs. Pork-feeder, how proud she looks! it was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff, and went to mass with the tail of her gown about her head, instead of a veil; but now, forsooth, she has got her fine farthingales and jewels, and holds up her head as if we did not know her.' If God preserve me in my seven or five senses, or as many as they be, I shall never bring myself into such a quandary. As for your part, spouse, you may go to your governments and islands, and be as proud as a peacock; but as for my daughter and me, by the life of my father! we will not stir one step from the village; for, the wife that deserves a good name, stays at home as if she were lame; and the maid must be still adoing, that hopes to see the men come a-wooing."

He that covers, discovers.

The poor man is scarcely looked at, while every eye is turned upon the rich: and if the poor man grows rich and great, then I warrant you there is

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work enough for your grumblers and backbiters, who swarm everywhere like bees.

All object present to the view, exist, and are impressed upon the imagination, with much greater energy and force, than those which we only remember to have seen.

When we see any person finely dressed, and set off with rich apparel and with a train of servants, we are moved to show him respect; for, though we cannot but remember certain scurvy matters either of poverty or parentage, that formerly belonged to him, but which being long gone by are almost forgotten, we only think of what we see before our eyes. And if, as the preacher said, the person so raised by good luck, from nothing, as it were, to the tip-top of prosperity, be well-behaved, generous, and civil, and gives himself no ridiculous airs, pretending to vie with the old nobility, take my word for it, Teresa, nobody will twit him with what he was, but will respect him for what he is, except, indeed, the envious, who hate every man's good luck.

People are always ready enough to lend their money to governors.

Clothe the boy so that he may look not like what he is, but what he may be.

To this burden women are born: they must

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obey their husbands if they are ever such block-heads.

He that's coy when fortune's kind, may after seek but never find.

All knights cannot be courtiers, neither can all courtiers be knights.

The courtier knight travels only on a map, without fatigue or expense; he neither suffers heat nor cold, hunger nor thirst. While the true knight-errant explores every quarter of the habitable world, and is by night and day on foot or on horseback, exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather.

All are not affable and well-bred; on the contrary, some there are extremely brutal and impolite. All those who call themselves knights, are not entitled to that distinction; some being of pure gold, and others of baser metal, notwithstanding the denomination they assume. But these last cannot stand the touchstone of truth; there are mean plebeians, who sweat and struggle to maintain the appearance of gentlemen; and, on the other hand, there are gentlemen of rank who seem industrious to appear mean and degenerate; the one sort raise themselves either by ambition or virtue, while the other abase themselves by viciousness or sloth; so that we must avail ourselves of our understanding and discernment in distinguishing those persons, who, though they bear the same appellation, are yet

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so different in point of character. All the genealogies in the world may be reduced to four kinds. The first are those families who from a low beginning have raised and extended themselves, until they have reached the highest pinnacle of human greatness; the second are those of high extraction, who have preserved their original dignity; the third sort are those who, from a great foundation, have gradually dwindled, until, like a pyramid, they terminate in a small point. The last, which are the most numerous class, are those who have begun and continued low, and who must end the same.

Genealogies are involved in endless confusion, and those only are illustrious and great who are distinguished by their virtue and liberality, as well as their riches; for the great man who is vicious is only a great sinner; and the rich man who wants liberality is but a miserly pauper.

The gratification which wealth can bestow is not in mere possession, nor in lavishing it with prodigality, but in the wise application of it.

The poor knight can only manifest his rank by his virtues and general conduct. He must be well-bred, courteous, kind, and obliging; not proud, nor arrogant, no murmurer; above all, he must be charitable, and by two maravedis given cheerfully to the poor he shall display as much generosity as the rich man who bestows large alms by sound of bell. Of such a man no one would doubt his hon-

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orable descent, and general applause will be the sure reward of his virtue.

There are two roads by which men may attain riches and honor: the one by letters, the other by arms.

The path of virtue is narrow, that of vice is spacious and broad, as the great Castilian poet expresses it:

> By these rough paths of toil and pain,
> The immortal seats of bliss we gain,
> Denied to those who heedless stray
> In tempting pleasure's flowery way.

Fast bind, fast find.

He who shuffles is not he who cuts.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Though there is little in a woman's advice, yet he that won't take it is not over-wise.

We are all mortal; here to-day and gone to-morrow.

The lamb goes to the spit as soon as the sheep.

No man in this world can promise himself more hours of life than God is pleased to grant him; because death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door of life is always in a hurry, and will not be detained either by fair means or force, by sceptres

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or mitres, as the report goes, and as we have often heard it declared from the pulpit.

The hen sits, if it be but upon one egg.

Many littles make a mickle, and he that is getting aught is losing naught.

While there are peas in the dove-cote it shall never want pigeons.

A good reversion is better than bad possession, and a good claim better than bad pay.

The bread eaten, the company broke up.

A man must be a man, and a woman a woman.

Nothing inspires a knight-errant with so much valor as the favor of his mistress.

O envy! thou root of infinite mischief, and canker-worm of virtue! The commission of all other vices, Sancho, is attended with some sort of delight; but envy produces nothing in the heart that harbors it but rage, rancor, and disgust.

The love of fame is one of the most active principles in the human breast.

We cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to heaven.

Let us keep our holy days in peace, and not throw the rope after the bucket.

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There is a time for jesting, and a time when jokes are unseasonable.

Truth may bend but never break, and will ever rise above falsehood, like oil above water.

With lovers the external actions and gestures are couriers, which bear authentic tidings of what is passing in the exterior of the soul.

A stout heart flings misfortune.

Where you meet with no books you need expect no bacon.

The hare often starts where the hunter least expects her.

There is a remedy for every thing but death, who will take us in his clutches spite of our teeth.

Show me who thou art with, and I will tell thee what thou art.

Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou art fed.

Sorrow was made for man, not for beasts, yet if men encourage melancholy too much, they become no better than beasts.

It is not courage, but rashness, for one man singly to encounter an army, where death is present, and where emperors fight in person, assisted by good and bad angels.

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Good Christians should never revenge injuries.

A sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture on the wing.

At the conclusion of this drama of life, death strips us of the robes which make the difference between man and man, and leaves us all on one level in the grave.

From a friend to a friend,* etc.

Nor let it be taken amiss that any comparison should be made between the mutual cordiality of animals and that of men; for much useful knowledge and many salutary precepts have been taught by the brute creation.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.†

We may learn gratitude as well as vigilance from cranes, foresight from ants, modesty from elephants, and loyalty from horses.

SONNET.

Bright authoress of my good or ill,
Prescribe the law I must observe;
My heart, obedient to thy will,
Shall never from its duty swerve.

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* "From a friend to a friend, a bug in the eye," is a proverb applied to the false professions of friendship.

† Cervantes makes frequent use of Bible quotations.

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If you refuse my griefs to know,
The stifled anguish seals my fate;
But if your ears would drink my woe,
Love shall himself the tale relate.

Though contraries my heart compose,
Hard as the diamond's solid frame,
And soft as yielding wax that flows,
To thee, my fair, 'tis still the same.

Take it, for every stamp prepared;
Imprint what characters you choose;
The faithful tablet, soft or hard,
The dear impression ne'er shall lose.

The sorrows that may arise from well-placed affections, ought rather to be accounted blessings than calamities.

Good fare lessens care.

Covetousness bursts the bag.

Other folks' burdens break the ass's back.

There is no road so smooth but it has its stumbling-places.

Madness will have more followers than discretion.

Comparisons in grief lessen its weight.

If the blind lead the blind, both may fall into the ditch.

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If we have a good loaf, let us not look for cheese-cakes.

A good paymaster needs no pledge.

Nobody knows the heart of his neighbor; some go out for wool and come home shorn.

The conquered must be at the discretion of the conqueror.

It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing.

Heaven knows the truth of all things.

The ancient sages, who were not enlightened with the knowledge of the true God, reckoned the gifts of fortune and nature, abundance of friends, and increase of dutiful children, as constituting part of the supreme happiness.

Letters without virtue are like pearls on a dung-hill.

Poetry I regard as a tender virgin, young and extremely beautiful, whom divers other virgins—namely, all the other sciences—are assiduous to enrich, to polish, and adorn. She is to be served by them, and they are to be ennobled through her. But this same virgin is not to be rudely handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed in the market-place, nor posted on the corners of gates of

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palaces. She is of so exquisite a nature that he who knows how to treat her will convert her into gold of the most inestimable value. He who possesses her should guard her with vigilance; neither suffering her to be polluted by obscene, nor degraded by dull and frivolous works. Although she must be in no wise venal, she is not, therefore, to despise the fair reward of honorable labors, either in heroic or dramatic composition. Buffoons must not come near her, neither must she be approached by the ignorant vulgar, who have no sense of her charms; and this term is equally applicable to all ranks, for whoever is ignorant is vulgar. He, therefore, who, with the qualifications I have named, devotes himself to poetry, will be honored and esteemed by all nations distinguished for intellectual cultivation.

Indeed, it is generally said that the gift of poesy is innate—that is, a poet is born a poet, and thus endowed by Heaven, apparently without study or art, composes things which verify the saying, *Est deus in nobis*, etc. Thus the poet of nature, who improves himself by art, rises far above him who is merely the creature of study. Art may improve, but cannot surpass nature; and, therefore, it is the union of both which produces the perfect poet.

Let him direct the shafts of satire against vice, in all its various forms, but not level them at individuals, like some who, rather than not indulge their mischievous wit, will hazard a disgraceful ban-

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ishment to the Isles of Pontus. If the poet be correct in his morals, his verse will partake of the same purity: the pen is the tongue of the mind, and what his conceptions are, such will be his productions. The wise and virtuous subject who is gifted with a poetic genius is ever honored and enriched by his sovereign, and crowned with the leaves of the tree which the thunderbolt hurts not, as a token that all should respect those brows which are so honorably adorned.

Forewarned, fore-armed; to be prepared is half the victory.

It is a nobler sight to behold a knight-errant assisting a widow in solitude than a courtier-knight complimenting a damsel in the city.

Well I know that fortitude is a virtue placed between the two extremes of cowardice and rashness: but it is better the valiant should rise to the extreme of temerity than sink to that of cowardice: for, as it is easier for the prodigal than the miser to become liberal, so it is much easier for the rash than the cowardly to become truly brave.

In enterprises of every kind, it is better to lose the game by a card too much than one too little; for it sounds better to be called rash and daring than timorous and cowardly.

"Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father, sir, has informed me of the rare talents you possess,

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and particularly that you are a great poet." "Certainly not a great poet," replied Lorenzo; "it is true I am fond of poetry, and honor the works of good poets; but I have no claim to the title my father is pleased to confer upon me." "I do not dislike this modesty," answered Don Quixote; "for poets are usually very arrogant, each thinking himself the greatest in the world." "There is no rule without an exception," answered Don Lorenzo; "and surely there may be some who do not appear too conscious of their real merits." "Very few, I believe," said Don Quixote.

THE TEXT.

Could I recall departed joy,
  Though barred the hopes of greater gain,
Or now the future hours employ
  That must succeed my present pain.

THE PARAPHRASE.

All fortune's blessings disappear,
  She's fickle as the wind;
And now I find her as severe
  As once I thought her kind.
How soon the fleeting pleasures passed!
How long the lingering sorrows last!
  Unconstant goddess, in thy haste,
Do not thy prostrate slave destroy;
  I'd ne'er complain, but bless my fate,
Could I recall departed joy.

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Of all thy gifts I beg but this;
  Glut all mankind with more,
Transport them with redoubled bliss,
  But only mine restore.
With thought of pleasure once possessed,
I'm now as cursed as I was blessed:
  Oh, would the charming hours return,
How pleased I'd live, how free from pain,
  I ne'er would pine, I ne'er would mourn,
Though barred the hopes of greater gain.

But oh, the blessing I implore
  Not fate itself can give!
Since time elapsed exists no more,
  No power can bid it live.
Our days soon vanish into naught,
And have no being but in thought.
  Whate'er began must end at last,
In vain we twice would youth enjoy,
  In vain would we recall the past,
Or now the future hours employ.

Deceived by hope, and racked by fear,
  No longer life can please;
I'll then no more its torments bear,
  Since death so soon can ease.
This hour I'll die—but, let me pause—
A rising doubt my courage awes.
  Assist, ye powers that rule my fate,
Alarm my thoughts, my rage restrain,
  Convince my soul there's yet a state
That must succeed my present pain.

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O Flattery, how potent is thy sway! How wide the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction!

ON THE STORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

SONNET.

The nymph who Pyramus with love inspired
Pierces the wall, with equal passion fired:
Cupid from distant Cyprus thither flies,
And views the secret breach with laughing eyes.

Here silence, vocal, mutual vows conveys,
And whispering eloquent, their love betrays:
Though chained by fear, their voices dare not pass,
Their souls, transmitted through the chink, embrace.

Ah, woful story of disastrous love!
Ill-fated haste that did their ruin prove!
One death, one grave, unite the faithful pair,
And in one common fame their memories share.

No parents can see the deformity of their own children, and still stronger is this self-deception with respect to the offspring of the mind.

At parting, Don Quixote addressing himself to Don Lorenzo: "I know not," said he, "whether I have already told your worship, but if I have, let me now repeat the intimation, that when you are inclined to take the shortest and easiest road to the inaccessible summit of the temple of fame, you have no more to do, but to leave on one side the path of poetry, which is pretty narrow, and follow

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that of knight-errantry, which, though the narrowest of all others, will conduct you to the throne of empire in the turning of a straw."

Riches are able to solder abundance of flaws.

Every sheep to its like.

Let every goose a gander choose.

"If love only were to be considered," said Don Quixote, "parents would no longer have the privilege of judiciously matching their children. Were daughters left to choose for themselves, there are those who would prefer their father's serving-man, or throw themselves away on some fellow they might chance to see in the street: mistaking, perhaps, an impostor and swaggering poltroon for a gentleman: since passion too easily blinds the understanding, so indispensably necessary in deciding on that most important point, matrimony, which is peculiarly exposed to the danger of a mistake, and therefore needs all the caution that human prudence can supply, aided by the particular favor of Heaven. A person who proposes to take a long journey, if he is prudent, before he sets forward will look out for some safe and agreeable companion; and should not he who undertakes a journey for life use the same precaution, especially as his fellow-traveller is to be his companion at bed and board, and in all other situations? The wife is not a commodity which, when once bought, you can exchange or

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return; the marriage bargain, once struck, is irrevocable. It is a noose which, once thrown about the neck, turns to a Gordian knot, and cannot be unloosed till cut asunder by the scythe of death."

By the streets of "by-and-by" one arrives at the house of never.

God who gives the wound sends the cure.

Nobody knows what is to come. A great many hours come in between this and to-morrow; and in one hour, yea, in one minute, down falls the house. I have seen rain and sunshine at the same moment; a man may go to bed well at night, and not be able to stir next morning; and tell me who can boast of having driven a nail in fortune's wheel?

Between the yes and no of a woman I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin.

"Love, as I have heard say, wears spectacles, through which copper looks like gold, rags like rich apparel, and specks in the eye like pearls." "A curse on thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "what wouldst thou be at? When once thy stringing of proverbs begins, Judas alone—I wish he had thee! —can have patience to the end. Tell me, animal! what knowest thou of nails and wheels, or of any thing else?" "Oh, if I am not understood," replied Sancho, "no wonder that what I say passes for nonsense. But no matter for that—I understand myself: neither have I said many foolish

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things, only your worship is such a cricket." "Critic —not cricket, fool!—thou corrupter of good language," said the knight. "Pray, sir, do not be so sharp upon me," answered Sancho, "for I was not bred at court, nor studied in Salamanca, to know whether my words have a letter short, or one too many. As Heaven shall save me, it is unreasonable to expect that beggarly Sayagues should talk like Toledans—nay, even some of them are not over-nicely spoken."

Purity, propriety, and elegance of style, will always be found among polite, well-bred, and sensible men.

I have heard it said of your fencers, that they can thrust you the point of a sword through the eye of a needle.

O happy thou above all that live on the face of the earth, who, neither envying nor envied, canst take thy needful rest with tranquillity of soul: neither persecuted by enchanters, nor affrighted by their machinations! Sleep on—a hundred times I say, sleep on! No jealousies on thy lady's account keep thee in perpetual watchings, nor do anxious thoughts of debts unpaid awake thee; nor care how on the morrow thou and thy little straitened family shall be provided for. Ambition disquiets thee not, nor does the vain pomp of the world disturb thee; for thy chief concern is the care of thy ass; since to me is committed the comfort and protec-

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tion of thine own person: a burden imposed on the master by nature and custom. The servant sleeps, and the master lies awake, considering how he is to maintain, assist, and do him kindness. The pain of seeing the heavens obdurate in withholding the moisture necessary to refresh the earth, touches only the master, who is bound to provide in times of sterility and famine, for those who served him in the season of fertility and abundance.

If he is poor he cannot think to wed Quiteria. A pleasant fancy, forsooth, for a fellow who has not a groat in his pocket to look for a yoke-mate above the clouds. Faith, sir, in my opinion a poor man should be contented with what he finds, and not be seeking for truffles at the bottom of the sea.

CUPID'S ADDRESS.

I am the god whose power extends
  Through the wide ocean, earth, and sky;
To my soft sway all nature bends,
  Compelled by beauty to comply.

Fearless I rule, in calm and storm,
  Indulge my pleasure to the full;
Things deemed impossible perform,
  Bestow, resume, ordain, annul.

Cupid, having finished his address, shot an arrow over the castle, and retired to his station; upon which Interest stepped forth, and after two similar movements, the music ceasing, he said:

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My power exceeds the might of love,
For Cupid bows to me alone;
Of all things framed by Heaven above,
The most respected, sought, and known.
My name is Interest; mine aid
But few obtain, though all desire:
Yet shall thy virtue, beauteous maid,
My constant services acquire.

Interest then withdrew, and Poetry advanced; and, fixing her eyes on the damsel of the castle, she said:

Let Poetry, whose strain divine
The wondrous power of song displays,
Her heart to thee, fair nymph, consign,
Transported in melodious lays:

If haply thou wilt not refuse
To grant my supplicated boon,
Thy fame shall, wafted by the muse,
Surmount the circle of the moon.

Poetry having retired from the side of Interest, Liberality advanced; and, after making her movements, said:

My name is Liberality,
Alike beneficent and wise,
To shun wild prodigality,
And sordid avarice despise.
Yet, for thy favor lavish grown,
A prodigal I mean to prove,

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An honorable vice, I own,
But giving is the test of love.

So much thou art worth as thou hast, and so much thou hast as thou art worth.

There are only two families in the world: the have somethings and the have nothings. Nowadays we are apt to feel more often the pulse of property than of wisdom.

SANCHO PANZA ON DEATH.

"In good sooth, signor," said the squire, "there is no trusting to Mrs. Ghostly, I mean Death, who gobbles up the goslin as well as the goose; and, as I have heard our curate observe, tramples down the lofty turrets of the prince as well as the lowly cottage of the swain. That same lady, who is more powerful than coy, knows not what it is to be dainty and squeamish; but eats of every thing, and crams her wallet with people of all nations, degrees, and conditions; she is none of your laborers that take their afternoon's nap, but mows at all hours, cutting down the dry stubble as well as the green grass; nor does she seem to chew, but rather swallows and devours every thing that falls in her way; for she is gnawed by a dog's hunger that is never satisfied; and though she has no belly, plainly shows herself dropsical, and so thirsty as to drink up the lives of all the people upon earth, just as one would swallow a draught of cool water." "Enough,

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friend Sancho," cried the knight, interrupting him in this place; "keep thyself well, now thou art in order, and beware of stumbling again; for really a good preacher could not speak more to the purpose than thou hast spoken upon Death, in thy rustic manner of expression: I say unto thee, Sancho, if thy discretion was equal to thy natural parts, thou mightest ascend the pulpit, and go about teaching and preaching to admiration." "He is a good preacher who is a good liver," answered Panza, "and that is all the divinity I know." "And that is sufficient," said the knight; "yet I shall never understand or comprehend, as the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, how thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of thy Maker, should be so wise?" "Signor," replied Sancho, "I desire your worship would determine in your own affairs of chivalry, without taking the trouble to judge of other people's valor or fears; for my own part, I am as pretty a fearer of God as one would desire to see in any neighbor's child; wherefore, I beseech your worship, let me discuss this same scum; for every thing else is idle chat, of which we shall be able to give a bad account in the other world."

An ass with golden trappings makes a better appearance than a horse with a pack-saddle.

"That ought not to be called deception which aims at a virtuous end," said Don Quixote; "and no end is more excellent than the marriage of true

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lovers; though love," added he, "has its enemies, and none greater than hunger and poverty, for love is all gayety, joy, and content."

"The poor man of honor (if a poor man can deserve that title) possesses, in a beautiful wife, a jewel; and when that is taken away, he is deprived of his honor, which is murdered: a beautiful and chaste woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel and palms of triumph; for beauty alone attracts the inclinations of those who behold it; just as the royal eagle and soaring hawk stoop to the savory lure; but if that beauty is incumbered by poverty and want, it is likewise attacked by ravens, kites, and other birds of prey; and if she who possesses it firmly withstands all these assaults, she well deserves to be called the crown of her husband. Take notice, dearest Basilius," added the knight, "it was the opinion of a certain sage, that there was but one good wife in the whole world; and he advised every husband to believe she had fallen to his share, and accordingly be satisfied with his lot. I myself am not married, nor hitherto have I entertained the least thought of changing my condition; nevertheless, I will venture to advise him who asks my advice, in such a manner, that he may find a woman to his wish: in the first place, I would exhort him to pay more regard to reputation than to fortune; for a virtuous woman does not acquire a good name, merely by being vir-

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tuous; she must likewise maintain the exteriors of deportment, for the honor of the sex suffers much more from levity and freedom of behavior in public, than from any private misdeeds. If thou bringest a good woman to thy house, it will be an easy task to preserve and even improve her virtue; but, shouldst thou choose a wife of a different character, it will cost thee abundance of pains to mend her; for it is not very practicable to pass from one extreme to another: I do not say it is altogether impossible, though I hold it for a matter of much difficulty."

The ox that is loose is best licked.

Sancho, who had been attentive to the student's discourse, said: "Tell me, sir—so may Heaven send you good luck with your books—can you resolve me—but I know you can, since you know every thing—who was the first man that scratched his head? I, for my part, am of opinion, it must have been our father Adam." "Certainly," answered the scholar; "for there is no doubt but Adam had a head and hair; and, this being granted, he, being the first man in the world, must needs have been the first who scratched his head." "That is what I think," said Sancho; "but tell me now, who was the first tumbler in the world?" "Truly, brother," answered the scholar, "I cannot determine that point till I have given it some consideration, which I will surely do when I return to my

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books, and will satisfy you when we see each other again, for I hope this will not be the last time." "Look ye, sir," replied Sancho, "be at no trouble about the matter, for I have already hit upon the answer to my question. Know, then, that the first tumbler was Lucifer, when he was cast or thrown headlong from heaven, and came tumbling down to the lowest abyss." "Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou hast said more than thou art aware of; for some there are who bestow much labor in examining and explaining things which when known are not worth recollecting."

I am thoroughly satisfied that all the pleasures of this life pass away like a shadow or dream, or fade like a flower of the field.

Patience, and shuffle the cards.

We are all bound to respect the aged.

Tell me thy company and I will tell thee what thou art.

Whatever is uncommon appears impossible.

The hypocrite, who cloaks his knavery, is less dangerous to the commonwealth than he who transgresses in the face of day.

He who only wears the garb of piety does less harm than the professed sinner.

I had rather serve the king in his wars abroad, than be the lackey of any beggarly courtier at home.

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There is nothing more honorable, next to the service which you owe to God, than to serve your king and natural lord, especially in the profession of arms, which, if less profitable than learning, far exceeds it in glory. More great families, it is true, have been established by learning, yet there is in the martial character a certain splendor, which seems to exalt it far above all other pursuits. But allow me, sir, to offer you a piece of advice, which, believe me, you will find worth your attention. Never suffer your mind to dwell on the adverse events of your life; for the worst that can befall you is death, and when attended with honor there is no event so glorious. Julius Cæsar, that valorous Roman, being asked which was the kind of death to be preferred, "That," said he, "which is sudden and unforeseen!" Though he answered like a heathen, who knew not the true God, yet considering human infirmity, it was well said. For, supposing you should be cut off in the very first encounter, either by cannon-shot or the springing of a mine, what does it signify? it is but dying, which is inevitable, and, being over, there it ends. Terence observes that the corpse of the man who is slain in battle looks better than the living soldier who has saved himself by flight; and the good soldier rises in estimation according to the measure of his obedience to those who command him. Observe, moreover, my son, that a soldier had better smell of gunpowder than of musk; and if old age

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overtakes you in this noble profession, though lame and maimed, and covered with wounds, it will find you also covered with honor; and of such honor as poverty itself cannot deprive you. From poverty, indeed, you are secure; for care is now taken that veteran and disabled soldiers shall not be exposed to want, nor be treated as many do their negro slaves, when old and past service, turning them out of their houses, and, under pretence of giving them freedom, leave them slaves to hunger, from which they can have no relief but in death.

There are often rare abilities lost to the world, that are but ill-bestowed on those who do not know how to employ them to advantage.

If the abbot sings well, the novice comes not far behind him.

Who reads and travels much, sees and learns much.

It is the prerogative of God alone to truly comprehend all things. To Him there is nothing past or future. Every thing is present.

There is nothing that Time, the discoverer of all things, will not bring to light, even though it be hidden in the bowels of the earth.

Length begets loathing.

Heaven is merciful and sends relief in the greatest distress.

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Affectation is the devil.

Heaven help every one to what is their just due, but let us have plain dealing.

When choler once is born,
The tongue all curb doth scorn.

When a brave man flies, he must have discovered foul play.

To retire is not to fly.

Other men's pains are easily borne.

He who errs and mends,
Himself to Heaven commends.

Those who sin and kiss the rod,
Find favor in the sight of God.

If you obey the commands of your lord,
You may sit as a guest at his board.

In this world there is nothing but plots and counterplots, mines, and countermines.

Where there is plenty, dinner is soon made ready.

Often the hare starts where she is least expected.

I have heard it said, that the power called Nature is like a potter, who, if he can make one beau-

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tiful vessel, can in like manner make two, three, ay, and a hundred.

Wit and gay conceits proceed not from dull heads.

Every man must speak of his wants wherever he may be.

Modesty is as becoming a knight-errant as courage.

The master is respected in proportion to the discretion and good breeding of his servants.

Who sets up for a talker and a wit, sinks at the first trip into a contemptible buffoon.

The weapons of gownsmen, like those of women, are their tongues.

Keep company with the good, and you will be one of them.

Not where you were born, but where you were bred.

Well sheltered shall he be
Who leans against a sturdy tree.

An affront must come from a person who not only gives it, but who can maintain it when it is given; an injury may come from any hand.

He who can receive no affront can give none.

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One must live long to see much.

He who lives long must suffer much.

To deprive a knight-errant of his mistress, is to rob him of the eyes with which he sees, the sun by which he is enlightened, and the support by which he is maintained: I have many times said, and now I repeat the observation, that a knight-errant without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, and a shadow without the substance by which it is produced.

Possessing beauty without blemish, dignity without pride, love with modesty, politeness springing from courtesy, and courtesy from good-breeding, and, finally, of illustrious descent; for the beauty that is of a noble race, shines with more splendor than that which is meanly born.

Virtue ennobles blood, and a virtuous person of humble birth is more estimable than a vicious person of rank.

I must inform your graces, that Sancho Panza is one of the most pleasant squires that ever served a knight-errant: sometimes his simplicity is so arch, that to consider whether he is more fool or wag, yields abundance of pleasure; he has roguery enough to pass for a knave, and absurdities sufficient to confirm him a fool; he doubts every thing, and believes every thing; and often, when I think he is going to discharge nonsense, he will utter apo-

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thegms that will raise him to the skies: in a word, I would not exchange him for any other squire, even with a city to boot; and therefore I am in doubt whether or not it will be expedient to send him to that government which your grace has been so good as to bestow upon him; although I can perceive in him a certain aptitude for such an office: so that, when his understanding is a very little polished, he will agree with any government, like the king with his customs; for we know by repeated experience, that great talents and learning are not necessary in a governor, as there are a hundred at least, who govern like gerfalcons, though they can hardly read their mother tongue: provided their intention is righteous, and their desire to do justice, they will never want counsellors to direct them in every transaction, like your military governors, who being illiterate themselves, never decide without the advice of an assessor. I shall advise him corruption to eschew, but never quit his due; and inculcate some other small matters that are in my head, which, in process of time, may redound to his own interest, as well as to the advantage of the island under his command.

The customs of countries, or of great men's houses, are good as far as they are agreeable.

The pismire found wings to her sorrow.

There's as good bread baked here as in France.

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By night all cats are gray.

Sure the man his lot may rue,
Who has not broke his fast by two.

Of the birds in the air
God Himself takes the care.

And four yards of coarse cloth of Cuenza are warmer than as many of fine Segovia serge; and in travelling from this world to the next, the road is no wider for the prince than the peasant. The pope's body takes up no more room than that of the sexton, though a loftier person; for in the grave we must pack close together, whether we like it or not.

I have heard say the devil lurks behind the cross; all is not gold that glitters. From the ploughtail Bamba was raised to the throne of Spain, and from his riches and revels was Roderigo cast down to be devoured by serpents—if ancient ballads tell the truth.

None shall dare the loaf to steal
From him that sifts and kneads the meal.

An old dog is not to be coaxed with a crust.

No man is ever a scholar at his birth, and bishops are made of men, not of stones.

There is a Judge in heaven who knows the heart.

A good name is better than tons of gold.

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He who has been a good squire will never be a bad governor.

A bad cloak often covers a good drinker.

When a friend drinks one's health, who can be so hard-hearted as not to pledge him?

God's help is better than early rising.

Flame may give light, and bonfires may illuminate, yet we may easily be burnt by them; but music is always a sign of feasting and merriment.

THE ENCHANTER'S ERRAND.

Merlin I am, miscalled the devil's son
In lying annals, authorized by time;
Monarch supreme, and great depositary
Of magic art and Zoroastic skill;
Rival of envious ages, that would hide
The glorious deeds of errant cavaliers,
Favored by me and my peculiar charge.
Though vile enchanters, still on mischief bent,
To plague mankind their baleful art employ,
Merlin's soft nature, ever prone to good,
His power inclines to bless the human race.

In Hades' chambers, where my busied ghost
Was forming spells and mystic characters,
Dulcinea's voice, peerless Tobosan maid,
With mournful accents reached my pitying ears;
I knew her woe, her metamorphosed form,

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From high-born beauty in a palace graced,
To the loathed features of a cottage wench.
With sympathizing grief I straight revolved
The numerous tomes of my detested art,
And in the hollow of this skeleton
My soul enclosing, hither am I come,
To tell the cure of such uncommon ills.

O glory thou of all that case their limbs
In polished steel and fenceful adamant!
Light, beacon, polar star, and glorious guide
Of all who, starting from the lazy down,
Banish ignoble sleep for the rude toil
And hardy exercise of errant arms!
Spain's boasted pride, La Mancha's matchless knight,
Whose valiant deeds outstrip pursuing fame!
Wouldst thou to beauty's pristine state restore
The enchanted dame, Sancho, thy faithful squire,
Must to his brawny buttocks, bare exposed,
Three thousand and three hundred stripes apply,
Such as may sting and give him smarting pain:
The authors of her change have thus decreed,
And this is Merlin's errand from the shades.

The golden load is a light burden.

Gifts will make their way through stone walls.

Pray devoutly and hammer on stoutly.

One take is worth two I'll give thee's.

Let the devil fetch the devil.

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All times are not alike, nor are men always in a humor for all things.

Leave fear to the cowardly.

A stout heart quails misfortune.

Letters written in blood cannot be disputed.

If you seek advice about your own concerns, one will say it is white and another will swear it is black.

Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners.

He is safe who has good cards to play.

Avarice bursts the bag, and the covetous governor doeth ungoverned justice.

The law's measure
Is the king's pleasure.

The game is as often lost by a card too many as one too few; but a word to the wise is sufficient.

The tyrant fair whose beauty sent
The throbbing mischief to my heart,
The more my anguish to augment,
Forbids me to reveal the smart.

Come, Death, with gently-stealing pace,
And take me unperceived away,
Nor let me see thy wished-for face,
Lest joy my fleeting life should stay.

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While there is life there is hope.

Bishops are made out of learned men, and why may not kings and emperors be made out of cavaliers?

A knight-errant with but two grains of good luck is next in the order of promotion to the greatest lord in the land.

Let every beard be shaved according to the owner's fancy.

Delay breeds danger.

When the heifer you receive,
Have a halter in your sleeve.

When a thing is once begun, it is almost half finished.

Who sits in the saddle must get up first.

There is nothing so sweet as to command and be obeyed.

It is a pleasant thing to govern, even though it be but a flock of sheep.

Containing the Instructions which Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza before he went to his Government; with other well-considered matters.

The duke and duchess being so well pleased with the afflicted duenna, were encouraged to proceed with other projects, seeing that there was noth-

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ing too extravagant for the credulity of the knight and squire. The necessary orders were accordingly issued to their servants and vassals with regard to their behavior toward Sancho in his government of the promised island. The day after the flight of Clavileno, the duke bade Sancho prepare, and get himself in readiness to assume his office, for his islanders were already wishing for him as for rain in May. Sancho made a low bow, and said, "Ever since my journey to heaven, when I looked down and saw the earth so very small, my desire to be a governor has partly cooled: for what mighty matter is it to command on a spot no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed: where is the majesty and pomp of governing half a dozen creatures no bigger than hazel-nuts? If your lordship will be pleased to offer me some small portion of heaven, though it be but half a league, I would jump at it sooner than for the largest island in the world."

"Look you, friend Sancho," answered the duke, "I can give away no part of heaven, not even a nail's breadth; for God has reserved to Himself the disposal of such favors; but what it is in my power to give, I give you with all my heart; and the island I now present to you is ready made, round and sound, well-proportioned, and above measure fruitful, and where, by good management, you may yourself, with the riches of the earth, purchase an inheritance in heaven." "Well, then," answered Sancho, "let this island be forthcoming, and it shall

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go hard with me but I will be such a governor that, in spite of rogues, heaven will take me in. Nor is it out of covetousness that I forsake my humble cottage and aspire to greater things, but the desire I have to taste what it is to be a governor." "If once you taste it, Sancho," quoth the duke, "you will lick your fingers after it: so sweet it is to command and be obeyed. And certain I am, when your master becomes an emperor, of which there is no doubt, as matters proceed so well, it would be impossible to wrest his power from him, and his only regret will be that he had it not sooner." "Faith, sir, you are in the right," quoth Sancho, "it is pleasant to govern, though it be but a flock of sheep." "Let me be buried with you, Sancho," replied the duke, "if you know not something of every thing, and I doubt not you will prove a pearl of a governor. But enough of this for the present: to-morrow you surely depart for your island, and this evening you shall be fitted with suitable apparel and with all things necessary for your appointment." "Clothe me as you will," said Sancho, "I shall still be Sancho Panza." "That is true," said the duke; "but the garb should always be suitable to the office and rank of the wearer: for a lawyer to be habited like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest, would be preposterous; and you, Sancho, must be clad partly like a scholar and partly like a soldier; as, in the office you will hold, arms and learning are united." "As for learning," replied Sancho,

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"I have not much of that, for I hardly know my A B C; but to be a good governor, it will be enough that I am able to make my Christ-cross: and as to arms, I shall handle such as are given me till I fall, and so God help me." "With so good an intention," quoth the duke, "Sancho cannot do wrong."

Here they were joined by Don Quixote, who understanding the subject of their conversation, and the short space allotted to Sancho to prepare for his departure, took the squire by the hand, with the duke's permission, and led him to his apartment, in order to instruct him how to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber he locked the door, and obliging Sancho to sit down by him, spoke to this effect, in a grave and solemn tone:

"I return infinite thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, for having ordained that, before I myself have met with the least success, good fortune hath gone forth to bid thee welcome. I, who had balanced the remuneration of thy service in my own prosperity, find myself in the very rudiments of promotion; while thou, before thy time, and contrary to all the laws of reasonable progression, findest thy desire accomplished: other people bribe, solicit, importune, attend levees, entreat, and persevere, without obtaining their suit; and another comes, who, without knowing why or wherefore, finds himself in possession of that office to which so many people laid claim: and here the old saying is

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aptly introduced, 'A pound of good luck is worth a ton of merit.' Thou, who, in comparison to me, art doubtless an ignorant dunce, without rising early or sitting up late, or, indeed, exerting the least industry; without any pretension more or less than that of being breathed upon by knight-errantry, seest thyself created governor of an island as if it was a matter of moonshine. All this I observe, O Sancho, that thou mayst not attribute thy success to thy own deserts: but give thanks to heaven for having disposed matters so beneficially in thy behalf, and then make thy acknowledgments to that grandeur which centres in the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart being thus predisposed to believe what I have said, be attentive, O my son, to me who am thy Cato, thy counsellor, thy north-pole and guide, to conduct thee into a secure harbor from the tempestuous sea into which thou art going to be engulfed; for great posts and offices of state are no other than a profound gulf of confusion.

"In the first place, O my son, you are to fear God: the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom and if you are wise you cannot err.

"Secondly, you must always remember who you are, and endeavor to know yourself; a study of all others the most difficult. This self-knowledge will hinder you from blowing yourself up like the frog in order to rival the size of the ox: if, therefore, you succeed in this learning, the consideration of thy having been a swineherd will, like the pea-

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cock's ugly feet, be a check upon thy folly and pride." "I own I once took care of hogs, when I was a boy," said Sancho; "but, after I grew up, I quitted that employment, and took care of geese: but I apprehend that matter is not of great consequence, for all governors are not descended from the kingly race." "No, sure," answered the knight; "and, for that reason, those who are not of noble extraction ought to sweeten the gravity of their function with mildness and affability; which, being prudently conducted, will screen them from those malicious murmurs that no station can escape.

"Conceal not the meanness of thy family, nor think it disgraceful to be descended from peasants: for, when it is seen that thou art not thyself ashamed, none will endeavor to make thee so; and deem it more meritorious to be a virtuous humble man than a lofty sinner. Infinite is the number of those who, born of low extraction, have risen to the highest dignities, both in church and state; and of this truth I could tire thee with examples.

"If thou takest virtue for the rule of life, and valuest thyself upon acting in all things conformably thereto, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords and princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue is a common property, and may be acquired by all; it has, moreover, an intrinsic worth which blood has not. This being so, if, peradventure, any one of thy kindred visit thee in thy government, do not slight nor affront him; but receive, cherish, and make much

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of him; for in so doing thou wilt please God, who allows none of His creatures to be despised; and thou wilt also manifest therein a well-disposed nature.

"If thou takest thy wife with thee (and it is not well for those who are appointed to governments to be long separated from their families), teach, instruct, and polish her from her natural rudeness: for it often happens that all the consideration a wise governor can acquire is lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman.

"If thou shouldst become a widower (an event which is possible), and thy station entitles thee to a better match, seek not one to serve thee for a hook and angling-rod, or a friar's hood to receive alms in:* for, believe me, whatever the judge's wife receives, the husband must account for at the general judgment, and shall be made to pay fourfold for all that of which he has rendered no account during his life.

"Be not under the dominion of thine own will: it is the vice of the ignorant, who vainly presume on their own understanding.

"Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from thee than the applications of the wealthy.

"Be equally solicitous to sift out the truth

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* The phrase *No quiero de tu capilla* alludes to the practice of friars, who, when charity is offered, hold out their hoods to receive it, while they pronounce a refusal with their tongues.

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amidst the presents and promises of the rich and the sighs and entreaties of the poor.

"Whenever equity may justly temper the rigor of the law, let not the whole force of it bear upon the delinquent: for it is better that a judge should lean on the side of compassion than severity.

"If, perchance, the scales of justice be not correctly balanced, let the error be imputable to pity, not to gold.

"If, perchance, the cause of thine enemy come before thee, forget thy injuries, and think only on the merits of the case.

"Let not private affection blind thee in another man's cause; for the errors thou shalt thereby commit are often without remedy, and at the expense both of thy reputation and fortune.

"When a beautiful woman comes before thee to demand justice, consider maturely the nature of her claim, without regarding either her tears or her sighs, unless thou wouldst expose thy judgment to the danger of being lost in the one, and thy integrity in the other.

"Revile not with words him whom thou hast to correct with deeds: the punishment which the unhappy wretch is doomed to suffer is sufficient, without the addition of abusive language.

"When the criminal stands before thee, recollect the frail and depraved nature of man, and, as much as thou canst, without injustice to the suffering party, show pity and clemency; for, though

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the attributes of God are all equally adorable, yet His mercy is more shining and attractive in our eyes, and strikes with greater lustre, than His justice.

"If you observe, and conduct yourself by these rules and precepts, Sancho, your days will be long upon the face of the earth; your fame will be eternal, your reward complete, and your felicity unutterable; your children will be married according to your wish; they and their descendants will enjoy titles; you shall live in peace and friendship with all mankind; when your course of life is run, death will overtake you in a happy and mature old age, and your eyes will be shut by the tender and delicate hands of your posterity, in the third or fourth generation.

"The remarks I have hitherto made are documents touching the decoration of your soul; and now you will listen to the directions I have to give concerning thy person and deportment."

Of the Second Series of Instructions Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza.

Who that has duly considered Don Quixote's instructions to his squire would not have taken him for a person of singular intelligence and discretion? But, in truth, as it has often been said in the progress of this great history, he raved only on the subject of chivalry; on all others he manifested a sound and discriminating understanding; wherefore his judgment and his actions appeared continually

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at variance. But, in these second instructions given to Sancho, which showed much ingenuity, his wisdom and frenzy are both singularly conspicuous.

During the whole of this private conference, Sancho listened to his master with great attention, and endeavored so to register his counsel in his mind that he might thereby be enabled to bear the burden of government and acquit himself honorably. Don Quixote now proceeded:

"As to the regulation of thine own person and domestic concerns," said he, "in the first place, Sancho, I enjoin thee to be cleanly in all things. Keep the nails of thy fingers constantly and neatly pared, nor suffer them to grow as some do, who ignorantly imagine that long nails beautify the hand, and account the excess of that excrement simply a finger-nail, whereas it is rather the talon of the lizard-hunting kestrel—a foul and unsightly object. A slovenly dress betokens a careless mind; or, as in the case of Julius Cæsar, it may be attributed to cunning.

"Examine prudently the income of thy office, and if it will afford thee to give liveries to thy servants, give them such as are decent and lasting, rather than gaudy and modish; and what thou shalt thus save in thy servants bestow on the poor; so shalt thou have attendants both in heaven and earth —a provision which our vain-glorious great never think of.

"Eat neither garlic nor onions, lest the smell

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betray thy rusticity. Walk with gravity, and speak deliberately, but not so as to seem to be listening to thyself; for affectation is odious.

"Eat little at dinner and less at supper; for the health of the whole body is tempered in the labora tory of the stomach.

"Drink with moderation; for inebriety never keeps a secret nor performs a promise.

"In the next place, Sancho, do not intermix in thy discourse such a multitude of proverbs as thou wert wont to do; for though proverbs are concise and pithy sentences, thou dost so often drag them in by the head and shoulders that they look more like the ravings of distraction than well-chosen apothegms."

"That defect God himself must remedy," said Sancho; "for I have more proverbs by heart than would be sufficient to fill a large book; and, when I speak, they crowd together in such a manner as to quarrel for utterance; so that my tongue discharges them just as they happen to be in the way, whether they are or are not to the purpose: but I will take care henceforward to throw out those that may be suitable to the gravity of my office; for, 'Where there's plenty of meat, the supper will soon be complete;' 'He that shuffles does not cut;' 'A good hand makes a short game;' and, 'It requires a good brain to know when to give and retain.'"

"Courage, Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "squeeze, tack, and string your proverbs together;

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here are none to oppose you. My mother whips me, and I whip the top. Here am I exhorting thee to suppress thy proverbs, and in an instant thou hast spewed forth a whole litany of them, which are as foreign from the subject as an old ballad. Remember, Sancho, I do not say that a proverb properly applied is amiss; but, to throw in, and string together old saws helter-skelter, renders conversation altogether mean and despicable.

"When you appear on horseback, do not lean backward over the saddle, nor stretch out your legs stiffly from the horse's belly, nor let them hang dangling in a slovenly manner, as if you were upon the back of Dapple; for some ride like jockeys, and some like gentlemen.

"Be very moderate in sleeping; for he who does not rise with the sun cannot enjoy the day; and observe, O Sancho, industry is the mother of prosperity; and laziness, her opposite, never saw the accomplishment of a good wish.

"This is all the advice, friend Sancho, that occurs to me at present; hereafter, as occasions offer, my instructions will be ready, provided thou art mindful to inform me of the state of thy affairs."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "I see very well that all your worship has told me is wholesome and profitable; but what shall I be the better for it if I cannot keep it in my head? It is true, I shall not easily forget what you have said about paring my

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nails, and marrying again if the opportunity offers; but for your other quirks and quillets, I protest they have already gone out of my head as clean as last year's clouds; and, therefore, let me have them in writing; for, though I cannot read them myself, I will give them to my confessor, that he may repeat and drive them into me in time of need."

"Heaven defend me!" said Don Quixote, "how scurvy doth it look in a governor to be unable to read or write! Indeed, Sancho, I must needs tell thee that when a man has not been taught to read, or is left-handed, it argues that his parentage was very low, or that, in early life, he was so indocile and perverse that his teachers could beat nothing good into him. Truly this is a great defect in thee, and therefore I would have thee learn to write, even if it were only thy name."

"That I can do already," quoth Sancho; "for when I was steward of the brotherhood in our village, I learned to make certain marks like those upon wool-packs, which, they told me, stood for my name. But, at the worst, I can feign a lameness in my right hand, and get another to sign for me: there is a remedy for every thing but death; and, having the staff in my hand, I can do what I please. Besides, as your worship knows, he whose father is mayor*—and I, being governor, am, I trow, something more than mayor.

* The entire proverb is: "He whose father is mayor goes safe to his trial."

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"Ay, ay, let them come that list, and play at bo-peep—ay, fleer and backbite me; but they may come for wool and go back shorn: 'His home is savory whom God loves;'—besides, 'The rich man's blunders pass current for wise maxims;' so that I, being a governor, and therefore wealthy, and bountiful to boot—as I intend to be—nobody will see any blemish in me. No, no, let the clown daub himself with honey, and he will never want flies. 'As much as you have, just so much you are worth,' said my grandam; revenge yourself upon the rich who can."

"Heaven confound thee!" exclaimed Don Quixote; "sixty thousand devils take thee and thy proverbs! This hour, or more, thou hast been stringing thy musty wares, poisoning and torturing me without mercy. Take my word for it, these proverbs will one day bring thee to the gallows; —they will surely provoke thy people to rebellion! Where dost thou find them? How shouldst thou apply them, idiot? for I toil and sweat as if I were delving the ground to utter but one, and apply it properly."

"Before Heaven, master of mine," replied Sancho, "your worship complains of very trifles. Why, in the devil's name, are you angry that I make use of my own goods? for other stock I have none, nor any stock but proverbs upon proverbs; and just now I have four ready to pop out, all pat

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and fitting as pears in a pannier—but I am dumo; Silence is my name." *

"Then art thou vilely miscalled," quoth Don Quixote, "being an eternal babbler. Nevertheless, I would fain know these four proverbs that come so pat to the purpose; for I have been rummaging my own memory, which is no bad one, but for the soul of me, I can find none."

"Can there be better," quoth Sancho, "than —'Never venture your fingers between two eye-teeth;' and with 'Get out of my house—what would you have with my wife?' there is no arguing; and, 'Whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone hits the pitcher, it goes ill with the pitcher.' All these, your worship must see, fit to a hair. Let no one meddle with the governor or his deputy, or he will come off the worst, like him who claps his finger between two eye-teeth, and though they were not eye-teeth, 'tis enough if they be but teeth. To what a governor says, there is no replying, any more than to 'Get out of my house—what business have you with my wife?' Then as to the stone and the pitcher—a blind man may see that. So he who points to the mote in another man's eye, should first look to the beam in his own, that it may not be said of him, the dead woman was afraid of her that was flayed. Besides, your worship knows well that the fool knows more in his own house than the wise in that of another."

* The proverb is: "To keep silence well is called Santo."

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"Not so, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "the fool knows nothing, either in his own or any other house; for knowledge is not to be erected upon so bad a foundation as folly. But here let it rest, Sancho, for, if thou governest ill, though the fault will be thine, the shame will be mine. However, I am comforted in having given thee the best counsel in my power; and therein having done my duty, I am acquitted both of my obligation and promise: so God speed thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the fears I entertain that thou wilt turn the whole island topsy-turvy!—which, indeed, I might prevent by letting the duke know what thou art, and telling him that all that paunch-gut and little carcass of thine is nothing but a sack full of proverbs and impertinence."

"Signor," replied Sancho, "if your worship really thinks I am not qualified for that government, I renounce it from henceforward forever, amen. I have a greater regard for a nail's breadth of my soul than my whole body; and I can subsist, as bare Sancho, upon a crust of bread and an onion, as well as governor on capons and partridges; for, while we sleep, great and small, rich and poor, are equal all. If your worship will consider, your worship will find that you yourself put this scheme of government into my head: as for my own part, I know no more of the matter than a bustard; and, if you think the governorship will be

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the means of my going to the devil, I would much rather go as simple Sancho to heaven, than as a governor to hell-fire."

"Before God!" cried the knight, "from these last reflections thou hast uttered, I pronounce thee worthy to govern a thousand islands. Thou hast an excellent natural disposition, without which all science is naught: recommend thyself to God, and endeavor to avoid errors in the first intention; I mean, let thy intention and unshaken purpose be, to deal righteously in all thy transactions; for Heaven always favors the upright design. And now let us go in to dinner; for I believe their graces wait for us."

Without discretion there can be no wit.

"O poverty, poverty! I know not what should induce the great Cordovan poet to call thee a holy unrequited gift. I, though a Moor, am very sensible, from my correspondence with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, poverty, and obedience; yet, nevertheless, I will affirm that he must be holy indeed, who can sit down content with poverty, unless we mean that kind of poverty to which one of the greatest saints alludes, when he says, "Possess of all things as not possessing them:" and this is called spiritual poverty. But thou second poverty, which is the cause I spoke of, why wouldst thou assault gentlemen of birth rather than any other class of people? Why dost thou compel

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them to cobble their shoes, and wear upon their coats one button of silk, another of hair, and a third of glass? Why must their ruffs be generally yellow and ill-starched?" (By the by, from this circumstance we learn the antiquity of ruffs and starch.) But, thus he proceeds: "O wretched man of noble pedigree! who is obliged to administer cordials to his honor, in the midst of hunger and solitude, by playing the hypocrite with a toothpick, which he affects to use in the street, though he has eat nothing to require that act of cleanliness: wretched he, I say, whose honor is ever apt to be startled, and thinks that everybody at a league's distance observes the patch upon his shoe, his greasy hat, and his threadbare cloak, and even the hunger that consumes him."

Better a blush on the face than a stain in the heart.

Look not in last year's nests for this year's birds.

A SERENADE.

And he forthwith imagined that some damsel belonging to the duchess had become enamoured of him: though somewhat fearful of the beautiful foe, he resolved to fortify his heart, and on no account to yield; so, commending himself with fervent devotion to his mistress, Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to listen to the music; and, to let the damsel know he was there, he gave a feigned sneeze,

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at which they were not a little pleased, as they desired above all things that he should hear them. The harp being now tuned, Altisidora began the following song:

JARVIS'S TRANSLATION.

Wake, sir knight, now love's invading,
Sleep in Holland sheets no more;
When a nymph is serenading,
'Tis an arrant shame to snore.

Hear a damsel tall and tender,
Moaning in most rueful guise,
With heart almost burned to cinder
By the sunbeams of thine eyes.

To free damsels from disaster
Is, they say, your daily care:
Can you then deny a plaster
To a wounded virgin here?

Tell me, doughty youth, who cursed thee
With such humors and ill-luck?
Was't some sullen bear dry-nursed thee,
Or she-dragon gave thee suck?

Dulcinea, that virago,
Well may brag of such a Cid,
Now her fame is up, and may go
From Toledo to Madrid.

Would she but her prize surrender,
(Judge how on thy face I dote!)

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In exchange I'd gladly send her
My best gown and petticoat.

Happy I, would fortune doom me
But to have me near thy bed,
Stroke thee, pat thee, currycomb thee,
And hunt o'er thy knightly head.

But I ask too much, sincerely,
And I doubt I ne'er must do't,
I'd but kiss your toe, and fairly
Get the length thus of your foot.

How I'd rig thee, and what riches
Should be heaped upon thy bones!
Caps and socks, and cloaks and breeches,
Matchless pearls and precious stones.

Do not from above, like Nero,
See me burn and slight my woe,
But to quench my fires, my hero,
Cast a pitying eye below.

I'm a virgin-pullet, truly;
One more tender ne'er was seen:
A mere chicken fledged but newly:—
Hang me if I'm yet fifteen.

Wind and limb, all's tight about me,
My hair dangles to my feet;
I am straight too:—if you doubt me,
Trust your eyes, come down and see't.

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I've a bob nose has no fellow,
And a sparrow's mouth as rare:
Teeth like bright topazes, yellow;
Yet I'm deemed a beauty here.

You know what a rare musician
(If you hearken) courts your choice;
I dare say my disposition
Is as taking as my voice.

Here ended the song of the amorous Altisidora, and began the alarm of the courted Don Quixote; who, fetching a deep sigh, said within himself: "Why am I so unhappy a knight-errant that no damsel can see but she must presently fall in love with me? Why is the peerless Dulcinea so unlucky that she must not be suffered singly to enjoy this my incomparable constancy? Queens, what would ye have with her? Empresses, why do ye persecute her? Damsels from fourteen to fifteen, why do ye plague her? Leave, leave the poor creature; let her triumph and glory in the lot which love bestowed upon her in the conquest of my heart, and the surrender of my soul. Take notice, enamoured multitude, that to Dulcinea alone I am paste and sugar, and to all others flint. To her I am honey, and to the rest of ye, aloes. To me, Dulcinea alone is beautiful, discreet, lively, modest, and well-born; all the rest of her sex foul, foolish, fickle, and base-born. To be hers, and hers alone, nature sent me into the world. Let Altisidora

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weep or sing, let the lady despair on whose account I was buffeted in the castle of the enchanted Moor; boiled or roasted, Dulcinea's I must be, clean, well-bred, and chaste, in spite of all the necromantic powers on earth."

We see that governors, though otherwise fools, are sometimes directed in their decisions by the hand of God.

Time is ever moving; nothing ever can impede his course.

An understanding in the beginning is often an effectual cure for those who are indiscreetly in love.

At eleven o'clock Don Quixote retired to his apartment, and finding a lute there, he tuned it, opened the window, and, perceiving there was somebody walking in the garden, he ran over the strings of the instrument; and, having tuned it again as nicely as he could, he coughed and cleared his throat; and then, with a voice somewhat hoarse, yet not unmusical, he sang the following song, which he had composed himself that very day:

THE ADVICE.

MATTEAUX'S TRANSLATION.

Love, a strong designing foe,
  Careless hearts with ease deceives;
Can thy breast resist his blow,
  Which your sloth unguarded leaves?

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If you're idle, you're destroyed,
All his art on you he tries;
But be watchful and employed,
Straight the baffled tempter flies.

Maids for modest grace admired,
If they would their fortunes raise,
Must in silence live retired:
'Tis their virtue speaks their praise.

The divine Tobosan fair,
Dulcinea, claims me whole;
Nothing can her image tear;
'Tis one substance with my soul.

Then let fortune smile or frown,
Nothing shall my faith remove;
Constant truth, the lover's crown,
Can work miracles in love.

THE SAME AS TRANSLATED BY SMOLLETT.

Love, with idleness combined,
Will unhinge the tender mind:
But to few, to work and move,
Will exclude the force of love.
Blooming maids that would be married,
Must in virtue be unwearied:
Modesty a dower will raise,
And be a trumpet of their praise.
A cavalier will sport and play
With a damsel frank and gay;

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But, when wedlock is his aim,
Choose a maid of sober fame.
Passion kindled in the breast,
By a stranger or a guest,
Enters with the rising sun,
And fleets before his race be run:
Love that comes so suddenly,
Ever on the wing to fly,
Neither can nor will impart
Strong impressions to the heart.
Pictures drawn on pictures, show
Strange confusion to the view:
Second beauty finds no base,
Where a first has taken place:
Then Dulcinea still shall reign
Without a rival or a stain;
Nor shall fate itself control
Her sway, or blot her from my soul:
Constancy, the lover's boast,
I'll maintain whate'er it cost:
This, my virtue will refine;
This will stamp my joys divine.

THE SAME AS TRANSLATED BY JARVIS.

Love, with idleness is friend,
O'er a maiden gains its end:
But let business and employment
Fill up every careful moment;
These an antidote will prove
'Gainst the pois'nous arts of love.

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Maidens that aspire to marry,
In their looks reserve should carry:
Modesty their price should raise,
And be the herald of their praise.
Knights, whom toils of arms employ,
With the free may laugh and toy;
But the modest only choose
When they tie the nuptial noose.
Love that rises with the sun,
With his setting beams is gone:
Love that guest-like visits hearts,
When the banquet's o'er, departs:
And the love that comes to-day,
And to-morrow wings its way,
Leaves no traces on the soul,
Its affections to control.

Where a sovereign beauty reigns,
Fruitless are a rival's pains—
O'er a finished picture who
E'er a second picture drew?
Fair Dulcinea, queen of beauty,
Rules my heart, and claims its duty,
Nothing there can take her place,
Naught her image can erase.
Whether fortune smile or frown,
Constancy's the lover's crown;
And, its force divine to prove,
Miracles performs in love.

Copious drinking consumes the radical moisture which is the essence of life.

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Simple medicines are more esteemed than those that are compound: in the simple, there can be no mistake; in the compound, all is hazard and uncertainty.

If we must be prepared for battles that threaten us, at least let us be well fed: for the stomach supports the heart, and the heart supports the man.

The devil will never give you a high nose if a flat nose will serve your turn.

All is not gold that glitters.

Walls have ears.

I am fully convinced that judges and governors are, or ought to be, made of brass, so as that they may not feel the importunity of people of business, who expect to be heard and dispatched at all hours and at all seasons, come what will, attending only to their own affairs; and if the poor devil of a judge does not hear and dispatch them, either because it is not in his power, or it happens to be an unseasonable time for giving audience, then they grumble and backbite, gnaw him to the very bones, and even bespatter his whole generation. Ignorant man of business! foolish man of business! be not in such a violent hurry; wait for the proper season and conjuncture, and come not at meals and sleeping-time; for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to nature that which nature requires.

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Good physicians deserve palms and laurels.

Either we are, or we are not.

Let us all live and eat together in harmony and good friendship.

When God sends the morning, the light shines upon all.

Make yourselves honey, and the flies will devour you.

Your idle and lazy people in a commonwealth, are like drones in a beehive, which only devour the honey the laboring bees gather.

Every day produces something new in the world: jests turn into earnest, and the biters are bit.

They who expect snacks should be modest, and take cheerfully whatever is given them, and not haggle with the winners; unless they know them to be sharpers, and their gains unfairly gotten.

Cheats are always at the mercy of their accomplices.

The maid that would keep her good name, stays at home as if she were lame. A hen and a housewife, whatever they cost, if once they go gadding will surely be lost. And she that longs to see, I ween, is as desirous to be seen.

Seeing is believing.

Good fortune wants only a beginning.

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When they offer thee a government, lay hold of it.

When an earldom is put before thee, lay thy clutches on it.

When they throw thee some beneficial bone, snap at the favor; if not, sleep on and never answer to good fortune and preferment when they knock at thy door.

Truth will always rise uppermost, as oil rises above water.

According to reason, each thing has its season.

When justice is doubtful, I should lean to the side of mercy.

Sancho, having plentifully dined that day, in spite of all the aphorisms of Dr. Tirteafuera, when the cloth was removed, in came an express with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho ordered the secretary to read it to himself, and if there was nothing in it for secret perusal, then to read it aloud. The secretary, having first run it over accordingly, "My lord," said he, "the letter may not only be publicly read, but deserves to be engraved in characters of gold; and thus it is:"

Don Quixote de la Mancha to Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria.

"When I expected to have had an account of thy carelessness and blunders, friend Sancho, I was

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agreeably disappointed with news of thy wise behavior; for which I return thanks to Heaven, that can raise the lowest from their poverty, and turn the fool into a man of sense. I hear thou governest with all discretion; and that, nevertheless, thou retainest the humility of the meanest creature. But I would observe to thee, Sancho, that it is often expedient and necessary, for the due support of authority, to act in contradiction to the humility of the heart. The personal adornments of one that is raised to a high situation must correspond with his present greatness, and not with his former lowliness: let thy apparel, therefore, be good and becoming; for the hedgestake, when decorated no longer, appears what it really is. I do not mean that thou shouldst wear jewels, or finery; nor, being a judge, would I have thee dress like a soldier; but adorn thyself in a manner suitable to thy employment. To gain the good-will of thy people, two things, among others, thou must not fail to observe: one is, to be courteous to all—that, indeed, I have already told thee; the other is, to take especial care that the people be exposed to no scarcity of food; for, with the poor, hunger is, of all afflictions, the most insupportable. Publish few edicts, but let those be good; and, above all, see that they are well observed; for edicts that are not kept are the same as not made, and serve only to show that the prince, though he had wisdom and authority to make them, had not the courage to

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insist upon their execution. Laws that threaten, and are not enforced, become like King Log, whose croaking subjects first feared, then despised him. Be a father to virtue, and a step-father to vice. Be not always severe, nor always mild; but choose the happy mean between them, which is the true point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the shambles, and the markets; for there the presence of the governor is highly necessary: such attention is a comfort to the prisoner hoping for release; it is a terror to the butchers, who then dare not make use of false weights; and the same effect is produced on all other dealers. Shouldst thou unhappily be secretly inclined to avarice, to gluttony, or women, which I hope thou art not, avoid showing thyself guilty of these vices: for, when those who are concerned with thee discover thy ruling passion, they will assault thee on that quarter, nor leave thee till they have effected thy destruction. View and review, consider and reconsider, the counsels and documents I gave thee in writing before thy departure hence to thy government; and in them thou wilt find a choice supply to sustain thee through the toils and difficulties which governors must continually encounter. Write to thy patrons, the duke and duchess, and show thyself grateful; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins; whereas he who is grateful to those that have done him service, thereby testifies that he will be grateful also to God, his constant benefactor.

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"My lady duchess has dispatched a messenger to thy wife Teresa with thy hunting-suit, and also a present from herself. We expect an answer every moment. I have been a little out of order with a certain cat-clawing which befell me, not much to the advantage of my nose; but it was nothing; for, if there are enchanters who persecute me, there are others who defend me. Let me know if the steward who is with thee had any hand in the actions of the Trifaldi, as thou hast suspected: and give me advice, from time to time, of all that happens to thee, since the distance between us is so short. I think of quitting this idle life very soon; for I was not born for luxury and ease. A circumstance has occurred which may, I believe, tend to deprive me of the favor of the duke and duchess; but, though it afflicts me much, it affects not my determination, for I must comply with the duties of my profession in preference to any other claim; as it is often said, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* I write this in Latin, being persuaded that thou hast learned that language since thy promotion. Farewell, and God have thee in His keeping: so mayst thou escape the pity of the world.

"Thy friend,

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA."

Sancho gave great attention to the letter; and it was highly applauded, both for sense and integrity, by everybody that heard it. After that, he

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rose from table, and calling the secretary, went without any further delay, and locked himself up with him in his chamber, to write an answer to his master, Don Quixote, which was as follows:

Sancho Panza to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

"I am so taken up with business that I have not yet had time to let you know whether it goes well or ill with me in this same government, where I am more hunger-starved than when you and I wandered through woods and wildernesses.

"My lord duke wrote to me the other day to inform me of some spies that were got into this island to kill me; but as yet I have discovered none but a certain doctor, hired by the islanders to kill all the governors that come near it. They call him Dr. Pedro Rezio de Anguero, and he was born at Tirteafuera. His name is enough to make me fear he will be the death of me. This same doctor says of himself, that he does cure diseases when you have them; but when you have them not, he only pretends to keep them from coming. The physic he uses, is fasting upon fasting, till he turns a body to a mere skeleton; as if to be wasted to skin and bones were not as bad as a fever. In short, he starves me to death; so that, when I thought, as being a governor, to have plenty of good hot victuals and cool liquor, and to repose on a soft feather-bed, I am come to do penance like a hermit.

"I have not yet so much as fingered the least

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penny of money, either for fees or any thing else; and how it comes to be no better with me I cannot imagine, for I have heard that the governors who come to this island are wont to have a very good gift, or at least a very round sum given them by the town before they enter. And they say, too, that this is the usual custom, not only here, but in other places.

"Last night, in going my rounds, I met with a mighty handsome damsel in boy's clothes, and a brother of hers in woman's apparel. My gentleman-waiter fell in love with the girl, and intends to make her his wife, as he says. As for the youth, I have pitched on him to be my son-in-law. To-day we both design to talk to the father, one Diego de la Llana, who is a gentleman, and an old Christian every inch of him.

"I visit the markets as you advised me, and yesterday found one of the hucksters selling hazel-nuts. She pretended they were all new; but I found she had mixed a whole bushel of old, empty, rotten nuts among the same quantity of new. With that, I adjudged them to be given to the hospital boys, who know how to pick the good from the bad, and gave sentence against her that she should not come into the market for fifteen days; and people said I did well.

"I am mighty well pleased that my lady duchess has written to my wife, Teresa Panza, and sent her the token you mention. It shall go hard but I will requite her kindness one time or other. Pray give

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my service to her; and tell her from me, she has not cast her gift in a broken sack, as something more than words shall show.

"If I might advise you, and had my wish, there should be no falling out between your worship and my lord and lady; for, if you quarrel with them, it is I must come by the worst for it. And, since you mind me of being grateful, it will not look well in you not to be so to those who have made so much of you at their castle.

"If my wife, Teresa Panza, writes to me, pray pay the postage and send me the letter; for I have a mighty desire to know how fares it with her, and my house and children. So Heaven protect your worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me safe and sound out of this government; which I very much doubt, seeing how I am treated by Doctor Pedro Rezio.

"Your worship's servant,

"SANCHO PANZA, *the Governor*."

Teresa Panza's Letter to her Husband, Sancho Panza.

"I received thy letter, dear Sancho of my soul, and I promise and swear to thee, on the faith of a Catholic Christian, I was within two finger-breadths of running mad with joy; and take notice, brother, when I heard thou wast a governor, I had like to have dropped down dead with pure pleasure; for thou knowest they say sudden joy kills as well as deadly sorrow: thy daughter Sanchica scattered her

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water about insensibly, out of mere satisfaction; thy hunting-suit lay before me, the string of corals sent by lady duchess was tied round my neck, the letters were in my hand, and the messenger in my presence; and yet, I imagined and believed, that all I saw and handled was a dream; for who could conceive that a goatherd should come to be governor of islands? Thou knowest, my friend, that my mother said, 'One must live long to see a great deal:' this I mention because I hope to see more if I live longer; for I do not intend to stop until I see thee a farmer or collector of the revenue: offices which, though they carry those who abuse them to the devil, are, in short, always bringing in the penny.

"My lady duchess will tell thee how desirous I am of going to court: consider of it, and let me know thy pleasure; for I will endeavor to do thee honor there by riding in my coach.

"The curate, barber, bachelor, and even the sexton, cannot believe thou art a governor, and say the whole is a deception, or matter of enchantment, like all the affairs of thy master, Don Quixote. Sampson vows he will go in quest of thee, and drive this government out of thy head, as well as the madness out of Don Quixote's skull: I say nothing, but laugh in my own sleeve, look at my beads, and contrive how to make thy hunting-suit into a gown and petticoat for our daughter. I have sent some acorns to my lady duchess, and I wish

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they were of gold: send me some strings of pearls, if they are in fashion in thy island. The news of our town are these: the widow of the hill has matched her daughter with a bungling painter, who came here and undertook all sort of work. The corporation employed him to paint the king's arms over the gate of the town-house. He asked them two ducats for the job, which they paid beforehand; so he fell to it and worked eight days, at the end of which he had made nothing of it, and said he could not bring his hand to paint such trumpery, and returned the money; yet, for all that, he married in the name of a good workman. The truth is, he has left his brushes and taken up the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders and shaved his crown, meaning to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's niece, hearing of it, is suing him upon a promise of marriage. We have had no olives this year, nor is there a drop of vinegar to be had in all the town. A company of foot-soldiers passed through here, and carried off with them three girls —I will not say who they are; mayhap they will return, and somebody or other marry them, with all their faults. Sanchica makes bone-lace, and gets eight maravedis a day, which she drops into a saving-box, to help her toward household stuff; but now that she is a governor's daughter, she has no need to work, for thou wilt give her a portion without it. The fountain in our market-place is

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dried up. A thunderbolt fell upon the pillory, and there may they all alight! I expect an answer to this, and about my going to court. And so God grant thee more years than myself, or as many, for I would not willingly leave thee behind me.

"Thy wife,

"TERESA PANZA."

To think that the affairs of this life are always to remain in the same state is an erroneous fancy. The face of things rather seems continually to change and roll with circular motion; summer succeeds the spring, autumn the summer, winter the autumn, and then spring again. So time proceeds in this perpetual round; only the life of man is ever hastening to its end, swifter than time itself, without hopes to be renewed, unless in the next, that is unlimited and infinite. For even by the light of nature, and without that of faith, many have discovered the swiftness and instability of this present being, and the duration of the eternal life which is expected.

"I know St. Peter is well at Rome," meaning every one does well to follow the employment to which he was bred.

Let no one stretch his feet beyond the length of his sheet.

When thou art in Rome follow the fashions of Rome.

Sweet is our love of native land.

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The prudent man who is expecting to be deprived of his habitation looks out for another before he is turned out of doors.

Well-got wealth may meet disaster,
But ill-got wealth destroys its master.

Bread is relief for all kind of grief.

We can bear with patience the ill-luck that comes alone.

Man projects in vain,
For God doth still ordain.

As is the reason,
Such is the season.

Let no man presume to think,
Of this cup I will not drink:
Where the flitch we hoped to find,
Not even a hook is left behind.

Keep a safe conscience, and let people say what they will.

It is as impracticable to tie up the tongue of malice, as to erect barricades in the open fields.

"If a governor resign his office in good circumstances, people say he must have been an oppressor and a knave; and if poverty attends him in his retreat, they set him down as an idiot and fool." "For this time," answered Sancho, "I am certain they will think me more fool than knave."

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A law neglected is the same as if it had never been enacted.

Give always to the cat
What was kept for the rat,
And let it be thy view
All mischief to eschew.

It is fitting that all who receive a benefit should show themselves grateful, though it be only a trifle.

SONG OF ALTISIDORA.

Stay, cruel knight,
Take not thy flight,
Nor spur thy battered jade;
Thy haste restrain,
Draw in the rein,
And hear a love-sick maid.
Why dost thou fly?
No snake am I,
That poison those I love:
Gentle I am
As any lamb,
And harmless as a dove.
Thy cruel scorn
Has left forlorn
A nymph whose charms may vie
With theirs who sport
In Cynthia's court,
Though Venus' self were by.
Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee!

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Like ravenous kite
That takes its flight
Soon as't has stol'n a chicken,
Thou bear'st away
My heart, thy prey,
And leav'st me here to sicken.
Three night-caps, too,
And garters blue,
That did to legs belong
Smooth to the sight
As marble white,
And faith, almost as strong.
Two thousand groans,
As many moans,
And sighs enough to fire
Old Priam's town,
And burn it down,
Did it again aspire.
Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee!

May Sancho ne'er
His buttocks bare
Fly-flap, as is his duty;
And thou still want
To disenchant
Dulcinea's injured beauty.
May still transformed,
And still deformed,
Toboso's nymph remain,

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In recompense
Of thy offence,
Thy scorn and cold disdain.
When thou dost wield
Thy sword in field,
In combat, or in quarrel,
Ill-luck and harms
Attend thy arms,
Instead of fame and laurel.
Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee!

May thy disgrace
Fill every place,
Thy falsehood ne'er be hid,
But round the world
Be tossed and hurled,
From Seville to Madrid.
If, brisk and gay,
Thou sitt'st to play
At ombre or at chess,
May ne'er spadille
Attend thy will,
Nor luck thy movements bless.
Though thou with care
Thy corns dost pare,
May blood the penknife follow;
May thy gums rage,
And naught assuage
The pain of tooth that's hollow.

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Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee!

Liberty is one of the most precious gifts which Heaven hath bestowed on man, exceeding all the treasures which earth encloses, or which ocean hides; and for this blessing, as well as for honor, we may and ought to venture life itself: on the other hand, captivity and restraint are the greatest evils that human nature can endure. I make this observation, Sancho, because thou hast seen the delicacies and the plenty with which we were entertained in that castle; yet, in the midst of those savory banquets and ice-cooled potations, I thought myself confined within the very straits of famine, because I did not enjoy the treat with that liberty which I should have felt, had it been my own.

Obligations incurred by benefits and favors received, are fetters which hamper the free-born soul.

Happy is he to whom Heaven hath sent a morsel of bread, for which he is obliged to none but Heaven itself.

The man in wisdom must be old
Who knows in giving where to hold.

All times are not the same, nor equally fortunate; and those incidents which the vulgar call omens, though not founded on any natural reason, have, even by persons of sagacity, been held and

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deemed as fair and fortunate. One of these superstitious omen-mongers rises in the morning, goes abroad, chances to meet a friar belonging to the beatified St. Francis; and as if he had encountered a dragon in his way, runs back to his own house with fear and consternation. Another Foresight by accident scatters the salt upon the table, by which fear and melancholy are scattered through his heart; as if Nature was obliged to foretell future misfortunes by such trivial signs and tokens: whereas a prudent man and a good Christian will not so minutely scrutinize the purposes of Heaven. Scipio, chancing to fall in landing upon the coast of Afric, and perceiving that his soldiers looked upon this accident as a bad omen, he embraced the soil with seeming eagerness, saying, "Thou shalt not 'scape me, Afric; for I have thee safe in my arms."

Love has no respect of persons, and laughs at the admonitions of reason; like Death, he pursues his game both in the stately palaces of kings and the humble huts of shepherds. When he has got a soul fairly in his clutches, his first business is to deprive it of all shame and fear.

Beauty, they say, is the chief thing in love-matters.

"Hearken to me, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "there are two kinds of beauty—the one of the mind, the other of the body. That of the mind shines forth in good sense and good conduct; in

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modesty, liberality, and courtesy; and all these qualities may be found in one who has no personal attractions; and when that species of beauty captivates, it produces a vehement and superior passion. I well know, Sancho, that I am not handsome; but I know also that I am not deformed; and a man of worth, if he be not hideous, may inspire love, provided he has those qualities of the mind which I have mentioned."

Of all the sins that men commit, though some say pride, in my opinion, ingratitude is the worst; it is truly said that hell is full of the ungrateful. From that foul crime I have endeavored to abstain ever since I enjoyed the use of reason; and if I cannot return the good offices done me by equal benefits, I substitute my desire to repay them; and if this be not enough, I publish them: for he who proclaims the favors he has received, would return them if he could: and generally the power of the receiver is unequal to that of the giver: like the bounty of Heaven, to which no man can make an equal return. But, though utterly unable to repay the unspeakable beneficence of God, gratitude affords a humble compensation suited to our limited powers.

Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.

Let Martha die, so that she be well fed.

He that has skill should handle the quill.

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There is no greater folly than to give way to despair.

Patience often falls to the ground when it is overloaded with injuries.

Alexander the Great ventured to cut the Gordian knot, on the supposition that cutting would be as effectual as untying it: and, notwithstanding this violence, became sole master of all Asia.

"Be not concerned," said Roque, addressing himself to Don Quixote, "nor tax Fortune with unkindness; by thus stumbling, you may chance to stand more firmly than ever: for Heaven, by strange and circuitous ways, incomprehensible to men, is wont to raise the fallen, and enrich the needy."

Oh, maddening sting of jealousy, how deadly thy effects!

Justice must needs be a good thing, for it is necessary even among thieves.

"Signor Roque," said he, "the beginning of a cure consists in the knowledge of the distemper, and in the patient's willingness to take the medicines prescribed to him by his physician. You are sick; you know your malady, and God, our physician, is ready with medicines that, in time, will certainly effect a cure. Besides, sinners of good understanding are nearer to amendment than those

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who are devoid of it; and, as your superior sense is manifest, be of good cheer, and hope for your entire recovery. If in this desirable work you would take the shortest way, and at once enter that of your salvation, come with me, and I will teach you to be a knight-errant—a profession, it is true, full of labors and disasters, but which, being placed to the account of penance, will not fail to lead you to honor and felicity."

The abbot must eat that sings for his meat.

Courtesy begets courtesy.

The jest that gives pain is no jest.

That pastime should not be indulged which tends to the detriment of a fellow-creature.

The fire is discovered by its own light; so is virtue by its own excellence.

No renown equals in splendor that which is acquired by the profession of arms.

Virtue demands our homage wherever it is found.

Women are commonly impatient and inquisitive.

By a man's actions may be seen the true disposition of his mind.

"Body of me," said Don Quixote, "what a

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progress you have made, signor, in the Tuscan language! I would venture a good wager that where the Tuscan says *piace*, you say, in Castilian, *plaze*; and where he says *piu*, you say *mas*; and *su* you translate by the word *arriba*; and *giu* by *abaxo*."

"I do so, most certainly," quoth the author; "for such are the corresponding words."

"And yet, I dare say, sir," quoth Don Quixote, "that you are scarcely known in the world—but it is the fate of all ingenious men. What abilities are lost, what genius obscured, and what talents despised! Nevertheless, I cannot but think that translation from one language into another, unless it be from the noblest of all languages, Greek and Latin, is like presenting the back of a piece of tapestry, where, though the figures are seen, they are obscured by innumerable knots and ends of thread; very different from the smooth and agreeable texture of the proper face of the work; and to translate easy languages of a similar construction requires no more talent than transcribing one paper from another. But I would not hence infer that translating is not a laudable exercise: for a man may be worse and more unprofitably employed. Nor can my observation apply to the two celebrated translators, Doctor Christopher de Figueroa, in his 'Pastor Fido,' and Don John de Xaurigui, in his 'Aminta;' who, with singular felicity, have made it difficult to decide which is the translation and which is the original. But tell me, signor, is

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this book printed at your charge, or have you sold the copyright to some bookseller?"

"I print it, sir, on my own account," answered the author, "and expect a thousand ducats by this first impression of two thousand copies; at six reals each copy they will go off in a trice."

"'Tis mighty well," quoth Don Quixote; "though I fear you know but little of the tricks of booksellers, and the juggling there is amongst them. Take my word for it, you will find a burden of two thousand volumes upon your back no trifling matter—especially if the book be deficient in sprightliness."

"What, sir!" cried the author, "would you have me give my labor to a bookseller, who, if he paid me three maravedis for it, would think it abundant, and say I was favored? No, sir, fame is not my object: of that I am already secure; profit is what I now seek, without which fame is nothing."

"Well, Heaven prosper you, sir!" said the knight, who, passing on, observed a man correcting a sheet of a book entitled "The Light of the Soul." On seeing the title, he said, "Books of this kind, numerous as they already are, ought still to be encouraged; for numerous are the benighted sinners that require to be enlightened." He went forward and saw another book under the corrector's hand, and, on inquiring the title, they told him it was the second part of the ingenious gentleman

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Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by such a one, of Tordesillas. "I know something of that book," quoth Don Quixote; "and, on my conscience, I thought it had been burnt long before now for its stupidity; but its Martinmas will come, as it does to every hog. Works of invention are only so far good as they come near to truth and probability: as general history is valuable in proportion as it is authentic."

Rashness is not valor: doubtful hopes ought to make men resolute, not rash.

There is a remedy for all things except death.

Between said and done
A long race may be run.

He whom Heaven favors, may St. Peter bless.

They that give must take.

Where there are hooks, we do not always find bacon.

Good expectation is better than bad possession.

To-day for you, and to-morrow for me.

He that falls to day may rise to-morrow.

Great hearts should be patient under misfortunes as well as joyful when all goes well.

I have heard say, she they call Fortune is a drunken, freakish dame, and withal so blind that

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she does not see what she is about; neither whom she raises, nor whom she pulls down.

One thing I must tell thee, there is no such thing in the world as fortune; nor do the events which fall out, whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but from the particular appointment of Heaven—and hence comes the usual saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune.

The faults of the ass should not be laid on the pack-saddle.

When it rains, let the shower fall upon my cloak.

"Observe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "there is a great deal of difference between love and gratitude. It is very possible for a gentleman not to be in love; but, strictly speaking, it is impossible he should be ungrateful."

The sin will cease when the temptation is removed.

The heart will not grieve for what the eye doth not perceive.

What prayers can ne'er gain, a leap from a hedge may obtain.

Proverbs are short maxims of human wisdom, the result of experience and observation, and are the gifts of ancient sages: yet the proverb which is

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not aptly applied, instead of being wisdom, is stark nonsense.

It is the part of a good servant to sympathize with his master's pains.

"Methinks," quoth Sancho, "that a man cannot be suffering much when he can turn his brain to verse-making."

SANCHO PANZA ON SLEEP.

"No entiendo eso," replicó Sancho; "solo entiendo que en tanto que duermo, ni tengo temor, ni esperanza, ni trabajo, ni gloria; y bien haya el que inventó el sueño, capa que cubre todos los humanos pensamientos, manjar que quita la hambre, agua que ahuyenta la sed, fuego que calienta el frio, frio que templa el ardor, y finalmente moneda general con que todas las cosas se compran, balanza y peso que iguala al pastor con el rey, y al simple con el discreto. Sola una cosa tiene mala el sueño, segun he oido decir, y es que se parece á la muerte, pues de un dormido á un muerto hay muy poca diferencia."

"I know not what that means," replied Sancho; "I only know that while I am asleep, I have neither fear, nor hope, nor trouble, nor glory. Blessings light on him who first invented sleep! Sleep is the mantle that shrouds all human thoughts; the food that dispels hunger; the drink that quenches thirst; the fire that warms the cold; the cool

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breeze that moderates heat; in a word, the general coin that purchases every commodity; the weight and balance that makes the shepherd even with his sovereign, and the simple with the sage. There is only one bad circumstance, as I have heard, in sleep: it resembles death; inasmuch as between a dead corse and a sleeping man there is no apparent difference."

"Enjoy thy repose," said Don Quixote; "thou wast born to sleep and I to watch; and, during the little of night that remains, I will give my thoughts the rein, and cool the furnace of my reflections with a short madrigal, which I have this evening, unknown to thee, composed in my own mind."

Amor, cuando yo pienso
En el mal que me das terrible y fuerte,
Voy corriendo á la muerte,
Pensando así acabar mi mal inmenso:

Mas en llegando al paso,
Que es puerto en este mar de mi tormento,
Tanta alegría siento,
Que la vida se esfuerza, y no le paso.

Así el vivir me mata,
Que la muerte me torna á dar la vida.
¡O condicion no oida,
La que conmigo muerte y vida trata!

O love, when, sick of heart-felt grief,
I sigh, and drag thy cruel chain,

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To death I fly, the sure relief
Of those who groan in lingering pain.

But coming to the fatal gates,
The port in this my sea of woe,
The joy I feel new life creates,
And bids my spirits brisker flow.

Thus dying every hour I live,
And living I resign my breath :
Strange power of love, that thus can give
A dying life and living death !

Till Heaven in pity to the weeping world,
Shall give Altisidora back to day,
By Quixote's scorn to realms of Pluto hurled,
Her every charm to cruel death a prey ;
While matrons throw their gorgeous robes away,
To mourn a nymph by cold disdain betrayed :
To the complaining lyre's enchanting lay
I'll sing the praises of this hapless maid,
In sweeter notes than Thracian Orpheus ever played.

Nor shall my numbers with my life expire,
Or this world's light confine the boundless song :
To thee, bright maid, in death I'll touch the lyre,
And to my soul the theme shall still belong.
When, freed from clay, the flitting ghosts among,

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My spirit glides the Stygian shores around,
Though the cold hand of death has sealed my tongue,
Thy praise the infernal caverns shall rebound,
And Lethe's sluggish waves move slower to the sound.

Better kill me outright than break my back with other men's burdens.

Sleep is the best cure for waking troubles.

Devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be content.

History that is good, faithful, and true, will survive for ages; but should it have none of these qualities, its passage will be short between the cradle and the grave.

As for dying for love it is all a jest; your lovers, indeed, may easily say they are dying, but that they will actually give up the ghost—believe it—Judas.

"Madam," said he, "your ladyship should know that the chief cause of this good damsel's suffering is idleness, the remedy whereof is honest and constant employment. Lace, she tells me, is much worn in purgatory; and since she cannot but know how to make it, let her stick to that; for, while her fingers are assiduously employed with her bobbins, the images that now haunt her imagination will

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keep aloof, and leave her mind tranquil and happy. This, madam, is my opinion and advice."

"And mine, too," added Sancho, "for I never in my life heard of a lacemaker that died for love; for your damsels that bestir themselves at some honest labor, think more of their work than of their sweethearts. I know it by myself; when I am digging, I never think of my Teresa, though, God bless her! I love her more than my very eyelids."

Railing among lovers is the next neighbor to forgiveness.

The ass will carry the load, but not a double load.

When money's paid before it's due,
A broken limb will straight ensue.

Delay breeds danger.

Pray to God devoutly,
And hammer away stoutly.

"I will give thee," is good; but "Here, take it," is better.

A sparrow in the hand is worth an eagle on the wing.

"No more proverbs, for God's sake," quoth Don Quixote; "for, methinks, Sancho, thou art losing ground, and returning to *Sicut erat*. Speak plainly, as I have often told thee, and thou wilt find it worth a loaf per cent. to thee."

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"I know not how I came by this unlucky trick," replied Sancho; "I cannot bring you in three words to the purpose without a proverb, nor give you a proverb which, to my thinking, is not to the purpose—but I will try to mend."

The straw is too hard to make pipes of.

The knight and squire ascended a little eminence, whence they discovered their village; which Sancho no sooner beheld than, kneeling down, he said: "Open thine eyes, O my beloved country! and behold thy son, Sancho Panza, returning to thee again, if not rich, yet well whipped! Open thine arms, and receive thy son Don Quixote too! who, though worsted by another, has conquered himself, which, as I have heard say, is the best kind of victory! Money I have gotten, and though I have been soundly banged, I have come off like a gentleman."

"Leave these fooleries, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and let us go directly to our homes, where we will give full scope to our imagination, and settle our intended scheme of a pastoral life."

It must here be mentioned that Sancho Panza, by way of sumpter-cloth, had thrown the buckram robe painted with flames, which he had worn on the night of Altisidora's revival, upon his ass. He likewise clapped the mitre on Dapple's head—in short, never was an ass so honored and bedizened. The priest and bachelor, immediately recognizing their

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friends, ran toward them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted, and embraced them cordially. In the mean time, the boys, whose keen eyes nothing can escape, came flocking from all parts.

"Ho!" cries one, "here comes Sancho Panza's ass, as gay as a parrot, and Don Quixote's old horse, leaner than ever!"

Thus, surrounded by the children, and accompanied by the priest and the bachelor, they proceeded through the village till they arrived at Don Quixote's house, where, at the door, they found the housekeeper and the niece, who had already heard of his arrival. It had likewise reached the ears of Sancho's wife, Teresa, who, half-naked, with her hair about her ears, and dragging Sanchica after her, ran to meet her husband; and seeing him not so well equipped as she thought a governor ought to be, she said: "What makes you come thus, dear husband? methinks you come afoot and foundered! This, I trow, is not as a governor should look."

"Peace, wife," quoth Sancho; "the bacon is not so easily found as the pin to hang it on. Let us go home, and there you shall hear wonders. I have got money, and honestly, too, without wronging anybody."

"Hast thou got money, good husband?—nay, then, 'tis well, however it be gotten, for, well or ill, it will have brought up no new custom in the world."

All things human, especially the lives of men,

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are transitory, ever advancing from their beginning to their decline and final determination.

"The greatest folly," said Sancho, "that a man can commit in this world, is to give himself up to death without any good cause for it, but only from melancholy."

THE WILL OF DON QUIXOTE.

"I feel, good sirs," said Don Quixote, "that death advances fast upon me; let us then be serious, and bring me a confessor, and a notary to draw up my will: for a man in my state must not trifle with his soul. Let the notary be sent for, I beseech you, while my friend here, the priest, is taking my confession."

The priest, having listened to his dying friend's confession, came out of the room, and told them that the good Alonzo Quixano was near his end, and certainly in his right senses; he therefore advised them to go in, as it was full time that his will should be made. These tidings gave a terrible stab to the overcharged hearts of the two ladies and his faithful squire, whose eyes overflowed with weeping, and whose bosoms had well-nigh burst with a thousand sighs and groans; for, indeed, it must be owned, as we have somewhere observed, that whether in the character of Alonzo Quixano the good, or in the capacity of Don Quixote de la Mancha, the poor gentleman had always exhibited marks of a peaceable temper and agreeable demeanor, for which he

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was beloved, not only by his own family, but also by all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The notary entering the apartment with the rest of the company, wrote the preamble of the will, in which Don Quixote disposed of his soul in all the necessary Christian forms; then proceeding to the legacies, he said:

"Item: Whereas, Sancho Panza, whom, in my madness, I made my squire, has in his hands a certain sum of money for my use; and, as divers accounts, disbursements, and pecuniary transactions have passed between us, it is my will that he shall not be charged or brought to account for the said money; but, if there be any overplus, after he has deducted the payment of what I owe him, the said overplus, which must be a mere trifle, shall be his own, and much good may it do him: and as, during my disorder, I contributed to his being made governor of an island, I would now, while I enjoy my perfect senses, confer upon him, were it in my power, a whole kingdom, which he richly deserves for the innocency of his heart, and the fidelity of his service."

Then turning to the disconsolate squire, "Forgive me, friend," said he, "for having been the cause of thy appearing in the eye of the world a madman, like myself; by drawing thee into my own erroneous notions concerning the existence and adventures of knights-errant."

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"Gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "let us proceed fair and softly: I was mad, I am now sane; I was Don Quixote de la Mancha; I am now, as formerly styled, Alonzo Quixano the Good. And may my repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you once had for me. Now let the notary proceed.

"Item: I bequeath to Antonia Quixano, my niece, here present, all my estate, real and personal, after the payment of all my debts and legacies; and the first to be discharged shall be the wages due to my housekeeper for the time she has been in my service, and twenty ducats besides for a suit of mourning.

"I appoint for my executors signor the priest and signor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, here present.

"Item: It is also my will that, if Antonia Quixano, my niece, should be inclined to marry, it shall be only with a man who, upon the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of books of chivalry; and, in case it appear that he is acquainted with such books, and that my niece, notwithstanding, will and doth marry him, then shall she forfeit all I have bequeathed her, which my executors may dispose of in pious uses as they think proper.

"And, finally, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, that if haply they should come to the knowledge of the author of a certain history dis-

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persed abroad, entitled 'The Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote de la Mancha,' that they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to forgive me for having been the innocent cause of his writing such a number of absurdities as that performance contains; for I quit this life with some scruples of conscience arising from that consideration."

The will being thus concluded, he was seized with a fainting-fit, and stretched himself at full length in the bed; so that all the company were alarmed, and ran to his assistance: during three days which he lived after the will was signed and sealed, he frequently fainted, and the whole family was in confusion. Nevertheless, the niece ate her victuals, the housekeeper drank to the repose of his soul, and even Sancho cherished his little carcass; for the prospect of succession either dispels or moderates that affliction which an heir ought to feel at the death of the testator.

At last Don Quixote expired, after having received all the sacraments, and, in the strongest terms, pathetically enforced, expressed his abomination against all books of chivalry; and the notary observed, that in all the books of that kind which he had perused, he had never read of any knight-errant who died quietly in his bed, as a good Christian, like Don Quixote; who, amidst the tears and lamentations of all present, gave up the ghost, or in other words, departed this life. The curate was

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no sooner certified of his decease, than he desired the notary to make out a testimonial, declaring that Alonzo Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, had taken his departure from this life, and died of a natural death; that no other author, different from Cid Hamet Benengeli, should falsely pretend to raise him from the dead, and write endless histories of his achievements.

This was the end of that extraordinary gentleman of La Mancha, whose birthplace Cid Hamet was careful to conceal, that all the towns and villages of that province might contend for the honor of having produced him, as did the seven cities of Greece for the glory of giving birth to Homer. The lamentations of Sancho, the niece, and the housekeeper, are not here given, nor the new epitaphs on the tomb of the deceased knight, except the following one, composed by Sampson Carrasco:

Here lies the valiant cavalier,
Who never had a sense of fear:
So high his matchless courage rose,
He reckoned death among his vanquished foes.

Wrongs to redress, his sword he drew,
And many a caitiff giant slew;
His days of life, though madness stained,
In death his sober senses he regained.

THE END.

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