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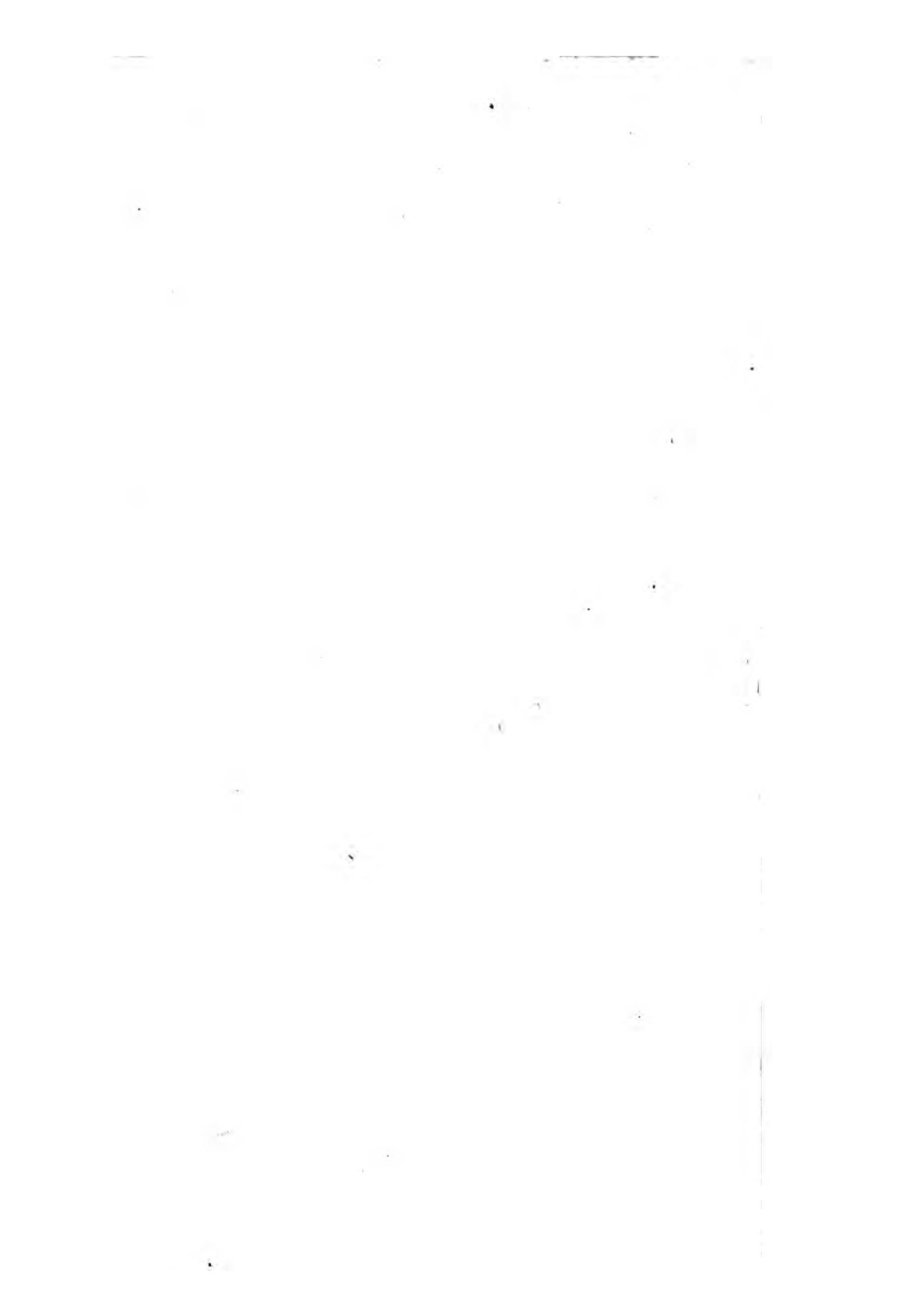
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DON QUIXOTE.

VOL. I.



Page 17.

LONDON;

Published by Hurst, Robinson & Co. 90 Cheapside.

1820.

Lervanter Saavedra

K

(M. de.) [Don Quixote. English.  
Javier's translation]



THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
**DON QUIXOTE**  
DE LA MANCHA.

---

*A NEW EDITION:*

WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM DESIGNS  
BY RICHARD WESTALL, R. A.

—◆—  
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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*LONDON:*  
PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.  
CHEAPSIDE.

—  
1820.





# CONTENTS

OF

## VOL. I.

---

---

	Page
The Life of Cervantes - - - - -	v
The Author's Preface - - - - -	xiii

### PART I. BOOK I.

#### CHAP. I.

Which treats of the quality and manner of life of our renowned hero - - - - -	1
---	---

#### CHAP. II.

Which treats of the first sally of the ingenious Don Quixote from his habitation - - - - -	9
--	---

#### CHAP. III.

In which is related the pleasant method Don Quixote took to be dubbed knight - - - - -	18
--	----

#### CHAP. IV.

Of what befell our knight after he had sallied from the inn -	28
---	----

#### CHAP. V.

Wherein is continued the narration of our knight's misfortune	38
---	----

#### CHAP. VI.

Of the pleasant and grand scrutiny made by the priest and the barber in our ingenious gentleman's library - -	45
---	----

CONTENTS.

	Page
<b>CHAP. VII.</b>	
Of the second sally of our good knight Don Quixote de la Mancha - - - - -	56

<b>CHAP. VIII.</b>	
Of the good success which the valorous Don Quixote had, in the dreadful and never-before-imagined adventure of the windmills, with other events worthy to be recorded -	64

---

BOOK II.

<b>CHAP. I.</b>	
Wherein is concluded the stupendous battle between the vigorous Biscayner and the valiant Manchegan - -	77

<b>CHAP. II.</b>	
Of the discourse Don Quixote had with his good squire Sancho Panza - - - - -	85

<b>CHAP. III.</b>	
Of what befell Don Quixote with certain goatherds - -	93

<b>CHAP. IV.</b>	
What a certain goatherd related to those that were with Don Quixote - - - - -	103

<b>CHAP. V.</b>	
The conclusion of the story of the shepherdess Marcela, with other accidents - - - - -	112

<b>CHAP. VI.</b>	
Wherein are rehearsed the despairing verses of the deceased shepherd, with other unexpected events - - -	126

CONTENTS.

BOOK III.

	Page
CHAP. I.	
Wherein is related the unfortunate adventure which befell Don Quixote, in meeting with certain bloody-minded Yanguesians - - - - -	138
CHAP. II.	
Of what happened to the ingenious gentleman in the inn, which he imagined to be a castle - - - - -	149
CHAP. III.	
Wherein are continued the numberless hardships which the brave Don Quixote, and his good squire, Sancho Panza, underwent in the inn, which he unhappily took for a castle	161
CHAP. IV.	
In which is rehearsed the discourse which Sancho Panza held with his master Don Quixote; with other adventures worth relating - - - - -	173
CHAP. V.	
Of the sage discourse that passed between Sancho and his master, and the succeeding adventure of the dead body; with other famous occurrences - - - - -	189
CHAP. VI.	
Of the unparalleled adventure achieved by the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, with less hazard than any was ever achieved by the most renowned knight in the world -	200
CHAP. VII.	
Which treats of the high adventure and rich prize of Mambrino's helmet, with other things which befell our invincible knight - - - - -	220

CONTENTS.

	Page
<b>CHAP. VIII.</b>	
How Don Quixote set at liberty several unfortunate persons, who were going, much against their wills, to a place they did not like - - - - -	238
<b>CHAP. IX.</b>	
Of what befell the renowned Don Quixote in the sable moun- tain, being one of the most curious and uncommon ad- ventures of any related in this faithful history - -	254
<b>CHAP. X.</b>	
A continuation of the adventure of the sable mountain -	272
<b>CHAP. XI.</b>	
Which treats of the strange things that befell the valiant knight of la Mancha in the sable mountain; and how he imitated the penance of Beltenebros - - - -	286
<b>CHAP. XII.</b>	
A continuation of the refinements practised by Don Quixote as a lover in the sable mountain - - - -	311
<b>CHAP. XIII.</b>	
How the priest and the barber put their design in execution, with other matters worthy to be recited in this history -	323
Notes - - - - -	349

THE  
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

EXTRACTED FROM DON GREGORIO MAYAN'S AND SISCAR'S  
LIFE OF CERVANTES\*.

---

MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, the inimitable author of *Don Quixote*, was born in the year 1549, most probably at Madrid, though other towns of Spain, as Esquivias, Seville, and Lucena, have claimed the honour of his birth. It is certain, at least, that he lived at Madrid, from a pleasant letter of Apollo to him, which has this address: "To Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, in Orchard-street, opposite the prince of Morocco's palace in Madrid; postage half a real, I mean seventeen maravedis †."

From his childhood he was so fond of books, that he tells us ‡, he was apt to take up the smallest scrap of written or printed paper that lay in his way, though it were in the middle of the street. But his chief delight was in poetry and novels, as is evident from his own writings, and still more from the curious and pleasant scrutiny of *Don Quixote's* library §.

\* Prefixed to the first edition of this translation in quarto.

† See his journey to Parnassus, chap. 8.

‡ *Don Quixote*, part 1, book 2, chap. 1.

§ Book 1, chap. 6.

He left Spain, but in what year is uncertain, and went into Italy; where he became chamberlain to cardinal Acquaviva at Rome; and afterwards followed the profession of arms, under the celebrated commander Marco Antonio Colonna\*. We know, from his own account of himself†, that he was present at the great sea-fight of Lepanto against the Turks in 1571, in which he lost his hand, or at least the use of it, by a shot from the enemy. It appears likewise, that he was taken by the Moors, and carried to Algiers, where he continued five years and a half in captivity‡. As to other circumstances, collected from the novel of the Captive§, which some have thought to be a narrative of what befell Cervantes himself, they are too uncertain to be depended upon; besides, had he been an ensign or captain of foot, as he must have been if the adventures of the Captive were his own, he would surely have honoured himself with one or other of these titles, if nowhere else, in the frontispiece of his works; whereas he never speaks of himself as having been any thing more than a common soldier.

After his release, or escape, from captivity, and return to Spain, he applied himself to dramatic poetry, and wrote several plays, tragedies as well as comedies, particularly the Humours of Algiers, Numantia, and the Sea-Fight; all of which were acted with great applause, both for the novelty of the pieces themselves, and the stage decorations that accompanied them, which were entirely owing to the genius and good taste of the author. It is certain, from the testimony of contemporary writers, that even

\* See the Dedication of his *Galatea*.

† Preface to the Second Part of *Don Quixote*.

‡ Preface to his *Novels*.

§ *Don Quixote*, part 1, book 3, chap. 12, &c.

before his captivity, he was esteemed one of the most eminent poets of his time.

In 1584, he published his *Galatea*, in six books. This is a pastoral novel, interspersed with songs and other verses. It is greatly admired for its beautiful descriptions, and entertaining incidents, but still more for the delicacy with which it treats of matters of love. The critics, indeed, complain of his having interweaved so many episodes in it, that the reader's attention is too much diverted from the principal story; and they object also to the style, as too affected, and too unlike the usual forms of speech; but it should be remembered, that Cervantes imitated the ancient books of knight-errantry. The fable of the *Galatea* is imperfect, the author having intended a second part, which, though often promised, was never published\*.

But the work which did him the greatest honour was his *Don Quixote*; the first part of which was printed at Madrid, in 1605, in quarto. That it was in part, if not wholly written, during the author's imprisonment, he confesses in the preface. This admirable performance was universally read and admired, and soon translated into almost every language of Europe. The most eminent painters, tapestry-weavers, engravers, and sculptors, were employed in representing the principal incidents of the history. The author had the honour of receiving a very extraordinary proof of royal approbation: for, as king Philip III. was standing in a balcony of his palace at Madrid, viewing the country, he observed a student on the banks of the river Manzanares, reading a book, and from time to time breaking off, and striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, with manifest tokens of

\* See the scrutiny of *Don Quixote's* library.



pleasure and delight, upon which he said to the courtiers around him, "That scholar is either mad, or reading Don Quixote." Yet, notwithstanding the general applause bestowed on the work, Cervantes, like many other great geniuses, had the fate to be neglected, not having interest enough at court, to procure the smallest pension to keep him from the extreme of poverty, which must have been his lot, but for the liberality of a few patrons of wit and learning, particularly the count de Lemos, whose favour and protection he acknowledges in the preface to the second part of his chivalrous history.

This he was induced to write from the prodigious success of the first part. But, before he could publish it, there came out, in 1614, a spurious second part by another author, who called himself, The Licentiate Alonzo Fernandes de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. This person appears to have been a writer of very low genius; and his performance was found to be so much inferior, both in contrivance and wit, to the true Don Quixote, that it soon fell into the utmost contempt. Cervantes, in the preface to his own Second Part, and in several passages of the work, is extremely severe upon this would-be author.

In 1613, he published, at Madrid, his Exemplary Novels, so called, because in each of them he proposed some useful example, either to be imitated or avoided. They are twelve in number, and are entitled, The Little Gipsy; the Liberal Lover; Rinconete and Cortadillo; the Spanish-English Lady; the Glass Doctor; the Force of Blood; the Jealous Estremaduran; the Illustrious Servant-Maid; the Two Maiden Ladies; the Lady Cornelia; the Deceitful Marriage; and the Dialogue of the Dogs. The author boasts in the preface, that he was the first who composed Novels in the Spanish tongue, all

before his time having been imitated or translated from foreign languages.

In the following year, he published a small piece, entitled, *A Journey to Parnassus*. At first view, this little work appears to be an encomium on the Spanish poets, but is in reality a satire on them, as Cæsar Caporali's poem, under the same title, is a satire on the Italian poets.

In 1615, the genuine Second Part of *Don Quixote* was ushered into the world. Contrary to the usual fate of second parts, it added fresh reputation to the author, and will ever be read by persons of taste with no less delight than the former.

The same year, he published eight plays, and as many interludes. He was at this time so poor, that, not having money to print the book at his own expense, he sold it to a bookseller. The titles of the plays are, the *Spanish Gallant*; the *House of Jealousy*; the *Bagnios of Algiers*; the *Fortunate Bully*; the *Grand Sultana*; the *Labyrinth of Love*; the *Kept Mistress*; *Peter the Mischief-monger*; and the titles of the interludes, the *Judge of the Divorces*; the *Ruffianly Widower*; the *Election of Mayor of Daganzo*; the *Careful Guardian*; the *Counterfeit Biscayner*; the *Raree-Show of Wonders*; the *Cave of Salamanca*; and the *Jealous Old Man*. The first and third of these interludes are in verse; the rest in prose. Cervantes reduced the length of theatrical entertainments from five to three acts. His plays, compared with those of more ancient date, are esteemed the best in the Spanish tongue, one or two celebrated ones excepted, particularly *Celestina the Bawd*, the author of which is not known. Cervantes had, for some time, laid aside this species of composition, when the famous *Lopez de Vega* appeared, who so far engrossed the attention and appro-

bation of the public, that, when our author resumed his employment of writing for the stage, the actors would not receive his productions. He complains of this in the preface, and promises his readers a new dramatic piece, he was then composing, intitled, *The Deceit of Dealing by the Eye*, which he previously assures them could not fail of pleasing: whether this play was ever published, we are not able to say.

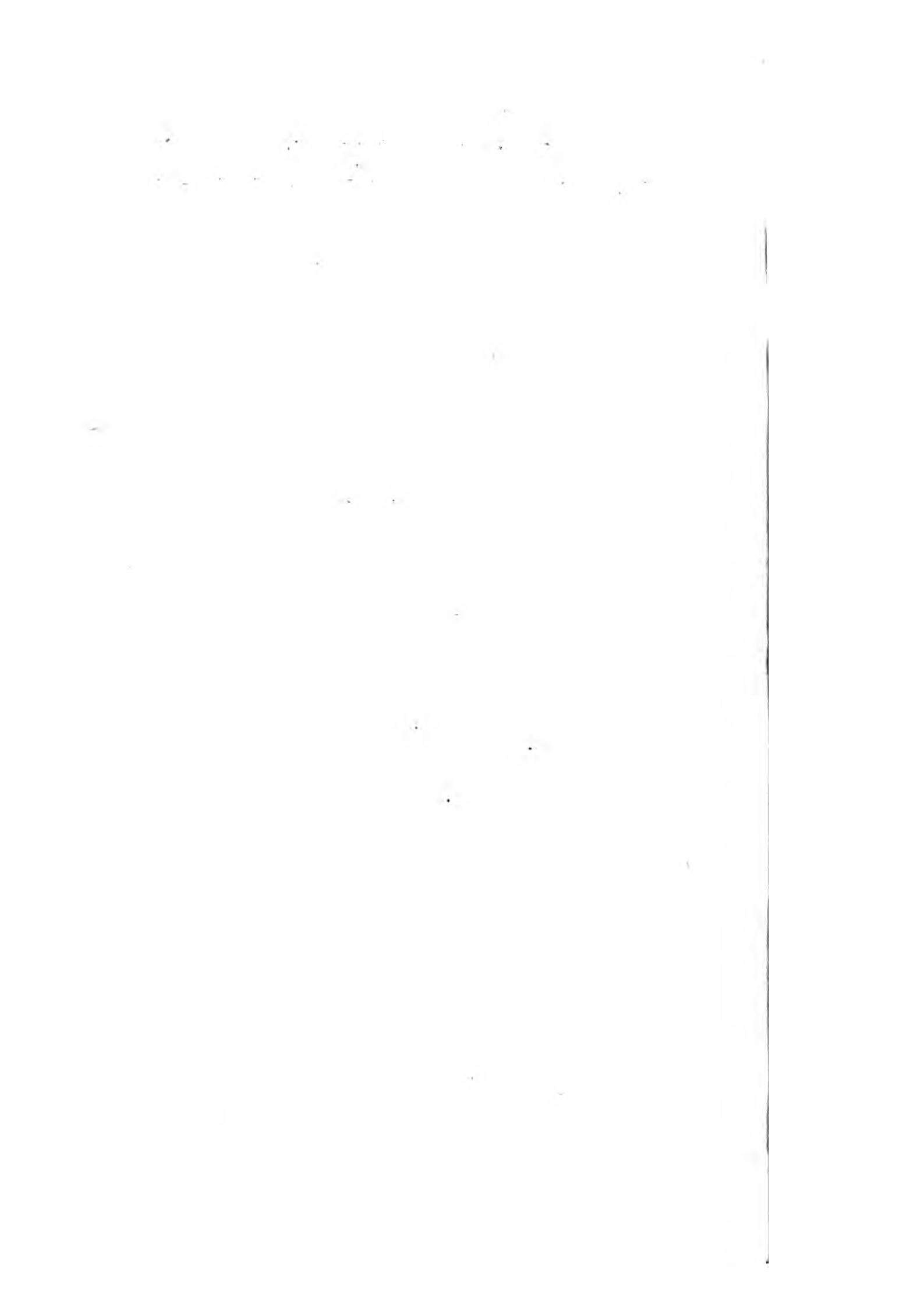
The last performance of our author was his *Persiles and Sigismunda*. It is a romance of the grave sort, written after the manner of *Heliodorus's Ethiopics*, with which Cervantes says it dared to vie. It is in such esteem with the Spaniards, that they generally prefer it to *Don Quixote*; which can only be owing to their not being sufficiently cured of their fondness for romance.

Cervantes fell ill of a dropsy, which proved fatal, putting an end to his life in 1616, but in what month, or on what day, is uncertain\*. He waited the approach of death with great serenity and cheerfulness, and to the very last could not forbear speaking or writing the merry conceits, that came into his head.

In the preface to his novels, he gives the following description of his person, as proper to be put under his portrait. "He whom thou seest here, with a sharp aquiline visage, brown chestnut-coloured hair; his forehead smooth and free from wrinkles; his eyes brisk and cheerful; his nose a little hooked or rather hawkish, but well-proportioned; his beard silvery, which, twenty years ago, was golden; his mustachios large; his mouth small; his teeth

\* In the memoirs of Cervantes prefixed to an English version of his *Quixote* lately published, he is said to have died in the same year, and on the same day as our immortal Shakespear, 23 April, 1616; but on what authority is not mentioned.—*Ed.*

neither small nor large, of which he has only six, and those in bad condition, and worse ranged, for they have no correspondence with one another; his complexion lively, rather fair than swarthy; his body between the two extremes; somewhat thick in the shoulders, and not very light of foot: this is the actual image of the author of *Galatea* and *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, &c."



THE  
AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

---

You may believe me without an oath, gentle reader, that I wish this book, as the child of my brain, were the most beautiful, the most sprightly, and the most ingenious, that can be imagined. But I could not control the order of Nature, by which each thing engenders its like; and therefore what could my sterile and uncultivated genius produce, but the history of a child, meagre, adust, and whimsical, full of various wild imaginations never thought of before; like one you may suppose born in a prison\*, where every inconvenience keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation? while repose of body, a desirable situation, unclouded skies, and, above all, a mind at ease, can render the most barren Muses fruitful, and produce such an offspring to the world, as fills it with wonder and delight. It often happens, that a parent has an ugly child, without any good quality; and yet fatherly fondness claps such a bandage over his eyes, that he cannot see its defects; on the contrary, he takes them for wit and pleasantry, and recounts them to his friends for smartness and humour. But I, though I seem to be father, being really but the step-father of Don Quixote, will not go down with the stream of custom, or beseech you, almost as it were with tears in my

\* It is said, the author wrote his book in this unhappy situation.

eyes, as others do, dearest reader, to pardon or dissemble the faults you shall discover in this my child. You are neither his kinsman, nor his friend; you have your soul in your body, your will as free as the greatest of them all, are as much lord and master of your own house, as his majesty of his subsidies, and know the common saying, "Under my cloak a fig for the king." This exempts you from every regard and obligation; and therefore you may say of this history whatever you think fit, without fear of being calumniated for the evil, or rewarded for the good you shall say of it.

I would willingly give it you neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, or the rabble and catalogue of the accustomed sonnets, epigrams, and encomiums, that are wont to be placed at the beginning of books. For, let me tell you, though it cost me some pains to write it, I reckoned none greater than the writing of the preface you are now reading. I often took pen in hand, and as often laid it down, not knowing what to say: and once being in deep suspense, with the paper before me, the pen behind my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, thinking what I should say, unexpectedly in came a friend of mine, a pleasant gentleman, and of a very good understanding; who, seeing me so pensive, asked me the cause of my musing. Having no desire to conceal it from him, I answered, that I was musing on what preface I should make to Don Quixote; and was so much at a stand about it, that I intended neither to make any, nor publish the achievements of that noble knight. "For would you have me be unconcerned at what that ancient law-giver, the vulgar, will say, when they see me, at the end of so many years slept away in the silence of oblivion, appear, with all my years upon my back, with a legend as dry as a kex, empty of

invention, the style flat, the conceits poor, and void of all learning and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end of the book; while other books, though fabulous and profane, are so full of sentences of Aristotle, of Plato, and of all the tribe of philosophers, that the readers are in admiration, and take the authors of them for men of great reading, learning, and eloquence? and, when they cite the Holy Scriptures, they pass for so many Aquinases, and doctors of the church; so ingeniously observing decorum, that in one line they describe a raving lover, and in another give you a little scrap of a christian homily, making it delightful, nay a perfect treat, to hear or read it. All this my book is likely to want; for I have nothing to quote in the margin, or to make notes upon at the end; nor do I know what authors I have followed in it, to put them at the beginning, as all others do, by the letters, A, B, C, commencing with Aristotle, and ending at Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis; though one was a railer, and the last a painter. My book will also want sonnets at the beginning; at least such sonnets, the authors of which are dukes, marquisses, earls, bishops, ladies, or celebrated poets; though, should I desire them of two or three obliging friends, I know they would furnish me, and with such as those of greater reputation in our Spain could not equal. In short, my dear friend," continued I, "it is resolved, that Signor Don Quixote must remain buried in the records of La Mancha, until Heaven sends somebody to supply him with such ornaments as he wants; for I find myself incapable of helping him, through my own insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too idle and lazy to hunt after authors, to say what I can say as well without them. Hence proceeds the suspense and thoughtfulness you found me in, sufficiently occasioned by what I have told you."



My friend, at hearing this, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and setting up a loud laugh, said, "Before God, brother, I am now perfectly undeceived as to a mistake I have been in ever since I knew you, still taking you for a discreet and prudent person in all your actions: but now I see you are as far from being so, as heaven is from earth. For how is it possible, that things of such little moment, and so easy to be remedied, can have the power to puzzle and confound a genius so ripe as yours, and so made to break through and trample upon greater difficulties? In faith, this does not spring from want of ability, but from an excessive laziness, and penury of right reasoning. Do you doubt whether what I say be true? then listen attentively, and you shall perceive, that, in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all your difficulties, and remedy all the defects, that, you say, suspend and deter you from introducing into the world the history of this your famous Don Quixote, the light and mirror of all knight-errantry."

"Go on," replied I, hearing what he said to me: "in what way do you think to fill up the vacuity made by my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confusion to clearness?" To which he answered, "The first thing you seem to stick at, concerning the sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies, that are wanting for the beginning, and should be the work of grave personages and people of quality, may be remedied by taking some pains yourself to make them, and then baptizing them, giving them what names you please, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies, or on the emperor of Trapisonda; of whom I have certain intelligence, that they are both famous poets: and though they were not such, and some pedants and bachelors may backbite you, and murmur at this truth, value them not a farthing; for, should they convict you of a

lie, they cannot cut off the hand \* that wrote it. As to citing in the margin the books and authors, from whom you collected the sentences and sayings you have interspersed in your history, there is no more to do, but to contrive it so, that some sentences and phrases may fall in pat, which you have by heart, or at least which will cost you very little trouble to find. As for example, treating of liberty and slavery, 'Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro.' And then in the margin cite Horace, or whoever said it. If treating of the power of death, instantly you have, 'Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres †.' If of friendship and loving our enemies, as God enjoins, go to the Holy Scripture, if you have never so little curiosity, and set down God's own words, 'But I say unto you, love your enemies.' If speaking of evil thoughts, bring in the Gospel again, 'Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts.' On the instability of friends, Cato will lend you his distich, 'Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos; tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.' And, with these scraps of Latin and the like, it is odds but people will take you for a great grammarian, which is a matter of no small honour and advantage in these days. As to clapping annotations at the end of the work, you may do it safely in this manner. If you name any giant, see that it be the giant Goliah; and with this alone, which will cost almost nothing, you have a grand annotation; for you may put: 'the giant Goliath, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a great blow of a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is related in the book of Kings, in the chapter wherein you shall find it.'

\* He lost one hand in the sea-fight at Lepanto against the Turks.

† This and the following period are omitted in Shelton's translation.

“ Then, to show yourself a great humanist, and skilful in geography, let the river Tagus be introduced into the history, and you will gain another notable annotation, thus: ‘ the river Tagus was so called from a certain king of Spain: it has its source in such a place, and is swallowed up in the ocean, first kissing the walls of the famous city of Lisbon: and some are of opinion, its sands are of gold, &c.’ If you have occasion to treat of robbers, I will tell you the story of Cacus, for I have it by heart. If you write of courtezans, there is the bishop of Mondo-nedo will lend you a Lamia, Lais, and Flora, and this annotation must needs be very much to your credit. If you would tell of cruel women, Ovid will bring you acquainted with Medea. If enchanters and witches be your subject, Homer has a Calypso, and Virgil a Circe. If you would give us a history of valiant commanders, Julius Cæsar gives you himself in his Commentaries, and Plutarch will furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you treat of love, and have but two drams of the Tuscan tongue, you will light on Leon Hebreo, in whom you will find enough of it. And, if you care not to visit foreign parts, you have at home Fonseca, ‘ Of the love of God,’ where he describes all that you, or the most ingenious persons, can imagine upon that fruitful subject. In fine, there is no more to be done than naming these names, or hinting these stories in your book, and let me alone to settle the annotations and quotations; for I will warrant to fill the margins for you, and enrich the end of your performance with half a dozen leaves into the bargain.

“ We come now to the catalogue of authors, set down in other books, that is wanting in yours. The remedy of this is very easy; for you have nothing to do, but to find a book that has them all, from A to Z, as you say, and

then transcribe that very alphabet into your work. Suppose the falsehood be ever so apparent, from the little need you have to make use of them, it signifies nothing; and perhaps some will be so foolish, as to believe you had occasion for them all in your simple and sincere history. But, if it serve for nothing else, this long catalogue of authors will, at the first blush, give some authority to the book: and who will take the trouble to prove, whether you followed them or no, seeing they can get nothing by it?

“ After all, if I take it rightly, this book of yours has no need of these ornaments you say it wants; for it is only an invective against the books of chivalry, of which sort of books Aristotle never dreamed, Saint Basil has never mentioned, and Cicero never once heard of. The relation of its fabulous extravagancies require not the punctuality and preciseness of truth; the observations of astronomy come not within its sphere: the dimensions of geometry, and the rhetorical arguments of logic, have nothing to do with it; and it has no concern with preaching, mixing the human with the divine, a compound with which no christian judgment should meddle. All it has to do, is, to copy nature: imitation is the business, and the more perfect this is, the better what is written will be. And since this writing of yours aims at no more, than to destroy the authority and acceptance that books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar; you have no business, to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints; but only to endeavour, with plainness, and significant, decent, and well ordered words, to give your periods a pleasing and harmonious turn, expressing the design in all you advance, and as much as possible making your conceptions clearly under-

stood, without being intricate or obscure. Endeavour also, that by reading your history the melancholy may be provoked to laugh, the cheerful rendered more gay, and the simple not tired; that the judicious may admire the invention, the grave not undervalue it, and the wise not forbear commending it. In conclusion, carry your aim steadily to overthrow that ill-compiled machine of books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more: and, if you carry this point, you gain a very considerable one."

I listened with great silence to what my friend said, and his words made so strong an impression upon me, that I approved them without disputing; and out of them chose to compose this preface, in which, sweet reader, you will discern the judgment of my friend, my own good hap in finding such a counsellor at such a pinch, and your own ease in receiving, in so sincere and unostentatious a manner the history of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha; of whom it is clearly the opinion of all the inhabitants of the district of the field of Montiel, that he was the chastest lover, and the most valiant knight, that has been seen in those parts for many years. I will not enhance the service I do you in bringing you acquainted with so remarkable and so worthy a knight; but I beg the favour of some small acknowledgment for the acquaintance of the famous Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom I think I have delineated all the squire-like graces, that are scattered up and down in the whole rabble of books of chivalry. And so, God give you health, not forgetting me. Farewell.

# DON QUIXOTE.

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## PART I. BOOK I.

---

### CHAP. I.

*Which treats of the quality and manner of life of our renowned hero.*

IN a village of La Mancha,<sup>1</sup> the name of which I purposely omit, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance and an old target in their hall; and in the stable, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. A dish of boiled meats, consisting more of beef than of mutton,<sup>2</sup> the fragments usually served up cold at night, an omelet<sup>3</sup> on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon by way of addition on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income. The remainder was laid out in a loose coat of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holidays, with slippers of the same, and a suit of the very best homespun, which he prided himself in wearing during the rest of the week. His family consisted of

a housekeeper,<sup>4</sup> on the wrong side of forty, a niece, not quite twenty, and a lad, fit for field or market, who could saddle a horse or handle a pruning hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty. He was of a tough constitution, spare bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a keen sportsman. It is said, that his surname was Quixada, or Quesada; for in this particular, the authors who have mentioned the subject do not agree: there are, however, very probable reasons for conjecturing, that he was called Quixana.<sup>5</sup> But this is of little importance to our story; let it suffice that in narrating, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

Be it known then, that this said gentleman, at times when he was idle, which was during the greatest part of the year, gave himself up to the reading of books of chivalry, and that with so much devotion and relish, that the sports of the field, and even the management of his domestic concerns, were nearly forgotten: indeed so great was his curiosity, and so extravagant his fondness in this matter, that he sold many a good acre of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, eagerly carrying home all he could lay his hands upon. But of all his choice store, none pleased him so much as those written by the famous Feliciano de Silva; for the glitter of his prose and perplexity of his style were to him so many pearls, and especially the love-speeches and challenges, in which abound passages like these: "So enfeebled is

my reason by reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason, that with reason I complain of your beauty.” —“The high heavens, that with your divinity, divinely fortify you with the stars, rendering you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness.” With rhapsodies of this kind did the poor gentleman impair his understanding, distracting his thoughts by endeavouring to comprehend and unravel their meaning; which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise from the dead for the purpose. He had doubts, which greatly perplexed him, as to the dreadful wounds, given and received by Don Belianis; for he imagined, though he might have been cured by the most expert surgeons of the age, that his face and whole body must still be covered with seams and scars; nevertheless, he commended the author for concluding his book with a promise of finishing that interminable adventure: often, indeed, he had it in his thoughts, to take the pen and finish it himself, precisely as is there promised; and he would certainly have done it, and successfully too, if other more important cogitations had not incessantly diverted him.

With the village priest, who was a man of learning, and had taken his degrees at Sigüenza, he had frequent disputes, which of the two was the better knight, Palmerin of England,<sup>6</sup> or Amadis de Gaul: but master Nicholas, the village barber, affirmed, that none ever equalled the Knight of the Sun, or could in any degree be compared with him, save and except



Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul ; for he had a genius fitted for every emergency ; was no finical gentleman, no whimperer, like Amadis ; and as to courage, was by no means inferior to him. In short, he so bewildered himself in this kind of study, that he passed whole nights over his books, from the setting of the sun to its rising, and whole days, in like manner, from its rising to its setting ; and thus, through little sleep and much reading, his brain was so dried up, that he came at last to lose his wits. His imagination was full of all that he read, of enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, courtships, amours, tortures, and impossible absurdities ; and so firmly was he persuaded that the whole tissue of chimeras which his books contained was true, that he thought no history in the world was more to be depended upon. Cid Ruydias,<sup>7</sup> he would often affirm, was a very good knight, but not to be compared with the Knight of the flaming Sword, who, with a single back-stroke, cut two fierce and monstrous giants through the middle. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio, for putting Orlando the enchanted to death, by means of the same stratagem which Hercules employed against Anteus, by squeezing him in his arms. He spoke also of the giant Morgante in terms of commendation, for though he was of that monstrous race, who are always proud and insolent, he was himself extremely affable and well-bred. But above all was he charmed with Reynaldo de Montalvan, especially when he saw

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him sallying out of his castle, plundering all whom he met,<sup>8</sup> and when he seized that image of Mahomet, which, as his history records, was of massy gold : and for a fair opportunity of handsomely kicking the traitor Galalon,<sup>9</sup> he would have given his housekeeper, ay, and his niece into the bargain.

In fine, his intellects being completely deranged, he was seized with one of the strangest whims that ever entered the head of a madman : this was a conviction, that it was expedient and necessary, as well for the advancement of his own reputation, as for the good of mankind, that he should commence knight-errant, and wander through the world, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures ; meaning to put in practice whatever he had read, as having been achieved by heroes of that description ; redressing all kinds of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on every occasion ; that, by accomplishing such enterprises, he might acquire everlasting renown. Already did the poor lunatic imagine himself crowned at least, by the valour of his arm, emperor of Trapisonda ; and, wholly wrapt in these agreeable delusions, he hastened to carry into execution what he so passionately desired.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armour, which had belonged to his ancestors for several generations, but, being mouldy and rust-eaten, had lain many years forgotten in a corner. This he cleaned and brightened up in the best manner he could ; but he perceived it had one grand defect, that instead of

a helmet, it had only a simple morrion, without a beaver : this deficiency, however, he dexterously supplied, by contriving a sort of vizor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the head-piece, gave the helmet the appearance of being complete. True it is, that to try its strength, and ascertain if it were proof against steel, he drew his sword, and, with two strokes, undid in an instant what he had been a week in effecting. As he did not altogether approve of its having been broken to pieces so easily, to secure himself from any such danger for the future, he made it over again, and fenced it so securely with small plates of iron within, that he was satisfied of its strength, and, without putting it to a second trial, looked upon it as a most finished piece of armour.

The next thing he did, was to visit his steed ; and though the bones of this animal stuck out like the corners of a real,<sup>10</sup> and he had more faults than Godela's horse, which "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit,*" yet, in the eyes of his master, neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor Cyd's Babieca, was equal to him. Four days was he considering what appellation to give him ; for, as he said to himself, it would not be decorous, that a horse so excellent, and appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without one of distinction ; and his study was to accommodate him with one, that should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, as well as what he now was : for it seemed but reasonable, if the master changed his

condition, the horse likewise should change his name, and be invested with one sublime and high-sounding, as became the new order and new way of life professed by his rider. Accordingly, after sundry appellations devised and rejected, liked and disliked in turn, he fixed at last upon Rozinante,<sup>11</sup> a name, in his opinion, lofty and sonorous, and at the same time expressive of his having been but a common steed before his present promotion, and that now he was superior to all the steeds in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to give himself one. This consideration was the business of eight days more, and he at length determined to call himself Don Quixote ; whence, as observed before, the authors of this most faithful history conclude, that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. Recollecting, however, that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, to render it famous, styling himself Amadis de Gaul ; so did he, like a good knight, denominate himself Don Quixote de la Mancha ; by which, in his opinion, he sufficiently made known his lineage, and at the same time did due honour to his country, by taking from it his surname.

And now, his armour being furbished, the morrion converted into a perfect helmet, and his steed and himself new-named, he deemed nothing wanting but

some fair dame with whom to be in love : for, without a mistress, a knight-errant was a tree without leaves and fruit, or a body without a soul. “ If,” said he, “ for the punishment of my sins, or rather through my good fortune, I should chance to meet some giant, as is usual with knights-errant, and should overthrow him in fight, cleave him asunder, or in short vanquish and force him to yield, would it not be proper to have some lady, to whom I might send him as a present ; that, when he comes before her, he may kneel, and, with humble and submissive tone, thus accost her : ‘ Madam, in me you behold the giant, Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malindra, who, having been overcome in single combat by the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha, am commanded to present myself before your beauty, to be disposed of as your serenity may think proper.’ ” How did our good knight exult, when he had made this harangue ! How much happier still was he, when he had found out a person on whom to confer the title of mistress of his heart ! which is supposed to have happened thus. Near the place where he lived, dwelt a comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love ; though it is believed she never knew, or never troubled herself about the matter. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo ; and of her he made choice to be the idol of his affections. Then, casting about for a name, which should bear some affinity with her own, and yet incline to that of a great personage or prin-

cess, he fixed upon Dulcinea del Toboso, she being a native of that town; a name, to his thinking, uncommon, significant and musical, like those he had devised for himself and his steed.

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## CHAP. II.

*Which treats of the first sally of the ingenious Don Quixote from his habitation.*

THESE preparations being made, he could no longer resist the desire he felt of carrying his project into execution; to which he was the more strongly roused by the thought of what the world might suffer by his delay; so many were the grievances he proposed to redress, the wrongs he had to rectify, the abuses to reform, and the debts to discharge. Therefore, without making any one privy to his design, or being seen by a single soul, one morning before day, in the scorching month of July, he armed himself cap-a-pee, mounted Rozinante, adjusted his ill-composed beaver, braced on his target,<sup>1</sup> grasped his lance, and issued forth into the fields by a private door of his back yard, delighted to find with how much ease he had given a beginning to his honourable undertaking. Scarcely, however, had he reached the plain, when he was

assailed by a thought so terrible, as almost to induce him to abandon his enterprise: for it occurred to his remembrance, that he was not dubbed, and that, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could, nor ought, to enter the lists against any knight; and even had he been dubbed, still, as a new knight, he must wear white armour, without any device on his shield, till he had acquired one by his prowess. These reflections staggered his resolution; but his phrensy prevailing over every other consideration, he purposed to get himself knighted by the first person he should meet, as many others had done, of whom he had read in the books which had disordered his imagination. As to the white armour, he resolved, the first opportunity, to scour his own, so that it should be whiter than ermine: and having thus quieted his mind, he went on his way, following whatever road his horse was pleased to take, believing that in this consisted the true spirit of chivalry.

As our flaming adventurer jogged on, he thus talked to himself. "Who can doubt," said he, "but that, in future times, when the history of my famous exploits shall come to light, the sage who records them, in giving an account of this my first sally, at so early an hour, will express himself in words like these:—Scarcely had ruddy Phœbus spread over the face of the wide and spacious earth the golden tresses of his beauteous hair, and scarcely had the little painted birds, with the sweet and mellifluous

harmony of their forked tongues, hailed the approach of rosy-winged Aurora, who, quitting the soft couch of her jealous husband, disclosed herself to mortals through the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon,<sup>2</sup> when the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, upspringing from the lazy down, mounted his famed Rozinante, and through Montiel's<sup>3</sup> ancient well known field (which was indeed the case) pursued his way." After a pause, resuming his soliloquy, "O happy times, happy age," said he, "in which my glorious deeds shall be made known, deeds worthy to be engraved in brass, sculptured in marble, and drawn in picture, for a monument to all posterity! and thou, sage enchanter, whoever thou art, to whose lot it shall fall to chronicle this wonderful history, forget not, I beseech thee, my good Rozinante, the inseparable companion of all my travels and toils!" Then, by a sudden transition, as if really enamoured, he burst forth again. "O princess Dulcinea, mistress of this captive heart, great injury hast thou done me, by thy rigorous decree, discarding and disgracing me, forbidding me to appear in the presence of thy beauty! Vouchsafe, O lady, to think on this enthralled heart, that endures, for love of thee, so many afflictions!"

Stringing thus one extravagance upon another, in the style his books had taught him, and imitating, as nearly as he could, their very phrase, he travelled leisurely on, while the sun, advancing in his course, beamed upon him with such intense heat, that if he



had any brains left, it was sufficient to have melted them. He travelled almost the whole day, without meeting with a single occurrence worthy of notice, which grieved him sorely, for he was impatient for a rencounter, to try the force of his valiant arm.

Some authors assert, that his first adventure was that of the Straits of Lapice ; others, that it was that of the windmills : but it appears from what I have been able to discover of this matter, and have found written in the annals of La Mancha, that he travelled unceasingly all that day, and that, as night approached, both he and his horse were tired and half dead with hunger. In this state, looking round for some castle or shepherd's cottage, to which he might betake himself, to relieve the cravings of nature by rest and refreshment, he descried, not far from the road, an inn, which he regarded as a star, directing him to the portal at least, if not to the palace, of his redemption.\* To this inn he made all the haste he could, and reached it just as the day shut in. At the door stood two young women, ladies of pleasure, as they are called, who were going to Seville with some carriers, that chanced to take up their lodging that night at the inn. As our adventurer shaped whatever he saw or imagined in the mould of the books which he had read, he immediately, at sight of the inn, fancied it to be a castle, with its four turrets and pinnacles of shining silver, its draw-bridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances with which such

buildings are usually described. Accordingly, when he was a short distance from the inn, he checked Rozinante by the bridle, expecting some dwarf to appear on the battlements of the imagined castle, and give notice by sound of trumpet of the arrival of a knight. But finding delay, and that his steed pressed to get to the stable, he rode up to the inn-door, and saw there the two strolling females, who appeared to him to be beautiful damsels, or lovely dames, taking their pleasure at the castle-gate.

It happened just at this time, that a swineherd, who in a stubble hard by was tending a drove of hogs (I make no apology, for such is their name),<sup>9</sup> blew his horn, as was his custom, to call them together; and instantly Don Quixote's imagination represented to him the fulfilment of what he wished, and that some dwarf gave the signal of his arrival. With infinite content, therefore, he went up to the inn and to the women, who, perceiving a man armed in that manner, with lance and buckler, were frightened, and about to retreat into the house. But Don Quixote, guessing at their fear by their flight, lifted up his pasteboard vizor, and discovering his withered and dusty visage, with gentle voice and respectful demeanour thus accosted them. "Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy; for the order of knighthood, which I profess, forbids my offering injury to any one, much less to virgins of such exalted rank as your presence denotes you to be." The women stared at him, and

with all their eyes, were endeavouring to find out his face, which the sorry beaver almost covered; but when they heard themselves styled virgins, a term so little applicable to their profession, they could not help laughing, and so unqualified was the manner, that Don Quixote was offended, and said to them: "Modesty is becoming in beauty, and excessive laughter, proceeding from a slight cause, is folly. This I mention not as a reproach, by which I may incur your resentment: on the contrary, I have no wish but to do you service." This language, which they did not understand, and the uncouth appearance of our knight, increased their laughter, which increased his displeasure, and he would probably have shown it in a less civil way, but for the timely arrival of the innkeeper; a man extremely corpulent, and therefore inclined to be peaceable, who, beholding so odd a figure in armour, the pieces of which were so ill sorted, as also were the bridle, lance, buckler, and corselet, could scarcely forbear joining the damsels in their demonstrations of mirth; but, being in some fear of a pageant, equipped in so warlike a manner, he resolved to speak him fair, and therefore accosted him thus: "If, sir knight, you are in search of a lodging, your worship will find every accommodation in great abundance in this inn, bating a bed, of which there is not one at present disengaged." Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress, for such the innkeeper appeared to him,

answered: "For me, signor Castellano,<sup>6</sup> any thing will suffice; for my dress is armour, and fighting my repose." The host thought, by his calling him Castellano, that he took him for an honest Castilian; whereas he was an Andalusian, and of the coast of Saint Lucar, as arrant a thief as Cacus, and as arch and mischievously inclined as a collegian or court-page; and he replied: "If that be the case, your worship's resting-places can be no other than the flinty rocks, and your sleep perpetual waking; you may therefore venture to alight, being sure of finding in this poor hut, sufficient cause for keeping awake, not only for a single night, but, if it please your worship, for a whole year." So saying, he held Don Quixote's stirrup, who dismounted with much difficulty and pain, for he had not broken his fast the whole day; and then urged upon the landlord the especial care of his steed, observing that a better piece of horse-flesh never broke bread. The landlord cast a look at the poor beast, but did not think him entitled to half the commendation which his master had bestowed upon him, and having led him into the stable, returned to receive the commands of his guest, whom the damsels, already reconciled to him, were unarming: they had disencumbered him of the back and breast-pieces, but could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened with ribbons, in such a way, that, as there was no possibility of untying them, they must

of necessity be cut: to this the knight would by no means consent, and he therefore remained all night with his helmet on, and was the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

While the women, whom he still imagined to be persons of the first quality and ladies of the castle, were thus aiding him, he said to them, with much self-satisfaction and perfect complaisance, "Never was knight so nobly served as Don Quixote, after his departure from his village: damsels waited on his person, and princesses on his steed.<sup>7</sup> O Rozinante! for that, dear ladies, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote de la Mancha my own; though I had no intention to discover myself, till deeds achieved for your service and benefit should have proclaimed me; but the necessity of accommodating the old romance of sir Launcelot to my present situation, has occasioned your knowing my name before the proper season; the time however will come, when your highnesses shall command and I obey, and the valour of my arm shall make manifest the desire I have to be your slave." The girls, unaccustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, made no reply to them, but simply asked the knight whether he would be pleased to eat any thing. "Most willingly," answered he; "any thing eatable I feel would come very seasonably." The day happened to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had in the inn but some dried fish, called in Castile, *abadexo*, in Andalusia, *baccalao*, in some

places curadillo, and in others, truchuela.<sup>8</sup> They asked if he would like a dish of truchuelas, it being the only fish they had to offer him. "If there be many troutlings," he replied, "they may serve instead of one trout; for I would as willingly be paid eight single reals, as one real of eight; and perhaps these troutlings may be preferable to trout, as veal is better than beef, and kid better than goat. Be that as it may, let them be served up quickly, for the toil and weight of arms cannot be supported, without supplying well the cravings of the stomach." The cloth was laid at the door of the inn, for the benefit of the cool air, and the landlord brought out a dish of ill-soaked and worse cooked bacallao, with a loaf of bread, as black and mouldy as the knight's armour: but it was a source of great mirth to see him eat; for his hands being employed in keeping his helmet on and the beaver up, he had no means of feeding himself, and the office was performed by one of the ladies: but to give him drink would have been utterly impossible, had not the innkeeper bored a reed, and, putting one end to the knight's mouth, poured in the wine leisurely at the other: and all this he patiently endured, rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

While these things were doing, a sow-gelder came to the inn, and, as soon as he arrived, sounded four or five times his whistle of reeds, which confirmed Don Quixote in the persuasion he had entertained, that he was in some famous castle and regaled with

music ; and instantly the poor jack before him became fine trout, the coarse loaf, the finest white bread, the strolling wenches, ladies of rank, and the host, governor of the castle. This conceit justified his undertaking, and he deemed his first sally to be attended with success: yet did the thought disturb him, that he was not yet dubbed, believing, as he did, that he could not lawfully engage in any adventure till he had been invested, in due form, with the honourable order to which he aspired.

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CHAP. III.

*In which is related the pleasant method Don Quixote took to be dubbed knight.*

HARASSED by the foregoing reflection, our hero made an abrupt end of his scanty supper. He then called for the landlord, and, shutting himself up with him in the stable, fell upon his knees before him, and said: "Never will I rise from this place, valorous knight, till your courtesy vouchsafes me the boon I mean to beg of you; a boon which will redound to your own honour and to the benefit of mankind." The host, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing such extraordinary language, was confounded, and

stood gazing at him, without knowing what to say or do. At length he attempted to raise him from this humiliating posture; but vain was the attempt, till he assured him, that his request should be granted.<sup>1</sup> "Signor," replied Don Quixote, "I expected no less from your great magnificence. Know then, that the boon I ask, and which your courtesy has conceded, is, that you will early to-morrow vouchsafe to confer upon me the honour of knighthood; and this night I will watch my arms in the chapel of your castle,<sup>2</sup> that, in the morning, what I so earnestly desire may be accomplished; and, being duly qualified, I may then traverse the four corners of the earth, in search of adventures for the relief of the distressed, as is the duty of chivalry, and of those knights-errant, whose hearts, like mine, are passionately bent on such achievements."

The landlord, who, as we have said, was an arch fellow, and had already more than once doubted the sanity of his guest, on hearing so strange a proposal, was confirmed in his suspicions, and, to make sport for the night, resolved to fall in with his humour. With this view, he told him, that nothing could be more reasonable than his request; that achievements, such as he contemplated, were both natural and suitable to cavaliers of so peerless a stamp, as his appearance and gallant deportment denoted; that he had himself, in the days of his youth, followed the honourable profession, wandering through divers



parts of the globe in quest of adventures, not omitting to visit<sup>3</sup> the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the compass of Seville, the aqueduct-market of Segovia, the olive-yard of Valentia, the rondilla of Grenada, the coast of Saint Lucar, the fountain of Cordova,<sup>4</sup> the hedge-taverns of Toledo, and many other places, where he had exercised the lightness of his heels, as well as the dexterity of his hands, committing sundry wrongs, soliciting sundry widows, ruining young damsels, chousing young heirs,<sup>5</sup> in short, making himself known at the bar of nearly every tribunal in Spain; and that at last he had retired to this castle, where he lived on his own means and those of other people, entertaining all knights-errant, of whatever quality or condition, merely for the great love he bore them, and that they might share with him their gettings, in return for his good will. He farther told him, that at present there was no chapel in the castle in which he could watch his armour, as it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt: in cases of necessity, however, it might be watched, as he knew, wherever he pleased, and that to-night, he might perform this duty in the court, and to-morrow, if it pleased God, the requisite ceremonies should be completed, and he should be so effectually dubbed a knight, that the whole universe could not furnish a more perfect model. He then asked, if he had any money: to which the knight replied, that he had not a farthing, having never

read in the histories of knights-errant, that they ever encumbered themselves with any. In this the innkeeper assured him he was mistaken; for admitting that it was not mentioned in their history, the authors deeming it superfluous to specify things so indispensably necessary as money and clean linen, yet it was not from the omission to be inferred, that they carried none. He might be assured, therefore, that all those knights, of whose actions we have such authentic records, had their purses well lined for whatever might befall them; and that they carried also shirts, and a little box of ointment to heal the wounds they might receive, since, in the deserts and fields in which they fought, there was not always a kind soul at hand to cure them, unless they were befriended by some sage enchanter, who could assist them immediately, by bringing a damsel or dwarf in a cloud through the air, with a vial of water of such exquisite virtue, that, by tasting a single drop, they would instantly become as sound and whole of their bruises and wounds, as if they had never been hurt: but when the knights of yore were without such magical aid, they took care to provide their squires with money, and such necessary articles as salves and lint; that, in case of need, they might be their own surgeons; and if it happened, which was very rare, that a knight had no squire, he carried these things behind him upon his own horse, in a wallet so small, as to be hardly visible; signifying, that it was something of greater importance: for the

practice of knights carrying wallets themselves, was not tolerated by the fraternity, except on such an emergence. He therefore advised him, though, as his godson, which he was very soon to be, he might exercise authority and command him, never, from this time forward, to travel without money and the other requisites he had mentioned, which he would find useful to him when he least expected it. Our hero promised to follow his advice with the most scrupulous punctuality; and now an order was given for performing the watch of the armour, in a large yard adjoining the inn. Gathering all the pieces of it together, Don Quixote placed them upon a cistern that stood close to a well; then bracing on his buckler, and grasping his lance, he walked with solemn step backward and forward before the cistern, beginning his parade just as it was dark.

The host did not fail to inform all who were in the inn of the frenzy of his guest, the ceremony of watching in which he was engaged, and the knighting he expected. Surprised at so singular a madness, they sallied out to observe him at a distance; and they perceived, that he sometimes walked to and fro with a composed air, and at others, leaning upon his lance, fixed his eyes for awhile intensely upon his armour. Though it was now quite night, the moon shone with a lustre, that might almost vie with his who lent it, so that whatever our novice did was distinctly seen by all the spectators.

While he was thus employed, it chanced that one

of the carriers, who inned there, was desirous of watering his mules, to do which, it was previously necessary to remove the armour from the cistern. Don Quixote, seeing him advance, accosted him, with stentorian voice, in these words: " Hold there, rash knight, whoever thou art, that darest approach to touch the arms of the most valorous adventurer that ever girded himself with cold iron ! beware what thou dost, and touch them not, unless thou wouldst yield thy life a forfeit for thy temerity." The carrier, not troubling his head with these speeches, though it would have been better for him if he had, as he might have saved his carcase, took hold of the straps, and tossed the armour, piecemeal, to a distance from him ; which Don Quixote perceiving, he raised his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts apparently on his mistress Dulcinea, " Assist me," said he, " dear lady, in this insult offered to the breast of thy lowly vassal, and let not thy favour and protection fail me, in this my first perilous encounter !"<sup>6</sup> and having uttered these and similar ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting his lance with both hands, gave the carrier such a blow on the head, that he was laid flat on the ground, in so grievous a plight, that, had the blow been repeated, there would have been no need of a surgeon. This done, he collected his armour, and, as if nothing had taken place, calmly resumed his office, walking backward and forward with the same solemnity as before.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened, for the first still lay senseless, came out with the same intention of watering his mules, and being about to clear the cistern, by removing the armour, Don Quixote, without uttering a word or imploring any body's protection, again let slip his target, and, with his lance, broke the head of this second carrier, in three or four places. The noise occasioned by this drew all the people from the inn, and the inn-keeper among the rest ; upon which Don Quixote, rebracing his target, and laying his hand upon his sword, said aloud, " O queen of beauty, the strength and vigour of my enfeebled heart ! now is the time to turn thy princely eyes upon this thy captive knight, whom so mighty an adventure awaits ! " and by this address, he felt himself inspired with so much courage, that, had he been attacked by all the carriers in the universe, he would not have retreated a single step.

The comrades of the wounded, seeing how their two friends had been handled, began at a distance to discharge a shower of stones upon the knight, who sheltered himself, as well as he could, with his shield, not daring to stir from the cistern, lest he should appear to abandon his armour. The inn-keeper called aloud to them, begging they would desist, for he had already told them that he was mad ; and he would therefore be acquitted, though he should put every soul of them to death. But Don Quixote called out still

louder, upbraiding them as cowards, and the constable of the castle as a poltroon and base-born knight, for suffering his guest to be treated in that scurrilous manner ; swearing, if he had received the honour of knighthood, that he would make him smart for his treachery: “but for you, rascally and vile scoundrels,” said he, “I value you not a straw: draw near, come on, and do your worst, and you shall quickly see the reward that will be bestowed upon you for your folly and arrogance.” This was uttered with such vehemence and determined resolution, that it struck a deadly fear into the hearts of the assailants, and, cooperating with the landlord’s persuasions, made them cease their attack ; upon which Don Quixote permitted the wounded to be carried off, and returned a second time to his watch, with his wonted tranquillity.

The host, not relishing these pranks of his guest, resolved to put an end to them, by investing him with the unlucky order of knighthood immediately, before any farther mischief ensued. Approaching him, therefore, he begged pardon for the rudeness the plebeians had been guilty of, assuring him, that he had no participation in the matter, and observing that they had been sufficiently chastised for their rashness. He then repeated to him, that there was no chapel in the castle, and added, that neither was it necessary for what remained to be done ; since, in the business of being dubbed, the point of most im-

portance consisted in the blows to be given on the neck and shoulders, as he had learned from the ceremonial of the order ; which might be effectually done in the middle of a field ; and he assured him, that he had amply discharged the duty of watching, for he had been engaged in it more than four hours, whereas two only were required. Every syllable of this Don Quixote firmly believed, and said, that he was there ready to obey him, and desirous that the ceremony should be performed with the utmost despatch, assigning as a reason, that if he should be assaulted again when he found himself dubbed, he was resolved not to leave a soul alive, except those whom the constable of the castle might command him to spare for his sake.

The host, thus warned, and at the same time apprehensive of what might be the event of this resolution, went for the book in which he kept his daily account of the barley and straw which he furnished to the carriers ; and, with the two damsels we have mentioned, preceded by a boy carrying an end of candle, came to the place where Don Quixote stood, whom, in a tone of authority, he commanded to kneel : then mumbling in his manual, as if he had been repeating some devout petition, he took an opportunity of giving him a hearty blow on the nape of the neck ; and, with his own sword, a still more handsome thwack on the shoulders, muttering all the while between his teeth, as if actually praying. This done, he ordered one of the ladies to gird on his sword, an

office which she performed with great dexterity as well as discretion, of which no small portion was necessary, to keep her, as well as the rest, from bursting with laughter at every part of the ceremony ; but indeed the effects of what they had seen of the knight's disposition, were sufficient to induce them to restrain their mirth within bounds.

Having girded on the sword, the good lady said to him, " God grant you may be a fortunate knight, and successful in all your battles!" Upon which Don Quixote asked her name, that he might thenceforward know to whom he was indebted for the favour he had received ; for he intended to bestow on her a share of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his arm. With becoming humility she answered, that her name was La Tolosa, that she was the daughter of a cobbler, who lived in one of the stalls of Sanchobienaya, and that wherever she might be, she would never fail to serve and honour him as her lord. The knight in reply, begged, that, for his sake, she would dignify her name with the title of Donna, and call herself in future Donna Tolosa, which she promised to do. With the other damsel, who buckled on his spur, he held a similar dialogue, and having learned that her name was Molinera, and that she was the daughter of an honest miller of Antequera, he entreated her also to ennoble her name with the same title of Donna, making her fresh offers of service and thanks.

These till then never-before-seen ceremonies, being



thus hastily terminated, Don Quixote, who was impatient to see himself on horseback, in quest of adventures, saddled and mounted Rozinante, and, embracing his host, acknowledged the favour he had conferred on him in having dubbed him a knight, in terms of such extravagance, that it is impossible to repeat them. The host, to get rid of him the sooner, returned the compliment with no less flourish, but more brevity, and, without demanding any thing for his lodging, wished him a good journey.

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#### CHAP. IV.

*Of what befel our knight after he had sallied from the inn.*

IT was about break of day when Don Quixote sallied forth from the inn, and so satisfied was he, so gay, so blithe, at finding himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst the girths of his steed. But recollecting the advice of his host, as to the provisions necessary for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean linen, he resolved to return home, to furnish himself with these things, and also provide himself with a squire; purposing to take into his service a certain country-fellow of the neighbourhood,

who was poor, and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this thought, he turned Rozinante towards the village; who, as if he knew what his master would be at, scampered off with such alacrity, that he hardly seemed to set his feet to the ground. He had not, however, gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard a weak voice, as of a person complaining; and the sound no sooner struck upon his ear, than he said, "Heaven be thanked for the favour it confers upon me, by throwing in my way so early an opportunity of complying with the duties of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable desires. These are doubtless the cries of some distressed person, who stands in need of my protecting arm." Then turning the reins, he guided Rozinante towards the place from which he thought the voice proceeded; and he had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad, about fifteen years of age, naked to the waist, fastened to another. This was the person who cried out, and not without cause; for a lusty country-fellow was belabouring him most severely with a leathern strap, accompanying every stroke with a reprimand and a word of advice, such as "The tongue slow, and the eyes quick." The boy answered to every stroke, "I will do so no more, dear sir; by the passion of God, I will never do so again; and I promise for the future to take more care of the flock."

Don Quixote, seeing what passed, called out in an angry tone, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee thus to maltreat one who cannot defend himself. Get upon thy horse, and take thy lance," for there was a lance against the oak to which the mare was fastened, "and I will make thee sensible of the dastardly business in which thou art engaged."

The countryman, seeing so strange a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance, gave himself up for a dead man, and therefore with civil speech replied, "Signor cavalier, this lad, whom I am chastising, is a servant of mine, whom I employ to tend a flock of sheep, that feeds hard by; but he is so careless, that I lose one every day; and because I correct him for his negligence or knavery, he says, I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages; but on my conscience, and as I shall answer it to God, he lies." "How, pitiful rascal! a lie, in my presence!" said Don Quixote: "by the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to thrust this weapon through thy body. Pay him immediately, without farther reply; else, by the God that rules the world, I will finish and annihilate thee in a moment! Unbind him, instantly!" The countryman hung down his head, and without answering a syllable, unbound the boy, as he had been bidden. The knight then asked the lad, how much his master owed him: to which he replied, nine months' wages at seven reals<sup>2</sup> a month; which,

according to Don Quixote's computation, amounted to sixty-three reals; and he bade the countryman to disburse them instantly, if he set any value on his life. The fellow, in a fright, declared, on the word of a dying man, and by the oath he had taken, though by the by he had taken no oath at all, that it was not so much; for he had to deduct the price of three pair of shoes, that he had given him on account, and a real for two blood-lettings, when he was sick. "This is all just and reasonable," said Don Quixote, "but the shoes and the blood-lettings may be set against the stripes which thou hast so undeservedly given him; for if he has worn out the leather of thy shoes, thou hast torn his skin, and if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him, when he was ill, thou hast drawn blood from him, when he is well: so that, upon these accounts, he owes thee nothing!" "But the misfortune is, signor cavalier," quoth the countryman, "that I have no money about me; but if Andres will go home with me, I will honestly pay him all, real by real." "I go with him!" said the lad; "the devil a bit! No, sir, I shall do no such thing: for when he has me alone, he will flay me like any Saint Bartholomew."<sup>3</sup> "He durst not do so," replied Don Quixote: "that I lay my commands upon him, will be sufficient to keep him in awe; and if he will swear to me by the order of knighthood, which he has received, I will let him go free, and will myself become bail for the payment." "Take care, good sir, what

you say," quoth the boy, "for my master is no knight, nor ever received any order of the kind: he is John Aldudo, the rich farmer, and lives in the neighbourhood of Quintanar." "That is little to the purpose," answered Don Quixote; "there may be knights of the family of the Aldudos,<sup>4</sup> considering, as is the case, that every man is the son of his own works." "That is true," said Andres, "but what sort of works is my master the son of, who refuses to pay me the wages of my sweat and labour?" "I do not refuse thee, friend Andres," replied the countryman; "only be so kind as to go with me, and I swear by all the orders of knighthood in the world, that I will pay thee, as I said before, every penny down, and perfumed<sup>5</sup> into the bargain." "I thank thee," said Don Quixote, "for the perfuming; give him but the money, and I shall be satisfied: and see that thou performest what thou hast sworn; else I swear by the same oath in my turn, that I will come back to ferret thee out and chastise thee; nor shalt thou escape my search, though thou shouldst hide thyself closer than a lizard. And now, if thou wouldst know who it is that lays these commands upon thee, that thou mayest be obliged the more strictly to conform to them, learn, that I am the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs and abuses: and so fare thee well, and remember to do what thou hast promised and sworn, on pain of the inflictions I have denounced." He then clapped spurs to Rozinante, and

was quickly at a distance from the scene in which he had been so valorously engaged.

The countryman eagerly followed him with his eyes, and when he found that he was clear of the wood and out of sight, he turned to Andres, and said: "Come hither, lad; I am resolved to pay thee what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs has commanded me." "And so you shall, I swear," quoth Andres: "and you do well to observe the orders of that honest gentleman, whom God grant to live a thousand years, who is so brave a man and so just a judge, that, egad, if you do not pay me, he will return, and be as good as his word." "And I swear too," quoth the countryman: "and to show how much I love thee, I mean to increase the debt, that the payment may be doubled:" and taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, and flogged him so severely, that he had scarcely any life left in his body. "Now, master Andres," said he, "call upon the redresser of wrongs; thou wilt find he will hardly redress this; which, besides, I have not yet finished; for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as just now thou fearedst I should do." He however untied him, and left him at liberty to go in quest of the judge, who might execute the vengeance he had threatened. Andres swore he would do so, and, having found out the valorous Don Quixote, would tell him all that had passed, and he should pay seven-

fold for his villany. Yet went he away blubbering, leaving his master behind bursting with laughter.

In this manner did our valiant hero redress this wrong, and, rejoicing at so fortunate and glorious a beginning of his chivalrous career, he went on toward his village, satisfied with himself, and uttering in a low voice this address: "Well mayest thou deem thyself happy above all women on the face of the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, beauteous above the most beauteous, since it has been thy lot to have, resigned and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure, so renowned and daring a knight, as Don Quixote de la Mancha is, and ever shall be; who, as all the world knows, but yesterday received the order of chivalry, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance that injustice could invent or cruelty commit; to-day, has wrested the scourge out of the hand of a pitiless enemy, who lashed undeservedly a tender stripling."

Just as he had finished this speech, he found himself in the centre of four roads, and the thought occurred to him, that knights-errant, when they came to these cross-ways, pondered within themselves which of them they should take; and, wishing to imitate them, he stood in like manner pondering for a while, and at last let go the reins, submitting his own will to be guided by that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road towards his stable. Having

proceeded about two miles, Don Quixote descried at a distance a company of persons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks at Murcia. There were six of them ; they had each an umbrella, and their equipage consisted of four servants on horseback and three muleteers on foot. No sooner had Don Quixote perceived this party, than his imagination conjured up some new adventure, and to make it square as nearly as possible with passages he had read in his books, he believed it to be cut out on purpose for him to achieve. Accordingly, with a graceful and intrepid deportment, he settled himself firm in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and, posting himself in the middle of the road, waited the approach of the cavalcade, whom he judged already to be so many knights-errant. When they were come so near as to be seen and heard, he raised his voice, and, in an arrogant tone, exclaimed, " Let the whole world halt, if the whole world refuse to confess, that there is not in the whole world a more beautiful damsel, than the empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso."<sup>6</sup>

The merchants hearing these strange words, and seeing the still stranger figure of him who uttered them, halted immediately, and quickly discovered in both, the madness of the speaker ; but they were disposed to stay and learn what the confession meant which he required of them ; and one of them, being



somewhat of a wag, yet very discreet withal, said to him: "Signor cavalier, we do not know who this lady you mention may be; let us but see her, and if she be really the beauty you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, acknowledge the truth you demand from us." "Were I to show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "where would be the merit of confessing, what would then be so notorious? The business is, that without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it: and if you refuse this, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are: and whether you come on one by one, as the laws of chivalry require, or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of wretches of your stamp, I here wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause." "Signor cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech your worship, in the name of all the princes here present, in order that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences, by confessing a thing which we never saw nor heard, and especially what is so much to the prejudice of the empresses and queens of Alcarria and Estramadura, that you would be pleased to show us some picture<sup>7</sup> of this lady, though no bigger than a barley-corn; for we may guess at the clue by the thread; and with this sample we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your worship will be contented and pleased: nay, I verily believe we are already so far inclined to your side, that though her picture should represent her squint-

ing with one eye, and distilling vermilliou and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, to oblige you, we will say whatever you please in her favour." "There distils not, base scoundrels," answered Don Quixote, burning with rage, "there distils not from her what you say, but rather ambergris and civet among cotton:<sup>8</sup> neither does she squint, nor is she crooked or hump-backed, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarrama:<sup>9</sup> but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendant a beauty as my sovereign mistress." And so saying, with his lance couched, he ran at the spokesman with so much fury, that if good fortune had not so ordered it, that Rozinante should stumble and fall in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. Rozinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field, endeavouring to rise, but in vain, encumbered as he was with his lance, target, spurs, helmet, and the weight of his antique armour. While engaged in these fruitless struggles, he still called out, "Fly not, ye dastardly rabble! stay, ye race of slaves! for it is through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended."

A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the arrogant language of the poor fallen knight, could not bear it, without returning an answer upon his ribs; and going up to him, he took his lance, and, breaking it to pieces, so belaboured him with one of the splinters, that, in spite of his armour, he was

threshed almost to chaff. His masters frequently called out, desiring him to forbear ; but the muleteer was provoked, and would not quit the game, till he had quite spent the remainder of his choler ; and collecting the other fragments of the lance, he, one by one, reduced them to shivers on the body of the unfortunate cavalier, who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never closed his mouth, threatening heaven and earth, and those rascally assassins, for such in his eyes were the merchants.

The muleteer being at length tired, the merchants pursued their journey, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning our poor battered gentleman, who, when he found himself alone, made farther efforts to rise ; but if he were unable to do it when sound and well, how could he accomplish it now, beaten as he was almost to a mummy ? Yet he still thought himself a happy man ; for he considered his misfortune as peculiar to knights-errant, and that he was not able to rise, on account of the many bruises he had received, he imputed to the fault of his horse.

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#### CHAP. V.

*Wherein is continued the narration of our knight's misfortune.*

FINDING that he was really not able to stir, our knight had recourse to his usual remedy, which was

to call to mind some apt passage in his books; and his frenzy instantly presented to his remembrance the incident of Valdovinos and the marquis of Mantua, when Carlotto left him wounded on the mountain; a story known to children, recited by youth, commended and credited by the old of both sexes, and, for all that, no more true than the miracles of Mahomet. Now this seemed as if cast in a mould purposely to fit the distress he was in; and, with signs of great bodily pain, he began to roll himself on the ground, and repeat, in a faint voice, what was uttered by the wounded knight of the wood.

“Where art thou, mistress of my heart,  
Unconscious of thy lover’s smart?  
Ah me! thou know’st not my distress,  
Or thou art false and pitiless!”

And in this manner he went on with the romance, till he came to the passage in which it is said, “O noble marquis of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood!” when it so fortunèd, that there passed by, on an ass, a countryman and neighbour of his, who had been taking a load of wheat to the mill; and seeing a man stretched in this manner on the ground; he drew near, and asked who he was, and what ailed him, that he made such doleful lamentations. Don Quixote, having no doubt of his being the marquis of Mantua his uncle, returned no answer, but proceeded with his romance, giving an account of his misfortune,

and of the amours of the emperor's son with his spouse, in the same manner as it is recounted in the book. The peasant stood amazed at hearing such strange things from so miserable a being; but presently, having taken off his vizor, which was beaten to pieces, and wiped his face, which was covered with dust, he knew him, and said, "Ah, Signor Quixada," for so he was called before he lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober gentleman to a knight-errant, "how came your worship in this woful plight?" but he still answered out of the romance to whatever question was asked him; which the good man observing, proceeded, without questioning him farther, to take off his back and breast-plate, to ascertain if he had been wounded; but he saw no blood, or sign of any hurt. He then raised him from the ground, and, with much difficulty, contrived to place him upon the ass, as being the beast of easiest carriage. The arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the lance, he collected together and tied upon Rozinante, and taking the steed by the bridle with one hand, and leading the ass by the halter with the other, went onward in this manner toward the village, in seeming pain at the unaccountable things which Don Quixote uttered by the way. And no less uneasy appeared the knight, who, through the bruises he had received, could scarcely keep himself upon the ass, and ever and anon sent forth groans, that might reach the skies; inso-much that the peasant could not help inquiring again

into the cause: and surely the devil alone could have furnished his memory with stories so applicable to the circumstances of his situation: for at that instant, forgetting Valdovinos, he bethought himself of the Moor Abindarraez, at the time when the governor of Antequera had taken him prisoner, and conveyed him to his castle. So that when the peasant asked him again how he did, and what had befallen him, he answered in the very words and expressions, in which the prisoner Abindarraez answered Roderigo of Narvaez, as he had read the story in the *Diana of George of Montemayor*, applying it so patly to his own case, that the peasant went on cursing both him and them on hearing such a mass of nonsense and folly. He was now convinced that his neighbour was mad, and he therefore made what haste he could to reach the village, that he might be free from the vexation of Don Quixote's tiresome and unintelligible speeches, who, in concluding his harangue, accosted him thus: "Be it known to your worship, Signor Don Roderigo de Narvaez, that this beauteous Xarifa, whom I mentioned, is now the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, am doing, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry, that have been, are, or shall be seen in the world." To this the peasant answered, "Look you, sir, as I am a sinner, I am not Don Roderigo de Narvaez, nor the marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso, your neighbour: neither is your worship Valdovinos, nor Abindarraez, but the worthy

gentleman Signor Quixada." "I know who I am," replied Don Quixote; "and I know too, that I am not only capable of being the personages I have mentioned, but all the twelve peers of France, yea, and the nine worthies, since my exploits will far exceed all that they, jointly or separately, have achieved."

Discoursing in this manner, they reached the village about sun-set: but the peasant staid till the night was a little advanced, that the poor battered gentleman might not be seen so scurvily mounted. When he thought the proper hour was come, he entered the village, and made for Don Quixote's house, which was all in confusion. The priest and the barber<sup>1</sup> of the place, who were his particular friends and companions, happened to be there; and the house-keeper was saying to them aloud, "What is your opinion, Signor Licentiate Pero Perez," for that was the priest's name, "of my master's unfortunate disappearance? for neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour, have been seen these six days. Woe is me! I am verily persuaded, and it is as certainly true as I was born to die, that these cursed books of knight-errantry, which he keeps, and is so often reading, have turned his brain; and now I think of it, I have heard him say, more than once, talking to himself, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The devil and Barabbas take all such books, that have thus spoiled the finest understanding

in all La Mancha." The niece, assenting to what the housekeeper had said, added, "And you must know, master Nicholas," for that was the barber's name, "that it has often happened, that my honoured uncle has continued poring over these confounded books of misadventures two whole days and nights together; and then throwing the one he was reading out of his hand, would draw his sword, and fiercely fence with the walls; and, when tired, would swear, he had killed four giants, as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat of his brows, occasioned by this exercise, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight: and presently he would drink off a large pitcher of cold water, and be as quiet and composed as ever, telling us, that water was a most precious liquor, with which he was supplied by the sage Esquife,<sup>2</sup> a great enchanter, and friend of his. But I take the blame of all this to myself, that I did not advertise you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagancies, before they were come to the height at which they are now arrived, that you might have prevented them, by burning all those cursed books, of which he has so great a store, and which as justly deserve the fire, as if they were filled with heresy." "I say the same," quoth the priest; "and in faith another day shall not pass without holding against them a public inquisition, and condemning them to the flames, that they may not induce other readers



into whose hands they might fall, to do what I fear my good friend has done."

All this the peasant and Don Quixote overheard, and as it confirmed the countryman in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity, he began to bawl aloud, "Open the door, gentlemen, to Signor Valdovinos, and the marquis of Mantua, who comes dangerously wounded, together with Signor Abindarraez the Moor, whom the valorous Roderigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, brings in captivity." On hearing this summons, every one in the house came out; and, as some recognised in him their friend, and others their master and uncle, they all ran to embrace him, though he had not yet alighted from the ass, for indeed he could not. "Forbear all of you," he cried, "for I am sorely wounded, through the fault of my horse: carry me to my bed; and send, if it be possible, for the sage Urganda,<sup>3</sup> to search and heal my wounds." "Look ye, in the devil's name," said the house-keeper immediately, "if my heart did not tell me right, of which leg my master was lame. Get up stairs, in God's name; for, without the help of that same Urganda, we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Cursed, say I again, a hundred times cursed, be those books of knight-errantry, that have brought your worship to this pass." Having conveyed him to his chamber, they searched for his wounds, but found none: he then told them he was only bruised,

which was occasioned by the fall of his horse Rozinante, while he was fighting with ten of the most insolent and outrageous giants that ever appeared on the face of the earth. "Ho, ho," says the priest, "what! there are giants too in the dance:<sup>4</sup> by my faith, I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night." They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, to which he would return no answer, but desired they would give him something to eat, and let him sleep, which was what he stood most in need of. They did so, and the priest inquired of the countryman in what condition he had found Don Quixote; and having received an account of every particular, with the extravagancies he had uttered, both at the time of finding him and on his way home, the licentiate was confirmed in the resolution he had taken, and the next day he brought his friend, master Nicholas the barber, to Don Quixote's house, to aid him in carrying it into effect.

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#### CHAP. VI.

*Of the pleasant and grand scrutiny made by the priest and the barber in our ingenious gentleman's library.*

WHILST Don Quixote was still asleep, the priest asked the niece for the key of the apartment in which

were those authors of mischief, the books; and she delivered it with the utmost good will. They then all three entered, the housekeeper accompanying them. They found above a hundred volumes in folio, well bound, besides a great number of smaller ones. No sooner did the housekeeper see them, than she left the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water, and a bunch of hyssop, saying, "Signor Licentiate, take this, and sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter, of the many these books abound with, should exercise his art upon us, in revenge for what we intend to do, in banishing them out of the world." The priest smiled at the housekeeper's simplicity, and desired the barber to give him the books one by one, that he might see what they treated of; for, perhaps, some might be found that did not deserve to be chastised by fire. "No," said the niece, "there is no reason why any of them should be spared, for they have all been mischief-makers: it will be better to throw them all out of the window into the court-yard, and set fire to them in a heap, or else carry them into the back-yard, and make the bonfire there, where the smoke will offend nobody." The housekeeper was of the same opinion, so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the priest would not agree to so sweeping a course, without first reading the titles at least.

The first which master Nicholas put into his hands,

was that of Amadis de Gaul, in four parts ;<sup>1</sup> and the priest said, "there seems to be some mystery in this commencement ; for I have heard this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and that all the rest have had their foundation and rise from it ; and, as head of so pernicious a sect, I think that we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy." "Not so, sir," said the barber, "for I also have heard, that it is the best of all the books of this kind that ever were written ; and therefore, as being singular in his art, the author ought to be spared." "You are right," said the priest, "and for that reason his life is granted him for the present. Let us see that which stands next to him." "It is," said the barber, "the Adventures of Esplandian, the legitimate son of Amadis de Gaul." "Verily," said the priest, "the virtues of the father shall not avail the son. Here, mistress housekeeper, open the casement, and throw him into the yard, where he may serve as a beginning to the pile for the intended bonfire." The housekeeper obeyed with much satisfaction, and honest Esplandian was sent flying into the yard, to wait with patience the death with which he was threatened. "Proceed," said the priest. "The next," said the barber, "is Amadis of Greece : and I believe all on this shelf are of the lineage of Amadis." "Then into the yard with them all," quoth the priest ; "for rather than not burn queen Pintiquiniestra,<sup>2</sup> and the shepherd Darinel<sup>3</sup> with his eclogues, and the devilish

intricate discourses of its author, I would burn the father who begot me, were I to meet him in the garb of a knight-errant." "Of the same opinion am I," said the barber; "and I," added the niece. "Since it is so," said the housekeeper, "away with the whole family." They were handed to her; and, as they were many in number, to save herself the trouble of the stairs, she threw them all, the shortest way, out of the window.

"What tun of an author is that?" said the priest. "This," answered the barber, "is Don Olivante de Laura." "The very author," said the priest, "who composed the Garden of Flowers; and in truth I know not which of the two books is the truest, or rather the least lying; but this I know, that it goes to the pile for its arrogance and absurdity." "He that follows is Florismarte of Hyrcania," said the barber. "What! is Signor Florismarte there?" replied the priest; "in good faith he shall share the same fate, notwithstanding his strange birth and chimerical adventures; for his harsh and dry style will admit of no excuse. To the yard with him, therefore; and this other, mistress housekeeper." "With all my heart, dear sir," answered she; and with joyful alacrity she executed the command. "This is the knight Platir," said the barber. "That," said the priest, "is an ancient book, but I find nothing in him deserving of pardon; so let him accompany the rest without more words;" which was accordingly

done. They opened another book, and found it entitled the Knight of the Cross. "So religious a title," quoth the priest, "one would think might atone for the ignorance of the author; but as the proverb says, 'the devil lurks behind the cross:' so to the fire with him." The barber, taking down the next, said, "This is the Mirror of Chivalry." "Oh! I know his worship well," quoth the priest. "Away with Signor Reynaldos de Montalvan, with his friends and companions, who were greater thieves than Cacus; and the Twelve Peers, with the faithful historiographer Turpin. However, I am only for condemning them to perpetual banishment, because they contain some part of the invention of the renowned Mateo Boyardo;<sup>4</sup> from whom the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto spun his web: but were I to find even him here, speaking any other language than his own, I would show him no respect; but, if he speak in his proper tongue, I will put him upon my head."<sup>5</sup> "I have him in Italian," said the barber, "but I do not understand that language." "Nor does it much signify whether you do or not,"<sup>6</sup> answered the priest; "and willingly would I 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 who undertake to translate books of verse into other languages; for, with all their care and skill, they can never raise them to their original

eminence. In short, I sentence this, and all other books that shall be found treating of French matters,<sup>7</sup> to be thrown aside, and deposited in some dry vault, until we can determine with more deliberation what is to be done with them; excepting Bernardo del Carpio, and another called Roncesvalles, which, should they fall into my hands, shall pass into the house-keeper's, and thence into the fire, without any remission." The barber confirmed the sentence, and held it for a just and equitable decision, knowing that the priest was so good a christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not utter a falsehood for all the world.

Opening another book, he saw it was Palmerin de Oliva, and the next that came to his hand, Palmerin of England; which the licentiate espying, said, "Let this Oliva be torn to pieces and burnt, that not so much as the ashes may remain; but let Palmerin of England be preserved, and kept as a jewel; and let such another casket be made for it, as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, appropriated to preserve the works of the poet Homer. This book, help-mate, is considerable upon two accounts; the one, that it is very good in itself; and the other, because there is a tradition, that it was written by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the Castle of Miraguarda are most excellent, and contrived with infinite art; the dialogue is courtly and clear; and the decorum preserved

in all the characters with great judgment and propriety. Therefore, master Nicholas, saving your better judgment, let this, and Amadis de Gaul, be exempted from the flames, and let all the rest perish without any farther inquiry." "Not so, neighbour," replied the barber, "for behold here the renowned Don Belianis." The priest replied, "This, with the second, third, and fourth parts, wants a little rhu-barb to purge away its excessive choler; there should be removed too all that relates to the castle of Fame, and other impertinencies of still greater consequence; let them have the benefit, therefore, of transportation, and as they show signs of amendment, they shall hereafter be treated with mercy or justice: in the meantime, friend, give them room in your house; but let nobody read them." "With all my heart," quoth the barber; and, without tiring himself any farther in turning over books of chivalry, he bid the house-keeper take all the large ones, and add them at once to the heap. This was not spoken to a person stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the finest and largest<sup>s</sup> web; and, therefore, laying hold of seven or eight at a time, she tossed them indiscriminately out at the window.

By her taking so many together, there fell one at the barber's feet; and having a mind to see what it was, he found it to be intitled, The history of the renowned knight Tirant the White. "God save me!" quoth the priest, with a voice of surprise, "is Tirant the



White here? Pray give it me, neighbour; for in this book I have found a treasure of delight, and a mine of entertainment. Here we have Don Kyrie-eleison of Montalvan, a most valorous knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, and the knight Fonseca, and the combat which the valiant Detriante fought with Alano, and the smart repartees of the damsel Plazerdemivida,<sup>9</sup> with the amours and artifices of the widow Reposada,<sup>9</sup> and madam the empress in love with her squire Hypolito. I can assure thee, friend Nicholas, that, in its way, it is the best book in the world. Here the knights eat, and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before their deaths; with several things which are wanting in all other works of this kind. Notwithstanding this, the author deserved, for writing so many foolish things seriously, to be sent to the galleys for life: carry it home, and read it, and you will find all I say of him to be true.”

“I will,” answered the barber: “but what shall we do with the smaller volumes that remain?” “These,” said the priest, “are, probably, not books of chivalry, but of poetry:” and opening one, he found it was the *Diana* of George of Montemayer, and taking it for granted that they were all of the same kind, “These,” he said, “do not deserve to be burnt like the rest; for they cannot do the mischief which those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and can harm nobody.” “O sir,” said the niece, “pray let them be burnt also; for, should my uncle

be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may, possibly, by reading these, take it into his head to turn shepherd,\* and wander through the fields and woods, singing and playing on a pipe; or, what would be still worse, turn poet, which is said to be a contagious and incurable disease." "The damsel is right," quoth the priest, "and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling-block and source of temptation out of our friend's way. And since we begin with the *Diana of Montemayer*, I am for preserving that, taking away, however, all that treats of the sage *Felicia*, and the enchanted fountain, and almost all the longer poems; but leaving him the prose, in God's name; for he may have the honour, should he fancy it, of being the first in that kind of writing." "This that follows," said the barber, "is *Diana the Second*, by *Salmantino*; and here is another of the same name, the author of which is *Gil Polo*." "The *Salman-tinian*," answered the priest, "may accompany and increase the number of the condemned: to the yard with him; but let that of *Gil Polo* be preserved, as if it were written by *Apollo* himself. Proceed, friend, and use despatch; for it grows late."

"This," said the barber, opening another, "is the *Ten Books of the Fortune of Love*, composed by *Antonio de Lofraso*, a *Sardinian* poet." "By the holy orders which I have received," said the priest, "since

\* He did so at the end of the second part.

Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, so humorous and whimsical a book as this was never written ; it is the best and most original of the kind that ever appeared in the world ; and he who has not read it, may assure himself that he has never read any thing of perfect taste : give it me, Mr. barber, for I value the finding it more than if I had been presented with a cassock of Florence satin." With exceeding pleasure, he laid it carefully aside, and the barber proceeded, saying, " These that follow are, the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Enares, and the Cures of Jealousy." " Then you have only," said the priest, " to deliver them over to the secular arm<sup>10</sup> of the housekeeper ; and ask me not why, lest we should never have done." " The next is the Shepherd of Filida." " He is no shepherd," said the priest, " but an ingenious courtier ; let him be preserved, and laid up as a precious jewel." " This bulky volume here," said the barber, " is intitled the Treasure of divers Poems." " Had they been fewer in number," replied the priest, " they would have been more esteemed : it is necessary this book should be weeded and cleared of all the low things interspersed amongst its sublimities : let it be preserved, both as the author is my friend, and out of regard to other more heroic and exalted productions of his pen." " This," pursued the barber, " is a book of Songs by Lopez Maldonado." " This author too," replied the priest, " is a great friend of mine : his verses, sung by himself, raise

admiration in the hearers ; and such is the sweetness of his voice in singing them, that they have the effect of enchantment. He is a little too prolix in his eclogues, it is true ; but there can never be too much of what is really good : let it be kept with the select."

" But what book is that next to it?" " The Galatea of Michael de Cervantes,"<sup>11</sup> said the barber. " That Cervantes has been a choice friend of mine these many years, and is to my certain knowledge more conversant with misfortunes than with poetry. His book has some good invention in it ; but he is always proposing something, and concluding nothing : we must, however, wait for the second part, which he promises ;"<sup>12</sup> perhaps on his amendment, he may obtain that entire pardon which is now denied him ; in the mean time, Master Nicholas, keep him a recluse in your chamber." " With all my heart," answered the barber : " and here come three together ! the Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla, the Austriada of John Rufo, a magistrate of Cordova, and the Monserrato of Christoval de Nirves, a poet of Valencia." " These three books," said the priest, " are the best that have been written in heroic verse in the Castilian tongue, and may stand in competition with the most celebrated productions of Italy ; let them be preserved as performances doing most honour to the Spanish muse !" The priest grew tired of looking over so many books, and, therefore, inside and contents unknown,<sup>13</sup> would have consigned all the rest to the yard. But the

barber had already opened one, intitled the Tears of Angelica. "I should have shed tears myself," said the priest, hearing the name, "had I ordered that book to be burnt; for its author was one of the most famous poets, not of Spain only, but of the whole world, and translated with admirable success, some fables of Ovid."

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CHAP. VII.

*Of the second sally of our good knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

AT the instant of the last decision, Don Quixote was heard calling out aloud, "This way! this way! valorous knights! here it is you must exert the force of your invincible arms, for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament!" This outcry, to which the whole party ran, put a stop to all farther scrutiny of the books that remained; and therefore it is believed, that to the fire, without being seen or heard, went the Carolea, and Leon of Spain, with the Acts of the Emperor, composed by Don Louis de Avila, which, without doubt, must have been among those that were left; and, perhaps, had the priest

seen them, they had not undergone so rigorous a sentence.

When they entered the chamber, they found Don Quixote continuing his ravings, and with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, being as broad awake as if he had never been asleep. Closing in with him, they laid him upon his bed by main force ; when, after being a little composed, he turned himself to the priest, and said, "Certainly, my lord archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let the knights-courtiers<sup>1</sup> carry off the victory, without more opposition, after we, the adventurers, had gained the prize in the three preceding days." "Say no more, my worthy friend," said the priest ; "it may be God's will to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow ; for the present, mind your health ; for you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wounded." "Wounded ! no," said Don Quixote ; "but bruised and battered I most certainly am ; for that bastard, Don Roldan, with the trunk of an oak, has pounded me to a mummy, and all out of sheer envy, because he sees that I am the sole rival of his prowess. But may I never more be called Rinaldo of Montauban, if, as soon as I am able to rise from this bed, I do not make him pay dearly for it, in spite of his enchantments : and now bring me some breakfast, for I feel as if nothing would do me so much good, and let me alone to re-

venge my wrongs." They did so ; and having taken refreshment, he fell fast asleep again, leaving them more astonished than before at his madness.

The night was no sooner set in, than the housekeeper kindled a fire, and burned all the books that were either in the yard, or the house ; and some must have perished that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives ; but their fate, and the laziness of the scrutineers, would not permit it : and in them was fulfilled the saying, " that a saint may sometimes suffer for a sinner."

Another remedy, which the priest and barber prescribed for their friend's malady, was, to alter his apartment, and wall up the closet in which the books had been kept, in the hope that upon his getting up, and not finding them, the cause being removed, the effect might cease ; and it was agreed they should pretend, that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all ; which things were done accordingly, within the two days that Don Quixote was confined to his bed. When he rose, the first thing he did was to visit, as had been supposed, his study ; and, not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it : coming to the place where the door used to be, he felt with his hands, and stared about in every direction, without speaking a word ; at last he asked the housekeeper where the room stood, in which his books were. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him,

“What room, or what nothing, does your worship look for? there is neither room nor books in this house; for the devil himself has carried all away.”

“It was not the devil,” said the niece, “but an enchanter, who came one night, after your departure hence, upon a cloud, and, alighting from a serpent on which he rode,<sup>2</sup> entered into the room. I know not what he did there, but after a short time out he came, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we could find neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and mistress housekeeper here, that when the old thief went away, he said with a gruff voice, that for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief, which would soon be manifest. He told us also, that he was the sage Munniaton.”<sup>3</sup> “Freston,<sup>4</sup> he meant to say,” quoth Don Quixote. “I know not,” answered the housekeeper, “whether his name be Freston or Friton; all I know is, that it ended in ton.” “It doth so,” replied Don Quixote; “he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because by the mystery of his art he knows, that, in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight whom he favours, and shall vanquish him, without his being able to prevent it: and for this reason he endeavours to do me all the discourtesy he can: but let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to

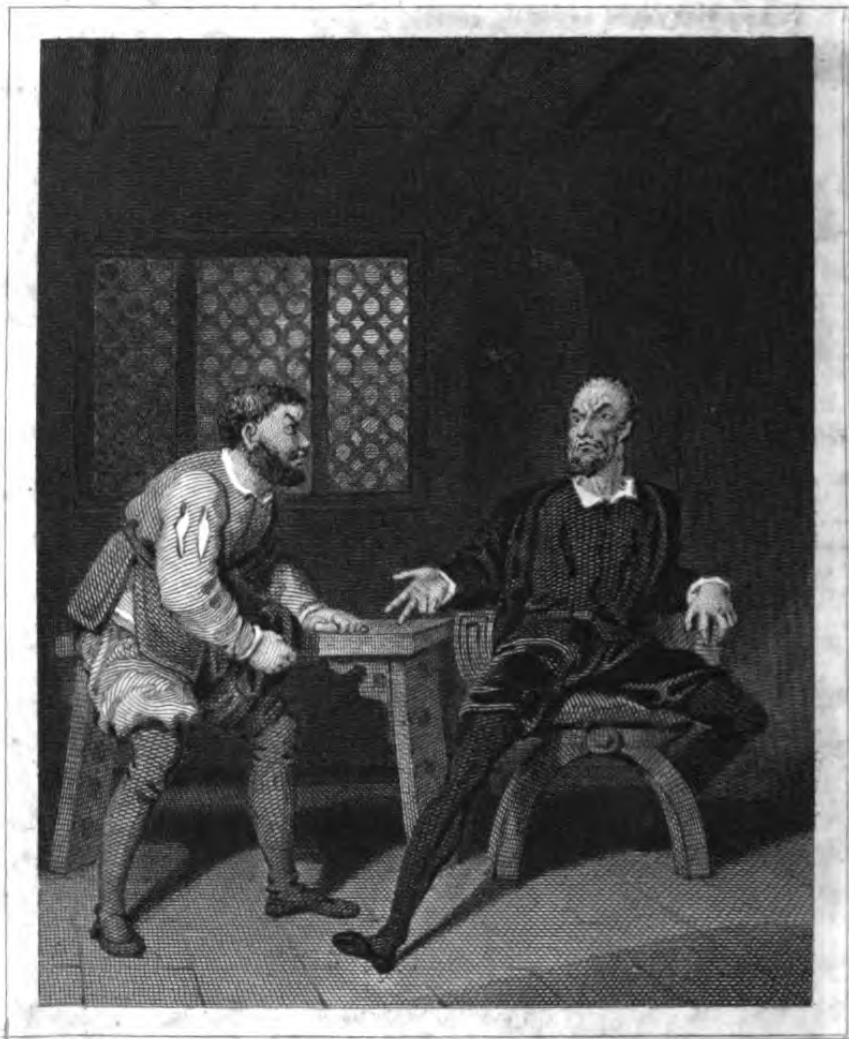


withstand or avoid what is decreed by Heaven.” “Who doubts that?” said the niece. “But, dear uncle, what have you to do with these quarrels? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, than to ramble about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten, not considering, that many go for wool and return shorn themselves.” “My dear niece,” answered Don Quixote, “how little dost thou know of the matter? before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those who shall dare think of touching a single hair of my mustachio.” Neither of the women would make farther reply; for they saw his choler beginning to kindle.

He staid after this fifteen days at home, very composed, without discovering any symptom of relapse, or inclination to repeat his late frolics; in which time there passed many very pleasant discourses between him and his two gossiping friends, the priest and the barber; he affirming, that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry; and the priest sometimes contradicting him, and at other times acquiescing; for without this artifice, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the mean time, Don Quixote tampered with a neighbouring labourer, an honest man, if such an epithet may be given to one that is poor, but of a very shallow brain; to whom he said so much, used so many arguments, and promised such great things,





Drawn by R. Westall R.A.

Page 61.

Engraved by Cha. Heath.

# DON QUIXOTE.

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that the poor fool resolved to sally out with him, and serve him as his squire. Among other inducements, Don Quixote told him, that he ought to be disposed to go with him willingly; for some time or other, such an adventure might happen, that an island might be won in the turn of a hand, and he be made governor thereof: which operated as a charm upon Sancho Panza, for that was the labourer's name, and he left his wife and children, and hired himself to his neighbour without hesitation.

Our knight next cast about how to raise money, and, by selling one thing, pawning another, and losing by all, he scraped together a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up his broken helmet as well as he could, he acquainted Sancho with the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he might deem most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet; and Sancho said, he would be sure to get one, and that he intended also to take with him an ass, as he had a very good one, and he was not much used to travel on foot. Upon the subject of the ass, Don Quixote paused a little, endeavouring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever been attended by a squire mounted in that manner: but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However he consented that he should take his ass with him, purposing to accommodate him more honourably, the

earliest opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself also with a store of linen, and what other things he was able, conformably to the advice given him by the inn-keeper.

These preparations being completed, Don Quixote, without bidding adieu to his housekeeper and niece, and Sancho Panza, without taking leave of his wife and children, one night sallied out of the village, unperceived by any one; and they travelled so briskly, that by break of day they believed themselves secure of not being found, should search be made after them. Sancho Panza went riding upon his ass like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, longing to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him. The route which they pursued happened to be the same which Don Quixote had taken in his first expedition, through the plain of Montiel, which he passed over with less uneasiness than the time before; for it was earlier in the day, and the rays of the sun, darting on them aslant, gave them no disturbance. Sancho Panza first finding his speech, said to his master, "I beseech your worship, good sir knight-errant, not to forget your promise concerning that same island; for I shall know how to govern it be it never so big." To which Don Quixote answered, "You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among the knights-errant of old, to make their squires governors of the

islands or kingdoms they conquered ; and I am determined that so laudable a custom shall never fail through me ; on the contrary, I am resolved to outdo them in it ; for they sometimes, nay generally, waited till their squires were grown old ; and when they were worn out in their service, and had undergone many wretched days and worse nights, they gave them some title, as that of count, or at least marquis, of some valley or province, greater or less : but if you live and I live, before six days are ended, I may win such a kingdom, as may have other kingdoms depending on it, and as fit, as if they were cast in a mould, for thee to be crowned sovereign of one of them. And do not think this any extraordinary matter ; for things fall out to knights-errant, by such unforeseen and unexpected ways, that I may easily give thee more than I promise." " So then," answered Sancho Panza, " if I were to be a king, by any of those miracles you are pleased to mention, Mary Gutierrez, my crooked rib, would at least come to be a queen, and my children infantas." " Who doubts it?" answered Don Quixote. " I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza ; " for I am verily persuaded, that if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would sit seemly upon the head of Mary Gutierrez ; for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess, with the help of God, and good friends, would sit better upon her." " Recommend the matter to Providence, Sancho,"

answered Don Quixote, "and he will do what is best for her: but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low, as to content thyself with being less than a lord-lieutenant." "Sir, I will not," answered Sancho, "especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting, and what I am best able to bear."

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CHAP. VIII.

*Of the good success which the valorous Don Quixote had, in the dreadful and never-before-imagined adventure of the windmills, with other events worthy to be recorded.*

As they were thus discoursing, they came in sight of some thirty or forty windmills which are in the plain of Montiel; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire, "Fortune disposes affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, and behold more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight, and put every soul of them to death; and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves: for it is lawful war, and doing God good service, to sweep so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth."

“What giants?” said Sancho Panza. “Those thou seest yonder,” answered his master, “with vast extended arms; for some giants are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues.” “I wish,” answered Sancho, “your worship would consider the matter a little better; what you see yonder, are not giants, but windmills; and what seem to be arms, are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go.” “It is very plain,” answered Don Quixote, “that thou art not versed in the business of adventures: they are giants, Sancho; and, if thou art afraid, get thee aside, and pray, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat.” And saying this, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, without minding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that the monsters he was going to attack were, indeed, nothing but innocent windmills. But he was so fully possessed they were giants, that he neither heard what Sancho said, nor yet discerned what the objects really were, though he was very near them; but still rode on, crying aloud, “Fly not, ye vile and cowardly miscreants, for it is a single knight who challenges you to battle.” The wind now rose a little, and the sails began to move; which Don Quixote perceiving, he said, “Aha, you shall pay for it, though you should move more arms than the giant Briareus,” and recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her succour in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his



lance in the rest, he put Rozinante to full speed, and attacking the nearest windmill, thrust his lance into one of the sails, which the wind whirled about with such violence, that the lance was broken to shivers, and the horse and rider tumbled over and over on the plain, in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could carry him: and when he came up, found him unable to stir; so violent were the blows which both he and Rozinante had received in their fall. "God save me," quoth Sancho, "did not I warn you to consider well what you were about? did not I tell you they were nothing but windmills? and nobody could mistake them, but one that had the like in his head." "Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to mutations. And to give thee a proof, I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me: but when he has done his worst, his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword." "God grant it, as he can," answered Sancho Panza; and he helped him to rise and mount on Rozinante, who was half disjointed in every limb.

Discoursing of the late encounter, they followed the road that led to the pass of Lapice; for there,

Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, as it was a great thoroughfare ; yet he was very melancholy for want of his lance ; and, speaking of it to his squire, he said : “ I remember to have read of a certain Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, who, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca ;<sup>2</sup> and, from that day forward, he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. I tell thee this, because from the first oak or crab-tree we meet, I mean to sever just such another limb, or at least as good a one ; and I purpose and resolve to do such feats with it, that thou shalt deem thyself most fortunate, in meriting to behold them ; and shalt be an eye-witness of things, which can scarcely be believed.” “ God’s will be done,” quoth Sancho ; “ I believe every thing just as you say ; but, pray, sir, sit a little more upright in your saddle ; for you seem to me to ride sideling, occasioned, doubtless, by your being so sorely bruised.” “ It is certainly so,” answered Don Quixote ; “ and if I do not complain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, even though their entrails should come out of the body.” “ If that be the case, I have nothing to reply,” answered Sancho ; “ but God knows I should be glad to hear your worship complain, when any thing ails

you. As for myself, I shall be apt to complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining be understood to extend to the squires as well as the knights." Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of Sancho, to whom he gave permission to complain whenever, and as much as he pleased, with or without cause, having never read any thing to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho now put him in mind that it was time to dine. His master answered, that at present he had no occasion for food; but that he himself might eat whenever he thought proper. With this licence, Sancho adjusted himself in the best manner he could upon his beast; and, taking out what he carried in his wallet, jogged on eating, behind his master, very leisurely, now and then lifting the bottle to his mouth, with so much relish, that the best-fed victualler of<sup>3</sup> Malaga might have envied his situation.

Whilst he thus went on, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, however perilous. The day closing, they passed the night among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore a withered branch, to serve him in some sort for a lance, fixing it to the iron head or spear of that which was broken. During the whole night he did not sleep a wink, ruminating on his lady Dul-

inea, in conformity to what he had read in his books, where the knights are wont to pass many days and nights together, without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho pass the night; whose stomach being full, and not of dandelion-water, he made but one sleep of it: and, if his master had not roused him, neither the beams of the sun, that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awaked him. At his uprising, he took another swig of his bottle, and found it so much lighter than the evening before, that it grieved his very heart; for he did not think they were in the way, in any very short period, to remedy the defect.

As Don Quixote would not yet break his fast, resolving still to subsist upon savoury remembrances, they returned to the road upon which they had entered the day before, towards the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. "Here," said Don Quixote, espying it, "we may thrust our hands, brother Sancho, up to the very elbows in what are called adventures. But take this caution with thee, that, shouldst thou see me in the greatest peril in the world, thou must not even so much as lay thy hand upon thy sword to defend me, unless I am assaulted by vile and low-born scoundrels; in that case, thy assistance may be given: but if they

should be knights, it is in no wise lawful, nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that thou shouldst intermeddle, until thou hast been dubbed a knight thyself." "I assure you, sir," answered Sancho, "your worship shall be obeyed most punctually in this, and the rather, as I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brawls and squabbles; but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great bones of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every man to defend himself against whoever would annoy him." "I say no less," answered Don Quixote; "but in the business of assisting me against knights, thou must rein in thy natural impetuosity." "That I will do," answered Sancho; "and will observe the precept as religiously as I keep the Lord's day."

While they were engaged in this conversation, there appeared in the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon two dromedaries; for the mules on which they rode were scarcely less bulky. They wore travelling-masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, accompanied by four or five men on horseback, and two muleteers on foot. There was in the carriage, as it was afterwards known, a Biscayan lady going to Seville to her husband, who was there ready to embark for India, having been appointed to a very honourable post. The monks were not of her party, but were only travelling the same road. No sooner had Don Quixote

espied them, than he said to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever was seen; for those black apparitions yonder must be, and without doubt are, enchanters, carrying away in that coach some princess, whom they have stolen; which is a wrong I am obliged to redress to the utmost of my power." "This may prove a worse job than the windmills," said Sancho: "pray, dear sir, take notice, that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to the travellers you see. For the love of God, hearken to my advice, have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you again." "I have already told thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art wholly ignorant of the business of adventures: what I say is true, as thou wilt presently see." And advancing forward, he planted himself in the middle of the highway, by which the monks must pass; and when they were so near, that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice, "Diabolical and monstrous race, either instantly release the high-born princesses, whom you are carrying away in that coach against their will, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds."<sup>4</sup> The monks stopped their mules, and stood amazed, as much at the figure of Don Quixote, as at his expressions; to which they replied, "Sir knight, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but humble monks of the Benedictine order, travelling on our own

business, and entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away by force in that coach or not." "Soft words do nothing with me; for I know you, treacherous scoundrels," said Don Quixote: and, without farther parley, he quickened Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, struck at the foremost monk, with such fury and resolution, that, if he had not slid down from his mule, he would have been brought to the ground, in spite of his teeth, and wounded to boot, if not killed outright.

The second monk, observing how his comrade was treated, clapped spurs to the sides of his mule, and scoured along the plain, lighter than the wind. Sancho Panza, seeing the friar on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and was beginning to despoil him of his habit, when two servants of the monks coming up, asked why he was stripping their master? Sancho answered, that they were his lawful perquisites, as being the spoils of the battle, which his lord, Don Quixote, had just won. The servants, who did not understand raillery, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing Don Quixote at a distance, talking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, threw him down, and, leaving him scarcely a hair in his beard, mauled him so unmercifully, that he lay stretched on the ground, breathless and insensible. Without losing a minute, the monk, trembling, and pale as death, embraced the opportunity of getting upon his mule again; and no sooner was he mounted, but he spurred

after his companion, who stood waiting at a distance, to see what would be the issue of so strange an encounter: but, as if afraid of the event, they soon went on their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been close at their heels.

Don Quixote, as already said, was engaged in conversation with the lady in the coach, whom he accosted thus: "Your beauty, fair lady, may now dispose of your person as pleaseth you best; for your haughty ravishers lie prostrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm: and that you may be at no loss to learn the name of your deliverer, know, that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, captive to the peerless and most beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso; and, in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and, in my name, present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a Biscayner, who, finding he would not let it go on, but insisted upon its immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian, and worse Biscayan, after this manner: "Get thee gone, cavalier, and the devil go with thee; I swear by the God that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou shalt forfeit thy life, as I am a Biscayner." Our knight, who



understood him very well, with great calmness answered, " Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave." To which the Biscayner replied, " I no gentleman! I swear by the great God thou liest, as I am a Christian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse: Biscayner by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest: look then if thou hast any thing else to say." " Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote; and throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, and grasping his buckler, set upon the Biscayner, with a determined resolution to put him to death. The Biscayner, seeing him come on in that manner, would fain have alighted from his mule, which, being but a sorry hack, was not to be depended upon, but had only time to draw: it, however, fortunately happened that he was close to the coach, out of which he snatched a cushion, to serve him for a shield; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would fain have made peace between them; but could not succeed; for the Biscayner swore in his gibberish, that, if they would not let him finish the combat, he would kill his mistress, and every body that offered to oppose it. The lady, amazed and terrified at what she saw, ordered the coachman to drive a little out

of the way, and she sat at a distance, beholding the rigorous conflict ; in the progress of which, the Biscayner bestowed on one of the shoulders of Don Quixote, and above his buckler, so mighty a stroke, that had it not been for his coat of mail, he would have been cleft to the very girdle. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of so immeasurable a blow, ejaculated, in a loud and pious tone, “ O Dulcinea, lady of my soul, flower of all beauty, now aid thy knight, who for the satisfaction of thy great goodness, exposes himself to this rigorous extremity.” The ejaculation, the drawing the sword, the covering himself with his buckler, and attacking the Biscayner, were the business of a moment, for he resolved to venture all on the fortune of a single effort. The Biscayner, who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to imitate his example, and accordingly waited for him, shielding himself with his cushion ; but he was not able to turn his mule either to the right or the left, for she was already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step.

Don Quixote, then, as we have said, advanced against the wary Biscayner, with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him asunder ; and the Biscayner expected him, with his sword also lifted up, and guarded by his cushion. All the by-standers trembled, and were in breathless suspense, at what might be the event of the prodigious blows with which

they threatened each other ; and the lady in the coach, and her waiting-women, put up a thousand prayers to heaven, and vowed an offering to every image and place of devotion in Spain, if God would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is, that in this very critical minute, the author of the history leaves the battle unfinished,<sup>5</sup> excusing himself, that he could find no farther account of these exploits of Don Quixote than what he has already related. It is true, indeed, that the second undertaker of this work would not believe that so curious a history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have so little curiosity, as not to preserve in their archives, or their cabinets, some papers relating to this famous knight ; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history ; in which, Heaven favouring his search, he at last succeeded, as shall faithfully be recounted in the second part.

## PART I. BOOK II.

## CHAP. I.

*Wherein is concluded the stupendous battle between the vigorous Biscayner and the valiant Manchegan.*

IN the first book of this history, we left the valiant Biscayner, and the renowned Don Quixote, with their naked swords lifted up, ready to discharge two such furious and body-rending strokes, as must, if they had lighted full, at least have divided the combatants from head to heel, splitting them asunder like a pomegranate ; but in that critical instant, this relishing history stopped short, and was left imperfect, without the author giving us any clue by which to find what remained of it. This grieved me extremely ; and the pleasure of having read so little was turned into mortification, to think what small probability there was of discovering the much that, in my opinion, was wanting of so savoury a treat. It seemed to me impossible, and contrary to all laudable custom, that so accomplished a knight should have no sage, to undertake the penning of his unparalleled exploits : a circumstance that never before failed, as to any of those knights-errant who travelled in quest of adventures ; every one of whom had one or two

sages, made as it were on purpose, who not only recorded their actions, but described likewise their most minute and trifling thoughts, though never so secret. Surely then so worthy a knight could not be so unfortunate, as to want what Platir,<sup>1</sup> and others like him, abounded with. For this reason, I could not be induced to believe, that so gallant a history could be left maimed and imperfect; and I laid the blame upon the malignity of time, the devourer and consumer of all things, which either kept it concealed, or had destroyed it. On the other hand, I considered, that, since among the knight's books some were found of so modern a date as the "Cures of Jealousy," and the "Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares,"<sup>2</sup> his history also must be modern; and if not yet written, might, at least, still be in the memory of the people of his village, and those of the neighbouring places. This thought held me in suspense, and made me desirous to learn, really and truly, the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first, who, in our age, and in these calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exercise of arms-errant; to redress wrongs, succour widows, and relieve that sort of damsels, who, with whip and palfrey, and with all their virginity about them, rambled up and down from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley; for unless some miscreant, or some lewd clown, with

hatchet and steel cap, or some prodigious giant, ravished them, damsels there were, in days of yore, who, at the expiration of fourscore years, and never sleeping under a roof during all that time, went as spotless virgins to the grave, as the mothers that bore them. I say, therefore, that upon these, and many other accounts, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy of immortal memory and praise; nor ought some share to be denied even to me, for the labour and pains I have taken to discover the end of this delectable history; though I am very sensible, that, if heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have still been without that pastime and pleasure, which an attentive reader of it may enjoy for nearly two hours together. Now the manner of finding it was this:—

As I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy offered for sale some bundles of old papers to a mercer; and as I am fond of reading, though it be torn scraps thrown about the streets, led by this my natural inclination, I took a parcel of those which the boy was selling, and perceived that the characters in which they were written were Arabic. As I could not read the language, though I knew the letters, I looked about for some Moorish rabbi, to read them for me: and it was not very difficult to find such an interpreter; for had I sought one even for a better and more ancient language,<sup>3</sup> Toledo would have supplied me. In short, I met

with one ; and acquainting him with my desire, I put the book into his hands, and he opened it towards the middle, and, having read a little, began to laugh. I asked him what he laughed at ; and he replied, at something which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I desired him to tell me what it was ; and, still laughing, he said, there was written in the margin of one of the leaves as follows : “ This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, is said to have the best hand at salting pork of any woman in all La Mancha.” When I heard the name of Dulcinea del Toboso, I stood amazed and confounded ; for I instantly fancied to myself, that the bundles of paper contained the whole history of Don Quixote.

With this thought, I pressed him to turn to the beginning ; which he did, and, rendering extempore the Arabic into Castilian, said that it began thus : “ The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cide Hamete Benengeli, Arabian historiographer.” Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book ; and snatching what was in the hands of the mercer, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real ; whereas, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was for the purchase, he might very well have promised himself, and have really had, more than twelve times the sum for the bargain. I posted away immediately with the Morisco, through the

cloister of the great church, and desired him to translate for me, into the Castilian tongue, all the papers that treated of Don Quixote, without taking away or adding a syllable, offering to pay him for his trouble whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins, and two bushels of wheat; and promised to execute the task faithfully and expeditiously. But I, to make the business more sure, and not let so valuable a prize slip through my fingers, took him home to my own house, where, in little more than six weeks, he translated the whole, in the manner you have it here related.<sup>4</sup>

In the first sheet was drawn, in a most lively manner, Don Quixote's combat with the Biscayner, in the very attitude in which the history sets it forth; their swords lifted up; the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion; and the Biscayner's mule so nicely to the life, that you might discover it to be a hackney-jade a bow-shot off. The Biscayner had a label at his feet, on which was written, Don Sancho de Azpetia; which, without doubt, must have been his name: and at the feet of Rozinante was another, on which Don Quixote was written. Rozinante was most wonderfully delineated; so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a backbone, and so perfectly like one in a galloping consumption, that you might plainly see with what exact propriety the name of Rozinante had been given him. Close by him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet



was another scroll, whereon was inscribed, Sancho Zancas: and not without reason, if, as the painting expressed, he was paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindle-shanked: which, doubtless, gave him the names of Panza and Zancas; for the history sometimes calls him by the one, and sometimes by the other of these surnames. There were other more minute particulars observable; but they are of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history; though none are to be despised, if true. And against the truth of this history, there can be but one objection, that the author was an Arab, writers of that nation being not a little addicted to lying: though, as they are so much our enemies, it may be supposed that the writer, in this instance, would fall short of, rather than exceed, the bounds of truth: and so, in fact, he seems to have done: for when he might, and ought to have launched out, in celebrating the praises of so excellent a knight, it looks as if he industriously passed them over in silence: a thing bad in itself, and worse intended; for historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affection, should induce them to swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history, the rival of time, the depository of great actions, witness of the past, example and pattern of the present, and monitor of future generations. In this you will certainly find whatever can be expected in the most pleasant per-

formance ; and, if any perfection be wanting to it, it must, without question, be the fault of the infidel's author, and not owing to any defect in the subject. In short, the second part, according to the translation, began in this manner:—

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants, being brandished aloft, seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and the deep abyss ; such was the courage and gallantry of those who wielded them. The first, who discharged his blow, was the choleric Biscayner ; and it fell with such force and fury, that, if the edge of the weapon had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight : but good fortune, that preserved him for greater things, so twisted his adversary's sword, that, though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear ; all which, with hideous ruin, fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good God ! who is he that can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breast of our Manchegan, at seeing himself so roughly handled ? Let it suffice to say, it was such, that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and grasping his sword faster in both hands, discharged it with such fury upon the Biscayner, taking him full upon the cushion, and

upon the head, which he could not defend, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out at his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling from his mule, which doubtless he must have done, had he not laid fast hold of her neck: but, presently, losing his stirrups, he let go his hold; and the mule, frightened by the terrible stroke, galloped about the field, and, after two or three plunges, laid her master flat upon the ground. Don Quixote had looked on with great calmness, but when he saw him fall, he leaped from his horse, and with much agility ran up to him, and, directing the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield, on pain of having his head cut off. The Biscayner was so stunned, that he could not answer a word: and it had gone hard with him, so blinded with rage was Don Quixote, if the ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not approached, and earnestly besought that he would do them the great kindness and favour to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered with solemn gravity, "Assuredly, fair ladies, I am very willing to grant your request, but it must be upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself, as from me, before the peerless Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him according to her good pleasure." The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what was

demanded, and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised that her squire should perform every thing he enjoined him. "Upon the faith of your word then," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no farther hurt, though he has richly deserved it at my hands."

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## CHAP. II.

*Of the discourse Don Quixote had with his good squire Sancho Panza.*

SANCHO Panza had before this gotten upon his legs, and, roughly handled as he had been by the monks' lacqueys; stood beholding very attentively the combat of his master, beseeching God in his heart, that he would be pleased to give him the victory, that he might thereby win some island, of which to make him governor, as he had promised. Seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again upon Rozinante, he came to hold his stirrup; but first fell upon his knees before him, and, taking hold of his hand, kissed it, and said to him, "Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this rigorous combat; for, be it never so big, I find in myself ability sufficient to govern it, as well

as the best he that ever governed island in the world." To which Don Quixote answered, "Consider, brother Sancho, that this adventure, and others of a like nature, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something still better." Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, and, kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon Rozinante, and then mounted his ass to follow his master; who, going off at a round rate, without bidding adieu, or speaking a word to those in the coach, entered a wood that was at a short distance.

Sancho followed as fast as his beast would let him; but Rozinante made such speed, that, seeing himself likely to be left behind, he was obliged to call aloud to his master to stop for him. Don Quixote did so, checking Rozinante by the bridle, till his weary squire overtook him; who, as soon as he came near, said, "Methinks, sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church; for, considering in what condition you have left your adversary, it is odds they may give notice of the affair to the holy brotherhood,<sup>1</sup> who may take us into custody; and faith, if they do, before we get out of their clutches we may chance to sweat for it." "Peace," quoth Don Quixote; "for where hast thou ever seen or read of a knight-errant's being

brought before a court of justice, whatever homicides he may have committed?" "I know nothing of your omecils," answered Sancho, "nor in my life have I ever concerned myself about them: only this I know, that the holy brotherhood have something to say to those who fight in the fields; and as to this other matter, I have no business to intermeddle in it." "Set thy heart at rest, friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I would deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans; how much more then out of those of the holy brotherhood? But tell me, on thy life, hast thou ever seen a more valorous knight than thy master upon the face of the known earth? Hast thou read in story of any one, who has, or ever had, more bravery in assailing, more breath in holding out,<sup>2</sup> more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall?" "The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I never read any history at all; for I can neither read, nor write: but what I will make bold to affirm is, that I never served a more daring master than your worship, in all the days of my life; and pray God we be not called to an account for these darings, in the quarter I just now hinted at. But I beg of your worship, that you would let your wound be dressed, for there comes a great deal of blood from that ear; and I have some lint, and a little white ointment, here in my wallet, for the purpose." "All this would have been needless," answered Don Quixote, "if I had bethought myself of making a

vial of the balsam of Fierabras ; for, with one single drop of that, we might have saved both time and medicines." "What vial, and what balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza. "It is a balsam," answered Don Quixote, "of which I have the receipt by heart; and he that possesses it need not fear death, nor so much as think of dying by any wound. And therefore, when I shall have made it, and given it thee, all thou wilt have to do, when thou seest me in some battle cleft asunder, which may frequently happen, will be to take up, fair and softly, that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and, with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, using especial care to make them tally exactly. Then give me to drink only two draughts of the balsam aforesaid, and immediately thou wilt see me become sounder than any apple." "If that be the case," said Sancho, "I renounce from henceforward the government of the promised island, and desire no other reward, in payment of my many and faithful services, but that your worship would give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare say it will any where fetch more than two reals an ounce, and I want no more to pass this life in credit and comfort. But I should be glad to know whether it will cost much the making?" "For less than three reals I can make nine pints," answered Don Quixote. "Sinner that I am," replied Sancho, "why then does your worship

delay to make it, and to teach it me?" "Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindnesses: but at present, let us set about the cure of my ear, which pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took the lint and ointment out of his wallet: but, when Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken, he had almost run stark mad; and, laying his hand on his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "I swear, by the Creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great marquis of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew Valdevinos, which was, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace himself with his wife, with other things, which, though I do not now remember, I consider as here expressed, until I am fully revenged on him who hath done me this outrage." Sancho, hearing this invocation, said to him, "Pray reflect, Signor Don Quixote, that, if the knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment, unless he commit a new crime." "Thou hast spoken and remarked very justly," answered Don Quixote, "and I annul the oath, so far as concerns my revenge; but I make and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, until I shall take by force such another



helmet, or one as good, from some other knight. And think not, Sancho, I undertake this lightly, or make a smoke of straw: I know what example I am following; for the same thing happened literally with regard to Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear."<sup>3</sup> "Good sir," replied Sancho, "give all such oaths to the devil; for they are very detrimental to health, and prejudicial to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me, if perchance we should not for many days light upon a man armed with a helmet, what are we to do then? must the vow be kept, in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniencies, such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances, contained in the oath of that mad old fellow the marquis of Mantua, which your worship would now revive? Consider well, that these roads are not frequented by armed men, but solely by carriers and carters, who, so far from wearing helmets, perhaps never heard of such a thing in the whole course of their lives." "Thou art mistaken in this," said Don Quixote; "for we shall not be two hours in these cross-ways, before we shall see more armed men than came to the siege of Albraca,<sup>4</sup> to carry off Angelica the Fair." "Be it so, then," quoth Sancho; "and God grant us good success, and that we may speedily gain that island, which costs me so dear; and then no matter how soon I die." "I have already told thee, Sancho, to be in no pain upon that account; for, if

an island cannot be won, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa,<sup>5</sup> which will suit thee as well as ever a ring fitted a finger; and moreover, being upon terra firma,<sup>6</sup> should give thee more joy. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if thou hast any thing for us to eat in thy wallet; and we will presently go in quest of some castle, where we may lodge for the night, and make the balsam that I told thee of; for I vow to God, my ear pains me much." "I have here in my bag, an onion, a piece of cheese, and a few crusts of bread," said Sancho; "but these are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship." "How little dost thou understand of this matter!" answered Don Quixote: "know, friend Sancho, that it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat for a whole month together; and, if they do eat, they must be contented with what is nearest at hand: hadst thou read as many histories as I have done, thou wouldst have known this: yet, in the many I have perused, I never found any account of knights-errant ever eating, unless by chance, or at some sumptuous banquet made on purpose for them; the rest of their days they lived, as it were, upon their sense of smelling. And though it is to be presumed, they could not subsist without eating, and without satisfying every other want to which human nature is subject, yet, it must likewise be supposed, as they passed the greater part of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts, and without a

cook, that their most usual diet must have consisted of rustic viands, such as those thou hast now offered me. So that, friend Sancho, let not that trouble thee, which gives me pleasure; nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw knight-errantry off its hinges." "Pardon me, sir," said Sancho; "for, as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession; but henceforward I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who are a knight; and for myself, who am none, I will supply it with poultry, and things of more substance." "I do not say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruits, as thou supposest; but that their most usual sustenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs, they found here and there in the fields, which they were well acquainted with; as also am I." "It is a great happiness to know these same herbs," answered Sancho; "for I am inclined to think, we shall one day have occasion to make use of the knowledge." And so saying, he took out what he had provided, and they eat together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. Desirous, however, to seek out some place in which to pass the night, they soon finished their poor and dry commons, and being mounted again, made what haste they could to get to some village: but both the sun, and their better hopes, failing them near the huts of certain goat-

herds, they determined to take up their lodging there: and in the same proportion as Sancho was grieved, did his master rejoice, at being obliged to lie in the open air, believing that, every time this befel him, he was performing an act possessive, or such an act as gave fresh evidence of his title to chivalry.

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## CHAP. III.

*Of what befel Don Quixote with certain goatherds.*

HE was kindly received by the goatherds; and Sancho, having accommodated Rozinante and his ass in the best manner he could, followed the scent of certain pieces of goat's flesh, that were boiling in a kettle; and though he would willingly, at that instant, have tried whether they were fit to be translated from the kettle to the stomach, he forbore doing it; for the goatherds themselves took them off the fire, and, spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and invited them both, with show of much good-will, to share what they had.<sup>1</sup> Six of them, that belonged to the cot, sat down round the skins, having first, with rustic compliments, desired Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough with the bottom upwards, placed on

purpose for him. The knight sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was of horn. His master, seeing him thus stationed, said to him: "That you may see, Sancho, the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, my will is, that you sit here by my side, and in company with these good folks, and that you be one and the same thing with me, who am your master and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup in which I drink: for the same may be said of knight-errantry, which is said of love, that it makes all things equal." "I give you my most hearty thanks, sir," said Sancho; "but let me tell your worship, that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well, or better, standing, and alone by myself, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other folks' tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things, which I may do being alone and at liberty. So that, good sir, as to these honours your worship is pleased to confer upon me, as a menial servant, and hanger-on of knight-errantry, being squire to your worship, be pleased to convert them into something of more use

and profit to me; for, though I place them to account, as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world." "Notwithstanding all this," said Don Quixote, "thou shalt sit down; for whosoever humbleth himself, God doth exalt;" and, pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next to him. The goatherds, who did not understand this jargon of squires and knights-errant, did nothing but eat, and listen, and stare at their guests, who, with keen appetite, solaced their stomachs by swallowing pieces as large as their fist. The service of flesh being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of plaster of Paris. The horn did not stand idle all this while; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that one of the two wine-bags that hung in view was presently emptied. After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took up a handful of the acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to the following harangue.

<sup>2</sup>"Happy times, and happy ages were those, to which the ancients gave the name of golden; not because gold, which, in this our iron age, is so much esteemed, was to be had, in that fortunate period, without toil and labour; but because the mortals who then lived, were ignorant of the two words, Meum and Tuum. In that period of innocence, all things were in common: no one needed to take any other pains for his

ordinary sustenance, than to lift up his hand and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood inviting him liberally to taste of their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains, and running streams, offered, in magnificent abundance, their salutary and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in the hollow of trees, did the industrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, presenting to every hand, without usury, the fertile produce of their most delicious toil. The stately cork-trees, induced by their courtesy alone, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark; with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only for a defence against the inclemency of the seasons. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coultter of the crooked plough had not 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, whom her possession blessed. Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from hill to hill, and from dale to dale, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more clothing than was necessary modestly to cover what modesty has always required to be concealed: nor were their ornaments like those now in fashion, to which the Tyrian purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk give a value; but composed

of green dock-leaves and ivy interwoven : with which, perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked, as the court-ladies of the present day, with all the rare and foreign inventions, which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the amorous conceptions of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same manner in which they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit, and malice, intermixed with truth and plain-dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds ; favour and interest, which now so much depreciate, confound, and persecute her, not daring then to show their heads. As yet the judge did not make his own will the measure of equity ; for then there was neither cause nor person to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I said before, went about, alone and mistress of themselves, without fear of any danger from the unbridled freedom and lewd designs of others ; and, if they were undone, it was entirely owing to their own natural inclination and will. But now, in these detestable ages of ours, no damsel is secure, though she were hidden and locked up in another labyrinth like that of Crete ; for even there, through some cranny, or through the air, by the zeal of cursed importunity, the amorous pestilence finds entrance, and they are wrecked in spite of their closest retreat. For security against this evil, as times grew worse, and wickedness increased, was the order of knight-errantry instituted, to defend maidens,



protect widows, and relieve orphans and persons distressed. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, and I take in friendly part the good cheer and civil reception you have given me and my squire: for though, by the law of nature, every one living is obliged to favour knights-errant, yet seeing that, without being acquainted with this obligation, you have entertained and regaled me, it is but reason, that, with all possible good will towards you, I should acknowledge yours towards me."

This tedious discourse, which might well have been spared, our knight was induced to make because the acorns had put him in mind of the golden age, and inspired him with an eager desire to harangue, in no very pertinent strain, to the goatherds; who stood in amaze, gaping and listening, without answering him a word. Sancho himself was silent, stuffing himself with the fruit of the oak, and often visiting the second wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was kept hung upon a cork-tree.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating; and, supper being over, one of the goatherds said, "That your worship, Signor knight-errant, may the more truly say, that we entertain you with a ready good-will, we will give you some diversion and amusement, by making one of our comrades, who will soon be here, sing: he is a very intelligent lad, and deeply enamoured; and, above all, can read and write, and plays upon the rebeck<sup>3</sup> to one's heart's

content." The goatherd had scarcely said this, when the sound of the instrument reached their ears, and, presently after, came the person that played on it, who was a youth of about two-and-twenty, and of a very pleasing countenance. His comrades asked him if he had supped; and he answering in the affirmative, "Then, Antonio," said he who had made the offer, "you may afford us the pleasure of hearing you sing a little, that this gentleman, our guest, may see we have here, among the mountains and woods, some that understand music. We have told him your good qualities, and would have you show them, to make good what we have said; and therefore I entreat you to sit down, and sing the ditty of your love, which your uncle the prebendary composed for you, and which was so well liked in our village." "With all my heart," replied the youth; and, without farther entreaty, he sat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and, after tuning his instrument, began with singular good grace, to sing as follows:

## ANTONIO.

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

Yet sometimes hast thou frown'd, alas!  
 And given my hopes a cruel shock;  
 Then did thy soul seem form'd 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  
 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 prais'd 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 box'd the clown that took her side,  
And how I box'd my fairest knows.

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

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.

Here ended the goatherd's song, and, though Don Quixote desired him to favour them with another, Sancho Panza was of a different mind, being more disposed to sleep, than to hear ballads; and therefore he said to his master, "Sir, you had better consider where you are to lodge; for the pains these honest men take all day will not suffer them to pass their nights in singing." "I understand thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for I see plainly, that the visits to the wine-bag require to be paid rather with sleep than music." "It relished well with us all, blessed be God," answered Sancho. "I do not deny it," replied Don Quixote; "but bestow thyself where thou canst; it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However, it would not be amiss, Sancho, to dress this ear again; for it pains me more than I could wish." Sancho did as he was desired; and one of the goatherds, seeing the hurt, bid him give himself no more trouble about it, for he would apply a remedy that should quickly heal it. And taking some rosemary-leaves, of which there was plenty about the huts, he chewed them, and mixed them with a little salt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on fast, assuring the knight, he would want no other salve, as the effect proved.

## CHAP. IV.

*What a certain goatherd related to those that were with Don Quixote.*

WHEN this was done, there came another lad, who brought them provisions, and said, as he entered, "Comrades, do you know what is passing in the village?" "How should we know?" answered one of them. "Let me tell you, then," continued the youth, "that this morning that famous shepherd and scholar, Chrysostom, died; and it is whispered, that it was for love of that devilish untoward lass, Marcela, daughter of William the Rich; she, who rambles about the woods and fields, in the dress of a shepherdess." "For Marcela! say you," quoth one. "For her, I say," answered the goatherd: "and the best of it is, he has ordered by his will, that they should bury him in the fields, as if he had been a Moor, and at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree fountain; for, according to report, he himself declared, that was the place where he first saw her. He has ordered also other things so extravagant, that the clergy say, they must not be performed; nor is it fit they should, for, truly, they seem to be quite heathenish: but his great friend, Ambrosio, the student, who in the dress of a shepherd accompanied him in his rambles, says, that the whole shall be ful-

filled, without omitting any thing, as Chrysostom enjoined; and upon this the village is all in an uproar; but, by what I can learn, they will at last do what Ambrosio, and the shepherd's friends, require; and to-morrow they come to inter him, with great solemnity, in the very spot I have mentioned. To my mind, it will be well worth seeing; and I will not fail to be there, though I should not return to the village that night." "We will do so too," said the goatherds, "and let us cast lots who shall stay behind, to look after the goats." "You are right, Pedro," quoth another; "but it will be needless to make use of that expedient, for I will stay for you all; and you need not attribute it to virtue or want of curiosity in me, but to the thorn which struck into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking." "We are, however, obliged to you," answered Pedro.

Don Quixote desired Pedro to tell him who the deceased was, and who the shepherdess. To which Pedro answered, that all he knew was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, of a neighbouring village, among the hills not far off, who had studied many years in Salamanca; at the end of which time he returned home, with the character of a very knowing and well-read person; in particular, it was said, he understood the science of the stars, and what the sun and moon are doing in the sky; for he told us punctually the eclipse of them both." "Friend," quoth Don Quixote, "the obscuration of those two

greater luminaries, is called an eclipse, and not a clipse." But Pedro, not regarding niceties, went on with his story, saying, "He also foretold when the year would be plentiful or estril." "Steril, you would say, friend," quoth Don Quixote. "Steril or estril," answered Pedro, "comes all to the same thing. And as I was saying, his father and friends, who gave credit to his words, became very rich thereby; for they followed his advice in every thing. 'This year,' he would say, 'sow barley, and not wheat; in this you may sow vetches, and not barley; the next year, there will be plenty of oil; the three following, there will not be a drop.'" "This science is called astrology," said Don Quixote. "I know not what it is called," replied Pedro; "but I know that he knew all this, and more too. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, he appeared, on a certain day, dressed like a shepherd, with his crook, and sheep-skin jacket, having thrown aside his scholar's gown; and with him another came, a great friend of his, called Ambrosio, who had been his fellow student, and now put himself into the same rustic dress. I forgot to tell you, how the deceased Chrysostom was so great a man at making verses, that he made the carols for Christmas eve, and the religious plays for Corpus Christi, which were acted by the boys of our village; and every body said they were most excellent. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly habited like shep-



herds, they were amazed, and could not guess at the cause of so strange an alteration. About this time the father of Chrysostom died, and he inherited a large estate, in lands and goods, flocks, herds, and money; of all which the youth remained dissolute master: and indeed he deserved it all, for he was a very pleasant companion, a charitable man, and a friend to those that were good, and had a face like any blessing. Afterwards it came to be known that he changed his dress, for no other purpose, but that he might wander about these desert places after that shepherdess Marcela, whom our lad told you of before, and with whom the poor deceased Chrysostom was in love. And I will now tell you, for it is fitting you should know, who this young slut is; for, perhaps, and even without a perhaps, you may never have heard the like in all the days of your life, though you were as old as the itch." "Say, as old as Sarah," replied Don Quixote, not being able to endure the goatherd's mistaking words. "The itch is old enough," answered Pedro; "and if, sir, at every turn you will be correcting my words, we shall not have done this twelve-month." "Pardon me, friend," said Don Quixote, "I mentioned it, because there is a wide difference between the itch and Sarah;<sup>1</sup> and so on with your story, for I will interrupt you no more."

"I say then, dear sir of my soul," quoth the goatherd, "that, in our village, there was a farmer still richer than the father of Chrysostom, called William;

on whom God bestowed, beside much and great wealth, a daughter, of whom her mother, the most respected woman of all our country, died in childbed. I cannot help thinking I see her now, with that presence, looking as if she had the sun on one side of her, and the moon on the other ;<sup>a</sup> and above all, was she a notable housewife, and a friend to the poor ; for which I believe her soul is at this very moment enjoying God in the other world. Her husband William died for grief at the death of so good a wife, leaving his daughter Marcela young and rich, under the care of an uncle, a priest, and beneficed in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that it put us in mind of her mother's, who had a great share ; and for all that it was judged that it would be surpassed by the daughter's. And so it fell out ; for when she came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, nobody beheld her without blessing God for making her so beautiful a creature, and most men were in love with, and distracted for her. Her uncle kept her very carefully and very close ; notwithstanding which, the fame of her extraordinary beauty spread itself so, that, partly for her person, partly for her great riches, he was applied to, solicited, and importuned, not only by those of our own village, but by many others, and those the better sort too, for several leagues round, to dispose of her in marriage. But he, who, to do him justice, is a good Christian, though he was desirous to dispose of her as soon as she was

marriageable, yet would not do it without her consent, having no eye to the benefit and advantage he might have made of the girl's estate by deferring her marriage. And, in good truth, this has been told in praise of the good priest, in more companies than one in our village. For I would have you to know, sir-errant, that, in these little places, every thing is talked of, and every thing censured: and, my life for yours, that clergyman must be over and above good, who obliges his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in country towns."

"It is most true," said Don Quixote, "but proceed; for the story is excellent, and, honest Pedro, you tell it with a good grace." "May the grace of the Lord never fail me, which is most to the purpose. And farther know," quoth Pedro, "that, though the uncle proposed to his niece, and acquainted her with the qualities of every one in particular, of the many who sought her in marriage, advising her to give her hand to some one or other, but choose to her liking, she never returned any other answer, but that she was not disposed to marry at present, and that, being so young, she did not find herself able to bear the burden of wedlock. Her uncle, satisfied with these seemingly-just excuses, ceased to importune her, and waited till she was grown a little older, and knew how to choose a companion to her taste. 'For,' said he, and he said very wisely, 'parents ought not to settle their children against their will.' But,

behold ! when we least imagined it, on a certain day the coy Marcela appears a shepherdess, and, without the consent of her uncle, and against the persuasions of all the neighbours, would needs go into the fields, with the other country lasses, and tend her own flock. And now that she appeared in public, and her beauty was exposed to all beholders, it is impossible to tell you how many wealthy youths, gentlemen, and farmers, have taken the shepherd's dress, and go up and down these plains, making their suit to her ; the first of whom, as is said already, was the deceased, of whom it is surmised, that he rather adored than loved her. But think not, that, because Marcela has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and that with so little, or rather no reserve, she has given any the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion ; no, rather, so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour, that of all those, who serve and solicit her, no one has boasted, or can boast with truth, that she has given him the slightest hope of obtaining his desire. For though she does not fly nor shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them with courtesy, and in a friendly manner, yet upon any one's beginning to discover his intention, though it be as just and holy as that of marriage, she casts him from her as out of a stone-bow. And by this sort of behaviour she does more mischief in this country, than if she carried the

plague about with her ; for her affability and beauty allure the hearts of all those who converse with her, to serve and love her ; but her disdain and frank dealing drive them to the brink of despair ; and so they know not what to say to her, and can only exclaim against her, calling her cruel and ungrateful, with such other titles, as plainly denote her character. And were you to abide here, sir, awhile, you would hear these mountains and valleys resound with the complaints of those undeceived wretches that yet follow her. There is a place not far from hence, where there are about two dozen of tall beeches, and not one of them but has the name of Marcela written and engraved on its smooth bark ; and over some of them is a crown carved in the same tree, as if the lover would more clearly express, that Marcela bears away the crown, and deserves it above all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd ; there complains another ; here are heard amorous sonnets, there desponding ditties. You shall have one pass all the hours of the night, seated at the foot of some oak or rock ; and there, without closing his weeping eyes, wrapped up and transported in his thoughts, the sun finds him in the morning. You shall have another, without cessation or truce to his sighs, in the midst of the most irksome noon-day heat of the summer, extended on the burning sand, and sending up his complaints to all-pitying heaven. In the mean time, the beautiful Marcela, free and unconcerned, triumphs

over them all. We, who know her, wait with impatience to see what her haughtiness will come to, and who is to be the happy man that shall subdue so intractable a disposition, and enjoy so incomparable a beauty. All that I have recounted being so assured a truth, I the more easily believe what our companion told us concerning the cause of Chrysostom's death. And therefore I advise you, sir, that you do not fail to-morrow to be at his funeral, which will be very well worth seeing; for Chrysostom has a great many friends: and it is not half a league from this place to that where he ordered himself to be buried."

"I will certainly be there," said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me by the recital of so entertaining a story." "O," replied the goatherd, "I do not yet know half the adventures that have happened to Marcela's lovers; but to-morrow, perhaps, we shall meet by the way some shepherd, who may tell us more: at present it will not be amiss, that you seek some roof under which to sleep; for the cold dew of the night may do your wound harm, though the salve I have put to it is such, that you need not fear any cross accident." Sancho Panza, who, for his part, gave this long-winded tale of the goatherd's to the devil, pressed his master to lay himself down in Pedro's hut. He did so, and passed the rest of the night in remembrances of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcela's lovers; while Sancho Panza took up his lodging between Rozi-

nante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a discarded lover, but like a person worn out by having been well rib-roasted.

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CHAP. V.

*The conclusion of the story of the shepherdess Marcela, with other accidents.*

SCARCELY had the day begun to discover itself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds arising, went to awake Don Quixote, and asked him, whether he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of Chrysostom, for they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing more, rose immediately; and bid Sancho saddle the horse, and pannel the ass, which he did with great expedition: and with the same despatch they all presently set out on their way.

They had not gone a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a pathway, they saw six shepherds making towards them, clad in black sheep-skin jerkins, their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter rosemary, and each having a thick holly club in his hand. There came also with them two cavaliers on horseback, in very handsome riding-

habits, attended by three lacqueys on foot. When they had joined companies, they saluted each other courteously; and finding upon inquiry they were all going to the place of burial, they went on together.

One of those on horseback, speaking to his companion, said, "I think, signor Vivaldo, we shall not deem the time misspent in tarrying to see this funeral: for it cannot choose but be extraordinary, considering the strange things these men have recounted, of the deceased shepherd, as well as of the murdering shepherdess." "I think so too," answered Vivaldo; "and so far from deeming one day misspent, I would even stay four to see it." Don Quixote asked them, what they had heard of Marcela and Chrysostom? The traveller said, they had met those shepherds early in the morning, and, seeing them in so mournful a dress, they had inquired the cause of their being clad in that manner; when one of them related a story of the beauty, and unaccountable humour, of a certain shepherdess called Marcela, and the loves of many that wooed her; with the death of Chrysostom, to whose burial they were going. In fine, he related all that Pedro had told to Don Quixote.

This subject ended, another was begun; he who was called Vivaldo, asking Don Quixote, by what reason he was induced to go armed in that manner, through a country so peaceable? To which Don Quixote answered, "The profession I follow



will not allow, or suffer me, to go in any other manner. The dance, the banquet, and the bed of down, were invented for soft and effeminate courtiers; but toil, disquietude, and arms, were designed for those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number I, though unworthy, and the least, am one." These words were scarcely uttered, than they all concluded he was a madman: but for the more certainty, and to try what species of madness it was, Vivaldo asked him, what he meant by knights-errant? "Have you not read, sir," answered Don Quixote, "the annals and histories of England, in which are recorded the famous exploits of king Arthur, whom in our Castilian tongue we perpetually call king Artus; of whom there goes an old tradition, generally believed through the whole kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but was turned, by magic art, into a raven; and that, in process of time, he shall reign again, and recover his kingdom and sceptre; for which reason it cannot be proved, that, from that time to this, any Englishman hath killed a raven. Now, in this good prince's time, was instituted that famous order called the Knights of the Round Table; and the amours therein related, of sir Lancelot of the Lake with the queen Ginebra, passed exactly as they are recorded; that honourable duenna Quintaniona being their go-between and confidante; which gave birth to the well-known ballad, so cried up in Spain, of 'Never was knight by ladies so well served, as

was sir Lancelot when he came from Britain ;' with the rest of that sweet and charming recital of his amours and exploits. Now, from that time, the order of chivalry has been extending and spreading itself through divers and sundry parts of the world, producing many worthies distinguished and renowned for their heroic deeds ; as the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his sons and nephews, to the fifth generation ; the valorous Felixmarte, of Hircania ; and the never-enough-to-be-praised Tirante the White ; and we in our days, have, in a manner, seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous knight, Don Belianis, of Greece. This, gentlemen, it is to be a knight-errant, and what I have described is the order of chivalry ; of which, as I said before, I, though a sinner, have made profession ; and the very same thing that the aforesaid knights professed, I profess ; and on this account do I travel through these solitudes and deserts, seeking adventures, with a determined resolution to oppose my arm and my person to the most perilous that fortune shall present, in aid of the needy and the oppressed."

The travellers were now fully convinced that Don Quixote was out of his wits, and learned from his discourse what kind of madness it was that influenced him ; and in the same manner as others had been struck on the first hearing of it, was their astonishment called forth. Vivaldo, who was a man of discernment, and withal of a mirthful disposition, that

they might pass without irksomeness the little of the way that remained, before they came to the funeral mountain, resolved to give him an opportunity of going on in his extravagancies: he therefore said to him, "Methinks, sir knight-errant, you have taken upon you one of the strictest professions upon earth; nay, I verily believe, that of the Carthusian monks themselves is not so rigid." "It may be as rigid, for aught I know," answered our Don Quixote; "but that it is so necessary to the world, I am within two fingers' breadth of doubting; for, to speak the truth, the soldier, who executes his captain's orders, does no less than the captain himself, who gives him the orders. My meaning is, that the religious, with all peace and quietness, implore heaven for the good of the world; but we soldiers, and knights, really execute what they pray for, defending it with the strength of our arms, and the edge of our swords; and that, not under covert, but in open field; exposed to the insufferable beams of the summer's sun, and to winter's horrid ice. So that we are God's ministers upon earth, and the arms by which he executes his justice in it. And, considering that matters of war, and circumstances relating to it, cannot be put in execution without sweat, toil, and labour, it follows, that they who profess it do unquestionably take more pains than they who, in perfect peace and security, are employed in praying to heaven to assist those, who can do but little for themselves.<sup>1</sup> I would not

be thought to say, nor do I so much as imagine, that the state of the knight-errant is as good as that of the recluse monk ; I would only infer from what I suffer, that it is beyond comparison more laborious, more bastinadoed, more hungry and thirsty, more wretched, more ragged, and more lousy : for there is no doubt, but that the knights-errant of old underwent many misfortunes in the course of their lives ; and, if some of them rose to be emperors, by the valour of their arm, in good truth they paid dearly for it in blood and sweat ; and if those, who arrived to such honour, had been without enchanters and sages to assist them, they would have been mightily deceived in their hopes, and grievously would their expectations have been disappointed."

" I am of the same opinion," replied the traveller : " but there is one thing, in particular, among many others, which I dislike in knights-errant, which is this ; that when they are prepared to engage in some great and perilous adventure, in which they are in manifest danger of losing their lives, in the very instant of the encounter, they never once think of commending themselves to God, as every christian is bound to do in such perils ; but rather commend themselves to their mistresses, and with as much fervour and devotion, as if they were their God ; a thing which, to me, savours strongly of paganism."<sup>2</sup>

" Signor," answered Don Quixote, " this can by no means be otherwise ; and the knight-errant, who

should act otherwise, would digress much from his duty: for it is a received maxim, and indeed the very soul of chivalry, that the knight-errant, who is about to attempt some great feat of arms, having in thought his lady before him, must turn his eyes fondly and amorously towards her, as if by his looks he implored her favour and protection, in the doubtful moment of distress upon which he is just entering. And, though nobody should hear him, he is obliged to mutter between his teeth an ejaculation, by which he commends himself to her with his whole heart: and of this we have in the history of knights-errant innumerable examples. But you must not suppose by this, that they are to neglect commending themselves to God; for there will be time and leisure enough for that duty in the progress of the work." "Notwithstanding what you have said," replied the traveller, "I have one scruple still remaining; which is, that I have often read, when words arise between two knights-errant, and choler begins to kindle in them both, they turn their horses round, to gain scope for a good career, and immediately, without more ado, encounter at full speed, commending themselves to their mistresses by the way; and it commonly happens in the encounter, that one of them tumbles back over his horse's crupper, pierced through and through by his adversary's lance; while the other with difficulty avoids a fall by laying hold of his horse's mane: now I cannot comprehend how the dead man could have

had leisure to commend himself to God, in the course of this so hasty a business. Better had it been, if the words he spent in commending himself to his lady, in the midst of the career, had been addressed to a very different being, which, as a christian, was his bounden obligation. Besides, all knights-errant, I apprehend, have not ladies to commend themselves to; because they are not all in love." "That I affirm to be impossible," answered Don Quixote, "there cannot be a knight-errant without a mistress; for it is as essential and as natural to them to be in love, as it is to the sky to be full of stars. Nor can you show me a history, in which a knight-errant is to be found without armour; for if he were not so clad, he would not be reckoned a legitimate knight, but a bastard, one that got into the fortress of chivalry, not by the door, but over the pales, like a thief and a robber."<sup>3</sup> "Yet," said the traveller, "if I am not mistaken, I have read, that Don Galaor, brother to the valorous Amadis de Gaul, never had a particular mistress, to whom he might commend himself; and he was not the less esteemed, and was a very valiant and famous knight notwithstanding." To which our Don Quixote answered, "Signor, one swallow does not make a summer. Besides, I very well know, that this knight was in secret very deeply enamoured; he was a general lover, and could not resist his natural inclination towards all ladies, whom he thought handsome. But, in short, it is very well

attested, that he had one whom he had made mistress of his will, and to whom he often commended himself, but very secretly; for it was upon this quality of secrecy that he especially valued himself."

"If it be essential, that every knight-errant be a lover," said the traveller, "it is to be presumed that your worship is one, as you are of the profession: and if you do not pique yourself upon the same secrecy as Don Galaor, I entreat you, in behalf of all this good company, and myself, to tell us the name, country, quality, and beauty, of your mistress, who cannot but account herself the more happy, if all the world were to know that she is loved and served by so worthy a knight as your worship appears to be." Here Don Quixote fetched a deep sigh, and said, "I am not positively certain, whether this sweet enemy of mine would be pleased or not, that the world should know I am her servant; I can only say, in answer to what you so very courteously inquire of me, that her name is Dulcinea; her country, Toboso, a town of La Mancha; her quality, at least that of a princess, since she is my queen and sovereign lady; her beauty, more than human, since in her all the impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty, which the poets ascribe to their mistresses, are realized: for her hair is of gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her white-

ness snow ; and the parts, which modesty veils from human sight, such as, to my thinking, the most exalted imagination can only conceive, but find no comparison for." " We would gladly know farther," replied Vivaldo, " her lineage, race, and family." To which Don Quixote answered, " She is not of the ancient Curtii, Caii, and Scipios of Rome, nor of the modern Colonnas and Ursinis ; nor of the Moncadas and Requesenes of Catalonia ; neither is she of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valentia ; the Palafoxes, Nuças, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urrreas, Fozes, and Gurreas of Arragon ; the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, and Gusmans of Castile ; the Alencastros, Pallas, and Meneses, of Portugal ; but she is of the stem of Toboso de la Mancha ; a lineage, though modern, yet such as may give a noble beginning to the most illustrious families of future ages ; and in this let no one contradict me, unless it be on the condition which Cerbino fixed under Orlando's arms, where it was said, ' Let no one remove these, who cannot stand a trial with Orlando.' " " Although I am descended from the Cachopines of Laredo," replied the traveller, " I dare not compare my lineage with that of Toboso de la Mancha ; though, to say the truth, no such appellation hath ever reached my ears till this moment." " How ! never heard of it ! is that possible ? " replied Don Quixote.\*

The whole party went on listening with great attention to this dialogue ; and even the goatherds



and shepherds already perceived that our knight was not in his right mind. Sancho alone believed every thing his master said to be true, knowing who he was, and having been acquainted with him from his birth: except that he doubted a little as to what concerned the fair Dulcinea del Toboso; for no such name, or princess, had ever come to his hearing, though he lived so near the town.

Proceeding in this manner, they presently discovered, through an opening made by two high mountains, about twenty shepherds coming down, all clad in jerkins of black wool, and crowned with garlands, of which, as appeared afterwards, some were of yew, and some of cypress. Six of them carried a bier, covered with a profusion of flowers and boughs. This was no sooner perceived by one of the goat-herds, than he said, "Those, who come yonder, are shepherds who bring the corpse of Chrysostom; and the foot of that mountain is the place where he ordered himself to be buried." They in consequence quickened their pace, and arrived just as the bier was set on the ground, and four of the bearers, with pickaxes, had begun to dig the grave by the side of a hard rock. After mutual salutations, Don Quixote and his company went to take a view of the bier; upon which they saw a dead body, strewed with flowers,<sup>5</sup> in the dress of a shepherd, seemingly about thirty years of age; and, though dead, exhibiting proofs that, when alive, the countenance was beautiful,

and the figure manly and engaging. Several books, and a great number of papers, some open and others folded up, lay round him on the bier. All that were present, as well the lookers on as those who were opening the grave, kept a profound silence; till one of the bearers said to another, "Observe carefully, Ambrosio, whether this be the exact spot which Chrysostom mentioned, as you are so scrupulous in performing what he enjoined in his will." "It is," answered Ambrosio; "for here it was he often recounted to me the story of his misfortune: here it was, as he told me, he first saw that mortal enemy of the human race; here it was that he declared to her his no less honourable than ardent passion: here it was that Marcela finally undeceived him, and treated him with such disdain, that she thereby put an end to the tragedy of his miserable life: and here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he desired to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion."

Then, turning himself to Don Quixote and the travellers, he thus addressed them: "This body, sirs, which you are beholding with compassionate eyes, was the receptacle of a soul, in which heaven had placed a great part of its treasure: it is the body of Chrysostom, who was singular for wit, matchless in courtesy, perfect in politeness, a phoenix in friendship, magnificent without ostentation, grave without arrogance, cheerful without meanness; in fine, the first in every thing that was good, and second to

none in every thing that was unfortunate. He loved, and was abhorred: he adored, and was scorned: he courted a savage; he importuned a statue; he pursued the wind; he called aloud to solitude; he served ingratitude; and the recompense he obtained was, to become a prey to death, in the midst of the career of his life, to which an end was put by a shepherdess, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men; as these papers you are looking at would sufficiently demonstrate, had he not ordered me to commit them to the flames, at the same time that his body was committed to the earth." "You would then be more rigorous and cruel to them," said Vivaldo, "than their master himself was; and it is neither just nor wise to execute the will of any one who commands what is utterly unreasonable. Augustus Cæsar would not consent to the execution of what the divine Mantuan had enjoined in his will: and do not you, signor Ambrosio, though you consign your friend's body to the grave, therefore consign his writings to oblivion; do not you, though he ordered it as a person injured, fulfil it as one indiscreet: but rather so act, that, by giving life to these papers, the cruelty of Marcela may never be forgotten, but may serve for an example to those who shall live in times to come, that they may avoid falling down the same precipices: for I, and all here present, already know the story of this your enamoured and despairing friend: we know also your

friendship, the occasion of his death, and his dying injunctions: from which lamentable history may be gathered, how great has been the cruelty of Marcela, how great the love of Chrysostom, how great the sincerity of your attachment; and how sad the end of those, who run headlong in the path that inconsiderate and ungoverned passion sets before them. Last night we heard of Chrysostom's death, and that he was to be interred in this place: and led by curiosity and compassion, we turned out of our way, and came to behold with our eyes what had moved us so much in the recital: and, in return for our pity, and the desire we feel to remedy the misfortune, if we could, we beseech you, O discreet Ambrosio, at least I request it on my own behalf, that you will not burn the papers, but permit me to preserve some of them." And, without waiting for a reply, he stretched out his hand, and took several of those which were nearest, which Ambrosio perceiving, said, "Out of civility, signor, I will consent to your keeping those you have taken; but to imagine, that I shall forbear burning the rest, is a vain thought." Vivaldo, who was anxious to see what the papers contained, opened one of them, which had for its title, *The Song of Despair*. Ambrosio hearing this, said, "This is the last paper my unhappy friend wrote; and that you may see, signor, to what state he was reduced by his misfortunes, be so good as to read it aloud; for you will have time enough, while they are

digging the grave." "That I will do with all my heart," said Vivaldo: and, as all the by-standers had the same desire, they crowded round him, and he read, in an audible voice, as follows.

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CHAP. VI.

*Wherein are rehearsed the despairing verses of the deceased shepherd, with other unexpected events.*

CHRYSOSTOM'S SONG.

I.

SINCE, cruel maid, you force me to proclaim  
From clime to clime the triumphs of your scorn,  
Let hell itself inspire my tortur'd 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,  
Fetch'd 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 widow'd owl and turtle's plaintive moan,  
 With all the din of hell's infernal crew,  
 From my griev'd soul forth issue in one sound,  
 Leaving my senses all confus'd 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, crown'd with olives, pours his flood.  
 But here, midst rocks and precipices deep,  
 Or to obscure and silent vales remov'd,  
 On shores by human footsteps never trod,  
 Where the gay sun ne'er lifts his radiant orb,  
 Or with th' invenom'd race of savage beasts  
 That range the howling wilderness for food,  
 Will I proclaim the story of my woes ;  
 Poor privilege of grief! whilst echoes hoarse  
 Catch the sad tale, and spread it round the world.

## IV.

Disdain gives death; suspicions, true or false,  
 O'erturn th' 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 disdain'd,  
 Absent, and sure of cold neglect, still live.  
 And midst 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 ev'ry pang I feel  
 Presents the hideous phantom to my view?  
 What wretch so credulous, but must embrace  
 Distrust with open arms, when he beholds  
 Disdain avow'd, suspicions realiz'd,  
 And truth itself converted to a lie?  
 O 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 enthrall'd: 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,  
 Uncrown'd with garlands, to the whistling winds.

## VII.

O 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 heav'n of those bright eyes in grief,  
 Nor drop one pitying tear, to tell the world,

At length my death has triumph'd 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 unextinguish'd 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 my wretched fate  
 Improves her happier lot, who gave thee birth,  
 Be all thy sorrows buried in my tomb.

The song was approved by all who heard it : but he who read it observed, that it did not seem to agree with the account which had been given of the



reserve and circumspection of Marcela; for Chrysostom complains in it of jealousy, suspicion and absence, to the prejudice of the credit and good name of Marcela. To which Ambrosio answered, as one well acquainted with the most hidden thoughts of his friend, "To satisfy you, signor, as to this doubt, you must know, that, when this unhappy person wrote this song, he was at a distance from Marcela, from whom he had voluntarily banished himself, to try whether absence would have its ordinary effect upon him. And as absent lovers are disturbed by shadows, so was Chrysostom as much tormented by imaginary jealousies and suspicious apprehensions, as if they had been real. And thus the truth of Marcela's goodness, which fame has proclaimed, remains unimpeached; and, excepting that she is apt to be cruel, arrogant, and disdainful, envy itself can lay no defect to her charge." "I am satisfied," answered Vivaldo; and he was going to read another of the papers which he had saved from the fire, when he was interrupted by a wonderful vision, for such it seemed, which on a sudden presented itself to their sight: for on the top of the rock, under which they were digging the grave, appeared the shepherdess herself, so beautiful, that her beauty surpassed the very fame of it. Those who had never seen her till that time, gazed on her with silence and admiration; while those to whom her presence was familiar, were scarcely less astonished. But Ambrosio

no sooner perceived her, than he cried out with indignation: "Comest thou, O fierce basilisk of these mountains<sup>1</sup>, to see whether the wounds of the wretch, whom thy cruelty has deprived of life, will bleed afresh at thy appearance? or is it to triumph in the cruel exploits of thy inhuman disposition; or to behold from that eminence, like another pitiless Nero, the flames of burning Rome? or insolently to trample on this unhappy corse, as did the impious daughter on that of her father Tarquin? tell us quickly, why you come, or what you would have: that I, who know that Chrysostom while living never disobeyed you, so much as in thought, may dispose his friends to yield the same obedience, now that he is dead."

"I come not, O Ambrosio, for any of the purposes you have mentioned," answered Marcela; "but to vindicate myself, and to let the world know, how unreasonable those are who blame me for their own sufferings, or for the death of Chrysostom; and therefore I beg you will all hear me with attention; for I need not spend much time, nor use many words, to convince persons of sense of the truth. Heaven, as you say, made me handsome, and to such a degree, that my beauty impels you to love me, in spite of your resolutions to the contrary. And, in return for the love you bear me, you pretend, nay insist, that I am bound to love you. By the help of that natural sense which God has given me, I know, that whatever is beautiful is amiable: but I do not com-

prehend how the person that is loved for being handsome, is obliged, merely for being loved, to return affection for affection. Besides, it may happen that the lover of the beautiful person may be ugly; and, what is ugly deserving to be loathed, it would sound oddly to say, I love you for being handsome, and you must love me, though I am ugly. But, supposing the beauty on both sides to be equal, it does not follow that the inclinations should be so too; for all beauty does not inspire love; there is a kind which pleases the sight only, without captivating the affections. If every species of beauty were to enamour and captivate, the wills of men would be eternally confounded and perplexed, without knowing where to fix: for, beautiful objects being infinite, the desires must be infinite too. True love, I have heard, cannot be divided, and must be voluntary and unconstrained. If this be the case, as I believe it is, why should I constrain my affections, being under no other obligation to do so, than your saying that you love me? Tell me, I pray you, if Heaven, instead of making me handsome, had made me otherwise, would it have been just, that I should have complained of you, for not loving me? Besides, my beauty is not my own choice; but, such as it is, Heaven bestowed it on me freely, without my asking or desiring it. And, as the viper does not deserve blame for her sting, though she kill with it, because it is given her by nature, as little do I deserve repre-

hension for being handsome. Beauty, in a modest woman, is like fire at a distance, or like a sharp sword: the one doth not burn, nor the other wound, those that come not too near them. Honour and virtue are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so. Now, if modesty be one of the virtues which most adorns and beautifies both body and soul, why should she, who is loved for being beautiful, part with it to gratify the desires of him who, merely for his own pleasure, uses his utmost endeavours to destroy it? I was born free, and that I might live free, I chose the solitude of these fields: the trees on these mountains are my companions; the transparent waters of these brooks my looking-glass: to the trees and the waters I communicate my thoughts and devote my beauty. I am fire at a distance, and a sword afar off. Those, whom the sight of me has enamoured, my words have undeceived. And, if desires are kept alive by hopes, as I gave none to Chrysostom, or to any one else, surely it may be said, all hope being at an end, that his own obstinacy, rather than my cruelty, killed him. If it be objected to me, that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I ought to have complied with them: I answer, that when, in this very place where his grave is now digging, he discovered to me the purity of his intention, I told him, that mine was to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy

the fruit of my reservedness, and the spoils of my beauty: and if, notwithstanding all this plain-dealing, he would persevere against hope, and sail against the wind, what wonder if he drowned himself in the gulf of his own indiscretion? If I had left him in suspense, I had been false: if I had complied with his will, I had acted contrary to my better purpose and resolution. Though undeceived, he persisted; without being hated, he despaired. Consider then whether it be reasonable to lay the blame of his sufferings upon me. Let him, who is deceived by me, complain: let him, to whom I have broken my promise, despair; let him, whom I shall encourage, presume; and that man pride himself, whom I shall admit: but let me not be called cruel, or a murderer, by those whom I neither promise, deceive, encourage, nor admit. Heaven has not yet ordained that I should love by destiny; and from loving by choice, I desire to be excused. Let every one of those who solicit me, make his own particular use of this declaration; and be it understood from henceforward, that, if any one die for me, he does not die through jealousy or disdain; for she, who loves nobody, should make nobody jealous; and plain dealing ought not to pass for disdain. Let him, who calls me a savage and a basilisk, shun me as a mischievous and evil thing: let him, who calls me ungrateful, not serve me; who thinks me shy, not know me; who thinks me cruel, not follow me: for this savage, this basilisk,

this ungrateful, this cruel, this shy thing, will in no wise either seek, serve, know, or follow them. If Chrysostom's impatience and precipitate desires killed him, why should he blame my modest conduct and reserve? If I preserve my purity unspotted among these trees, why should he desire me to lose it among men? You all know that I have wealth enough of my own, and do not covet that of other people. My condition is free, and I have no wish to subject myself: I neither love nor hate any body; I neither deceive this man, nor lay snares for that; I neither toy with one, nor divert myself with another. The modest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages, and the care of my goats, are my entertainment. My desires are bounded within these mountains, and, if they venture beyond them, it is to contemplate the beauty of the heavens, those steps, by which the soul advances to its original dwelling."

—And, saying this, without waiting for an answer, she turned from the company, and entered the most inaccessible part of the neighbouring mountain, leaving them all in perfect admiration of her extraordinary sense, as well as extraordinary beauty.

Some of those who had been wounded by the powerful shafts that were darted from her bright eyes, discovered an inclination to follow her, without profiting by the declaration they had heard her make. Don Quixote perceiving this, and thinking it a proper occasion to employ his chivalry in the relief of

distressed damsels, laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and, with a loud and intelligible voice, said, "Let no person, of what state or condition soever he be, presume to follow the beautiful Marcela, on pain of incurring my furious indignation. She has demonstrated, by clear and satisfactory arguments, how little, if at all, she is to be blamed for the death of Chrysostom, and how far she is from countenancing the desires of any of her lovers; instead of being followed and persecuted, she ought therefore to be honoured and esteemed by all good men in the world, for being the only woman in it whose intentions are so virtuous." Now, whether it was owing to these menaces, or because Ambrosio desired them to finish the last office due to his deceased friend, not a shepherd stirred from the spot, till, the grave being made and the papers burnt, the body of Chrysostom was laid in it, which called forth many tears from the by-standers. The sepulchre was closed with a large fragment of a rock, till a tombstone could be provided by Ambrosio, who intended, he said, to have the following epitaph engraved on it,

Here lies a gentle shepherd swain,  
Through cold neglect untimely slain.  
By rigor's cruel hand he died,  
A victim to the scorn and pride  
Of a coy, beautiful, ingrate,  
Whose eyes enlarge love's tyrant state.

When the shepherds had strewed flowers and

boughs on the grave, which they did in abundance, and condoled with the afflicted Ambrosio, they took leave and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the same; and Don Quixote bid adieu to his hosts and the travellers, who entreated him to accompany them to Seville, that being a place the most likely to furnish him with adventures, since they were to be met with there, in every street, and at every turning, in greater number than in any other place. Don Quixote thanked them for the information they gave him, and the disposition they showed to do him a courtesy, but said, that neither inclination nor duty would admit of his going to Seville, until he had cleared all those mountains of robbers and assassins, of which, it was reported, they were full. The travellers, seeing him thus laudably determined, importuned him no farther; but, taking leave again, pursued their journey; during which, the story of Marcela and Chrysostom, and the madness of Don Quixote, afforded them sufficient subjects of conversation: as for our knight, he resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess, and offer her all the service in his power. But it fell not out as he intended; as will be related in the progress of this true history, the second book ending here.



## PART I. BOOK III.

## CHAP. I.

*Wherein is related the unfortunate adventure which befel Don Quixote, in meeting with certain bloody-minded Yanguesians*<sup>1</sup>.

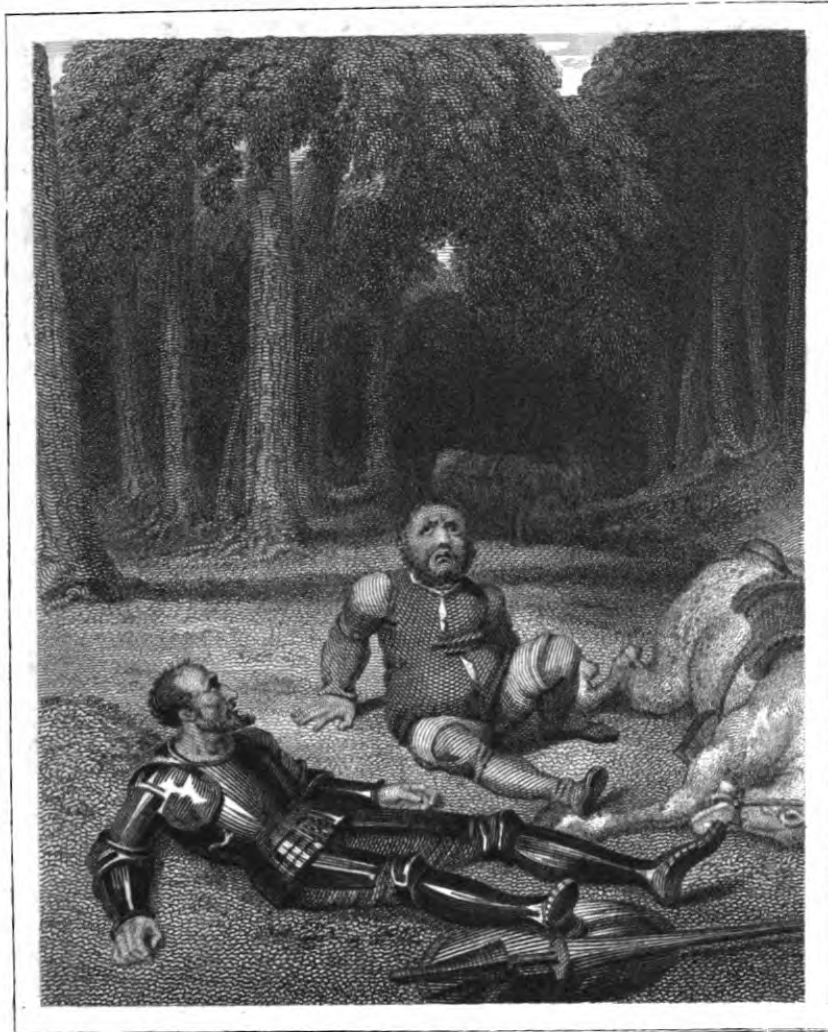
THE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that, when Don Quixote had taken leave of his hosts, and of all those who were present at Chrysostom's funeral, he and his squire entered the same wood, into which they had seen the shepherdess Marcela previously retreat: and having ranged through it more than two hours, looking every where, without being able to find her, they stopped in a meadow full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook; insomuch that it invited and compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of the noon-day heat, which began to be very oppressive. Don Quixote and Sancho alighted, and, leaving the ass and Rozinante at large, to feed upon the abundance of grass that sprung up in the place, they ransacked the wallet; and, without any ceremony, in friendly and social wise, master and man regaled together on what it contained. Sancho had taken no care to fetter Rozinante, being well assured he was so tame and so little game-some, that all the mares of the pastures of Cordova

would not have provoked him to any unlucky pranks. But fortune, or the devil, who is not always asleep, so ordered it, that there were grazing in that valley a number of Galician fillies, belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, whose custom it is to pass the mid-day, with their drove, in places where there is grass and water: and that where Don Quixote chanced to be was very fit for the purpose. Now it fell out, that Rozinante had a mind to solace himself with the fillies, and having them in the wind, he broke out of his natural and accustomed pace, and, without asking his master's leave, betook himself to a smart trot, in haste to communicate his want to the objects of his desire. But they, as it seemed, having more inclination to feed than any thing else, received him with their heels and their teeth, in such a manner, that his girts broke, and he lost his saddle. But what must have more sensibly affected him, was, that the carriers, seeing the violence offered to their mares, ran to him with their pack-staves, and so belaboured him, that he was laid at his length on the ground in wretched plight.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen the drubbing of Rozinante, came, out of breath, to his rescue; and the knight said to the squire, "By what I see, friend Sancho, these are no knights, but rascally people, of a scoundrel race. I tell thee this, because thou mayest now assist me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to Rozinante

before our eyes." "What the devil of revenge can we take," answered Sancho, "they being above twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half?" "I am as good as a hundred of such vagabonds," replied Don Quixote: and, without saying a word more, he laid his hand on his sword, and flew at the Yanguesians; and Sancho did the same, incited and moved thereto by the example of his master. At the first blow, Don Quixote gave one of them a terrible wound on the shoulder, through a leathern doublet which he wore. The Yanguesians, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, they being so many, betook themselves to their staves, and hemming in the enemy, began the work of belabouring with great vehemence and animosity. In the conflict, the second blow brought Sancho to the ground; and the same shortly was the lot of Don Quixote, neither his dexterity nor courage standing him in any stead: and, as fate would have it, he fell just at the feet of Rozinante, who was not yet able to rise: whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-staves will bruise, when put into rustic and wrathful hands. The Yanguesians, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in as woful a plight as the steed.

The first who came to himself was Sancho Panza; who, finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice, cried, "Signor Don Quixote!



Drawn by R. Westall R.A.

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DON QUIXOTE.

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ah, signor Don Quixote!" "What wouldst thou have, brother Sancho?" answered the knight, in the same feeble and lamentable tone. "I could wish, if it were possible," replied Sancho, "that your worship would give me two gulps of that drink of Feo Blass, if you have it here at hand; perhaps it may do as well for broken bones, as it does for wounds." "Unhappy I, that we have it not!" answered Don Quixote. "But I swear to thee, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that, before two days pass, if fortune does not order it otherwise, I will have it in my power, or my hand shall be very much out." "But in how many days, do you think, sir, we shall recover the use of our feet?" replied Sancho Panza. "With regard to myself," said the battered Don Quixote, "I cannot fix any limited number: but this I know, that it is all my own fault; for I ought not to have laid hand on my sword against men who were not dubbed knights like myself: and therefore, I believe, the god of battles has permitted this chastisement to fall upon me, as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry. For which reason, brother Sancho, it is requisite I should forewarn thee of what I am now going to tell; for it highly concerns the good of us both: which is, that, when thou seest we are insulted by such rascally rabble, thou art not to wait till I lay hand on my sword against them, for I will in no wise do it; but do thou draw thy sword, and chastise them thyself to thy

own heart's content: but, if any knights shall come to their assistance, then shall I know how to defend thee, and offend them, with all my might: for thou hast already seen, by a thousand tokens and experiments, how far the valour of this strong arm of mine extends:" so arrogant was the poor gentleman become by his victory over the valiant Biscayner.

But Sancho Panza did not so thoroughly relish his master's instructions, as to forbear saying in reply, " Sir, I am a meek, peaceable, quiet man, and can dissemble any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up: so that give me leave to tell your worship, by way of hint, since it is not my part to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword, either against peasant or against knight; and that, from this time forward, in the presence of God, I forgive all injuries any one has done, or shall do me, or is now doing, or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever." Which his master hearing, answered, " I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and the pain I feel in this rib would cease for a while, that I might convince thee, Panza, of the error thou art in. Hark ye, sinner: should the gale of fortune, hitherto so contrary, come about in our favour, filling the sails of our desires, so that we may safely, and without any hindrance, make the port of some one of those islands I have promised thee, what

would become of thee, if, when I had gained it, and made thee lord thereof, thou shouldst render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor desiring to be one, and by having neither valour nor intention to revenge the injuries done thee, or to defend thy dominions? For I would have thee to know, that, in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the natives are never so quiet, nor so much in the interest of their new master, but there is still ground to fear, that they will endeavour to bring about a change of things, and once more, as they call it, try their fortune: and therefore the new possessor ought to have understanding to know how to conduct himself, and courage to act offensively and defensively, whatever accident may happen.” “I wish, in that which hath now befallen us,” answered Sancho, “I had been furnished with the understanding and valour your worship speaks of; but I swear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time fitter for plasters than discourses. Try, sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up Rozinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. I never could have believed such a thing of Rozinante, whom I took to be chaste, and as peaceable as myself. But it is a true saying, that ‘we must keep company with a man a long time before we know him thoroughly;’ and that ‘we are sure of nothing in this life.’ Who could have thought, that, after such swinging slashes as you gave that



unfortunate adventurer, there should come post, as it were, in pursuit of you, this vast tempest of pack-staves, which has been discharged upon our shoulders?" "Thine, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "should, one would think, be used to such storms; but mine, that were brought up between muslins and cambrics, must needs be more sensible of the grief of this mishap. And if I did not imagine; imagine, did I say? if I did not know for certain, that all these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the profession of arms, I would suffer myself to die here out of pure vexation." To this the squire replied, "Since these mishaps are the genuine fruits and harvests of chivalry, pray tell me, sir, whether they fall out often, or whether they have their set times in which to happen; for, to my thinking, two more such harvests will disable us from ever reaping a third, if God of his infinite mercy does not succour us?"

"Learn, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand perils and misfortunes: but then are they every whit as near becoming kings and emperors; as experience hath shown us in many and divers knights, whose histories I am perfectly acquainted with. I could tell thee of some, if the pain would give me leave, who, by the strength of their arm alone, have mounted to the high degrees I have mentioned; yet these very men were, before and after, involved in sundry calamities and afflictions. Witness the va-

lorous Amadis de Gaul, who saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy, Archelaus the enchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed, that, when he had taken him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred lashes with his horse's bridle, having tied him to a pillar in his court-yard for the purpose. And moreover there is a private author, of no small credit, who tells us, that the 'knight of the sun, being caught by a trap-door, which sunk under his feet, in a certain castle, found himself at the bottom of a deep dungeon under ground, bound hand and foot; where they administered to him one of those things they call a clyster, of snow-water and sand, that had well nigh cost him his life; and if he had not been succoured in that great distress by a certain sage, his special friend, it had gone very hard with the poor knight.' So that I may very well suffer among so many worthy persons who experienced much greater affronts than those we now undergo: for I would have thee to know, Sancho, that wounds, which are given with instruments that are accidentally in a man's hand, are no affront. And thus it is expressly written in the law of combat, that if a shoemaker strike a person with the last with which he is at work, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be said, that the person thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I say this, that thou mayest not think, though we are mauled in this scuffle, we are disgraced: for the arms those men carried, wherewith

they pounded us, were no other than their pack-staves ; and none of them, as I remember, had either tuck, sword, or dagger." "They gave me no leisure," answered Sancho, "to observe so narrowly ; for scarcely had I laid hand on my whyniard,<sup>3</sup> when they crossed my shoulders with their saplings, in such a manner, that they deprived my eyes of sight, and my feet of strength, laying me where I now lie, and where I am not so much concerned about whether the business of the threshing be an affront or not, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impression in my memory, as on my shoulders." "All this, notwithstanding, I tell thee, brother Panza," replied Don Quixote, "there is no remembrance, which time does not obliterate, nor any pain, which death does not put an end to." "And what greater misfortune can there be," replied Panza, "than that, which remains till time effaces, or death relieves it? If this mischance of ours were of that sort, which is cured with a couple of plasters, it would not be altogether so bad : but, for aught I see, all the plasters of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again."

"Have done with these murmurings, and gather strength out of weakness, Sancho," answered Don Quixote ; "for so I purpose to do : and let us examine Rozinante's case ; for, by what I perceive, not the least part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beast's share." "That is not at all strange," an-

answered Sancho, "since he also appertains to a knight-errant. But what I wonder at, is, that my ass should come off scot-free, where we have paid so dear." "Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters, whereby to come at a remedy," said Don Quixote. "I say this, because this poor beast may now supply the want of Rozinante, by carrying me hence to some castle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this fashion to be dishonourable; for I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates, went riding, much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass." "It is like he rode as your worship says," answered Sancho: "but there is a main difference between riding, and lying athwart, like a sack of rubbish." To which Don Quixote replied, "The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away; so do as I bid thee, friend Panza, answer me no more, but raise me up as well as thou canst, and place me upon Dapple in whatever manner may seem best to thee, that we may get hence before night overtakes us in this uninhabited place." "Yet I have heard your worship say," quoth Panza, "that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts the greatest part of the year, and that they looked upon it as fortunate they were not worse off." "That is," said Don Quixote, "when they cannot help it, or

are in love: and this is so true, that there have been knights, who, unknown to their mistresses, have exposed themselves, for two years together, upon rocks, to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was Amadis, when, calling himself Beltenebros,<sup>4</sup> he took up his lodging on the bare rock, whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history. It is sufficient, that there he was, doing penance for some distaste or other shown him by the lady Oriana. But let us have done with this, Sancho, and despatch, before such another misfortune happens to thy beast, as hath befallen Rozinante."

"That would be the devil indeed," quoth Sancho; and sending forth thirty alases, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on him whosoever he was that had brought him to that pass, he endeavoured to raise himself up, but remained half way, bent like a Turkish bow, being wholly unable to stand upright: he made a shift, however, with much labour, to saddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then lifted up Rozinante, who, could he have found a tongue to complain with, most certainly would not have been outdone either by Sancho or his master. In short, Sancho at length settled Don Quixote upon Dapple, and tying Rozinante to his tail, led them both by the halter, proceeding now faster now slower toward the place where he thought

the high road might lie: but he had scarcely gone a short league, when fortune, who was conducting his affairs from good to better, discovered to him not the road only, but an inn; which, to his sorrow and Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and the dispute was so obstinate, and lasted so long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended; and without more ado, Sancho entered it, with his string of cattle.

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## CHAP. II.

*Of what happened to the ingenious gentleman in the inn, which he imagined to be a castle.*

THE innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote laid across the ass, inquired of Sancho, what ailed him. Sancho answered him, that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, by which his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife of a different disposition from those who are usually found in that occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortunes of her neighbours: so that she presently offered her humane services to Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist her in the cure of her guest.<sup>1</sup> There was also a servant in

the inn, an Asturian wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, and saddle-nosed, with one eye squinting, and the other not much better.<sup>2</sup> It is true, the gentility of her shape made amends for her other defects. She was not seven hands high from her feet to her head; and her shoulders, which burdened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than she cared to do.

With the assistance of the damsel, this comely creature made Don Quixote a very sorry bed in a garret, that gave evident tokens of having formerly served as a hayloft. In the same room lodged a carrier, whose bed, of his own making, lay at a little distance from that of our knight, and though composed of pannels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage of Don Quixote's, which consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two not very equal tressels, and a flock-mattress no thicker than a quilt, and full of knobs, which, if the wool had not been seen through the breaches, might by the hardness have been taken for pebble-stones; the two sheets were like the leather of an old target, and so coarse was the rug, that the threads might have been numbered, without danger of losing a single one in the account.

In this wretched bed was Don Quixote laid; and immediately the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot, Maritornes, for so the Asturian was called, holding the light. During the application,

the hostess, perceiving Don Quixote to be full of bruises in all parts, observed, that "they seemed to be rather the effect of a drubbing than of a fall." "No, they were not from a drubbing," said Sancho; "but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one of them has left its mark. And pray, madam, be so good as to order it so, that some of the tow and ointment may be left; as somebody else may have occasion for it, for my sides also ache a little." "What," said the hostess, "have you had a fall too?" "No," said Sancho Panza; "I can't say I have; but the fright I took at seeing my master fall has made my body so sore, that I feel as if I had been cudgelled without mercy." "That may very well be," said the girl; "for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I have waked, I have found myself as bruised and battered, as if I had really fallen." "But here is the point, mistress," answered Sancho Panza, "that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master Don Quixote." "What is this cavalier called?" quoth the Asturian Maritornes. "Don Quixote de la Mancha," answered Sancho Panza: "he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant that has been seen this long time in the world." "What is a knight-errant?" replied the wench. "Are you such a novice, that you do not



know that?" answered Sancho Panza. "Then learn, sister of mine, that a knight-errant is a thing that, before you count two, may be cudgelled and an emperor; to-day, he is the most unfortunate creature in the world, and the most necessitous; and to-morrow, will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire." "How comes it then to pass, that you, being squire to this so worthy a gentleman," said the hostess, "have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom?" "It is early days yet," answered Sancho; "for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. And sometimes a man looks for one thing, and finds another. But, if my master Don Quixote should recover of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain."

All this discourse Don Quixote listened to very attentively; and, setting himself up in his bed as well as he could, and taking the hostess by the hand, he said to her, "Believe me, beauteous lady, you may reckon yourself happy in having lodged my person as a guest in this your castle; such a guest, that, if I do not praise him, it is because, according to the common saying, that self-praise depreciates; but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say for myself, that I shall retain the service you have done me eternally engraved in my memory, and be grateful to you whilst life shall remain in my body."

And had it pleased the high heavens, that love had not held me so enthralled, and subjected to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whose name I mutter between my teeth, those of this lovely virgin had been mistress of my liberty."

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes, stood confounded at this discourse of our knight-errant, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek; though they guessed that it all tended to compliments and offers of service: and, not being accustomed to such kind of language, they stared at him with admiration, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; and so, thanking him, with inn-like phrase, for his offers, they left him. The Asturian Maritornes doctored Sancho, who stood in no less need of it than his master. The carrier and she had agreed to solace themselves together that night; and she had given him her word, that, when the guests were a-bed, and her master and mistress asleep, she would repair to him, and satisfy his desire as much as he pleased. And it is said of this honest wench, that she never made a promise of this kind, but she performed it, though she had made it on a mountain, without any witness: for she valued herself upon her gentility, yet thought it no disgrace to be employed in the calling of serving in an inn; often saying, that misfortunes and unhappy accidents had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, feeble bed, stood first in the middle of that illustrious cock-loft; and close by it was Sancho's, which consisted only of a flag mat, and a rug, that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next to these was the carrier's, made up, as has been said, of pannels, and the whole furniture of two of the best mules he had; which were twelve in number, fat and stately: for he was one of the richest carriers of Arevalo, as the author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of him, for he knew him very well; nay, some go so far as to say, he was somewhat of kin to him. Besides, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a very curious and very punctual historian in all things: and this appears plainly from the circumstances already related; which, however seemingly minute and trivial, he would not pass over in silence. Which may serve as an example to the grave historians, who relate facts so very briefly and succinctly, that we have scarcely a taste of them, leaving behind,<sup>3</sup> either through neglect, malice, or ignorance, the most material part of the work. The blessing of God a thousand times on the author of *Tablante*, of *Ricamonte*, and on him who wrote the exploits of the count de Tomillas! with what happy minuteness do they describe every thing!

I say then, that, after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of his

most punctual Maritornes. Sancho was already plastered, and laid down; and, though he endeavoured to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not consent; and Don Quixote, through the anguish of his, kept his eyes as wide open as a hare. The whole inn was in a profound silence, and had no other light in it than what proceeded from a lamp, which hung burning in the middle of the passage. This marvellous stillness, and the remembrance which our knight always carried about him, of the circumstances recounted in every page of those books, the authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whims that can well be conceived: which was no other than that he fancied he was arrived at some famous castle, for, as we have before observed, all the inns he lodged at were, in his opinion, castles; that the innkeeper's daughter was sole heiress of the lord of the castle; that, captivated by his fine appearance, she had fallen in love with him, and had promised him, unknown to her parents, to steal privately to his chamber, and pass a good part of the night with him. Taking this chimera, the fruit of his own brain, for reality and truth, he began to be uneasy, and to reflect on the dangerous crisis to which his fidelity was about to be exposed; resolving in his heart to commit no disloyalty against his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, though queen Ginebra herself, with the lady Quintaniona, should present themselves before him.

Whilst his thoughts were engrossed by these extravagant fancies, the time and the hour, which to him proved an unlucky one, of the Asturian's coming, drew near; who in her smock, and bare-footed, her hair tucked up under a fustian coif, with silent and cautious steps entered the room, to find her carrier. But scarcely had she opened the door, when Don Quixote perceived her, and, sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plasters and the pain of his ribs, stretched out his arms to receive this beauteous damsel, who, crouching, and holding her breath, groped her way with her hands before her. Whilst she thus crept along, feeling for her lover, she encountered Don Quixote's arms, who caught fast hold of her by the wrist, and pulling her towards him, she not daring to speak a word, made her sit down on the bed by him.<sup>4</sup> On touching her smock, though of canvas, it seemed to him to be of the finest and softest lawn: the string of glass beads on her wrist, was, to his fancy, precious oriental pearls; her hair, which was not unlike that of a horse's mane, he took for threads of the brightest gold of Arabia, the splendour of which obscures that of the sun itself; and though her breath, doubtless, smelled of her supper of stale salt-fish, he imagined himself imbibing a delicious and aromatic odour from her lips. In short, he painted her in his imagination in the very form and manner of some princess, described in his books, who comes, similarly embellished, to visit the dangerously

wounded knight, with whom she is in love. And so great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things the good wench had about her, could undeceive him, though enough to make any one, but a carrier, vomit. Yet he imagined he folded in his arms the goddess of beauty ; and clasping her fast, in an amorous and low voice, he said, " O ! that I were in a condition, beautiful and high-born lady, to be able to return so transcendant a favour, as that you have bestowed upon me by the presence of your exalted beauty ; but fortune, never weary of persecuting the good, is pleased to lay me on this bed, in a state so bruised and disabled, that, though I were ever so much inclined to gratify your desires, it would be impossible. And to this is added another still greater impossibility, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts. Had not these obstacles interposed, I should not have proved so dull a knight, as to let slip the happy opportunity your great goodness has put into my hands."

Maritornes was in the utmost pain, and in a violent sweat, to find herself held so fast by Don Quixote ; and not hearing or heeding what he said to her, she struggled, without speaking a word, to get free from his grasp. The honest carrier, whose loose desires kept him awake, had heard his doxy from the first moment she entered the door, and listened attentively

to all that Don Quixote said ; and, jealous that she had broken her word with him for another, he drew nearer and nearer to Don Quixote's bed, and stood still, to discover what would be the end of those speeches which he did not understand. But, finding that the wench strove to get from him, and that Don Quixote strove to detain her, not liking the jest, he lifted up his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the lantern jaws of the enamoured knight, that he bathed his mouth in blood ; and, not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced over his carcase, somewhat above a trot, from head to foot. The bed, which was a little crazy, and its foundation none of the strongest, being unable to bear this additional weight, came to the ground with so tremendous a crash, that it waked the innkeeper, who, calling to Maritornes and receiving no answer, had no doubt that it was some prank of hers.

With this suspicion he got up ; and, lighting a candle, went toward the place where he had heard the bustle. The wench, perceiving her master coming, and knowing him to be terribly passionate, betook herself, all trembling and confounded, to Sancho Panza's bed, who was now asleep ; and creeping in, she lay close to him, and as round as an egg. The innkeeper entering, called out, " Where are you, strumpet ? these are certainly some of your delightful doings." Sancho now awaked, and perceiving such a bulk lying as it were a-top of him,

fancied he was labouring under the night-mare, and beginning to lay about him on every side, it chanced that not a few of his fisty-cuffs reached Maritornes, who, provoked by the smart, and laying all modesty aside, made Sancho such a return in kind, that she quite roused him from sleep, in spite of his drowsiness. Finding himself handled in this manner, without knowing by whom, the squire raised himself up as well as he could, and grappled with Maritornes; and there began between these two the toughest and pleasantest skirmish in the world. The carrier, perceiving, by the light of the host's candle, how it fared with his mistress, quitted Don Quixote, and ran to give her the necessary assistance. The landlord did the same, but with a different intention; for his was to chastise the wench, concluding, that she was the sole occasion of all this harmony. And so, as the proverb goes, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, and the rope to the gallows: the carrier belaboured Sancho, Sancho the wench, the wench him, the inn-keeper the wench; and all so industriously, that they gave themselves not a minute's pause: but the best of it was, the landlord's candle went out; and the combatants, being left in the dark, threshed one another so unmercifully, that, let the hand light where it would, it left nothing sound.<sup>5</sup>

There lodged by chance that night in the inn an officer, belonging to those called the holy brotherhood of Toledo;<sup>6</sup> who, likewise hearing the strange noise



occasioned by the scuffle, seized his staff, and the tin box which held his commission, and entered the room in the dark, crying out, "Forbear, in the name of justice: in the name of the holy brotherhood, forbear." The first he lighted on was the battered Don Quixote, who lay on his demolished bed, stretched upon his back, and quite senseless; and taking hold of his beard as he was groping about, he cried out incessantly, "I charge you to aid and assist me:" but finding that the person he addressed neither spoke nor moved, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people in the room were his murderers; and with this suspicion he raised his voice still louder, crying, "Shut the inn-door, see that nobody escapes; for here is a man murdered." This exclamation astonished them all, and the very moment the voice reached them the conflict was at an end. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pannels, the wench to her straw; the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho alone were unable to stir from the place they were in. The officer now let go Don Quixote's beard, and went to get a light, to search after and apprehend the delinquents; but he found none; for the innkeeper had purposely extinguished the lamp, when he stole to his chamber; and the officer was forced to have recourse to the chimney, where, after much pains and time, he lighted another lamp.

## CHAP. III.

*Wherein are continued the numberless hardships which the brave Don Quixote, and his good squire, Sancho Panza, underwent in the inn, which he unhappily took for a castle.*

By this time Don Quixote was come to himself, and with the very same tone of voice with which, the day before, he had called to his squire, when he lay stretched along in the valley of pack-staves, he began to call him now, saying, "Sancho, friend, sleepest thou? sleepest thou, friend Sancho?" "How should I sleep? woe is me!" answered Sancho, full of trouble and vexation; "I cannot but think all the devils in hell have been in my company to-night." "Thou mayest very well believe so," answered Don Quixote; "for either I know little, or this castle is enchanted. Let me tell thee, Sancho,—but what I am going to tell, thou must swear to keep secret until after my death." "I swear," answered Sancho. "I require it," replied Don Quixote, "because I am an enemy to the taking away any one's reputation." "Well, I do swear," said Sancho again, "that I will keep it secret until after your decease, and God grant I may disclose it to-morrow." "Have I done thee so many ill turns, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that thou wouldst willingly see me dead so very soon?"

“ It is not for that,” answered Sancho ; “ but I am an enemy to keeping things long, and I would not have them rot with keeping.” “ Be it for what it will,” said Don Quixote ; “ I trust this matter to thy love and fidelity ; and therefore inform thee, that this night there has befallen me one of the strangest adventures imaginable ; and, to tell it thee in few words, know, that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most accomplished and beautiful damsel that is to be found in a great portion of the habitable earth. What could I not tell thee of the gracefulness of her person ? of the sprightliness of her wit ? what of other hidden charms, which, to preserve the fealty I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I will pass over untouched and in silence ? and shall only say, that heaven envying so great happiness as fortune had put into my hands, or, which is more probable, this castle, as I said before, being enchanted, there came, at the time that she and I were engaged in the sweetest and most amorous conversation, an unseen hand, fastened to the arm of some monstrous giant, and gave me such a douse on the chaps, that my face was all bathed in blood ; and it afterwards pounded me in such sort, that I am in a worse case than yesterday, when the carriers, for Rozinante’s frolic, did us such mischief. Whence I conjecture, that the treasure of this damsel’s beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and is not destined for my possession.”<sup>1</sup>

“Nor mine either,” answered Sancho; “for more than four hundred Moors have cudgelled me in such a manner, that the basting of the pack-staves was tarts and cheesecakes to it. But pray, your worship, is this what you call an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? though it was not quite so bad with your worship, who had in your arms that incomparable beauty. But I, what had I, besides the heaviest blows that, I hope, I shall ever feel as long as I live? Wo is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one; and yet, of all the misadventures, the greater part still falls to my share?” “What! hast thou been pounded too?” answered Don Quixote. “Have I not been telling you so all this time? Evil befall my lineage!” quoth Sancho. “Be in no pain, friend,” said Don Quixote; “for I will now make the precious balsam, with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye.” By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and entered to examine the person he thought was killed; and Sancho, seeing him come in, and perceiving him to be in his shirt, with a night-cap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and of an ill-favoured countenance, he demanded of his master, “Pray, sir, is this the enchanted Moor, coming to finish the correction he has bestowed upon us?”<sup>2</sup> “It cannot be the Moor,” answered Don Quixote; “for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be seen by any body.” “If they

will not be seen, they make no bones of letting themselves be felt," said Sancho; "witness my shoulders." "Mine might speak too," answered Don Quixote; "but this is not sufficient evidence to convince us, that the person we now see is the enchanted Moor."

The officer finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in suspense. It is true, indeed, Don Quixote still lay flat on his back, without being able to stir, through mere pounding and plastering. The officer approached him and said, "Well, my good fellow, how dost do?" "I would speak more respectfully," answered Don Quixote, "were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country to address knights-errant in this manner, blockhead?" The officer, finding himself lectured by one of so scurvy an appearance, could not bear it; and, lifting up the brass-lamp, gave it Don Quixote over the pate, oil and all, in such sort, that he broke his head; and, availing himself of the darkness, ran instantly out of the room. "Most indubitably, sir," quoth Sancho Panza, "this is the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and only poundings and lamp-knocks for us." "It is even so," answered Don Quixote; "and in this business of enchantments it will be to no purpose to murmur, or to be out of humour with them; for, as the workers are invisible and fantastical only, we shall find nothing to be revenged on, do what we will. So get thee up, Sancho, if thou canst, and call the governor of the fortress; and

take care to get me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam ; which, in truth, I want very much at this time ; for the wound this phantom has given me bleeds very fast."

Sancho got up, with intolerable aching bones, and went in the dark towards the landlord's chamber ; and in the way meeting with the officer, who was listening to discover the movements of the enemy, he said to him, " Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine ; which are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies in yon bed, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor that is in this inn." The officer hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his senses ; but the day beginning to dawn, he opened the inn-door, and calling the host, told him what the honest man wanted. The innkeeper furnished the articles, and Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain of the lamp-knock, which had done him no other injury than raising a couple of tolerably large tumors on his pate ; what he supposed to be blood being merely a profuse perspiration, occasioned by the anguish of the past storm. In fine, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them until he thought them sufficiently concocted. He then asked for a vial to put it in ; and there being no such thing in the inn, he had re-

course to a cruise, or oil-flask of tin, of which the host made him a present, and immediately he muttered over it about fourscore Pater-nosters, and as many Ave-maries, Salves, and Credos, accompanying every word with a cross by way of benediction ; at all which were present, Sancho, the innkeeper, and the officer ; as for the carrier, he was gone soberly about the business of tending his mules.

The affair of this precious balm being finished, he resolved to make trial of the virtue he imagined it to possess ; and drank off about a pint and a half of what the cruise could not contain, which remained in the vessel in which it had been infused and boiled ; but scarcely had he done drinking, when he began to vomit so violently, that nothing was left in his stomach ; and, through the convulsive retchings and agitation, falling into a copious sweat, he requested he might be covered up warm, and left alone. This was done, and he continued fast asleep for more than three hours, and found himself, when he awoke, greatly relieved in his body, and so much recovered of his bruises, that he thought himself as good as cured. He accordingly implicitly believed that he had hit on the true balsam of Fierabras, and that, with this remedy, he might thenceforward encounter, without fear, any dangers, battles, and conflicts, that might present themselves, however perilous.

Sancho Panza, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him

what remained in the pipkin, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote granting his request, he took it in both hands, and, with a good faith and better will, tossed it down into his stomach, swilling very little less than his master had done. Now the case was, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so nice and squeamish as his master's; and therefore, before he could throw it up, it gave him such pangs and loathings, with such cold sweats and faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was arrived; and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he cursed the balsam, and the thief that had given it him. Don Quixote, seeing him in this piteous condition, said to him, "I believe, Sancho, all this mischief has befallen thee, solely because thou art not dubbed a knight; for I am of opinion, this liquor can do no good but to those who have received that honour." "If your worship knew that," replied Sancho, "evil betide me and all my generation! why did you suffer me to drink it?" By this time the drench operated effectually, and the poor squire began to discharge at both ends with so much precipitation, that the flag mat upon which he lay, and the blanket in which he wrapped himself, were never after fit for use. He sweated and sweated again, with such faintings and fits, that not only himself, but every body else, thought he was expiring. This hurricane and evacuation lasted him nearly two hours; at the end of which he did not find himself whole, like as his master, but so



shattered and broken, that he was unable to stand. Don Quixote, relieved and renovated, as we observed before, was eager to depart in quest of adventures, believing that all the time he loitered at the inn he was depriving the world, and the distressed in it, of his aid and protection ; and the rather, through the security and confidence he placed in the balsam ; and, hurried away by this strong desire, he saddled Rozinante with his own hands, and pannelled the beast of his squire, whom he also helped to dress, and to mount. He then bestrode his own steed, and seeing a pitchfork in a corner of the inn-yard, he took possession of it to serve him for a lance. All the people in the inn, upwards of twenty in number, stood gazing at him ; and among the rest the host's daughter ; and he on his part removed not his eyes from her, and now and then sent forth a sigh, which he seemed to heave up from the very bottom of his bowels ; which the lookers on imagined to proceed from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those who the night before had seen how he was plastered.

Being now both mounted, and at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and, with a solemn and grave voice, said to him, " Many and great are the favours, sir governor, which in this your castle I have received at your hands, and I remain under infinite obligations to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return, by avenging you on any miscreant, who has done you outrage, know

that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to redress the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find any thing of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's content." The host answered with corresponding gravity, "Sir knight, I have no need of your worship's avenging any wrong for me; I know how to take the proper revenge myself, when any injury is done me: I only desire your worship to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for your supper and lodging." "What, then, is this an inn?" replied Don Quixote. "Yes, and a very creditable one, too," answered the host. "Hitherto then I have been in an error," answered Don Quixote; "for in truth I took it for a castle, and none of the meanest either: but since it is so, that it is no castle, but an inn, all that can now be done, is, that you excuse the payment; for I can in no wise act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know, having hitherto read nothing to the contrary, that they never paid for lodging, or any thing else, in any inn or house whatsoever; and that, of right and good reason, every possible accommodation being due to them, in recompense of the insufferable hardships they endure in quest of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in

summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold, subject to all the inclemencies of heaven, and to all the inconveniences upon earth." "I see little to my purpose in all this," answered the host; "pay me what is my due, and let us have none of your stories and knight-errantries; for I make no account of any thing, but how to come by my own." "Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful host," answered Don Quixote; and clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his lance, he sallied forth, without any body's opposing him, and was a good way off before he looked to see whether his squire followed him.

The host, seeing him depart, without paying him, ran to seize on Sancho Panza, who said, that, since his master would not pay, neither would he; for being squire to a knight-errant, as he was, the same rule and reason held as good for him, as for his master, not to pay any thing in public-houses and inns. The host grew testy at this, and threatened, if he did not pay him, he would indemnify himself in a way he might little like. Sancho swore by the order of chivalry, which his master had received, that he would not pay a farthing, though it should cost him his life; for the laudable and ancient usage of knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future knights have reason to complain of his conduct, or reproach him for the breach of so just a right.

As poor Sancho's ill luck would have it, there were

among the company, who lodged that night at the inn, four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needle-makers of the horse-fountain of Cordova,<sup>4</sup> and two butchers of Seville, all arch, merry, and frolicsome fellows, who, instigated and moved, as it were, by one and the self same spirit, came up to the squire, and, dismounting him from the ass, dragged him back into the inn. Then one of them fetching a blanket from the landlord's bed, they put him into it, but on looking up, deeming the roof too low for their work, they determined to go out into the yard, which was bounded only by the sky. There, placed again in the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and to divert themselves with him, as with a dog at Shrovetide. The cries which the poor vaulted squire sent forth were so many, and so loud, that they reached the ears of his master ; who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he plainly recognised in the shrieks, the voice of his squire ; and turning the reins, with a constrained gallop, he came up to the gate of the inn ; and finding it shut, rode round to gain, if he could, an entrance. But he had scarcely reached the wall of the yard, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked sport that was going on, and saw his squire ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility, that if his choler would have suffered him, I am of opinion he would have laughed.<sup>5</sup> He endeavoured to get from his horse upon the pales ; but he was so bruised

and battered, that he could not so much as alight; and therefore from on horseback began to utter so many reproaches and revilings against those who were tossing Sancho, that it is impossible to put them down in writing. This, however, neither interrupted their mirth nor their labour; nor did the flying Sancho cease to pour forth his lamentations, mixed sometimes with menaces, sometimes with entreaties; yet all availed little, nor would any thing have availed, if at last the vaulters had not left off from pure weariness. They then brought him his ass, and, wrapping him in his loose coat, mounted him on it. The compassionate Maritornes, seeing him in so harassed a plight, bethought of helping him to a jug of water, which she fetched from the well, that it might be the cooler. Sancho took it, but, as he was lifting it to his mouth, stopped at his master's voice, who, calling to him aloud, said, "Son Sancho, drink not water; do not drink, child, it will occasion thy death; see here, I hold the most holy balsam (shewing him the cruise), two drops of which will make thee whole and sound again." At these words, Sancho eyed him as it were askew, and said with a still louder voice; "Perhaps, your worship has forgotten that I am no knight, or you would have me vomit up what remains of my guts, after last night's work. Keep your liquor, in the devil's name, and let me alone." Between his ceasing to speak, and beginning to drink, there was no pause;

but at the first sip, finding what the jug contained was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed Maritornes to bring him some wine; which she did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money; for they say of her, that, though she was in that station, she had some shadows and faint outlines of a christian. As soon as Sancho had done drinking, he applied his heels to Dapple; and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, mightily satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expense of his accustomed surety, his carcass. The landlord, indeed, was in possession of his wallets for payment of what was due to him; but Sancho never missed them, in the hurry of his retreat. The innkeeper, as soon as he saw him out, would have fastened the door well after him, but the blanketeers would not consent, being persons of that sort, that though Don Quixote had really been one of the knights of the round table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

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#### CHAP. IV.

*In which is rehearsed the discourse which Sancho Panza held with his master Don Quixote; with other adventures worth relating.*

SANCHO came up to his master, pale, and dispirited to that degree, that he was not able to spur

on his ass. Don Quixote, perceiving his condition, said, "I am now convinced, honest Sancho, that that castle, or inn, is enchanted; for what could they be who so cruelly sported themselves with thee, but hobgoblins, and people of the other world? and I am confirmed in this by having found, that, when I stood at the paling of the yard, beholding the acts of thy sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over, nor so much as alight from Rozinante; so that they must certainly have held me enchanted: for I swear, by the faith of what I am, that, if I could have got over, or alighted, I would have avenged thee in such a manner, as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, though I knew I had transgressed thereby the laws of chivalry: for as I have often told thee, a knight is not allowed to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not a knight, unless it be in defence of his own life and limbs, or in case of urgent and extreme necessity." "And I too," quoth Sancho, "would have revenged myself if I had been able, dubbed or not dubbed; but I was not: though I am of opinion, that they who diverted themselves at my expense were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name: one was called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez; and the landlord's name is John Palomeque the left-handed: so that, sir, as to your not being able to leap

over the pales, nor alight from your horse, the fault lay in something else, and not in enchantment. And what I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of will, in the long run, bring us into so many disventures, that we shall not know which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be, to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our business, and not run rambling from Ceca to Mecca,<sup>1</sup> leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"How little dost thou know, Sancho, as I have often told thee," answered Don Quixote, "what belongs to chivalry! Hold thy tongue, and have patience; the day will come, when thine eyes shall witness how honourable a thing it is to follow this profession; for tell me, what greater satisfaction can there be in the world, or what pleasure can equal that of winning a battle, and triumphing over an enemy? None, without doubt." "It may be so," answered Sancho, "though I do not know it: but this I know, that, since we have been knights-errant, or rather, since you have been, for there is no reason I should reckon myself in that honourable number, we have never won any battle except that of the Biscayner; and even there you came off with the loss of half an ear, and half a helmet; and, from that day to this, we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, besides my blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on



whom I cannot revenge myself, so as to know how far the pleasure reaches of overcoming an enemy, as your worship is pleased to say." "That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword made by such art, that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it. And perhaps fortune may procure me that of Amadis, when he called himself Knight of the burning Sword, which was one of the best weapons that knight ever unsheathed; for, beside the virtue I have mentioned, it cut like a razor, and no armour, though ever so strong, or ever so much enchanted, could stand against it." "I am so devilish fortunate," quoth Sancho, "that, though this were so, and you should find such a sword, it would be of service and use only to those who are dubbed knights, like the balsam; as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow." "Fear not that, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "heaven will deal more kindly by thee."

Don Quixote and his squire went on thus conferring together, when the knight perceived in the road in which they were travelling, a large and thick cloud of dust rolling towards them; and turning to Sancho, he said, "This is the day, O Sancho, in which thou wilt witness the good which fortune has in store for me. This is the day, in which will be evinced, as much as in any, the strength of my arm; in which I shall perform such exploits, as shall re.

main written in the book of fame, to all succeeding ages. Seest thou yon cloud of dust, Sancho? it is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on their march this way." "By this account there must be two armies," said Sancho; "for on this opposite side rises just such another cloud." Don Quixote turned to view it, and seeing it was so, rejoiced exceedingly, not doubting they were two armies coming to engage in that spacious plain: for every hour and every minute of the day, was his imagination full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, challenges, which he found in the books of chivalry; and whatever he thought, said, or did, had a tendency that way. The cloud of dust he now saw was raised by two flocks of sheep, going the same road from different parts, but being involved in these clouds of their own making, were not perceptible until they came nearer. Don Quixote, however, affirmed with so much positiveness, that they were armies, that Sancho began to believe it, and said, "Sir, what then must we do?" "What," replied Don Quixote, "but favour and assist the weaker side? Thou must know, Sancho, that the army which marches towards us in front, is led and commanded by the mighty emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana; and this other which marches behind us, that of his enemy, the king of the Garamantes, known by the name of Pentapolin of the naked arm, because he always

enters into battle with his right arm bare."<sup>2</sup> "But why do these two princes hate one another so?" demanded Sancho. "They hate one another," answered Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and a christian; and her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn christian." "By my beard," said Sancho, "Pentapolin is a right honest fellow; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power."<sup>3</sup> "In so doing, thou wilt do thy duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for, to engage in such fights, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight." "I easily comprehend that," answered Sancho: "but where shall we dispose of Dapple, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon such a kind of beast." "Thou art in the right," said Don Quixote; "and the best way will be, to let him take his chance, whether he be lost or not; for we shall have such choice of horses after the victory, that Rozinante himself will run a risk of being trucked for another. But listen with attention, whilst I give thee an account of the principal knights of the two armies. And, that thou mayest observe and remark them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from which both armies may be

distinctly seen." They did so, and stationed themselves upon a hillock, whence they might have discerned the two flocks, which Don Quixote took for two armies, easily, had not the clouds of dust which they raised still obstructed and blinded the sight; but, for all that, seeing in his imagination what he could no otherwise see, because it did not exist, he began with a loud voice to say—

“The knight thou seest with the gilded armour, who bears in his shield a lion crowned couchant at a damsel’s feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, lord of the silver-bridge; the other, with the armour flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent, in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, grand duke of Quiracia; the third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, lord of the three Arabias; he is armed with a serpent’s skin, and bears, instead of a shield, a gate, which, fame says, is one of those belonging to the temple which Samson pulled down, when with his death he avenged himself upon his enemies. But turn thine eyes, and behold in the front of this other army, the ever-victorious and never-vanquished Timonel de Carcajona, prince of New Biscay, who comes clad in armour quartered, azure, vert, argent, and or, bearing in his shield a cat or, in a field gules, with a scroll inscribed MIAU, being the beginning of his mistress’s name, who, it is reported, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter to Alphenniquen duke of

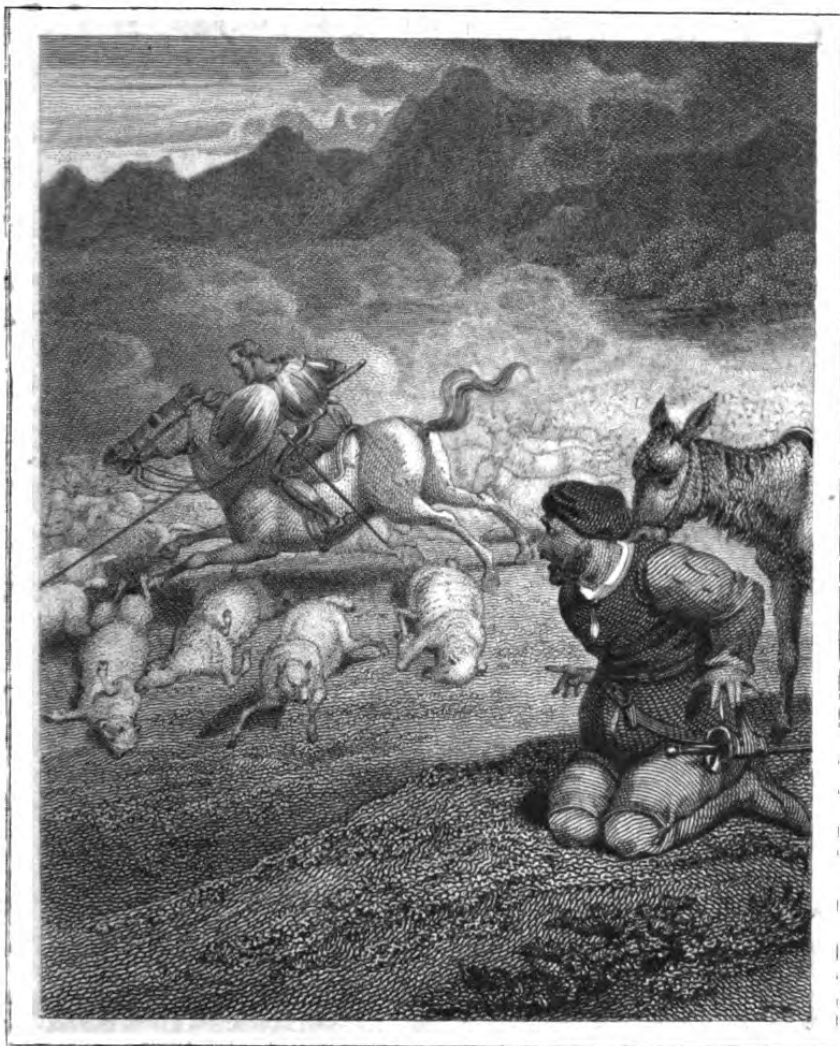
Algarve. That other, who burdens and oppresses the back of yon sprightly steed, whose armour is as white as snow, and his shield white, without any device, is a new knight, by birth a Frenchman, called Peter Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique. The next, striking his armed heels into the flanks of that fleet pybald courser, his armour of pure azure, is the powerful duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo of the wood, whose device is an asparagus-bed, with this motto in Castilian,<sup>5</sup> *Rastrea mi suerte*, ‘ Thus drags my fortune.’ ”

In this manner did he particularise and name sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, giving to each arms, colours, devices, and mottos, *ex tempore*, carried on by the strength of his imagination and unaccountable madness; which allowing him no pause, he went on thus:—“ That body fronting us is formed and composed of people of different nations;<sup>6</sup> those who drink the sweet waters of the celebrated Xanthus; the mountaineers, who tread the Massilian fields; those who sift the purest golden ore of Arabia Fælix; those who dwell along the famous and refreshing banks of the clear Thermodon; those who drain by sundry and divers ways, the yellow veins of Pactolus; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promises; the Persians, distinguished for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Arabians, perpetually shifting their habitations; the Scythians, as cruel as fair; the broad-

lipped Ethiopians ; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron march those, who drink the crystal streams of the olive-bearing Betis ; those who brighten and polish their faces with the limpid wave of the ever-rich and golden Tagus ; those who enjoy the profitable waters of the divine Genil ; those who tread the Tartesian fields, abounding in pasture ; those who recreate themselves in the Elysian meads of Xereza ; the rich Manchegans, crowned with yellow ears of corn ; those clad in iron, the antique remains of the Gothic race ; those who bathe themselves in Pisuerga, famous for the gentleness of its current ; those who feed their flocks on the spacious pastures of the winding Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden source ; those who shiver on the cold brow of shady Pyreneus, and the snowy tops of lofty Apeninus ; in a word, all that Europe contains and includes."

Good God ! how many provinces did he name ! how many nations did he enumerate ! giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes, wholly absorbed and wrapped up in what he had read in his lying books. Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word ; but now and then he turned his head, to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named. But perceiving none, he said, " Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have

named, appears any where ; at least I do not see them ; perhaps all may be enchantment, like last night's goblins." " How sayest thou, Sancho ?" answered Don Quixote. " Dost thou not hear the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and rattling of the drums ?" " I hear nothing," answered Sancho, " but the bleating of sheep and lambs ;" and so it was, for now the two flocks were very near them. " Thy fear, Sancho," said Don Quixote, " prevents thee from both seeing and hearing aright ; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, making things appear otherwise than they are ; and if thou art so much afraid, get thee to a distance, and leave me alone, for I am able, with my single arm, to give the victory to that side I shall favour with my assistance." And saying this, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, set his lance in its rest, and darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him, " Hold, signor Don Quixote, come back ; as God shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter ; pray come back ; wo to the father that begot me ! what distraction is this ? Look, there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor whole, nor true azures nor bedevilled : sinner that I am ! what is it you do ?" For all this, Don Quixote turned not, but still went on, crying aloud, " Ho ! knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant emperor Pentapolin of the naked arm, follow me all,



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## DON QUIXOTE.

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and you shall see with how much ease I will revenge him on his enemy, Alifanfaron of Taprobana." And, saying this, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance, as courageously and intrepidly, as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal foes. The shepherds and herdsmen who accompanied the flocks, called out to him to desist; but seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to salute his ears with stones, the least as big as a man's fist. But he, regardless of their missiles, galloped about the field, crying "Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? present thyself before me; I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life, for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta." At that instant a large stone struck him such a blow on the side, that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. So rude was the shock, that he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded; and remembering his liquor, he pulled out his cruise, and, setting it to his mouth, began slowly to pour it down his throat; but, before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of those almonds, and hit him so full on the hand, and on the cruise, that it dashed it to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. This following so quickly upon the first blow, the effect was such, that the poor knight tumbled from his

horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him; they, therefore, in all haste, collected their flock together, and taking up their dead, which were above seven, marched off without farther inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagancies, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds gone, he descended from the hillock, and running to him, found him in a very lamentable plight, though he had not quite lost the use of his senses. "Did I not desire you, signor Don Quixote," said he, "to come back, telling you those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?" "How strangely," replied the knight, "can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, change the appearance of things! Thou must know, Sancho, that it is very easy for such personages to make us seem what they please; and this miscreant, who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was likely to acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive thyself, and ascertain the truth of what I tell thee: mount thy ass, and follow them fair and softly, and thou wilt find, that, when they are a little farther off, they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and

tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now, for I want thy service and assistance. Come hither, and see how many grinders I have lost, for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head." Sancho came so close to him, that he almost thrust his eyes-into his mouth; and it being precisely at the time the balsam began to work in Don Quixote's stomach, the knight discharged the contents, with as much violence as if it had been shot out of a demiculverin, directly in the face and beard of the compassionate squire. "Blessed Virgin!" quoth Sancho, "what has befallen me? without doubt this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood." But reflecting a little, he found by the colour, savour, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam of the cruise he had seen him drink; and so great was the loathing he felt thereat, that his stomach turned, and he cast up his very entrails upon his master, so that they both remained in the same precious pickle. Sancho ran to his ass to take something out of his wallets, by which to cleanse both himself and his master; but, not finding them, he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself afresh, and purposed in his mind to leave his master and return home, though he should lose his wages for the time past, and his hopes of the government of the promised island.

At this juncture Don Quixote got up, and, placing his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder

of his teeth from falling out, with the other he took hold of Rozinante's bridle, who, like a faithful and affectionate servant, had not stirred from his master's side, and went where his squire stood leaning his breast on his ass, and his cheek on his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, seeing him in that guise, with the appearance of so much sadness, said, "Know, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, unless he can do more than another. All these storms that fall upon us, are signs that the weather will clear up, and things will go smoothly: for it is impossible that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows, that, the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. Do not therefore afflict thyself at the mischances that befall me, since thou hast no share in them." "How! no share in them!" answered Sancho, "peradventure he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son; and the wallets I miss to-day, with all my moveables, are somebody's else?" "What! are the wallets missing? Sancho," quoth Don Quixote. "Yes, truly are they," answered Sancho. "Then we have nothing to eat to-day," replied Don Quixote. "It would be so," answered Sancho, "if the fields did not furnish those herbs, you speak of, with which such unlucky knights-errant as your worship are wont to supply such losses." "For all that," answered Don Quixote, "at this time I would rather have a slice of bread,

and a couple of heads of salt pilchards, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Dr. Laguna himself. But, good Sancho, get upon thy ass and follow me; for God, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and the rather seeing we are so employed in his service, since he does not fail the gnats of the air, the wormlings of the earth, nor the froglings of the water; and so merciful is he, that he makes his sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causes rain to fall upon the just and the unjust." "Your worship," said Sancho, "would make a better preacher than knight-errant." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "the knights-errant ever did and must know something of every thing; and there have been those in times past, who would make sermons or harangues on the king's highway, with as good a grace as if they had taken their degrees in the university of Paris; whence we may infer, that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance." "Well! let it be as your worship says," answered Sancho, "but let us be gone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night; and pray God it may be where there are neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors: for if there should be, the devil take both the flock and the fold."

"Child," said Don Quixote, "do thou pray to God, and conduct me whither thou wilt; for this time I leave it to thy choice where to lodge us: but

reach hither thy hand, and feel with thy finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw, for there it is I feel the pain." Sancho put his fingers into the knight's mouth, and, feeling about, said, "How many did your worship use to have on this side?" "Four," answered Don Quixote, "beside the eye-tooth, all whole and sound." "Take care what you say, sir," answered Sancho. "I say four, if not five," replied Don Quixote, "for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay." "Well then," said Sancho, "on this lower side your worship has but two grinders and a half, and in the upper neither half nor whole: all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand." "Unfortunate that I am!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire told him: "I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm; for, Sancho, thou must know, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone; and a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But to all this are we subject who profess the strict order of chivalry. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt." Sancho did so, and went towards the place where he thought to find accommodation, without quitting the high road, which was in that quarter very much frequented. As they jogged on, fair and softly, for the pain of Don Quixote's jaws gave him no ease, nor inclination to make haste, Sancho had a

mind to amuse and divert him by talking to him, and said, among other things, what will be found in the next chapter.

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CHAP. V.

*Of the sage discourse that passed between Sancho and his master, and the succeeding adventure of the dead body ; with other famous occurrences.*

“ IT is my opinion, good master of mine, that all the disventures which have befallen us of late, are doubtless in punishment of the sin committed by your worship against your own order of knighthood, in neglecting to perform the oath you took, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen, with all the rest which you swore to accomplish, until you had taken away that helmet of Malandrino, or how do you call the Moor? for I do not well remember.” “ Sancho, thou art in the right,” said Don Quixote; “ but, to tell thee the truth, it had wholly escaped my memory; and thou mayest depend upon it, the affair of the blanket happened to thee for the fault thou wert guilty of in not putting me sooner in mind of it: but I will make amends; for in the order of chivalry there are ways



of compounding for every thing." "Why, did I swear any thing?" answered Sancho. "That thou didst not swear, is of no importance," said Don Quixote: "it is enough that I know, thou art not free from the guilt of an accessory; and, at all events, it will not be amiss to provide ourselves a remedy." "If it be so," said Sancho, "see, sir, you do not forget this too, as you did the oath: perhaps the goblins may again take a fancy to divert themselves with me, and perhaps with your worship, if they find you so obstinate."

While they were thus discoursing, night overtook them in the middle of the highway, without their having lighted on, or discovered any place of reception: and the worst of it was, they were perishing with hunger; for, with the loss of the wallets they had lost their whole larder of provisions; and, as if to crown their misfortune, an adventure befel them, which, without any forced construction, had really the face of one. It happened thus: The night shut in rather dark; notwithstanding which, they travelled on, Sancho believing, that, as they were in the king's highway, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two. Thus proceeding, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good appetite, they saw, advancing towards them, on the same road, a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars. Sancho stood aghast at the sight, and Don Quixote could

not well tell what to make of them. The one checked his ass by the halter, and the other his horse by the bridle, stopping to view attentively what it might be. They perceived that the lights were drawing toward them, and that the nearer they came the larger they appeared. Sancho trembled as if he had been quicksilver; and Don Quixote's hair bristled upon his head; but recovering a little, he said to Sancho, "This must be a prodigious and most perilous adventure, wherein it will be necessary for me to exert my whole might and valour." "Wo is me!" answered Sancho; "should it prove to be an adventure of goblins, as it seems to be, where shall I find ribs to endure?" "Goblins or not goblins," said Don Quixote, "I will not suffer them to touch a thread of thy garment: for, if they sported with thee before, it was because I could not get over the pales: but we are now upon even ground, where I can brandish my sword at pleasure." "But, if they should enchant and benumb your worship, as they did in the morning," quoth Sancho, "what matters it whether we are in the open field, or not?" "For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I beseech thee, Sancho, to be of good courage; for experience will soon show thee how much of that virtue I am master of." "I will, and it please God," answered Sancho; and, turning a little out of the highway, they gazed again attentively, to discover what the walking lights might be; and presently perceived a

great number of persons in white.<sup>1</sup> This dreadful apparition entirely sunk the courage of Sancho Panza, whose teeth began to chatter, as if he were in a quartan ague; and his trembling and chattering increased, when he saw the vision more distinctly: for first and foremost came about twenty persons in white robes, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands: behind them was a litter covered with black, which was followed by six persons in deep mourning; and the mules they rode on were covered likewise with black down to their heels; for it was easily seen they were not horses by the slowness of their pace. The persons in white came muttering to themselves in a low and plaintive tone.

This strange vision, at such an hour, and in a place so uninhabited, might very well strike terror into Sancho's heart, and even into that of his master; and so, had he been any other than Don Quixote, it would have done. As for Sancho, his whole stock of courage was already exhausted. But it was quite otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination instantly represented to him, that this must be one of the adventures of his books. To the eye of his disordered fancy, the litter was a bier, on which was carried some knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him alone: and, without canvassing the matter further, he couched his spear, fixed himself in his seat, and, with gallant deportment, advanced into the middle of the road, by which

the men in white must of necessity pass ; and when he saw them sufficiently near, he raised his voice, and said, " Halt, knights, whoever you are, and give me an account, to whom you belong, whence you come, whither you are going, and what it is you carry upon that bier ? for, in all appearance, either you have done some injury to others, or others have injured you ; and it is expedient and necessary that I be informed of it, either to chastise you for the evil you have done, or to avenge your wrong, if wrong you have sustained." " We are in haste," answered one of those in white ; " the inn to which we are going is a great way off ; and we cannot stay to give so long an account as you require : " and spurring his mule he pressed forward. Don Quixote, highly incensed at this answer, laid hold of his bridle, and said, " Stand, and with more civility give me an account of what I have asked ; or I challenge you all to battle." The mule was shy, and started to such a degree at his touching the bridle, that, rearing on her hind-legs, she fell backward to the ground with her rider under her. A servant on foot, seeing his master fall, began to revile Don Quixote ; whose choler being already stirred, he couched his spear, and, without longer stay, attacking one of the mourners, laid him on the ground grievously wounded ; then turning to the rest, it was surprising to see with what agility he attacked and defeated them ; and as to Rozinante, one might have thought wings had suddenly sprung from his

back, so nimbly and proudly did he bestir himself. All those in white, who were timorous and unarmed people, presently quitted the fray, and scampered over the field, with the lighted torches in their hands, looking like so many masqueraders on a festival or a carnival night. The mourners were so wrapped up and muffled in their long robes, that they could not stir: so that Don Quixote, with entire safety to himself, drubbed them all, and, sorely against their wills, obliged them to quit the field: for they thought him no man, but the devil from hell broke loose upon them, to carry away the dead body which they bore in the litter.<sup>2</sup>

All this Sancho beheld, with admiration at his master's intrepidity, and said to himself, "Without doubt this master of mine is as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be." On the ground, just by the first man whom the knight had overthrown, lay a burning torch, by the light of which Don Quixote espying this prostrate enemy, rode up to him, and, setting the point of his spear to his throat, commanded him to surrender, or he would put him to death: to which the fallen man answered, "I am more than enough surrendered already; for I cannot stir, having one of my legs broken. I beseech you, sir, if you are a christian gentleman, do not kill me: you would commit a great sacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken the lesser orders." "Who the devil then," said Don Quixote, "brought you

hither, being an ecclesiastic?" "Who, sir?" replied he that was down, "my misfortune." "A greater yet threatens you," said Don Quixote, "if you do not satisfy me in the inquiries I first made." "Your worship shall soon be satisfied," answered the licentiate; "and therefore you must know, sir, that, though I told you before I was a licentiate, I am indeed only a bachelor of arts, and my name is Alonzo Lopez. I am a native of Alcovendas: I came from the city of Baeza, with eleven more ecclesiastics, the same who fled with the torches; we are accompanying a corpse in that litter to the city of Segovia: it is that of a gentleman, who died in Baeza, where he was deposited till now, as I was saying, that we are carrying his bones to his burying-place in Segovia, where he was born." "And who killed him?" demanded Don Quixote. "God," replied the bachelor, "by means of a pestilential fever he sent him." "Then," said Don Quixote, "our Lord has saved me the labour of revenging his death, as I would have done, if he had been slain by any one else: but, since he fell by the hand of Heaven, there is no more to be done, but to be silent, and shrug up our shoulders; for just the same must I have done, had it been pleased to have slain me: and I desire your reverence would take notice, that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote by name, and that it is my office and exercise to go through the world, righting wrongs, and redressing grievances." "I do not un-

derstand your way of righting wrongs," said the bachelor: "for from right you have set me wrong, having broken my leg, which will never be right again whilst I live; and the grievance you have redressed in me is, to leave me so aggrieved, that I shall never be otherwise; and it was to me a very unlucky adventure, to meet you who are seeking adventures." "All things," answered Don Quixote, "do not fall out the same way: the mischief, master bachelor Alonzo Lopez, was occasioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in those surplices, with lighted torches, chanting all the way before people clad in deep mourning, so that you really resembled something wicked, and of the other world; which laid me under a necessity of complying with my duty, and of attacking you; and I would have done so, though I had certainly known you to have been so many devils of hell; and indeed till now I took you to be no less." "Since my fate would have it so," said the bachelor, "I beseech you, sir knight-errant, who have done me such arrant mischief, to help me to get from under this mule; for my leg is held fast between the stirrup and the saddle." "I might have talked on till morning," said Don Quixote: "why did you not sooner acquaint me with your distress?" He then called to Sancho Panza to come to him; but the squire did not care to stir, being employed in rummaging a sumpter-mule, which these good priests had brought

with them, well stored with eatables. He made a bag of his cloke, and having crammed into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beast, and then, obeying his master's call, helped to disengage the bachelor from under the oppression of his mule, and having mounted him, with a torch in his hand, Don Quixote bid him follow the track of his comrades, and beg their pardon in his name for the injury, which he could not avoid doing them. Sancho likewise said, "If perchance those gentlemen would know, who the champion is that routed them, tell them it is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the rueful Countenance."

The bachelor being gone, Don Quixote asked Sancho, by what he was induced to call him the Knight of the rueful Countenance, at that time more than at any other? "I will tell you," answered Sancho; "it is because I have been viewing you by the light of the torch, which that unfortunate man carried; and in truth your worship makes at present nearly the most woful figure I have ever seen; which must be occasioned either by the fatigue of this combat, or by the want of your teeth." "It is owing to neither," replied Don Quixote; "but the sage, who has the charge of writing the history of my achievements, has thought fit I should assume a surname, as all the knights of old were wont to do: one called himself the Knight of the burning Sword; another, of the Unicorn; this, of the Damsels; that,



of the Phoenix ; another, of the Griffin ; and another, of Death ; and they were known by these names and ensigns over the whole globe of the earth.<sup>4</sup> And therefore it is, that the sage I alluded to has now put it into thy head, and into thy mouth, to call me the Knight of the rueful Countenance, and I purpose so to call myself from this day forward : and that the name may fit me the better, I determine, with the first opportunity, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on my shield." " You need not throw away time and money on such a device," said Sancho ; " your worship need only uncover your face, and let it be looked at ; and, without other image or shield, the beholders will immediately call it a rueful one ; and be assured I tell you the truth ; for I promise you, sir, but be it understood in jest, that hunger, and the loss of your grinders, make you look so rueful, that, as I said before, the sorrowful picture may very well be spared."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's pleasant conceit, yet resolved to assume the name, and to have his shield or buckler painted as he had imagined. He then said, " Thou must know, Sancho, that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, ' Juxta illud, Siquis suadente diabolo, &c.'<sup>5</sup> though I did not lay my hands, but my spear, upon them, and, besides, was not aware that I had to do with priests, or things appertaining to the church, which I respect and reverence like a

good catholic and faithful christian as I am, but with ghosts and goblins of the other world. But were it otherwise, I remember what befell the Cyd Ruy Diaz, when he broke the chair of a certain king's ambassador in the presence of his holiness the pope, for which he was excommunicated; yet honest Roderigo de Vivar passed that day for an honourable and courageous knight."

The bachelor, as we have said, being gone, without replying a word, Don Quixote was disposed to examine the litter, to ascertain whether the corpse it contained were only bones, or not; but Sancho would not consent, saying, "Sir, your worship has finished this perilous adventure at the least expense of any I have witnessed; and, though your antagonists are conquered and defeated, they may chance to reflect, that they were beaten by one man, and, confounded and ashamed thereat, may recover themselves, and return in quest of us, and then we may have work enough upon our hands. Dapple is properly furnished; the mountain is near; hunger presses; and we have nothing more to do but decently to march off; and, as the saying is, 'To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread:'"<sup>6</sup> and driving his ass before him, he desired his master to follow; who, thinking Sancho in the right, did so without reply. They had not gone far between two little hills, when they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted. Sancho disburdened the ass;

and, extended on the green turf, with hunger for sauce, he and his master despatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper, all at once, regaling their palates with more than one cold mess, which the ecclesiastics, that attended the deceased, such gentlemen seldom failing in proper care of themselves, had brought with them on the sumpter-mule. But now they had to contend with another misfortune, which Sancho deemed the worst of all; which was, that they had no wine, nor so much as water, to drink; and as they were very thirsty, Sancho, who perceived the meadow they were in to be covered with fine and tender grass, said what will be related in the following chapter.

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CHAP. VI.

*Of the unparalleled adventure achieved by the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, with less hazard than any was ever achieved by the most renowned knight in the world.*

“ IT is impossible, sir, but there must be some fountain or brook hereabouts, to water these herbs that look so fresh; and therefore we had better go a little farther on, till we meet with something to quench this

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terrible thirst, that afflicts us, and is more painful than hunger itself." Don Quixote approved the advice; and he taking Rozinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter, after placing upon him the relics of the supper, they began to move farther into the meadow, feeling their way; for the night was so dark they could see nothing. They had not gone two hundred paces, when a loud noise of water reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and steep rock. The sound rejoiced them exceedingly, and, stopping to listen from whence it came, they heard on a sudden another dreadful noise, which abated the pleasure occasioned by that of the water, especially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful and pusillanimous. This was a dreadful din of irons and chains rattling across one another, and giving such mighty strokes in time and measure, that, together with the furious noise of the water, it was sufficient to have struck terror into any heart but that of Don Quixote. The night, as is said, was dark; and they chanced to enter a grove of tall trees, the leaves of which, agitated by a gentle breeze, yielded a sort of dreary whisper: so that the solitude, the situation, the darkness, and the noise of the water, with the whispering of the leaves, combined to excite astonishment and horror; especially when our travellers found, that neither the blows ceased, nor the wind slept, nor the morning approached; and, as an addition to all this, they were in total

ignorance where they were.<sup>1</sup> But Don Quixote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leaped upon Rozinante, and, bracing on his buckler, brandished his spear, and said, " Friend Sancho, thou must know, that, by the will of Heaven, I was born in this age of iron, to revive in it that of gold, or, as people usually express it, the golden age : I am he, for whom are reserved strange perils, great exploits, and valorous achievements. I am he, I say it again, destined to revive the order of the round table, that of the twelve peers of France, and the nine worthies. I am he who shall bury in oblivion the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the knights of the sun, and the Belianises, with the whole tribe of the famous knights-errant of times past, performing, in this age in which I live, such stupendous deeds and feats of arms, as are sufficient to obscure the brightest they ever achieved. Trusty and loyal squire, observe the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the confused whispering of these trees, the fearful and deafening noise of that water we come to seek, which, one would think, precipitated itself headlong from the high mountains of the moon ; that incessant striking and clashing that wound our ears : all which together, and each by itself, are sufficient to infuse fear, consternation, and amazement into the breast of Mars himself ; how much more into the breast of one unaccustomed to such adventures and accidents. Yet all I have described serves only to rouse and awaken

my courage, and my heart already beats in my breast with eager desire of encountering this adventure, however difficult it may appear. Wherefore tighten Rozinante's girths, and God be with thee: stay for me here three days, and no more: if I do not return in that time, thou mayest go back to our village; and thence, as a last favour and service, to Toboso, and say to my incomparable lady Dulcinea, that her enthralled knight died in attempting things, that might have made him worthy to be styled hers."

When Sancho heard these words of his master, he began to weep with incredible tenderness, and to say, "Sir, I do not understand why your worship should encounter this so fearful an adventure. It is now night, and nobody sees us; we may easily turn aside, and get out of harm's way, though we should not drink these three days: and, as nobody sees us, there will be nobody to tax us with cowardice. Besides I have heard the priest of our village, whom your worship knows very well, preach, that 'he who seeketh danger, perisheth therein:' therefore it must be a sin to tempt God, by undertaking so extravagant an exploit, from which there is no escaping but by a miracle. Let it suffice, that Heaven has delivered you from being tossed in a blanket, as I was, and brought you off victorious, safe, and sound, from among so many enemies as accompanied the dead man: or if all this be insufficient to move you, and soften your stony heart, let this thought and assurance

prevail, that, scarcely shall your worship be departed hence, when I, for very fear, shall give up my soul to any one who shall be pleased to take it. I left my country, and forsook my wife and children to follow and serve your worship, believing I should be the better, and not the worse for it: but, as covetousness bursts the bag, so hath it rent from me my hopes; for, when they were most lively, and I just expecting to obtain that cursed and unlucky island which you have so often promised me, I find myself, in exchange thereof, ready to be abandoned by your worship in a place remote from all human society. For God's sake, dear sir, do me not such a diskindness; or, if your worship will not wholly desist from this enterprise, at least adjourn it till day-break, to which, according to the little skill I learned when a shepherd, it cannot be above three hours; for the muzzle of the north-bear<sup>2</sup> is at the top of the head, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm." "How," said Don Quixote, "canst thou see where this line is made, or where the muzzle, or top of the head thou talkest of is, when the night is so dark, that not a star appears in the whole sky?" "True," said Sancho, "but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, how much more above in the sky; besides, it is reasonable to think it does not want much of day-break." "Want what it will," answered Don Quixote, "it shall never be said of me, either now or at any other time, that tears or en-

treaties could dissuade me from doing the duty of a knight: therefore, I pray thee, Sancho, hold thy tongue; for God, who has put it into my heart to attempt this unparalleled and fearful adventure, will take care to watch over my safety, and to comfort thee in thy sadness. What thou hast to do is to girt Rozinante well, and to stay here; for I will quickly return, alive or dead."

Sancho, seeing his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, prayers, and counsels prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to a stratagem, and oblige him, if he could, to wait till day; and with this view, pretending to be straitening the girths, softly, and without being perceived, he tied Rozinante's two hinder feet together with Dapple's halter; so that, when Don Quixote would have departed, he was not able; for the horse could not move but by jumps. Sancho, seeing the success of his contrivance, said, "Ah, sir! behold how Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained that Rozinante cannot stir; and if you will obstinately persist to spur him, you will but provoke fortune, and, as the saying is, kick against the pricks." This made Don Quixote quite desperate, and the more he spurred his horse, the less he could move him; and, without suspecting the ligature, he thought it best to be quiet, and either stay till day appeared, or Rozinante should recover the use of his legs: believing it proceeded



from some other cause, and not from Sancho's cunning ; to whom he said, " Since it is so, Sancho, that Rozinante cannot move, I am contented to stay till the dawn smiles, though I weep all the time she delays her coming." " You need not weep," answered Sancho, " for I will entertain you with telling you stories, if you had not rather alight and compose yourself to sleep a little upon the soft grass, as knights-errant are wont to do, and so be the less weary when the day and hour come for attempting the unparalleled adventure you wait for." " To whom dost thou talk of alighting, or sleeping?" said Don Quixote ; " am I one of those knights who take repose in time of danger? Sleep thou, who wert born to sleep, or do what thou wilt ; I will do what I think best befits my profession." " Pray, good sir, be not angry," answered Sancho, " I do not say it with that design:" and, coming close to him, he put one hand on the pummel of the saddle before, and the other on the pique behind, and stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir from him a finger's breadth, so much was he afraid of the blows which still sounded alternately in his ears. Don Quixote claimed his promise of telling him some story to entertain him ; and Sancho replied, " that he would, if the dread of what he heard would permit him ; notwithstanding," said he, " I will force myself to tell one, which, if I can hit

upon it, and it slips not through my fingers, is the best story that ever was told ; so, pray be attentive, for now I begin.

“ What hath been hath been ; the good that shall befall be for us all, and evil to him that evil seeks. And pray, sir, take notice, that the beginning which the ancients gave to their tales, was not just what they pleased, but rather some sentence of Cato Zon-zorinus,<sup>3</sup> the Roman, who says, ‘ He that seeks evil may he meet with the devil,’ which is as apt to the present purpose as a ring to the finger, signifying that your worship should be quiet, and not go about searching after evil, but rather that we turn aside into some other road ; for we are under no obligation to continue in this, in which so many fears overwhelm us.” “ Go on with thy story, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ and leave me to take care of the road we are to follow.” “ I say, then,” continued Sancho, “ that, in a place of Estremadura, there was a shepherd, I mean a goatherd ; which shepherd or goatherd, as the story goes, was called Lope Ruiz ; and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess called Torralva ; which shepherdess called Torralva was a daughter to a rich herdsman, and this rich herdsman”—— “ If thou tellest thy tale after this fashion, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ repeating every thing twice, thou wilt not have done these two days : tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or else say no more.” “ I tell it in the very

same manner," answered Sancho, "that they tell all stories in my country, and I can tell it no otherwise, nor is it fit your worship should require me to make new customs." Tell it as thou wilt then," answered Don Quixote; "since fate will have it that I must hear thee, go on."

"And so, dear sir of my soul," continued Sancho, "this shepherd, as I said before, was in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a jolly strapping wench, a little scornful, and somewhat masculine: for she had certain small whiskers; and methinks I see her just now." "What, didst thou know her?" said Don Quixote. "I did not know her," answered Sancho, "but he who told me this story, said it was so certain and true, that I might, when I told it to another, affirm and swear I had seen it all. And so, in process of time, the devil, who sleeps not, and troubles all things, brought it about, that the love, which the shepherd bore to the shepherdess, was converted into mortal hatred; and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of little jealousies she gave him, exceeding all bounds: and so much did he hate her from thenceforward, that, to avoid the sight of her, he chose to absent himself from that country, and go where his eyes should never behold her more. Torralva, finding herself disdained by Lope, presently began to love him better than ever she had loved him before." "It is a natural quality of women," said Don Quixote, "to

slight those who love them, and love those who slight them : go on, Sancho."

"It fell out," proceeded Sancho, "that the shepherd put his design in execution; and, collecting together his goats, went towards the plains of Estremadura, in order to pass over into the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva, knowing this, went after him, following him on foot and bare-legged, at a distance, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet about her neck, in which she carried, as is reported, a piece of a looking-glass, a broken comb, and a sort of small gallipot of pomatum for the face. But whether she carried these things or not, I shall not now take upon myself to vouch, but only tell your worship what the story says, that the shepherd came with his flock to pass the river Guadiana, which at that time was swollen, and had almost overflowed its banks; and, on the side to which he came, there was neither boat, nor any body to ferry him or his flock over, which grieved him mightily, for he saw that Torralva was at his heels, and would give him much disturbance by her entreaties and tears. He therefore looked about till he espied a fisherman, with a boat near him, but so small that it could only hold one person and one goat; however, he spoke to him, and agreed with him to carry over him and his three hundred goats. Accordingly the fisherman took one into the boat, and carried it over; he returned and carried over another; then came back and fetched

another. Pray, sir, keep an account of the goats that the fisherman is carrying over, for if one slip out of your memory, the story will be at an end, and it will be impossible to tell a word more of it. I go on, then, and say, that the landing-place on the opposite side was covered with mud, and slippery, and the fisherman was a great while in coming and going. However he returned for another goat, and for another, and for another." "Suppose them all carried over," said Don Quixote, "and do not be going backward and forward in this manner, or they will not be ferried over in a twelvemonth." "How many are passed already?" said Sancho. "How the devil should I know?" answered Don Quixote. "See there now; did I not tell you to keep an exact account? Before God, there is an end of the story, I can go no farther." "How can that be?" answered Don Quixote. "Is it so essential to the story to know so precisely the number of goats that passed over, that, if one be mistaken, the story can proceed no farther?" "No, sir, not exactly so," answered Sancho: "but when I desired your worship to tell me how many goats had passed, and you answered, you did not know, in that very instant all that I had left to say flew out of my memory, and in faith it was very edifying and satisfactory." "So then," said Don Quixote, "the story is at an end." "As sure as my mother is," quoth Sancho. "Truly," answered Don Quixote, "thou hast related the strangest

tale, fable, or history, that ever was invented ; and thy way of telling and concluding it is such, as never was, nor ever will be, equalled ; though I expected nothing less from thy good sense : but I do not wonder at it ; for perhaps this incessant din may have disturbed thy understanding.” “ All that may be,” answered Sancho, “ but, as to my story, I know there’s no more to be said ; for it ends just where the error in the account of carrying over the goats begins.” “ Let it end where it will, in God’s name,” said Don Quixote, “ and let us see whether Rozinante can stir himself.” And again he spurred him, and again he jumped, and then stood stock still ; so effectually was he fettered.

Now, whether the cold of the morning, which was at hand, or whether some lenitive food on which the squire had supped, or whether the motion was purely natural, which is rather to be believed, it so fell out, that Sancho had a desire to do what nobody could do for him. But so great was the fear that had possessed his heart, that he durst not stir the breadth of a finger from his master ; and to think of leaving that business undone was also impossible ; so what he did for peace sake, was to let go his right hand, which held the hinder part of the saddle, and with it, softly, and without any noise, he loosed the running-point that kept up his breeches ; whereupon down they fell, and hung about his legs like shackles : he then lifted up his shirt as well as he could, and exposed to the open

air his posteriors, which were none of the smallest. This being done, which he thought the best expedient towards getting out of his terrible anguish and distress, another and a greater difficulty attended him, which was, that he thought he should not be able to disincumber himself without making some noise: so he set his teeth close, and squeezed up his shoulders, and held in his breath as much as he possibly could. But, notwithstanding these precautions, he was so unlucky after all, as to make a little noise, very different from that which had put him into so great a fright. Don Quixote heard it, and said, "What noise is that, Sancho?" "I do not know, sir," answered he: "it must be some new business; for adventures and misadventures always begin with trifles." He tried his fortune a second time, and it succeeded so well with him, that, without the least noise or rumbling more, he found himself relieved of the burden that had given him so much uneasiness. But, as Don Quixote had the sense of smelling no less perfect than that of hearing, and Sancho stood so close to him, that some of the vapours ascended in a direct line, they could not fail to reach his nostrils, which they had no sooner done, but he relieved his nose by taking it between his fingers, and, with a kind of snuffling tone, said, "Methinks, Sancho, thou art in great bodily fear." "I am so," said Sancho; "but how comes your worship to perceive it now more than ever?" "In that thou smellst

stronger than ever, and not of ambergris," answered Don Quixote. "That may very well be," said Sancho, "but your worship alone is in fault, for carrying me about at these unseasonable hours, and into such unfrequented places." "Get three or four steps off, friend," said Don Quixote, without taking his fingers from his nostrils, "and henceforward be more careful of thy own person, and of what thou owest to mine; my overmuch familiarity with thee has bred this contempt." "I will lay a wager," replied Sancho, "you think I have been doing something with my person that I ought not." "The more you stir, friend Sancho, the worse it will savour," answered Don Quixote.

In these and the like dialogues, the master and man passed the night. But Sancho, perceiving that at length the morning was on its approach, with much caution untied Rozinante, and tied up his breeches. Rozinante, finding himself at liberty, though naturally he was not over-mettlesome, seemed to feel himself alive, and began to paw the ground; but as for curvetting, begging his pardon, he knew not what it was. Don Quixote, perceiving that his steed began to bestir himself, took it for a good omen, and believed it to signify, that he should forthwith attempt the fearful adventure. By this time the dawn appeared, and, every thing being distinctly seen, Don Quixote perceived he was in a grove of tall chestnut-trees, which afforded a gloomy shade. The striking



did not cease, but he could not see what occasioned it. Without farther delay, therefore, he made Rozinante feel the spur, and, turning to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait there three days at the farthest, as he had directed before, and that, if he did not return by that time, he might conclude for certain, it was God's will he should end his days in the coming adventure. He again also repeated the embassy and message he was to carry to his lady Dulcinea; and as to what concerned the reward of his service, he need be in no pain, for he had made his will before he left his village, in which he would find himself gratified as to his wages, in proportion to the time he had served; but, if God should bring him off safe and sound from the impending danger, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island. Sancho wept afresh at hearing again the moving expressions of his good master, and resolved not to leave him to the last moment and end of this business. From the tears, and this so honourable a resolution of Sancho Panza's, the author of this history gathers, that he must have been well born, and at least an old Christian.<sup>4</sup> His tender concern somewhat softened his master, but not so much as to make him discover any weakness; on the contrary, dissembling as well as he could, he pressed on toward the place, whence the noise of the water and of the strokes appeared to proceed. Sancho followed him on foot, leading, as usual, his ass, that

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constant companion of his prosperous and adverse fortunes, by the halter. Having advanced a good way among the shady chesnut-trees, they came to a little green spot, at the foot of some steep rocks, from which a mighty gush of water precipitated itself. At the foot of the rocks were some miserable huts, which seemed rather the ruins of buildings, than houses; and from amidst these proceeded, as they perceived, the horrible din of the strokes, which had not yet ceased. Rozinante started, and was in disorder, at the noise; Don Quixote, quieting him, went on fair and softly toward the huts, recommending himself devoutly to his lady, and beseeching her to favour him in the fearful expedition and enterprise; and, by the by, besought God also not to forget him. Sancho, who stirred not from his side, was continually stretching out his neck, and looking between Rozinante's legs, in order to discover the cause of what had held them all night in such dread and suspense; and they had not advanced a hundred yards farther, when, at doubling a point, it stood fully disclosed to view.

It was—kind reader, take it not in dudgeon—six fulling-hammers, the alternate strokes of which occasioned that hideous sound. Don Quixote, on beholding them, was dumbfounded, and in the utmost confusion. Sancho looked at him, and saw that he hung his head upon his breast, with manifest indications of being quite abashed. He also looked at Sancho, and perceiving his cheeks swollen, and mouth

distorted, giving evident signs of his being ready to burst with laughter, notwithstanding his vexation, could not forbear laughing himself at his comical appearance. As his master had led the way, Sancho burst out in so violent a manner, that he was forced to hold his sides with his hands, to save himself from being rent to pieces by the convulsion. Four times did he cease, and four times return to his mirth, with the same impetuosity as at first. Don Quixote at last was ready to give himself to the devil, especially when he heard his squire say by way of irony, "Thou must know, friend Sancho, that I was born, by the will of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he for whom are reserved strange perils, great exploits, and valorous achievements!" And so he went on repeating most or all of the expressions which Don Quixote had used at his first hearing those dreadful strokes. Don Quixote, perceiving that Sancho played upon him, grew so ashamed, and was enraged to that degree, that he lifted up his lance and discharged two such blows upon him, that, had he received them on his head, as he did on his shoulders, the knight had acquitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs. Sancho, finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed farther, cried out, with much humility, "Pray, sir, be pacified; by the living God I did but jest." "Though thou

mayest jest, I do not," answered Don Quixote. "Come hither, merry sir, what thinkest thou? suppose these mill-hammers had been some perilous adventure, have I not showed the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are, or are not, of a fulling-mill? Besides, it may be, as it really is, that I never saw any fulling-mills in my life, as thou hast, like a pitiful rustic as thou art, having been born and bred amongst them. But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or all together, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest thou wilt of me." "It is enough, good sir," replied Sancho, "I confess I have been a little too jocose; but pray tell me, now that it is peace between us, as God shall bring you out of all the adventures that shall happen to you, safe and sound, as he has brought you out of this, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what great fear we were in, at least what I was in; for, as to your worship, I know you are unacquainted with what fear or terror is." "I do not deny," answered Don Quixote, "but that what has happened to us is fit to be laughed at, but it is not fit to be told; for all persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle." "But," answered Sancho, "your worship knew how to handle your lance aright, when you pointed it at

my head, and hit me on the shoulders ; thanks be to God and to my own agility in slipping aside. But let that pass, it will out in the bucking ; for I have heard say, ‘ he loves thee well who makes thee weep : ’ and besides, your people of condition, when they have given a servant a hard word, presently give him some old hose or a cast pair of breeches ; though what is usually given after a beating, I cannot tell, unless it be that your knights-errant, after bastinadoes, bestow islands, or kingdoms on the mainland.” “ The die may so run,” quoth Don Quixote, “ that all thou hast said may take place ; so forgive what is past, as thou art considerate ; and reflect, that the first motions are not in a man’s power : and, that thou mayest abstain from talking too much with me, henceforward, let me apprize thee of one thing, that, in all the books of chivalry I ever read, infinite as they are, I never found that any squire conversed so much with his master as thou dost with thine. And really I account it a great fault both in thee and in me : in thee, because thou respectest me so little ; in me, that I do not make myself respected more. Was not Gandalin, squire to Amadis de Gaul, earl of the firm island ? and we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, his head inclined, and his body bent after the Turkish fashion. What shall we say of Gasabal, squire to Don Galaor, who was so silent, that, to illustrate the excellency of his marvellous taciturnity, his name is mentioned but

once in all that vast and faithful history? From what I have said, thou mayest infer, Sancho, that there ought to be a difference between master and man, between lord and lacquey, and between knight and squire. So that, from this day forward we must be treated with more respect, for which way soever I am angry with thee, it will go ill with the pitcher. The favours and benefits I promised thee will come in due time; and, if they do not come, the wages, at least, as I have told thee, will not be lost." "All that your worship observes is very just," quoth Sancho; "but I would fain know, if perchance the time of the favours should not come, and it should be expedient to have recourse to the article of the wages, how much might the squire of a knight-errant get in those times? and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers?" "I do not believe," answered Don Quixote, "that those squires were at any stated wages, but relied on courtesy. And if I have appointed thee any, in the will I left sealed at home, it was for fear of what might happen; for I cannot yet tell, how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times of ours, and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for a trifle: for I would have thee to know, Sancho, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventurers." "It is so, in truth," said Sancho, "since the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill were sufficient to disturb and discompose the heart of so valorous a knight as

your worship. But you may depend upon it, that from henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your worship's affairs, but shall honour you as my master and natural lord." "By so doing," replied Don Quixote, "thy days shall be long in the land, for next to our parents we are bound to respect our masters, as if they were our parents."

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CHAP. VII.

*Which treats of the high adventure and rich prize of Mambrino's helmet, with other things which befell our invincible knight.*

ABOUT this time it began to rain a little, and Sancho proposed they should shelter themselves in the fulling-mills. But Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence of them for the late jest, that he would by no means go in: and turning to the right hand, they struck into another road, like that in which they had travelled the day before. They had not gone far, when Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered, as if it had been of gold; and scarcely had he descried this phenomenon, than turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is

no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all wisdom; especially that which says, 'When one door shuts another is opened.' I say this, because if fortune last night shut the door against what we looked for, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now throws another wide open for a better and more certain adventure, by which if I fail to enter, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my little knowledge of fulling-mills, or to the darkness of the night. This I take upon me to say, because, if I mistake not, the person who comes toward us, wears upon his head the very helmet of Mambrino,<sup>1</sup> about which I swore the oath thou mayest remember." "Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho, "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills, to finish the milling and mashing of our senses." "The devil take thee!" replied Don Quixote: "what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?" "I know not," answered Sancho, "but in faith, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I might give such reasons, that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say." "How can I be mistaken, scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yonder knight coming toward us on a dapple-grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?" "What I see and discern," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a grey ass, like mine, with something on his head



that glitters." "Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote: "get thee aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; thou shalt see me conclude this adventure, to save time, without speaking a word; and the helmet I have so much longed for shall be my own." "I shall take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho: "but, I pray God, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure." "I have already told thee, brother, not to mention those fulling-mills any more, nor so much as to think of them," said Don Quixote: "if thou dost, I say no more, but I vow to mill thy soul out of thy body." Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight, which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small, that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both, and the barber of the larger served also the lesser, in which a person indisposed wanted to be let blood, and another to be trimmed; and for this purpose was the barber coming, and brought with him his brass bason. And fortune so ordered it, that, as he was upon the road, it began to rain, and, that his hat might not be spoiled, for it was a new one, he clapped the bason on his head, and being new-scoured it glittered half a league off. He rode

on a grey ass, as Sancho said, and this was the reason why Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-grey steed, and his bason for a golden helmet: for he readily adapted whatever he saw to his knightly extravagancies and wild conceits. And when he saw the poor cavalier approach, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced, at Rozinante's best speed, and couched his lance low, designing to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, "Defend thyself, caitiff, or surrender willingly what is so justly my due." The barber, who neither dreaded nor dreamed of any such demand, seeing this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance, but to let himself fall down from the ass: and no sooner had he touched the ground, than, leaping up nimbler than a roe-buck, he began to scour over the plain with such speed, that the wind could not overtake him. He left the bason on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, and said that the miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver, who, finding itself closely pursued by the hunters, tears off, with its teeth, that for which it knows, by instinct, it is hunted. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, said, "Before God, this bason is a special one, and is as well worth a piece of eight as a farthing:" and he gave it to his master, who imme-

diately clapped it on his head, turning it round to find the vizor, and not finding it, he said, "Doubtless the Pagan, for whom this famous helmet was first forged, must have had a prodigious large head; but the worst of it is, that one half is wanting." When Sancho heard the bason called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; but, recollecting his master's late choler, he suddenly checked himself. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. He answered, "I laugh to think what a huge pate the Pagan must have had, who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's bason." "Knowest thou, Sancho, what I take to be the case? this famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the hands of some one, who, being ignorant of its true value, and not considering what he did, seeing it to be of the purest gold, has melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, does look like a barber's bason: but, be it what it will, to me, who know it, its transformation signifies nothing, for I will get it put to rights in the first town where there is a smith, and in such sort, that even that which the god of smiths made and forged for the god of battles, shall not surpass or equal it: in the mean time I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing, and the rather, since it will be more than sufficient to defend me from stones." "It will so," said Sancho, "if they

do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chaps, and broke the cruise in which was contained that most blessed drench, which made me vomit up my guts." "I am in no great pain for having lost it; for, as thou knowest, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I have the receipt by heart." "So have I too," answered Sancho; "but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I never stir from this place. Besides, I do not intend to expose myself to the hazard of standing in need of it; for I intend to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding any body. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps: and if they do come, there is nothing to be done, but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blanket please to toss one." "Thou art no good christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, at hearing this; "for an injury once done thee, thou canst never forget it: but know, it is inherent in generous and noble breasts, to lay no stress upon trifles. For what leg of thine is lamed, or what rib fractured, or what head broken, that the jest sticks so fast to thy remembrance? for, to take the thing right, it was mere jest and pastime; and, had I not understood it so, I had long ago returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel, than the Greeks

did for the rape of Helen ; who, if she had lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never, thou mayest be sure, have been so famous for beauty :” and here he uttered a sigh, and sent it to the clouds. “ Let it then pass for a jest,” said Sancho, “ since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest : but I know of what kind both the jests and the earnest were ; and I know also, they will no more slip out of my memory, than off my shoulders. But setting this aside, I wish your worship would tell me what we shall do with this dapple-grey steed, which looks so like a grey ass, and which that caitiff, whom your worship overthrew, has left behind here to shift for itself ; for, to judge by his scouring off so hastily, he does not think of ever returning for him ; and, by my beard, it is a special beast.” “ It is not my custom,” said Don Quixote, “ to plunder those I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from the vanquished their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in the conflict ; in which case it is lawful, as being fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or what thou wilt have it to be, where it now stands ; for, when his owner sees us gone, and at a good distance, he will return for him.” “ God is my witness,” replied Sancho, “ I should like to carry him off, or at least to truck mine for him, which methinks is the worst of the two : truly the laws of chivalry are very strict ; and

since they do not extend to the swapping one ass for another, I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I were so inclined." "I am not very clear, as to that point," answered Don Quixote; "and as it is a case of doubt, till better information can be obtained, I think thou mayest exchange the furniture, if the necessity be extreme." "It is so extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person." And so saying, he proceeded without further licence, to the transposition, and made his own beast three parts in four the better<sup>2</sup> for the exchange. This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder of the sumpter-mule, and quenched their thirst with the water from the fulling-mills, without turning their faces that way, so great was their abhorrence of them for the fright they had put them in. Their choler, and the rage of hunger being thus allayed, they mounted, and, without following any determined course, as is the custom of knights-errant, they left the decision to Rozinante, whose will<sup>3</sup> drew after it that of his master, and also that of the ass, which followed, in love and good fellowship, wherever his superior led the way. The result was, that they soon turned again into the high road, which they followed at a venture, without any fixed design.

As they sauntered on, Sancho said to his master, "Sir, will your worship be pleased to indulge me in the liberty of a word or two; for, since you imposed

on me that harsh command of silence, sundry things have rotted in my breast, and I have one just now at my tongue's end, that I would not for any thing should miscarry?" "Out with it," said Don Quixote, "and be brief in thy discourse, for nothing that is prolix can be pleasing." "I say then, sir," answered Sancho, "that for some days past, I have been considering how little is gained by wandering up and down in quest of those adventures your worship is seeking through these deserts and cross-ways, where, though you overcome and achieve the most perilous, there is nobody to see or know any thing of them; so that they must remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your worship's intention, and their deserts. And therefore, I think it would be more advisable, with submission to your better judgment, that we went to serve some emperor, or other great prince, who is engaged in war; in whose service your worship may display the worth of your person, your great courage, and greater understanding; which being perceived by the lord we serve, he must of necessity reward each of us according to his merit; nor can you there fail of meeting with somebody to put your worship's exploits in writing, for a perpetual remembrance of them. I say nothing of my own, because they must not exceed the squirely limits; though I dare say, if it be the custom in chivalry to pen the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten."

“ Thou art not much out, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote: “ but, before it comes to that, it is necessary for a knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation; that, by repeated achievements, he may acquire a sufficient stock of fame and renown, when he comes to the court of some great monarch, to be known by his works beforehand; and scarcely shall the boys see him enter the gates of the city, but they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud, ‘ This is the knight of the sun, or of the serpent, or of any other device, under which he may have performed his exploits. This is he who overthrew the huge giant Brocabruno of mighty force, in single combat; he who delivered the great Mameluco of Persia from the long enchantment, which held him confined almost nine hundred years.’ Thus, from mouth to mouth, shall they go on blazoning his deeds; until, surprised at the noise of the youth and the populace, the king of the country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace; and, as soon as he espies the knight, knowing him by his armour, or by the device on his shield, he will necessarily say, ‘ Ho, there, go forth, my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry, who is coming yonder.’ At which command they will all go forth, and the king himself, descending half way down the stairs, will receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him; and



then, taking him by the hand, will conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight will find her accompanied by her daughter the infanta, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel, that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world. In this interview, she will immediately fix her eyes on the knight, and he his eyes upon her, and each will appear to the other something rather divine than human; and without knowing how, or which way, they will be taken and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be in great perplexity of mind, through not knowing how to converse, and discover their amorous anguish to each other. After this audience, he will, no doubt, be conducted to some quarter of the palace richly furnished, where, having taken off his armour, they will bring him a superb scarlet mantle to put on; and, if he looked well in armour, he must needs make a much more graceful figure in ermine.<sup>5</sup> The night being come, he will sup at the same table with the king, queen, and infanta, upon whom he will fix his eyes, viewing her by stealth, and she doing the same by him, with the same wariness; for, as I have said, she is a very discreet damsel.<sup>6</sup> The tables being removed, there will enter, unexpectedly, at the hall-door, a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure, so contrived by a most ancient sage, that he who shall accomplish it shall be esteemed

the best knight in the world. The king shall immediately command all who are present to try it, and none shall be able to finish it, but the stranger knight, to the great advantage of his fame; at which the infanta will be highly delighted, and reckon herself overpaid for having placed her thoughts on so exalted an object. What is better still, this king, or prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with another monarch as powerful as himself; and the stranger knight, after having been a few days at his court, asks leave to serve his majesty in the said war. The king shall readily grant his request, and the knight shall most courteously kiss his royal hands for the great favour he hath done him. And that night, he shall take leave of his lady the infanta at the iron rails of a garden, adjoining to her apartment, through which he had already conversed with her several times, by the mediation of a certain female confidante, in whom the infanta greatly trusted. He sighs, she swoons; the damsel runs for cold water; he is very uneasy at the approach of the morning light, and would by no means they should be discovered, for the sake of his lady's honour. The infanta at length comes to herself, and gives her snowy hands to the knight to kiss through the rails, and he kisses them a thousand and a thousand times over, and bedews them with his tears. Then is concerted between them some method by which to communicate to each other their good or ill fortune;

and the princess desires him to be absent as little a while as possible ; which he promises with many oaths ; he kisses her hands again, and takes leave with so much concern, that it almost deprives him of life. From thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himself on his bed, and cannot sleep for grief at the parting : he rises early in the morning, and goes to take leave of the king, the queen, and the infanta : their majesties having bidden him farewell, he is told by them that the princess is indisposed, and cannot admit of a visit ; the knight thinks it is for grief at his departure ; his heart is pierced, and he is very near giving manifest indications of his passion ; the damsel confidante is all this while present, and observing what passes, communicates it to her lady, who receives the account with tears, and tells her that her chief concern is, that she does not know who her knight is, and whether he be of royal descent or not ; the damsel assures her he is, since so much courtesy, politeness, and valour, as her knight is endowed with, cannot exist but in a royal and dignified subject.<sup>7</sup> The afflicted princess is comforted hereby, and endeavours to compose herself, that she may not give her parents cause to suspect any thing amiss, and two days after she appears in public. The knight is now gone to the war ; he fights, and overcomes the king's enemy ; takes many towns ; wins several battles ; returns to court, sees his lady at the usual place of interview ; it is agreed he shall

demand her in marriage of her father, in recompense for his services ; but the king does not consent to give her to him, not knowing who he is ; notwithstanding which, either by carrying her off, or by some other means, the infanta becomes his spouse,<sup>8</sup> and her father at last is overjoyed at his good fortune, being assured that the knight is son to a valorous king, of I know not what kingdom, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies ; the infanta inherits ; and in two words, the knight becomes a king. Then is the time for rewarding his squire, and all those who assisted him in mounting to so exalted a state : the squire is accordingly married to one of the infanta's maids of honour, who is, doubtless, the very confidante of this amour, and daughter to one of the chief dukes." <sup>9</sup>

“ This is what I would be at, and a clear stage,” quoth Sancho ; “ this I stick to ; for every tittle of this must happen precisely to your worship, your worship being the Knight of the rueful countenance.” “ Doubt it not, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote ; “ for by those very means, and those very steps, which I have recounted, knights-errant do rise, and have risen, to be kings and emperors. All that remains to be done is, to look out, and find what king of the christians, or of the pagans, is at war, and has a beautiful daughter ; <sup>10</sup> but there is time enough to think of this ; for, as I have told thee, we must procure renown elsewhere, before we repair to court. Besides,

there is still another thing wanting ; for supposing a king were found, who is at war, and has a handsome daughter, and that I have acquired incredible fame throughout the whole universe, I do not see how it can be made appear, that I am of the lineage of kings, or even second cousin to an emperor ; for the king will not give me his daughter to wife, until he is first very well assured that I am such, though my renowned actions should deserve it ever so well. So that, through this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which my arm has richly deserved. It is true, indeed, I am a gentleman of an ancient family, possessed of a real estate of one hundred and twenty crowns a year ;<sup>11</sup> and perhaps the sage, who writes my history, may so brighten up my kindred and genealogy, that I may be found the fifth or sixth in descent from a king. For thou must know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some there are, who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has reduced, by little and little, until they have ended in a point, like a pyramid ; others have had poor and low beginnings, and have risen by degrees, until at last they have become great lords. So that the difference lies in this, that some have been what now they are not, and others are now what they were not before ; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that, upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious ; with which the king, my

father-in-law, that is to be, ought to be satisfied ; and though he should not be satisfied, the infanta is to be so in love with me, that, in spite of her father, she is to receive me for her lord and husband, though she certainly knew me to be the son of a water-carrier ; and in case she should not, then is the time to take her away by force, and convey her whither I please ; and time or death will put a period to the displeasure of her parents."

" Here," said Sancho, " comes in properly what some naughty people say, ' Never stand begging for that which you may take by force,' though this other is nearer to the purpose, ' A leap from a hedge is better than the prayer of a good man.'<sup>12</sup> I say this, because, if my lord the king, your worship's father-in-law, should not vouchsafe to yield unto you my lady the infanta, there is no more to be done, as your worship says, but to steal and carry her off. But the mischief is, that while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor squire may go whistle for his reward ; unless the damsel go-between, who is to be his wife, accompany the infanta, and he share his misfortune with her, until it shall please Heaven to ordain otherwise ; for I believe his master may immediately give her to him for his lawful spouse."

" That thou mayest depend upon," said Don Quixote.

" Since it is so," answered Sancho, " we have no-

thing to do but to commend ourselves to God, and let fortune take its course." "God conduct it," answered Don Quixote, "as I desire, and thou needest, and let him be wretched who thinks himself so." "Let him, in God's name," said Sancho, "for I am an old christian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl." "Ay, and more than enough," said Don Quixote; "but it matters not whether thou art qualified or not; for I being a king, can easily bestow nobility on thee, without thy buying it or doing me the least service; and, in creating thee an earl, I make thee a gentleman of course; and, let people say what they will, in good faith, they must style thee your lordship, however ill it may sit upon their stomachs." "Do you think," quoth Sancho, "I should know how to give authority to the indignity?" "Dignity, thou shouldst say, and not indignity," said his master. "So let it be," answered Sancho Panza; "I dare say, I should do well enough with it; for I assure your worship I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown became me so well, that every body said I had a presence fit to be warden. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a duke's robe, all shining with gold and pearls like a foreign count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me." "Thou wilt make a goodly appearance, indeed," said Don Quixote; "but it will be necessary to trim thy beard a little oftener,

for it is so thick, matted, and unseemly, that, if thou dost not shave with a razor every other day at least, thou wilt discover what thou art a musket-shot off.”

“Why,” said Sancho, “it is but taking a barber into the house, and giving him wages; and, if there be occasion, I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee.”

“How camest thou to know,” demanded Don Quixote, “that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them?”

“I will tell you,” said Sancho; “some years ago I was about the court for a month, and there I saw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who they said was a very great lord; a man followed him on horseback, turning about as he turned, that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked, why that man did not ride by the other’s side, but kept always behind him? they answered me, that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that noblemen commonly have such to follow them; and from that day to this I have never forgotten it.”

“Thou art in the right,” said Don Quixote, “and in the same manner thou mayest carry about thy barber; for all customs do not arise together, nor were they invented at once; and thou mayest be the first earl who carried about his barber after him; and indeed it is a greater trust to shave the beard than to saddle a horse.”

“Leave the business of the barber to my care,” said Sancho; “and let it be your worship’s to make yourself a king, and



me an earl." "So it shall be," answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his eyes, he saw, what will be told in the following chapter.

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### CHAP. VIII.

*How Don Quixote set at liberty several unfortunate persons, who were going, much against their wills, to a place they did not like.*

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates, in this most grave, lofty, accurate, delightful, and ingenious history, that, presently after those discourses, which passed between the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza his squire, as they are related at the end of the foregoing chapter, Don Quixote lifted up his eyes, and saw coming towards him, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung, like beads in a row, by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all handcuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. Sancho Panza, espying them also, said, "This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to the galleys." "How! persons forced!" quoth Don Quixote; "is

it possible the king should force any body?" "I say not so," answered Sancho, "but that they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes to serve the king in the galleys per force." "In short," replied Don Quixote, "however it be, still they are going by compulsion, and not with their own good will." "It is so," said Sancho. "Then," said his master, "here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the miserable." "Consider, sir," quoth Sancho, "that justice, which is the king himself, does no violence nor injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes."

By this time the chain of galley-slaves were come up, and Don Quixote, in most courteous terms, addressing the men who had the care of them, begged they would be pleased to inform him for what cause or causes they conducted those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered, that they were slaves belonging to his majesty, and on the way to the galleys, which was all he need say, or the inquirer need know of the matter. "I should be glad, for all that," replied Don Quixote, "to learn from each of them individually the cause of his misfortune." To these he added such other courteous expressions, to induce them to comply with his desire, that the other horseman said, "Though we have here the record and certificate of the sentence of each of these culprits, this is no time to produce

and read them ; draw near, sir, and make the inquiry of the men themselves ; they may inform you, if they please ; and inform you they will, for they are a set of miscreants, who delight in recounting as well as acting their rogueries." With this leave, which Don Quixote would have taken though they had not given it, he drew near to the chain, and asked the first, for what offence he marched in such evil plight. He answered, that it was only for being in love. " For that alone?" replied Don Quixote ; " if they send people to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing there." " It was not such love as your worship imagines," said the galley-slave ; " mine was the being so deeply enamoured of a basket of fine linen, and embracing it so close, that, if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted with it by my good-will to this very day. I was taken in the fact, so there was no opportunity for the torture ; the proceedings were short ; they accommodated my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and have sent me, by way of supplement, for three years to the Gurapas,<sup>1</sup> and there is an end of it." " What are the Gurapas?" quoth Don Quixote. " The Gurapas are galleys," answered the slave, who was a young man about twenty-four years of age, born, as he said, at Piedrahita. Don Quixote put the same question to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected ; but the first answered for him, and said, " This gentleman

goes for being a canary bird, I mean, for being a musician and a singer." "How so?" replied Don Quixote; "are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and singers?" "Yes, sir," replied the slave; "for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony." "Nay," said Don Quixote, "I have heard, 'Who sings in grief, procures relief.'" "This is the very reverse," said the slave; "for here, he who sings once, weeps all his life after." Don Quixote intimating that he did not understand his meaning, one of the guards said to him, "Signor cavalier, to sing in an agony, means, in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that of being a Quatrero, that is, a stealer of cattle; and, because he confessed, he is sentenced for six years to the galleys, besides two hundred lashes he has already received on the shoulders. He is always pensive and sad, as you see him, because the rest of the rogues, both those behind, and those before, abuse, vilify, flout, and despise him for confessing, and not having the courage to say No; for, say they, 'No contains the same number of letters as Ay; and it is lucky for a delinquent, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses;' and, for my part, I think they are in the right." "And so think I," answered Don Quixote; and passing on to the third, he interrogated him as he had done the others: who answered readily, and with

little concern ; “ I am consigned to Mesdames the Gurapas for five years, for wanting ten ducats.” “ I will give twenty with all my soul,” said Don Quixote, “ to redeem thee from this misery.” “ That,” said the slave, “ is like having money at sea, where there is nothing to be bought with it, and dying for hunger. I say this, because, if I had been master in time of those twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have so greased the clerk’s pen, and sharpened my advocate’s wit, that I should have been this day upon the market-place of Zocodover in Toledo, and not upon this road, coupled and dragged like a hound ; but God is above ; patience, and—I say no more.”

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a white beard reaching to his girdle ; who, hearing himself asked the cause of his coming, began to weep, without answering a word ; but the fifth lent him a tongue, and said, “ This honest gentleman is marching to the galleys for four years, after having marched in the usual procession, pompously apparelled and mounted.” “ That is, I suppose,” said Sancho, “ put to public shame.” “ Right,” replied the slave ; “ and the offence, for which he underwent this punishment, was, his having been an ear-broker, or rather broker for the whole body ; I mean, gentlemen, that he goes for pimping, and exercising the trade of a conjurer.” “ Had it been merely for pimping,” said Don Quixote, “ he had not deserved to row in, but to command,

and be general of the galleys ; for the office of a pimp is no slight business, but an employment fit for discreet persons only, and a most necessary one in a well-regulated commonwealth ; which none but persons well born ought to exercise ; and in truth there should be inspectors and comptrollers, as in other offices, and the number limited, like brokers of merchandise ; by which means many mischiefs would be prevented, which now happen, because this profession is in the hands of foolish and ignorant persons, such as silly waiting-women, pages, and buffoons, of but a few years standing, and of small experience, who, in cases of emergency, requiring the most dexterous management and address, suffer the morsel to freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and scarcely know which is their right hand. I could go on, and assign the reasons, why it would be expedient to make choice of proper persons, to exercise an office of such importance to the state ; but this is no place for it ; one day or other I may lay this matter before those who can provide a remedy : at present I shall only observe, that the concern I felt at seeing those grey hairs, and that venerable countenance, in so much distress for pimping, is entirely removed by the additional charge of his being a wizard ; though I very well know there are no sorceries in the world, which can affect and force the will, as some weak-minded people imagine ; for our will is free, and no herb nor charm can compel it. It is the practice of some silly women and

crafty knaves, with certain mixtures and poisons, to turn people's brains, under pretence that they have power to make them fall in love ; but, as I said before, it is impossible to force the will." " What your honour says is very true," replied the honest old fellow ; " and, sir, as to being a wizard, I am not guilty ; though I cannot deny that I have been a pimp : but I never thought there was any harm in it : for the whole of my intention was, that all the world should divert themselves, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles : but this good design could not save me from going whence I shall have no hope of returning, oppressed as I am with years, and a violent strangury, which leaves me not a moment's repose : " and he began to weep, as at first ; at which Sancho was so moved with compassion, that he drew from his bosom a real, and gave it him as an alms.

Don Quixote went on, questioning another ; who answered, not with less, but much greater alacrity than the former ; " I trudge in this manner for making a little too free with two she-cousin-germans of mine, and two she-cousin-germans not mine : in short, I carried the jest so far with them all, that the result was the increasing of kindred so intricately, that no casuist can make it out. The whole was proved upon me ; I had neither friends nor money ; my windpipe was in the utmost danger ; I was sentenced to the galleys for six years ; I submit ; it is the punishment of my fault ; I am young ; life may

last, and time brings every thing about: if your worship, signor cavalier, has any thing to bestow for the relief of us poor wretches, God will repay you in heaven, and we will make it our business to beseech him, that your worship's life and health may be as long and prosperous, as, by your goodly presence, it deserves to be." This slave was in the dress of a student; and one of the guards said he was a great orator, and a very pretty Latinist.

Behind all these came a man about thirty years of age, and of a goodly aspect; except that he seemed to thrust one eye into the other: he was bound somewhat differently from the rest; for he had a chain to his leg, so long, that it was fastened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, to one of which the chain was fastened, and the other, called a keep-friend, or friend's foot, had two strait irons, which descended from it to his waist, having at the ends two manacles,<sup>3</sup> in which his hands were secured with a huge padlock; so that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head to his hands. Don Quixote inquired why this man was fettered and shackled so much more than the rest. The guard answered, because he had committed more iniquities than all the rest put together; and was so bold and desperate a villain, that, though they confined him in that manner, they were not sure of him, but were still afraid he would make his escape. "What kind of iniquities has he committed," said



Don Quixote, "that they have deserved no greater punishment than being sent to the galleys?" "His term is for ten years," said the guard, "which is a kind of civil death: I need only add, that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Passamonte, alias Ginesillo de Parapilla." "Fair and softly, signor commissary," said the slave; "let us not now be lengthening out names and surnames. Gines is my name, and not Ginesillo; and Passamonte is the name of my family, and not Parapilla, as you pretend; and let every one turn himself round, and look at home, and he will find enough to do." "Speak with more respect, sir thief-above-measure," replied the commissary, "unless you would oblige me to silence you to your sorrow." "You may see," answered the slave, "that man goeth as God pleaseth; but somebody may learn one day, whether my name be Ginesillo de Parapilla, or not." "Are you not called so, lying rascal?" said the guard. "They do call me so," answered Gines; "but I will oblige them not to call me so, or their skins shall pay for it, if ever I meet them where I care not at present to mention. Signor cavalier," continued he; "if you have any thing to give us, give it us quickly, and God be with you; for you tire us with inquiring so much after other men's lives: if you would know mine, know that I am Gines de Passamonte, whose life is written by these very fingers." "He says true," said the commissary, "for he himself has penned

his own history, as well as heart could wish, and has left the book in prison, in pawn for two hundred reals." "Ay, and I intend to redeem it," said Gines, "if it lay for two hundred ducats." "What! is it so good?" said Don Quixote. "So good," answered Gines, "that wo be to Lazarillo de Tormes, and to all that have written or shall write in that way. What I can affirm is, that it relates truths, and truths so ingenious and entertaining, that no fictions can come up to them." "How is the book entitled?" demanded Don Quixote. "The Life of Gines de Passamonte," replied Gines himself. "And is it finished?" quoth Don Quixote. "How can it be finished?" answered he, "since my life is not yet finished? what is written, is from my cradle to the moment of my being sent this last time to the galleys." "Then you have been there before?" said Don Quixote. "For the space of four years," replied Gines, "to serve God and the king; and I know already the relish of the biscuit and bull's pizzle: nor does it grieve me much to go to them again, since I shall there have the opportunity of finishing my book: for I have a great many things to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is leisure more than enough, though I shall not want much for what I have to write, as I have every circumstance by heart." "You seem to be a witty fellow," said Don Quixote. "And an unfortunate one," answered Gines; "but misfortunes always pursue the ingenious." "Pursue the vil-

lanous," said the commissary. "I have already desired you, signor commissary," answered Passamonte, "to go on fairly and softly; for your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct and carry us whither his majesty commands you: now by the life of —— I say no more; but the spots, which were contracted in the inn, may perhaps one day come out in the bucking; and let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and speak better; and let us march on, for this has held us long enough."

The commissary lifted up his staff, to give what he deemed a proper reply to the threats of Passamonte: but Don Quixote interposed, and desired he would not abuse him, since it was but fair, that he, who had his hands so tied up, should have his tongue a little at liberty. Then, turning to the whole string, he said, "From all you have told me, dearest brethren, I clearly gather that, though it be only to punish you for your crimes, you do not much relish what you are going to suffer, and that you proceed to it much against the grain and your good liking; and, perhaps, the pusillanimity of him who was put to the torture, this man's want of money, and the other's want of friends, and, in short, the judge's wresting of the law, may have been the cause of your ruin, and that you were not acquitted, as in justice you ought to have been. And so strong a persuasion have I, that this is the case, that my mind prompts,

and even forces me, to show in your behalf the end, for which Heaven threw me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I do profess, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy, and those oppressed by the mighty. But, knowing that it is one part of prudence, not to do that by foul means, which may be done by fair, I will entreat these gentlemen your guard, and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose your fetters and manacles, and let you go in peace, there being persons enough to serve the king for better reasons: for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those, whom God and Nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards," added Don Quixote, "these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world; there is a God in heaven, who does not neglect to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; neither is it fitting that honest men should be the executioners of others, they having no interest in the matter. I request this of you, in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance: but if you do it not willingly, this lance, and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it." "This is pleasant fooling," answered the commissary; "an admirable conceit he has hit upon at last: he would have us let the king's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to

do it. Go on your way, signor, and adjust that basin on your noddle, and do not go feeling for three legs in a cat." " You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot," answered Don Quixote; and, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly, that, before he could stand upon his defence, he threw him to the ground, much wounded with the thrust of the lance: and it happened luckily for Don Quixote, that this was one of the two who had firelocks. At the unexpected encounter, the rest of the guards were astonished and confounded: but recovering themselves, those on horseback drew their swords, and those on foot laid hold of their javelins, and fell upon our knight, who waited for them with much calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him, if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity which presented itself of recovering their liberty, had not embraced it, by breaking the chain, with which they were linked together. The confusion was such, that the guards, between their endeavours to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and their efforts against Don Quixote, who attacked them, could do nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in disengaging Gines de Passamonte, who was the first that leaped free and disembarassed upon the plain; and, setting upon the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, with which, levelling it, first at one, and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard,

who fled no less from Passamonte's firelock, than from the shower of stones, which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened ; for he imagined, that the fugitives would give notice of the affair to the holy brotherhood, who, upon ringing a bell, would sally out in quest of the delinquents ; and he hinted this to his master, and begged of him to depart forthwith, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. " It is well," said Don Quixote ; " but I know what is first expedient to be done." Then having called together the slaves, who were in a disorderly state, and had stripped the commissary to his buff, and they having gathered in a ring about him, to know his pleasure, he thus addressed them. " To be thankful for benefits received, is the property of persons well born ; and one of the sins, at which God is most offended, is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you have already found, by manifest experience, the benefit you have received at my hands ; in acknowledgment of which, my will and pleasure is, that you set out immediately, laden with this chain, which I have taken from off your necks, and, repairing to the city of Toboso, there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her, that her knight of the rueful countenance sends you to present his service to her ; and farther, that you recount to her every tittle and circumstance of

this memorable adventure, to the point of setting you at your wished-for liberty; and this done, you may go, in God's name, whither you list."<sup>4</sup>

Gines de Passamonte, answering for them all, replied, "What your worship commands us, noble sir, and our deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to be complied with; for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate and alone, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the holy brotherhood, who, doubtless, will be out in search of us. What your worship may, and ought to do, is, to change this service and duty<sup>5</sup> to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, into a certain number of Ave-maries and Credos, which we will say for the success of your design; and this is a duty we can perform, by day or by night, flying or reposing, in peace or in war; but to suppose that we will now return to the brick-kilns of Egypt, that is, to our chains again, and put ourselves on the way to Toboso, is to suppose it is now night, whereas it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning; and to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree." "I swear then," quoth Don Quixote, already enraged, "that thou, Don son of a whore, Don Ginesillo de Parapilla, or whatever be thy name, shalt go alone, with thy tail between thy legs, and the whole chain upon thy back." Passamonte, who was not over passive, and had already perceived that Don Quixote was no wiser than he

should be, from the extravagance he had committed in setting them at liberty, seeing himself treated in this manner, gave the wink to his comrades; upon which, retreating a few paces, they began to rain such a shower of stones upon him, that he could not contrive to cover himself with his buckler; and poor Rozinante cared no more for the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho got behind his ass, and thereby sheltered himself from the storm of hail that poured upon them both; but his master could not screen himself so well, but that he received I know not how many pebble-shots in the body, which were discharged with such force, that they brought him to the ground. Scarcely was he fallen, when the student set upon him, and, taking the basin from his head, applied it furiously three or four times to the knight's shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, by which he almost broke it to pieces. They stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have robbed him of his trowsers too, if the greaves had not been in the way. They took from Sancho his cloke, leaving him in his doublet;<sup>6</sup> and, sharing the spoils of the battle, they betook themselves each a different way, more anxious to escape the holy brotherhood they were in fear of, than to load themselves with the chain, and go to present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote,



remained by themselves; the ass hanging his head and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet over, but still whizzing about him; Rozinante stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down by the stones; Sancho in his doublet, terrified at the thoughts of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote extremely out of humour, to find himself so ill treated by those very persons whom he had served in so essential a manner.<sup>7</sup>

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CHAP. IX.

*Of what befel the renowned Don Quixote in the sable mountain, being one of the most curious and uncommon adventures of any related in this faithful history.*

DON Quixote, finding himself so ill treated, said to his squire, "Sancho, I have often heard it said, that to do good to the base minded, is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what thou saidst to me, I might have prevented this trouble; but it is done, I must have patience, and henceforth take warning." "Your worship will as much take warning," answered Sancho, "as I am a Turk; but since

you say, that, if you had believed me, you had avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater ; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the holy brotherhood with chivalries : they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world ; and in troth, I fancy already I hear their arrows<sup>1</sup> whizzing about my ears.” “ Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “ but that thou mayest have no reason to say I am obstinate, and never take counsel of thee, I will for once follow thy advice, and get out of the reach of that fury of which thou art in so much dread ; but upon this sole condition, that, neither living nor dying, thou shalt ever hint that I retired, and withdrew myself from this peril, out of fear, but that I did it in mere compliance with thy entreaties : for if thou shalt say otherwise, thou wilt lie in so doing ; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I give thee the lie, and affirm thou liest and wilt lie every time thou shalt say, or think it : and reply no more ; for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and especially from this, which seems to carry some or no appearance of terror with it, makes me, that I now stand prepared to abide here, and expect alone, not only that holy brotherhood thou speakest of and darest, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the seven Maccabees, and Castor and Pollux, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods that are in the world.”

“ Sir,” answered Sancho, “ 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. And know, though I am but a clown and a peasant, I have yet some smattering of what is called good conduct ; therefore repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rozinante if you can, and if not, I will assist you ; and follow me ; for my noddle tells me, that for the present we have more need of heels than of hands.” Don Quixote mounted, without further reply ; and, Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they entered on the side of the sable mountain <sup>2</sup> which was nearest, it being Sancho’s intention to pass quite across, and to get out at Viso, or Almodovar del Campo, that by hiding themselves, for some days, among the craggy rocks, they might not be found, if the holy brotherhood should come in quest of them. He was encouraged to this, by seeing that the provisions carried by his ass <sup>3</sup> had escaped safe from the skirmish with the galley-slaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, considering what they took away, and how narrowly they searched.

That evening they got into the very heart of the mountain, where Sancho thought it convenient to pass the night, and even to spend a few days, or at least to stay as long as the provisions lasted ; and they took up their lodging between two rocks,

amidst a number of cork-trees. But destiny, which, according to the opinion of those, who have not the light of the true faith, guides, fashions, and disposes all things its own way, so ordered it, that Gines de Passamonte, that famous cheat and robber, whom the valour and madness of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain, being justly afraid of the holy brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himself also in those very mountains; and his fortune and his fear led him to the same place, to which the same principles had guided Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, just in time to distinguish who they were, and at the instant they were fallen asleep. And, as the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts them to their shifts, and the present conveniency overcomes the consideration of the future, Gines, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, resolved to steal Sancho Panza's ass, undervaluing Rozinante, as a thing he could neither pawn, nor sell. Sancho Panza slept; the varlet stole his ass; and, before it was day, he was far enough off to elude pursuit.

Aurora issued forth, rejoicing the earth, but giving no joy to Sancho Panza; who, finding himself deprived of Dapple, began to utter the most doleful lamentations, and so loud, that Don Quixote, awaked by his cries, heard him vociferate, "O son of my bowels, born in my own house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and lastly, the half

of my maintenance! for, with the six-and-twenty maravedis I earned every day by thy means, I half supported my family!" Don Quixote, learning the cause of this lament, comforted Sancho with the best reasons he could, and desired him to have patience, for that he would give him a bill of exchange for three young asses out of five which he had left at home. Sancho, comforted by the promise, wiped away his tears, moderated his sighs, and thanked his master for the kindness he showed him.

Don Quixote's heart leaped for joy on entering into the mountains, such places appearing to him the most likely to furnish the adventures of which he was in search: for they recalled to his memory the marvellous events which had befallen knights-errant in similar solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and so rapt and engrossed by them, that he remembered nothing else. Nor had Sancho any other concern, now that he thought he was out of danger, than to appease his hunger with what remained of the clerical spoils: and thus, sitting sideways, as women do, upon his beast,<sup>4</sup> he jogged after his master, emptying the bag, and filling his paunch: and, while he was thus employed, he would not have given a farthing for the best adventure that could happen.

He chanced, however, while thus busied, to lift up his eyes, and he saw that his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance,

to raise up some heavy bundle that lay upon the ground: he therefore made haste to assist him, should there be need, and came up just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion, with a portmanteau fastened to it, half, or rather quite, rotten and torn; but so heavy, that Sancho was forced to alight to take it up. His master having ordered him to examine what was in the portmanteau, Sancho very readily obeyed; and, though it was secured with its chain and padlock, there were so many breaches in it, that he soon reached the inside, where he found four fine holland shirts, and other linen, no less curious than clean; and, in an handkerchief, a quantity of gold crowns; which he no sooner espied, than he cried, "Blessed be Heaven, which has presented us with one profitable adventure!"<sup>s</sup> and searching farther, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound, which Don Quixote desired to have, bidding him take the money and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour; and emptying the portmanteau of the linen, he put it in the bag that held their provisions.

Don Quixote, ruminating at sight of these things, said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, nor can it possibly be otherwise, that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains, and have fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him, and brought him to this remote and secret part to bury him." "It cannot be so," answered Sancho; "for, had

they been robbers, they would not have left this money here." "Thou art in the right," said Don Quixote, "and I can neither guess nor think what the mystery can be: but stay, let us see whether this pocket-book has any thing written in it, by which we may trace and discover it." He opened it, and the first thing he found was a rough draught, but very legible, of the following sonnet, which he read aloud that Sancho might hear it.

Or Love doth nothing know, or cruel is,  
 Or my affliction equals not the cause  
 That doth condemn me to severest pains.  
 But if Love be a god, we must suppose  
 His knowledge boundless, nor can cruelty  
 With reason be imputed to a god.  
 Whence then the grief, the cruel pains, I feel?  
 Chloë, art thou the cause? impossible!  
 Such ill can ne'er subsist with so much good;  
 Nor does high Heaven's behest ordain my fall.  
 I soon shall die; my fate's inevitable:  
 For where we know not the disease's cause,  
 A miracle alone can hit the cure.

"From this string of verses," quoth Sancho, "nothing can be collected, unless by that Clue here you can come at the bottom of the affair." "What clue dost mean?" said Don Quixote. "I thought," said Sancho, "your worship mentioned a Clue." "No, I said Chloe," answered Don Quixote; "and doubtless that is the name of the lady, of whom the author of this sonnet complains; and, in faith, he<sup>6</sup> is a

tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art." "So then," said Sancho, "your worship understands making verses too!" "Yes, and better than thou thinkest," answered Don Quixote; "and thou shalt see I do, when thou art the bearer of a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verse from top to bottom: for know, Sancho, that all or most of the knights-errant of times past were both great poets, and great musicians; these two accomplishments, or to speak better, graces, being annexed to lovers-errant; though the truth is, that the couplets of former knights have more of passion than elegance in them." "Pray, sir, read on farther," said Sancho: "perhaps you may find something to satisfy us." Don Quixote turned over the leaf, and said, "This is in prose, and seems to be a letter." "A letter of business, sir?" asked Sancho. "By the beginning, it seems rather one of love," answered Don Quixote. "Then pray, sir, read it out," said Sancho; "for I relish mightily these love-matters." "With all my heart," said Don Quixote; and reading aloud, as Sancho desired, he found it to this effect:—

"Thy false promise, and my certain hard fate, hurry me to a place, from whence thou wilt sooner hear the news of my death; than the cause of my complaint. Thou hast cast me off, ungrateful maid, in favour of one, who has larger possessions, but not more merit. But, if virtue were a treasure in esteem, I should have had no reason to envy



any man's good fortune, nor to bewail my own wretchedness. What thy beauty had built up, thy behaviour has thrown down: by that I took thee for an angel, and by this I find thou art a woman. Farewell, fair author of my disquiet; and may Heaven grant that thy husband's perfidy may never come to thy knowledge, to make thee repent of what thou hast done, and afford me the revenge which I do not desire."

The letter being read: "We can gather little more from this, than from the verses," said Don Quixote; "except that he, who wrote it, is some slighted lover." Turning over the rest of the book, he found other verses and letters, of which some were legible, and some not: but the purport of them all was, complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, dislikings, slights, and favours, some extolled with rapture, and others as mournfully deplored. While Don Quixote was examining the book, Sancho examined the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in it, or in the saddle-cushion, that he did not search, scrutinize, and look into; nor seam, which he did not rip; nor lock of wool, which he did not carefully pick; that nothing might be lost for want of diligence, or care; such greediness had the finding the gold crowns, which were more than a hundred, excited in him. And though he reaped no farther fruit from his industry, he thought himself, by the leave given him to keep what he had found, abundantly rewarded for the tossings in the blanket,

the vomitings of the balsam, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the cuffs of the carrier, the loss of the wallet, and the theft of his cloke; together with all the hunger, thirst, and weariness he had undergone in his good master's service.

The knight of the rueful countenance was extremely desirous of knowing who was the owner of the portmanteau, conjecturing, by the sonnet and the letter, by the money in gold,<sup>7</sup> and by the fineness of the shirts, that he must doubtless be some lover of quality, whom the slights and ill treatment of his mistress had reduced to terms of despair. But as, in that uninhabitable and craggy place, there was nobody to give him the information he wanted, he thought of nothing but going forward, which way soever Rozinante pleased, and that was whatever way he found easiest; still possessed with the imagination, that he could not fail of meeting with some strange adventure among those briars and rocks.

As he went on, cogitating in this wise, he espied, on the top of an hillock, just before him, a man skipping from crag to crag, and from bush to bush, with extraordinary agility. His body seemed to be naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare: on his thighs he wore a pair of breeches of sad-coloured velvet, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through several parts; and his head was without any sort of covering. Though he passed with the swiftness already men-

tioned, the knight of the rueful countenance saw and observed all these particulars. He endeavoured to follow him, but the attempt was vain; for it was not given to Rozinante's feebleness to make way through such places, besides that he was naturally slow-footed and phlegmatic. Don Quixote immediately fancied that this must be the owner of the saddle-cushion and portmanteau, and he resolved in consequence to go in search of him, though he were sure to wander a whole year among the mountains, before he should find him. With this view he ordered Sancho to cut short over one side of the mountain, while he coasted on the other, in the hope, that by this diligence they might light on the person, who had so suddenly vanished out of their sight. "That I am not able to do," answered Sancho; "for the moment I offer to stir from your worship, fear is upon me, assaulting me with a thousand terrors and apparitions: and let this serve to advertise you, that, henceforward, I shall not stir a finger's breadth from your presence." "Be it so," said he of the rueful countenance, "and I am well pleased to find thee rely upon my courage, which shall never be wanting to thee, though the very soul in thy body should fail thee: and now follow me step by step, or as thou canst, and make spying-glasses of thine eyes: we will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may meet with the man we saw, who doubtless is the owner of what we have

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found." To this Sancho replied, "It would be much more prudent, to my mind, not to look after him; for, if we should find him, and he perchance prove to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it: and therefore it would be better, without this unnecessary diligence, to keep possession of it, bona fide, until by some way less curious and officious, its true owner shall be found; and perhaps that may be at a time when I shall have spent it all, and then I am free by law." "In that point, thou art mistaken, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "for since we shrewdly suspect who is the right owner, we are obliged to seek for him, and return it; and if we do not seek for him, the suspicion we have that this may be the person, makes us as guilty as if he really were. So that, friend Sancho, thou shouldst not be uneasy at searching after him, considering the anxiety from which I shall be freed in finding him." He then pricked Rozinante on, and Sancho followed at the usual rate; and having gone round part of the mountain, they saw a dead mule lying in a brook, saddled and bridled, and half devoured by dogs and crows: which confirmed them in their opinion, and they had no doubt, that to him who fled belonged alike the mule and the portmanteau.

While they stood looking at the mule, they heard a whistle, like that of a shepherd tending his flock; and presently, on their left hand, appeared a number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the

mountain, the goatherd that kept them, who was an old man. Don Quixote called aloud to him, requesting he would come down to them. He answered as loudly, asking who had brought them to that desolate place, seldom or never trodden, unless by the feet of goats, wolves, or other wild beasts, which frequented those mountains. Sancho replied, that if he would come down, they would satisfy his curiosity in every thing. The goatherd did so, and, coming to the place where they stood, he said, "I will lay a wager you are viewing the hackney-mule, which lies dead in this bottom: in good faith, it has lain there these six months already. Pray, have you lighted on his master hereabouts?" "We have lighted on nothing," answered Don Quixote, "but a saddle-cushion and a small portmanteau, which we found not far from hence." "I found it too," answered the goatherd, "but would by no means take it up, or come near it, for fear of some mischief, and lest I should be charged with having stolen it; for the devil is subtle, and lays stumbling-blocks in our way, which occasion us to fall, without our knowing how or wherefore." "I say so too," answered Sancho: "for I also saw it, but would not go within a stone's throw of it: there I left it, and there it lies as it was for me; for I will not have a dog with a bell." "Tell me, honest friend," said Don Quixote, "do you know who is the owner of these goods?" "What I know," said the goatherd, "is, that six months

ago, more or less, there arrived at the huts of certain shepherds, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth, mounted on the very mule, which lies dead there, and with the same saddle-cushion and portmanteau, you say you found and touched not. He inquired of us, which part of this hill was the most rude, and least accessible. We told him, it was this very spot where we now are: and it is so; for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would not easily find the way out: and I admire how you could get even hither, since there is no road nor path that leads to this place. The youth hearing our answer, turned about his mule, and made toward the place to which we directed him, leaving us all pleased with his goodly appearance, but surprised at his question, and the haste he made to reach the mountain: and, from that time, we saw no more of him until a few days after, when he sprung out upon one of our shepherds, and, without saying a word, beat and bruised him terribly, and immediately went to our sumpter-ass, which he plundered of all the bread and cheese she carried, and then fled again to the rocks with wonderful swiftness. Some of us goatherds, when we were told of this, went nearly two days in quest of him, through the most intricate part of this craggy hill; and at last we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us with much gentleness, his garments torn, and his face so disfigured

and scorched by the sun, that we should scarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, and which we had noticed before, assured us he was the person we were in search after. He saluted us courteously, and, in few, but complaisant terms, bid us not wonder to see him in that condition, for he was compelled in that manner to do penance, enjoined him for his manifold sins. We entreated him to tell us who he was, but we could get no more out of him. We desired him likewise, whenever he stood in need of food, without which he could not subsist, to let us know where he might be found, and we would very readily bring him some; and, if this was not to his liking, that, at least, he would come and ask for it, and not take it from the shepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for the violences he had committed, and promised thenceforth to ask it in God's name, without giving disturbance to any body. As to the place of his abode, he said, he had no other than what chance presented, wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with such melting tears, that we, who heard him, must have been very stones not to have borne him company in them, considering what he was when we first saw him, and what we saw him now to be: for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and, by his courteous behaviour and civil discourse, showed himself to be of good birth and excellent breeding: for though we

who heard him were country-people, his genteel carriage was sufficient to discover itself even to rusticity. Presently, ceasing to lament, he became silent, nailing his eyes, as it were, to the ground, for a considerable time, whilst we all looked on in suspense, waiting to see what this distraction would end in, with no small compassion at the sight; for, by his demeanour, his staring on the ground without moving his eyelids, then shutting them close, biting his lips, and arching his brows, we could easily perceive that some madness was coming on; and he quickly confirmed us in our suspicions, for he started up with great fury from the ground, on which he had the instant before thrown himself, and fell with such resolution and rage, upon the first that stood next him, that, if we had not taken him off, he would have beaten and bit him to death: crying out all the time, ‘ Ah traitor Fernando! now, now shalt thou pay for the wrong thou hast done me; these hands shall tear out that heart, in which all kinds of wickedness, and especially deceit and treachery, lurk and are harboured!’ And to these he added other expressions, all tending to revile the same Fernando, and charging him with falsehood and breach of faith. When we had disengaged him from our companion, which was with no small difficulty, without saying a word, he left us, and plunged amidst the thickest of the bushes and briars; so that we could not possibly follow him. By what we had seen, we guessed that



his madness returned by fits, and that some person of the name of Fernando must have done him some injury of so grievous a nature, as to have reduced him to this wretched state of distraction. And this has been often confirmed to us since, by his coming one while to beg of the shepherds part of what they had to eat, and at other times taking it from them by force: for, when the fit of insanity is upon him, though the shepherds freely offer him food, he will not take it without coming to blows; but, when he is in his senses, he asks it for God's sake, with courtesy and civility, and is so thankful, that he cannot help shedding tears. And truly, gentlemen," pursued the goatherd, "I, and four young men, two of them my servants, and the other two my friends, yesterday resolved to go in search of him, and, if we found him, to carry him, by fair means or by force, to the town of Almodovar, which is eight leagues off, and there get him cured, if his distemper were curable; or at least inform ourselves, when he is in his senses, who he is, and whether he has any relations, to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can tell you, in answer to your inquiry, by which you may understand, that the owner of the goods you found is the same person whom you saw skip about half naked with such agility:" for Don Quixote had told him, that they had seen a wretched being pass in that manner over the craggy rocks.

Don Quixote was in admiration at what he heard

from the goatherd ; and, having now a greater desire to learn who the unfortunate lunatic was, he resolved to put his former design into execution, and go in search of him all over the mountain, without leaving a corner or cave in it unexplored, until he should find him. But fortune managed better for him than he could have expected : for, at that very instant, the youth they sought appeared in the cleft of a rock, coming toward the place where they stood, and muttering something to himself, which they could not have understood, had they been near him, much less as they were at a distance. His dress was such as has been described : but, when he came up to them, Don Quixote perceived, that a buff doublet he had on, though torn to rags, still retained the perfume of amber ; whence he concluded, that the person, who wore it, could not be of the lower rank. The youth saluted them with a harsh, unmusical accent, but with much civility, and the salutation was returned with no less complaisance by Don Quixote, who, alighting from Rozinante, with a genteel and graceful air advanced to embrace him, and actually held him a considerable time between his arms, as if they had been long acquainted. The stranger, whom we may call the ragged knight of the distracted, as Don Quixote was of the rueful countenance, after he had suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a step, and, placing both his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood beholding him, as

if to see whether he knew him ; in no less admiration, perhaps, at the figure, mien, and armour of Don Quixote, than Don Quixote was at the piteous sight of him. In short, the first who broke silence after embracing was the ragged knight, who said what shall be told in the next chapter.

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CHAP. X.

*A continuation of the adventure of the sable mountain.*

THE history relates, that most profound was the attention with which Don Quixote listened to the ragged knight of the mountain, who began his discourse thus :

“ Assuredly, signor, whoever you are, for I have not the pleasure of knowing you, I am indebted to you for your very courteous demeanour ; and I wish it were in my power to repay, with more than my bare good-will, the kind reception you have given me : but such is my fortune, that good wishes are all I have to return for any favours that are conferred upon me.” “ My desire was so great to serve you,” answered Don Quixote, “ that I determined not to quit these mountains till I had found you, and learned from your own lips, whether the affliction, which, by your leading this strange life, seems to be your por-

tion, would admit of remedy, and, if it did, I would have used all possible diligence to have compassed it; and if it unfortunately proved of that sort, which keeps the door locked against every kind of comfort, I intended to have assisted you in bewailing it, to the best of my power; for it sometimes affords relief to have a sympathising friend. And, if you think this my intention intitled to any degree of acknowledgment, I beseech you, sir, by the civility you so eminently possess; I conjure you, by whatever in life you have loved, or do now love most, to tell me, who you are, and what has brought you hither, to live and die, like the brute beasts, amidst these solitudes; for such appears to me to be your intention, by your residing here in a manner so unsuitable to your personal accomplishments, as well as to your rank, if I may judge by the remains of gentility observable in your attire. And," added Don Quixote, "I swear by the order of chivalry, which, though unworthy and a sinner, I have received, and by the profession of a knight-errant, that if you gratify me in this my desire, I will serve you to the utmost verge of my duty, either in remedying your misfortune, if a remedy can be found, or in sympathetic condolment, as I before promised." The knight of the wood, hearing him of the rueful countenance talk in this way, did nothing but view and review, and view him again, from head to foot, and when he had surveyed him thoroughly, "If you have any thing you can give

me to eat," said he, "give it me, in God's name, and when I have satisfied my hunger, I will obey your commands, in return for the kind wishes you have expressed towards me."

Sancho immediately drew from his wallet, and the goatherd from his scrip, some provisions, and the ragged knight swallowed what they placed before him, like a distracted person, so fast, that there was no interval between one mouthful and another; indeed he rather devoured than eat, and neither he nor the by-standers spoke a word during the meal. Having finished his repast, he made signs to them to follow him, and he led them to a verdant spot of grass, at the turning of a rock, at a short distance; where being arrived, without a word having been spoken by any party, he seated himself upon the grass, and the rest having followed his example, he said, "If you wish, gentlemen, that I should tell you in a few words, the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise not to interrupt, by asking questions or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history; for, the instant you do so, I shall break off, and tell no more." These words brought to Don Quixote's memory the tale his squire had told him, which, by his mistaking the number of the goats that had passed the river, still remained unfinished. But, to return to our tattered knight. "I give you this caution, because," added he, "I would pass briefly over the account of my misfortunes; the bringing them to my remembrance

only serving to inflict new ones: and though the fewer questions I am asked, the sooner I shall have finished my story, yet will I omit no material circumstance, meaning to give you entire satisfaction." Don Quixote promised, in the name of the rest, to observe a profound silence; and, upon this assurance, he began in the following manner:—

“ My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth one of the best cities of all Andalusia; my family noble; my parents rich; my wretchedness so great, that my parents must have lamented, and my relations felt, without being able with all their wealth to remedy it; for the goods of fortune seldom avail any thing towards the relief of misfortunes sent from Heaven. In this country lived a heaven, in which love had placed all the glory I could wish for. Such is the beauty of Lucinda, a damsel of as good and rich a family as myself, but more fortunate, and less constant, than my honourable intentions merited. This Lucinda I had loved and adored from my childhood; and she, on her part, loved me with that innocent affection proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our inclinations, and were not displeased at them; foreseeing that, if they grew with our growth, they could end in nothing but our marriage: a termination pointed out, as it were, by the equality of our birth and circumstances. Our love did grow with our years, insomuch that Lucinda's father thought proper, for reasons of decency, to deny

me access to his house, imitating, as it were, the parents of that Thisbe, so celebrated by the poets. This restraint was only adding flame to flame, and desire to desire: for though it was in their power to impose silence on our tongues, they could not on our pens, which discover to the person beloved the most hidden secrets of the soul, and that with more freedom than speech; for oftentimes the presence of the adored object disturbs and strikes mute the most determined intention, and the most resolute tongue. O heavens! how many letters did I write to her! What charming, what modest answers did I receive! How many sonnets did I pen! how many love-songs indite! in which my soul, unfolding all its passion, described each soft desire, cherished every pleasing remembrance, and gave a loose to its wishes. In short, my patience being exhausted, and my soul languishing to see her, I resolved at once to put in execution what seemed to me the most likely means to obtain my desired and deserved reward; and that was, to ask her of her father, for my wife. I did so. He thanked me for the honour I intended him in my proposed alliance with his family; but added, that, my father being alive, it belonged more properly to him to make the proposal: for, if it had not his full consent and approbation, Lucinda was not a woman to be taken or given by stealth. I thanked him for his kindness in return, thinking there was reason in what he said, and that my father would comply

the moment the proposal was made to him. I flew therefore instantly to acquaint him with my wish ; but, upon entering the room where he was, I found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me before I could speak a word, saying, ‘ By this letter you will see, Cardenio, the inclination duke Ricardo has to serve you.’ This duke Ricardo, gentlemen, as you cannot but know, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I read the letter, which was so extremely kind, that I myself judged it would be wrong in my father not to comply with what the duke requested in it ; which was, that he would send me to him without delay, as he was desirous of placing me, not as a servant, but as a companion to his eldest son ; and engaged to procure me a post answerable to the opinion he entertained of me. I was confounded at the intelligence, and especially when I heard my father say, ‘ Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall depart, to fulfil the duke’s pleasure ; and, my son, give thanks to God, who is opening you a way to the preferment I know you deserve ;’ adding other expressions, by way of fatherly admonition.

“ The time fixed for my departure came : I had an interview the night before with Lucinda, and told her all that had passed ; I did the same to her father, begging him to wait a few days, and not to dispose of his daughter, until I was better acquainted with duke Ricardo’s pleasure respecting me. He pro-



mised me all I desired ; and she, on her part, confirmed it, with a thousand vows, and a thousand faintings. I arrived at length where the duke resided ; he received and treated me with so much kindness, that envy presently began to do her office, by possessing his old servants with an opinion, that every favour the duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their interest. But the person the most pleased with my residing with the duke, was his second son, called Fernando, a sprightly, genteel, liberal, and amorous youth, who, in a short time, contracted so intimate a friendship with me, that it became the subject of every body's discourse ; and though I had an ample share in the favour and affection of the elder brother, yet it did not equal the distinguishing manner in which Don Fernando loved and treated me. As there is no secret which is not communicated between friends, and the intimacy I held with Don Fernando went to the extremest bounds of friendship, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and especially one relating to his being in love, which gave him no small disquiet. It was with a country girl, a vassal of his father's ; her parents were rich, and she herself was so beautiful, reserved, discreet, and modest, that no one who knew her could determine in which of these qualifications she most excelled, or was most accomplished. These perfections raised Don Fernando's desires to such a pitch, that he resolved, in order to carry his point,

and subdue the chastity of this lovely maiden, to give her his promise to marry her ; for otherwise it would have been to attempt an impossibility. The obligation I was under to his friendship put me upon using the best reasons, and the most lively examples, I could think of, to divert and dissuade him from such a purpose. But, finding it was all in vain, I resolved to acquaint his father, the duke, with the affair. Don Fernando being artful and keen-sighted, suspected and feared no less, knowing that I was obliged, as a faithful servant, not to conceal from my lord and master, a matter so prejudicial to his honour ; and therefore, to amuse and deceive me, he said, that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had so captivated his affections, than to absent himself for a few months : and this absence was to be effected by our going together to my father's house, under pretence, as he would tell the duke, of seeing and cheapening some very fine horses in our town, which is noted for producing the best in the world. Prompted by my own love, I no sooner heard this proposal, than I approved of it, as one of the best concerted imaginable, and should have done so, had it been less plausible, since it afforded me so good an opportunity of seeing my dear Lucinda. Thus influenced, I came into his opinion, and seconded his design, desiring him to carry it into execution as soon as possible ; since absence was sure to do its office, in spite of the strongest in-

clinations. At the very time he made this proposal to me, he had already, as appeared afterwards, enjoyed the maiden, under the title of a husband, and only waited for a convenient season to divulge it with safety to himself, being afraid of what the duke his father might do, when he should hear of his folly. Now, as love in young men is, for the most part, little else than appetite, and pleasure is its ultimate end, by enjoyment it is terminated ; and what seemed to be love vanishes, because it cannot pass the bounds assigned by nature ; whereas true love admits of no limits : so it was with Don Fernando : when he had obtained his wishes with the country girl, his desires grew faint, and his fondness abated ; so that, in reality, the absence, which he proposed as a remedy for his passion, was only chosen that he might avoid what was now no longer agreeable to him.

“The duke having given him leave, and ordered me to bear him company, we arrived at the house of my father, who received him according to his quality. I immediately visited Lucinda ; my passion revived, though, in truth, it had been neither dead nor asleep ; and unfortunately for me, I revealed it to Don Fernando, thinking that, by the laws of friendship, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I expatiated in so lively phrase, on the beauty, good humour, discretion, and other graces of Lucinda, that my praise excited in him the desire of seeing so accomplished a person ; and, to my misfortune, I complied with his

wish, and showed her to him one night, by the light of a taper at a window, where we were accustomed to converse. Though in an undress, she appeared so charming in his eyes, as to obliterate from his memory all the beauties he had ever seen. He was struck dumb; he was like one bereft of all sense; he was entranced. In short, he became enamoured of her to the degree, that will appear in the sequel of the story. And, the more to inflame his desire, which he concealed from me, and disclosed to Heaven alone, it so happened, that he one day found a letter which she had written to me, requesting me to ask her in marriage of her father, so ingenuous, so modest, and so full of tenderness, that, when he had read it, he declared, that he thought in her alone were united all the charms of beauty and good sense, which are dispersed and divided among the rest of her sex. True it is, and I will now confess it, that though I knew what just grounds Don Fernando had to commend Lucinda, I was grieved to hear those commendations from his mouth; and I begun both to suspect and dread his inclination: for he was always inducing me to talk of her; and frequently would begin the subject himself, however abruptly; which awakened in me a degree of jealousy: not that I apprehended any change in the affection and fidelity of Lucinda; yet I could not help fearing the very thing against which these qualities were my security. Don Fernando also contrived the means of reading the letters I

wrote to her, as well as her answers, under the pretence of the pleasure the good sense of both afforded him. Now it chanced that Lucinda, who took delight in books of chivalry, requested me to lend her that of Amadis de Gaul.—”

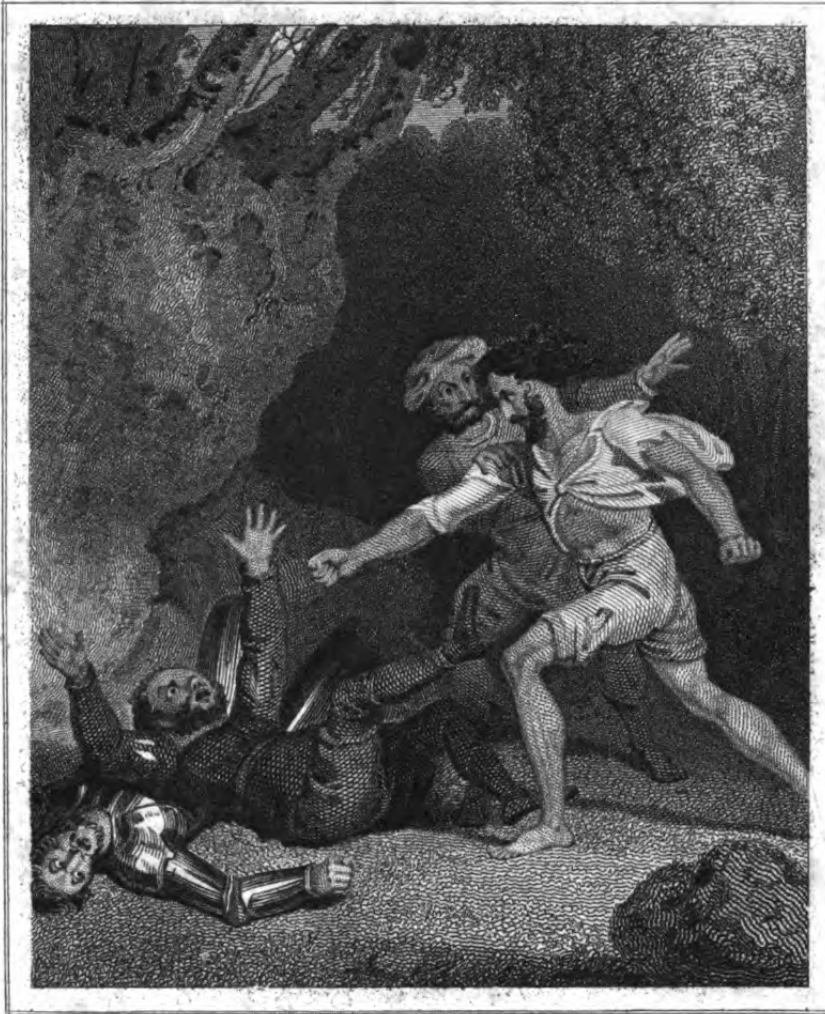
Don Quixote no sooner heard him mention books of chivalry, than his promise, as to not interrupting him, was at an end. “Had you told me, sir, in the beginning of your story,” said he, “that the lady Lucinda was fond of books of chivalry, there would have needed no exaggeration to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding; for it could never have been so excellent as you have described it, had she wanted a relish for such savoury reading; so that, with respect to me, it is needless to waste more words in displaying her personal or mental qualities; for, from only knowing her taste, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and the most ingenious woman in the world. And I wish, sir, that, together with Amadis de Gaul, you had sent her the good Don Rugel of Greece; for I know that the lady Lucinda will be highly delighted with Daraida and Garaya; and the witty conceits of the shepherd Darinel; and those admirable verses of his Bucolics, which he sung and represented with so much good humour, wit, and freedom; but the time may come when this fault may be amended; and the reparation may be made, as soon as you will be pleased, sir, to accompany me to my habitation; where I can furnish you with more than three hundred books,

that are the delight of my soul, and the entertainment of my life ; though, upon second thoughts, I have not one of them left, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. Pardon me, sir, for having given you this interruption, contrary to what I promised ; but, when I hear of matters of chivalry and knights-errant, I can as well forbear talking of them, as the beams of the sun can cease to give heat, or those of the moon to moisten. So that, pray excuse me, and go on ; for that is of most importance to us at present."

While Don Quixote was talking in this manner, Cardenio hung his head upon his breast, with all the signs of profound thought ; and though the knight repeated his request, that he would proceed with his story, he neither lifted up his head, nor answered a word. At length, after a long pause, looking up, he said, " I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one persuade me to the contrary, and he must be a blockhead who understands or believes otherwise, than that the villain, master Elisabat, lay with queen Madasima."<sup>1</sup> " It is false, I swear," answered Don Quixote, with great indignation ; " it is extreme malice, or rather villany, to say so : queen Madasima was a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed, that so dignified a princess would have amorous dalliance with a quack ; and whoever pretends she had, lies like a very rascal ; and I will make him know it, on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night

or by day, or how he pleases." Cardenio sat looking at him all the while very attentively, and, the mad fit being already upon him, he was in no condition to prosecute his story; neither would Don Quixote have heard him, so disgusted was he at what he had heard to the prejudice of Madasima; and strange it was to see him take her part with as much earnestness, as if she had really been his true and natural princess; so far had his cursed books turned his head.

I say then, that Cardenio being now in one of his paroxysms, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other opprobrious terms, did not relish the jest; and snatching up a stone that lay close by him, he aimed it so truly at Don Quixote's breast, that he was thrown on his back with the blow. Sancho Panza, seeing his master handled in this manner, attacked the maniac with clenched fists; but the ragged knight received him in such sort, that with a single blow he laid him sprawling at his feet, and getting upon him, pounded his ribs, to his heart's content: the goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared but little better, and when he had thus mastered and pummelled them all, he left them, and quietly withdrew to his haunts amidst the rocks. Sancho, in a rage to find himself so roughly and so undeservedly handled, arose, and was for taking his revenge on the goatherd, telling him, it was his fault for not having given them warning, that the man had his fits of insanity; for had they known it, they



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might have been upon their guard. The goatherd answered, that he had apprized them of what might happen, and that, if they had not heard it, the fault was none of his. Sancho Panza replied, and the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in their taking one another by the beard, and engaging in fistycuffs, and if Don Quixote had not made peace between them, it is impossible to say what might have been the end of the conflict, for Sancho kept fast hold of the goatherd, crying, "Let me alone, sir knight of the rueful countenance; for, this fellow being a plebeian, like myself, and not dubbed a knight, I may safely revenge myself for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour." "True," said Don Quixote; "but unfortunately for thy honour, he is not to blame for what has happened." Having pacified them, Don Quixote inquired again of the goatherd, whether it were possible to find out Cardenio; for he was extremely desirous to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as at first, that he did not exactly know his haunts; but that, if they should stay long in the mountain, they would not fail to meet him, either mad or sober.

## CHAP. XI.

*Which treats of the strange things that befel the valiant knight of La Mancha in the sable mountain; and how he imitated the penance of Beltenebros.*

DON Quixote took his leave of the goatherd, and mounting again on Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, which he did with a very ill will. Proceeding leisurely, they entered into the most craggy part of the mountain; Sancho all the while ready to burst for want of some talk with his master, but loath to begin, that he might not break through the silence that had been enjoined him; but, not being able to endure any longer, he said, "Signor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your worship's blessing, and my dismissal; for I will get me home to my wife and children, with whom I shall, at least, have the privilege of talking, and speaking my mind; for, to desire me to bear your worship company through these solitudes, night and day, without suffering me to open my lips when I have any thing to say, is to bury me alive. If fate had ordered it, that beasts should talk now, as they did in the days of Guisopete,<sup>1</sup> it had not been quite so bad; since I might then have communed with my ass as I pleased, and thus have forgotten my ill fortune; but it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to roam

about all his life in quest of adventures, and meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket and brick-bat bangs, and after all, to sew up his mouth, and not dare to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb." "I understand thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "thou art impatient until I take off the embargo I have laid on thy tongue; suppose it taken off, and say what thou wilt, upon condition, however, that the revocation lasts no longer than whilst we are among these rocks." "Be it so," said Sancho; "let me talk to-day; to-morrow God's will be done. And so as the first benefit of this license, I ask, What made your worship to stand up so warmly for that same queen Magimasa, or what's her name? or, what was it to the purpose, whether that abbot<sup>2</sup> was her gallant, or no? for, had you let that pass, seeing you were not his judge, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have escaped the tremendous thump with the stone, some kicks, and above half a dozen buffets."

"In faith, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if thou didst but know, as I do, what an honourable and excellent lady queen Madasima was, I am certain thou wouldst own I had great patience in not tearing to pieces those lips from which such blasphemies issued. For a blasphemy it is, and no slight one, to say, or even to think, that a queen should be punk to a barber-surgeon. The truth of the story is, that

that same master Elisabat, whom the maniac spoke of, was a very prudent man, and of a very sound judgment, and served as tutor and physician to the queen: and, to think she was his paramour, is an impertinence that deserves to be severely chastised. But, to show that Cardenio did not know what he said, thou mayest remember, that when he said it, he was not in his right mind." "So say I," quoth Sancho; "and therefore no account should have been made of his words; for, if good fortune had not been your friend, and the flint stone had been directed at your head, as it was at your breast, we had been in a fine condition for standing up in defence of that dear lady, whom God confound. Besides, do you think, Cardenio, if he had killed you, would not have come off guiltless, as being a madman?" "A knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "is obliged to defend the honour of women, be they what they will, both against men in their senses, and men out of them; how much more then should he stand up in defence of queens of such high degree and worth, as was queen Madasima, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her good parts: for, besides her being extremely beautiful, she was very prudent, and very patient in her afflictions, of which she had many. And the counsels and company of master Elisabat were of great use and comfort to her, in helping her to bear her sufferings without repining. Hence the ignorant and evil-

mindful vulgar took occasion to think and say, that she was his paramour ; but I say again, they lie, and will lie two hundred times more, all who affirm, or think her so." " I neither say nor think so," answered Sancho ; " let those who say it eat the lie, and swallow it with their bread ; whether they were guilty or not, they have given an account to God before now : I come from my vineyard ; I know nothing ; I am no friend to inquiring into other men's lives ; for he that buys and lies, shall find the lie left in his purse behind : besides, naked was I born, and naked I remain ; I neither win nor lose ; if they were guilty, what is that to me ? Many think to find bacon, where there is not so much as a pin to hang it on ; but, who can hedge in the cuckow ? Evil tongues do not spare God himself." " God be my aid," quoth Don Quixote, " what impertinencies art thou stringing together ! what has the subject we are upon to do with the proverbs thou art threading like beads ! Prythee, Sancho, hold thy tongue, and henceforward mind spurring thy ass, and forbear meddling with what does not concern thee. And understand, with all thy five senses, that whatever I have done, am doing, or shall do, is highly reasonable, and exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights who have ever professed the order." " Sir," replied Sancho, " is it a good rule of chivalry, that

we go wandering through these mountains, without path or road, in pursuit of a madman, who, perhaps, when he is found, will have a mind to finish what he begun, not his story, but the breaking of your head, and my ribs?"

"Peace! once again, I say, hold thy peace, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "for I would have thee to know, that it is not solely the desire of finding the lunatic that detains me in these mountains; but the intention I have to perform an exploit in them, whereby I shall acquire a perpetual name and renown over the face of the whole earth: an exploit that shall set the seal to all that can render a knight-errant perfect and unrivalled." "And is this same exploit a very dangerous one?" quoth Sancho Panza. "No," answered he of the rueful countenance; "though the die may chance to run so, that we may have an unlucky throw; but the whole will depend upon thy diligence." "Upon my diligence?" quoth Sancho. "Yes," said Don Quixote, "for if thy return from the place whither I intend to send thee be speedy, my pain will be soon over, and my glory forthwith commence; and, as it is not expedient to keep thee any longer in suspense, waiting to know what my discourse drives at, understand, Sancho, that the famous Amadis de Gaul was one of the most complete knights-errant—I should not have said one, he was the sole, the principal, the paramount, in short,

the prince of all that were in his days in the world. A fig for Don Belianis, and all those who say he equalled Amadis in any thing ! for, by this light, they are all mistaken. Now, if a painter would be famous in his art, he must endeavour to copy after the originals of the most excellent masters ; and the same rule holds good as to all other arts and sciences, that serve as ornaments of the commonwealth : therefore whoever aspires to the character of prudent and patient, must imitate Ulysses, in whose person and toils Homer draws a lively picture of prudence and patience ; as Virgil does of a pious son, and a valiant and expert captain, in the person of Æneas ; not delineating or describing them as they really were, but as they ought to be, in order to serve as patterns of virtue to succeeding generations. In this very manner was Amadis the polar, the morning star, and the sun, of all valiant and enamoured knights, and he whom all we, who militate under the banners of love and chivalry, ought to follow. This being the case, friend Sancho, the knight-errant, who imitates him the most nearly, will, I take it, stand the fairest to arrive at the perfection of chivalry. And one circumstance, in which this knight most eminently discovered his prudence, worth, courage, patience, constancy, and love, was his retiring, when disdained by the lady Oriana, to do penance in the Poor Rock, changing his name to that of Beltenebros ;<sup>3</sup> a name most significant, and proper for the life he had volun-



tarily chosen. Now, it is easier for me to copy after him in this respect, than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies, shattering fleets, and dissolving enchantments; and, since this place is so well adapted for the purpose, there is no reason why I should let slip the opportunity, which now so commodiously offers me its forelock."

"And may I ask," quoth Sancho, "what it is your worship intends to do in so remote a place as this?" "Have I not told thee," answered Don Quixote, "that I design to imitate Amadis, acting here the desperate, raving, and mad lover; at the same time copying the valiant Don Orlando, when he found, by the side of a fountain, some indications that Angelica the Fair had dishonoured herself with Medoro: which so grievously afflicted him, that he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, disturbed the waters of the crystal springs, slew shepherds, destroyed flocks, fired cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares on the ground, and did a hundred-thousand other extravagancies, worthy to be recorded, and held in eternal remembrance. And, though I might not resolve to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolando, for he had all these names, in every point, and in all the mad things he acted, said, and thought, I will copy, in the best manner I can, what I deem the most essential. And, perhaps, I may satisfy myself with only copying Amadis in one particular, who, without playing any mischievous pranks, arrived, by weepings and

tendernesses, to as great fame as the best knight of them all." "It seems to me," quoth Sancho, "that the knights, who acted in such manner, were provoked to it, and had a reason for doing these follies and penances: but pray, what cause has your worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? or what tokens have you discovered, to convince you, that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has been playing the fool, either with Moor<sup>4</sup> or christian?" "There lies the point," answered Don Quixote, "and in this consists the finesse of my affair: a knight-errant, who runs mad upon a just occasion, deserves no thanks; but to do so without reason, that is the puncto, giving my lady to understand, what I should perform in the wet, if I do this in the dry.<sup>5</sup> And truly, I have cause enough given me, in being kept so long from my ever-honoured lady Dulcinea del Toboso; for, as thou mayest have heard from that whilome shepherd, Ambrosio, The absent feel and dread every ill. So, friend Sancho, do not waste time in counselling me to quit so rare, so happy, and so unheard-of an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be, until thy return with an answer to a letter I intend to send by thee to my lady: and, if it be such as my fidelity deserves, my distraction and penance will be at an end: but, should it prove otherwise, I shall be mad in earnest; and, therefore, insensible of my misfortune: so that, whatever answer she may return, I shall be disencumbered of the conflict and pain, in

which thou leavest me, either enjoying the good thou shalt bring, if in my senses ; or not feeling the ill, if out of them.

“ But tell me, Sancho, hast thou taken care of Mambrino’s helmet, which I saw thee take up, after that graceless fellow endeavoured to break it to pieces, but could not? whence thou mayest perceive the excellence of its temper.” To which Sancho answered, “ As God liveth, sir knight of the rueful countenance, I cannot endure nor bear with patience some things your worship says: they are enough to make me think, that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands, and doing other favours and mighty things, according to the custom of knights-errant, must be mere vapour, and a lie, and all friction, or fiction, or how do you call it? for, to hear you say, that a barber’s basin is Mambrino’s helmet, and that, during so many days, you cannot be beaten out of this error, what can one think, but that he, who says and affirms such a thing, must be addle-brained? I have the basin in my wallet, all shattered and battered, and I mean to carry it home and have it mended, for the use of my beard, if God be so gracious to me, as to restore me one time or other to my wife and children.” “ Behold, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ I swear likewise, as God liveth, that thou hast the shallowest brain that any squire has, or ever had, in the world. Is it possible, that after the manifold

experience thou hast had, while roaming about with me, thou dost not perceive, that all matters relating to knights-errant appear chimeras, follies, and extravagancies, worked seemingly by the rule of contraries? not that they are in reality so, but that there is a crew of enchanters always around us, who alter and disguise every thing, turning it according to their own pleasure, or as they are inclined to favour or distress us: hence it is, that this, which appears to thee a barber's basin, appears to me Mambrino's helmet, and will perhaps appear to another something else: and it was a singular foresight of the sage, who is my friend, to make that which, really and truly, is Mambrino's helmet, appear to the rest of mankind to be a basin; because, being of so great value, all the world would persecute me, in order to take it from me; but now, thinking it nothing but a barber's basin, they do not trouble themselves about the matter; as was evident in him who endeavoured to break it, and left it on the ground without carrying it off: which, in faith, had he known what it was, he would never have done. Take care of it, friend; for at present I have no need of it; it being my intention to strip off all my armour, and remain naked as I was born, in case I should resolve rather to copy Orlando, in my penance, than Amadis."

While they were thus discoursing, they arrived at the foot of a steep mountain, which stood alone, as if

it had been hewn out of several others that surrounded it. A gentle stream ran at its skirts, and it was encircled by a meadow so verdant and fertile, and so pleasantly interspersed with trees and flowering shrubs, that it delighted the eyes of all who beheld it. This was the scene chosen by the knight of the rueful countenance, in which to perform his penance: upon viewing it, he broke out in a loud voice, as if he had been beside himself; “ This is the place, O ye Heavens, which I select and appoint for bewailing the misfortune, in which you have yourselves involved me! This is the spot, where my flowing tears shall increase the waters of this crystal rivulet, and my continual and profound sighs incessantly move the leaves of these lofty trees, in testimony and token of the pain my persecuted heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoever you are, that inhabit these remote deserts, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom long absence, and some pangs of jealousy, have driven to bewail himself among these craggy hills, and to complain of the cruelty of that ungrateful fair, the utmost extent and ultimate perfection of all human beauty! O ye wood-nymphs and dryads, who are accustomed to inhabit the closest recesses of the mountains,—so may the nimble and lascivious satyrs, by whom you are wooed, though wooed in vain, never disturb your sweet repose,—assist me to lament my hard fate, or at least be not weary of hearing my moan! O Dulcinea del To-

boso, light of my darkness, glory of my pain, the north-star of my travels, and over-ruling planet of my fortune,—so may Heaven prosper you in whatever you pray for,—consider, I beseech you, the place and condition to which your absence has reduced me, and how cruelly you return what is due to my fidelity! O ye solitary trees, who, from henceforth, are to be the companions of my retirement, wave gently your branches, in token of your kind acceptance of my person! And, O thou, my squire, agreeable companion in my most prosperous and adverse fortune, carefully imprint in thy memory what thou shalt see me here perform, that thou mayest recount and recite it to her, who is the sole cause of all!" And saying this, he alighted from Rozinante, and taking off the bridle and saddle, and giving him a slap on the buttocks, as a farewell salute, said to him, "O steed, as excellent for thy performances, as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty, who wants it himself Go whither thou wilt; for thou hast it written in thy forehead, that neither Astolpho's Hippogriff, nor the famous Frontino, which cost Bradamante so dear, could match thee in speed!"<sup>6</sup>

Sancho, observing all this, said, "God's peace be with him who saved us the trouble of taking the halter from the head of Dapple;<sup>7</sup> for in faith he should not have wanted a slap on the buttocks, nor a speech in his praise: but if he were here, I would

not consent to his being unpannelled, there being no occasion for it; for he had nothing to do with love or despair, any more than I, who was once his master, when it so pleased God. And truly, sir knight of the rueful countenance, if it be so, that my departure and your madness are to take place in earnest, it will be needful to saddle Rozinante again, that he may supply the loss of my Dapple, and save me time in going and coming; for if I go on foot, I know not when I shall get thither, nor when return, being in truth a very sorry footman." "In this, use thy own pleasure," answered Don Quixote; "for I do not disapprove of thy project; and thou shalt depart in three days; during which time I would have thee diligently note what I do and say for her sake, that thou mayest tell her every particular." "What have I more to see," quoth Sancho, "than what I have seen already?" "Thou art very far from being perfect in the story," answered Don Quixote; "for I have not yet scattered my armour, torn my garments, and dashed my head against these rocks, with other performances of the same kind, that will strike thee with admiration." "For the love of God," said Sancho, "have a care how you dash your head in the way you talk of, for you may chance to light upon such an unlucky point of a rock, that at the first onset you may dissolve the whole machine of this penance; and I should think, since your worship is of opinion that knocks of the head are

necessary, and that this work cannot be done without them, you might content yourself, since all is a fiction, a counterfeit, and a sham, I say, you might content yourself with running your head against water, or some soft thing, such as cotton ; and leave it to me to tell my lady, that you dashed your head against the point of a rock harder than adamant.”

“ I thank thee for thy good-will, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote ; “ but I would have thee to know, that all these, my intended doings, are not in jest, but very good earnest : for otherwise, it would be to transgress the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to tell no lie whatever, on pain of being punished as apostates ; and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying. And therefore my knocks on the head must be real, substantial, and sound ones, without equivocation or mental reserve. However, it will be necessary to leave me some lint for my wounds, since it was the will of fate that we should lose the balsam.”

“ It was worse to lose the ass,” answered Sancho ; “ for, in losing him, we lost lint and every thing else ; and I beseech your worship not to put me in mind of that cursed drench ; for, in barely hearing it mentioned, my very soul is turned upside-down, not to say my stomach. As for the three days allowed me for seeing the mad pranks which you are to perform, make account, I beseech you, that they are already passed ; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady : so write the letter,





and despatch me quickly ; for I long to come back, and release your worship from this purgatory, in which I leave you." " Purgatory, dost thou call it, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. " Call it rather hell, or worse, if any thing can be worse." " I have heard say," quoth Sancho, " that out of hell there is no retention."<sup>8</sup> " I know not," said Don Quixote, " what retention means." " Retention," answered Sancho, " means, that he, who is once in hell, never does, nor ever can get out. But it will be quite the reverse with your worship, or it shall go hard with my heels, if I have but spurs to enliven Rozinante: and let me but once get to Toboso, and into the presence of my lady Dulcinea, and I warrant you I will tell her such a story of the foolish and mad things, for they are all no better, which your worship has done, and is doing, that I shall bring her to be as supple as a glove, though I find her harder than a cork-tree ; and with her sweet and honied answer, I will return through the air like a witch, and fetch your worship out of this purgatory, which seems a hell, and is not, because there is hope to get out of it ; which, as I have said, none can have that are in hell ; nor do I believe your worship will say otherwise."

" That is true," answered he of the rueful countenance ; " but how shall we contrive to write the letter?" " And the ass-colt bill?" added Sancho. " Nothing shall be omitted," said Don Quixote ;

“ and, since we have no paper, we shall do well to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax ; though it will be as difficult to meet with these at present, as with paper. But, now I recollect, it may be as well, or rather better, to write it in Cardenio’s pocket-book, and thou wilt take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper, in the first town where there is a schoolmaster ; or, if there be no schoolmaster, a parish-clerk will do it for thee : but be careful not to give it to any hackney-writer of the law ; for the devil himself will never be able to read their confounded court-hand.” “ But what must we do about the signing it ?” said Sancho. “ Billets-doux are never subscribed,” answered Don Quixote. “ Very well,” replied Sancho ; “ but the warrant for the colts must of necessity be signed by yourself ; for, if that be copied, people will say the signing is counterfeit, and I may go whistle for the colts.” “ The warrant shall be signed in the same pocket-book ; and, at sight of it, my niece will make no difficulty to comply with the order. As to what concerns the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus ; ‘ Yours, till death, the knight of the rueful countenance ;’ and it is no great matter, if it be in another hand ; for, by what I remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read, nor has she ever seen a letter, or writing, of mine in her whole life ; for our loves have always been of the platonic kind, extending no farther than to modest looks at one another ; and even those

so very rarely, that I dare truly swear, in twelve years, that I have loved her more than the sight of these eyes, which the earth must one day devour, I have not seen her four times; and, perhaps, of these four times, she may not have once perceived that I looked at her. Such is the reserve and strictness, with which her father Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother Aldonza Nogales, have brought her up."

"Hey day!" quoth Sancho, "what, the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo! is she the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, alias Aldonza Lorenzo?" "It is even so," said Don Quixote; "and she deserves to be lady of the whole universe." "I know her well," quoth Sancho; "and I can assure you, she will pitch the bar with the lustiest swain in the parish. Long live the giver; why, she is a mettled lass, tall, straight, and vigorous, and can make her part good with any knight-errant that shall have her for a mistress. O the jade! what a pair of lungs and a voice she has! I remember she got one day upon the church-steeple, to call some young ploughmen, who were in a field of her father's; and, though they were half a league off, they heard her as plainly as if they had stood at the foot of the tower: and the best of her is, that she is not at all coy; for she has much of the courtier in her, and makes a jest and a may-game of every body. I say then, sir knight of the rueful countenance, that you not only may, and ought to run mad for her, but also justly despair and hang

yourself, and nobody that hears it but will say you did extremely well, though the devil should carry you away. I would fain be gone, if it were only to see her; for I have not seen her this many a day, and by this time she must needs be altered; for it mightily spoils women's faces, to be always abroad in the field, exposed to the sun and weather. And I confess to your worship, signor Don Quixote, that hitherto I have been in a great error; for I thought for certain, that the lady Dulcinea was some great princess, with whom you were in love, or at least some person of such prime quality, as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well that of the Biscayner, as that of the galley-slaves; and many others there must have been, considering the many victories you must have gained, before I came to be your squire. But, all things considered, what good can it do the lady Aldonza Lorenzo, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, to have the vanquished, whom your worship sends or may send, fall upon their knees before her? for who knows but at the time they arrive, she may be carding flax, or threshing in the barn, and they may be ashamed to see her, and she may laugh, or be disgusted at the present?" "I have often told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that thou art an eternal babbler; and, though void of wit, thy bluntness often occasions smarting: but, to convince thee at once of thy folly, and my discretion, I will tell thee a short story:

“ Know, then, that a certain widow, handsome, young, gay, and rich, and withal no prude, fell in love with a young, strapping, well-set, lay-brother. His superior heard of it, and one day took occasion to say to the good widow, by way of brotherly reprehension, ‘ I wonder, madam, and not without great reason, that a woman of your quality, so beautiful, and so rich, should fall in love with such a despicable, mean, silly fellow, when there are, in this house, so many graduates, dignitaries, and divines, among whom you might pick and choose, as you would among pears, and say, this I like, and that I do not like.’ But she answered him, with great frankness and good-humour: ‘ You are much mistaken, worthy sir, and think altogether in the old fashioned way, if you imagine that I have made an ill choice in that fellow, how silly soever he may appear, since, for the purpose I intend him, he knows as much or more philosophy than Aristotle himself.’ In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea del Toboso, for the purpose I intend her, deserves as highly as the greatest princess on earth. The poets, who have celebrated the praises of ladies under fictitious names, imposed at pleasure, had not all of them real mistresses. Thinkest thou, that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, the Sylvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Alidas, and the like, of whom books, ballads, barbers-shops, and stage-plays, are full, were really mistresses of flesh and blood, to those who celebrated them? No; they are for

the most part feigned, on purpose to be the subjects of their verse, and to make the authors pass for men of gallant and amorous dispositions. And therefore it is sufficient, that I think and believe the good Aldonza Lorenzo to be beautiful and chaste; and as to her lineage, it matters not; for there needs none of that strict inquiry concerning it, as if she were to receive some order of knighthood;<sup>9</sup> and, for my part, I prize her as the greatest princess in the world. For thou must know, Sancho, if thou dost not know it already, that two things, above all others, incite to love, namely, great beauty and a good name: now both these are to be found in perfection in Dulcinea; for, in beauty, none can be compared to her, and, for a good name, few can come near her. To conclude, I imagine every thing respecting her to be exactly as I have said, without addition or diminution; and I represent her to my fancy according to my wish, both as to beauty and quality. Helen is not comparable to her, nor is she excelled by Lucretia, or any other of the famous women of antiquity, whether Grecian, Latin, or barbarian. And let the world say what it pleases; for if I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall not be censured by the most rigid of those who are proper judges." "Your worship," replied Sancho, "is always in the right, and I am an ass: but why do I mention an ass, when one ought not to talk of halters in the house of a man who was hanged? But

give me the letter, and God be with you ; for I am upon the wing."

Don Quixote pulled out the pocket-book, and, stepping aside, began very gravely to write the letter; and when he had done, he called Sancho, and said he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart, if he should chance to lose it by the way ; for every thing was to be feared from his ill-fortune. To which Sancho answered, " Write it, sir, two or three times in the book, and give it me, and I will take care to convey it safely : but to think that I can carry it in my memory, is a folly ; for so frail is it, that I often forget my own name. Your worship, however, may read it to me ; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be a clever production." " Listen then," said Don Quixote ; " it runs thus :

*Don Quixote's letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.*

" Sovereign and high lady,

" The stabbed by the point of absence, and the pierced to the heart, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, sends that health to you which he wants himself.<sup>10</sup> If your beauty despises me, if your worth profits me nothing, and your disdain still pursues me, though I am enured to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction, which is not only violent, but the more durable for being so. My good squire Sancho will give you a full account, O ungrateful fair, and my beloved

enemy, of the condition I am in for your sake. If it please you to relieve me, I am yours; and, if not, do what seems good to you: for, by my death, I shall at once satisfy your cruelty and my own passion.

“Yours, until death,

“The Knight of the rueful countenance.”

“By the life of my father,” quoth Sancho, hearing the letter, “it is the toppingest thing I ever heard. Ods my life, how curiously your worship expresses in it whatever you please! and how excellently do you close all with the knight of the rueful countenance! Verily, your worship is the devil himself; and there is nothing but what you know.” “The profession to which I belong,” answered Don Quixote, “requires me to understand every thing.” “Well then,” said Sancho, “pray clap on the other side of the leaf the bill for the three ass-colts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight.” “With all my heart,” said Don Quixote; and, having written it, he read as follows:

“Dear niece, at sight of this my first bill of ass-colts, give order that three of the five I left at home in your custody be delivered to Sancho Panza my squire: which three colts I order to be delivered and paid for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, with his acquittance, shall be your discharge.

<sup>11</sup> Done in the heart of the sable mountain, the twenty-second of August, this present year” —



“ It is mighty well,” said Sancho ; “ pray sign it.”  
“ It wants no signing,” said Don Quixote ; “ I need only put my cipher to it, which is the same thing, and is sufficient, not only for three asses, but for three hundred.” “ I rely upon your worship,” answered Sancho : “ let me go and saddle Rozinante, and prepare to give me your blessing ; for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the follies you are about to commit ; and I will relate, that I saw you act so many, that she can desire no more.”  
“ At least, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ I would have thee see me naked, and do a dozen or two of mad pranks ; nay, thou must, thou shalt ; for I shall despatch them in less than half an hour : and having seen these with thy own eyes, thou mayest safely swear to those it is thy intention to add ; for assure thyself, thou wilt not relate so many as I mean to perform.” “ For the love of God, dear sir,” quoth Sancho, “ let me not see your worship naked ; for it will move my compassion much, and I shall not be able to forbear weeping : and my head is so disordered with last night’s grief for the loss of poor Dapple, that I am in no condition, at present, to begin new lamentations. If your worship has a mind I should be an eye-witness of some mad pranks, pray do them clothed, and with brevity, and let them be such as will stand you in most stead : though on my account there needs nothing of all this ; and, as I said before, it is but delaying my return with the news your

worship so much desires and deserves. And let the lady Dulcinea prepare herself; for if she does not answer as she should do, I solemnly protest, I will fetch it out of her stomach by dint of kicks and buffets; for it is not to be endured, that so famous a knight-errant, as your worship, should run mad, without why or wherefore, for a — Let not madam provoke me to speak out; before God, I shall blab, and out with all by wholesale, though it spoil the market.<sup>12</sup> I am pretty good at this sport: she does not know me: if she did, in faith she would agree with me.” “In troth, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “to all appearance thou art as mad as myself.” “Not quite so mad,” answered Sancho, “but a little more choleric. But, setting aside all this, what has your worship to eat till my return? Are you to go upon the highway, to rob the shepherds, like Cardenio?” “Trouble not thyself about that,” answered Don Quixote: “though I were sumptuously provided, I would eat nothing but herbs and fruits, which this meadow and these trees will afford me; for the mystery of my affair lies in not eating, and other austerities.” Sancho then said, “Do you know, sir, what I fear? that I shall not be able to find my way back again to this place, it is so concealed and unfrequented?” “Observe well the marks; for I will endeavour to be as near this spot as I can,” said Don Quixote, “and will, moreover, take care to get to the top of some of the highest cliffs, to see if I can

discover thee upon thy return. But the surest way not to miss me, nor lose thyself, will be, to cut some branches of broom, of which there is such plenty here, and strew them in the way, from space to space, until thou hast reached the plain; and they will serve as land-marks and tokens to guide thee hither, in imitation of Theseus's clue to the labyrinth."

"I will do so," answered Sancho Panza; and having cut a large bundle, he begged his master's blessing, and took his leave, not without many tears on both sides. Then, mounting Rozinante, of whom Don Quixote gave him an especial charge, desiring him to be as careful of him as of his own proper person, he descended towards the plain, strewing broomboughs here and there, as his master had directed him. In this manner did he begin his journey, though Don Quixote still importuned him to stay, and see him perform, if, it were but a couple of mad pranks. But he had not gone above a hundred paces, when he turned back, and said, "Your worship was right in observing, that, in order to my being able to swear with a safe conscience, that I have seen you perform mad pranks, it would be proper I should, at least, witness one; though in truth I have witnessed a very great one already, in your staying here." "Did I not tell thee so?" quoth Don Quixote; "stay but a moment, Sancho, I will despatch them in the repeating of a Credo."<sup>13</sup>

Then stripping off his breeches in all haste, he remained naked from the waist downwards, or covered only with the tail of his shirt; and presently, without more ado, he cut a couple of capers<sup>14</sup> in the air, and a brace of tumbles, head down and heels up, exposing things that made Sancho turn Rozinante about, that he might not see them a second time; and fully satisfied him, that he might safely swear his master was stark mad: and so we will leave him going on his way, until his return, which was more speedy than could be expected.

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CHAP. XII.

*A continuation of the refinements practised by Don Quixote as a lover in the sable mountain.*

THE history, turning to recount what the knight of the rueful countenance did, when he found himself alone, informs us, that Don Quixote having finished his tumbles and gambols, naked from the middle downward, and clothed from the middle upward, and perceiving that Sancho was gone, without caring to see any more of his extravagancies, climbed to the top of a high rock, and there began to think again, of what he had often thought before, without ever

coming to any resolution ; which of the two was best, and would stand him in most stead, to imitate Orlando in his outrageous madness, or Amadis in his melancholy moods. And, talking to himself, he said, “ That Orlando was so good and valiant a knight, as every body allows, is not to be wondered at, since he was enchanted and invulnerable by every weapon, except the point of a needle thrust into the sole of his foot ; as a guard against which, he always wore shoes that had seven soles of iron. This contrivance, however, stood him in no stead against Bernardo del Carpio, who, knowing the secret, pressed him to death between his arms, in Roncesvalles. But setting aside his valour, let us take into consideration his losing his wits, which it is certain he did, in consequence of some tokens he found in the forest, and the news brought him by the shepherd, that Angelica had slept more than two afternoons with Medoro, a little Moor with curled locks, who was page to Agramante. If he knew this to be true, and that his lady had played him false, it was no such mighty exploit to run mad on the occasion. Nor do I perceive how I can imitate him in his madnesses, seeing I have not the same cause : for I dare swear, that my Dulcinea del Toboso never saw a Moor, in his own dress,<sup>1</sup> in all her life, and that she is this day as the mother that bore her ; and I should do her a manifest wrong, if, suspecting her, I should adopt the same species of frenzy as that of Orlando Furioso. On the other

side, I see that Amadis de Gaul, without losing his wits, and without acting the madman, acquired the reputation of a lover, in as high a degree as the best of them. For, as history relates, finding himself disdained by his lady Oriana, who commanded him not to appear in her presence, till it was her pleasure, he only retired to the Poor Rock, accompanied by a hermit, and there wept his belly full, until Heaven came to his relief, in the midst of his tribulation and anguish. And if this be true, as it really is, why should I take the pains to strip myself naked, or grieve these trees, that never did me any harm? or disturb the water of these crystal streams, which are to furnish me with drink when I want it? Live the memory of Amadis! and let him be imitated, as far as may be, by Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom shall be said what has been recorded of another, that, if he did not achieve great things, he died in attempting them :<sup>2</sup> and though I am neither rejected nor disdained by my Dulcinea, it is grief sufficient, as I have already said, that I am absent from her. Well then; hands, to your work; come to my memory, ye deeds of Amadis, and teach me where I am to begin my imitation! One thing I know he did, which was to pray; and so will I do." Whereupon he strung some large galls of a cork-tree, which served him for a rosary: but what greatly troubled him, was, his not having a hermit to hear his confession, and to comfort him; he therefore amused

himself in strolling about the meadow, writing and graving verses on the barks of trees, and in the fine sand, all accommodated to his melancholy, or in praise of Dulcinea. But afterwards, when he was found in this mountain, the following only were legible and entire.

## I.

Ye trees, ye plants, ye herbs that grow  
 So tall, so green, around this place,  
 If ye rejoice not at my woe,  
 Hear me lament my piteous case.  
 Nor let my loud-resounding grief  
 Your tender trembling leaves dismay,  
 Whilst from my tears I seek relief,  
 In absence from Dulcinea  
 Del Toboso.

## II.

Here the sad lover shuns the light,  
 By sorrow to this desert led;  
 Here exiled from his lady's sight,  
 He seeks to hide his wretched head.  
 Here, bandied betwixt hopes and fears  
 By cruel love in wanton play,  
 He weeps a pipkin full of tears,  
 In absence from Dulcinea  
 Del Toboso.

## III.

O'er craggy rocks he roves forlorn,  
 And seeks mishaps from place to place,  
 Cursing the proud relentless scorn  
 That banish'd him from human race.

To wound his tender bleeding heart,  
Love's hands the cruel lash display;  
He weeps, and feels the raging smart,  
In absence from Dulcinea

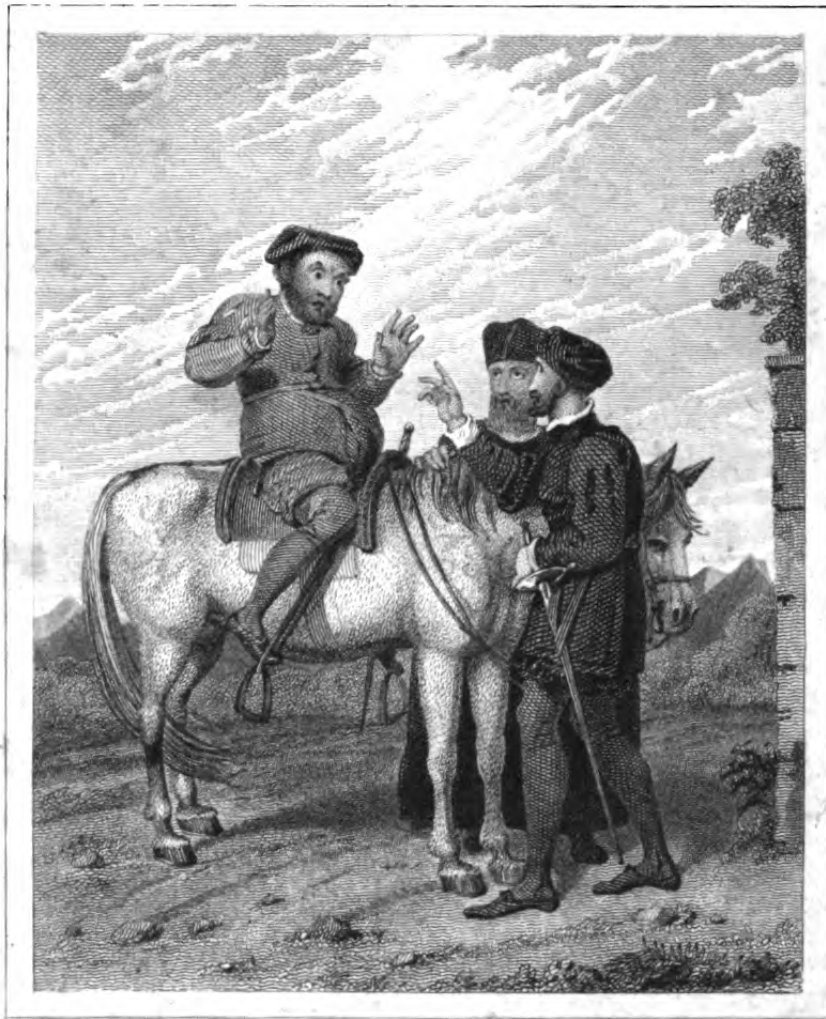
Del Toboso.

These verses, with the addition of Del Toboso to the name of Dulcinea, afforded no small amusement to those who found them; for they concluded Don Quixote to have imagined, that if, in naming Dulcinea, he had not tagged to it Del Toboso, the couplet could not be understood; and this was really the case, as he afterwards confessed. He wrote many others; but, as we have just said, these three stanzas were all that could be deciphered. In this amusement, and in sighing and invoking the fauns and sylvan deities of the woods, the nymphs of the brooks, and the humid and mournful echo, to answer, condole, and listen to his moan, he passed the time, and in gathering herbs to sustain himself until the return of Sancho; who, if he had tarried three weeks, instead of three days, the knight of the rueful countenance would have been so disfigured, that the very mother, who bore him, could not have known him. And here it will be proper to leave him, wrapped up in his sighs and verses, to relate what happened to Sancho in his embassy.

Having gained the high road, he steered towards Toboso; and the next day came within sight of the plain, where the mishap of the blanket had befallen



him. He no sooner perceived it at a distance, than he fancied himself again flying in the air, and therefore resolved not to go in, though it was the hour that he might and ought to have stopped, that is, about noon; and he had a mind besides to regale himself with something warm, all having been cold-treat with him for many days. This necessity however drew him forcibly towards the inn, and while he was at the door, doubting whether he should enter, there came out of the inn two persons, who presently knew him; and one said to the other, "Pray, signor licentiate, is not that Sancho Panza on horseback, who, as our adventurer's housekeeper told us, was gone with her master in the capacity of his squire?" "Truly is it," said the licentiate, "and that is our Don Quixote's horse." And no wonder they knew him so readily, for they were the very priest and barber of his village, who had made the scrutiny and gaol-delivery of the books. Sure of the fact, that it was Sancho Panza and Rozinante, and desirous withal to learn some tidings of Don Quixote, they went up to him, and the priest calling him by his name, said, "Friend Sancho Panza, where have you left your master?" Sancho Panza knew them also, but resolving to conceal the place, and circumstances, in which he had left his master, answered, that he was very busy in a certain place, and about a certain affair, of the greatest importance, which he durst not discover to them for the eyes he had in his head. "No,



Drawn by E. Westall R.A.

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DON QUIXOTE.

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no, Sancho Panza," quoth the barber, "that pretence will not do, and unless you tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we shrewdly suspect already, that you have robbed and murdered him, since you come thus upon his horse: so produce the horse's owner, or wo be to you." "There is no reason why you should threaten me," quoth Sancho; "for I am not a man to rob or murder any body; let every man fall by his own fate, or the will of God that made him. My master is doing penance, much to his liking, in the midst of yon mountain:" and without hesitation or pause, he glibly related to them in what manner he had left him, the adventures that had befallen them both, and how he was carrying a letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

The priest and the barber stood alike fixed in astonishment at what Sancho related to them; for though not ignorant of Don Quixote's madness, or of what kind it was, they were struck with admiration at every fresh instance of it that was recited. They desired Sancho Panza to show them the letter he was carrying to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He said it was written in a pocket-book, and that his master had ordered him to get it copied out upon paper, at the first town he came to. The priest said, if he would show it him, he would transcribe it himself, in a very fair character. Sancho Panza put

his hand into his bosom, to take out the book, but found it not; nor could he have found it, had he searched for it till now; for it remained with Don Quixote, who had forgotten to give, as he to ask for it, before he set out. When Sancho perceived he had not the book, he turned as pale as death; and feeling again, in a perturbed manner, all over his body, and finding it not, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and tore away half of it; and then gave his nose and mouth half a dozen blows, with such violence that his face was bathed in blood. The priest and barber seeing his rage, asked him what had happened to him, that he handled himself so roughly? "What should have happened to me," answered Sancho, "but that I have let slip through my fingers, three ass-colts, each of them as stately as a castle?" "How so?" replied the barber. "I have lost the pocket-book," answered Sancho, "in which was the letter to Dulcinea, and a bill signed by my master, by which he ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home." And he recounted to them how he had lost Dapple. The priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him, that, when he saw his master, he would prevail on him to renew the order, and draw the bill over again upon paper, according to usage and custom, since those written in pocket-books were never accepted, nor complied with. Sancho was comforted by this, and said, that, since it was so,

he was in no great pain for the loss of the letter to Dulcinea, for he could almost say it by heart; so it might be written down from his mouth, where and when they pleased. "Repeat it, then, Sancho," quoth the barber, "and we will pen it fair afterwards." Sancho began to scratch his head, to bring the letter to his remembrance; standing now upon one foot, and then upon the other; one while looking down upon the ground, and another up to the sky; and after a long pause, during which he had bit off half a nail of one of his fingers, keeping them in suspense and expectation, he said, "Before God, master licentiate, let the devil take all I remember of the letter; though at the beginning it said, High and subterrane lady." "It could not be subterrane," said the barber, "but must have been super-humane, meaning, sovereign lady." "It was so," said Sancho. "Then, if I do not mistake, it went on, 'the wounded, and the waking, and the smitten, kisses your honour's hands, ungrateful and regardless fair;' and something or other of 'health and sickness that he sent;' till at last it ended with 'thine, till death, the Knight of the sorrowful countenance.'"

The two auditors were not a little pleased, to see how exquisite a memory Sancho had, and, commending it much, desired him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down when an opportunity offered. Thrice did Sancho repeat, and thrice add three

thousand new and extravagant phrases. He recounted also many other things concerning his master, but said not a word of the tossing in the blanket, which had happened to himself in that very inn, into which he refused to enter. He told them, how his lord, upon his carrying him back a favourable despatch from his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to set forward to endeavour to become an emperor, or at least a king; for so it was concerted between them; and it would be a very easy matter to bring it about, considering the worth of his person, and the strength of his arm: and, when this was accomplished, his master was to marry him, for by that time he should, without doubt, be a widower,<sup>3</sup> giving him to wife one of the empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory on the main land, for, as to islands, he was quite out of conceit with them. Sancho said all this with so much gravity, from time to time wiping his nose, and with so firm belief, that they were struck anew at the powerful influence of Don Quixote's madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's understanding also. They would not give themselves the trouble to convince him of his error, thinking it better to let him continue in it, as it did not at all interfere with his conscience; and it would afford them greater pleasure in hearing a recital of his follies: they therefore told him, he should pray to God for his lord's health, since it was very possible, and very feasible, that in process of time he

might become an emperor, as he said, or at least an archbishop,<sup>4</sup> or something else of equal dignity. To which Sancho answered, "Gentlemen, if fortune should so order it, that my master should take it into his head not to be an emperor, but an archbishop, I would fain know what archbishops-errant usually give to their squires?" "They usually give them," answered the priest, "some benefice, or cure, or vergership, which brings them in a good penny-rent, besides the perquisites of the altar, usually valued at as much more." "For this, it will be necessary," replied Sancho, "that the squire be not married, and that he should know, at least, the responses to the mass; and, if so, wo is me; for I am married, and at the same time ignorant of the first letter of the A, B, C. What then will become of me, should my master choose to be an archbishop, and not an emperor, as is the fashion and custom of knights-errant?" "Be not uneasy, friend Sancho," said the barber; "for we will entreat and advise your master, and even make it a case of conscience, that he be an emperor, and not an archbishop; and it will be better for himself also, by reason he is more a soldier than a scholar." "I have thought the same," answered Sancho, "though I can affirm he has ability for every thing: so I will pray the Lord to direct him to that, which is best for him, and will enable him to bestow most favours upon me." "You talk like a wise man," said the priest, "and will act, by so



doing, like a good christian. But the thing of most importance now is, to contrive how we may bring your master from the performance of that unprofitable penance ; and, that we may concert the proper measures, and get something to eat likewise, for it is high time, let us go into the inn." Sancho desired they would go in, but said, he had rather stay without, for reasons he would afterwards tell them ; but begged them to bring him out something hot, and some barley for Rozinante. They accordingly went in, leaving him at the door ; but the barber presently returned with a hot mess, in compliance with his wish.

The priest and barber having laid their heads together, how to bring about their design, the priest bethought himself of a device exactly fitted to Don Quixote's humour, and likely to effect what they had in view. This was, to put himself in the dress of a lady-errant, and to equip the barber so as to pass for his squire, and in this disguise to go to the place where Don Quixote was ; and, pretending to be an afflicted and distressed damsel, beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, could not choose but vouchsafe : the boon he intended to beg, was, that he would go with her to a place to which she would conduct him, to redress an injury done her by a discourteous knight, entreating him, at the same time, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor inquire any thing farther con-

cerning her, until he had done her justice on her abominable adversary: and he made no doubt, but that Don Quixote would, by these means, be brought to do whatever they desired of him, and so they should bring him away from the mountains, to his village, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his unaccountable infirmity.

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### CHAP. XIII.

*How the priest and the barber put their design in execution, with other matters worthy to be recited in this history.*

THE barber liked the priest's contrivance so well, that it was immediately put into execution. They borrowed of the landlady a petticoat and head-dress for the priest, leaving a new cassock in pawn for them; while the barber made himself a huge beard of the sorrel tail of a pied ox, in which the inn-keeper used to hang his comb. The hostess inquiring what occasion they had for these things, the priest gave a brief account of Don Quixote's deranged state of mind, and pointed out the necessity of the disguise to draw him from his retreat. The hostess and her husband were not long in conjecturing that this madman could be no other than he who had been their

guest, the concocter of the balsam, and master of the blanketed squire; and they related to the priest what had passed between him and them, without keeping back what Sancho so industriously concealed. In fine, the landlady equipped the priest so adroitly, that nothing could surpass it. She put him on a cloth petticoat, laid thick with stripes of black velvet, each the breadth of a span, all pinked and slashed, and a tight waistcoat of green velvet, trimmed with a border of white satin, which, as well as the petticoat, must have been made in the days of king Bamba.<sup>1</sup> The priest would not consent to wear a woman's head-dress, but put on a little white quilted night-cap, which he always carried about with him, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his forehead, making a kind of veil of the other, which concealed his features and his beard not inelegantly. He then sunk his head into his beaver, which was so broad-brimmed, that it might serve for an umbrella; and lapping himself in his cloak, he mounted upon his mule sideways, like a woman: the barber mounted also upon his, with his beard, between sorrel and white, reaching to his girdle, being, as I before said, made of the tail of a pied ox. They took leave of every body, not excepting the good Maritornes, who promised, though a sinner, to pray an entire rosary, that God might give them success in so arduous and christian a business, as that which they had undertaken.

But scarcely had they left the inn, when the priest began to think he was to blame in equipping himself in that manner, deeming it unbecoming his profession, however important might be the occasion; and acquainting the barber with his scruple, he desired they might change dresses, that he should personate the distressed damsel, and himself act the squire, which he conceived would be a less profanation of his dignity; and, if his neighbour would not consent to this, he was determined to proceed no farther, though the devil should run away with Don Quixote. At this moment Sancho came up, and seeing them thus tricked out, could not forbear laughing. In short, the barber consented to what the priest desired; and, the scheme being altered, the priest began to instruct him how to act his part, and what expressions to use, to prevail upon Don Quixote to go with them, and quit the place he had chosen for his fruitless penance. The barber answered, that without his instructions, he would undertake to manage that point to a tittle: but he would not put on the dress till they came near to the place where Don Quixote was; so he folded it up carefully, and the priest, with like care, having adjusted his beard, on they went, Sancho Panza being their guide; who, on the way, recounted to them what had happened between his master and the madman they met with in the mountain; but said not a word of the port-

manteau, or what was in it; for, with all his folly and simplicity, our blade was not a little covetous.

The next day they came to the broom-boughs which Sancho had strewed to ascertain the place where he had left his master; and upon observing the tokens, he pointed out the path to his retreat, and told them that they would do well now to put on their disguise, if that was of any importance towards his master's delivery: for they had before told him that their going dressed in that manner was of the utmost importance in that respect; and that he must by no means let his master know who they were, nor that he knew them; and if he should ask him, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, he must say he had, and that she, not being able to read or write, had answered by word of mouth, and commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately, it being a matter of the utmost consequence to him; for, with this, and what they intended to say to him themselves, they had no doubt of reconciling him to a better way of life, and managing him so, that he would presently set out, in order to become an emperor, or a king; for, as to his being an archbishop, there was no need to fear that. Sancho listened attentively to all this, and imprinted it well in his memory, thanking them mightily for their design of advising his lord to be an emperor, and not an arch-

bishop ; for he was of opinion, as to rewarding their squires, that emperors could do more than archbishops-errant. He then observed, that it might be proper he should go before, to find his master, and deliver him his lady's answer ; for, perhaps, that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of his retiring place, without their putting themselves to so much trouble. They approved of his proposal, and resolved to wait till he returned with the news of having found Don Quixote : accordingly Sancho entered the openings of the mountain, leaving them in a spot watered by a small purling stream, and pleasantly shaded by the rocks and surrounding trees.

It was in the month of August, when the heat in the mountains is excessive, and the hour was the sultry one of three in the afternoon : their sheltered situation therefore was an agreeable one, and, as it were, invited them to make it their abode till the return of the squire. While they reposed themselves in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, uttered sounds so harmonious and delightful, that they were astonished, it not being a place where they might expect to find a person accomplished in the art of singing. For, though it is usually said, that the woods and fields abound with shepherds who sing enchantingly, this is rather an exaggeration of the poets, than what is strictly true ; nor was their astonishment diminished by observing, that the verses

they heard sung, were not like the composition of rustics, but of polite and courtly style, as the song itself, which was this, will show.

## I.

What causes all my grief and pain?  
 Cruel disdain.  
 What aggravates my misery?  
 Accursed jealousy.  
 How has my soul its patience lost?  
 By tedious absence crost.  
 Alas! no balsam can be found  
 To heal the grief of such a wound,  
 When absence, jealousy, and scorn  
 Have left me hopeless and forlorn.

## II.

What in my breast this grief could move?  
 Neglected love.  
 What doth my fond desires withstand?  
 Fate's cruel hand.  
 And what confirms my misery?  
 Heav'n's fix'd decree.  
 Ah me! my boding fears portend  
 This strange disease my life will end;  
 For, die I must, when three such foes,  
 Heav'n, Fate, and Love, my bliss oppose.

## III.

My peace of mind what can restore?  
 Death's welcome hour.  
 What gains love's joys most readily?  
 Fickle inconstancy.

Its pains what med'cine can assuage?

Wild frenzy's rage.

'Tis therefore little wisdom, sure,

For such a grief to seek a cure,

As knows no better remedy,

Than frenzy, death, inconstancy.

The hour, the season, the solitude, conspired with the voice and skill of the person who sung, to increase both the wonder and delight of the two hearers, who listened in breathless expectation of something; but the silence continuing for a while, they resolved to go in search of the musician, who had sung so agreeably; and were just about to do so, when the same voice arrested them, and their ears were regaled with the following sonnet:

SONNET.

Friendship, that hast with nimble flight

Exulting gain'd th' empyreal height,

In Heav'n to dwell, whilst 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, conceal'd from view.

Leave, Friendship, leave thy heav'nly 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.



The song ended with a deep sigh, and they listened with renewed attention and renewed hopes; but, finding the music change to groans and laments, they proceeded without further delay, to discover, if they could, the unhappy person, whose voice was as exquisite as his complaints were piteous. They had not gone far, when, turning the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same stature and appearance that Sancho had described when he related the story of Cardenio. He expressed no surprise at seeing them, but stood still, inclining his head upon his breast, in a pensive posture, without lifting up his eyes to look at them a second time after his first beholding them. The priest, who was a well spoken man, knowing him by the description, and being already acquainted with his misfortune, accosted him kindly, and in few, but impressive words, entreated him to forsake the miserable kind of life he was leading, and not hazard so great a misfortune, as to lose it, in this dreary and inhospitable place. Cardenio, being then in one of his lucid intervals, and entirely free from those outrageous fits that so often deprived him of his senses, and seeing the persons before him in a dress so different from what was worn by any that frequented those solitudes, could not forbear wondering; especially when he heard them speak of his misfortune as a thing known to them; for the priest in his address had said as much: he therefore answered in this manner: "I

plainly perceive, gentlemen, whoever you are, that Heaven, which takes care to relieve the good, and very often even the bad, hath sent, notwithstanding my demerits, into these desert places, so remote from human society, persons who, setting before my eyes, by just and forcible arguments, how far the life I lead is from being reasonable, would endeavour to draw me from it to a better; but not knowing, as I do, that in quitting this situation, I shall plunge into a more wretched one; they, doubtless, take me for a person of weak understanding, or what is worse, a fool, or a madman: nor is it to be wondered at; for my misfortunes act so forcible upon me, impairing my faculties to such a degree, that, without my being able to prevent it, I sometimes become like a stone, void of all knowledge and sensation: this I know by being told, and having the marks of what I have done pointed out to me, while the terrible fit had the mastery; and all I can then do, is to bewail myself in vain, load my fortune with unavailing curses, and, as an excuse for the follies I have committed, tell the occasion of them to those who will hear me: for men of sense, seeing the cause, will not wonder at the effects; and, if they can administer no remedy, will at least cease to blame me, changing their displeasure at my extravagance of behaviour, into compassion for my sufferings. And, gentlemen, if you come with the same intention that others have done, before you proceed any farther in your prudent

admonitions, I beseech you to listen to the detail of my misfortunes: for, perhaps, when you have heard it, you may save yourselves the trouble of endeavouring to cure a malady that admits of no alleviation."

The two friends, who desired nothing more than to hear from his own lips the cause of his misery, entreated him to relate it, assuring him they would do nothing contrary to his wishes, either by way of remedy or advice; and, upon this, the poor gentleman began his melancholy story, almost in the same words and method he had used in relating it to Don Quixote and the goatherd, a few days before, when he was interrupted on the mention of master Elisabat; by Don Quixote's punctuality in asserting the decorum of knight-errantry, and the tale was cut short, as the history left it above. But now, as good fortune would have it, Cardenio's frenzy was suspended, and afforded him leisure to rehearse it to the end: and when he came to the passage of the love-letter, which Don Fernando found between the leaves of the book of Amadis de Gaul, he said he remembered it perfectly well, and that it was as follows:

*Lucinda to Cardenio.*

"I every day discover in you such extraordinary worth, that I cannot help esteeming you more and more; and therefore, if you would put it in my power to discharge my obligations to you, without

prejudice to my honour, you may easily do it. I have a father, who knows you, and has an affection for me: he will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me, which you profess, and I believe you to have.'

“ This letter made me resolve to demand Lucinda in marriage, as I have already told you, and was one of those which gave Don Fernando such an opinion of her merit, that he looked upon her as one of the most sensible and prudent women of her time. And it was this letter, which put him upon the design of ruining my project, before I could carry it into effect. I told him what Lucinda's father expected; which was, that mine should propose the match; but that I durst not mention it to him, lest he should refuse his consent; not because he was unacquainted with the exalted beauty, and more exalted virtue of Lucinda, for she had qualities sufficient to ennoble any family in Spain; but because I had understood from him, that he was unwilling I should marry until it was seen what duke Ricardo would do in my behalf. In a word, I told him, that I durst not venture to speak to my father, as well for that reason, as for many others, which disheartened me, I knew not why; but I presaged, that my desires were never to take effect. To this Don Fernando answered, that he would speak to my father himself, and endeavour to prevail upon him to propose the match. O am-

bitious Marius! cruel Catiline! wicked Sylla! crafty Galalon! perfidious Vellido! vindictive Julian! covetous Judas!<sup>2</sup> O cruel, false, vindictive, traitor! what disservice had this poor wretch done thee, who so frankly discovered to thee the secrets and the joys of his heart? wherein had I offended thee? what word did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, that was not directed to the increase of thy honour and thy interest? But why do I complain? miserable wretch that I am! since, certain it is, that when the strong influences of the stars pour down misfortunes upon us, they fall from on high with such violence and fury, that no human force can stop, nor human address prevent them. Who could have thought, that Don Fernando, an illustrious cavalier, of good sense, obliged by my services, and secure of success wherever his amorous inclinations might lead him, should take such cruel pains to deprive me of my sole ewe-lamb,<sup>3</sup> which yet was not in my possession? But, quitting these vain and unprofitable reflections, let me resume the broken thread of my unhappy story.

“ Don Fernando, thinking my presence would be an obstacle to the execution of his treacherous and wicked design, resolved to send me to his elder brother for money to pay for six horses, which, for the purpose of getting me out of the way, that he might the better succeed in his hellish intent, he had bought the very day on which he offered to speak to my father. Could I prevent this treachery? could I

even so much as suspect it? No, surely; on the contrary, pleased with the purchase he had made, I offered to depart instantly. That night I had an interview with Lucinda, in which I told her what had been agreed upon between Don Fernando and me, and bad her not doubt that the event would be favourable to our just and honourable desires. She, as little suspecting Don Fernando's treachery, urged me to hasten back, since she believed, that as soon as my father had spoken to hers the completion of our wishes would be no longer deferred. I know not from what cause it proceeded, but her eyes filled of tears, as she said this, and some sudden obstruction in her throat would not suffer her to utter another word, though she appeared to have something more to say to me. I was astonished at this strange incident, having never before witnessed in her any thing like it; for whenever fortune, or my assiduity, gave us an opportunity of conversing, it was always with satisfaction and pleasure, nor did tears, sighs, jealousies, suspicions, or fears, mix in our discourse. I deemed myself fortunate, that Heaven had given her to me for a mistress: I magnified her beauty, and extolled her merit and understanding. The compliment, on her part, was returned by commending in me what, as a lover, she thought worthy of commendation. We amused each other with a thousand little occurrences that happened to our neighbours and acquaintance; and the greatest length my

presumption ever ran, was to seize, as it were by force, one of her fair and snowy hands, and press it to my lips, as well as the narrowness of the iron grate, which was between us, would permit. But on the night that preceded the doleful day of my departure, she wept and sighed, and withdrew abruptly, leaving me in surprise and trepidation at witnessing such unusual and sad tokens of grief and tender concern. But, flattered by my hopes, I ascribed it all to the strength of her affection, and to the sorrow which parting occasions in those who passionately love. In short, I departed sad and pensive, my soul filled with imaginations and suspicions, without knowing what I imagined or what I suspected; a sure presage of the dismal event in store for me.

“ I arrived at the place of my destination; I gave the letters to Don Fernando’s brother; I was well received: but my business was not speedily despatched; for he ordered me to wait, much to my sorrow, a whole week, and to keep out of his father’s sight; for his brother, he said, had written to him to send him a certain sum of money, without the duke’s knowledge. All this was a contrivance of the false Fernando; for his brother did not want money, and might have despatched me immediately. This injunction had so painful an effect upon me, that I could hardly prevail on myself to obey it, under an absence of so many days from Lucinda, it seeming to

me impossible to support life, especially considering the sorrow in which I had left her. Nevertheless, I did obey, like a good servant, though I found it was likely to be at the expense of my health. But, four days after my arrival, a man came in quest of me with a letter, the superscription of which I knew to be the hand-writing of Lucinda. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing it must be some very extraordinary occurrence, that induced her to write to me, a thing she very seldom did, whether I were near or at a distance. Before I read it, I inquired of the messenger, who gave it him, and how long he had been in coming. He told me, that, passing accidentally through a street of the town about noon, a very beautiful lady called to him from a window, and said to him, with tears in her eyes, and in great agitation, ‘ Friend, if you are a christian, as you seem to be, I beg of you, for the love of God, to carry this letter, with all expedition, to the place and person specified in the direction ; for both are well known ; and in so doing you will perform an act of charity acceptable to the Lord. And that you may not want what is necessary for the journey, take what is tied up in this handkerchief:—and she threw a handkerchief out of the window, in which were a hundred reals, and this gold ring, with the letter I have given you ; and, without staying for farther reply, when she saw me take up the letter and the handkerchief, and I assured her, by signs, that I would do what she commanded, she



quitted the window. And now, finding myself so well paid, and seeing, by the superscription, it was for you, sir, for I know you very well, and obliged moreover by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust any other person, but to deliver the letter with my own hands. And, in sixteen hours, for it is no longer since it was given me, I have performed the journey, which as you know is eighteen leagues.'—While the friendly messenger was giving me this account, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling in such a manner that I could scarcely stand. At length I had the courage to open the letter, and found it contained these words:—

“ ‘The promise which Don Fernando gave you, that he would desire your father to speak to mine, he has fulfilled, more for his own gratification than your interest. Know, sir, he has demanded me in marriage for himself; and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando possesses over you, as to rank and fortune, has accepted this proposal with so much eagerness, that the nuptials are to be solemnized two days hence, and with so much privacy, that the heavens alone, and a few of our own family, are to be witnesses. Picture to yourself the state I am in; and return, if you can, with all speed; and whether I love you or not, the event of this business will show. God grant this may come to your hand, before I am reduced to the extremity of joining mine with his, who keeps so ill his promised faith.’

“ Such were the contents of the letter, and it had the effect of making me set out immediately, without waiting for answer, or money : for now I plainly saw, it was not the business of the horses, but the indulging his own pleasure, that had moved Fernando to send me to his brother. The rage I conceived against him, joined with the fear of losing the prize I had acquired by the affectionate services of so many years, added wings to my speed ; so that I reached our town the next day, at the hour and moment most convenient for me to see and talk with Lucinda. I went privately, having left my mule at the house of the honest man who brought me the letter ; and fortune, which had so often been propitious, so ordered it, that Lucinda was standing at the grate,<sup>4</sup> the witness of our loves. We presently knew each other ; but not as we ought to have known each other. But who is there that can boast of having fathomed, and thoroughly seen into, the intricate and variable nature of woman ? Certainly no one upon earth. As soon as Lucinda saw me, she said, ‘ Cardenio, I am in my bridal dress ; in the hall are now waiting for me the treacherous Don Fernando and my covetous father, with several others, who shall sooner be witnesses of my death, than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my friend, but procure the means to be present at this sacrifice, which if my arguments cannot prevent, I carry a dagger about me, which can oppose a more effectual resistance, by

putting an end to my life, and giving you a convincing proof of the affection which I have ever borne, and still bear you.' Fearing the want of time, I replied, in a hurried and confused manner, ' Let your words, madam, be verified by your actions ; if you carry a dagger to secure your honour, I carry a sword to defend you, or, should fortune prove adverse, to kill myself.' I believe she did not hear distinctly every word I said, for she was called away hastily, as the bridegroom waited for her. At that instant the night of my distress closed upon me ! the sun of my joy was set ! I remained without light to my eyes, or judgment to my intellects. As if deprived of the power of motion, I was irresolute, whether to enter the house, or which way to turn myself. But when I considered of what consequence my presence might be, should any thing extraordinary happen, I roused myself, as well as I could, and at last entered. As I was perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, and the whole family were busied in the affair of the nuptials, I escaped observation, and succeeded in placing myself in a bay window of the hall, behind the hangings where two pieces of tapestry met, whence I could see all that was going forward, without being seen myself. Who can describe the emotions, the beatings of my heart, the images that presented themselves to my fancy, the reflections that I made, while I remained in this situation ? They were such as neither can, nor ought to be told.

Let it suffice to say, that the bridegroom came into the hall, without any other ornaments than the dress he usually wore, attended by a cousin of Lucinda, as bridesman, no other person being in the room, except the servants of the house. Shortly after entered from a drawing-room, accompanied by her mother and two of her own waiting-maids, Lucinda, as richly dressed and adorned as her quality and beauty merited, or the perfection of courtly splendour could invent. The agony and distraction I felt gave me no leisure to remark the particulars of her dress; I only noticed the colours, which were carnation and white, and the splendour of the jewels that blazed over her whole attire, which yet were exceeded by the singular beauty of her golden tresses, that, vying with the jewels themselves, and the light of the flambeaux that were in the hall, struck the eyes with superior brightness. ‘O memory, thou mortal foe to my repose! why dost thou now picture to my view the incomparable charms of that my adored enemy? Cruel remembrance, were it not better to represent to my imagination, and remind me, of what she then did, that, moved by so flagrant an injury, I may strive, since I do not revenge it, to put an end to my painful existence?’ Be not weary, gentlemen, of hearing the digressions I make: my misfortune is not of that kind, which can or ought to be related succinctly and methodically, each circumstance appearing to me to deserve amplification.” The priest replied to

this, that they were so far from being weary of hearing him, that they took great pleasure in the minutest particulars he recounted, which merited no less attention than the principal incidents of the story.

“ I say, then,” resumed Cardenio, “ that the parties being assembled in the hall, the priest entered, and having taken the bride and bridegroom by the hand, to perform what is necessary on such occasions, when he came to these words, ‘ Will you, Madam Lucinda, take Signor Don Fernando, who is here present, for your lawful husband, as our holy mother the church commands?’ I thrust my head and neck through the partings of the tapestry, and with distraction of soul, eagerly listened to what Lucinda might answer ; expecting from it the sentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life. Oh ! that I had dared to have ventured out, and cried aloud, ‘ Ah Lucinda, Lucinda ! take heed what you do ; consider what you owe me : behold, you are mine, and cannot be another’s : reflect that your affirmative to the question, and the termination of my life, will both happen in the same moment.—Ah, traitor Don Fernando ! ravisher of my glory, death of my life ! what is it you would have ? what is it you pretend to ? Consider, you cannot, as a christian, arrive at the end of your desires ; for Lucinda is my wife, and I am her husband.’ Ah ! fool that I am ! now, that I am absent, and at a distance from the danger, I can say, what I ought to have said, but did not. Now,

that I have suffered myself to be robbed of my soul's treasure, I am cursing the thief, on whom I might have revenged myself, if my heart had been as prompt to act, as it is now free to complain. In short, since I was then a coward and a fool, no wonder if I now die ashamed, repentant, and mad. The priest stood expecting Lucinda's answer, who was slow in giving it; and, when I thought she was drawing out the dagger in defence of her honour, or letting loose her tongue to avow some truth, which might undeceive them, and redound to my advantage, I heard her lips pronounce in a low and faint voice, I WILL. Don Fernando said the same; and, the ring being put on, they were tied in an indissoluble band. The bridegroom approached to embrace his bride; who, laying her hand on her heart, fainted in the arms of her mother.

“ It remains now to describe my own situation, when I found, in the affirmative I had heard, my hopes frustrated, Lucinda's vows and promises broken, and no possibility left me of ever recovering the happiness I in that moment lost. I was totally confounded, I thought myself abandoned by Heaven, and become an enemy to the earth that sustained me, the air denying me breath for my sighs, and the water moisture for my tears; the fire alone was so increased in me, that I was perfectly inflamed with jealousy and rage. At Lucinda's swooning the whole company were alarmed; and her mother unlacing her to give her

air, discovered in her bosom a paper folded up, which Don Fernando seized, and having read it by the light of one of the flambeaux, sat down in a chair, leaning his cheek on his hand, like one full of thought, without attending to the means that were used for the recovery of his bride.

“ Perceiving the whole house in consternation, I ventured out, regardless whether I were seen or not ; but determined, if seen, to act so desperate a part, that all the world should have known the just indignation of my breast, by the chastisement of the false Don Fernando, and of the fickle, though swooning, traitress. But fate, which has doubtless reserved me for greater evils, if greater there can be, ordained that, at that juncture, I should have the use of my understanding, which has since failed me ; and, without taking revenge on my enemies, who, having no suspicion of me, were at my mercy, I resolved to inflict it on myself, by executing on my own person that punishment, which they so justly deserved ; and perhaps with greater rigour than I should have exercised on them, even had I taken away their lives : for sudden death puts an end at once to pain and trouble ; but that which is delayed by tortures, while it is always destroying, never terminates existence. In a word, I quitted the house, and returning to the place where I had left my mule, without taking leave of my host, I mounted and flew from the town, not daring, like another Lot, to look behind me ; and

when I found myself alone on the open plain, covered by the darkness of the night, and invited by its silence to complain, I untied my tongue, and giving a loose to my voice, poured out a thousand invectives on Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if that had been satisfaction for the wrong they had done me. Lucinda I upbraided, as cruel, false, ungrateful, and, above all, mercenary, since the wealth of my adversary had shut the eyes of her affection, and induced her to withdraw it from me, to bestow it on another, to whom fortune had been more liberal of its favours. Yet in the height of these reproaches did I excuse her, observing, that it was not to be wondered at, that a maiden, kept under restraint in her father's house, and accustomed to obey her parents in all things, should comply with their wishes, when they offered to her acceptance for a husband, so considerable, so opulent, and so accomplished a cavalier, that to have refused him would have made the world believe, that she had no judgment, or had engaged her affections elsewhere; either of which would have been prejudicial to her honour and good name. Then again, I argued on the other side, alleging against her, that, had she owned her engagement to me, it would not have appeared that she had made so ill a choice, but she might have been excused; since, before Don Fernando presented himself, her parents themselves could not, consistently with reason, have desired a better match for their daughter; and how easily



might she, before she came to the last extremity of giving her hand, have said, that I had already given her mine ; for I would have appeared, to confirm the truth of whatever she might have invented for the occasion. In fine, I concluded, that little love, slight judgment, much ambition, and great thirst of worldly grandeur, had occasioned her to forget the professions and promises, by which she had kept up, nourished, and deluded my firm hopes and honourable desires.

“Soliloquising thus, and thus disquieted, I journeyed on during the rest of the night, and at break of day arrived at an opening into these mountains, through which I proceeded three days more, without road or path, till I came at last to a valley not far from hence; and there inquired of some shepherds which was the most rude and solitary part of this mountainous country, and they directed me to this neighbourhood, whither I hastened, resolving, that here should end my unfortunate life. Upon entering these crags, my mule fell down dead, through weariness and hunger, or rather, perhaps, to be rid of so useless a burden; and I was thus left on foot, quite spent and famished, without relief, or desiring relief. In this state I continued, I know not how long, stretched on the ground; at length I got up, seemingly refreshed, and found some goatherds around me, who must have relieved my wants. They told me, indeed, in what condition they had found me, uttering such senseless and extravagant things, that no farther proof was

necessary of the derangement of my intellects. Since that time, my mind has never been right, and frequently so wild and distracted is it, that I commit a thousand mad actions, tearing my garments, howling through these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and repeating in vain the beloved name of my enemy, with no other intent, than to end my life with outcries and exclamations; and when my senses return, I find myself so weak, so weary, and so sore, that I can scarcely move. My usual abode is the hollow of a cork-tree; habitation sufficient for this miserable carcass. The goatherds, who browse their cattle in these mountains, supply me with food, out of charity, placing it where they think I may chance to pass and find it: for though my senses are disordered, natural necessity, which awakens in me an appetite, teaches me to know it, and gives me the desire to make use of it. Sometimes, as I am told when in my lucid intervals, I come into the road, and take it by force from the shepherds, when they are bringing it from the village to their huts, though they offer it of their own accord. Thus do I pass my sad and miserable life, waiting till it shall please Heaven to bring it to a final period, or, by fixing my thoughts on the last solemn hour, erase from my mind all memory of the beauty and treachery of Lucinda, and the wrongs done me by Don Fernando. Should this be vouchsafed me before I die, my thoughts may take a more rational turn; if not, it remains only to beseech God to have mercy

on my soul ; for I have neither inclination nor strength to extricate myself from this strait, into which I have voluntarily plunged.

“ This, gentlemen, is the bitter story of my misfortune ; nor could it have been borne with less concern than has been felt by my unhappy self ; and pray give yourselves no trouble to persuade or advise me to follow what your reason may suggest as proper for my cure ; since it will be of no more avail, than a medicine prescribed by a skilful physician to a sick man, who refuses to take it. I will have no health without Lucinda : and as it was her pleasure to give herself to another, when she was, or ought to have been mine, it shall be my pleasure, who might have been happy, to indulge in misery. By her inconstancy, she sought my ruin ; and by devoting myself to ruin I would satisfy her will, and thus stand as an example to posterity, of having been the only unfortunate being, who could not be comforted, from the impossibility of receiving comfort, but plunged in increasing afflictions, which even death itself, I fear, will not terminate.”

Thus did Cardenio end his long story of love and sorrow ; and just as the priest was about to say something admonitory and consoling, he was prevented by a voice, which, in mournful accents, uttered what will be related in the fourth book of this history ; for at this point, the wise and judicious historian, Cid Hamet Benengeli, put an end to the third.





## NOTES.

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### BOOK I. CHAP. I.

Note Page

- 1, 1. A small territory, partly in the kingdom of Arragon, and partly in Castile.
- 2, ib. Beef being cheaper in Spain than mutton.
- 3, ib. The original is "duelos y quebrantos," literally "griefs and groans." It is a cant phrase for some fast-day dish, in use in La Mancha. It is said by some to signify "brains fried with eggs," which the church allows in poor countries in defect of fish. Others have guessed it to mean some windy kind of diet, as peas, herbs, &c., which are apt to occasion cholics; and thus might be termed "greens and gripes on Saturdays." As it is not easy to settle its true meaning, the translator has substituted an equivalent dish better known to the English reader.
- 4, 2. The old translators will have the Don's house-keeper to be an old woman, though it is plain she is but little more than forty; and the original word *ama* signifies only an upper woman servant, or one who is mistress over the rest.
- 5, ib. A derivation from the Spanish word *quixas*, which signifies "lantern-jaws."
- 6, 3. England seems to have been often made the scene of chivalry; for, besides this Palmerin, we find Don Florando of England, and some others, not to mention Amadis's mistress, the princess Oriana of England.

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| 7,   | 4. A famous Spanish commander, concerning whom many fables pass among the vulgar.   |
| 8,   | 5. Here Don Quixote, in the hurry of his imaginations, confounds right and wrong, making his hero a common robber: whereas upon cooler thoughts he should have longed to have been upon his bones, as he does upon Galalon in the same breath: but perhaps Reynaldo's catholic zeal against Mahomet atoned for such unknighly practice. |
| 9,   | ib. Who betrayed the French army at Roncesvalles.   |
| 10,  | 6. A ludicrous image drawn from the irregular figure of the Spanish money, to express the jutting bones of a lean beast.  |
| 11,  | 7. From <i>rosin</i> , a common drudge horse, and <i>ante</i> , before; as Alexander's Bucephalus, from his bull-head, and the knight of the sun's, Cornerino, from a horn in his forehead.   |

## CHAP. II.

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| 1, | 9. The target or buckler was slung about the neck with a buckle and thong.   |
| 2, | 11. A ridicule on similar affected descriptions, so common in romances; such as that in the History of Don Polindo, son to the king of Numidia, ch. 1. "Quando in aquel tiempo," &c. In that season, when the beauteous Latona most swelleth her bending horns, and her gilded ball bestowest brightness on the darkest night: and when Apollo, father of the unfortunate Phaëton, making the circle of the heavens, and resting in Gemini, warmeth human nature, and beautifieth the flowery meads, adorning the open fields and shady groves with odoriferous purple flowers, the diversity of which rendereth their sight more charming to mankind. |
| 3, | ib. A proper field to inspire courage, being the ground upon which Henry the Bastard slew his legitimate brother, Don Pedro, whom our brave Black Prince Edward had set upon the throne of Spain.  |

Note Page

- 4, 12. This comparison of Don Quixote's joy at the sight of the inn, to that of the wise men, conducted to a similar place by a star, is in allusion to those pictures in popish churches, in which the wise men, the star, and the child Jesus in the manger, are represented under some magnificent pieces of architecture, with grand porticos, pillars, &c. and the good company, together with the ox and the ass, for dignity's sake, most sumptuously lodged.
- 5, 13. Our author ridicules here the affected delicacy of the Spaniards and Italians, who look upon it as ill manners to mention the word hog or swine, as too gross an image.
- 6, 15. Castellano, in Spanish, signifies both a governor of a castle, and a native of Castile.
- 7, 16. In imitation of an old ballad, mentioned in book 2, ch. 5.
- 8, ib. The same which we call Poor John, or little trouts.

## CHAP. III.

- 1, 19. In the old romances it is usual for some cavalier or damsel upon her palfrey to come to a knight, and beg some boon at his hands, which the knight is obliged by his rules to grant, unless it be dishonest or dishonourable.
- 2, ib. On the eve of a holiday the Romanists perform certain ceremonies of devotion, &c. and wake over the body of a deceased person. Hence our country-wakes, &c.
- 3, 20. Names of certain infamous places in Spain.
- 4, ib. Near which was the whipping-post.
- 5, ib. These expressions seeming a little too strong and open in the original, the translator was inclined to have qualified them in the version: but upon reading Don Belianis of Greece (part 2, ch. 3.), he found Don Brianel, who was travelling to Antioch on the princess Aurora's errand, and lodged in a house of good repute, the landlord of which, Palinée, had been trained up to chivalry. This host offers his service to wait upon Don Brianel, and wanting a cloke, frightens a page, who flies and leaves

Note Page

his behind him. Don Brianel approves the thing, and tells him, he performed it so cleverly, that he believed it was not his first exploit of the kind; and he frankly owns he had often put in practice such feats of dexterity. In allusion to this approved stroke of knight-errantry, Don Quixote's host brags of divers wonders, which he had performed this way; and this was a strong precedent, nor could our knight object to any example taken from his favourite Don Belianis's history. So that this passage in Cervantes, which has been deemed faulty, appears from hence to be not only excuseable, but very judicious, and directly to his purpose of exposing those authors and their numberless absurdities.

- 6, 23. This absurd practice, of knights-errant invoking their mistresses, is censured in the old collection of Spanish laws. "In order to animate themselves the more," says the law, "they held it a noble thing to call upon the names of their mistresses, that their hearts might swell with an increase of courage, and their shame be the greater, if they failed in their attempts."—I. 22. tit. 1, part 2.

#### CHAP. IV.

- 1, 30. This adventure resembles that in Amadis de Gaul (b. 10. ch. 71.), where Daraide and Galtazire, passing near a wood, hear a loud and lamentable voice; upon which entering the wood, they see a knight tied naked to an oak, and two damsels, cousins, whipping him with rods of green twigs. They inquire the cause, and are answered, that he was a disloyal knight, having pretended love, and promised marriage, to both of them at the same time.
- 2, ib. A real is about six pence English.
- 3, 31. In the popish churches there is frequently an image or statue of a man without his skin, which is called "A Saint Bartholomew."
- 4, 32. This looks like a satire upon some family of that name, who probably had given Cervantes some provocation.

## Note Page

- 5, 32. A Spanish phrase for paying or returning any thing with advantage, and used here as a satire on the effeminate custom, of wearing every thing perfumed, inso-much that the very money in their pockets was scented.
- 6, 35. So, in *Amadis de Gaul*, (b. 14, ch. 57,) the emperor of Tartary, Agrican, and his brother Lepante, require of the knights their antagonists, before they engage in the combat, to swear, that the ladies, whom the emperor and his brother served and were in love with, surpassed in beauty all the ladies of the world, who were only worthy to be their humble servants. The answer, which one of the knights makes to this reasonable demand, is not unlike the merchant's reply to *Don Quixote*.
- 7, 36. In a multitude of romances, we meet with the custom of painting the lady's face upon the knight's shield, who maintains, from country to country, and from court to court, that his mistress exceeds all others in beauty and every perfection. Nay, farther, they sometimes had a lady or ladies with them, and, on their arrival in any country or city, published a cartel or challenge, defying all the knights of that country or city, to match these vagrant beauties, staking lady against lady, or three or four against one, according as they could settle it in respect to beauty or quality, and the conqueror was to carry off the prize or prizes: sometimes they refused to show the lady, and only produced her picture in her stead.
- 8, 37. In Spain and Italy, perfumes and essences are usual presents made to persons of the first distinction, and put in small vials or ivory boxes, in nests of cotton decked with raw silk of various dyes, and ranged in beautiful order, in caskets of filigree, or other costly work.
- 9, ib. A small town, nine leagues from Madrid, situated at the foot of a mountain, the rocks of which are so



Note Page

straight and perpendicular, that they were called "The Spindles." Near it stands the Escorial.

#### CHAP. V.

- 1, 42. The barber is always a surgeon, and consequently a country doctor; and a person of no small importance, since he has the ordering and adjusting of the mustachios, those ensigns of the Spanish dignity and gravity.
- 2, 43. Mistaken by the girl for Alquife, a famous enchanter in *Amadis de Gaul* and *Don Belianis of Greece*.
- 3, 44. A most notable enchantress in *Amadis de Gaul*, even surpassing the sage Alquife.
- 4, 45. Alluding to a passage in *Amadis de Gaul*, (b. 12, ch. 82,) where, while several emperors and kings are so-lacing themselves and their consorts in the saloon of a palace, behold four horrible giants enter, with twelve beautiful damsels of the same size, arrayed in cloth of gold, with each a lighted torch in the left hand, and a drawn sword in the right; the four giants snatch up the four chief beauties of the company, a pair of queens and a pair of princesses; and carrying them down into a lower court, the twelve damsels make a circle round the giants and their prize, and dance round them with such swiftness, that it seemed a wheel of fire.

#### CHAP. VI.

- 1, 47. Hence it appears, that only the first four books of *Amadis* were thought genuine by Cervantes. The subsequent volumes, to the number of twenty-one, are condemned hereby as spurious.
- 2, ib. A terrible fighting giantess, in *Amadis de Gaul*, and one of the most ridiculous characters imaginable.
- 3, ib. A ridiculous buffoon, in love with an empress, *ibid*.
- 4, 49. A celebrated Italian poet, author of several cantos of

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|      |      | Orlando Inamorato; from whom Ariosto borrowed a great part of his Orlando Furicso.  |
| 5,   | 49.  | A mark of honour and respect.   |
| 6,   | ib.  | It is plain from hence, that Cervantes did not relish Ariosto's extravagancies.   |
| 7,   | 50.  | Meaning the common subject of romances, the scene of which lay in France, under Charlemagne, and the Paladins.  |
| 8,   | 51.  | A concealed piece of satire on the laziness and want of good housewifery of the Spanish women.  |
| 9,   | 52.  | Qualities personified, or made into substantive names. Plazerdemivida signifies, pleasure of my life: Reposada, quiet or sedate.  |
| 10,  | 54.  | The clergy of the Inquisition pretend to be so compassionate and averse to bloodshed, that, when they have condemned an heretic to the flames, they only deliver him up to the secular arm, that is, into the hands of the civil magistrate, who is obliged to put their christian sentence in execution. |
| 11,  | 55.  | An ingenious advertisement to help the sale of his book. This, and some other passages, show, that our author lived by his writings.  |
| 12,  | ib.  | Cervantes never performed this promise. See the account of the Life and Writings of the Author.   |
| 13,  | ib.  | A carga cerrada. A mercantile phrase used in bills of lading.   |

## CHAP. VII.

- 1, 57. The knights-courtiers were those who maintained the superiority of their mistresses beauty against all opposers: the knights-adventurers were those who entered the lists with them, without its being known who they were, or from whence they came. Don Quixote, in his dream, fancies himself one of the latter, and wakes under the concern of his party being in danger of being worsted.

## Note Page

- 2, 59. The enchantress Urganda, in *Amadis de Gaul*, carries her knights, or her prisoners, through the air or over the sea, in a machine figured like a serpent, and wrapt in fire and smoke. And in the same romance, Fristion the enchanter, viceroy of Sicily, introduces a vapour mixed with a stinking smoke, and accompanied with a dreadful clap of thunder, and carries off the emperor and his daughters. So that the niece tells her uncle nothing but what was common in books of knight-errantry, and would be believed by him.
- 3, ib. The niece, by this fiction, thinks to frighten Don Quixote from his knight-errantry; for what mischief might not such an enchanter do him in time, when he begins by carrying away part of his house, and his choicest furniture? But, contrary to her intention, it rather confirms him in his phrensy, by convincing him there are enchanters.
- 4, ib. An enchanter in *Don Belianis of Greece*.

## CHAP. VIII.

- 1, 66. A pass in the mountains, such as they call "puerto seco," a dry port, where the king's officers levy the tolls and customs upon passengers and goods.
- 2, 67. From machar, to pound or bruise in a mortar.
- 3, 68. The wines of Malaga were formerly most esteemed in Spain, as were afterwards those of the Canaries, and at present the Cape wines.
- 4, 71. The usual style of defiance in the old romances. So Paciano overtakes the knights, who are carrying off prince Manireso, on a bier, sorely wounded, and in a loud tone cries out, "Hold, false and traitorous knights, for, by the order of knighthood, which I profess, you shall pay dearly for the villany you have committed," &c. *History of D. Polindo*, ch. 1.
- 5, 76. The breaking off the combat in this place is very beautifully artificial, as it keeps the reader in a most agreeable suspense.

## BOOK II. CHAP. I.

- | Note | Page  |
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| 1,   | 78. A second-rate knight in Palmerin of England.  |
| 2,   | ib. The river that runs by the university of Alcala in Old Castile.   |
| 3,   | 79. Meaning some Jew, to interpret the Hebrew or Chaldee.   |
| 4,   | 81. The author's pretending to have found the sequel of Don Quixote's history of Toledo, may allude to a current belief among the vulgar at that time, that a person in that city had an "universal History," in which every one found whatever he sought for or desired.<br>D. Greg. |
| 5,   | 83. In the original galgo, a greyhound, or dog. In Spain they call the Moors dogs.  |

## CHAP. II.

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| 1, | 86. An institution in Spain for the apprehending of robbers, and making the roads safe for travellers.  |
| 2, | 87. When single combat was in use, nothing was more frequent, than for the parties engaged to retreat by consent, in order to take breath. If either of the combatants perceived the other to breathe shorter or thicker than himself, he was at liberty to take this advantage, and to press him close; though even in this case it was usual, out of a high point of generosity, to agree to the adversary's proposal of taking breath. |
| 3, | 90. The story is in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso.  |
| 4, | ib. Meaning king Marsilio, and the thirty-two kings his tributaries, with all their forces. Ariosto.  |
| 5, | 91. A fictitious kingdom in Amadis de Gaul.   |
| 6, | ib. In allusion to the famous Firm Island, in Amadis de Gaul, the land of promise to the faithful squires of knights-errant.  |

## CHAP. III.

Note Page

- 1, 93. So the knight of the burning-sword comes to the shepherds at night, who bind up his wounds; and one gives him a crust of dry bread and a draught of water: and never was banquet at king Magadan's court so savoury. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 7, ch. 11.
- 2, 95. Cervantes here seems to have had in view a long discourse, made by Mardocheo, the princess Helena's dwarf, in praise of a pastoral life. See *Amadis de Gaul*, book 11, ch. 8. This harangue, together with another of the Don's, on the pre-eminence of arms above letters (see b. 4, ch. 10 and 11,) are a ridicule on the stiffness and pedantry then so much in vogue, particularly in speeches and harangues, of which the French were so fond, that when they had translated twenty-four books of *Amadis*, they published two more of speeches and sentences taken out of that immense work, for the improvement of persons of quality. M. de Herberay, the first translator into French, is, by the writers of that age, styled the French Cicero.
- 3, 98. A kind of instrument with three strings, used by shepherds.

## CHAP. IV.

- 1, 106. This wants explanation, it being impossible to give the force of it in an English translation. "Viejo como le Sarna" is a Spanish proverb, signifying "as old as the itch," which is of great antiquity; though it is agreed that this is only a corruption of ignorant people, saying Sarna for Sarra: which last is usually taken to signify Sarah, Abraham's wife, either from her having lived one hundred and ten years, or because of the long time it is since she lived; though some say that Sarra, in the Biscaine language, signifies old age, and so the proverb will be, "As old as old age itself."

Note Page

- 2, 107. This seems to be a ridicule on the extravagant metaphors, used by the Spanish poets, in praise of the beauty of their mistresses.

#### CHAP V.

- 1, 116. A sly satire on the uselessness of recluse religious societies.
- 2, 117. Here it is remarkable, that Cervantes speaks only of recommending ourselves to God, without taking notice of the doing it to any saint, the known practice in the Romish church, and what the protestants charge, in the very words of this author, with savouring strongly of paganism.
- 3, 119. This is one instance of Cervantes's frequent use of scriptural expressions.
- 4, 121. How artfully, all the time they are going to the burial, does the author entertain the reader by way of digression, with this dialogue between Don Quixote and Valdo!
- 5, 122. It is the custom in Spain and Italy to strew flowers on the dead bodies when laid upon their biers.

#### CHAP. VI.

- 1, 131. The little Fortunia's beauty was so surpassing, that she was called "The basilisk of human kind." Amad. de Gaul, b. 13. ch. 43.

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#### BOOK III. CHAP. I.

- 1, 138. Carriers of Galicia, commonly so called.
- 2, 141. This was an inviolable law, as appears from numberless instances in the books of knight-errantry.
- 3, 146. Tizona: a romantic name given to the sword of Roderick Diaz de Bivar, the famous Spanish General against the Moors.
- 4, 148. The lovely obscure.

## CHAP. II.

Note Page

- 1, 149. So, in *Amadis de Gaul* (b. 13, ch. 13,) the constable of the castle's daughter knows so much of surgery, and applies such ointments and balsams to the wounds of Don Rogel of Greece, and Brianges of Bœotia, that she heals the former in twelve days, and the latter in thirty.
- 2, 150. The very description of the damsel, who conducts prince Lindemart to the cavern, where the savages had conveyed the princess Rosalva. *Amadis de Gaul*, vol. 19. ch. 28.
- 3, 154. Literally, leaving at the bottom of the inkhorn.
- 4, 156. So Don Polindo, being enchanted by the old magician, his host, mistakes his daughter Leonisa for the princess Belisia, embraces her, and is very sweet upon her. *D. Polind.* ch. 25.
- 5, 159. This whole adventure, with some variety of humorous circumstances, seems borrowed from that of Don Rogel (in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 12, ch. 32,) who, with his two companions, and each their squire, takes up his lodging at a castle, the constable of which had married a young lady the day before. This lady, dancing with Don Rogel, falls desperately in love with him; and gets her waiting-woman to take her place with her husband, while she goes to bed to the knight. This arch hussy having agreed with Don Rogel's squire to entertain him, while her mistress is employed with his master, and it being impossible for her to supply her own master and the knight's man at the same time, procures the scullion wench, a black, to solace the squire in her place; which she undertakes with great alacrity. She is described with thick lips, flat nose, wide nostrils, &c. much like Maritornes.
- 6, ib. They patrol in squadrons, to apprehend robbers and disorderly persons.

## CHAP. III.

## Note Page

- 1, 162. So Amadis, considering a Greek prophecy, concludes, that the treasure of the enchanted chamber was not reserved for him, but for his son Esplandian. Amadis de Gaul, b. 4. ch. 36.
- 2, 163. Literally, "to chastise us again, if any thing be left at the bottom of the inkhorn." The same figurative expression, not so proper for an English translation, is to be found in the preceding chapter, where Cervantes praises the punctuality of Cid Hamet Benengeli, in recounting the minutest circumstances of the history.
- 3, 164. Candilazos. A new coined word in the original.
- 4, 171. "El potro de Cordova." A square in the city of Cordova, where a fountain gushes out from a horse's mouth: near it is a whipping-post.
- 5, ib. The adventure of Sancho's being tossed in a blanket alludes to the story of poor Fidelio, the squire of Don Florando; who, following his master at some distance, is seized by hobgoblins, who hoist him up into the air, and tear his flesh with burning pincers. He cries out for help; the knight knows his voice, and forces back his steed towards the place; where he sees the miserable condition of his squire, but makes no attempt to deliver him, concluding it to be a vision only, and not any thing real. Don Florando of England, part 3, ch. 8.

## CHAP. IV.

- 1, 175. Ceca was a place of devotion among the Moors in the city of Cordova, to which they used to go in pilgrimage from other places; as Mecca is among the Turks: whence the proverb comes to signify "sauntering about to no purpose."—A banter upon popish pilgrimages.
- 2, 178. Alluding to the story of Scanderbeg, king of Epirus.



## Note Page

- 3, 178. So, in *Don Florando of England*, ch. 26, the king of Aquilea refuses to give the infanta his daughter to the king of Mesopotamia, because he is the ugliest fellow in the world: whereupon a war ensues between them, in which prince Paladiano, a knight-errant, sides with the king of Aquilea.
- 4, 179. This notable review is a ridicule on the descriptions of a similar nature so frequent in romances, particularly that in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 17, ch. 59, where the king of Sibilla, with his queen, and the princess Sostiliana, post themselves upon an eminence, to see the troops upon a march. The first that marched by was the great Soldan of Baldoque, valiant and hardy, with a puissant army, his device a white eagle in a field or. The next was the king's son, his device a centaur fighting with a knight, because the king himself, when prince, had been a knight-errant, and had killed a centaur, with an army of 80,000 horse and 150,000 foot, with four kings his vassals. Next marched the king of Belmarina, with a powerful force, his device a cloven rock in a field azure; an aged person, mighty in strength and council, and attended by three giants, Famogant the fierce, Rhadamant the cruel, and Moriglion the proud. Then followed the king of Tana, with another army, having with him two famous and redoubted giants, Morigant and Galacasse of the battle-axe, their ensign a moon azure in a field blanch. Then follow so many bodies of men, so many kings, and so many giants, with so many devices, that the account occupies several pages.
- 5, 180. This passage has been utterly mistaken by all translators in all languages. The original word *Esparaguera* is a mock allusion to *Espartafileardo*, and the gingle between the words is a ridicule upon the foolish quibbles so frequent in heraldry; and probably this whole catalogue is a satire upon several great names and sound-

## Note Page

ing titles in Spain, the owners of which were arrant beggars. The dragging of his fortune may allude to the word *Esparto*, a sort of rush with which they make ropes: and, perhaps, the device of the asparagus-bed may imply, that this duke of Nerbia had no mistress; for in Spain they have a proverb, "as solitary as an asparagus," because every one of them springs up by itself.

- 6, ib. An imitation of Homer's catalogue of ships.

## CHAP. V.

- 1, 192. The original is *encamisados*, which signifies persons who have put on a shirt over their clothes. It was usual for soldiers, when they attacked an enemy by night, to wear shirts over their armour or clothes, to distinguish their party: whence such nightly attacks were called *encamisados*.
- 2, 194. This adventure is founded on such another in *Amadis de Gaul*, (book 9, ch. 21,) where Don Florizel, by night, meets a litter, with two flambeaus, and a cavalier on it making dolorous complaints.
- 3, 196. The author's making the bachelor quibble so much, under such improper circumstances, was probably designed as a ridicule upon the younger students of the universities, who are so prone to affectation that way, as to mistake it for wit; and also upon the dramatic writers, who frequently make their heroes, in their greatest distresses, guilty of the same absurdity.
- 4, 198. So prince Amadis d'Astre, upon an angry message from the princess Rosaliana, daughter of the emperor of Parthia, to appear no more in her presence, puts himself and his armour into deep mourning, and calls himself the "Knight of Sadness." *Amad. de Gaul*, b. 17, ch. 81.
- 5, 198. i. e. According to that, If any one at the instigation of the devil, &c. Canon 72. *Distinct*. 134.

## CHAP. VI.

Note Page

- 1, 202. This adventure is borrowed from that of Amadis of Greece, who, with his companions, finding themselves in a pleasant meadow, resolve to pass the night in so delectable a place. The night was so dark, they could see nothing. But they had not been long there, before they heard a noise, as of people fighting and clashing in mortal battle. So, lacing on their helmets, they draw towards the place, from whence they thought the noise proceeded; but still they see nothing. In this manner they are busied till the morning, when they come to a rock, in which is a cavern. There they hear the same noise they have been pursuing all night. Then Amadis, whose heart fear never assailed, followed by his companions, resolves to try the adventure, and in they go, where they are all enchanted by Astrodorus, a famous magician. *Amadis de Gaul*, book 14, chap. 15.

The behaviour of Don Quixote and Sancho on this occasion, is a copy of what passes between other knights and their squires on corresponding occasions. Thus Amadis, in the above adventure, bids Grasander stay below, while he ascends the rock, and, if he succeed, he will give him a signal to mount up, but, if within three days he should have no tidings of him, he may conclude the enterprise goes ill, and may do as he thinks fit. (*Ibid.*) Don Arlanges, prince of Spain, resolving to search the world over for his lost mistress, bids his squire return home, but conjures him to tell no news of him to his friends: the loyal squire is melted into tears and sobs, and resolves to follow his master to the end of the world, or the end of his life. (*Amadis de Gaul*, b. 19, ch. 1.) The squire Licelio endeavours to dissuade prince Paladiano from proceeding in the adventure of the fiery island; but, finding him deter-

- | Note | Page |   |
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|      |      | mined, resolves not to forsake him. Don Florando of England, part 2. ch. 20.  |
| 2,   | 204. | Literally "the mouth of the hunting-horn or cornet:" for so the Spaniards call the ursa minor, from a fancied configuration of the stars of that constellation. |
| 3,   | 207. | A mistake for Cato the Censor.  |
| 4,   | 214. | In contradistinction to the Jewish or Moorish families, of which there were many in Spain.  |

## CHAP. VII.

- 1, 221. Almonte and Mambrino, two Saracens of great valour, had each a golden helmet. Orlando Furioso took away Almonte's, and his friend Rinaldo that of Mambrino. Ariosto, Canto I.
- 2, 227. Literally, "leaving him better by a tierce and a quint." A figurative expression borrowed from the game of piquet, in which a tierce or a quint may be gained by putting out bad cards, and taking in better.
- 3, ib. Thus Don Fortunian, being met by a dwarf, and asked which way he is travelling, replies, I am a stranger, and go forward which way soever my horse guides or carries me, without knowing whither. Amadis de Gaul, b. 15, ch. 9.
- 4, 229. In the following speech of Don Quixote we have a perfect system of chivalry, which was designed by the author as a ridicule upon romances in general: notwithstanding which, the beaux esprits of France, who have written romances since, have copied this very plan.
- 5, 230. So the knight of the Phœnix, in Amadis de Gaul, b. 10, ch. 11, is conducted to the queen of Dardania's palace, where he is sumptuously lodged and feasted: he puts off his armour, and puts on a mantle of fine scarlet, embroidered with Phœnixes, interspersed with spires of gold, which makes him look much more beautiful.

## Note Page

- 6, 230. Just so Don Bellianis of Greece, at dinner in the sol-dan of Babylon's palace, is seated over-against the princess Florisbella; and these two, instead of eating, pass the time in casting amorous glances at each other. Part 2, ch. 24.
- 7, 232. The princess Oriana, in like manner, expresses her fears, lest her lover should not be of princely extraction, and is assured by her damsel that he is. Amadis de Gaul, b. 1, ch. 26. So also the princess Esclaviana wishes within herself, that Don Florestan, who is fallen in love with her, may be of a house worthy of her, that she may marry him. Don Florando of England, part 2, ch. 25.
- 8, 233. In the former circumstances of this extract most ro-mances agree, and therefore the author exhausts the whole subject; which in this he cannot do, because in those stories there are several ways of obtaining the lady; and therefore he leaves that point at large.
- 9, ib. This match is not without a precedent, for Gandalin, squire to Amadis, is married to the damsel of Den-mark, confidante of the princess Oriana. Amadis de Gaul, b. 5, ch. 47.
- 10, ib. The ridicule is admirably heightened by the incapacity both knight and squire are under of putting this scheme in practice, the former by his loyalty to Dulcinea, and Sancho by having a wife and children already: never-theless the idea is so pleasing, that it quite carries them away, and they resolve upon it.
- 11, 234. The original is "y de devengar quinientos sueldos," literally, "to revenge five hundred sueldos." It is a proverbial expression, to signify a person's being a gen-tleman, and took its rise from the following occasion. The Spaniards of Old Castile being obliged to pay a yearly tribute of five hundred virgins to the Moors, after several battles, in which the Spaniards succeeded, the tribute was changed to five hundred sueldos, or

Note Page

pieces of Spanish coin. But in process of time the Spaniards, by force of arms, delivered themselves from that gross imposition; and that heroical action having been performed by men of figure and fortune, they characterize by this expression a man of bravery and honour, and a true lover of his country.

12, 235 That is, it is better to rob than to ask charity.

## CHAP. VIII.

- 1, 240. A cant word.
- 2, 242. Such malefactors as in England are set in the pillory, in Spain are carried about in a particular habit, mounted on an ass, with their face to the tail; the crier going before and proclaiming their crime.
- 3, 245. The original is esposas (spouses), so called because they joined the bands together like man and wife.
- 4, 252. This extravagant order of our knight to the galley-slaves is copied from a similar one in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 5, ch. 25, where Esplandian asks the captives, he had delivered from the giant Bramato's castle, what they intended to do with themselves; and they all answer, what he pleases to command. Then, quoth he, you shall only take a trip to Constantinople, to thank the princess Leoniana for the mercy God has bestowed on you, through the means of a knight, who is hers; and to surrender yourselves, and be at her disposal.
- 5, ib. Montzago, a duty to the king upon cattle.
- 6, 253. En pelota. The phrase signifies "to be stark naked." Pelota is likewise a garment formerly used in Spain, but now unknown. The reader will readily see, that it ought not to be understood here in the first of these senses.
- 7, 254. The hint of this adventure of the galley-slaves was, perhaps, taken from *Amadis de Gaul*, (b. 17. ch. 82,) where the giant Scardalanguie surprises Miralda the Fair, in her hall, with about thirty other damsels, and,

Note Page

by the help of his squire, ties them in a row with a cord, and drives them furiously down stairs, and along the road towards his own castle. In the way they are met by Amadis d'Astre, or the Knight of Sadness, who kills the giant, and sets the ladies at liberty.

#### CHAP. IX.

- 1, 255. The troopers of the holy brotherhood carry bows and arrows.
- 2, 256. Sierra Morena. A vast mountain (or rather chain of mountains, for so sierra signifies) which divides the kingdom of Castile from the province of Andalusia, and remarkable for being (morena) of a Moorish or swarthy colour.
- 3, ib. The wallet had been left at the inn for the reckoning; and the loose coat, or cloak, which the galley-slaves had taken away from Sancho, had been made use of as a bag for the provisions, which were taken from those who attended the dead body towards Segovia:—how then came Sancho by a fresh wallet of provisions?
- 4, 258. It is scarcely twenty lines, since Sancho lost his ass, and here he is upon his back again. The critics of that age fell unmercifully upon our author for this supposed blunder; the best excuse for which, if it be really a blunder, is Horace's *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. But may it not have been designed as a burlesque on the History of Montelion, knight of the oracle, ch. 23? There we find blunder upon blunder of this sort. Montelion, to rescue a lady, who had been carried away by giants, attacks, and slays one of them, who, within thirty lines in the same chapter, is alive again, and confabulating with his fellows. Another loses an arm in the same fight, and, the next morning, being attacked by Montelion, holds up both his hands for mercy. During the fight, Montelion receives a wound, and afterwards falls down in a swoon through loss of blood;

## Note Page

- at which the lady, fancying him dead, makes just such another lamentation over him as Sancho does over Dapple. If Cervantes had this meaning, as it is most probable he had, the critics were fairly bit.
- 5, 259. The remembrance of this profitable adventure, and the hopes of meeting with such another, carry Sancho through many doubts and difficulties in the ensuing history.
- 6, 260. Cervantes himself.
- 7, 263. Gold was not current in those days among the common people of Spain.

## CHAP. X.

- 1, 283. Elisabat is a skilful surgeon, in *Amadis de Gaul*, who performs wonderful cures; and queen Madasima is wife to Gantasi, and makes a great figure in the aforesaid romance. They travel and lie together in woods and deserts, without any imputation on her honour.

## CHAP. XI.

- 1, 286. Meaning *Æsop*, I suppose.
- 2, 287. Abat. Sancho, remembering only the latter part of master Elizabat's name, pleasantly calls him an abbot.
- 3, 291. The Lovely Obscure.
- 4, 293. Sancho seems here to mistake Medoro, the name of Angelica's supposed gallant, for Moro, which signifies a Moor.
- 5, ib. A profane allusion to that text of scripture; "if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Luke xxiii. 31. Don Quixote's meaning is—She may guess what I would do, if occasion were given me, since I can do so much without any.
- 6, 297. Here Don Quixote imitates the Knight of the Sun, who bewails his condition in the solitary island, and



## Note Page

- makes just such another speech to his horse *Comerino*, who grazes near him. *Chev. del Febo*, c. 23.
- 7, ib. Here *Dapple* is lost again, though he has been with *Sancho* ever since the very morning that *Gines* stole him, until the minute that the bill for the colts was to be given.
- 8, 300. Redemption, he means.
- 9, 305. Knights of Malta must be noble by father and mother for five generations, &c. For other honours, it is required that they be old catholics, without any mixture of Moorish or Jewish blood.
- 10, 306. This is very like the beginning of some of *Ovid's* epistles; as,  
 "Quâ, nisi tu dederis, caritura est ipsa, salutem  
 Mittit Amazonio Cressa puella viro."  
*Phædra Hippolito*, ep. 4.
- 11, 307. The king of Spain writes, "Done at our court," &c. as the king of England does, "Given," &c.
- 12, 309. *Sancho* here, by threatening to blurt out something, gives a kind of sly prophecy of the *Dulcinea* he intended to palm on his master's folly, and prepares the reader for that gross imposition of enchanting the three princesses and their palfreys into three country wenches upon asses. No translation has made sense of this artful passage; and even *Stevens*, with all his pretences to Spanish, was so accurate, as to leave it entirely out, as he has done some others preceding in the same page.
- 13, 310. The creed is so soon run over in Catholic countries, that the repeating it is the usual proverb for brevity.
- 14, 311. *Zapatetas*. A kind of capering, striking, at the same time, the sole of the shoe, or foot, with the hand.

## CHAP. XII.

- 1, 312. Many persons in Spain, to all outward appearance Spaniards, are suspected of being privately Moors.

Note Page

- 2, 313. This is plainly an allusion to that epitaph of Phaëton, in Ovid:  
 “ Hic situs est Phaëton, currus auriga paterni,  
 Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.”  
 Metam. l. 2, v. 327.
- 3, 320. Here Sancho recollects that he has a wife, and that he cannot marry the damsel go-between, until Theresa is dead.
- 4, 321. The archbishops of Toledo and Seville make as great a figure as most kings, having an annual revenue of little less than an hundred thousand pistoles.

## CHAP. XIII.

- 1, 324. As we say, “in the days of queen Bess.” Bamba was an old Gothic king of Spain.
- 2, 334. Every body knows Marius, Catiline, Sylla, and Judas. Galalon betrayed the army that came into Spain under Charlemagne; Vellido murdered king Sancho; and count Julian brought in the Moors, because king Roderigo had ravished his daughter.
- 3, ib. Alluding to Nathan’s parable, 2 Sam. xii.

END OF VOL. I.

## ERRATA.

- Page 319, line 23, *for* sorrowful, *read* rueful.  
 328, line 10, *for* something, *read* something more.  
 335, line 12, *for* filled of, *read* filled with.



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