THE
UNIVERSITY
OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

THE HISTORY OF

THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE

OF LA MANCHA.



THE HISTORY OF

THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE

OF LA MANCHA

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH

BY

P. A. MOTTEUX



VOLUME FIRST

EDINBURGH WILLIAM PATERSON

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Translation adopted in this edition is that by Motteux. Of this translation *Blackwood's Magazine* says — "This is, we think, out of all sight, the richest and best. Shelton's Quixote is undoubtedly well worthy of being studied by the English scholar; but it is far too antiquated an affair to serve the purposes of the English reader. Motteux, the translator of Cervantes and Rabelais, possesses a native humour which no other translator that we ever met with has approached."

This judgment is sustained by the following authorities —

"The most popular versions in English are those of Motteux, Jarvis, and Smollett. Perhaps the first is the best of all. It was by a Frenchman who came over to England in the time of James the Second. It betrays nothing of its foreign parentage, however, while its rich and racy diction, and its quaint turns of expression, are admirably suited to convey a lively

and very faithful image of the original. The slight tinge of antiquity, which belongs to the time, is not displeasing, and comports well with the tone of knightly dignity which distinguishes the hero."—*W. H. Prescott—Miscellanies, Edition* 1845, *pp.* 149, 50.

" The oldest English translation is by Shelton, 1612-20, which was followed by a very vulgar, unfaithful, and coarse one by John Philips, the nephew of Milton, 1687, one by Motteux, 1712; one by Jarvis, 1742, which Smollett used too freely in his own, 1755, one by Wilmot, 1774, and finally, the anonymous one of 1818, which has adopted parts of all its predecessors. Most of them have been reprinted often; and, on the whole, the most agreeable and the best, though somewhat too free, is that by Motteux."—*Geo. Ticknor— History of Spanish Literature, Edition* 1846, *v.* 3, *p.* 384.

J. Gibson Lockhart likewise gave the preference to Motteux's translation, and in the present edition his interesting notes will be given in a revised form.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

LIFE OF CERVANTES i

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE READER 1

PART I.—BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUALITY AND WAY OF LIVING OF THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA 15

CHAPTER II.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S FIRST SALLY 26

CHAPTER III.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PLEASANT METHOD TAKEN BY DON QUIXOTE TO BE DUBBED A KNIGHT 38

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT BEFEL THE KNIGHT AFTER HE HAD LEFT THE INN . 50

PAGE

CHAPTER V

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF OUR KNIGHT'S MISFORTUNES 63

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE PLEASANT AND CURIOUS SCRUTINY WHICH THE CURATE AND THE BARBER MADE OF THE LIBRARY OF OUR INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN 72

CHAPTER VII.

DON QUIXOTE'S SECOND SALLY IN QUEST OF ADVENTURES 86

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE GOOD SUCCESS WHICH THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE MOST TERRIFYING AND NEVER-TO-BE-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WIND-MILLS, WITH OTHER TRANSACTIONS WORTHY TO BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY . 97

PART I.—BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

THE EVENT OF THE MOST STUPENDOUS COMBAT BETWEEN THE BRAVE BISCAYAN AND THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE 113

CHAPTER II.

WHAT FARTHER BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH THE BISCAYAN; AND OF THE DANGER HE RAN AMONG A PARCEL OF YANGUESIANS 123

CHAPTER III.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GOATHERDS . 134

PAGE

CHAPTER IV

THE STORY WHICH A YOUNG GOAT-HERD TOLD TO THOSE THAT WERE WITH DON QUIXOTE 144

CHAPTER V

A CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF MARCELLA 155

CHAPTER VI.

THE UNFORTUNATE SHEPHERD'S VERSES, AND OTHER UNEXPECTED MATTERS 173

PART I.—BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF DON QUIXOTE'S UNFORTUNATE RENCOUNTER WITH CERTAIN BLOODY-MINDED AND WICKED YANGUESIAN CARRIERS 185

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE INN WHICH HE TOOK FOR A CASTLE . . 199

CHAPTER III.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE INNUMERABLE HARDSHIPS WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE, AND HIS WORTHY SQUIRE SANCHO, UNDERWENT IN THE INN, WHICH THE KNIGHT UNLUCKILY TOOK FOR A CASTLE . . . 214

CHAPTER IV

OF THE DISCOURSE BETWEEN THE KNIGHT AND THE SQUIRE, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTH RELATING . 230

PAGE

CHAPTER V

OF THE WISE DISCOURSE BETWEEN SANCHO AND HIS MASTER; AS ALSO OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE DEAD CORPSE, AND OTHER FAMOUS OCCURRENCES . 250

CHAPTER VI.

OF A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE ACHIEVED BY THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA; THE LIKE NEVER COMPASSED WITH LESS DANGER BY ANY OF THE MOST FAMOUS KNIGHTS IN THE WORLD 264

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE HIGH ADVENTURE AND CONQUEST OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET, WITH OTHER EVENTS RELATING TO OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT 288

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE SET FREE MANY MISERABLE CREATURES, WHO WERE CARRYING, MUCH AGAINST THEIR WILLS, TO A PLACE THEY DID NOT LIKE 310

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT BEFEL THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE IN THE SIERRA MORENA (BLACK MOUNTAIN) BEING ONE OF THE RAREST ADVENTURES IN THIS AUTHENTIC HISTORY . 330

CHAPTER X.

THE ADVENTURE IN THE SIERRA MORENA CONTINUED 352

PAGE

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE STRANGE THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE BLACK MOUNTAIN; AND OF THE PENANCE HE DID THERE, IN IMITATION OF BELTENEBROS, OR THE LOVELY OBSCURE 369

CHAPTER XII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE REFINED EXTRAVAGANCES BY WHICH THE GALLANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA CHOSE TO EXPRESS HIS LOVE IN THE SIERRA MORENA 403

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE CURATE AND BARBER PUT THEIR DESIGN IN EXECUTION; WITH OTHER THINGS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED IN THIS IMPORTANT HISTORY 418

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Designed and Etched by Ad. Lalauze.

PORTRAIT, .	*to face Title.*
DON QUIXOTE KNIGHTED,	*Page* 48
THE WINDMILLS,	99
DEFEAT OF THE BISCAYAN,	122
WITH THE GOATHERDS,	136
DON QUIXOTE WOUNDED,	197
THE FLOCKS OF SHEEP,	234
MAMBRINO'S HELMET,	290
THE RAGGED KNIGHT,	367

LIFE OF CERVANTES.

ALTHOUGH Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was not only the brightest genius of his age and country, but a man of active life and open manners, and engaged personally in many interesting transactions of his time, there are, nevertheless, few distinguished men of letters who have left behind them more scanty materials of biography His literary reputation was not of the highest order till *Don Quixote* made it so; and ere then he had outlived the friends and companions of his youthful adventures, and withdrawn into a life of comparative privacy and retirement. In the age immediately succeeding his own, abundant exertions were made to discover the scattered and faded traces of his career; but with what very indifferent success is well known to all acquainted with the literary history of Spain. More recently, the life of Cervantes has been elaborately written, both by the best of his commentators, Don Juan Pellicer, and by Don Vincente de los Rios, editor of the Spanish Academy's superb edition of Don Quixote, but neither of these has, after all, been able to add much to the original naked outline which guided their researches.

Cervantes was by birth a gentleman, being descended from an ancient family, originally of Galicia,

many branches of which were, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, honourably settled in Toledo, Seville, and Alcarria. Rodrigo de Cervantes, his father, seems to have resided, for the most part, at Alcala de Henares, where, thirty years before the birth of his son, the second University of Spain was founded by the munificent Cardinal Ximenes. His mother, Donna Leonora de Corteñas, was also a lady of gentle birth. The parish register shows that he was baptized on the 9th of October 1547

His parents, whose circumstances were the reverse of affluent, designed their son for one of the learned professions; and being most probably of opinion that his education would proceed better were it conducted at some distance from their own residence, they sent him early to Madrid, where he spent several years under the direction of a philologer and theologian (famous in his day), by name Juan Lopez de Hoyos. This erudite person superintended, early in 1569, the publication of certain academical *Luctus*, on occasion of the death of the queen; and, among the rest, there appear an elegy and a ballad, both written, as the editor expresses it, by his "dear and beloved disciple Miguel de Cervantes." Doctor Lopez de Hoyos seems to have been in the custom of putting forth, now and then, little volumes of poetical miscellanies, chiefly composed by himself; and we have Cervantes' own authority* for the fact, that the Doctor's "dear disciple" contributed to these publications *Filena*, a pas-

* In the Viage de Parnasso.

toral poem of some length, besides a great variety of sonnets, canzonets, ballads, and other juvenile essays of versification.

These attempts, in themselves sufficiently trifling, had probably excited some little attention—for Cervantes, in the summer of 1569, accompanied the Cardinal Julio Aquaviva from Madrid to Rome, where he resided for more that twelve months as chamberlain to his eminence. This situation which, according to the manners of those days, would have been coveted by persons much his superiors both in birth and in fortune, may in reality have been serviceable to the development of young Cervantes' genius, as affording him early and easy introduction to the company both of the polite and of the learned; for among the first of both of these classes the Cardinal Aquaviva lived. But the uniformity and stately repose of a great ecclesiastic's establishment was probably little suited to the inclinations of the young and ardent Spaniard, for he seems to have embraced without hesitation the first opportunity of quitting the cardinal's mansion for scenes of a more stirring character.

On the 29th of May 1571, there was signed at Rome the famous treaty between Philip II., the Papal See, and the Venetian Senate, in consequence of which the naval forces of those three powers were immediately combined into one fleet, for the purpose of checking the progress of the Turkish navies in the Mediterranean. Don Juan of Austria, natural son of Charles V. and brother to the reigning King of Spain,

was entrusted with the supreme command of the Christian armament, and the young gentlemen both of Spain and Italy flocked in multitudes to act as volunteers under his already famous standard. Cervantes quitted Rome amidst the first enthusiasm of the universal preparation; and having enlisted under Colonna, the general of the Papal galleys, joined with him the fleet of Don Juan ere it commenced the cruise which terminated in the battle of Lepanto. He was present on that eventful day, and, as he himself says (in the preface to the *Second Part of Don Quixote*), considered the loss of his left hand (which was struck off in the course of the action by a blow of a scymitar), as a "trifling price to pay for the honour of partaking in the first great action in which the naval supremacy of the Ottoman was successfully disputed by Christian arms." The season being far advanced, the victorious fleet withdrew immediately after this action to Messina, where Cervantes' wound compelled him to spend some weeks in the hospital. Although his hand had been cut off close by the wrist, the whole of that arm remained ever after quite stiff and useless—partly, it is most probable, in consequence of the unskilfulness of the surgeons who attended on him.

This very serious misfortune did not, however, extinguish his military ardour, for he sailed with the same fleet in the following summer, and was present at several descents on the coast of the Morea—one of which he has described in *Don Quixote* in the person of the Captain De Viedma. At the end of 1572,

when the great naval armament in which he had hitherto served was dissolved, he passed into the regular service of his own sovereign. The company he joined was stationed at Naples, and there he remained with it for three years—without rising, or perhaps hoping to rise, above the condition of a private soldier. It must be had in mind, however, that this rank was in those days so far from being held dishonourable or degrading, that men of the very highest birth and fortune were, almost without exception, accustomed to spend some time in it ere they presumed to expect any situation of authority Thus, for example, the Anne de Montmorencies, the Lantrecs, the Tremouilles, and the Chabannes, had all distinguished themselves as simple men-at-arms ere they rose to any office of command in the army of France; and in that of Spain, it is well known that the wise policy of Charles V. had, long before Cervantes' time, elevated the halberdeer and musqueteer to be nearly on the same footing with the mounted soldier. It is, therefore, a matter of no great importance that we are left altogether ignorant whether Cervantes served in the infantry or the cavalry during his residence at Naples.

In the autumn of 1575, he was on his way from Italy to Spain—it is not known what was the motive of his journey—when the galley in which he sailed was surrounded by some Moorish corsairs, and he, with all the rest of the Christian crew, had the misfortune to be carried immediately to Algiers. He fell

to the share of the corsair captain who had taken him, an Albanian or Arnaut renegade, known by the name of *Dali Mami the lame;* a mean and cruel creature, who seems to have used Cervantes with the utmost possible harshness. Having a great number of slaves in his possession, he employed the most of them in his galleys, but kept always on shore such as were likely to be ransomed by their friends in Europe—confining them within the walls of his baths,* and occasionally compelling them to labour in his gardens. Cervantes, whose birth and condition gave hopes of a considerable ransom, spent the greater part of five years of servitude among this latter class of the slaves of Mami —undergoing, however, as he himself intimates, even greater hardships than fell to the lot of his companions, on account of the pertinacity and skill with which he was continually forming schemes of evasion. The last of these, at once the boldest and most deliberate of them all, was deficient of complete success, only because Cervantes had admitted a traitor to his counsels.

Dali Mami, the Arnaut, had for his friend a brother renegade, by birth a Venetian, who had risen high in the favour of the king, and was now a man of considerable importance in the government of Algiers—the same Hassan Aga, of whose ferocious character a full picture is drawn in *Don Quixote* by the Captain

* In the notes to this edition of Don Quixote may be found some curious particulars concerning these *Baths*, and the manner in which the Christian captives of Cervantes' age were treated at Algiers and Tunis. See the Notes on the story of Viedma.

de Viedma. Mami sometimes made Cervantes the bearer of messages to this man's villa, which was situated on the sea-shore, about three miles from Algiers. The gardens of this villa were under the management of one of Hassan's Christian slaves, a native of Navarre, with whom Cervantes speedily formed acquaintance, and whom he ere long persuaded to undertake the formation of a secret cave beneath the garden capable of sheltering himself and as many as fifteen of his brother captives, on whose patience and resolution he had every reason to place perfect reliance. The excavation being completed in the utmost secresy, Cervantes and his associates made their escape by night from Algiers, and took possession of their retreat, where, being supplied with provisions by the gardener and another Christian slave of Hassan Aga, named or nick-named *El Dorador*, they remained for several months undiscovered, in spite of the most minute and anxious researches both on the part of their own masters and of the celebrated Ochali, then tyrant of Algiers.

They had in the meantime used all their exertions to procure a sum of money sufficient for purchasing the freedom of one of their companions, who had stayed behind them in the city—a gentleman of Minorca, by name Viana. This gentleman at length obtained his liberty in the month of September 1577, and embarked for his native island, from whence, according to the plan concerted, he was to return immediately with a Spanish brigantine, and so coming close under shore,

at a certain hour of a certain night, furnish Cervantes and his friends (including the gardener and *El Dorador*) with the means of completing their escape. Viana reached Minorca in safety, procured without difficulty a sufficient vessel from the Spanish viceroy, and came off the coast of Barbary, according to his agreement; but ere he could effect his landing, the alarm was given by a Moorish sentinel, and he wisely put out to sea again, being afraid of attracting any more particular attention to the place of Cervantes' concealment. He and the unfortunate gentlemen, his companions, were aware of Viana's attempt, and of the cause of its failure; but they knew Viana would not be altogether discouraged by one such accident, and had good hope of ere long seeing his brigantine again under more happy auspices. But Hassan's slave, *El Dorador*, who had hitherto been, next to the gardener, the most effectual instrument of their safety, happened just at this juncture to think proper to renounce his Christianity; and it not unnaturally occurred to him that he could not better commence the career of a renegade than by betraying the retreat of Cervantes and his companions. Hassan Aga consequently surrounded the entrance to their cave with such a force as put all resistance out of the question, and the whole fifteen were conducted in fetters to Algiers. The others were immediately delivered into the possession of their former masters, but Cervantes, whose previous attempts at once fixed on him the suspicion of having headed the whole enterprise, was retained by the king in the

hope of extracting information, and perhaps of discovering some accomplices among the wealthier renegades. It is probable that Cervantes had no such information to give, but at all events he was one of the last men in the world to give it had he had it in his power. He underwent various examinations, declared himself on every occasion the sole author and contriver of the discovered plot, and at last effectually exhausted the patience of Ochali by the firmness of his behaviour. The savage Hassan Aga, himself one of the most extensive slave proprietors in Barbary, exerted all his influence to have Cervantes strangled *in terrorem;* but although Ochali was not without some inclination to gratify Hassan in this particular, the representations of Dali Mami concerning the value of his private property could not be altogether disregarded, and the future author of *Don Quixote* escaped the bow-string because an Arnaut renegade told an Algerine pirate that he considered him to be worth something better than two hundred crowns. The whole of these particulars, let it be observed, are not gathered from Cervantes himself,* but from the contemporary author of a history of Barbary, Father Haedo. The words in which this ecclesiastic concludes his narrative are worthy of being given as they stand.

* It has been very commonly supposed that Cervantes tells his own Algerine history in the person of the captive in *Don Quixote.* But the reader will find in the notes to this edition sufficient reasons for discrediting this notion, in itself a very natural one. There can be no doubt, however, that Cervantes' own experience furnished him with all that knowledge of Algerine affairs and manners which he has displayed in the story of the captive, as well as in his less known pieces, the *Trato de Argel,* and the *Española Inglesa.*

"Most marvellous thing," says he, "that some of these gentlemen remained shut up in the cave for five, six, even for seven months, without even so much as beholding the light of day, sustained all that time by Miguel de Cervantes, and this at the great and continual risk of his own life, for no less than four times did he incur the nearest peril of being strangled, impaled, or burnt alive, by reason of the bold things on which he adventured in the hope of bestowing liberty upon many. Had fortune been correspondent to his spirit, industry, and skill, at this day Algiers would have been in the safe possession of the Christians, for to no less lofty consummation did his designs aspire. In the end, the whole was treasonously discovered, and the gardener, after being tortured and picketed, perished miserably. But, indeed, of the things which happened in that cave during the seven months that it was inhabited by these Christians, and altogether of the captivity and various enterprises of Miguel de Cervantes, a particular history might easily be formed. Hassan Aga was accustomed to say that he should consider captives, and barks, and the whole city of Algiers in perfect safety, *could he but be sure of that handless Spaniard.*"

In effect it appears that the King of Algiers did not consider it possible to make sure of Cervantes so long as he remained in the possession of a private individual, for shortly after he purchased him from Dali Mami, and kept him shut up with the utmost severity in the dungeon of his own palace. The hardships

thus inflicted on Cervantes were, however, in all probability, the means of restoring to him his liberty much sooner than he would otherwise have obtained it. The noble exertions he had made, and the brilliant talents he had exhibited, had excited the strongest interest in his favour; and the knowledge of his harsh treatment in the Haram, determined the public functionary for the redemption of Spanish captives, then resident at Algiers, to make an extraordinary effort in his behalf. In fine, this person, by name Father Juan Gil, declared his willingness to advance whatever might be necessary, along with the contributions already received from his family in Spain, to procure the liberty of Cervantes; and although the king forthwith raised his demand to five hundred crowns, the ransom was paid, and Cervantes recovered his freedom. The records of the Redeeming Commission show that Cervantes' mother (now a widow) contributed two hundred and fifty crowns, his sister (married to a Florentine gentleman, Ambrosio) fifty, and a friend of the family, one Francisco Caramambel, a similar sum. It was thus Cervantes at length returned to Spain in the spring of 1581.

He returned at the age of thirty-four, after having spent more than ten years of manhood amidst such varieties of travel, adventure, enterprise, and suffering, as must have sufficed to sober very considerably the lively temperament, and at the same time to mature, enlarge, and strengthen the powerful understanding with which he had been gifted by nature. He re-

turned, however, under circumstances of but little promise, so far as his personal fortune and advancement were concerned. His wound had disabled him as a soldier, and, besides, the long period of his captivity had thrown him out in the course of his military profession. With all his variety of accomplishments, and all his brilliancy of talents, there was no other profession for the exercise of which he felt himself prepared. His family was poor, his friends few and powerless, and, after some months spent in fruitless solicitation, Cervantes seems to have made up his mind that no path remained open for him but that of literature; in one point of view, indeed, the path most worthy of his genius, and therefore the best he could have selected had greater choice been afforded, but one which, according to the then manners and customs of Spain, was not likely to prove in any remarkable degree conducive to the improvement of his worldly fortunes. He shut himself up, however, and proceeded to labour in his new vocation at once with all the natural fervour of his disposition, and with all the seriousness of a man sensible how much the whole career of life is often affected by the good or ill success of a first effort. As such, he, without doubt, regarded the work in which he had now engaged himself, for he could not, after the lapse of so many years, attach any importance to the juvenile and by this time forgotten productions, which had gone forth under his name ere he quitted Spain in the suite of Cardinal Acquaviva. The reader, who has com-

pared the different Lives of Cervantes written by Spanish authors will, from what I have now said, perceive that I am inclined to follow the opinion of those who think the pastoral romance of *Galatea* was the first work published by him after his return from captivity. The authority of Pellicer, indeed, favours the contrary opinion; but although he says that Cervantes *immediately* commenced writing for the stage, I can find no authentic record of any dramatic effort of his until some time after the appearance of the *Galatea*, or indeed until after his marriage, which took place in 1584.

The *Galatea*, like all the lesser works of Cervantes, has been thrown into the shade by the pre-eminent merit and success of his Don Quixote. Yet there can be no question, that, had Cervantes never written any thing but the *Galatea*, it must have sufficed to give him a high and a permanent place in the literary history of Spain. The grace and beauty of its composition entitle the romance to be talked of in this manner; but it must be confessed, that it exhibits very few traces of that originality of invention, and none at all of that felicitous exposition of human character, in which the genius of Cervantes afterwards shone forth with its brightest and most peculiar lustre. It is, at the best, a happy imitation of the *Diana* of Montemayor, and of the continuation of that performance by Gil Polo. Like these works, it is deficient in fable (but indeed the fable of *Galatea*, such as it is, was never completed); like them, it abounds in beautiful description and graceful

declamation ; and like them, it is continually diversified with the introduction of lyrical pieces, sonnets, canzonets, and ballads, some of these exquisite in merit. The metrical effusions of the *Galatea* are, indeed, so numerous, that Bouterweck * says he has little doubt Cervantes wrote the prose narrative expressly for the purpose of embodying the miscellaneous contents of a poetical common-place book, to whose stores he had probably been making continual additions throughout the whole period of his absence from Spain , and, above all, during the many weary and idle hours of his captivity. It is certain that many of the poems introduced in the *Galatea* have little apparent relation to the story of the romance ; and, therefore, there may be some foundation for Bouterweck's conjecture. But on the other hand, it cannot be denied, that the finest strains in the book are filled with allusions, which imply their having been composed subsequent to the termination of the author's residence in Barbary —On the whole, the *Galatea* exhibited abundantly the defects of the false and unnatural species of composition to which it belongs, but it displayed, at the same time, a masterly command of Spanish style, and in general a richness and energy both of thought and of language, enough at the least to excite the highest expectations in regard to the future literary career of Cervantes. It might have been fortunate had he gone on to exert himself in the walk of fiction, in which this first, and, on the whole, successful effort had been made, and by returning to

* Geschichte der Spanisches Literatur, B. II.

which long afterwards he secured his literary immortality, instead of betaking himself, as he soon did, to the dramatic field, in which he had to contend with the most formidable competitors, and for which the event has shewn his own talents were less splendidly adapted.

Very shortly after the *Galatea* was published, Cervantes married a young lady, whose charms were supposed to have furnished the chief inspiration of its numerous amatory effusions—Donna Catalina de Palacios y Salazar y Vozmediano. This lady's dowry was not indeed quite so ample as might be augured from the magnificence of her style, but she brought Cervantes enough to furnish him with the means of subsistence, and it is probable of idleness, for a considerable number of months. After the lady's portion was exhausted, he seems to have plunged himself at once into the full career of dramatic composition. In this he laboured incessantly, but with little success, for about three years. His plays, as was the fashion of the day, he sold as fast as they were written to the managers of different theatres in Madrid and elsewhere, receiving, it is probable, but very trifling and inadequate remuneration. For Lope de Vega received at the highest about eighty reals for a comedy ; and we may be sure his unsuccessful rival was obliged to be content with very inferior payment.

That the author of Don Quixote should have been unsuccessful in writing for the stage, is a circumstance which cannot but excite considerable astonishment at

first sight; nor has all the ingenuity of the celebrated historian of Spanish literature been able to throw much light upon the causes of his failure. "That mass of intrigues, adventures, and prodigies," says he,* "of which the Spanish drama was chiefly composed, was altogether in opposition to the particular character of Cervantes' genius. His manner of thinking and of writing was too nervous and accurate to be accommodated to a species of composition, fantastic, destitute of any plain purpose, and of any durable interest. As a spectator, he enjoyed pieces, which, as a poet, he could not imitate; and he believed himself to be capable of imitating the Spanish dramatists, because he felt within himself the power and the capacity of doing better things." But when we reflect that the very best of Cervantes' followers and imitators in the field of comic romance, Le Sage, Fielding and Smollett, attempted, like him, the drama, and, like him, attempted it with indifferent success, we shall most probably be constrained to conclude, that the two kinds of composition, which we might at first sight imagine to require very much the same sort of talents, do in fact require talents of totally different kinds, and so, to attribute the ill success of Cervantes to causes much more general than are to be deduced from any examination of the particular system of the Spanish stage. Had Calderon, or Shakespeare, or Moliere, written admirable romances, it certainly would have been much more difficult to account for the dramatic failures of Cervantes, but even

* Bouterweck, Sect. II. Chap. 1.

then it would not have followed that, because great dramatists could write excellent romances, great romance writers should also be able to write excellent dramas. In a word, there is no doubt that powers may be exhibited in a romance as high and as varied as ever adorned either a tragedy or a comedy; but it seems no less certain, that a man may possess all the talents requisite for giving interest and beauty to a romance—in the total absence of those faculties of concentrating interest and condensing expression, without a perfect command of which, neither in Spain nor any other country, has the Genius of the Drama ever achieved any of its wonders.

Cervantes himself informs us, that he wrote during this period of his life between twenty and thirty plays; but not more than a third part of these have ever been published, although, says Bouterweck, there might yet be some hope of recovering the whole, were the theatrical records of Spain sufficiently examined. Of those which have been given to the world, the *Numancia Vengada*, a tragedy in four acts, is universally esteemed the most favourable specimen. The mixture in the fable, and even in the dialogue, of such personages as the Genius of Spain, the God of the river Douro, &c., along with Roman soldiers and Spanish ladies, is a defect too gross and palpable either to admit excuse or to require commentary. But, even in spite of this and of other scarcely less glaring defects, the fine story of Numantian heroism and devotion is certainly told in this drama with a power quite worthy of the genius of its author,

The dark superstitions of heathenism are introduced with masterly and chastened skill; and the whole of the last act in particular is worked up with a sustained and fearless vigour both of imagination and of diction, such as no one can survey without saying to himself, *si sic omnia!*—The comic humour of Cervantes, again, rarely appears in his comedies, but shines out with infinite ease and effect in several of his little interludes and afterpieces—more than one of which have been of late years translated, and represented with much success upon the German stage. And here, by the way, is another coincidence that may be worth remarking; for Fielding, whose regular plays were all damned, still lives upon our own theatre as the author of Tom Thumb.

On the whole, imperfect as are even the best of Cervantes' theatrical pieces, there occur, nevertheless, in the very worst of them, continual indications of the fervid genius of the author. The circumstance which, in all probability, will be most immediately remarked, and most feelingly regretted by the reader who turns from *Don Quixote* to the comedies of Cervantes, is the absence of that joyous and easy vein which constitutes, throughout the whole of the first of romances, the principal charm of its composition. I have little doubt that Cervantes began to write for the stage in the hope of rivalling Lope de Vega; and that, after the first failure, he was continually depressed with the more and more forcible conviction of his own inferiority to that great and inexhaustible master of the dramatic art.

He might afterwards derive some consolation from reading Lope de Vega's two very ordinary romances, and his still more ordinary novels.

While Cervantes was occupied in this way, his residence seems to have been chiefly at Madrid, but occasionally at Esquivias, where the family of his wife were settled. He removed in 1588 to Seville, "having," as he himself expresses it, "found something better to do than writing comedies." What this *something* was we have no means of ascertaining, but we know that one of the principal branches of his own family had long been established at Seville in great mercantile opulence, and it is therefore highly probable that through their means he had procured some office or appointment which furnished him with means of subsistence less precarious than could be afforded by the feverish drudgery in which he had spent the last three or four years of his life. Not less than two of the Cervantes-Saavedras of Seville had written and published poems, so that we may easily imagine some interest to have been excited among this wealthy family in behalf of their poor cousin of Alcala de Henares; and it is far from being unlikely that they entrusted to his management some subordinate department of their own mercantile concerns. In 1595, the Dominicans of Zaragoza proposed certain prizes for poems to be recited at the festival of St Hyacinthus, and one of these was adjudged to "Miguel Cervantes Saavedra of Seville." In 1596, the Earl of Essex made the second of his famous descents upon the Spanish coast, and having

surprised Cadiz, rifled the town and destroyed the shipping of the harbour, including the whole of a second armada, designed, like that of 1588, for the invasion of England. While the earl kept possession of Cadiz, the gentlemen of Seville hastened to take arms, and prepare themselves to assist in delivering that city from the English yoke; and, amidst other memorials of their zeal, there are preserved two short poetical effusions of Cervantes. In 1598, Philip the Second died at Seville; and Cervantes' name appears among the list of poets who wrote verses on occasion of the royal obsequies. A serious quarrel took place on the day of the funeral between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of Seville, and Cervantes was exposed to some trouble for having ventured to hiss at some part, we know not what, of their proceedings.—Such are all the traces that have been discovered of Cervantes' occupations and amusements during his residence at Seville, which extended from 1588 to 1603, or perhaps the beginning of 1604. The name of the branch of his family settled there being well known, it is not wonderful, that, after a residence of so many years, Cervantes should have been often talked of by his contemporaries as "one of the Saavedras of Seville."

"It cannot be doubted says Bouterweck,," "although no Spanish author has said so, that the death of Philip II. must have had a favourable effect on the genius of Cervantes. When the indolent Philip III. ascended the throne, the Spanish people began to breathe more freely The nation recovered at least

the courage to sport with those chains which they could not break, and satire was winked at, provided only it were delicate." I know not how much foundation of truth there may be for this conjecture, but it is certainly not the less likely, because we find Cervantes so soon after the accession of the new king transferring his habitation to Valladolid—where, during the first years of his reign, Philip III. was chiefly accustomed to hold his court. We are almost entirely without information how Cervantes spent the two or three years immediately preceding his appearance at Valladolid, and this is the more to be regretted, because it is certain that the First Part of *Don Quixote* was written during this period. A vague tradition has always prevailed that Cervantes had been sent into La Mancha for the purpose of recovering some debts due to a mercantile house in Seville—that he was maltreated by the people of La Mancha, and on some pretence confined for several months in the jail of Argasamilla—and that during this imprisonment the First Part of *Don Quixote* was both planned and executed. We know from Cervantes himself,* that the First Part of *Don Quixote* was written in a *prison*, but have no means of ascertaining in how far the circumstances of Cervantes' confinement actually corresponded with those of the tradition.

It is, however, extremely probable that Cervantes employed a considerable part of the time during which his family were settled in Seville, in travelling,

* See the Prologue to *Don Quixote.*

for purposes of business, over various districts of Spain, which, in the earlier periods of his life, he could have had small opportunities of examining. The minute knowledge displayed in *Don Quixote*, not only of the soil, but of the provincial manners of La Mancha, can scarcely be supposed to have been gathered otherwise than from personal inspection, and that none of the most hasty. In his novels, most of which are generally supposed to have been composed about the same period, although they were not published for several years afterwards, a similar acquaintance is manifested with the manners of Cordova, Toledo, and many other cities and districts of Spain. Whatever the nature of Cervantes' occupation at Seville might have been, there is, therefore, every reason to believe that excursions of considerable extent formed a part either of his duty, or of his relaxation.

However all these things might be, it is certain that Cervantes was resident in Valladolid in the summer of 1604, and there is reason to think he had removed to that city at least a year earlier. *Don Quixote* was published at Madrid either in the end of 1604, or at latest in 1605. Some curious particulars of his mode of life, about the time of its appearance, have been gathered from the records of the magistracy of Valladolid—before whom he was brought in the month of June 1605, on suspicion of having been concerned in a nocturnal brawl and homicide, with which, in reality, he had no manner of concern. A

gentleman, by name Don Gaspar Garibay, was assassinated about midnight, close to the house where Cervantes lived. The alarm being given, Cervantes was the first to run out and offer every assistance to the wounded man. It is clear that the neighbourhood was none of the most respectable, for it was instantly suspected that the women of Cervantes' family were ladies of easy virtue, and that he himself having acted as their bully, had, in the course of some infamous scuffle, dealt the deadly blow with his own hand. He and all his household were forthwith arrested, and did not recover their liberty until they had undergone very strict and minute examinations. From the records of the court we gather that Cervantes professed himself to be resident at Valladolid, for purposes of *business*, that, on account of his literary reputation, he was in the custom of receiving frequent visits both from gentlemen of the court, and the learned men of the university; and, lastly, that he was living in a style of great penury;—for he, his wife, his two sisters (one of them a nun), and his niece, are represented as occupying a scanty lodging on the fourth floor of a mean-looking house, and as entertaining among them all no domestic but a single girl. Cervantes, in his declaration, states his own age at *upwards of fifty*, but he had, in fact, completed his fifty-seventh year before this transaction took place. With such obscurity were both the person and the character of Cervantes surrounded, according to some, immediately *before*, according to others, immediately *after*, the

publication of the First Part of *Don Quixote*. But from these very circumstances, I am inclined to agree with those who deny that *Don Quixote* appeared before the summer of 1605.

It was dedicated to Don Alonzo Lopez de Zuniga, seventh Duke of Bexar, a nobleman who much affected the character of a Mecænas, but who does not appear to have requited the homage of Cervantes by any very useful marks of his favour. The book, however, stood in no need of patronage, whatever might be the necessities of its author, it was read immediately in court and city, by young and old, learned and unlearned, with equal delight, or, as the Duchess in the Second Part expresses it, "went forth into the world with the universal applause of the nations." Four editions, published and sold within the year, furnish the best proof of its wide and instant popularity, and if any further proof be wanting, the well-known story (first told by Barrano Porreno, in his *Life and Deeds of Philip III.*,) may supply it. "The king standing one day," says this chronicler, "on the balcony of the palace of Madrid, observed a certain student, with a book in his hand, on the opposite banks of the Manzanares. He was reading, but every now and then he interrupted his reading, and gave himself violent blows upon the forehead, accompanied with innumerable motions of ecstacy and mirthfulness. That student, said the king, is either out of his wits or reading the history of *Don Quixote*." This must have happened in the beginning of 1606,

after the court had removed from Valladolid to the capital. Cervantes himself followed the court, and resided in Madrid almost all the rest of his life.

In the midst of general approbation, the author of *Don Quixote* was assailed, on his arrival in the capital, by all the unwearied arts of individual spleen, envy, and detraction. He had irritated, by his inimitable satire, a great number of contemporary authors, some of them men of high rank, whose fame depended on books of the very species which he had for ever destroyed. Another numerous and active class, the writers for the theatre, were not less seriously offended by the freedom with which Cervantes had criticised, in the person of the Canon of Toledo, many of the most popular pieces which had at that time possession of the Spanish stage. Among the rest, it is said, and probably not without some foundation, that the great Lope de Vega himself was excessively displeased with the terms in which his plays were talked of—and a sonnet against Cervantes and his book, still extant, is generally attributed to his pen. Cervantes endured all this very calmly , and with that noble retention of the thirst for fame, which he had already so well exemplified, shut himself up in his study to compose works worthy of himself, instead of hastening to take the more vulgar revenge he might so easily have obtained against his adversaries. The two brothers, Lupercio and Bartholomeo D'Argensola, after himself and Lope de Vega, the first men of letters in Spain, lived with him on terms of intimacy, which might

easily console him under the assaults of his inferiors; and through them he was introduced to the Conde de Lemos, and the Cardinal of Toledo, two enlightened and high-spirited noblemen, who, throughout all the rest of his life, never failed to afford him their protection and support. Count Lemos being appointed Viceroy of Naples shortly after, Cervantes solicited and expected some appointment in his suite; but it is painful to add, that he seems to have been disappointed in this particular, in consequence of the coldness, or perhaps the jealousy, of the very friends by whom he had been first introduced to that nobleman's notice. He resented, it is certain, the behaviour of the Argensolas, but the dedications of almost all the works he subsequently put forth, attest that he acquitted Lemos himself of any unkindness to his person, or coldness to his interests.

The remains of his patrimony, with the profits of *Don Quixote*, and it is probable some allowances from Lemos and the Cardinal, were sufficient to support Cervantes in the humble style of life to which his habits were formed, for he allowed nearly ten years to elapse before he sent any new work to the press. In 1613 he published his *Novelas Exemplares*, most of which had been written many years before, and of which he had already given a specimen in the story of *The Curious Impertinent*, introduced in *Don Quixote*. These tales were received with great and deserved applause, although they have never been placed on a level with the great work which had pre-

ceded them. They have been translated into English, and are well known to most readers, so that it were needless to enlarge upon their character and merits. They are, for the most part, felicitous imitations of the manner of Boccaccio, whose Italian popularity, as a writer of short romances and anecdotes, it was no doubt Cervantes' ambition to rival in his own country. They are written in a style of manly ease and simplicity, and when compared with the Galatea (for, as I have already said, they were chiefly written before *Don Quixote*), afford abundant evidence of the progressive enlargement of the author's powers and improvement of his taste. Their morality is uniformly pure, and many of them are full of interest, so that it is no wonder the novels of Cervantes should to this hour keep their place among the favourite reading of the Spanish youth. In 1614, Cervantes published another work highly creditable to his genius, but of a very different description. This is the *Viage de Parnasso*, his celebrated poetical picture of the state of Spanish literature in his time, and, without question, the most original and energetic of his own poetical performances. It is, as might be expected, full of satire, but the satire of Cervantes was always gentle and playful, and among the men of true genius, then alive in Spain, there was not one (not even of those that had shown personal hostility to Cervantes) who had the smallest reason to complain of his treatment. Cervantes introduces himself as "the oldest and the poorest" of all the brotherhood—"the naked

Adam of Spanish poets;" but he describes his poverty, without complaining of it; and, indeed, throughout the whole work, never for a moment loses sight of that high feeling of self-respect which became him both as an author and as a gentleman. The vessel, in which the imaginary voyage of Parnassus is performed, is described in a strain worthy of Cervantes. "From the keel to the topmast," says he, "it was all of verse; there was not a single foot of prose in it. The deck was all fenced with an airy railwork of double-rhymes. The rowing benches were chiefly occupied by Ballads, an impudent but necessary race, for there is nothing to which they cannot be turned. The poop was grand and gay, but a little outlandish in its style, being stuck all over with sonnets of the richest workmanship. Two vigorous Triplets had the stroke-oars on either side, and regulated the motion of the vessel in a manner at once easy and powerful. The gangway appeared to be one long and most melancholy elegy, from which tears were continually distilling," &c.

During the same year, while Cervantes was preparing for the press the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, there was published at Tarragona a continuation of the same story, written chiefly for the purpose of abusing Cervantes, by a person who assumed the name of Avellenada, and who appears to have been successful in keeping his true name entirely concealed. The greater part of this Continuation is made up of very humble imitation—or rather of very open plag-

iarism from the First Part of *Don Quixote*; and towards its conclusion, it contains some incidents which leave little doubt but that its writer must have found access to the MS. of Cervantes' Second Part. In the Notes to this edition (vol. iii. p. 332) the reader will find such further particulars as have appeared worthy of being preserved. Cervantes, whose own Continuation had already in all probability begun to be printed, took his revenge by interweaving in the thread of his story a variety of the most bitter sarcasms upon the vulgarity, obscenity, and coarseness of his anonymous enemy—a revenge, but for which, in all likelihood, the memory of Avellenada's performance would not have survived the year in which it was published. The Second Part of *Don Quixote* made its appearance in the beginning of 1615, and is inscribed to the Conde de Lemos, in a strain well worthy of the imitation of all future dedicators. It was received with applause, not inferior to that with which the First Part had been greeted ten years before, and no doubt lightened the pecuniary circumstances of the author during the few remaining months of his life. His fame was now established far above the reach of all calumny and detraction. Lope de Vega was dead, and there was no one to divide with Cervantes the literary empire of his country. He was caressed by the great, strangers who came to Madrid made the author of *Don Quixote* the first object of their researches, he enjoyed all his honours in the midst of his family, and was continually exer-

cising his mind in labours worthy of himself. In short, Cervantes had at last obtained all the objects of his honourable ambition, when his health began to fail, and he felt within himself the daily strengthening conviction that his career drew near its close.

In the beginning of the year 1616, he superintended the publication of eight of his comedies, and as many of his interludes, and prefixed to them a dissertation, which is extremely valuable and curious, as containing the only authentic account of the early history of the Spanish drama. He also finished and prepared for the press his romance of *Persiles and Sigismunda.* This performance is an elegant and elaborate imitation of the style and manner of Heliodorus. It displays felicity of invention and power of description, and has always been considered as one of the purest specimens of Castilian writing, nevertheless, it has not preserved any very distinguished popularity, nor been classed (except in regard to style) by any intelligent critic of more recent times with the best of Cervantes' works.

The prologue and dedication of the *Persiles* must always be read with attention, on account of the interesting circumstances under which they were composed, and of which they themselves furnish some account.

Cervantes, after concluding his romance, had gone for a few days to Esquivias for the benefit of country air. He tells us that as he was riding back to Madrid, in company with two of his friends, they

were overtaken by a young student on horseback, who came on pricking violently, and complaining that they went at such a pace as gave him little chance of keeping up with them. One of the party made answer that the blame lay with the horse of Señor Miguel de Cervantes, whose trot was of the speediest. He had scarcely pronounced the name, when the student dismounted, and touching the hem of Cervantes' left sleeve, said,—"Yes, yes, it is indeed the maimed perfection, the all-famous, the delightful writer, the joy and darling of the Muses." Cervantes returned the young man's academic salutation with his natural modesty, and they performed the rest of the journey in company with the student. "We drew up a little," says he, "and rode on at a measured pace, and as we rode, there was much talk about my illness. The good student knocked away all my hopes, by telling me my disease was the dropsy, and that I could not cure it by drinking all the water of the ocean. 'Be chary of drinking, Señor Cervantes,' said he, 'but eat, and eat plentifully, for that is the only medicine that will do you any good.' I replied, that many had told me the same story, but that, as for giving over drinking, they might as well desire a man to give up the sole purpose of his being. My pulse, I said, was becoming daily more and more feeble, and that if it continued to decline as it had been doing, I scarcely expected to outlive next Sunday, so that I feared there was but little chance of my being able to profit much further by the acquaintance that had so

fortunately been made. With that we found ourselves at the bridge of Toledo, by which we entered the city, and the student took leave of us, having to go round by the bridge of Segovia." This is the only notice we have of the nature of Cervantes' malady It proceeded so rapidly, that a very few days after (on the 18th April), it was thought proper for him to receive extreme unction, which he did with all the devotion of a true Catholic. The day following he dictated the dedication of *Persiles* to the Conde de Lemos, one of the most graceful pieces of writing he ever produced; and wasting gradually away, expired on the 23d of the same month. He had made his will a day or two before, in which he appointed his wife and his friend, the licentiate Francisco Numez, his executors, and desired that he might be buried in the Monastery of the Holy Trinity at Madrid. Some time before his death, he had, after a fashion not unfrequent in these times, enrolled himself in the third class of the Franciscans. He was, therefore, carried forth in the sanctified dress, and interred with all the simplicity prescribed by the statutes of this order. It has not been thought unworthy of notice, that the mortal career of CERVANTES terminated on the same day with that of SHAKESPEARE.

Cervantes was a man of ordinary stature, and of a complexion unusually fair in his country, for his eyes were of bright blue, and his hair auburn. His countenance was, in his youth, handsome and spirited, and his frame capable of undergoing every species of fatigue.

His manners were light and cheerful, and there seems to be not the least reason for doubting that, in every relation of life, he exhibited all the virtues of an amiable, upright, and manly character. Loyalty, bravery, and religion were in those days supposed to be inherent in the breast of every Castilian gentleman; and Cervantes was in these, as in all other particulars, an honour and an ornament to the generous race from which he sprung.

In regard to the literary character and merits of Cervantes, the first thing which must strike every one acquainted with Spanish literature is, that the genius, whose appearance forms an epoch so very remarkable in the general history of European intellect, can scarcely be said to have formed any epoch in the literature of his own country In Spain, the age in which *Don Quixote* was written was not the age of Cervantes, but the age of Lope de Vega. Out of Spain, the writings of Lope de Vega have scarcely been known, and certainly have never been popular; while the masterpiece of Cervantes, under all the disadvantages of translation, has taken and preserved in every country of Europe, a place hardly inferior to the most admired productions of native talent. Had Cervantes written nothing but his plays, there could have been nothing to excite wonder in the superior Spanish popularity of Lope de Vega; for, in spite of greater correctness of execution, and perhaps even of greater felicity in delineating human character, it is not to be questioned, that Cervantes, as a dramatist, is quite inferior to his

contemporary But when *Don Quixote* is thrown into the scale, the result must indeed appear as difficult to be accounted for, as it is incapable of being denied. The stage, no doubt, was in those days the delight and the study of the Spanish public throughout all its classes, but even the universal predilection, or rather passion, for a particular form of composition, will scarcely be sufficient to explain the comparative neglect of genius at least equal, exerted with infinitely more perfect skill, in a form which possessed at that period, in addition to all its essential merits, the great merit of originality and charm of novelty

Even had Cervantes died without writing *Don Quixote*, his plays (above all his *Interludes* and his *Numancia*); his *Galatea*, the beautiful drama of his youth, his *Persiles*, the last effort of his chastened and purified taste; and his fine poem of the *Voyage of Parnassus*, must have given him at least the second place in the most productive age of Spanish genius. In regard to all the graces of Castilian composition, even these must have left him without a rival either in that or in any other age of the literature of his country For while all the other great Spanish authors of the brilliant CENTURY of Spain (from 1560 to 1656), either deformed their writings by utter carelessness or weakened them by a too studious imitation of foreign models, Cervantes alone seized the happy medium, and was almost from the beginning of his career Spanish without rudeness, and graceful without stiffness or affectation. As a master of Spanish style, he is *now*,

both in and out of Spain, acknowledged to be the first without a second ; but this, which might have secured immortality and satisfied the ambition of any man, is, after all, scarcely worthy of being mentioned in regard to the great creator of the only species of writing which can be considered as the peculiar property of modern genius. In that spacious field, of which Cervantes must be honoured as the first discoverer, the finest spirits of his own and of every other European country have since been happily and successfully employed. The whole body of modern romance and novel writers must be considered as his followers and imitators ; but among them all, so varied and so splendid soever as have been their merits, it is perhaps not going too far to say that, as yet, Cervantes has found but one *rival.*

The learned editor of the Spanish Academy's edition of 1781 has thought fit to occupy the space of a very considerable volume with an inquiry into the particular merits of *Don Quixote.* I refer to his laborious dissertation all those who are unwilling to admire anything without knowing why they admire it, or, rather, why an erudite doctor of Madrid deemed it worthy of his admiration.* In our own country, almost everything that any sensible man would wish to hear said about *Don Quixote* has been said over and over again

* As a specimen of the style of his criticisms, take this: he approves of the introduction of a *Roque Guinart* in *Don Quixote,* because in the Odyssey there is a *Polyphemus,* and in the Æneid there is a *Cacus.* And yet this man must have at least read Cervantes' own preface to his work, in which that pedantic species of criticism is so powerfully ridiculed— "If thou namest any giant in the book, forget not Goliath of Gath," &c.

by writers, whose sentiments I should be sorry to repeat without their words, and whose words I should scarcely be pardoned for repeating.

Mr Spence, the author of a late ingenious tour in Spain, seems to believe, what I should have supposed was entirely exploded, that Cervantes wrote his books for the purpose of ridiculing knight-errantry, and that, unfortunately for his country, his satire put out of fashion not merely the absurd misdirection of the spirit of heroism, but that sacred spirit itself. But the practice of knight-errantry, if ever there was such a thing, had, it is well known, been out of date long before the age in which Don Quixote appeared; and as for the spirit of heroism, I think few will sympathise with the critic who deems it possible that an individual, to say nothing of a nation, should have imbibed any contempt, either for that or any other elevating principle of our nature, from the manly page of Cervantes. One of the greatest triumphs of his skill is the success with which he continually prevents us from confounding the absurdities of the knight-errant with the generous aspirations of the cavalier. For the last, even in the midst of madness, we respect Don Quixote himself. We pity the delusion, we laugh at the situation, but we revere, in spite of every ludicrous accompaniment and of every insane exertion, the noble spirit of the Castilian gentleman, and we feel in every page that we are perusing the work, not of a heartless scoffer, a cold-blooded satirist, but of a calm and enlightened mind, in which true wisdom had

grown up by the side of true experience,—of one whose genius moved in a sphere too lofty for mere derision—of one who knew human nature too well not to respect it—of one, finally, who, beneath a mask of apparent levity, aspired to commune with the noblest principles of humanity; and, above all, to give form and expression to the noblest feelings of the national character of Spain. The idea of giving a ludicrous picture of an imaginary personage, conceiving himself to be called upon, in the midst of modern manners and institutions, to exercise the perilous vocation of an Amadis or a Belianis, might perhaps have occurred to a hundred men as easily as to Cervantes. The same general idea has been at the root of many subsequent works, written in derision of real or imaginary follies, but Cervantes is distinguished from the authors of all these works, not merely by the originality of his general conception and plan, but as strongly, and far more admirably, by the nature of the superstructure he has reared upon the basis of his initiatory fiction.

Others have been content with the display of wit, satire, eloquence—and some of them have displayed all these with the most admirable skill and power; but he who rises from the perusal of *Don Quixote* thinks of the wit, the satire, the eloquence of Cervantes, but as the accessories and lesser ornaments of a picture of national life and manners, by far the most perfect and glowing that was ever embodied in one piece of composition—a picture the possession of which alone will be sufficient to preserve in freshness and honour the

Spanish name and character, even after the last traces of that once noble character may have been obliterated, and perhaps that name itself forgotten among the fantastic innovations of a degenerated people. *Don Quixote* is thus the peculiar property, as well as the peculiar pride, of the Spaniards. In another, and in a yet larger point of view, it is the property and pride of the cultivated world; for *Don Quixote* is not merely to be regarded as a Spanish cavalier filled with a Spanish madness, and exhibiting that madness in the eyes of Spaniards of every condition and rank of life, from the peasant to the grandee, he is also the type of a more universal madness, he is the symbol of Imagination, continually struggling and contrasted with Reality—he represents the eternal warfare between Enthusiasm and Necessity—the eternal discrepancy between the aspirations and the occupations of man—the omnipotence and the vanity of human dreams. And thus, perhaps, it is not too much to say that *Don Quixote*, the wittiest and the most laughable of all books—a book which has made many a one, besides the young student on the banks of the Manzanares, look as if he were *out of himself*—is a book, upon the whole, calculated to produce something very different from a merely mirthful impression.

The serious style of *Don Quixote*, in the original language, preserves the most perfect harmony with this seriousness of purpose. The solemn, eloquent, impassioned Don Quixote, the shrewd, earth-seeking, yet affectionate Sancho, do not fill us with mirth, because

they seem to be mirthful themselves. From the beginning of the book to the end, they are both intensely serious characters—the one never loses sight of the high destinies to which he has devoted himself, the other wanders among sierras and moonlight forests, and glides on the beautiful stream of the Ebro, without forgetting for a moment the hope of pelf that has drawn him from his village, the *insula** which has been promised by his master to him, and which he does not think of the less, because he does not know what it is, and because he does not know that it has been promised by a madman. The contrasts perpetually afforded by the characters of Quixote and Sancho—the contrasts not less remarkable between the secondary objects and individuals introduced, as these are in reality, and as they appear to the hero—all the contrasts in a work where, more successfully than in any other, the art of contrast has been exhibited, would be comparatively feeble and ineffectual but for the never-failing contrast between the *idea* of the book and the *style* in which it is written. Never was the fleeting essence of wit so richly embalmed for eternity

In our time it is certain almost all readers must be contented to lose a great part of the delight with which *Don Quixote* was read on its first appearance. The class of works, to parody and ridicule which it was Cervantes' first and most evident purpose, has long since passed into almost total oblivion; and therefore a thousand traits of felicitous satire must needs escape

* See Notes, vol. ii., p. 3.

the notice even of those best able to seize the general scope and appreciate the general merits of the history of The Ingenious Hidalgo. Mr Southey's admirable editions of *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Palmerin of England*, have indeed revived among us something of the once universal taste for the old and stately prose romance of chivalry; but it must be had in mind that Cervantes wrote his book for the purpose not of satirising these works—which are among the most interesting relics of the rich, fanciful, and lofty genius of the middle ages—but of extirpating the race of slavish imitators, who, in his day, were deluging all Europe, and more particularly Spain, with eternal caricatures of the venerable old romance. Of the *Amadis* (the plan and outline of which he for the most part parodied merely because it was the best known work of its order), Cervantes has been especially careful to record his own high admiration, and if the Canon of Toledo be introduced, as is generally supposed, to express the opinions of Cervantes himself, the author of *Don Quixote* had certainly, at one period of his life, entertained some thoughts of writing, not a humorous parody, but a serious imitation of the *Amadis*.

I shall conclude what I have to say of the author of *Don Quixote* with one remark—namely, that Cervantes was an old man when he wrote his masterpiece of comic romance, that nobody has ever written successful novels when young but Smollett, and that *Humphrey Clinker*, written in the last year of Smollett's life, is, in every particular of conception, execution, and pur-

pose, as much superior to *Roderick Random* as *Don Quixote* is to the *Galatea*.

It remains to say a few words concerning this edition of the first of modern romances. The translation is that of Motteux; and this has been preferred, simply because, in spite of many defects and inaccuracies, it is by far the most spirited. Shelton, the oldest of all our translators, is the only one entitled to be compared with Motteux. Perhaps he is even more successful in imitating the "serious air" of Cervantes; but it is much to be doubted whether the English reader of our time would not be more wearied with the obsolete turns of his phraseology than delighted with its occasional felicities.

In the Notes appended to these volumes, an attempt has been made to furnish a complete explanation of the numerous historical allusions in *Don Quixote*, as well as of the particular traits in romantic writing which it was Cervantes' purpose to ridicule in the person of his hero. Without having access to such information as has now been thrown together, it may be doubted whether any English reader has ever been able thoroughly to seize and command the meaning of Cervantes throughout his inimitable fiction. From the Spanish editions of Bowle, Pellicer, and the Academy, the greater part of the materials has been extracted, but a very considerable portion, and perhaps not the least interesting, has been sought for in the old histories and chronicles with which the Spaniards of the

sixteenth century were familiar. Of the many old Spanish ballads quoted or alluded to by Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, metrical translations have uniformly been inserted in the Notes, and as by far the greater part of these compositions are altogether new to the English public, it is hoped this part of the work may afford some pleasure to those who delight in comparing the early literatures of the different nations of Christendom.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO

THE READER.

—o—

You may depend upon my bare word, reader, without any further security, that I could wish this offspring of my brain were as ingenious, sprightly, and accomplished, as yourself could desire; but the mischief on't is, nature will have its course. Every production must resemble its author, and my barren and unpolished understanding can produce nothing but what is very dull, very impertinent, and extravagant beyond imagination. You may suppose it the child of disturbance, engendered in some dismal prison,* where wretchedness keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation. Rest and ease, and convenient place, pleasant fields and groves, murmuring

* The Author is said to have wrote this satirical romance in a prison.

springs, and a sweet repose of mind, are helps that raise the fancy, and impregnate even the most barren muses with conceptions that fill the world with admiration and delight. Some parents are so blinded by a fatherly fondness, that they mistake the very imperfections of their children for so many beauties; and the folly and impertinence of the brave boy must pass upon their friends and acquaintance for wit and sense. But I, who am only a stepfather, disavow the authority of this modern and prevalent custom; nor will I earnestly beseech you, with tears in my eyes, which is many a poor author's case, dear reader, to pardon or dissemble my child's faults; for what favour can I expect from you, who are neither his friend nor relation? You have a soul of your own, and the privilege of free-will, whoever you be, as well as the proudest he that struts in a gaudy outside; you are a king by your own fireside, as much as any monarch on his throne; you have liberty and property, which set you above favour or affection, and may therefore freely like or dislike this history, according to your humour.

I had a great mind to have exposed it as naked as it was born, without the addition

of a preface, or the numberless trumpery of commendatory sonnets, epigrams, and other poems that usually usher in the conceptions of authors; for I dare boldly say, that though I bestowed some time in writing the book, yet it cost me not half so much labour as this very preface. I very often took up my pen, and as often laid it down, and could not for my life think of anything to the purpose. Sitting once in a very studious posture, with my paper before me, my pen in my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, considering how I should begin, a certain friend of mine, an ingenious gentleman, and of a merry disposition, came in and surprised me. He asked me what I was so very intent and thoughtful upon? I was so free with him as not to mince the matter, but told him plainly I had been puzzling my brain for a preface to Don Quixote, and had made myself so uneasy about it, that I was now resolved to trouble my head no further either with preface or book, and even to let the achievements of that noble knight remain unpublished; for, continued I, why should I expose myself to the lash of the old legislator, the vulgar? They will say, I have spent my youthful days very finely to have nothing to

recommend my grey hairs to the world, but a dry, insipid legend, not worth a rush, wanting good language as well as invention, barren of conceits or pointed wit, and without either quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end, which other books, though never so fabulous or profane, have to set them off. Other authors can pass upon the public by stuffing their books from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole company of ancient philosophers, thus amusing their readers into a great opinion of their prodigious reading. Plutarch and Cicero are slurred on the public for as orthodox doctors as St Thomas, or any of the fathers. And then the method of these moderns is so wonderfully agreeable and full of variety, that they cannot fail to please. In one line, they will describe you a whining amorous coxcomb, and the next shall be some dry scrap of a homily, with such ingenious turns as cannot choose but ravish the reader. Now I want all these embellishments and graces; I have neither marginal notes nor critical remarks; I do not so much as know what authors I follow, and consequently can have no formal index, as it is the fashion now, methodically strung on the letters of the alphabet, beginning with Aristotle, and ending with Xeno-

phon, or Zoilus, or Zeuxis, which last two are commonly crammed into the same piece, though one of them was a famous painter, and the other a saucy critic. I shall want also the pompous preliminaries of commendatory verses sent to me by the right honourable my Lord such a one, by the honourable the Lady such a one, or the most ingenious Master such a one; though I know I might have them at an easy rate from two or three brothers of the quill of my acquaintance, and better, I am sure, than the best quality in Spain can compose.

In short, my friend, said I, the great Don Quixote may lie buried in the musty records of La Mancha, until providence has ordered some better hand to fit him out as he ought to be; for I must own myself altogether incapable of the task. Besides, I am naturally lazy, and love my ease too well to take the pains of turning over authors for those things which I can express as well without it. And these are the considerations that made me so thoughtful when you came in. The gentleman, after a long and loud fit of laughing, rubbing his forehead, O' my conscience, friend, said he, your discourse has freed me from a mistake that has a great while im-

posed upon me. I always took you for a man of sense, but now I am sufficiently convinced to the contrary. What! puzzled at so inconsiderable a trifle! a business of so little difficulty confound a man of such deep sense and searching thought, as once you seemed to be!

I am sorry, sir, that your lazy humour and poor understanding should need the advice I am about to give you, which will presently solve all your objections and fears concerning the publishing of the renowned Don Quixote, the luminary and mirror of all knight-errantry. Pray, sir, said I, be pleased to instruct me in whatever you think may remove my fears, or solve my doubts. The first thing you object, replied he, is your want of commendatory copies from persons of figure and quality. There is nothing sooner helped, it is but taking a little pains in writing them yourself, and clapping whose name you please to them. You may father them on Prester John of the Indies, or on the Emperor of Trapizonde, whom I know to be most celebrated poets. But suppose they were not, and that some presuming pedantic critics might snarl, and deny this notorious truth, value it not two farthings;

and though they should convict you of forgery, you are in no danger of losing the hand with which you wrote * them.

As to marginal notes and quotations from authors for your history, it is but dropping here and there some scattered Latin sentences that you have already by rote, or may have with little or no pains. For example, in treating of liberty and slavery, clap me in,

"*Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro;*"

and, at the same time, make Horace, or some other author, vouch it in the margin. If you treat of the power of death, come round with this close,

"*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,*
Regumque turres."

If of loving our enemies, as heaven enjoins, you may, if you have the least curiosity, presently turn to the divine precept, and say, *Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros;* or if you discourse of bad thoughts, bring in this passage, *De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.* If the uncertainty of friendship be your theme, Cato offers you his old couplet with all his heart,

"*Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos,*
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris."

* He lost his left hand (*izquierda*) in the sea-fight at Lepanto against the Turks.

And so proceed. These scraps of Latin will at least gain you the credit of a great grammarian, which, I'll assure you, is no small accomplishment in this age. As to annotations or remarks at the end of your book, you may safely take this course. If you have occasion for a giant in your piece, be sure you bring in Goliah, and on this very Goliah (who will not cost you one farthing) you may spin out a swingeing annotation. You may say, The Giant Goliah, or Goliat, was a Philistine, whom David the shepherd slew with the thundering stroke of a pebble in the valley of Terebinthus; *vide* Kings, in such a chapter, and such a verse, where you may find it written. If not satisfied with this, you would appear a great humanist, and would show your knowledge in geography, take some occasion to draw the river Tagus into your discourse, out of which you may fish a most notable remark. The river Tagus, say you, was so called from a certain king of Spain. It takes its rise from such a place, and buries its waters in the ocean, kissing first the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and some are of opinion that the sands of this river are gold, &c. If you have occasion to talk of robbers, I can presently give you the history of Cacus, for I have it by heart. If you

would descant upon whores, or women of the town, there is the Bishop* of Mondonedo, who can furnish you with Lamia, Lais, and Flora, courtesans, whose acquaintance will be very much to your reputation. Ovid's Medea can afford you a good example of cruelty. Calypso from Homer, and Circe out of Virgil, are famous instances of witchcraft or enchantment. Would you treat of valiant commanders? Julius Cæsar has writ his commentaries on purpose; and Plutarch can furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you would mention love, and have but three grains of Italian, you may find Leon the Jew ready to serve you most abundantly. But if you would keep nearer home, it is but examining Fonseca of divine love, which you have here in your study, and you need go no farther for all that can be said on that copious subject. In short, it is but quoting these authors in your book, and let me alone to make large annotations. I'll engage to crowd your margin sufficiently, and scribble you four or five sheets to boot at the end of your book; and for the citation of so many authors, it is the easiest thing in nature. Find out one of these books with an alphabetical index, and without any farther ceremony, remove it *verbatim* into your

* Guevara.

own; and though the world won't believe you have occasion for such lumber, yet there are fools enough to be thus drawn into an opinion of the work; at least, such a flourishing train of attendants will give your book a fashionable air, and recommend it to sale; for few chapmen will stand to examine it, and compare the authorities upon the counter, since they can expect nothing but their labour for their pains. But, after all, sir, if I know any thing of the matter, you have no occasion for any of these things; for your subject being a satire on knight-errantry, is so absolutely new, that neither Aristotle, St Basil, nor Cicero, ever dreamt or heard of it. Those fabulous extravagances have nothing to do with the impartial punctuality of true history; nor do I find any business you can have either with astrology, geometry, or logic, and I hope you are too good a man to mix sacred things with profane. Nothing but pure nature is your business; her you must consult, and the closer you can imitate, your picture is the better. And since this writing of yours aims at no more than to destroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no need to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages out of holy writ, poetical fables, rheto-

rical orations, or miracles of saints. Do but take care to express yourself in a plain, easy manner, in well-chosen, significant, and decent terms, and to give an harmonious and pleasing turn to your periods; study to explain your thoughts, and set them in the truest light, labouring, as much as possible, not to leave them dark nor intricate, but clear and intelligible. Let your diverting stories be expressed in diverting terms, to kindle mirth in the melancholic, and heighten it in the gay. Let mirth and humour be your superficial design, though laid on a solid foundation, to challenge attention from the ignorant, and admiration from the judicious; to secure your work from the contempt of the graver sort, and deserve the praises of men of sense; keeping your eye still fixed on the principal end of your project, the fall and destruction of that monstrous heap of ill-contrived romances, which, though abhorred by many, have so strangely infatuated the greater part of mankind. Mind this, and your business is done.

I listened very attentively to my friend's discourse, and found it so reasonable and convincing, that, without any reply, I took his advice, and have told you the story by way of preface; wherein you may see, gentlemen, how happy I am in so ingenious a friend, to whose seasonable

counsel you are all obliged for the omission of all this pedantic garniture in the history of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose character among all the neighbours about Montiel is, that he was the most chaste lover, and the most valiant knight, that has been known in those parts these many years. I will not urge the service I have done you by introducing you into so considerable and noble a knight's acquaintance, but only beg the favour of some small acknowledgment for recommending you to the familiarity of the famous Sancho Panca, his squire, in whom, in my opinion, you will find united and described all the squire-like graces, which are scattered up and down in the whole bead-roll of books of chivalry. And now I take my leave, entreating you not to forget your humble servant.

THE

LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUALITY AND WAY OF LIVING OF THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

At a certain village in La Mancha,* of which I cannot remember the name,[1] there lived not long ago one of those old-fashioned gentlemen who are never without a lance upon a rack,[2] an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound. His diet consisted more of beef than mutton; and with minced meat on most nights, lentiles on Fridays, griefs and groans[3] on Saturdays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he consumed three-quarters of his revenue; the rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same for holidays; and a suit of the very best home-spun cloth, which he bestowed on himself for working days. His whole family was a house-keeper something turned of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that served him in the house and in the field, and could saddle

* A small territory partly in the kingdom of Arragon and partly in Castile; it is a liberty within itself, distinct from all the country about.

[1] See Appendix, Note 1 to Chapter I.

[2] See Appendix, Note 2 to Chapter I.

[3] See Appendix, Note 3 to Chapter I.

a horse and handle the pruning-hook. The master himself was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and strong complexion, lean-bodied, and thin-faced—an early riser and a lover of hunting. Some say his sir-name was Quixada or Quesada (for authors differ in this particular); however, we may reasonably conjecture he was called Quixada (*i.e.* lantern-jaws), though this concerns us but little, provided we keep strictly to the truth in every point of this history.

You must know, then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the year round), he past his time in reading books of knight-errantry, which he did with that application and delight, that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country sports, and even the care of his estate; nay, he grew so strangely besotted with these amusements that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of that kind, by which means he collected as many of them as were to be had; but, among them all, none pleased him like the works of the famous Feliciano de Sylva;[4] for the clearness of his prose, and those intricate expressions with which it is interlaced, seemed to him so many pearls of eloquence, especially when he came to read the challenges, and the amorous addresses,

[4] See Appendix, Note 4 to Chapter I.

many of them in this extraordinary style:— "The reason of your unreasonable usage of my reason does so enfeeble my reason that I have reason to expostulate with your beauty." And this: "The sublime heavens, which with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, and fix you the deserver of the desert that is deserved by your grandeur." These, and such-like expressions, strangely puzzled the poor gentleman's understanding, while he was breaking his brain to unravel their meaning, which Aristotle himself could never have found, though he should have been raised from the dead for that very purpose.

He did not so well like those dreadful wounds which Don Belianis[5] gave and received, for he considered that all the art of surgery could never secure his face and body from being strangely disfigured with scars. However, he highly commended the author for concluding his book with a promise to finish that unfinishable adventure; and many times he had a desire to put pen to paper, and faithfully and literally finish it himself; which he had certainly done, and doubtless with good success, had not his thoughts been wholly engrossed in much more important designs.

[5] See Appendix, Note 5 to Chapter I.

He would often dispute with the curate* of the parish, a man of learning, that had taken his degrees at Giguenza,[6] who was the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul;[7] but Master Nicholas, the barber of the same town, would say that none of them could compare with the Knight of the Sun; and that if any one came near him, it was certainly Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was a man of a most commodious temper, neither was he so finical, nor such a puling, whining lover as his brother; and as for courage, he was not a jot behind him.

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances that a-nights he would pore on until it was day, and a-days he would read on until it was night; and thus by sleeping little and reading much the moisture of his brain was exhausted to that degree that at last he lost the use of his reason. A world of disorderly notions picked out of his books crowded into his imagination; and now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, amours, torments, and abundance of stuff and impossi-

* In Spain the curate is the head priest in the parish, and he that has the cure of souls.

[6] See Appendix, Note 6 to Chapter I.

[7] See Appendix, Note 7 to Chapter I.

bilities; insomuch that all the fables and fantastical tales which he read seemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories. He would say that the Cid Ruydiaz[8] was a very brave knight, but not worthy to stand in competition with the knight of the burning sword, who, with a single back-stroke, had cut in sunder two fierce and mighty giants. He liked yet better Bernardo del Carpio,[9] who, at Roncesvalles, deprived of life the enchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground and choked him in the air, as Hercules did Antæus, the son of the Earth.

As for the giant Morgante,[10] he always spoke very civil things of him; for though he was one of that monstrous brood, who ever were intolerably proud and brutish, he still behaved himself like a civil and well-bred person.

But of all men in the world he admired Rinaldo of Montalban,[11] and particularly his sallying out of his castle to rob all he met; and then again when abroad he carried away the idol of Mahomet,[12] which was all massy gold, as the history says; but he so hated that traitor Gala-

[8] See Appendix, Note 8 to Chapter I.
[9] See Appendix, Note 9 to Chapter I.
[10] See Appendix, Note 10 to Chapter I.
[11] See Appendix, Note 11 to Chapter I.
[12] See Appendix, Note 12 to Chapter I.

lon,[13] that for the pleasure of kicking him handsomely he would have given up his housekeeper, nay, and his niece into the bargain.

Having thus lost his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honour as the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world armed cap-a-pee, and mounted on his steed in quest of adventures; that thus imitating those knight-errants of whom he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might purchase everlasting honour and renown. Transported with these agreeable delusions, the poor gentleman already grasped in imagination the imperial sceptre of Trebizonde, and, hurried away by his mighty expectations, he prepares with all expedition to take the field.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armour that had belonged to his great grandfather, and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner; but when he had cleaned

[13] See Appendix, Note 13 to Chapter I.

and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived there was a material piece wanting, for instead of a complete helmet there was only a single head-piece. However, his industry supplied that defect, for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver or vizor, which, being fitted to the head-piece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it was cutlass-proof, he drew his sword and tried its edge upon the pasteboard vizor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week a-doing. He did not like its being broke with so much ease, and therefore, to secure it from the like accident, he made it anew, and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed on the inside of it so artificially that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work, and so, without any farther experiment, he resolved it should pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

The next moment he went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish real, being a worse jade than Gonela's,[14] *qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit;* however, his master thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus[15]

[14] See Appendix, Note 14 to Chapter I.
[15] See Appendix, Note 15 to Chapter I.

nor the Cid's Babieca, could be compared with him. He was four days considering what name to give him, for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; and therefore he studied to give him such a one as should demonstrate as well what kind of a horse he had been before his master was a knight-errant as what he was now, thinking it but just since the owner changed his profession that the horse should also change his title and be dignified with another, a good big word, such a one as should fill the mouth and seem consonant with the quality and profession of his master. And thus after many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante,* a name, in his opinion, lofty, sounding, and significant of what he had been before, and also of what he was now; in a word, a horse before or above all the vulgar breed of horses in the world.

When he had thus given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he thought of chusing

* *Rozin* commonly means an ordinary horse; *ante* signifies before and formerly. Thus the word Rozinante may imply that he was formerly an ordinary horse, and also that he is now an horse that claims the precedence from all other ordinary horses.

one for himself; and having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote. Whence the author of this most authentic history draws this inference, that his right name was Quixada, and not Quesada, as others obstinately pretend. And observing, that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with the bare appellation of Amadis, added to it the name of his country, that it might grow more famous by his exploits, and so styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a true lover of his native soil, resolved to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; which addition, to his thinking, denoted very plainly his parentage and country, and consequently would fix a lasting honour on that part of the world.

And now, his armour being scoured, his head-piece improved to a helmet, his horse and himself new named, he perceived he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart, for he was sensible that a knight-errant without a mistress,[16] was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a soul. Should I, said he to himself, by good or ill fortune, chance to encounter some giant, as it is common in knight-errantry,

[16] See Appendix, Note 16 to Chapter I.

and happen to lay him prostrate on the ground, transfixed with my lance, or cleft in two, or, in short, overcome him, and have him at my mercy, would it not be proper to have some lady, to whom I may send him as a trophy of my valour? Then when he comes into her presence, throwing himself at her feet, he may thus make his humble submission: "Lady, I am the giant Caraculiambro,[17] lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by that never-deservedly-enough-extolled knight-errant Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has commanded me to cast myself most humbly at your feet, that it may please your honour to dispose of me according to your will." Oh! how elevated was the knight with the conceit of this imaginary submission of the giant; especially having withal bethought himself of a person, on whom he might confer the title of his mistress! which, it is believed, happened thus· Near the place where he lived, dwelt a good likely country lass, for whom he had formerly had a sort of an inclination, though, it is believed, she never heard of it, nor regarded it in the least. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and this was she whom he thought he might entitle to the sovereignty of

[17] See Appendix, Note 17 to Chapter I.

his heart; upon which he studied to find her out a new name, that might have some affinity with her old one, and yet at the same time sound somewhat like that of a princess, or lady of quality; so at last he resolved to call her Dulcinea, with the addition of del Toboso, from the place where she was born; a name, in his opinion, sweet, harmonious, extraordinary, and no less significative than the others which he had devised.

CHAPTER II.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S FIRST SALLY.

THESE preparations being made, he found his designs ripe for action, and thought it now a crime to deny himself any longer to the injured world, that wanted such a deliverer; the more when he considered what grievances he was to redress, what wrongs and injuries to remove, what abuses to correct, and what duties to discharge. So one morning before day, in the greatest heat of July, without acquainting any one with his design, with all the secrecy imaginable, he armed himself cap-a-pee, laced on his ill-contrived helmet, braced on his target, grasped his lance, mounted Rozinante, and at the private door of his back-yard sallied out into the fields, wonderfully pleased to see with how much ease he had succeeded in the beginning of his enterprize. But he had not gone far ere a terrible thought alarmed him, a thought that had like to have made him renounce his great undertaking; for now it came into his mind, that the honour of knighthood had not yet been conferred upon him, and therefore,

according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could, nor ought to appear in arms against any professed knight; nay, he also considered, that though he were already knighted, it would become him to wear white armour, and not to adorn his shield with any device, until he had deserved one by some extraordinary demonstration of his valour.

These thoughts staggered his resolution; but his folly prevailing more than any reason, he resolved to be dubbed a knight by the first he should meet, after the example of several others, who, as his distracting romances informed him, had formerly done the like. As for the other difficulty about wearing white armour, he proposed to overcome it, by scouring his own at leisure until it should look whiter than ermine. And having thus dismissed these busy scruples, he very calmly rode on, leaving it to his horse's discretion to go which way he pleased; firmly believing, that in this consisted the very being of adventures. And as he thus went on, I cannot but believe, said he to himself, that when the history of my famous achievements shall be given to the world, the learned author will begin in this very manner, when he comes to give an account of this my early setting out: "Scarce had the ruddy-

coloured Phœbus begun to spread the golden tresses of his lovely hair over the vast surface of the earthly globe, and scarce had those feathered poets of the grove, the pretty painted birds, tuned their little pipes, to sing their early welcomes in soft melodious strains to the beautiful Aurora, who having left her jealous husband's bed, displayed her rosy graces to mortal eyes from the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, disdaining soft repose, forsook the voluptuous down, and, mounting his famous steed Rozinante, entered the ancient and celebrated plains of Montiel."*[1] This was indeed the very road he took; and then proceeding, "O happy age! O fortunate times!" cried he, "decreed to usher into the world my famous achievements; achievements worthy to be engraven on brass, carved on marble, and delineated in some masterpiece of painting, as monuments of my glory, and examples for posterity! And thou, venerable sage, wise enchanter, whatever be thy name; thou whom fate has ordained to be the compiler

* Montiel, 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.

[1] See Appendix, Note 1 to Chapter II.

of this rare history, forget not, I beseech thee, my trusty Rozinante, the eternal companion of all my adventures." After this, as if he had been really in love; "O Princess Dulcinea," cried he, "lady of this captive heart, much sorrow and woe you have doomed me to in banishing me thus, and imposing on me your rigorous commands, never to appear before your beauteous face! Remember, lady, that loyal heart your slave, who for your love submits to so many miseries." To these extravagant conceits, he added a world of others, all in imitation, and in the very style of those, which the reading of romances had furnished him with; and all this while he rode so softly, and the sun's heat increased so fast, and was so violent, that it would have been sufficient to have melted his brains, had he had any left.

He travelled almost all that day without meeting any adventure worth the trouble of relating, which put him into a kind of despair; for he desired nothing more than to encounter immediately some person on whom he might try the vigour of his arm.

Some authors say, that his first adventure was that of the pass, called Puerto Lapice; others, that of the Wind-Mills; but all that I could discover of certainty in this matter, and

that I meet with in the annals of La Mancha, is, that he travelled all that day; and towards the evening, he and his horse being heartily tired, and almost famished, Don Quixote looking about him, in hopes to discover some castle, or at least some shepherd's cottage, there to repose and refresh himself, at last near the road which he kept, he espied an inn, as welcome a sight to his longing eyes as if he had discovered a star directing him to the gate, nay, to the palace of his redemption. Thereupon hastening towards the inn with all the speed he could, he got thither just at the close of the evening. There stood by chance at the inn-door two young female adventurers, alias common wenches, who were going to Seville with some carriers, that happened to take up their lodging there that very evening; and, as whatever our knight-errant saw, thought or imagined, was all of a romantic cast, and appeared to him altogether after the manner of the books that had perverted his imagination, he no sooner saw the inn, but he fancied it to be a castle fenced with four towers, and lofty pinnacles glittering with silver, together with a deep moat, draw-bridge, and all those other appurtenances peculiar to such kind of places.

Therefore when he came near it, he stopped

a while at a distance from the gate, expecting that some dwarf would appear on the battlements,[2] and sound his trumpet to give notice of the arrival of a knight; but finding that nobody came, and that Rozinante was for making the best of his way to the stable, he advanced to the inn-door, where spying the two young doxies, they seemed to him two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, taking the benefit of the fresh air at the gate of the castle. It happened also at the very moment, that a swine-herd getting together his hogs (for, without begging pardon, so they are called*) from the stubble-field, winded his horn; and Don Quixote presently imagined this was the wished-for signal, which some dwarf gave to notify his approach; therefore, with the greatest joy in the world, he rode up to the inn. The wenches, affrighted at the approach of a man cased in iron, and armed with a lance and target, were for running into their lodging, but Don Quixote perceiving their fear by their flight, lifted up the pasteboard beaver of his helmet, and discovering his withered

* In the original, *(que sin perdon assi se llaman.)* In this parenthesis the author ridicules the affected delicacy of the Spaniards and Italians, who look upon it as ill manners to name the word hog or swine, as too gross an image.

[2] See Appendix, Note 2 to Chapter II.

dusty face, with comely grace and grave delivery accosted them in this manner. "I beseech ye, ladies, do not fly, nor fear the least offence; the order of knighthood, which I profess, does not permit me to countenance or offer injuries to any one in the universe, and, least of all, to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes." The wenches looked earnestly upon him, endeavouring to get a glimpse of his face, which his ill-contrived beaver partly hid; but when they heard themselves styled virgins, a thing so out of the way of their profession, they could not forbear laughing outright, which Don Quixote resented as a great affront. "Give me leave to tell ye, ladies," cried he, "that modesty and civility are very becoming in the fair sex; whereas laughter without ground is the highest piece of indiscretion; however," added he, "I do not presume to say this to offend you, or incur your displeasure; no, ladies, I assure you, I have no other design but to do you service." This uncommon way of expression, joined to the knight's scurvy figure, increased their mirth, which incensed him to that degree, that this might have carried things to an extremity, had not the innkeeper luckily appeared at that juncture. He was a man whose burden of fat inclined him to peace and

quietness, yet when he had observed such a strange disguise of human shape in his old armour and equipage, he could hardly forbear keeping the wenches company in their laughter; but having the fear of such a warlike appearance before his eyes, he resolved to give him good words, and therefore accosted him civilly: "Sir Knight," said he, "if your worship be disposed to alight, you will fail of nothing here but of a bed; as for all other accommodations, you may be supplied to your mind." Don Quixote observing the humility of the governor of the castle, (for such the inn-keeper and inn seemed to him,) "Senior Castellano," said he, "the least thing in the world suffices me; for arms are the only things I value, and combat is my bed of repose." The inn-keeper thought he had called him Castellano,* as taking him to be one of the true Castilians, whereas he was indeed of Andalusia, nay, of the neighbourhood of St Lucar, no less thievish than Cacus, or less mischievous than a truant-scholar, or court-page, and therefore he made him this reply "At this rate, Sir Knight, your bed might be a pavement, and your rest to be still awake; you may then safely alight, and I dare assure you,

Castellano signifies both a constable or governor of a castle, and an inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile in Spain.

you can hardly miss being kept awake all the year long in this house, much less one single night." With that he went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who, having not broke his fast that day, dismounted with no small trouble or difficulty. He immediately desired the governor (that is, the inn-keeper) to have special care of his steed, assuring him that there was not a better in the universe; upon which the inn-keeper viewed him narrowly, but could not think him to be half so good as Don Quixote said. However, having set him up in the stable, he came back to the knight to see what he wanted, and found him pulling off his armour by the help of the good-natured wenches, who had already reconciled themselves to him; but though they had eased him of his corslet and back-plate, they could by no means undo his gorget, nor take off his ill-contrived beaver, which he had tied so fast with green ribbons, that it was impossible to get it off without cutting them; now he would by no means permit that, and so was forced to keep on his helmet all night, which was one of the most pleasant sights in the world; and while his armour was taking off by the two kind lasses, imagining them to be persons of quality, and ladies of that castle, he very gratefully made

them the following compliment, (in imitation of an old romance,)

"There never was on earth a knight
So waited on by ladies fair,
As once was he, Don Quixote hight,
When first he left his village dear:
Damsels to undress him ran with speed,
And princesses to dress his steed."*

O Rozinante! for that is my horse's name, ladies, and mine Don Quixote de la Mancha. I never thought to have discovered it, until some feats of arms, achieved by me in your service, had made me better known to your ladyships, but necessity forcing me to apply to present purpose that passage of the ancient romance of Sir Lancelot, which I now repeat, has extorted the secret from me before its time; yet a day will come, when you shall command, and I obey, and then the valour of my arm shall evince the reality of my zeal to serve your ladyships."

The two females, who were not used to such rhetorical speeches, could make no answer to this; they only asked him whether he would eat anything? "That I will with all my heart," cried Don Quixote, "whatever it be, for I am of opinion nothing can come to me more seasonably." Now, as ill-luck would have

* See Appendix, Note 3, to Chapter II.

it, it happened to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had at the inn but some pieces of fish, which is called abadexo in Castile, bacallao in Andalusia, curadillo in some places, and in others truchuela, or little trout, though after all it is but poor Jack; so they asked him, whether he could eat any of that truchuela, because they had no other fish to give him. Don Quixote imagining they meant a small trout, told them, "That, provided there were more than one, it was the same thing to him, they would serve him as well as a great one; for," continued he, "it is all one to me whether I am paid a piece of eight in one single piece, or in eight small reals, which are worth as much. Besides, it is probable these small trouts may be like veal, which is finer meat than beef; or like the kid, which is better than the goat. In short, let it be what it will, so it comes quickly; for the weight of armour and the fatigue of travel are not to be supported without recruiting food." Thereupon they laid the cloth at the inn-door, for the benefit of the fresh air, and the landlord brought him a piece of that salt fish, but ill-watered, and as ill-dressed; and as for the bread, it was as mouldy and brown as the knight's armour. But it would have made one laugh to have seen him

eat; for having his helmet on, with his beaver lifted up, it was impossible for him to feed himself without help, so that one of those ladies had that office; but there was no giving him drink that way, and he must have gone without it, had not the inn-keeper bored a cane, and setting one end of it to his mouth, poured the wine in at the other; all which the knight suffered patiently, because he would not cut the ribbons that fastened his helmet.

While he was at supper, a sow-gelder happened to sound his cane-trumpet, or whistle of reeds, four or five times as he came near the inn, which made Don Quixote the more positive of his being in a famous castle, where he was entertained with music at supper, that the poor jack was young trout, the bread of the finest flour, the wenches great ladies, and the inn-keeper the governor of the castle, which made him applaud himself for his resolution, and his setting out on such an account. The only thing that vexed him was, that he was not yet dubbed a knight; for he fancied he could not lawfully undertake any adventure till he had received the order of knighthood.

CHAPTER III.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PLEASANT METHOD TAKEN BY DON QUIXOTE TO BE DUBBED A KNIGHT.

Don Quixote's mind being disturbed with that thought, he abridged even his short supper; and as soon as he had done, he called his host, then shut him and himself up in the stable, and falling at his feet, "I will never rise from this place," cried he, "most valorous knight, till you have graciously vouchsafed to grant me a boon, which I will now beg of you, and which will redound to your honour and the good of mankind." The inn-keeper, strangely at a loss to find his guest at his feet, and talking at this rate, endeavoured to make him rise; but all in vain, till he had promised to grant him what he asked. "I expected no less from your great magnificence, noble sir," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore I make bold to tell you, that the boon which I beg, and you generously condescend to grant me, is, that to-morrow you will be pleased to bestow the honour of knight-

hood upon me. This night I will watch my armour in the chapel of your castle,[1] and then in the morning you shall gratify me, as I passionately desire, that I may be duly qualified to seek out adventures in every corner of the universe, to relieve the distressed, according to the laws of chivalry, and the inclinations of knights-errant like myself."—The inn-keeper, who, as I said, was a sharp fellow, and had already a shrewd suspicion of the disorder in his guest's understanding, was fully convinced of it when he heard him talk after this manner; and, to make sport that night, resolved to humour him in his desires, telling him he was highly to be commended for his choice of such an employment, which was altogether worthy a knight of the first order, such as his gallant deportment discovered him to be; that he himself had in his youth followed that honourable profession, ranging through many parts of the world in search of adventures, without so much as forgetting to visit the Percheles of Malaga,* the isles of Riaran, the compass of Sevil, the quicksilver-house of Segovia, the olive field of Valencia, the circle of Granada, the wharf of St

[1] See Appendix, Note 1 to Chapter III.

* These are all places noted for rogueries and disorderly doings. See Appendix, Note 2 to Chapter III.

Lucar, the potro of Cordova,* the hedge-taverns of Toledo, and divers other places, where he had exercised the nimbleness of his feet, and the subtility of his hands, doing wrongs in abundance, soliciting many widows, undoing some damsels, bubbling young heirs, and in a word making himself famous in most of the courts of judicature in Spain, till at length he retired to this castle, where he lived on his own estate and those of others, entertaining all knights-errant of what quality or condition soever, purely for the great affection he bore them, and to partake of what they got in recompense of his good-will. He added, that his castle at present had no chapel where the knight might keep the vigil of his arms, it being pulled down in order to be new built; but that he knew they might lawfully be watched in any other place in a case of necessity, and therefore he might do it that night in the court-yard of the castle; and in the morning (God willing) all the necessary ceremonies should be performed, so that he might assure himself he should be dubb'd a knight, nay, as much a knight as any one in the world could be. He then asked Don Quixote whether he had any

* A square in the city of Cordova, where a fountain gushes out from the mouth of a horse, near which is also a whipping-post. The Spanish word *Potro* signifies a colt or young horse.

money? "Not a cross," replied the knight, "for I never read in any history of chivalry that any knight-errant ever carried money about him."—"You are mistaken," cried the inn-keeper; "for admit the histories are silent in this matter, the authors thinking it needless to mention things so evidently necessary as money and clean shirts, yet there is no reason to believe the knights went without either; and you may rest assured, that all the knights-errant, of whom so many histories are full, had their purses well lined to supply themselves with necessaries, and carried also with them some shirts, and a small box of salves to heal their wounds; for they had not the conveniency of surgeons to cure them every time they fought in fields and deserts, unless they were so happy as to have some sage or magician for their friend to give them present assistance, sending them some damsel or dwarf through the air in a cloud,[3] with a small bottle of water of so great a virtue, that they no sooner tasted a drop of it, but their wounds were as perfectly cured as if they had never received any. But when they wanted such a friend in former ages, the knights thought themselves obliged to take care that their squires should be provided with

[3] See Appendix, Note 3 to Chapter III.

money and other necessaries, as lint and salves to dress their wounds; and if those knights ever happened to have no squires, which was but very seldom, then they carried those things behind them in a little bag,* as if it had been something of greater value, and so neatly fitted to their saddle, that it was hardly seen; for had it not been upon such an account, the carrying of wallets was not much allowed among knights-errant. I must therefore advise you," continued he, "nay, I might even charge and command you, as you are shortly to be my son in chivalry, never from this time forwards to ride without money, nor without the other necessaries of which I spoke to you, which you will find very beneficial when you least expect it." Don Quixote promised to perform very punctually all his injunctions; and so they disposed every thing in order to his watching his arms in a great yard that adjoined to the inn. To which purpose the knight, having got them all together, laid them in a horse-trough close by a well in that yard; then bracing his target, and grasping his lance, just as it grew dark, he began to walk about by the horse-trough with a graceful deportment. In the meanwhile the

* Of striped stuff, which every one carries, in Spain, when they are travelling.

inn-keeper acquainted all those that were in the house with the extravagancies of his guest, his watching his arms, and his hopes of being made a knight. They all admired very much at so strange a kind of folly, and went on to observe him at a distance; where they saw him sometimes walk about with a great deal of gravity, and sometimes lean on his lance, with his eyes all the while fixed upon his arms. It was now undoubted night, but yet the moon did shine with such a brightness, as might almost have vied with that of the luminary which lent it her; so that the knight was wholly exposed to the spectators' view While he was thus employed, one of the carriers who lodged in the inn came out to water his mules, which he could not do without removing the arms out of the trough. With that, Don Quixote, who saw him make towards him, cried out to him aloud, "O thou, whoever thou art, rash knight, that prepares to lay thy hands on the arms of the most valorous knight-errant that ever wore a sword, take heed; do not audaciously attempt to profane them with a touch, lest instant death be the too sure reward of thy temerity." But the carrier never regarded these dreadful threats; and laying hold on the armour by the straps, without any more

ado threw it a good way from him; though it had been better for him to have let it alone; for Don Quixote no sooner saw this, but lifting up his eyes to heaven, and addressing his thoughts, as it seemed, to his lady Dulcinea; "Assist me, lady," cried he, "in the first opportunity that offers itself to your faithful slave; nor let your favour and protection be denied me in this first trial of my valour!" Repeating such like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both his hands, he gave the carrier such a terrible knock on his inconsiderate head with his lance, that he laid him at his feet in a woeful condition; and had he backed that blow with another, the fellow would certainly have had no need of a surgeon. This done, Don Quixote took up his armour, laid it again in the horse-trough, and then walked on backwards and forwards with as great unconcern as he did at first.

Soon after another carrier, not knowing what had happened, came also to water his mules, while the first yet lay on the ground in a trance; but as he offered to clear the trough of the armour, Don Quixote, without speaking a word, or imploring any one's assistance, once more dropped his target, lifted up his lance, and then let it fall so heavily on the fellow's

pate, that without damaging his lance, he broke the carrier's head in three or four places. His outcry soon alarmed and brought thither all the people in the inn, and the landlord among the rest; which Don Quixote perceiving, "Thou Queen of Beauty," cried he, bracing on his shield,[1] and drawing his sword, "thou courage and vigour of my weakened heart, now is the time when thou must enliven thy adventurous slave with the beams of thy greatness, while this moment he is engaging in so terrible an adventure!" With this, in his opinion, he found himself supplied with such an addition of courage, that had all the carriers in the world at once attacked him, he would undoubtedly have faced them all. On the other side, the carriers, enraged to see their comrades thus used, though they were afraid to come near, gave the knight such a volley of stones, that he was forced to shelter himself as well as he could under the covert of his target, without daring to go far from the horse-trough, lest he should seem to abandon his arms. The innkeeper called to the carriers as loud as he could to let him alone; that he had told them already he was mad,[2] and consequently the law would

[1] See Appendix, Note 4 to Chapter III.
[2] See Appendix, Note 5 to Chapter III.

acquit him, though he should kill them. Don Quixote also made yet more noise, calling them false and treacherous villains, and the lord of the castle base and unhospitable, and a discourteous knight, for suffering a knight-errant to be so abused. "I would make thee know," cried he, "what a perfidious wretch thou art, had I but received the order of knighthood; but for you, base, ignominious rabble! fling on, do your worst; come on, draw nearer if you dare, and receive the reward of your indiscretion and insolence." This he spoke with so much spirit and undauntedness, that he struck a terror into all his assailants; so that partly through fear, and partly through the innkeeper's persuasions, they gave over flinging stones at him; and he, on his side, permitted the enemy to carry off their wounded, and then returned to the guard of his arms as calm and composed as before.

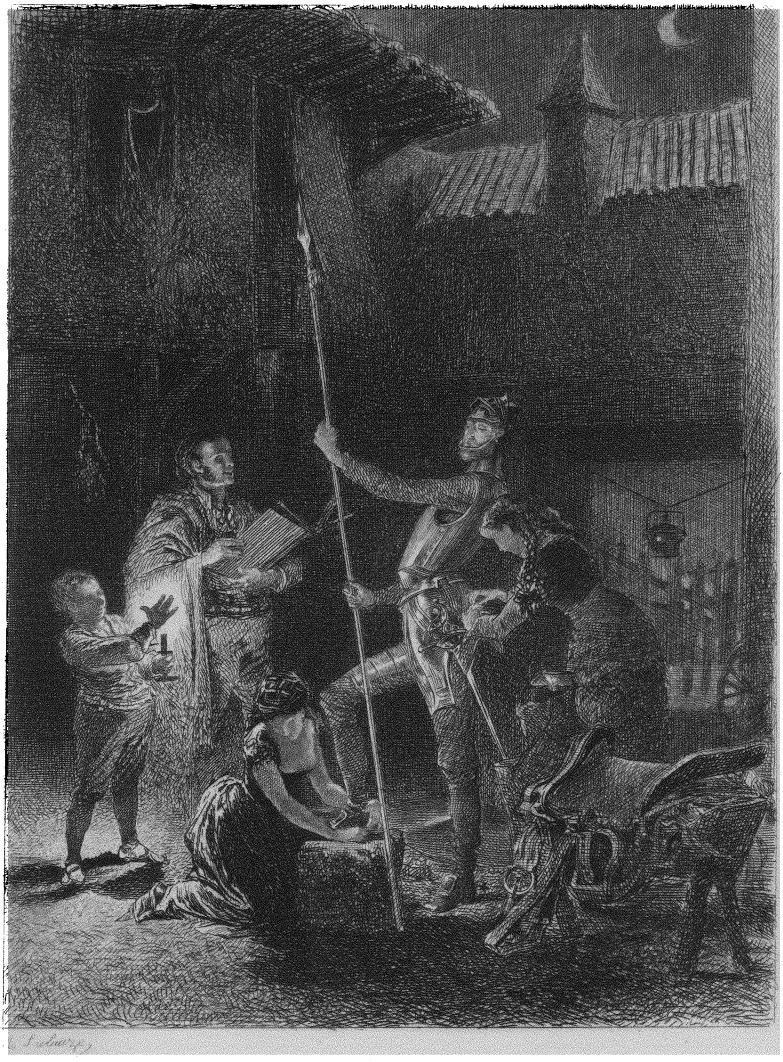
The innkeeper, who began somewhat to disrelish these mad tricks of his guest, resolved to dispatch him forthwith, and bestow on him that unlucky knighthood, to prevent farther mischief; so coming to him, he excused himself for the insolence of those base scoundrels, as being done without his privity or consent; but their audaciousness, he said, was sufficiently

punished. He added that he had already told him there was no chapel in his castle; and that indeed there was no need of one to finish the rest of the ceremony of knighthood, which consisted only in the application of the sword to the neck and shoulders, as he had read in the register of the ceremonies of the order; and that this might be performed as well in a field as any where else: that he had already fulfilled the obligation of watching his arms, which required no more than two hours watch, whereas he had been four hours upon the guard. Don Quixote, who easily believed him, told him he was ready to obey him, and desired him to make an end of the business as soon as possible, for if he were but knighted, and should see himself once attacked, he believed he should not leave a man alive in the castle, except those whom he should desire him to spare for his sake.

Upon this the innkeeper, lest the knight should proceed to such extremities, fetched the book in which he used to set down the carriers' accounts for straw and barley; and having brought with him the two kind females, already mentioned, and a boy that held a piece of lighted candle in his hand, he ordered Don Quixote to kneel: then reading in his manual, as if he had been repeating some pious oration,

in the midst of his devotion he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the neck,[1] and then a gentle slap on the back with the flat of his sword, still mumbling some words between his teeth in the tone of a prayer. After this he ordered one of the wenches to gird the sword about the knight's waist; which she did with much solemnity, and, I may add, discretion, considering how hard a thing it was to forbear laughing at every circumstance of the ceremony: it is true, the thoughts of the knight's late prowess did not a little contribute to the suppression of her mirth. As she girded on his sword, "Heaven," cried the kind lady, "make your worship a lucky knight, and prosper you wherever you go." Don Quixote desired to know her name, that he might understand to whom he was indebted for the favour she had bestowed upon him, and also make her partaker of the honour he was to acquire by the strength of his arm. To which the lady answered with all humility, that her name was Tolosa, a cobler's daughter, that kept a stall among the little shops of Sanchobinaya at Toledo; and that whenever he pleased to command her, she would be his humble servant. Don Quixote begged of her to do him the favour to add

[1] See Appendix, Note 6 to Chapter III.



hereafter the title of lady to her name, and for his sake to be called from that time the Lady Tolosa; which she promised to do. Her companion having buckled on his spurs, occasioned a like conference between them; and when he had asked her name, she told him she went by the name of Miller, being the daughter of an honest miller of Antequera. Our new knight entreated her also to style herself the Lady Miller, making her new offers of service. These extraordinary ceremonies (the like never seen before) being thus hurried over in a kind of post-haste, Don Quixote could not rest till he had taken the field in quest of adventures; therefore having immediately saddled his Rozinante, and being mounted, he embraced the innkeeper, and returned him so many thanks at so extravagant a rate, for the obligation he had laid upon him in dubbing him a knight, that it is impossible to give a true relation of them all; to which the innkeeper, in haste to get rid of him, returned as rhetorical though shorter answers; and without stopping his horse for the reckoning, was glad with all his heart to see him go.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT BEFEL THE KNIGHT AFTER HE HAD LEFT THE INN.

AURORA began to usher in the morn, when Don Quixote sallied out of the inn, so well pleased, so gay, and so overjoyed to find himself knighted, that he infused the same satisfaction into his horse, who seemed ready to burst his girths for joy. But calling to mind the admonitions which the inn-keeper had given him, concerning the provision of necessary accommodation in his travels, particularly money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home to furnish himself with them, and likewise get him a squire, designing to entertain as such a labouring man, his neighbour, who was poor and had a charge of children, but yet very fit for the office. With this resolution he took the road which led to his own village; and Rozinante, that seemed to know his will by instinct, began to carry him a round trot so briskly, that his heels seemed scarcely to touch the ground.

The knight had not travelled far, when he fancied he heard an effeminate voice complaining in a thicket on his right hand. "I thank Heaven," said he, when he heard the cries, "for favouring me so soon with an opportunity to perform the duty of my profession, and reap the fruits of my desire! for these complaints are certainly the moans of some distressed creature who wants my present help." Then turning to that side with all the speed which Rozinante could make, he no sooner came into the wood but he found a mare tied to an oak, and to another a young lad about fifteen years of age, naked from the waist upwards. This was he who made such a lamentable outcry; and not without cause, for a lusty country-fellow was strapping him soundly with a girdle, at every stripe putting him in mind of a proverb, *Keep your mouth shut, and your eyes open, sirrah.* "Good master," cried the boy, "I'll do so no more; as I hope to be saved, I'll never do so again! indeed, master, hereafter I'll take more care of your goods." Don Quixote seeing this, cried in an angry tone, "Discourteous knight, 'tis an unworthy act to strike a person who is not able to defend himself: come, bestride thy steed, and take thy lance," (for the farmer had something that looked like one

leaning to the same tree to which his mare was tied,) "then I'll make thee know thou hast acted the part of a coward." The country-fellow, who gave himself for lost at the sight of an apparition in armour brandishing his lance at his face, answered him in mild and submissive words: "Sir Knight," cried he, "this boy, whom I am chastising, is my servant, employed by me to look after a flock of sheep, which I have not far off; but he is so heedless, that I lose some of them every day. Now, because I correct him for his carelessness or his knavery, he says I do it out of covetousness, to defraud him of his wages; but, upon my life and soul, he belies me."—"What! the lie in my presence, you saucy clown," cried Don Quixote; "by the sun that shines, I have a good mind to run thee through the body with my lance. Pay the boy this instant, without any more words, or, by the power that rules us all, I'll immediately dispatch, and annihilate thee. come, unbind him this moment." The country-man hung down his head, and without any further reply unbound the boy; who being asked by Don Quixote what his master owed him? told him it was nine months' wages, at seven reals a month. The knight having cast it up, found it came to sixty-three reals in all;

which he ordered the farmer to pay the fellow immediately, unless he intended to lose his life that very moment. The poor country-man, trembling for fear, told him, that, as he was on the brink of death, by the oath he had sworn (by the by he had not sworn at all) he did not owe the lad so much: for there was to be deducted for three pair of shoes which he had bought him, and a real for his being let blood twice when he was sick.—"That may be," replied Don Quixote; "but set the price of the shoes and the bleeding against the stripes which you have given him without cause for if he has used the shoe-leather which you paid for, you have in return misused and impaired his skin sufficiently; and if the surgeon let him blood when he was sick, you have drawn blood from him now he is in health; so that he owes you nothing on that account."—"The worst is, sir knight," cried the farmer, "that I have no money about me; but let Andrew go home with me, and I'll pay him every piece out of hand."—"What! I go home with him," cried the youngster; "the devil a-bit, sir! not I, truly, I know better things: for he'd no sooner have me by himself, but he'd flea me alive like another St Bartholomew."—"He will never dare to do it," replied Don Quixote; "I com-

mand him, and that's sufficient to restrain him: therefore, provided he will swear by the order of knighthood which has been conferred upon him, that he will duly observe this regulation, I will freely let him go, and then thou art secure of thy money."—"Good sir, take heed what you say," cried the boy; "for my master is no knight, nor ever was of any order in his life: He's John Haldudo, the rich farmer of Quintinar."—"This signifies little," answered Don Quixote, "for there may be knights among the Haldudo's; besides, the brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works."[1]—"That's true, sir," quoth Andrew; "but of what works can this master of mine be the son, who denies me my wages, which I have earned with the sweat of my brows?"—"I do not deny to pay thee thy wages, honest Andrew," cried the master; "be but so kind as go along with me, and by all the orders of knighthood in the world, I swear, I'll pay thee every piece, as I said, nay and perfumed to boot."*—"You may spare your perfume," said Don Quixote; "do but pay him

[1] See Appendix, Note 1 to Chapter IV

* To pay or return a thing perfumed, is a Spanish expression, signifying it shall be done to content or with advantage to the receiver. It is used here as a satire on the effeminate custom of wearing every thing perfumed, insomuch that the very money in their pockets was scented.

in reals, and I am satisfied; but be sure you perform your oath; for if you fail, I myself swear by the same oath to return and find you out, and punish you, though you should hide yourself as close as a lizard. And if you will be informed who it is that lays these injunctions on you, that you may understand how highly it concerns you to observe them, know, I am the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, the revenger and redresser of grievances; and so farewell: but remember what you have promised and sworn, as you will answer the contrary at your peril." This said, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and quickly left the master and the man a good way behind him.

The country-man, who followed him with both his eyes, no sooner perceived that he was passed the woods, and quite out of sight, but he went back to his boy Andrew. "Come, child," said he, "I will pay thee what I owe thee, as that righter of wrongs and redresser of grievances has ordered me."—"Ay," quoth Andrew, "on my word, you will do well to fulfil the commands of that good knight, who Heaven grant long to live; for he is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that adad if you don't pay me he'll come back and make his words good." "I dare

swear as much," answered the master; "and to shew thee how much I love thee, I am willing to increase the debt, that I may enlarge the payment." With that he caught the youngster by the arm, and tied him again to the tree; where he handled him so unmercifully, that scarce any signs of life were left in him. "Now call your righter of wrongs, Mr Andrew," cried the farmer, "and you shall see he will never be able to undo what I have done; though I think it is but a part of what I ought to do, for I have a good mind to flea you alive, as you said I would, you rascal." However, he untied him at last, and gave him leave to go and seek out his judge, in order to have his decree put in execution. Andrew went his ways, not very well pleased, you may be sure, yet fully resolved to find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and give him an exact account of the whole transaction, that he might pay the abuse with sevenfold usury: in short, he crept off sobbing and weeping, while his master staid behind laughing. And in this manner was this wrong redressed by the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha.

In the mean time, being highly pleased with himself and what had happened, imagining he had given a most fortunate and noble beginning to his feats of arms, as he went on towards his

village, "O most beautiful of beauties," said he with a low voice, "Dulcinea del Toboso! well may'st thou deem thyself most happy, since it was thy good fortune to captivate and hold a willing slave to thy pleasure so valorous and renowned a knight as is, and ever shall be, Don Quixote de la Mancha; who, as all the world knows, had the honour of knighthood bestowed on him but yesterday, and this day redressed the greatest wrong and grievance that ever injustice could design, or cruelty commit: this day has he wrested the scourge out of the hands of that tormentor, who so unmercifully treated a tender infant without the least occasion given." Just as he had said this, he found himself at a place where four roads met; and this made him presently bethink of those cross-ways which often used to put knights-errant to a stand, to consult with themselves which way they should take: and that he might follow their example, he stopped a while, and after he had seriously reflected on the matter, gave Rozinante the reins, subjecting his own will to that of his horse, who pursuing his first intent, took the way that led to his own stable.

Don Quixote had not gone above two miles, but he discovered a company of people riding towards him, who proved to be merchants of

Toledo, that were going to buy silks in Murcia. They were six in all, every one screened with an umbrella, besides four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. The knight no sooner perceived them, but he imagined this to be some new adventure; and because he was resolved to imitate as much as possible the passages which he read in his books, he was pleased to represent this to himself as such a particular adventure as he had a singular desire to meet with, and so, with a dreadful grace and assurance, fixing himself in his stirrups, couching his lance, and covering his breast with his target, he posted himself in the middle of the road, expecting the coming up of the supposed knights-errant. As soon as they came within hearing, with a loud voice and haughty tone, "Hold," cried he, "let all mankind stand, nor hope to pass on further, unless all mankind acknowledge and confess, that there is not in the universe a more beautiful damsel than the empress of La Mancha,[1] the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso." At those words the merchants made a halt, to view the unaccountable figure of their opponent; and easily conjecturing, both by his expression and disguise, that the poor gentleman had lost his senses, they were willing to understand the

[1] See Appendix, Note 2 to Chapter IV

meaning of that strange confession which he would force from them; and therefore one of the company, who loved and understood raillery, having discretion to manage it, undertook to talk to him. "Signor cavalier," cried he, "we do not know this worthy lady you talk of; but be pleased to let us see her, and then if we find her possessed of those matchless charms, of which you assert her to be the mistress, we will freely, and without the least compulsion, own the truth which you would extort from us."—"Had I once shown you that beauty," replied Don Quixote, "what wonder would it be to acknowledge so notorious a truth? the importance of the thing lies in obliging you to believe it, confess it, affirm it, swear it, and maintain it, without seeing her; and therefore make this acknowledgment this very moment, or know, that it is with me you must join in battle, ye proud and unreasonable mortals. Come one by one, as the laws of chivalry require, or all at once, according to the dishonourable practice of men of your stamp; here I expect you all my single self, and will stand the encounter, confiding in the justice of my cause."—"Sir knight," replied the merchant, "I beseech you in the name of all the princes here present, that for the discharge of our con-

sciences, which will not permit us to affirm a thing we never heard or saw, and which, besides, tends so much to the dishonour of the empresses and queens of Alcaria and Estramadura, your worship will vouchsafe to let us see some portraiture of that lady, though it were no bigger than a grain of wheat; for by a small sample we may judge of the whole piece, and by that means rest secure and satisfied, and you contented and appeased. Nay, I verily believe, that we all find ourselves already so inclinable to comply with you, that though her picture should represent her to be blind of one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone at the other, yet to oblige you, we shall be ready to say in her favour whatever your worship desires."—"Distil, ye infamous scoundrels," replied Don Quixote in a burning rage, "distil, say you? know, that nothing distils from her but amber and civet: neither is she defective in her make or shape, but more straight than a Guadaramian spindle. But you shall all severely pay for the horrid blasphemy which thou hast uttered against the transcendent beauty of my incomparable lady." Saying this, with his lance couched, he ran so furiously at the merchant who thus provoked him, that had not good fortune so ordered it, that Rozinante

should stumble and fall in the midst of his career, the audacious trifler had paid dear for his raillery: but as Rozinante fell, he threw down his master, who rolled and tumbled a good way on the ground, without being able to get upon his legs, though he used all his skill and strength to effect it, so encumbered he was with his lance, target, spurs, helmet, and the weight of his rusty armour. However, in this helpless condition he played the hero with his tongue; "Stay," cried he, "cowards, rascals, do not fly! it is not through my fault that I lie here, but through that of my horse, ye poltroons!"

One of the grooms, who was none of the best natured creatures, hearing the overthrown knight thus insolently treat his master, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; and therefore coming up to him as he lay wallowing, he snatched his lance, and having broke it to pieces, he so belaboured Don Quixote's sides with one of them, that, in spite of his arms, he thrashed him like a wheat sheaf. His master indeed called to him not to lay on him so vigorously, and to let him alone; but the fellow, whose hand was in, would not give over rib-roasting the knight, till he had tired out his passion and himself; and therefore

running to the other pieces of the broken lance, he fell to it again without ceasing, till he had splintered them all on the knight's iron inclosure. He, on his side, notwithstanding all this storm of bastinadoes, lay all the while bellowing, threatening heaven and earth, and those villainous ruffians, as he took them to be. At last the mule-driver was tired, and the merchants pursued their journey, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse at the poor knight's expense. When he found himself alone, he tried once more to get on his feet; but if he could not do it when he had the use of his limbs, how should he do it now, bruised and battered as he was? But yet for all this, he esteemed himself a happy man, being still persuaded, that his misfortune was one of those accidents common in knight-errantry, and such a one as he could wholly attribute to the falling of his horse; nor could he possibly get up, so sore and mortified as his body was all over.

CHAPTER V.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF OUR KNIGHT'S MISFORTUNES.

DON QUIXOTE perceiving that he was not able to stir, resolved to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to bethink himself what passage in his books might afford him some comfort. and presently his folly brought to his remembrance the story of Baldwin and the Marquis of Mantua,[1] when Charlot left the former wounded on the mountain; a story learned and known by little children, not unknown to young men and women, celebrated, and even believed, by the old, and yet not a jot more authentic than the miracles of Mahomet. This seemed to him as if made on purpose for his present circumstances, and therefore he fell a rolling and tumbling up and down, expressing the greatest pain and resentment, and breathing out, with a languishing voice, the same complaints which the

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter V

wounded Knight of the Wood is said to have made:—

"Alas! where are you, lady dear,
That for my woe you do not moan?
You little know what ails me here,
Or are to me disloyal grown!"

Thus he went on with the lamentations in that romance, till he came to these verses:—

"O thou, my uncle and my prince,
Marquis of Mantua, noble lord!"—

When kind fortune so ordered it, that a ploughman, who lived in the same village, and near his house, happened to pass by, as he came from the mill with a sack of wheat. The fellow seeing a man lie at his full length on the ground, asked him who he was, and why he made such a sad complaint. Don Quixote, whose distempered brain presently represented to him the countryman for the Marquis of Mantua, his imaginary uncle, made him no answer, but went on with the romance, giving him an account of his misfortunes, and of the loves of his wife and the emperor's son, just as the book relates them. The fellow stared, much amazed to hear a man talk such unaccountable stuff; and taking off the vizor of his

helmet, broken all to pieces with blows bestowed upon it by the mule-driver, he wiped off the dust that covered his face, and presently knew the gentleman. "Master Quixada!" cried he, (for so he was properly called when he had the right use of his senses, and had not yet from a sober gentleman transformed himself into a wandering knight) "how came you in this condition?" But the other continued his romance, and made no answers to all the questions the countryman put to him, but what followed in course in the book which the good man perceiving, he took off the battered adventurer's armour, as well as he could, and fell a searching for his wounds; but finding no sign of blood, or any other hurt, he endeavoured to set him upon his legs; and at last with a great deal of trouble, he heaved him upon his own ass, as being the more easy and gentle carriage: he also got all the knight's arms together, not leaving behind so much as the splinters of his lance; and having tied them up, and laid them on Rozinante, which he took by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he led them all towards the village, and trudged afoot himself very pensive, while he reflected on the extravagances which he heard Don Quixote utter. Nor was Don Quixote himself less

melancholy; for he felt himself so bruised and battered that he could hardly sit on the ass; and now and then he breathed such grievous sighs, as seemed to pierce the very skies, which moved his compassionate neighbour once more to entreat him to declare to him the cause of his grief; but one would have imagined the devil prompted him with stories, that had some resemblance of his circumstances; for in that instant, wholly forgetting Baldwin,[1] he bethought himself of the Moor Abindaraez, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, Alcayde of Antequera, took and carried prisoner to his castle; so that when the husbandman asked him how he did, and what ailed him, he answered word for word as the prisoner Abindaraez replied to Rodrigo de Narvaez, in the Diana of George di Monte Mayor, where that adventure is related; applying it so properly to his purpose, that the countryman wished himself at the devil rather than within the hearing of such strange nonsense; and being now fully convinced that his neighbour's brains were turned, he made all the haste he could to the village, to be rid of his troublesome impertinencies. Don Quixote in the meantime thus went on; "You must know, Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this beautiful

[1] See Appendix, Note 2 to Chapter V

Xerifa, of whom I gave you an account, is at present the most lovely Dulcinea del Toboso, for whose sake I have done, still do, and will achieve the most famous deeds of chivalry that ever were, are, or ever shall be seen in the universe."—"Good sir," replied the husbandman, "as I am a sinner, I am not Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo by name, your worship's neighbour; nor are you Baldwin, nor Abindaraez, but only that worthy gentleman, Senior Quixada."—"I know very well who I am," answered Don Quixote; "and what's more, I know, that I may not only be the persons I have named, but also the twelve peers of France, nay, and the nine worthies[1] all in one, since my achievements will outrival not only the famous exploits which made any of them singly illustrious, but all their mighty deeds accumulated together"

Thus discoursing, they at last got near their village about sunset; but the countryman staid at some distance till it was dark, that the distressed gentleman might not be seen so scurvily mounted, and then he led him home to his own house, which he found in great confusion. The curate and the barber of the village, both of

[1] See Appendix, Note 3 to Chapter V

them Don Quixote's intimate acquaintance, happened to be there at that juncture, as also the house-keeper, who was arguing with them: "What do you think, pray, good doctor Perez," said she, (for this was the curate's name) "what do you think of my master's mischance? neither he, nor his horse, nor his target, lance, nor armour, have been seen these six days. What shall I do, wretch that I am! I dare lay my life, and it is as sure as I am a living creature, that those cursed books of errantry, which he used to be always poring upon, have set him beside his senses; for now I remember, I have heard him often mutter to himself, that he had a mind to turn knight-errant, and jaunt up and down the world to find out adventures. May Satan and Barabbas e'en take all such books that have thus cracked the best head-piece in all La Mancha!" His niece said as much, addressing herself to the barber; "You must know, Mr Nicholas," quoth she, (for that was his name) "that many times my uncle would read you those unconscionable books of disventures for eight and forty hours together; then away he would throw you his book, and drawing his sword, he would fall a fencing against the walls; and when he had tired himself with cutting and slashing, he would cry he

had killed four giants as big as any steeples;[1] and the sweat which he put himself into, he would say was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight: then would he swallow you a huge jug of cold water, and presently he would be as quiet and as well as ever he was in his life; and he said, that this same water was a sort of precious drink brought him by the sage Esquife, a great magician, and his special friend. Now, it is I who am the cause of all this mischief, for not giving you timely notice of my uncle's raving, that you might have put a stop to it, ere it was too late, and have burnt all these excommunicated books; for there are I do not know how many of them that deserve as much to be burned as those of the rankest heretics."—"I am of your mind," said the curate; "and verily to-morrow shall not pass over before I have fairly brought them to a trial, and condemned them to the flames, that they may not minister occasion to such as would read them, to be perverted after the example of my good friend."

The countryman, who, with Don Quixote, stood without, listening to all this discourse, now perfectly understood by this the cause of his neighbour's disorder, and therefore, with-

[1] See Appendix, Note 4 to Chapter V

out any more ado, he called out aloud, "Here! house; open the gates there, for the Lord Baldwin, and the Lord Marquis of Mantua, who is coming sadly wounded; and for the Moorish Lord Abindaraez, whom the valorous Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, Alcayde of Antequera, brings prisoner." At which words they all got out of doors; and the one finding it to be her uncle and the other to be her master, and the rest their friend, who had not yet alighted from the ass, because indeed he was not able, they all ran to embrace him; to whom Don Quixote "Forbear," said he, "for I am sorely hurt, by reason that my horse failed me; carry me to bed, and if it be possible let the enchantress Urganda[1] be sent for to cure my wounds." "Now, in the name of mischief," quoth the house-keeper, "see whether I did not guess right, on which foot my master halted?—Come, get you to bed, I beseech you; and, my life for yours, we will take care to cure you without sending for that same Urganda. A hearty curse, and the curse of curses, I say it again and again a hundred times, light upon those books of chivalry that have put you in this pickle!" Thereupon they carried him to his bed, and searched for his wounds, but could

[1] See Appendix, Note 5, Chapter V

find none; and then he told them he was only bruised, having had a dreadful fall from his horse Rozinante while he was fighting ten giants, the most outrageous and audacious that ever could be found upon the face of the earth. "How!" cried the curate, "have we giants too in the dance? nay then, by the holy sign of the cross, I will burn them all by to-morrow night." Then did they ask the Don a thousand questions, but to every one he made no other answer, but that they should give him something to eat, and then leave him to his repose, a thing which was to him of the greatest importance. They complied with his desires; and then the curate informed himself at large in what condition the countryman had found him; and having had a full account of every particular, as also of the knight's extravagant talk, both when the fellow found him, and as he brought him home, this increased the curate's desire of effecting what he had resolved to do the next morning: at which time he called upon his friend, Mr Nicholas the barber, and went with him to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE PLEASANT AND CURIOUS SCRUTINY WHICH THE CURATE AND THE BARBER MADE OF THE LIBRARY OF OUR INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN.

THE knight was yet asleep, when the curate came attended by the barber, and desired his niece to let him have the key of the room where her uncle kept his books, the author of his woes: she readily consented; and so in they went, and the housekeeper with them. There they found above an hundred large volumes neatly bound, and a good number of small ones: as soon as the housekeeper had spied them out, she ran out of the study, and returned immediately with a holy-water pot and a sprinkler: "Here, doctor," cried she, "pray sprinkle every creek and corner in the room, lest there should lurk in it some one of the many sorcerers these books swarm with, who might chance to bewitch us, for the ill-will we bear them, in going about to send them out of the world." The curate could not forbear smiling at the good woman's simplicity; and desired the barber to reach him the books one by one, that he might peruse the title-pages,

for perhaps he might find some among them, that might not deserve to be committed to the flames. "Oh, by no means," cried the niece, "spare none of them, they all help somehow or other to crack my uncle's brain. I fancy we had best throw them all out at the window in the yard, and lay them together in a heap, and then set them o' fire, or else carry them into the back-yard, and there make a pile of them, and burn them, and so the smoke will offend nobody." The housekeeper joined with her, so eagerly bent were both upon the destruction of those poor innocents; but the curate would not condescend to those irregular proceedings, and resolved first to read at least the title-page of every book.

The first that Mr Nicholas put into his hands was Amadis de Gaul, in four volumes.* "There seems to be some mystery in this book's being the first taken down," cried the curate, as soon as he had looked upon it, "for I have heard it is the first book of knight-errantry that ever was printed in Spain, and the model of all the rest; and therefore I am of opinion, that, as the first teacher and author of so pernicious a sect, it ought to be condemned to the fire with-

* 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.

out mercy."—"I beg a reprieve for him," cried the barber, "for I have been told 'tis the best book that has been written in that kind; and, therefore, as the only good thing of that sort, it may deserve a pardon."—"Well then," replied the curate, "for this time let him have it. Let's see that other, which lies next to him."—"These," said the barber, "are the exploits of Esplandian[1], the lawful begotten son of Amadis de Gaul."—"Verily," said the curate, "the father's goodness shall not excuse the want of it in the son. Here, good mistress housekeeper, open that window, and throw it into the yard, and let it serve as a foundation to that pile we are to set a blazing presently." She was not slack in her obedience; and thus poor Don Esplandian was sent headlong into the yard, there patiently to wait the time of his fiery trial. "To the next," cried the curate.—"This," said the barber, "is Amadis of Greece; and I'm of opinion, that all those that stand on this side are of the same family."[2]—"Then let them be sent packing into the yard," replied the curate; "for rather than lose the pleasure of burning Queen Pintiquiniestra, and the shepherd Darinel with his eclogues, and the con-

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter VI.
[2] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter VI.

founded unintelligible discourses of the author, I think I should burn my own father along with them, if I met him in the disguise of a knight-errant."—"I am of your mind," cried the barber.—"And I too," said the niece.—"Nay, then," quoth the old female, "let them come, and down with them all into the yard." They were delivered to her accordingly, and many they were; so that to save herself the labour of carrying them down stairs, she fairly sent them flying out at the window.

"What overgrown piece of lumber have we here?" cried the curate.—"Olivante de Laura," returned the barber. "The same author wrote the Garden of Flowers,[1] and, to deal ingenuously with you, I cannot tell which of the two books has most truth in it, or, to speak more properly, less lies: but this I know for certain, that he shall march into the back-yard, like a nonsensical arrogant blockhead as he is."

"The next," cried the barber, "is Florismart of Hyrcania."[2]—"How! my Lord Florismart, is he here?" replied the curate: "nay then truly, he shall e'en follow the rest to the yard, in spite of his wonderful birth and incredible adventures; for his rough, dull, and insipid

[1] See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter VI.
[2] See Appendix, Note 4, Chapter VI.

style deserves no better usage. Come, toss him into the yard, and this other too, good mistress."—"With all my heart," quoth the governess; and straight she was as good as her word.

"Here's the noble Don Platir,"[1] cried the barber.—"'Tis an old book," replied the curate, "and I can think of nothing in him that deserves a grain of pity: away with him, without any more words;" and down he went accordingly.

Another book was opened, and it proved to be the Knight of the Cross.[2] "The holy title," cried the curate, "might in some measure atone for the badness of the book; but then, as the saying is, *The devil lurks behind the cross!* To the flames with him."

Then the barber taking down another book, cried, "Here's the Mirror of Knighthood."[3]—"Oh! I have the honour to know him," replied the curate. "There you will find the Lord Rinaldo of Montalban, with his friends and companions, all of them greater thieves than Cacus, together with the Twelve Peers of France,[4] and that faithful historian Turpin. Truly, I must needs say, I am only for condemning them to perpetual banishment, at least because their story contains something of

[1] See Appendix, Note 5, Chapter VI. [2] Note 6, Chapter VI.
[3] See Appendix, Note 7, Chapter VI. [4] Note 8, Chapter VI.

the famous Boyardo's invention, out of which the Christian poet Ariosto also spun his web: yet, if I happened to meet with him in this bad company, and speaking in any other language than his own, I'll shew him no manner of favour; but if he talks in his own native tongue, I'll treat him with all the respect imaginable."—"I have him at home in Italian," said the barber, "but I cannot understand him."[1] — "Neither is it any great matter, whether you do or not," replied the curate; "and I could willingly have excused the good captain who translated it that trouble of attempting to make him speak Spanish, for he has deprived him of a great deal of his primitive graces; a misfortune incident to all those who presume to translate verses, since their utmost wit and industry can never enable them to preserve the native beauties and genius that shine in the original. For this reason I am for having not only this book, but likewise all those which we shall find here, treating of French affairs,* laid up and deposited in some dry vault, till we have maturely determined what ought to be done with them;

[1] See Appendix, Note 9, Chapter VI.

* Meaning those romances, the scene of which lay in France, under Charlemagne and the Palatins.

yet give me leave to except one Barnardo del Carpio,[1] that must be somewhere here among the rest, and another called Roncesvalles; for whenever I meet with them I will certainly deliver them up into the hands of the housekeeper, who shall toss them into the fire." The barber gave his approbation to every particular, well knowing that the curate was so good a Christian, and so great a lover of truth, that he would not have uttered a falsity for all the world.

Then opening another volume, he found it to be Palmerin de Oliva,[2] and the next to that Palmerin of England. "Ha! have I found you!" cried the curate. "Here, take that Oliva, let him be torn to pieces, then burnt, and his ashes scattered in the air; but let Palmerin of England be preserved as a singular relic of antiquity; and let such a costly box be made for him as Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, which he devoted to inclose Homer's works: for I must tell you, neighbour, that book deserves particular respect for two things; first, for its own excellencies; and, secondly, for the sake of its author, who is said to have been a learned king of Portugal: then

[1] See Appendix, Note 10, Chapter VI.
[2] See Appendix, Note 11, Chapter VI.

all the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are well and artfully managed, the dialogue very courtly and clear, and the decorum strictly observed in equal character, with equal propriety and judgment. Therefore, Master Nicholas," continued he, "with submission to your better advice, this and Amadis de Gaul shall be exempted from the fire; and let all the rest be condemned without any further enquiry or examination."—"By no means, I beseech you," returned the barber, "for this which I have in my hands is the famous Don Bellianis."—"Truly," cried the curate, "he, with his second, third, and fourth parts, had need of a dose of rhubarb to purge his excessive choler; besides, his Castle of Fame[1] should be demolished, and a heap of other rubbish removed! in order to which I give my vote to grant them the benefit of a reprieve; and as they shew signs of amendment, so shall mercy or justice be used towards them: in the meantime, neighbour, take them into custody, and keep them safe at home; but let none be permitted to converse with them."—"Content," cried the barber; and to save himself the labour of looking on any more books of that kind, he bid the housekeeper take all the great volumes, and

[1] See Appendix, Note 12, Chapter VI.

throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the finest and largest web: so that laying hold of no less than eight volumes at once, she presently made them leap towards the place of execution: but as she went too eagerly to work, taking more books than she could conveniently carry, she happened to drop one at the barber's feet, which he took up out of curiosity to see what it was, and found it to be the History of the famous Knight Tirante the White.[1] "Good-lack-a-day," cried the curate, "is Tirante the White here? oh! pray good neighbour, give it me by all means, for I promise myself to find in it a treasure of delight, and a mine of recreation. There we have that valorous knight Don Kyrie-Eleison of Montalban, with his brother Thomas of Montalban, and the knight Fonseca; the combat between the valorous Detriante and Alano; the dainty and witty conceits of the damsel Plazerdemivida, with the loves and guiles of the widow Reposada; together with the lady empress, that was in love with Hippolito her gentleman-usher. I vow and protest to you, neighbour," continued he, "that in its way

[1] See Appendix, Note 13, Chapter VI.

there is not a better book in the world: why here you have knights that eat and drink, sleep, and die natural deaths in their beds, nay, and make their last wills and testaments; with a world of other things, of which all the rest of these sort of books don't say one syllable. Yet after all, I must tell you, that for wilfully taking the pains to write so many foolish things, the worthy author fairly deserves to be sent to the galleys for all the days of his life. Take it home with you and read it, and then tell me whether I have told you the truth or no."—"I believe you," replied the barber; "but what shall we do with all these smaller books that are left."—"Certainly," replied the curate, "these cannot be books of knight-errantry, they are too small; you'll find they are only poets." And so opening one, it happened to be the Diana of Montemayor; which made him say, (believing all the rest to be of that stamp) "These do not deserve to be punished like the others, for they neither have done, nor can do, that mischief which those stories of chivalry have done, being generally ingenious books, that can do nobody any prejudice."—"Oh! good sir," cried the niece, "burn them with the rest, I beseech you; for should my uncle get cured of his knight-errant frenzy, and betake himself

to the reading of these books, we should have him turn shepherd, and so wander through the woods and fields; nay, and what would be worse yet, turn poet, which they say is a catching and an uncurable disease."—"The gentlewoman is in the right," said the curate, "and it will not be amiss to remove that stumbling-block out of our friend's way; and since we began with the Diana of Montemayor,[1] I am of opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that part of it which treats of the magician Felicia, and the enchanted water, as also all the longer poems; and let the work escape with its prose, and the honour of being the first of that kind." — "Here's another Diana," quoth the barber, "the second of that name, by Salmantino, (of Salamanca) nay, and a third too, by Gil Polo."—"Pray," said the curate, "let Salmantino increase the number of the criminals in the yard; but as for that by Gil Polo, preserve it as charily as if Apollo himself had wrote it; and go on as fast as you can, I beseech you, good neighbour, for it grows late."—"Here," quoth the barber, "I've a book called the Ten Books of the Fortunes of Love, by Anthony de Lofraco, a Sardinian poet."[2]—

[1] See Appendix, Note 14, Chapter VI.
[2] See Appendix, Note 15, Chapter VI.

"Now, by my holy orders," cried the curate, "I do not think since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, there ever was a more comical, more whimsical book! Of all the works of the kind commend me to this, for in its way 'tis certainly the best and most singular that ever was published, and he that never read it, may safely think that he never in his life read any thing that was pleasant. Give it me, neighbour," continued he, "for I am more glad to have found it, than if any one had given me a cassock of the best Florence serge." With that he laid it aside with extraordinary satisfaction, and the barber went on: "These that follow," cried he, "are the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Enares, and the Cure of Jealousy."—"Take them, jailor," quoth the curate, "and never ask me why, for then we shall ne'er have done."—"The next," said the barber, "is the Shepherd of Filida."[1]—"He's no shepherd," returned the curate, "but a very discreet courtier; keep him as a precious jewel."—"Here's a bigger," cried the barber, "called, The Treasure of divers Poems."[2]—"Had there been fewer of them," said the curate, "they would have been more esteemed.

[1] See Appendix, Note 16, Chapter VI.
[2] See Appendix, Note 17, Chapter VI.

'Tis fit the book should be pruned and cleared of several trifles that disgrace the rest: keep it, however, because the author is my friend, and for the sake of his other more heroic and lofty productions."—"Here's a book of songs by Lopez Maldonardo," cried the barber.—"He's also my particular friend," said the curate: "his verses are very well liked when he reads them himself; and his voice is so excellent, that they charm us whenever he sings them. He seems indeed to be somewhat too long in his eclogues; but can we ever have too much of a good thing? Let him be preserved among the best. What's the next book?"—"The Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes,"[1] replied the barber.—"That Cervantes has been my intimate acquaintance these many years," cried the curate; "and I know he has been more conversant with misfortunes than with poetry. His book indeed has I don't know what that looks like a good design; he aims at something, but concludes nothing: therefore we must stay for the second part, which he has promised us;* perhaps he may make us amends, and obtain a full pardon, which is denied him for the present; till that time, keep him close prisoner at

[1] See Appendix, Note 18, Chapter VI.

* Cervantes never performed this promise.

your house."—"I will," quoth the barber: "but see, I have here three more for you, the Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla, the Austirada of Juan Ruffo, a magistrate of Cordova, and the Monserrato of Christopher de Virves, a Valentian poet."—"These," cried the curate, "are the best heroic poems we have in Spanish, and may vie with the most celebrated of Italy: reserve them as the most valuable performance which Spain has to boast of in poetry."

At last the curate grew so tired with prying into so many volumes, that he ordered all the rest to be burnt at a venture.* But the barber shewed him one which he had opened by chance ere the dreadful sentence was past. "Truly," said the curate, who saw by the title it was the Tears of Angelica,[1] "I should have wept myself, had I caused such a book to share the condemnation of the rest; for the author was not only one of the best poets in Spain, but in the whole world, and translated some of Ovid's fables with extraordinary success."

* In the original, *à Carga Cerrada* (inside and contents unknown) a mercantile phrase used in their bills of lading.

[1] See Appendix, Note 19, Chapter VI.

CHAPTER VII.

DON QUIXOTE'S SECOND SALLY IN QUEST OF ADVENTURES.

WHILE they were thus employed, Don Quixote in a raving fit began to talk aloud to himself. "Here, here, valorous knights," cried he, "now's the time that you must exert the strength of your mighty arms; for lo, the courtiers bear away the honour of the tournament." This amazing outcry called away the inquisitors from any further examination of the library; and therefore the housekeeper and the niece being left to their own discretion, it is thought the Carolea and Leo of Spain, with the Deeds of the Emperor,[1] written by Don Lewis d'Avila, which to be sure were part of the collection, were committed to the flames unseen and unheard, without any legal trial; a fate which perhaps they might have escaped, had the curate been there to have weighed what might have been urged in their defence.

When they came into Don Quixote's chamber, they found him risen out of his bed as mad

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter VII.

as ever he was, tearing his throat, and making a heavy bustle, laying about him with his sword, back-stroke and fore-stroke, as broad awake as if he had never slept. They ran in upon him, caught him in their arms, and carried him to bed again by main force; where, after he was somewhat quiet and settled, turning himself to the curate, "Certainly," cried he, "my Lord Archbishop Turpin, 'tis a great dishonour to us who are called the twelve peers, to suffer the knights of the court to bear away the honour of the tournament without any further opposition, after we the knight adventurers had carried it for three days before."—"Be pacified, my good friend," replied the curate; "fortune may have yet a better success in reserve for you, and they who lose to-day may win to-morrow: at present think on your health, for doubtless you must needs be extremely tired, if not very much wounded."—"Wounded!" replied Don Quixote, "no; but as for being bruised, I will not deny it, for that base-born knight Don Orlando has battered all my limbs with the trunk of an oak, out of mere envy, because he sees that I only dare rival his exploits: but may I no more be called Rinaldo of Montalban, if, in spite of his enchantments, I do not make him severely pay for this as soon

as I can leave my bed; and therefore let my dinner be brought in, for 'tis what I want most at this juncture, and then let me alone to revenge this abuse." Accordingly they brought him some victuals, which when he had eaten, he fell asleep again, and they left him, all of them strangely amazed at his uncommon madness. That night the house-keeper burnt all the books, not only those in the yard, but all those that were in the house; and several suffered in the general calamity, that deserved to have been treasured up in everlasting archives, had not their fate and the remissness of the inquisitors ordered it otherwise. And thus they verified the proverb, *That the good often fare the worse for the bad.*

One of the expedients which the curate and the barber thought themselves of in order to their friend's recovery, was to stop up the door of the room where his books lay, that he might not find it, nor miss them when he rose; for they hoped the effect would cease when they had taken away the cause; and they ordered, that if he enquired about it, they should tell him, that a certain enchanter had carried away study, books and all. Two days after, Don Quixote being got up, the first thing he did was to go visit his darling books; and as he

could not find the study in the place where he had left it, he went up and down, and looked for it in every room. Sometimes he came to the place where the door used to stand, and then stood feeling and groping about a good while, then cast his eyes, and stared on every side, without speaking a word. At last, after a long deliberation, he thought fit to ask his house-keeper which was the way to his study. "What study," answered the woman, according to her instructions, "or rather, what nothing is it you look for? Alas! here's neither study nor books in the house now, for the devil is run away with them all."—"No, 'twas not the devil," said the niece, "but a conjuror, or an enchanter, as they call them, who, since you went, came hither one night mounted on a dragon on the top of a cloud, and then alighting, went into your study, where what he did, he and the devil best can tell, for a while after he flew out at the roof of the house, leaving it all full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find the books, nor so much as the very study; only the house-keeper and I very well remember, that when the old thief went away, he cried out aloud, that out of a private grudge which he bore in his mind to the owner of those books, he had

done the house a mischief, as we should soon perceive; and then I think he called himself the sage Muniaton." — "Not Muniaton, but Freston,[1] you should have said," cried Don Quixote. "Truly," quoth the niece, "I can't tell whether it was Freston or Friston, but sure I am that his name ended with a ton."—"It is so," returned Don Quixote, "for he is a famous necromancer, and my mortal enemy, and bears me a great deal of malice; for seeing by his art, that in spite of all his spells, in process of time I shall fight and vanquish in single combat a knight whose interests he espouses, therefore he endeavours to do me all manner of mischief; but I dare assure him, that he strives against the stream, nor can his power reverse the first decrees of fate."—"Who doubts of that?" cried the niece: "but, dear uncle, what makes you run yourself into these quarrels? had not you better stay at home, and live in peace and quietness, than go rambling up and down like a vagabond, and seeking for better bread than is made of wheat, without once so much as considering, that many go to seek wool, and come home shorn themselves."— "Oh, good niece," replied Don Quixote, "how ill thou understandest these matters! know,

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter VII.

that before I will suffer myself to be shorn, I will tear and pluck off the beards of all those audacious mortals, that shall attempt to profane the tip of one single hair within the verge of these mustachoes." To this neither the niece nor the governess thought fit to make any reply, for they perceived the knight to grow angry.

Full fifteen days did our knight remain quietly at home, without betraying the least sign of his desire to renew his rambling; during which time there passed a great deal of pleasant discourse between him and his two friends the curate and the barber; while he maintained, that there was nothing the world stood so much in need of as knights-errant; wherefore he was resolved to revive the order: in which dispute Mr Curate sometimes contradicted him, and sometimes submitted; for had he not now and then given way to his fancies, there would have been no conversing with him.

In the meantime Don Quixote earnestly solicited one of his neighbours, a country labourer, and a good honest fellow, if we may call a poor man honest, for he was poor indeed, poor in purse, and poor in brains; and, in short, the knight talked so long to him, plied him with so many arguments, and made him so

many fair promises, that at last the poor silly clown consented to go along with him, and become his squire. Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him, that it was likely such an adventure would present itself, as might secure him the conquest of some island in the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allured with these large promises, and many others, Sancho Pança (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbour's squire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his business to furnish himself with money; to which purpose, selling one house, mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good sum together. He also borrowed a target of a friend, and having patched up his head-piece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his squire notice of the day and hour when he intended to set out, that he might also furnish himself with what he thought necessary; but above all he charged him to provide himself with a wallet; which Sancho promised to do, telling him he would also take his ass along with him, which being a very good one, might

be a great ease to him, for he was not used to travel much a-foot. The mentioning of the ass made the noble knight pause a while; he mused and pondered whether he had ever read of any knight-errant, whose squire used to ride upon an ass; but he could not remember any precedent for it however, he gave him leave at last to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honourably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet. He also furnished himself with shirts, and as many other necessaries as he could conveniently carry, according to the inn-keeper's injunctions. Which being done, Sancho Pança, without bidding either his wife or children good-bye; and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his house-keeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, nor so much as suspected by anybody, and made such haste, that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued. As for Sancho Pança, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him.

Don Quixote happened to strike into the same road which he took the time before, that

is, the plains of Montiel, over which he travelled with less inconveniency than when he went alone, by reason it was yet early in the morning; at which time the sunbeams being almost parallel to the surface of the earth, and not directly darted down, as in the middle of the day, did not prove so offensive. As they jogged on, "I beseech your worship, Sir Knight-errant," quoth Sancho to his master, "be sure you don't forget what you promised me about the island; for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big."—"You must know, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered: now I am not only resolved to keep up that laudable custom, but even to improve it, and outdo my predecessors in generosity; for whereas sometimes, or rather most commonly, other knights delayed rewarding their squires till they were grown old, and worn out with services, bad days, worse nights, and all manner of hard duty, and then put them off with some title, either of count, or at least marquis of some valley or province, of great or small extent; now, if thou and I do but live, it may happen, that before we have passed six

days together, I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee; for then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for so strange accidents and revolutions, so sudden and so unforeseen, attend the profession of chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promised."—"Why, should this come to pass," quoth Sancho Pança, "and I be made a king by some such miracle, as your worship says, then happy be lucky, my Whither-d'ye-go Mary Gutierez would be at least a queen, and my children infantas and princes, an't like your worship."—"Who doubts of that?" cried Don Quixote.—"I doubt of it," replied Sancho Pança; "for I cannot help believing, that though it should rain kingdoms down upon the face of the earth, not one of them would sit well upon Mary Gutierez's head; for I must needs tell you, she's not worth two brass jacks to make a queen of: no, countess would be better for her, an't please you; and that too, God help her, will be as much as she can handsomely manage."—"Recommend the matter to providence," returned Don Quixote, "'twill be sure

to give what is most expedient for thee; but yet disdain to entertain inferior thoughts, and be not tempted to accept less than the dignity of a viceroy."—"No more I won't, sir," quoth Sancho, "especially since I have so rare a master as your worship, who will take care to give me whatever may be fit for me, and what I may be able to deal with."

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE GOOD SUCCESS WHICH THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE MOST TERRIFYING AND NEVER-TO-BE IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WIND-MILLS, WITH OTHER TRANSACTIONS WORTHY TO BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY.

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty wind-mills, that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter: and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils, for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven."—"What giants?" quoth Sancho Pança.—"Those whom thou see'st yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."—

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho; "those things yonder are no giants, but wind-mills, and the arms you fancy, are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."—"'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all." This said, he clapt spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him, that they were wind-mills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them: far from that, "Stand, cowards," cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all." At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when Dox Quixote spied, "Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance." He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady



Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first wind-mill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Pança ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow he and Rozinante had received. "Mercy o'me!" cried Sancho, "did not I give your worship fair warning? did not I tell you they were wind-mills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also wind-mills in his head?"—"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded, that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into wind-mills, to deprive me of the honour of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me. but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing

edge of my sword."—"Amen, say I," replied Sancho. And so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slip'd with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice;* for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventures in one so mightily frequented. However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, "I have read," said he, "friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight,[1] whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the sirname of† The Pounder, or Bruiser. I tell thee this, because I intend to tear up the next oak, or holm-tree, we meet; with the trunk whereof

* 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.

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter VIII.

† *Machuca*, from *Machucar*, to pound in a mortar.

I hope to perform such wondrous deeds, that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honour to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe."—"Heaven grant you may," cried Sancho: "I believe it all, because your worship says it. But, an't please you, sit a little more upright in your saddle; you ride sideling methinks; but that, I suppose, proceeds from your being bruised by the fall."—"It does so," replied Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds, though his bowels were dropping out through them."[1]—"Then I have no more to say," quoth Sancho; "and yet Heaven knows my heart, I should be glad to hear your worship hone a little now and then when something ails you: for my part, I shall not fail to bemoan myself when I suffer the smallest pain, unless indeed it can be proved, that the rule of not complaining extends to the squires as well as knights."

Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire; and told him he gave him leave to complain not only when he pleased, but as much as he pleased, whether

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter VIII.

he had any cause or no; for he had never yet read anything to the contrary in any books of chivalry. Sancho desired him, however, to consider, that it was high time to go to dinner; but his master answered him, that he might eat whenever he pleased; as for himself, he was not yet disposed to do it. Sancho having thus obtained leave, fixed himself as orderly as he could upon his ass; and taking some victuals out of his wallet, fell to munching lustily as he rode behind his master; and ever and anon he lifted his bottle to his nose, and fetched such hearty pulls, that it would have made the best pampered vintner in Malaga a-dry to have seen him. While he thus went on stuffing and swilling, he did not think in the least of all his master's great promises; and was so far from esteeming it a trouble to travel in quest of adventures, that he fancied it to be the greatest pleasure in the world, though they were never so dreadful.

In fine, they passed that night under some trees; from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch, which in some sort was able to serve him for a lance, and to this he fixed the head or spear of his broken lance. But he did not sleep all that night, keeping his thoughts intent on his dear Dulcinea, in imita-

tion of what he had read in books of chivalry, where the knights pass their time, without sleep, in forests and deserts, wholly taken up with the entertaining thoughts of their absent mistresses. As for Sancho, he did not spend the night at that idle rate; for, having his paunch well stuffed with something more substantial than dandelion-water, he made but one nap of it; and had not his master waked him, neither the sprightly beams which the sun darted on his face, nor the melody of the birds, that cheerfully on every branch welcomed the smiling morn, would have been able to have made him stir. As he got up, to clear his eye-sight, he took two or three long-winded swigs at his friendly bottle for a morning's draught: but he found it somewhat lighter than it was the night before; which misfortune went to his very heart, for he shrewdly mistrusted that he was not in a way to cure it of that distemper as soon as he could have wished. On the other side, Don Quixote would not break fast, having been feasting all night on the more delicate and savoury thoughts of his mistress; and therefore they went on directly towards the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three o'clock. When they came near it, "Here it is, brother Sancho," said Don

Quixote, "that we may wanton, and, as it were, thrust our arms up to the very elbows, in that which we call adventures. But let me give thee one necessary caution; know, that though thou should'st see me in the greatest extremity of danger, thou must not offer to draw thy sword in my defence, unless thou findest me assaulted by base plebeians and vile scoundrels; for in such a case thou may'st assist thy master: but if those with whom I am fighting are knights, thou must not do it; for the laws of chivalry do not allow thee to encounter a knight, till thou art one thyself."—"Never fear," quoth Sancho; "I'll be sure to obey your worship in that, I'll warrant you; for I have ever loved peace and quietness, and never cared to thrust myself into frays and quarrels: and yet I don't care to take blows at any one's hands neither; and should any knight offer to set upon me first, I fancy I should hardly mind your laws; for all laws, whether of God or man, allow one to stand in his own defence, if any offer to do him a mischief."—"I agree to that," replied Don Quixote; "but as for helping me against any knights, thou must set bounds to thy natural impulses."—"I'll be sure to do it," quoth Sancho; "never trust me if I don't keep

your commandments as well as I do the Sabbath."

As they were talking, they spied coming towards them two monks of the order of St Benedict mounted on two dromedaries, for the mules on which they rode were so high and stately, that they seemed little less. They wore riding-masks, with glasses at the eyes,[1] against the dust, and umbrellas to shelter them from the sun. After them came a coach, with four or five men on horseback, and two muleteers on foot. There proved to be in the coach a Biscayan lady, who was going to Seville to meet her husband, that was there in order to embark for the Indies, to take possession of a considerable post. Scarce had Don Quixote perceived the monks, who were not of the same company, though they went the same way, but he cried to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever was known; for without all question those two black things that move towards us must be some necromancers, that are carrying away by force some princess in that coach; and 'tis my duty to prevent so great an injury." – "I fear me this will prove a worse job than the wind-mills," quoth Sancho.—"'Slife, sir, don't

[1] See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter VIII.

you see these are Benedictine friars, and 'tis likely the coach belongs to some travellers that are in it. therefore once more take warning, and don't you be led away by the devil."—"I have already told thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "thou art miserably ignorant in matters of adventures what I say is true, and thou shalt find it so presently." This said, he spurred on his horse, and posted himself just in the midst of the road where the monks were to pass. And when they came within hearing, "Cursed implements of hell," cried he, in a loud and haughty tone, "immediately release those high-born princesses whom you are violently conveying away in the coach, or else prepare to meet with instant death, as the just punishment of your pernicious deeds." The monks stopt their mules, no less astonished at the figure, than at the expressions of the speaker. "Sir Knight," cried they, "we are no such persons as you are pleased to term us, but religious men, of the order of St Benedict, that travel about our affairs, and are wholly ignorant whether or no there are any princesses carried away by force in that coach."—"I am not to be deceived with fair words," replied Don Quixote; "I know you well enough, perfidious caitiffs;" and immediately, without

expecting their reply, he set spurs to Rozinante, and ran so furiously, with his lance couched, against the first monk, that if he had not prudently flung himself off to the ground, the knight would certainly have laid him either dead, or grievously wounded. The other observing the discourteous usage of his companion, clapped his heels to his over-grown mule's flanks, and scoured over the plain as if he had been running a race with the wind. Sancho Pança no sooner saw the monk fall, but he nimbly skipt off his ass, and running to him, began to strip him immediately; but then the two muleteers, who waited on the monks, came up to him, and asked why he offered to strip him? Sancho told them, that this belonged to him as lawful plunder, being the spoils won in battle by his lord and master Don Quixote. The fellows, with whom there was no jesting, not knowing what he meant by his spoils and battle, and seeing Don Quixote at a good distance in deep discourse by the side of the coach, fell both upon poor Sancho, threw him down, tore his beard from his chin, trampled on his guts, thumped and mauled him in every part of his carcase, and there left him sprawling without breath or motion. In the meanwhile the monk, scared out of his wits, and as pale as

a ghost, got upon his mule again as fast as he could, and spurred after his friend, who staid for him at a distance, expecting the issue of this strange adventure; but being unwilling to stay to see the end of it, they made the best of their way, making more signs of the cross than if the devil had been posting after them.

Don Quixote, as I said, was all that while engaged with the lady in the coach. "Lady," cried he, "your discretion is now at liberty to dispose of your beautiful self as you please; for the presumptuous arrogance of those who attempted to enslave your person lies prostrate in the dust, overthrown by this my strenuous arm: and that you may not be at a loss for the name of your deliverer, know I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, by profession a knight-errant and adventurer, captive to that peerless beauty Donna Dulcinea del Toboso: nor do I desire any other recompence for the service I have done you, but that you return to Toboso to present yourselves to that lady, and let her know what I have done to purchase your deliverance." To this strange talk, a certain Biscayan, the lady's squire, gentleman-usher, or what you will please to call him, who rode along with the coach, listened with great attention; and perceiving that Don Quixote not

only stopped the coach, but would have it presently go back to Toboso, he bore briskly up to him, and laying hold of his lance, "Get gone," cried he to him in bad Spanish and worse Biscayan.[1]* "Get gone, thou knight, and devil go with thou; or by he who me create, if thou do not leave the coach, me kill thee now so sure as me be a Biscayan." Don Quixote, who made shift to understand him well enough, very calmly made him this answer: "Wert thou a cavalier,† as thou art not, ere this I would have chastised thy insolence and temerity, thou inconsiderable mortal."—"What! me no gentleman?" replied the Biscayan, "I swear thou be a liar, as me be Christian. If thou throw away lance, and draw sword, me will make no more of thee than cat does of mouse. me will show thee me be Biscayan, and gentleman by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman in spite of devil; and thou lie if thou say contrary"—"I'll try titles with you as the man said,"[2] replied Don Quixote. and with that throwing away his lance, he drew his sword,

[1] See Appendix, Note 4, Chapter VIII.

* The Biscayners generally speak broken Spanish, wherefore the English is rendered accordingly.

† Cavallero in Spanish signifies a gentleman as well as a knight; and used in these different senses by the knight-errant and the gentleman-usher, causes the difference between Don Quixote and the Biscayner.

[2] See Appendix, Note 5, Chapter VIII.

grasped his target, and attacked the Biscayan, fully bent on his destruction. The Biscayan seeing him come on so furiously, would gladly have alighted, not trusting to his mule, which was one of those scurvy jades that are let out to hire; but all he had time to do was only to draw his sword, and snatch a cushion out of the coach to serve him instead of a shield; and immediately they assaulted one another with all the fury of mortal enemies. The by-standers did all they could to prevent their fighting; but it was in vain, for the Biscayan swore in his gibberish he would kill his very lady, and all those who presumed to hinder him, if they would not let him fight. The lady in the coach being extremely affrighted at these passages, made her coachman drive out of harm's way, and at a distance was an eye-witness of the furious combat. At the same time the Biscayan let fall such a mighty blow on Don Quixote's shoulder over his target, that had not his armour been sword-proof, he would have cleft him down to the very waist. The knight feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, "Oh! lady of my soul, Dulcinea! flower of all beauty, vouchsafe to succour your champion in this dangerous combat, undertaken to set forth your worth!" The

breathing out of this short prayer, the griping fast of his sword, the covering of himself with his shield, and the charging of his enemy, was but the work of a moment; for Don Quixote was resolved to venture the fortune of the combat all upon one blow. The Biscayan, who read his design in his dreadful countenance, resolved to face him with equal bravery, and stand the terrible shock, with uplifted sword, and covered with the cushion, not being able to manage his jaded mule, who, defying the spur, and not being cut out for such pranks, would move neither to the right nor to the left. While Don Quixote, with his sword aloft, was rushing upon the wary Biscayan, with a full resolution to cleave him asunder, all the spectators stood trembling with terror and amazement, expecting the dreadful event of those prodigious blows which threatened the two desperate combatants: the lady in the coach, with her women, were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that Providence might deliver them and the squire out of the great danger that threatened them.

But here we must deplore the abrupt end of this history, which the author leaves off just at the very point when the fortune of the battle

is going to be decided, pretending he could find nothing more recorded of Don Quixote's wondrous achievements than what he had already related. However, the second undertaker of this work could not believe, that so curious a history could lie for ever inevitably buried in oblivion; or that the learned of La Mancha were so regardless of their country's glory, as not to preserve in their archives, or at least in their closets, some memoirs, as monuments of this famous knight; and therefore he would not give over enquiring after the continuation of this pleasant history, till at last he happily found it, as the next Book will inform the reader

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

THE EVENT OF THE MOST STUPENDOUS COMBAT BETWEEN THE BRAVE BISCAYAN AND THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE.

In the First Book of this history, we left the valiant Biscayan and the renowned Don Quixote with their swords lifted up, and ready to discharge on each other two furious and most terrible blows, which had they fallen directly, and met with no opposition, would have cut and divided the two combatants from head to heel, and have split them like a pomegranate: but, as I said before, the story remained imperfect; neither did the author inform us where we might find the remaining part of the relation. This vexed me extremely, and turned the pleasure which the perusal of the beginning had afforded me into disgust, when I had reason to despair of ever seeing the rest. Yet, after all, it seemed to me no less impossible than unjust,

that so valiant a knight should have been destitute of some learned person to record his incomparable exploits; a misfortune which never attended any of his predecessors, I mean the knights adventurers, each of whom was always provided with one or two learned men, who were always at hand to write not only their wondrous deeds, but also to set down their thoughts and childish petty actions, were they never so hidden. Therefore, as I could not imagine that so worthy a knight should be so unfortunate as to want that which has been so profusely lavished even on such a one as Platyr,* and others of that stamp; I could not induce myself to believe that so admirable a history was ever left unfinished, and rather choose to think that time, the devourer of all things, had hid or consumed it. On the other side, when I considered that several modern books were found in his study, as the Cure of Jealousy, and the Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares,† I had reason to think that the history of our knight could be of no very ancient date; and that, had it never been continued, yet his neighbours and friends could not have forgot the

* A second-rate knight in Palmerin of England.

† Henares runs by the university of Alcale (*i. e.* Complutum) in Old Castile, and therefore much celebrated by Spanish poets bred in that university. They call it Henarius in Latin.

most remarkable passages of his life. Full of this imagination, I resolved to make it my business to make a particular and exact inquiry into the life and miracles of our renowned Spaniard Don Quixote, that refulgent glory and mirror of the knighthood of La Mancha, and the first who, in these depraved and miserable times, devoted himself to the neglected profession of knight-errantry, to redress wrongs and injuries, to relieve widows, and defend the honour of damsels; such of them, I mean, who in former ages rode up and down over hills and dales with whip in hand, mounted on their palfreys, with all their virginity about them, secure from all manner of danger, and who, unless they happened to be ravished by some boisterous villain or huge giant, were sure, at four-score years of age (all which time they never slept one night under a roof), to be decently laid in their graves, as pure virgins as the mothers that bore them. For this reason and many others, I say, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy everlasting and universal praise: nor ought I to be denied my due commendation for my indefatigable care and diligence, in seeking and finding out the continuation of this delightful history; though, after all, I must confess, that had not Providence, chance, or fortune, as

I will not inform you, assisted me in the discovery, the world had been deprived of two hours diversion and pleasure, which it is likely to afford to those who will read it with attention. One day being in the Alcana* at Toledo, I saw a young lad offer to sell a parcel of old written papers to a shopkeeper. Now, I being apt to take up the least piece of written or printed papers that lies in my way, though it were in the middle of the street, could not forbear laying my hands on one of the manuscripts, to see what it was, and I found it to be written in Arabic, which I could not read. This made me look about to see whether I could find e'er a Morisco† that understood Spanish,[1] to read it for me, and give me some account of it; nor was it very difficult to meet with an interpreter there; for had I wanted one for a better and more ancient tongue,‡ that place would have infallibly supplied me. It was my good fortune to find one immediately; and having informed him of my desire, he no sooner read some lines but he began to laugh. I asked him what he laughed at? "At a certain remark here in the margin of the book," said he.

* An exchange; a place full of shops.

† A Morisco is one of the race of the Moors.

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book II., Chapter I.

‡ Meaning some Jew, to interpret the Hebrew or Chaldee.

I prayed him to explain it, whereupon, still laughing, he did it in these words: "This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, is said to have had the best hand at salting of pork of any woman in all La Mancha." I was surprised when I heard him name Dulcinea del Toboso, and presently imagined that those old papers contained the history of Don Quixote. This made me press him to read the title of the book; which he did, turning it thus extemporary out of Arabic, "The History of Don Quixote De La Mancha; written By Cid Hamet Benengeli, An Arabian Historiographer." I was so overjoyed when I heard the title, that I had much ado to conceal it; and presently taking the bargain out of the shopkeeper's hand, I agreed with the young man for the whole, and bought that for half a real, which he might have sold me for twenty times as much, had he but guessed at the eagerness of his chapman. I immediately withdrew with my purchase to the cloister of the great church, taking the Moor with me; and desired him to translate me those papers that treated of Don Quixote, without adding or omitting the least word, offering him any reasonable satisfaction. He asked me but two arrobes* of raisins, and

* An arroba is about 32 lbs. weight.

two bushels of wheat, and promised me to do it faithfully with all expedition: in short, for the quicker dispatch, and the greater security, being unwilling to let such a lucky prize go out of my hands, I took the Moor to my own house, where in less than six weeks he finished the whole translation.

Don Quixote's fight with the Biscayan was exactly drawn on one of the leaves of the first quire, in the same posture as we left them, with their swords lifted up over their heads, the one guarding himself with his shield, the other with his cushion. The Biscayan's mule was pictured so to the life, that with half an eye you might have known it to be an hired mule. Under the Biscayan was written Don Sancho de Aspetia, and under Rozinante Don Quixote. Rozinante was so admirably delineated, so slim, so stiff, so lean, so jaded, with so sharp a ridge-bone, and altogether so like one wasted with an incurable consumption, that any one must have owned at first sight, that no horse ever better deserved that name. Not far off stood Sancho* Pança holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet there was a scroll, in which was written Sancho† Canças: and if we may judge of him by his picture, he was thick and short, paunch-bellied,

* Paunch. † Haunches, or thigh-bones.

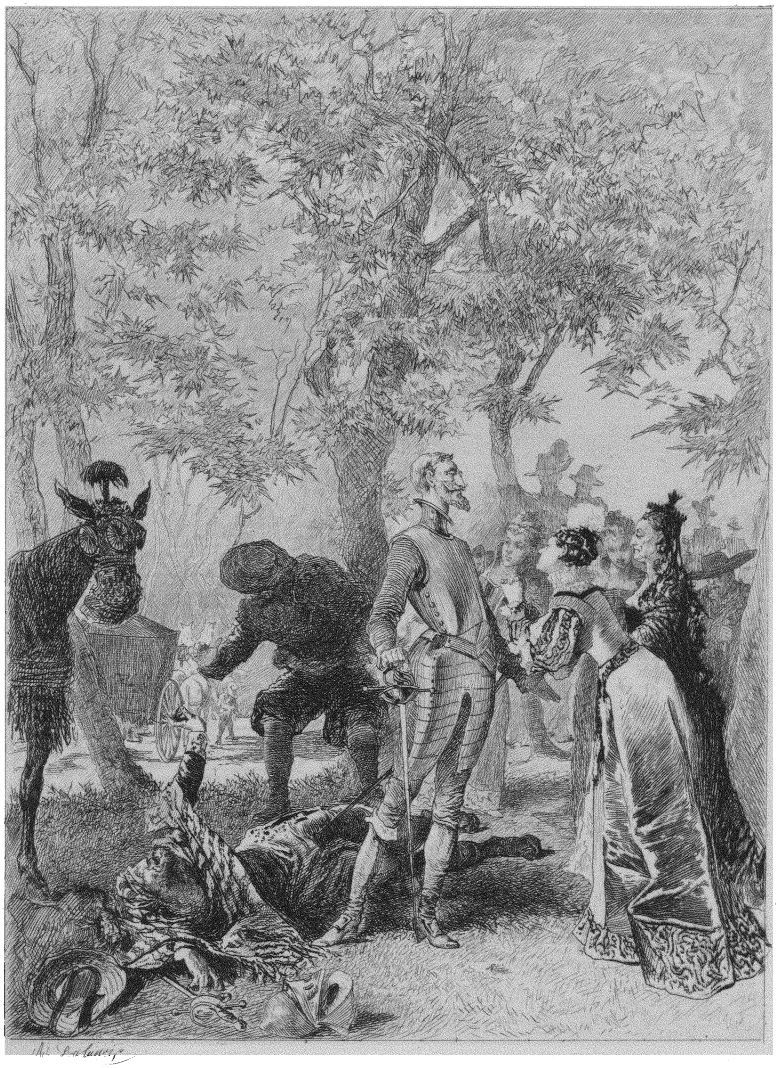
and long-haunched; so that in all likelihood for this reason he is sometimes called Pança and sometimes Cança, in the history. There were some other niceties to be seen in that piece, but hardly worth observation, as not giving any light into this true history, otherwise they had not passed unmentioned; for none can be amiss so they be authentic. I must only acquaint the reader, that if any objection is to be made as to the veracity of this, it is only the author is an Arabian, and those of that country are not a little addicted to lying: but yet, if we consider that they are our enemies, we should sooner imagine, that the author has rather suppressed the truth, than added to the real worth of our knight; and I am the more inclinable to think so, because it is plain, that where he ought to have enlarged on his praises, he maliciously chooses to be silent; a proceeding unworthy of an historian, who ought to be exact, sincere, and impartial; free from passion, and not to be biassed either by interest, fear, resentment, or affection, to deviate from truth, which is the mother of history, the preserver and eternizer of great actions, the professed enemy of obli vion' the witness of things passed, and the director of future times. As for this history, I know it will afford you as great a variety as you could wish,

in the most entertaining manner; and if in any point it falls short of your expectation, I am of opinion it is more the fault of the infidel its author, than the subject: and so let us come to the Second Book, which, according to our translation, began in this manner.

Such were the bold and formidable looks of the two enraged combatants, that with up-lifted arms, and with destructive steel, they seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and the infernal mansions; while the spectators seemed wholly lost in fear and astonishment. The choleric Biscayan discharged the first blow, and that with such a force, and so desperate a fury, that had not his sword turned in his hand, that single stroke had put an end to the dreadful combat, and all our knight's adventures. But fate, that reserved him for greater things, so ordered it, that his enemy's sword turned in such a manner, that though it struck him on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side of his head, carrying away with it a great part of his helmet and one half of his ear, which like a dreadful ruin fell together to the ground. Assist me, ye powers!—but it is in vain: the fury which then engrossed the breast of our hero of La Mancha is not to be expressed; words would but wrong it: for what colour of speech

can be lively enough to give but a slight sketch or faint image of his unutterable rage? Exerting all his valour, he raised himself upon his stirrups, and seemed even greater than himself; and at the same instant gripping his sword fast with both hands, he discharged such a tremendous blow full on the Biscayan's cushion and his head, that in spite of so good a defence, as if a whole mountain had fallen upon him, the blood gushed out at his mouth, nose, and ears, all at once, and he tottered so in his saddle, that he had fallen to the ground immediately, had he not caught hold of the neck of his mule: but the dull beast itself being roused out of its stupidity with that terrible blow, began to run about the fields; and the Biscayan, having lost his stirrups and his hold, with two or three winces the mule shook him off, and threw him on the ground. Don Quixote beheld the disaster of his foe with the greatest tranquillity and unconcern imaginable; and seeing him down, slipped nimbly from his saddle, and running to him, set the point of his sword to his throat, and bade him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so stunned, that he could make him no reply; and Don Quixote had certainly made good his threats, so provoked was he, had not the ladies in the coach, who with

great uneasiness and fear beheld the sad transactions, hastened to beseech Don Quixote very earnestly to spare his life. "Truly, beautiful ladies," said the victorious knight, with a great deal of loftiness and gravity, "I am willing to grant your request; but upon condition that this same knight shall pass his word of honour to go to Toboso, and there present himself in my name before the peerless lady Donna Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him as she shall see convenient." The lady, who was frightened almost out of her senses, without considering what Don Quixote enjoined, or enquiring who the lady Dulcinea was, promised in her squire's behalf a punctual obedience to the knight's commands. "Let him live then," replied Don Quixote, "upon your word, and owe to your intercession that pardon which I might justly deny his arrogance."



CHAPTER II.

WHAT FARTHER BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH THE BISCAYAN; AND OF THE DANGER HE RAN AMONG A PARCEL OF YANGUESIANS.

SANCHO PANÇA was got up again before this, not much better for the kicks and thumps bestowed on his carcase by the monks' grooms; and seeing his master engaged in fight, he went devoutly to prayers, beseeching heaven to grant him victory, that he might now win some island, in order to his being made governor of it, according to his promise. At last perceiving the danger was over, the combat at an end, and his master ready to mount again, he ran in all haste to help him; but ere the knight put his foot in the stirrup, Sancho fell on his knees before him, and, kissing his hand, "An't please your worship," cried he, "my good lord Don Quixote, I beseech you make me governor of the island you have won in this dreadful and bloody fight; for though it were never so great, I find myself able to govern it as well as the best he that ever went about to govern an island in the world." —"Brother Sancho," replied Don Quixote,

"these are no adventures of islands; these are only rencounters on the road, where little is to be got besides a broken head, or the loss of an ear. therefore have patience, and some adventure will offer itself, which will not only enable me to prefer thee to a government, but even to something more considerable." Sancho gave him a world of thanks; and having once more kissed his hand, and the skirts of his coat of armour, he helped him to get upon Rozinante; and then leaping on his ass, he followed the hero, who, without taking leave of those in the coach, put on a good round pace, and rode into a wood, that was not far off. Sancho made after him as fast as his ass would trot; but finding Rozinante was like to leave him behind, he was forced to call to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote accordingly checked his horse, and soon gave Sancho leisure to overtake him.

"Methinks, sir," said the fearful squire, as soon as he came up with him, "it won't be amiss for us to betake ourselves to some church, to get out of harm's way; for if that same man whom you have fought with should do otherwise than well, I dare lay my life they will get a warrant from the holy brotherhood,[1] and have

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book II., Chapter II.

us taken up; which if they do, on my word it will go hard with us ere we can get out of their clutches." — "Hold thy tongue," cried Don Quixote: "where did'st thou ever read, or find that a knight-errant was ever brought before any judge for the homicides which he committed."—"I can't tell what you mean by your homilies," replied Sancho; "I do not know that ever I saw one in my born days, not I. but well I wot, that the law lays hold on those that goes to murder one another in the fields; and for your what d'ye call them's, I've nothing to say to them."—"Then be not afraid, good Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "for I would deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans,[1] and with much more ease out of those of the holy brotherhood. But come, tell me truly, dost thou believe that the whole world can boast of another knight that may pretend to rival me in valour? did'st thou ever read in history, that any other ever shewed more resolution to undertake, more vigour to attack, more breath to hold out, more dexterity and activity to strike, and more art and force to overthrow his enemies?"—"Not I, by my troth," replied Sancho, "I never did meet with anything like you in history, for I can neither read nor write; but that which I

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Book II., Chapter II.

dare wager is, that I never in my life served a bolder master than your worship: pray heaven this same boldness may not bring us to what I bid you beware of. All I have to put you in mind of now is, that you get your ear dressed, for you lose a deal of blood; and by good luck I have here some lint and a little white salve in my wallet."—"How needless would all this have been," cried Don Quixote, "had I but bethought myself of making a small bottle-full of the balsam of Fierabras?[1] a single drop of which would have spared us a great deal of time and medicaments."—"What is that same balsam, an't please you?" cried Sancho.—"A balsam," answered Don Quixote, "of which I have the receipt in my head. He that has some of it may defy death itself, and dally with all manner of wounds: therefore when I have made some of it, and given it to thee, if at any time thou happenest to see my body cut in two by some unlucky back-stroke, as 'tis common among us knights-errant, thou hast no more to do but to take up nicely that half of me which is fallen to the ground, and clap it exactly to the other half on the saddle before the blood is congealed, always taking care to lay it just in its proper place; then thou shalt give me two draughts

[1] See Appendix, Note 3, Book II., Chapter II.

of that balsam, and thou shalt immediately see me become whole, and sound as an apple."—"If this be true," quoth Sancho, "I will quit you of your promise about the island this minute of an hour, and will have nothing of your worship for what service I have done, and am to do you, but the receipt of that same balsam; for, I dare say, let me go wherever I will, it will be sure to yield me three good reals an ounce; and thus I shall make shift to pick a pretty good livelihood out of it. But stay though," continued he, "does the making stand your worship in much, sir?"—"Three quarts of it," replied Don Quixote, "may be made for three reals."—"Body of me," cried Sancho, "why do not you make some out of hand, and teach me how to make it?"—"Say no more, friend Sancho," returned Don Quixote; "I intend to teach thee much greater secrets, and design thee nobler rewards; but in the meantime dress my ear, for it pains me more than I could wish." Sancho then took his lint and ointment out of his wallet; but when Don Quixote perceived the vizor of his helmet was broken, he had like to have run stark staring mad; straight laying hold on his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, "By the great Creator of the universe," cried he, "by every syllable contained in the

four holy evangelists, I swear to lead a life like the great Marquis of Mantua,[1] when he made a vow to revenge the death of his cousin Baldwin, which was never to eat bread on a table-cloth, never to lie with the dear partner of his bed, and other things, which, though they are now at present slipped out of my memory, I comprise in my vow no less than if I had now mentioned them; and this I bind myself to, till I have fully revenged myself on him that has done me this injury."

"Good, your worship," cried Sancho (amazed to hear him take such a horrid oath), "think on what you are doing; for if that same knight has done as you bid him, and has gone and cast himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I do not see but you and he are quit; and the man deserves no further punishment, unless he does you some new mischief."—"'Tis well observed," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore as to the point of revenge, I revoke my oath; but I renew and confirm the rest, protesting solemnly to lead the life I mentioned, till I have by force of arms despoiled some knight of as good a helmet as mine was. Neither do thou fancy, Sancho, that I make this protestation lightly, or make a smoke of

[1] See Appendix, Note 4, Book II., Chapter II.

straw · no, I have a laudable precedent for it, the authority of which will sufficiently justify my imitation, for the very same thing happened about Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear."—"Good sir," quoth Sancho, "let all such cursing and swearing go to the devil; there's nothing can be worse for your soul's health, nay for your bodily health neither. Besides, suppose we should not this good while meet any one with a helmet on, what a sad case should we then be in? Will your worship then keep your oath in spite of so many hardships, such as to lie rough for a month together, far from any inhabited place, and a thousand other idle penances which that mad old Marquis of Mantua punished himself with by his vow? Do but consider, that we may ride I do not know how long upon this road without meeting any armed knight to pick a quarrel with; for here are none but carriers and waggoners, who are so far from wearing any helmets, that it is ten to one whether they ever heard of such a thing in their lives."—"Thou art mistaken, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for we shall not be two hours this way without meeting more men in arms than there were at the siege of Albraca,[1] to carry off the fair

[1] See Appendix, Note 5, Book II., Chapter II.

Angelica."—"Well then, let it be so," quoth Sancho; "and may we have the luck to come off well, and quickly win that island which costs me so dear, and then I do not matter what befalls me."—"I have already bid thee not trouble thyself about this business, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for should we miss of an island, there is either the kingdom of Denmark or that of Sobradisa,* as fit for thy purpose as a ring to thy finger; and what ought to be no small comfort to thee, they are both upon *Terra firma*.† But we'll talk of this in its proper season: at this time I would have thee see whether thou hast anything to eat in thy wallet, that we may afterwards seek for some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam I told thee; for I protest my ear smarts extremely."—"I have here an onion," replied the squire, "a piece of cheese, and a few stale crusts of bread; but sure such coarse fare is not for such a brave knight as your worship."—"Thou art grossly mistaken, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "know, that it is the glory of knights-errant to be whole months without eating: and when they do, they fall

* A fictitious kingdom in Amadis de Gaul.

† In allusion to the famous Firm Island, in Amadis de Gaul, the land of promise to the faithful squires of knights-errant.

upon the first thing they meet with, though it be never so homely. Hadst thou but read as many books as I have done, thou hadst been better informed as to that point; for though I think I have read as many histories of chivalry in my time as any other man, I never could find that the knights-errant ever eat, unless it were by mere accident, or when they were invited to great feasts and royal banquets; at other times they indulged themselves with little other food besides their thoughts. Though it is not to be imagined they could live without supplying the exigencies of human nature, as being after all no more than mortal men, yet it is likewise to be supposed, that as they spent the greatest part of their lives in forests and deserts, and always destitute of a cook, consequently their usual food was but such coarse country fare as thou now offerest me. Never then make thyself uneasy about what pleases me, friend Sancho, nor pretend to make a new world, nor to unhinge the very constitution and ancient customs of knight-errantry."

"I beg your worship's pardon," cried Sancho; "for as I was never bred a scholar, I may chance to have missed in some main point of your laws of knighthood; but from this time forward I will be sure to stock my wallet with all sorts of

dry fruits for you, because your worship is a knight; as for myself, who am none, I will provide good poultry and other substantial victuals."—"I do not say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that a knight-errant is obliged to feed altogether upon fruit; I only mean, that this was their common food, together with some roots and herbs, which they found up and down the fields, of all which they had a perfect knowledge as I myself have."—"'Tis a good thing to know those herbs," cried Sancho, "for I am much mistaken, or that kind of knowledge will stand us in good stead ere long. In the meantime," continued he, "here's what good heaven has sent us." With that he pulled out the provision he had, and they fell to heartily together. But their impatience to find out a place where they might be harboured that night, made them shorten their sorry meal, and mount again, for fear of being benighted. so away they put on in search of a lodging. But the sun and their hopes failed them at once, as they came to a place where some goat-herds had set up some small huts; and therefore they concluded to take up their lodging there that night. This was as great a mortification to Sancho, who was altogether for a good town, as it was a pleasure to

his master, who was for sleeping in the open fields, as believing, that as often as he did it, he confirmed his title to knighthood by a new act of possession.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GOATHERDS.

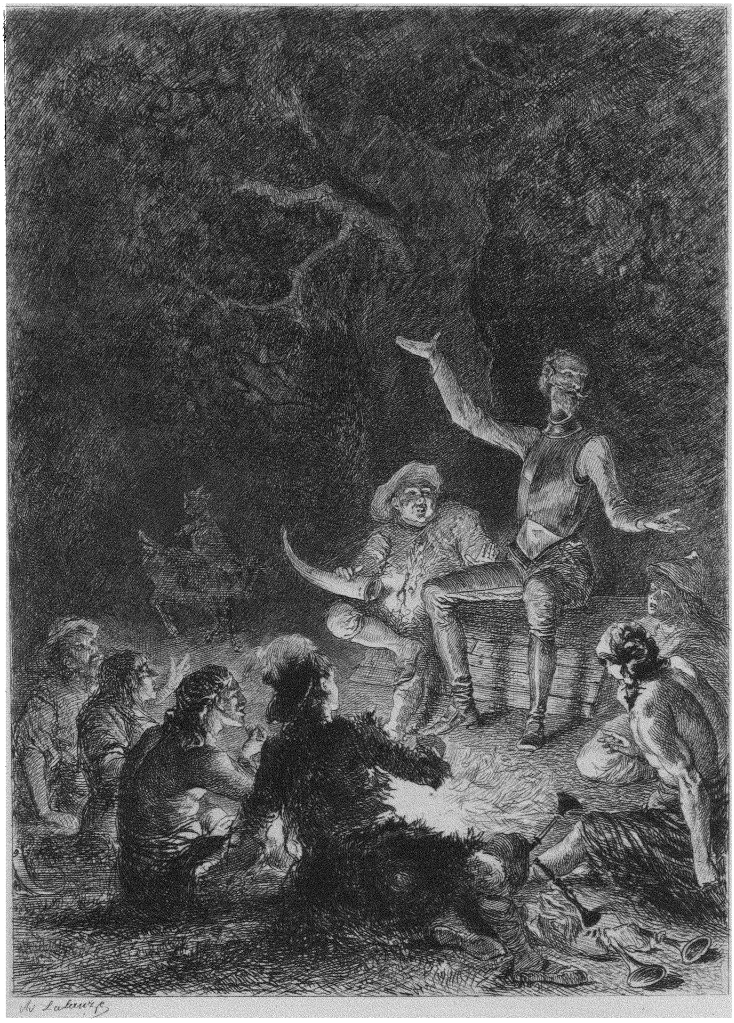
THE knight was very courteously received by the goat-herds; and as for Sancho, after he had set up Rozinante and his ass as well as he could, he presently repaired to the attractive smell of some pieces of kid's flesh which stood boiling in a kettle over the fire. The hungry squire would immediately have tried whether they were fit to be removed out of the kettle into the stomach, but was not put to that trouble; for the goat-herds took them off the fire and spread some sheep-skins on the ground, and soon got their rural feast ready; and cheerfully invited his master and him to partake of what they had. Next, with some coarse compliment, after the country way, they desired Don Quixote to sit down on a trough with the bottom upwards; and then six of them, who were all that belonged to that fold, squatted them down round the skins, while Sancho stood to wait upon his master, and gave him drink in a horn cup,

which the goat-herds used. But he seeing his man stand behind, said to him, "That thou mayest understand, Sancho, the benefits of knight-errantry, and how the meanest retainers to it have a fair prospect of being speedily esteemed and honoured by the world, it is my pleasure that thou sit thee down by me, in the company of these good people; and that there be no difference now observed between thee and me, thy natural lord and master; that thou eat in the same dish, and drink in the same cup; for it may be said of knight-errantry as of love, that it makes all things equal."—"I thank your worship," cried Sancho; "but yet I must needs own, had I but a good deal of meat before me, I'd eat it as well, or rather better, standing, and by myself, than if I sat by an emperor; and, to deal plainly and truly with you, I had rather munch a crust of brown bread and an onion in a corner, without any more ado or ceremony, than feed upon turkey at another man's table, where one is fain to sit mincing and chewing his meat an hour together, drink little, be always wiping his fingers and his chops, and never dare to cough nor sneeze, though he has never so much a mind to it, nor do a many things which a body may do freely by one's self therefore, good sir, change those tokens of your

kindness which I have a right to by being your worship's squire, into something that may do me more good. As for these same honours, I heartily thank you as much as if I had accepted them, but yet I give up my right to them from this time to the world's end." — "Talk no more," replied Don Quixote, "but sit thee down, for the humble shall be exalted;" and so pulling him by the arms, he forced him to sit by him.

All this while the goat-herds, who did not understand this jargon of knights-errant, chivalry, and squires, fed heartily, and said nothing, but stared upon their guests; who very fairly swallowed whole luncheons as big as their fists with a mighty appetite. The first course being over, they brought in the second, consisting of dried acorns, and half a cheese as hard as a brick; nor was the horn idle all the while, but went merrily round up and down so many times, sometimes full, and sometimes empty, like the two buckets of a well, that they made shift at last to drink off one of the two skins of wine which they had there. And now Don Quixote having satisfied his appetite, he took a handful of acorns, and looking earnestly upon them, "O happy age,"[1] cried he, "which our

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book II., Chapter III.



first parents called the age of gold! not because gold, so much adored in this iron-age, was then easily purchased, but because those two fatal words, mine and thine, were distinctions unknown to the people of those fortunate times; for all things were in common in that holy age: men, for their sustenance, needed only to lift their hands, and take it from the sturdy oak, whose spreading arms liberally invited them to gather the wholesome savoury fruit; while the clear springs, and silver rivulets, with luxuriant plenty, offered them their pure refreshing water. In hollow trees, and in the clefts of rocks, the labouring and industrious bees erected their little commonwealths, that men might reap with pleasure and with ease the sweet and fertile harvest of their toils. The tough and strenuous cork-trees did of themselves, and without other art than their native liberality, dismiss and impart their broad light bark, which served to cover those lowly huts, propped up with rough hewn stakes, that were first built as a shelter against the inclemencies of the air: all then was union, all peace, all love and friendship in the world: as yet no rude ploughshare presumed with violence to pry into the pious bowels of our mother Earth, for she without compulsion kindly yielded from every part

of her fruitful and spacious bosom, whatever might at once satisfy, sustain, and indulge, her frugal children. Then was the time when innocent beautiful young shepherdesses went tripping over the hills and vales: their lovely hair sometimes plaited, sometimes loose and flowing, clad in no other vestment but what was necessary to cover decently what modesty would always have concealed. the Tyrian die, and the rich glossy hue of silk, martyred and dissembled into every colour, which are now esteemed so fine and magnificent, were unknown to the innocent plainness of that age; yet bedecked with more becoming leaves and flowers, they may be said to outshine the proudest of the vain-dressing ladies of our age, arrayed in the most magnificent garbs and all the most sumptuous adornings which idleness and luxury have taught succeeding pride: lovers then expressed the passion of their souls in the unaffected language of the heart, with the native plainness and sincerity in which they were conceived, and divested of all that artificial contexture, which enervates what it labours to enforce · imposture, deceit, and malice, had not yet crept in, and imposed themselves unbribed upon mankind in the disguise of truth and simplicity; justice, unbiassed either by favour or

interest, which now so fatally pervert it, was equally and impartially dispensed; nor was the judge's fancy law, for then there were neither judges, nor causes to be judged; the modest maid might walk wherever she pleased alone, free from the attacks of lewd lascivious importuners. But in this degenerate age, fraud and a legion of ills infecting the world, no virtue can be safe, no honour be secure; while wanton desires, diffused in the hearts of men, corrupt the strictest watches, and the closest retreats; which, though as intricate and unknown as the labyrinth of Crete, are no security for chastity. Thus that primitive innocence being vanished, and oppression daily prevailing, there was a necessity to oppose the torrent of violence: for which reason the order of knighthood-errant was instituted, to defend the honour of virgins, protect widows, relieve orphans, and assist all the distressed in general. Now I myself am one of this order, honest friends, and though all people are obliged by the law of nature to be kind to persons of my order; yet since you, without knowing any thing of this obligation, have so generously entertained me, I ought to pay you my utmost acknowledgment, and, accordingly, return you my most hearty thanks for the same."

All this long oration, which might very well have been spared, was owing to the acorns that recalled the golden age to our knight's remembrance, and made him thus hold forth to the goat-herds, who devoutly listened, but edified little, the discourse not being suited to their capacities. Sancho, as well as they, was silent all the while, eating acorns, and frequently visiting the second skin of wine, which for coolness sake was hung upon a neighbouring cork-tree. As for Don Quixote, he was longer, and more intent upon his speech than upon supper. When he had done, one of the goat-herds addressing himself to him, "Sir Knight," said he, "that you may be sure you are heartily welcome, we will get one of our fellows to give us a song; he is just a-coming: a good notable young lad he is, I will say that for him, and up to the ears in love. He is a scholard, and can read and write; and plays so rarely upon the rebeck * that it is a charm but to hear him." No sooner were the words out of the goat-herd's mouth, but they heard the sound of the instrument he spoke of, and presently appeared a good comely young man of about two-and-twenty years of age. The goat-herds asked him if he had supped? and he having told

* A fiddle, with only three strings, used by shepherds.

them he had, "Then, dear Antonio," says the first speaker, "pray thee sing us a song, to let this gentleman, our guest, see that we have those among us who know somewhat of music, for all we live amidst woods and mountains. We have told him of thee already; therefore, pray thee make our words good, and sing us the ditty thy uncle the prebendary made of thy love, that was so liked in our town."—"With all my heart," replied Antonio; and so without any further entreaty, sitting down on the stump of an oak, he tuned his fiddle, and very handsomely sung the following song.

ANTONIO'S AMOROUS COMPLAINT

THOUGH love ne'er prattles at your eyes,
(The eyes those silent tongues of love)
Yet sure, Olalia, you're my prize:
For truth, with zeal, even heaven can move.
I think, my love, you only try,
Even while I fear you've sealed my doom:
So, though involved in doubts I lie,
Hope sometimes glimmers through the gloom.
A flame so fierce, so bright, so pure,
No scorn can quench, or art improve:
Thus like a martyr I endure;
For there's a heaven to crown my love.
In dress and dancing I have strove
My proudest rivals to outvy;
In serenades I've breathed my love,
When all things slept but love and I.
I need not add, I speak your praise,
Till every nymph's disdain I move;

Though thus a thousand foes I raise,
'Tis sweet to praise the fair I love.
Teresa once your charms debased,
But I her rudeness soon reproved:
In vain her friend my anger faced;
For then I fought for her I loved.
Dear cruel fair, why then so coy?
How can you so much love withstand?
Alas! I crave no lawless joy,
But with my heart would give my hand.
Soft, easy, strong is Hymen's tye:
Oh! then no more the bliss refuse.
Oh! wed me, or I swear to die,
Or linger wretched and recluse.

Here Antonio ended his song; Don Quixote entreated him to sing another, but Sancho Pança, who had more mind to sleep than to hear the finest singing in the world, told his master, there is enough. "Good sir," quoth he, "your worship had better go and lie down where you are to take your rest this night; besides, these good people are tired with their day's labour, and rather want to go to sleep, than to sit up all night to hear ballads."—"I understand thee, Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "and indeed I thought thy frequent visiting the bottle would make thee fonder of sleep than of music."—"Make us thankful," cried Sancho, "we all liked the wine well enough." "I do not deny it," replied Don Quixote; "but go thou and lay thee down where thou pleasest; as for me, it better becomes a man of my pro-

fession to wake than to sleep: yet stay and dress my ear before thou goest, for it pains me extremely." Thereupon one of the goatherds beholding the wound, as Sancho offered to dress it, desired the knight not to trouble himself, for he had a remedy that would quickly cure him; and then fetching a few rosemary leaves, which grew in great plenty thereabout, he bruised them, and mixed a little salt among them, and having applied the medicine to the ear, he bound it up, assuring him, he needed no other remedy; which in a little time proved very true.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY WHICH A YOUNG GOAT-HERD TOLD TO THOSE THAT WERE WITH DON QUIXOTE.

A YOUNG fellow, who used to bring them provisions from the next village, happened to come while this was doing, and addressing himself to the goat-herds, "Hark ye, friends," said he, "d'ye hear the news?"—"What news?" cried one of the company. "That fine shepherd and scholar Chrysostome died this morning," answered the other; "and they say it was for love of that devilish untoward lass Marcella, rich William's daughter, that goes up and down the country in the habit of a shepherdess." —"For Marcella!" cried one of the goat-herds. —"I say for her," replied the fellow, "and what is more, it is reported, he has ordered by his will, they should bury him in the fields like any heathen Moor, just at the foot of the rock, hard by the cork-tree fountain, where they say he had the first sight of her. Nay, he has likewise ordered many other strange things to be done, which the heads of the

parish won't allow of, for they seem to be after the way of the Pagans. But Ambrose, the other scholar, who likewise apparelled himself like a shepherd, is resolved to have his friend Chrysostome's will fulfilled in everything, just as he has ordered it. All the village is in an uproar. But after all, it is thought Ambrose and his friends will carry the day; and to-morrow morning he is to be buried in great state where I told you. I fancy it will be worth seeing; howsoever, be it what it will, I will even go and see it, even though I could not get back again to-morrow."—"We will all go," cried the goat-herds, "and cast lots who shall tarry to look after the goats."—"Well said, Peter," cried one of the goat-herds; "but as for casting of lots, I will save you that labour, for I will stay myself, not so much out of kindness to you neither, or want of curiosity, as because of the thorn in my toe, that will not let me go." —"Thank you, however," quoth Peter. Don Quixote, who heard all this, entreated Peter to tell him who the deceased was, and also to give him a short account of the shepherdess.

Peter made answer, that all he knew of the matter was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, who lived not far off; that he had been several years at the university of Sala-

manca, and then came home mightily improved in his learning. "But above all," quoth he, "it was said of him, that he had great knowledge in the stars, and whatsoever the sun and moon do in the skies, for he would tell us to a tittle the clip of the sun and moon."—"We call it an eclipse," cried Don Quixote, "and not a clip, when either of those two great luminaries are darkened."—"He would also," continued Peter, who did not stand upon such nice distinctions, "foretell when the year would be plentiful or *estil*."—"You would say *steril*," cried Don Quixote.—"*Steril* or *estil*," replied the fellow, "that is all one to me: but this I say, that his parents and friends, being ruled by him, grew woundy rich in a short time;[1] for he would tell them, This year sow barley and no wheat: in this you may sow pease, and no barley. next year will be a good year for oil: the three after that you shan't gather a drop, and whatsoever he said would certainly come to pass."—"That science," said Don Quixote, "is called astrology."—"I do not know what you call it," answered Peter, "but I know he knew all this, and a deal more. But in short, within some few months after he had left the versity, on a certain morning we saw him come dressed for all

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book II., Chapter IV

the world like a shepherd, and driving his flock, having laid down the long gown, which he used to wear as a scholar. At the same time one Ambrose, a great friend of his, who had been his fellow scholar also, took upon him to go like a shepherd, and keep him company, which we all did not a little marvel at. I had almost forgot to tell you how he that is dead was a mighty man for making of verses, insomuch that he commonly made the carols we sung in Christmas Eve, and the plays which the young lads in our neighbourhood enacted on Corpus Christi day;[1] and every one would say, that nobody could mend them. Somewhat before that time Chrysostome's father died, and left him a deal of wealth, both in land, money, cattle, and other goods, whereof the young man remained dissolute master; and in troth he deserved it all, for he was as good-natured a soul as e'er trod on shoe of leather; mighty good to the poor, a main friend to all honest people, and had a face like a blessing. At last it came to be known, that the reason of his altering his garb in that fashion, was only that he might go up and down after that shepherdess Marcella, whom our comrade told you of before, for he was fallen mightily in love

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Book II., Chapter IV

with her. And now I will tell you such a thing you never heard the like in your born days, and may not chance to hear of such another while you breathe, though you were to live as long as Sarnah."—"Say Sarah," cried Don Quixote, who hated to hear him blunder thus. —"The Sarna, or the itch, for that is all one with us," quoth Peter, "lives long enough too; but if you go on thus, and make me break off my tale at every word, we are not like to have done this twelve-month."—"Pardon me, friend," replied Don Quixote; "I only spoke to make thee understand that there is a difference between Sarna and Sarah: however, thou sayest well; for the Sarna (that is, the itch) lives longer than Sarah; therefore pray make an end of thy story, for I will not interrupt thee any more."

"Well then," quoth Peter, "you must know, good master of mine, that there lived near us one William, a yeoman, who was richer yet than Chrysostome's father; now he had no child in the versal world but a daughter; her mother died in child-bed of her (rest her soul), and was as good a woman as ever went upon two legs. methinks I see her yet standing afore me, with that blessed face of hers, the sun on one side, and the moon on the t'other. She

was a main house-wife, and did a good deal among the poor; for which I dare say she is at this minute in paradise. Alas! her death broke old William's heart; he soon went after her, poor man, and left all to his little daughter, that Marcella by name, giving charge of her to her uncle, the parson of our parish. Well, the girl grew such a fine child, and so like her mother, that it used to put us in mind of her every foot: however, 'twas thought that she'd make a finer woman yet: and so it happened indeed; for, by that time she was fourteen or fifteen years of age, no man set his eyes on her, that did not bless heaven for having made her so handsome; so that most men fell in love with her, and were ready to run mad for her. All this while her uncle kept her up very close: yet the report of her great beauty and wealth spread far and near, insomuch, that she had I don't know how many sweethearts, almost all the young men in our town asked her of her uncle; nay, from I don't know how many leagues about us, there flocked whole droves of suitors, and the very best in the country too, who all begged, and sued, and teazed her uncle to let them have her. But though he'd have been glad to have got fairly rid of her, as soon as she was fit for a husband, yet would not he

advise or marry her against her will; for he's a good man, I'll say that for him, and a true Christian every inch of him, and scorns to keep her from marrying to make a benefit of her estate; and, to his praise be it spoken, he has been mainly commended for it more than once, when the people of our parish meet together For I must tell you, Sir Errant, that here in the country, and in our little towns, there is not the least thing can be said or done, but people will talk and find fault: but let busy-bodies prate as they please, the parson must have a good body indeed, who could bring his whole parish to give him a good word, especially in the country."—"Thou art in the right," cried Don Quixote, "and therefore go on, honest Peter, for the story is pleasant, and thou tellest it with a grace."—"May I never want God's grace," quoth Peter, "for that is most to the purpose. But for our parson, as I told you before, he was not for keeping his niece from marrying, and therefore he took care to let her know of all those that would have taken her to wife, both what they were, and what they had, and he was at her, to have her pitch upon one of them for a husband; yet would she never answer otherwise, but that she had no mind to wed as yet, as finding herself too

young for the burden of wedlock. With these and such like come-offs, she got her uncle to let her alone, and wait till she thought fit to choose for herself: for he was won't to say, that parents are not to bestow their children where they bear no liking; and in that he spoke like an honest man. And thus it happened, that when we least dreamed of it, that coy lass, finding herself at liberty, would needs turn shepherdess; and neither her uncle, nor all those of the village who advised her against it, could work anything upon her, but away she went to the fields to keep her own sheep with the other young lasses of the town. But then it was ten times worse; for no sooner was she seen abroad, when I cannot tell how many spruce gallants, both gentlemen and rich farmers, changed their garb for love of her, and followed her up and down in shepherd's guise. One of them, as I have told you, was this same Chrysostome, who now lies dead, of whom it is said, he not only loved, but worshipped her. Howsoever, I would not have you think or surmise, because Marcella took that course of life, and was as it were under no manner of keeping, that she gave the least token of naughtiness or light behaviour; for she ever was, and is still, so coy, and so watchful to keep

her honour pure and free from evil tongues, that among so many wooers who suitor her, there is not one can make his brags of having the least hope of ever speeding with her. For though she does not shun the company of shepherds, but uses them courteously, so far as they behave themselves handsomely, yet whensoever any one of them does but offer to break his mind to her, be it never so well meant, and only in order to marry, she casts him away from her, as with a sling, and will never have any more to say to him.

"And thus this fair maiden does more harm in this country than the plague would do; for her courteousness and fair looks draw on everybody to love her; but then her dogged stubborn coyness breaks their hearts, and makes them ready to hang themselves; and all they can do, poor wretches, is to make a heavy complaint, and call her cruel, unkind, ungrateful, and a world of such names, whereby they plainly shew what a sad condition they are in: were you but to stay here some time, you'd hear these hills and vallies ring again with the doleful moans of those she has denied, who yet cannot, for the blood of them, give over sneaking after her. We have a place not far off, where there are some two dozen of beech trees,

and on them all you may find I don't know how many Marcellas cut in the smooth bark. On some of them there is a crown carved over the name, as much as to say that Marcella bears away the crown, and deserves the garland of beauty. Here sighs one shepherd, there another whines; here is one singing doleful ditties, there another is wringing his hands and making woful complaints. You shall have one lay him down at night at the foot of a rock, or some oak, and there lie weeping and wailing without a wink of sleep, and talking to himself till the sun finds him the next morning; you shall have another lie stretched upon the hot sandy ground, breathing his sad lamentations to heaven, without heeding the sultry heat of the summer sun. And all this while the hard-hearted Marcella ne'er minds any one of them, and does not seem to be the least concerned for them. We are all mightily at a loss to know what will be the end of all this pride and coyness, who shall be the happy man that shall at last tame her, and bring her to his lure. Now because there is nothing more certain than all this, I am the more apt to give credit to what our comrade has told us, as to the occasion of Chrysostome's death; and therefore I would needs

have you go and see him laid in his grave to-morrow, which I believe will be worth your while, for he had many friends, and it is not half a league to the place where it was his will to be buried."—"I intend to be there," answered Don Quixote, "and in the meantime I return thee many thanks for the extraordinary satisfaction this story has afforded me."—"Alas! Sir Knight," replied the goat-herd, "I have not told you half the mischiefs this proud creature hath done here, but to-morrow mayhap we shall meet some shepherd by the way that will be able to tell you more. Meanwhile it won't be amiss for you to take your rest in one of the huts; for the open air is not good for your wound, though what I've put to it is so special a medicine that there's not much need to fear but 'twill do well enough." Sancho, who was quite out of patience with the goat-herd's long story, and wished him at the devil for his pains, at last prevailed with him to lie down in Peter's hut, where Don Quixote, in imitation of Marcella's lovers, devoted the remainder of the night to amorous expostulations with his dear Dulcinea. As for Sancho, he laid himself down between Rozinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a disconsolate lover, but like a man that had been soundly kicked and bruised in the morning.

CHAPTER V.

A CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF MARCELLA.

SCARCE had day begun to appear from the balconies of the east, when five of the goat-herds got up, and having waked Don Quixote, asked him if he held his resolution of going to the funeral, whither they were ready to bear him company. Thereupon the knight, who desired nothing more, presently arose, and ordered Sancho to get Rozinante and the ass ready immediately; which he did with all expedition, and then they set forwards. They had not gone yet a quarter of a league, before they saw advancing towards them, out of a cross path, six shepherds clad in black skins, their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter rose-bay-tree, with long holly-staves in their hands. Two gentlemen on horseback, attended by three young lads on foot, came immediately after them: as they drew near, they saluted one another civilly, and after the usual question,—"Which way d'ye travel?" they found they were all going the same way,

to see the funeral; and so they all joined company. "I fancy, Senior Vivaldo," said one of the gentlemen, addressing himself to the other, "we shall not think our time misspent in going to see this famous funeral, for it must of necessity be very extraordinary, according to the account which these men have given us of the dead shepherd and his murdering mistress."— "I am so far of your opinion," answered Vivaldo, "that I would not stay one day, but a whole week, rather than miss the sight." This gave Don Quixote occasion to ask them what they had heard concerning Chrysostome and Marcella? One of the gentlemen made answer, That having met that morning with these shepherds, they could not forbear enquiring of them, why they wore such a mournful dress? whereupon one of them acquainted them with the sad occasion, by relating the story of a certain shepherdess, named Marcella, no less lovely than cruel, whose coyness and disdain had made a world of unfortunate lovers, and caused the death of that Chrysostome, to whose funeral they were going. In short, he repeated to Don Quixote all that Peter had told him the night before. After this, Vivaldo asked the knight why he travelled so completely armed in so peaceable a country? "My profession,"

answered the champion, "does not permit me to ride otherwise. Luxurious feasts, sumptuous dresses, and downy ease, were invented for effeminate courtiers; but labour, vigilance, and arms, are the portion of those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number I have the honour to be one, though the most unworthy, and the meanest of the fraternity." He needed to say no more to satisfy them his brains were out of order; however, that they might the better understand the nature of his folly, Vivaldo asked him, what he meant by a knight-errant? "Have you not read then," cried Don Quixote, "the Annals and History of Britain, where are recorded the famous deeds of King Arthur, who, according to an ancient tradition in that kingdom, never died, but was turned into a crow by enchantment, and shall one day resume his former shape, and recover his kingdom again? For which reason, since that time, the people of Great Britain dare not offer to kill a crow.[1] In this good king's time, the most noble order of the Knights of the Round Table was first instituted, and then also the amours between Sir Lancelot of the Lake and Queen Guinever were really transacted, as that history relates; they being managed and

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book II., Chapter V

carried on by the mediation of that honourable matron the Lady Quintaniona. Which produced that excellent history in verse so sung and celebrated here in Spain—

> "There never was on earth a knight
> So waited on by ladies fair,
> As once was he Sir Lancelot hight,
> When first he left his country dear:"

And the rest, which gives so delightful an account both of his loves and feats of arms. From that time the order of knight-errantry began by degrees to dilate and extend itself into most parts of the world. Then did the great Amadis de Gaul signalize himself by heroic exploits, and so did his offspring to the fifth generation. The valorous Felixmart of Hyrcania then got immortal fame, and that undaunted knight Tirante the White, who never can be applauded to his worth. Nay, had we but lived a little sooner, we might have been blessed with the conversation of that invincible knight of our modern times, the valorous Don Belianis of Greece. And this, gentlemen, is that order of chivalry, which, as much a sinner as I am, I profess, with a due observance of the laws which those brave knights observed before me; and for that reason I choose to wander through these solitary deserts, seeking

adventures, fully resolved to expose my person to the most formidable dangers which fortune can obtrude on me, that by the strength of my arm I may relieve the weak and the distressed."

After all this stuff, you may be sure the travellers were sufficiently convinced of Don Quixote's frenzy. Nor were they less surprised than were all those who had hitherto discovered so unaccountable a distraction in one who seemed a rational creature. However, Vivaldo, who was of a gay disposition, had no sooner made the discovery, but he resolved to make the best advantage of it, that the shortness of the way would allow him.

Therefore, to give him further occasion to divert them with his whimsies, "Methinks, Sir Knight-errant," said he to him, "you have taken up one of the strictest and most mortifying professions in the world. I don't think but that a Carthusian friar has a better time on't than you have."—"Perhaps," answered Don Quixote, "the profession of a Carthusian may be as austere, but I am within two fingers breadth of doubting, whether it may be as beneficial to the world as ours. For, if we must speak the truth, the soldier, who puts his captain's command in execution, may be

said to do as much at least as the captain who commanded him. The application is easy: for, while those religious men have nothing to do, but with all quietness and security to say their prayers for the prosperity of the world, we knights, like soldiers, execute what they do but pray for, and procure those benefits to mankind, by the strength of our arms, and at the hazard of our lives, for which they only intercede. Nor do we do this sheltered from the injuries of the air, but under no other roof than that of the wide heavens, exposed to summer's scorching heat, and winter's pinching cold. So that we may justly style ourselves the ministers of heaven, and the instruments of its justice upon earth; and as the business of war is not to be compassed without vast toil and labour, so the religious soldier must undoubtedly be preferred before the religious monk, who, living still quiet and at ease, has nothing to do but to pray for the afflicted and distressed. However, gentlemen, do not imagine I would insinuate as if the profession of a knight-errant was a state of perfection equal to that of a holy recluse: I would only infer from what I have said, and what I myself endure, that ours without question is more laborious, more subject to the discipline of heavy blows, to maceration, to

the penance of hunger and thirst, and, in a word, to rags, to want, and misery. For if you find that some knights-errant have at last by their valour been raised to thrones and empires,[1] you may be sure it has been still at the expense of much sweat and blood. And had even those happier knights been deprived of those assisting sages and enchanters, who helped them in all emergencies, they would have been strangely disappointed of their mighty expectations."—"I am of the same opinion," replied Vivaldo. "But one thing among many others, which I can by no means approve in your profession, is, that when you are just going to engage in some very hazardous adventure, where your lives are evidently to be much endangered, you never once remember to commend yourselves to God,[2] as every good Christian ought to do on such occasions, but only recommend yourselves to your mistresses, and that with as great zeal and devotion as if you worshipped no other deity; a thing which, in my opinion, strongly relishes of Paganism."

"Sir," replied Don Quixote, "there is no altering that method; for should a knight-errant do otherwise, he would too much de-

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Book II., Chapter V

[2] See Appendix, Note 3, Book II., Chapter V

viate from the ancient and established customs of knight-errantry, which inviolably oblige him just in the moment when he is rushing on, and giving birth to some dubious achievement, to have his mistress still before his eyes, still present to his mind, by a strong and lively imagination, and with soft, amorous, and energetic looks, imploring her favour and protection in that perilous circumstance. Nay, if nobody can overhear him, he is obliged to whisper, or speak between his teeth, some short ejaculations, to recommend himself with all the fervency imaginable to the lady of his wishes, and of this we have innumerable examples in history. Nor are you for all this to imagine that knights-errant omit recommending themselves to heaven, for they have leisure enough to do it even in the midst of the combat."

"Sir," replied Vivaldo, "you must give me leave to tell you, I am not yet thoroughly satisfied in this point: for I have often observed in my reading, that two knights-errant, having first talked a little together, have fallen out presently, and been so highly provoked, that, having turned their horses' heads to gain room for the career, they have wheeled about, and then with all speed run full tilt at one another,

hastily recommending themselves to their mistresses in the midst of their career; and the next thing has commonly been, that one of them has been thrown to the ground over the crupper of his horse, fairly run through and through with his enemy's lance; and the other forced to catch hold of his horse's mane to keep himself from falling. Now I cannot apprehend how the knight that was slain had any time to recommend himself to heaven, when his business was done so suddenly. Methinks those hasty invocations, which in his career were directed to his mistress, should have been directed to heaven, as every good Christian would have done. Besides, I fancy every knight-errant has not a mistress to invoke, nor is every one of them in love."—"Your conjecture is wrong," replied Don Quixote; "a knight-errant cannot be without a mistress; 'tis not more essential for the skies to have stars, than 'tis to us to be in love. Insomuch, that I dare affirm, that no history ever made mention of any knight-errant, that was not a lover; for were any knight free from the impulses of that generous passion, he would not be allowed to be a lawful knight; but a misborn intruder, and one who was not admitted within the pale of knighthood at the door, but leaped the fence, and stole in like a

robber and a thief."—"Yet, sir," replied the other, "I am much mistaken, or I have read that Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis, never had any certain mistress to recommend himself to, and yet for all that he was not the less esteemed."

"One swallow never makes a summer," answered Don Quixote. "Besides, I know that knight was privately very much in love; and as for his making his addresses, wherever he met with beauty, this was an effect of his natural inclination, which he could not easily restrain. But after all, 'tis an undeniable truth, that he had a favourite lady, whom he had crowned empress of his will; and to her he frequently recommended himself in private, for he did not a little value himself upon his discretion and secrecy in love."—"Then, sir," said Vivaldo, "since 'tis so much the being of knight-errantry to be in love, I presume you, who are of that profession, cannot be without a mistress. And therefore, if you do not set up for secrecy as much as Don Galaor did, give me leave to beg of you, in the name of all the company, that you will be pleased so far to oblige us, as to let us know the name and quality of your mistress, the place of her birth, and the charms of her person. For, without doubt, the lady

cannot but esteem herself happy in being known to all the world to be the object of the wishes of a knight so accomplished as yourself." With that Don Quixote, breathing out a deep sigh, "I cannot tell," said he, "whether this lovely enemy of my repose, is the least affected with the world's being informed of her power over my heart; all I dare say, in compliance with your request, is, that her name is Dulcinea, her country La Mancha, and Toboso the happy place which she honours with her residence. As for her quality, it cannot be less than princess, seeing she is my mistress and my queen. Her beauty transcends all the united charms of her whole sex; even those chimerical perfections, which the hyperbolical imaginations of poets in love have assigned to their mistresses, cease to be incredible descriptions when applied to her, in whom all those miraculous endowments are most divinely centred. The curling locks of her bright flowing hair are purest gold; her smooth forehead the Elysian Plain; her brows are two celestial bows; her eyes two glorious suns; her cheeks two beds of roses; her lips are coral; her teeth are pearl; her neck is alabaster; her breasts marble; her hands ivory; and snow would lose its whiteness near her bosom. Then for the parts which modesty has veiled,

my imagination, not to wrong them, chooses to lose itself in silent admiration; for nature boasts nothing that may give an idea of their incomparable worth."

"Pray, sir," cried Vivaldo, "oblige us with an account of her parentage, and the place of her birth, to complete the description."—"Sir," replied Don Quixote, "she is not descended from the ancient Curtius's, Caius's, nor Scipios of Rome, nor the more modern Colonas, nor Ursinis; nor from the Moncadas, and Requesenses of Catalonia; nor from the Rebillas, and Villanovas of Valencia; nor from the Palafoxes, Nucas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes, or Gurreas of Arragon; nor from the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, and Gusmans of Castile; nor from the Alencastros, Pallas, and Menezes of Portugal; but she derives her great original from the family of Toboso in La Mancha, a race, which, though it be modern, is sufficient to give a noble beginning to the most illustrious progenies of succeeding ages. And let no man presume to contradict me in this, unless it be upon those conditions, which Zerbin fixed at the foot of Orlando's armour,

> Let none but he these arms displace,
> Who dares Orlando's fury face."*

* "Ariosto," Canto 24.

"I draw my pedigree from the Cachopines of Laredo," replied Vivaldo, "yet I dare not make any comparisons with the Tobosos of La Mancha; though, to deal sincerely with you, 'tis a family I never heard of till this moment." —"'Tis strange," said Don Quixote, "you should never have heard of it before."

All the rest of the company gave great attention to this discourse; and even the very goatherds and shepherds were now fully convinced that Don Quixote's brains were turned topsy-turvy. But Sancho Pança believed every word that dropped from his master's mouth to be truth, as having known him, from his cradle, to be a man of sincerity. Yet that which somewhat staggered his faith, was this story of Dulcinea of Toboso; for he was sure he had never heard before of any such princess, nor even of the name, though he lived hard by Toboso.

As they went on thus discoursing, they saw, upon the hollow road between the neighbouring mountains, about twenty shepherds more, all accoutred in black skins, with garlands on their heads, which, as they afterwards perceived, were all of yew or cyprus; six of them carried a bier covered with several sorts of boughs and flowers: which one of the goatherds espying, "Those are they," cried he,

" that are carrying poor Chrysostome to his grave; and 'twas in yonder bottom that he gave charge they should bury his corpse." This made them all double their pace, that they might get thither in time; and so they arrived just as the bearers had set down the bier upon the ground, and four of them had begun to open the ground with their spades, just at the foot of a rock. They all saluted each other courteously, and condoled their mutual loss; and then Don Quixote, with those who came with him, went to view the bier, where they saw the dead body of a young man in shepherd's weeds all strewed over with flowers. The deceased seemed to be about thirty years old; and, dead as he was, it was easily perceived that both his face and shape were extraordinary handsome. Within the bier were some few books and several papers, some open, and the rest folded up. This doleful object so strangely filled all the company with sadness, that not only the beholders, but also the grave-makers, and all the mourning shepherds, remained a long time silent; till at last one of the bearers, addressing himself to one of the rest, " Look, Ambrose," cried he, " whether this be the place which Chrysostome meant, since you must needs have his will so

punctually performed?"—"This is the very place," answered the other; "there it was that my unhappy friend many times told me the sad story of his cruel fortune; and there it was that he first saw that mortal enemy of mankind; there it was that he made the first discovery of his passion, no less innocent than violent; there it was that the relentless Marcella last denied, shunned him, and drove him to that extremity of sorrow and despair that hastened the sad catastrophe of his tragical and miserable life; and there it was, that, in token of so many misfortunes, he desired to be committed to the bowels of eternal oblivion."

Then addressing himself to Don Quixote and the rest of the travellers, "This body, gentlemen," said he, "which here you now behold, was once enlivened by a soul which heaven had enriched with the greatest part of its most valuable graces. This is the body of that Chrysostome who was unrivalled in wit, matchless in courteousness, incomparable in gracefulness, a phœnix in friendship, generous and magnificent without ostentation, prudent and grave without pride, modest without affectation, pleasant and complaisant without meanness; in a word, the first in every esteemable qualification, and second to none in misfortune:

he loved well, and was hated; he adored, and was disdained· he begged pity of cruelty itself, he strove to move obdurate marble; pursued the wind; made his moans to solitary deserts; was constant to ingratitude; and for the recompence of his fidelity, became a prey to death in the flower of his age, through the barbarity of a shepherdess, whom he strove to immortalise by his verse; as these papers which are here deposited might testify, had he not commanded me to sacrifice them to the flames, at the same time that his body was committed to the earth."

"Should you do so," cried Vivaldo, "you would appear more cruel to them than their exasperated unhappy parent. Consider, sir, 'tis not consistent with discretion, nor even with justice, so nicely to perform the request of the dead, when 'tis repugnant to reason. Augustus Cæsar himself would have forfeited his title to wisdom, had he permitted that to have been effected which the divine Virgil had ordered by his will. Therefore, sir, now that you resign your friend's body to the grave, do not hurry thus the noble and only remains of that dear unhappy man to a worse fate, the death of oblivion. What, though he has doomed them to perish in the height of his

resentment, you ought not indiscreetly to be their executioner; but rather reprieve and redeem them from eternal silence, that they may live, and, flying through the world, transmit to all ages the dismal story of your friend's virtue and Marcella's ingratitude, as a warning to others, that they may avoid such tempting snares and enchanting destructions, for not only to me, but to all here present, is well known the history of your enamoured and desperate friend: we are no strangers to the friendship that was between you, as also to Marcella's cruelty which occasioned his death. Last night, being informed that he was to be buried here to-day, moved not so much by curiosity as pity, we are come to behold with our eyes that which gave us so much trouble to hear. Therefore, in the name of all the company, like me, deeply affected with a sense of Chrysostome's extraordinary merit, and his unhappy fate, and desirous to prevent such deplorable disasters for the future, I beg that you will permit me to save some of these papers, whatever you resolve to do with the rest." And so, without expecting an answer, he stretched out his arm, and took out those papers which lay next to his hand. "Well, sir," said Ambrose, "you have found a way to

make me submit, and you may keep those papers; but for the rest, nothing shall make me alter my resolution of burning them." Vivaldo said no more; but being impatient to see what those papers were, which he had rescued from the flames, he opened one of them immediately, and read the title of it, which was, *The Despairing Lover.* "That," said Ambrose, "was the last piece my dear friend ever wrote; and therefore, that you may all hear to what a sad condition his unhappy passion had reduced him, read it aloud, I beseech you, sir, while the grave is making."— "With all my heart," replied Vivaldo: and so the company, having the same desire, presently gathered round about him, and he read the following lines.

CHAPTER VI.

THE UNFORTUNATE SHEPHERD'S VERSES, AND OTHER UNEXPECTED MATTERS.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

RELENTLESS tyrant of my heart,
Attend, and hear thy slave impart
  The matchless story of his pain.
In vain I labour to conceal
What my extorted groans reveal;
  Who can be rack'd, and not complain?

But oh! who duly can express
Thy cruelty, and my distress?
  No human art, no human tongue.
Then fiends assist, and rage infuse!
A raving fury be my muse,
  And hell inspire the dismal song!

Owls, ravens, terrors of the night,
Wolves, monsters, fiends, with dire affright,
  Join your dread accents to my moans!
Join, howling winds, your sullen noise;
Thou, grumbling thunder, join thy voice;
  Mad seas, your roar, and hell thy groans.

Though still I moan in dreary caves,
To desert rocks, and silent graves,
  My loud complaints shall wander far;
Borne by the winds they shall survive,
By pitying echoes kept alive,
  And fill the world with my despair.

Love's deadly cure is fierce disdain,
Distracting fear a dreadful pain,
And jealousy a matchless woe;
Absence is death, yet while it kills,
I live with all these mortal ills,
Scorn'd, jealous, loath'd, and absent too.

No dawn of hope e'er cheer'd my heart,
No pitying ray e'er sooth'd my smart,
All, all the sweets of life are gone;
Then come despair, and frantic rage,
With instant fate my pain assuage,
And end a thousand deaths by one.

But even in death let love be crown'd,
My fair destruction guiltless found,
And I be thought with justice scorn'd:
Thus let me fall unloved, unbless'd,
With all my load of woes oppress'd,
And even too wretched to be mourn'd.

O! thou, by whose destructive hate,
I'm hurry'd to this doleful fate,
When I'm no more, thy pity spare!
I dread thy tears; oh spare them then—
But oh! I rave, I was too vain,
My death can never cost a tear.

Tormented souls, on you I call,
Hear one more wretched than you all:
Come howl as in redoubled flames!
Attend me to th' eternal night,
No other dirge, or fun'ral rite,
A poor despairing lover claims.

And thou my song, sad child of woe,
When life is gone, and I'm below,
For thy lost parent cease to grieve.
With life and thee my woes increase,
And should they not by dying cease,
Hell has no pains like those I leave.

These verses were well approved by all the company; only Vivaldo observed, that the jealousies and fears of which the shepherd complained, did not very well agree with what he had heard of Marcella's unspotted modesty and reservedness. But Ambrose, who had been always privy to the most secret thoughts of his friend, informed him, that the unhappy Chrysostome wrote those verses when he had torn himself from his adored mistress, to try whether absence, the common cure of love, would relieve him, and mitigate his pain. And as everything disturbs an absent lover, and nothing is more usual than for him to torment himself with a thousand chimeras of his own brain, so did Chrysostome perplex himself with jealousies and suspicions, which had no ground but in his distracted imagination; and therefore whatever he said in those uneasy circumstances, could never affect, or in the least prejudice Marcella's virtuous character, upon whom, setting aside her cruelty, and her disdainful haughtinesss, envy itself could never fix the least reproach. Vivaldo being thus convinced, they were going to read another paper, when they were unexpectedly prevented by a kind of apparition that offered itself to their view. It was Marcella herself, who

appeared at the top of the rock, at the foot of which they were digging the grave; but so beautiful, that fame seemed rather to have lessened than to have magnified her charms: those who had never seen her before, gazed on her with silent wonder and delight; nay, those who used to see her every day seemed no less lost in admiration than the rest. But scarce had Ambrose spied her, when, with anger and indignation in his heart, he cried out, "What makest thou there, thou fierce, thou cruel basilisk of these mountains? comest thou to see whether the wounds of this murdered wretch will bleed afresh at thy presence? or comest thou thus mounted aloft, to glory in the fatal effects of thy native inhumanity, like another Nero at the sight of flaming Rome? or is it to trample on this unfortunate corpse, as Tarquin's ungrateful daughter did her father's? Tell us quickly why thou comest, and what thou yet desirest? for since I know that Chrysostome's whole study was to serve and please thee while he lived, I am willing to dispose all his friends to pay thee the like obedience now he is dead." —"I come not here to any of those ungrateful ends, Ambrose," replied Marcella; "but only to clear my innocence, and shew the injustice of all those who lay their misfortunes and

Chrysostome's death to my charge: therefore, I entreat you all who are here at this time to hear me a little, for I shall not need to use many words to convince people of sense of an evident truth. Heaven, you are pleased to say, has made me beautiful, and that to such a degree, that you are forced, nay, as it were, compelled to love me, in spite of your endeavours to the contrary; and for the sake of that love, you say I ought to love you again. Now, though I am sensible, that whatever is beautiful is lovely, I cannot conceive, that what is loved for being handsome, should be bound to love that by which it is loved, merely because it is loved. He that loves a beautiful object may happen to be ugly; and as what is ugly deserves not to be loved, it would be ridiculous to say, I love you because you are handsome, and therefore you must love me again though I am ugly. But suppose two persons of different sexes are equally handsome, it does not follow, that their desires should be alike and reciprocal; for all beauties do not kindle love; some only recreate the sight, and never reach, nor captivate the heart. Alas! should whatever is beautiful beget love, and enslave the mind, mankind's desires would ever run confused and wandering, without being able to fix their

determinate choice; for as there is an infinite number of beautiful objects, the desires would consequently be also infinite; whereas, on the contrary, I have heard that true love is still confined to one, and voluntary and unforced. This being granted, why would you have me force my inclinations for no other reason but that you say you love me? Tell me, I beseech you, had heaven formed me as ugly as it has made me beautiful, could I justly complain of you for not loving me? Pray consider also, that I do not possess those charms by choice; such as they are, they were freely bestowed on me by heaven: and as the viper is not to be blamed for the poison with which she kills, seeing it was assigned her by nature, so I ought not to be censured for that beauty which I derive from the same cause; for beauty in a virtuous woman is but like a distant flame, or a sharp-edged sword, and only burns and wounds those who approach too near it. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the soul, and that body that is destitute of them cannot be esteemed beautiful, though it be naturally so. If then honour be one of those endowments which most adorn the body, why should she that is beloved for her beauty, expose herself to the loss of it, merely to gratify the loose desires

of one, who, for his own selfish ends, uses all the means imaginable to make her lose it? I was born free, and, that I might continue so, I retired to these solitary hills and plains, where trees are my companions, and clear fountains my looking-glasses. With the trees and with the waters I communicate my thoughts, and my beauty. I am a distant flame, and a sword far off: those whom I have attracted with my sight, I have undeceived with my words; and if hope be the food of desire, as I never gave any encouragement to Chrysostome, nor to any other, it may well be said, it was rather his own obstinacy than my cruelty that shortened his life. If you tell me that his intentions were honest, and therefore ought to have been complied with, I answer, that when, at the very place where his grave is making, he discovered his passion, I told him, I was resolved to live and die single, and that the earth alone should reap the fruit of my reservedness, and enjoy the spoils of my beauty; and if, after all the admonitions I gave him, he would persist in his obstinate pursuit, and sail against the wind, what wonder is it he should perish in the waves of his indiscretion? Had I ever encouraged him, or amused him with ambiguous words, then I had been false; and had I gratified his

wishes, I had acted contrary to my better resolves: he persisted, though I had given him a due caution, and he despaired without being hated. Now I leave you to judge, whether I ought to be blamed for his sufferings? if I have deceived any one, let him complain; if I have broke my promise to any one, let him despair; if I encourage any one, let him presume; if I entertain any one, let him boast: but let no man call me cruel nor murderer, until I either deceive, break my promise, encourage, or entertain him. Heaven has not yet been pleased to show whether it is its will I should love by destiny; and it is vain to think I will ever do it by choice: so let this general caution serve every one of those who make their addresses to me for their own ends. And if any one hereafter dies on my account, let not their jealousy, nor my scorn or hate, be thought the cause of their death; for she who never pretended to love, cannot make any one jealous, and a free and generous declaration of our fixed resolution ought not to be counted hate or disdain. In short, let him that calls me a tigress, and a basilisk, avoid me as a dangerous thing; and let him that calls me ungrateful, give over serving me: I assure them I will never seek nor pursue them.

Therefore let none hereafter make it their business to disturb my ease, nor strive to make me hazard among men the peace I now enjoy, which I am persuaded is not to be found with them. I have wealth enough; I neither love nor hate any one: the innocent conversation of the neighbouring shepherdesses, with the care of my flocks, help me to pass away my time, without either coquetting with this man, or practising arts to ensnare that other. My thoughts are limited by these mountains; and if they wander further, it is only to admire the beauty of heaven, and thus by steps to raise my soul towards her original dwelling."

As soon as she had said this, without expecting any answer, she left the place, and ran into the thickest of the adjoining wood, leaving all that heard her charmed with her discretion as well as with her beauty.

However, so prevalent were the charms of the latter, that some of the company, who were desperately struck, could not forbear offering to follow her, without being the least deterred by the solemn protestations which they had heard her make that very moment. But Don Quixote perceiving their design, and believing he had now a fit opportunity to exert his knight-errantry; "Let no man," cried he, "of

what quality or condition soever, presume to follow the fair Marcella, under the penalty of incurring my furious displeasure. She has made it appear, by undeniable reasons, that she was not guilty of Chrysostome's death; and has positively declared her firm resolution never to condescend to the desires of any of her admirers: for which reason, instead of being importuned and persecuted, she ought to be esteemed and honoured by all good men, as being perhaps the only woman in the world that ever lived with such a virtuous reservedness." Now, whether it were that Don Quixote's threats terrified the amorous shepherds, or that Ambrose's persuasion prevailed with them to stay and see their friend interred, none of the shepherds left the place, till the grave being made, and the papers burnt, the body was deposited into the bosom of the earth, not without many tears from all the assistants. They covered the grave with a great stone, till a monument was made, which Ambrose said he designed to have set up there, with the following epitaph upon it.

CHRYSOSTOME'S EPITAPH.

Here of a wretched swain
The frozen body's laid,
Kill'd by the cold disdain
Of an ungrateful maid.

Here first love's power he tried,
  Here first his pains express'd;
Here first he was denied,
  Here first he chose to rest.

You who the shepherd mourn,
  From coy Marcella fly;
Who Chrysostome could scorn,
  May all mankind destroy.

The shepherds strewed the grave with many flowers and boughs; and every one having condoled a while with his friend Ambrose, they took their leave of him, and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the like; as did also Don Quixote, who was not a person to forget himself on such occasions; he likewise bid adieu to the kind goat-herds, that had entertained him, and to the two travellers who desired him to go with them to Seville, assuring him there was no place in the world more fertile in adventures, every street and every corner there producing some. Don Quixote returned them thanks for their kind information; but told them, "he neither would nor ought to go to Seville, till he had cleared all those mountains of the thieves and robbers which he heard very much infested all those parts." Thereupon the travellers, being unwilling to divert him from so good a design, took their leaves of him once more, and pursued their journey, sufficiently

supplied with matter to discourse on, from the story of Marcella and Chrysostome, and Don Quixote's follies. As for him, he resolved to find out the shepherdess Marcella, if possible, to offer her his service to protect her to the utmost of his power; but he happened to be crossed in his designs, as you shall hear in the sequel of this true history; for here ends the Second Book.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF DON QUIXOTE'S UNFORTUNATE RENCOUNTER WITH CERTAIN BLOODY-MINDED AND WICKED YANGUESIAN* CARRIERS.

THE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that when Don Quixote had taken leave of all those that were at Chrysostome's funeral, he and his squire went after Marcella into the wood; and having ranged it above two hours without being able to find her, they came at last to a meadow, whose springing green, watered with a delightful and refreshing rivulet, invited, or rather pleasantly forced them, to alight and give way to the heat of the day, which began to be very violent: so leaving the ass and Rozinante to graze at large, they ransacked the wallet; and without ceremony the master and the man fell to, and fed lovingly on what they found. Now Sancho had not taken care to tie up Rozinante, knowing him to be a horse of that sobriety and

* Carriers of the kingdom of Galicia, commonly so called.

chastity, that all the mares in the pastures of Cordova could not have raised him to attempt an indecent thing. But either fortune, or the devil, who seldom sleeps, so ordered it, that a good number of Galician mares, belonging to some Yanguesian carriers, were then feeding in the same valley, it being the custom of those men, about the hottest time of the day, to stop wherever they met with grass and water to refresh their cattle, nor could they have found a fitter place than that where Don Quixote was. Rozinante, as I said before, was chaste and modest; however, he was flesh and blood; so that as soon as he had smelt the mares, forsaking his natural gravity and reservedness, without asking his master's leave, away he trots it briskly to make them sensible of his little necessities; but they, who it seems had more mind to feed than to be merry, received their gallant so rudely, with their heels and teeth, that in a trice they broke his girths and threw down his saddle, and left him disrobed of all his equipage. And for an addition to his misery, the carriers perceiving the violence that was offered to their mares, flew to their relief with poles and pack-staves, and so belaboured poor Rozinante, that he soon sunk to the ground under the weight of their unmerciful blows.

Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving at a distance the ill-usage of Rozinante, ran with all speed to his rescue; and as they came near the place, panting, and almost out of breath, "Friend Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "I perceive these are no knights, but only a pack of scoundrels, and fellows of the lowest rank; I say it, because thou mayest lawfully help me to revenge the injury they have done Rozinante before our faces."—"What a devil do you talk of revenge?" quoth Sancho; "we are likely to revenge ourselves finely! you see they are above twenty, and we are but two; nay, perhaps but one-and-a-half."—"I alone am worth a hundred," replied Don Quixote; and then, without any more words, he drew his sword, and flew upon the Yanguesians. Sancho, encouraged by his master's example, did the like; and with the first blow which Don Quixote gave one of them, he cut through his leathern doublet, and gave him a deep slash in the shoulder. The Yanguesians, seeing themselves thus rudely handled, betook themselves to their levers and pack-staves, and then all at once surrounding the valiant knight and his trusty squire, they charged them and laid on with great fury. At the second round, down they settled poor Sancho, and then Don Quixote

himself, who, as chance would have it, fell at the feet of Rozinante, that had not yet recovered his legs; neither could the knight's courage nor his skill avail against the fury of a number of rustical fellows armed with pack-staves. The Yanguesians, fearing the ill consequences of the mischief they had done, made all the haste they could to be gone, leaving our two adventurers in a woeful condition. The first that came to himself was Sancho Pança, who, finding himself near his master, called to him thus, with a weak and doleful voice: "Ah master! master! Sir, Sir Knight!"—"What is the matter, friend Sancho?" asked the knight in the same feeble and lamenting tone. "I could wish," replied Sancho, "that your worship would help me to two good draughts of the liquor you talk on, if you have any by you; perhaps it is as good to cure broken bones, as it is to heal outward wounds."—"Oh! that I had some of it here now," cried Don Quixote; "we could not then be said to want anything: but I swear to thee, honest Sancho, by the faith of a knight-errant, within these two days (if no other disaster prevent me) I will have some of it at my disposal, or it shall hardly escape my hands."—"Two days, sir!" replied Sancho; "why, pray how many days do you think it

will be before we are able to stir our feet?"— "As for myself," answered the bruised Don Quixote, "I must own I cannot set a term to the days of our recovery; but it is I who am the fatal cause of all this mischief; for I ought not to have drawn my sword against a company of fellows, upon whom the honour of knighthood was never conferred; and I do not doubt but that the Lord of hosts suffered this punishment to befal me for transgressing thus the laws of chivalry. Therefore, friend Sancho, observe what I am going to tell thee, for it is a thing that highly concerns the welfare of us both: it is that for the future, whenever thou perceivest us to be any ways abused by such inferior fellows, thou art not to expect I should offer to draw my sword against them; for I will not do it in the least: no, do thou then draw and chastise them as thou thinkest fit: but if any knights come to take their parts, then will I be sure to step between thee and danger, and assault them with the utmost vigour and intrepidity. Thou hast already had a thousand proofs of the greatness of my valour, and the prevailing strength of my most dreadful arm;" (so arrogant the knight was grown since his victory over the bold Biscayan.)

But Sancho was not so well pleased with his

master's admonitions, but that he thought fit to answer him. "Sir," says he, "I am a peaceful man, a harmless quiet fellow, d'ye see; I can make shift to pass by an injury as well as any man, as having a wife to maintain, and children to bring up; and therefore pray take this from me by the way of advice (for I will not offer to command my master) that I will not in any wise draw my sword neither against knight nor clown, not I. I freely forgive all mankind, high and low, rich and poor, lords and beggars, whatever wrongs they ever did or may do me, without the least exception."—"Sancho," said his master, hearing this, "I heartily wish I had breath enough to answer thee effectually, or that the pain which I feel in one of my short ribs would leave me but for so long as might serve to convince thee of thy error. Come, suppose, thou silly wretch, that the gale of fortune, which has hitherto been so contrary to us, should at last turn favourable, swelling the sails of our desires, so that we might with as much security as ease arrive at some of those islands which I have promised thee; what would become of thee, if, after I had conquered one of them, I were to make thee lord of it? Thou wouldst certainly be found not duly qualified for that dignity, as

having abjured all knighthood, all thoughts of honour, and all intention to revenge injuries, and defend thy own dominions. For thou must understand, that in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the hearts and minds of the inhabitants are never so thoroughly subdued, or wedded to the interests of their new sovereign, but that there is reason to fear, they will endeavour to raise some commotions to change the face of affairs, and, as men say, once more try their fortune. Therefore it is necessary that the new possessor have not only understanding to govern, but also valour to attack his enemies, and defend himself on all occasions." — "I would I had had that understanding and valour you talk of," quoth Sancho; "but now, sir, I must be free to tell you, I have more need of a surgeon, than of a preacher. Pray try whether you can rise, and we will help Rozinante, though he does not deserve it; for he is the chief cause of all this beating. For my part, I could never have believed the like of him before, for I always took him for as chaste and sober a person as myself. In short, it is a true saying, that a man must eat a peck of salt with his friend, before he knows him; and I find there is nothing sure in this world: for, who would

have thought, after the dreadful slashes you gave to that knight-errant, such a terrible shower of bastinadoes would so soon have fallen upon our shoulders?"—"As for thine," replied Don Quixote, "I doubt they are used to endure such sort of showers; but mine, that were nursed in soft linen, will most certainly be longer sensible of this misfortune; and were it not that I imagine, (but why do I say imagine?) were it not that I am positively sure, that all these inconveniences are inseparable from the profession of chivalry, I would abandon myself to grief, and die of mere despair on this very spot."—"I beseech you, sir," quoth Sancho, "since these rubs are the vails of your trade of knighthood, tell me whether they use to come often, or whether we may look for them at set times? for, I fancy, if we meet but with two such harvests more, we shall never be able to reap the third, unless God of his infinite mercy assist us."

"Know, friend Sancho," returned Don Quixote, "that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand hazards and misfortunes: but on the other side, they may at any time suddenly become kings and emperors, as experience has demonstrated in many knights, of whose histories I have a perfect knowledge.

And I could tell thee now (would my pain suffer me) of some of them who have raised themselves to those high dignities only by the valour of their arm; and those very knights, both before and after their advancement, were involved in many calamities. for, the valorous Amadis de Gaul saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy Archelaus the enchanter, of whom it is credibly reported, that when he held him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred stripes with his horse bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in the court-yard of his house. There is also a secret author of no little credit relates, that the Knight of the Sun being taken in a trap in a certain castle, was hurried to a deep dungeon, where, after they had bound him hand and foot, they forcibly gave him a clyster of snow-water and sand, which would probably have cost him his life, had he not been assisted in that distress by a wise magician, his particular friend. Thus I may well bear my misfortune patiently, since those which so many greater persons have endured may be said to outdo it: for, I would have thee to know, that those wounds that are given with the instruments and tools which a man happens to have in his hand, do not really disgrace the person struck. We read it ex-

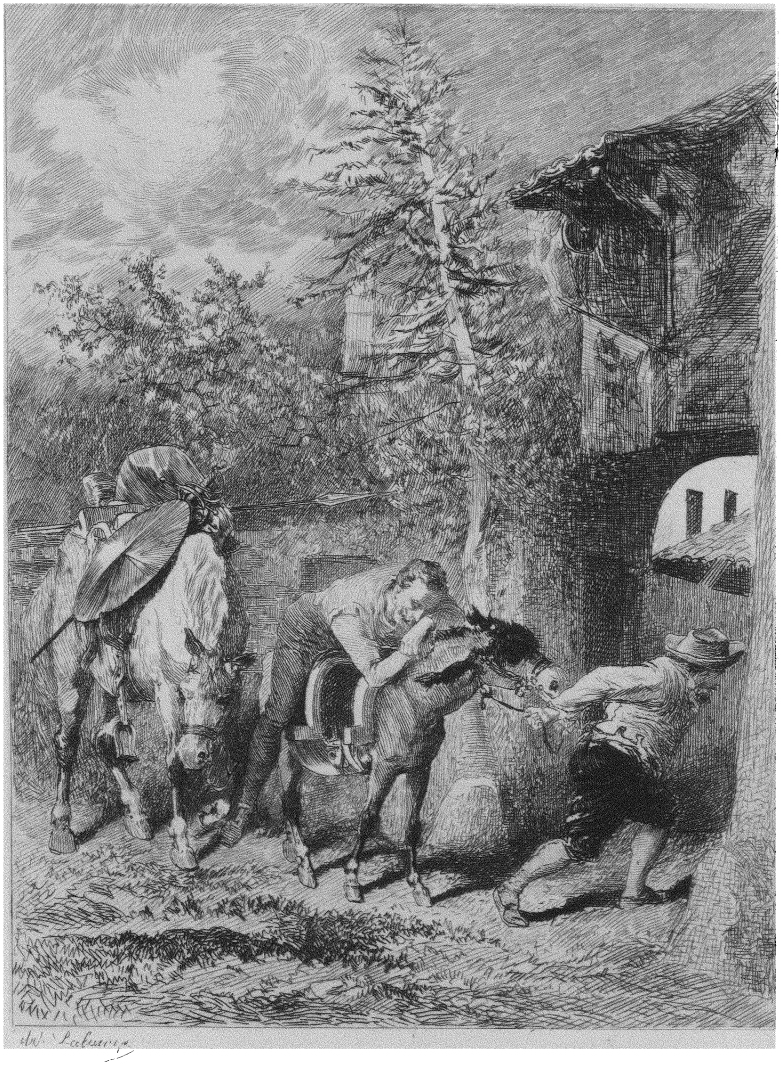
pressly in the law of duels,[1] 'That if a shoemaker strikes another man with his last which he held in his hand, though it be of wood, as a cudgel is, yet the party who was struck with it shall not be said to have been cudgelled.' I tell thee this, that thou mayest not think we are in the least dishonoured, though we have been horribly beaten in this rencounter; for the weapons which those men used were but instruments of their profession, and not one of them, as I very well remember, had either tuck, or sword, or dagger." — "They gave me no leisure," quoth Sancho, "to examine things so narrowly; for I had no sooner laid my hand on my cutlass,* but they crossed my shoulders with such a wooden blessing, as settled me on the ground without sense or motion, where you see me lie, and where I don't trouble my head whether it be a disgrace to be mauled with cudgels or with pack-staves; let them be what they will, I am only vexed to feel them so heavy on my shoulders, where I am afraid they are imprinted as deep as they are on my mind." — "For all this," replied Don Quixote, "I must inform thee, friend Sancho, that there is no remembrance which

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter I.

* *Tizona:* The romantic name of the sword, which the Spanish general, Roderick Diaz de Bivar, used against the Moors.

time will not efface, nor no pain to which death will not put a period."—"Thank you for nothing!" quoth Sancho; "what worse can befall us, than to have only death to trust to? were our affliction to be cured with a plaister or two, a man might have some patience; but for aught I see, all the salves in an hospital won't set us on our best legs again."—"Come, no more of this," cried Don Quixote; "take courage, and make a virtue of necessity; for it is what I am resolved to do. Let us see how it fares with Rozinante; for if I am not mistaken, the poor creature has not been the least sufferer in this adventure."—"No wonder at that," quoth Sancho, "seeing he's a knight-errant too; I rather wonder how my ass has escaped so well, while we have fared so ill."—"In our disasters," returned Don Quixote, "fortune leaves always some door open to come at a remedy. I say it, Sancho, because that little beast may now supply the want of Rozinante, to carry me to some castle, where I may get cured of my wounds. Nor do I esteem this kind of riding dishonourable, for I remember that the good old Silenus, tutor and governor to the jovial god of wine, rode very fairly on a goodly ass, when he made his entry into the city with a

hundred gates."—"Ay," quoth Sancho, "it will do well enough, could you ride as fairly on your ass as he did on his; but there is a deal of difference between riding, and being laid cross the pannel like a pack of rubbish." —"The wounds which are received in combat," said Don Quixote, "rather add to our honour, than deprive us of it: therefore, good Sancho, trouble me with no more replies, but, as I said, endeavour to get up, and lay me as thou pleasest upon thy ass, that we may leave this place ere night steal upon us."—"But, sir," cried Sancho, "I have heard you say, that it is a common thing among you knight-errants to sleep in the fields and deserts the best part of the year, and that you look upon it to be a very happy kind of life."—"That is to say," replied Don Quixote, "when we can do no better, or when we are in love; and this is so true, that there have been knights who have dwelt on rocks, exposed to the sun, and other inclemencies of the sky, for the space of two years, without their lady's knowledge: one of those was Amadis, when, assuming the name of The Lovely Obscure, he inhabited the bare rock, either eight years or eight months, I can't now punctually tell which of the two, for I don't thoroughly remember the passage. Let



it suffice that there he dwelt, doing penance, for I don't know what unkindness his lady, Oriana, had shewed him. But setting these discourses aside, pr'ythee dispatch, lest some mischief befall the ass, as it has done Rozinante."—"That would be the devil indeed," replied Sancho; and so, breathing out some thirty lamentations, threescore sighs, and a hundred and twenty plagues and poxes on those that had decoyed him thither, he at last got upon his legs, yet not so but that he went stooping, with his body bent like a Turk's bow, not being able to stand upright. Yet in this crooked posture he made a shift to harness his ass, who had not forgot to take his share of licentiousness that day. After this, he helped up Rozinante, who, could his tongue have expressed his sorrows, would certainly not have been behind-hand with Sancho and his master. After many bitter oh's, and screwed faces, Sancho laid Don Quixote on the ass, tied Rozinante to its tail, and then, leading the ass by the halter, he took the nearest way that he could guess to the high road; to which he luckily came, before he had travelled a short league, and then he discovered an inn, which, in spite of all he could say, Don Quixote was pleased to mistake for a castle. Sancho swore

bloodily it was an inn, and his master was as positive of the contrary. In short, their dispute lasted so long, that before they could decide it they reached the inn door, where Sancho straight went in, with all his train, without troubling himself any further about the matter.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE INN WHICH HE TOOK FOR A CASTLE.

THE innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote lying quite athwart the ass, asked Sancho what ailed him? Sancho answered it was nothing, only his master had got a fall from the top of a rock to the bottom, and had bruised his sides a little. The innkeeper had a wife, very different from the common sort of hostesses, for she was of a charitable nature, and very compassionate of her neighbour's affliction; which made her immediately take care of Don Quixote, and call her daughter (a good handsome girl) to set her helping-hand to his cure. One of the servants in the inn was an Asturian wench, a broad-faced, flat-headed, saddle-nosed dowdy; blind of one eye, and the other almost out: however, the activity of her body supplied all other defects. She was not above three feet high from her heels to her head; and her shoulders, which somewhat loaded her, as having too much flesh upon them, made her look downwards oftener than she could have wished. This

charming original likewise assisted the mistress and the daughter; and with the latter, helped to make the knight's bed, and a sorry one it was; the room where it stood was an old gambling cock-loft, which by manifold signs seemed to have been, in the days of yore, a repository for chopped straw. Somewhat farther, in a corner of that garret, a carrier had his lodging; and though his bed was nothing but the pannels and coverings of his mules, it was much better than that of Don Quixote, which only consisted of four rough-hewn boards laid upon two uneven tressels, a flock-bed, that, for thinness, might well have passed for a quilt, and was full of knobs and bunches, which had they not peeped out through many a hole, and shewn themselves to be of wool, might well have been taken for stones: the rest of that extraordinary bed's furniture was a pair of sheets, which rather seemed to be of leather than of linen cloth, and a coverlet whose every individual thread you might have told, and never have missed one in the tale.

In this ungracious bed was the knight laid, to rest his belaboured carcase, and presently the hostess and her daughter anointed and plaistered him all over, while Maritornes* (for that was

* Malitorne is old French for "mechante femme."

the name of the Asturian wench) held the candle. The hostess, while she greased him, wondering to see him so bruised all over, "I fancy," said she, "those bumps look much more like a dry beating than a fall."—"It was no dry beating, mistress, I promise you," quoth Sancho, "but the rock had I know not how many cragged ends and knobs, whereof every one gave my master a token of his kindness. And by the way, forsooth," continued he, "I beseech you save a little of that same tow and ointment for me too, for I don't know what is the matter with my back, but I fancy I stand mainly in want of a little greasing too."—"What, I suppose you fell too?" quoth the landlady.—"Not I," quoth Sancho, "but the very fright that I took to see my master tumble down the rock, has so wrought upon my body, that I am as sore as if I had been sadly mauled."—"It may well be as you say," cried the innkeeper's daughter; "for I have dreamed several times that I have been falling from the top of a high tower without ever coming to the ground; and, when I waked, I have found myself as out of order, and as bruised, as if I had fallen in good earnest."—"That is e'en my case, mistress," quoth Sancho; "only ill luck would have it so, that I should find myself e'en almost as battered

and bruised as my lord Don Quixote, and yet all the while be as broad awake as I am now." —"How do you call this same gentleman?" quoth Maritornes.—"He is Don Quixote de la Mancha," replied Sancho; "and he is a knight-errant, and one of the primest and stoutest that ever the sun shined on."—"A knight-errant," cried the wench, "pray what is that?"[1]—"Heigh-day!" cried Sancho, "does the wench know no more of the world than that comes to? Why, a knight-errant is a thing which in two words you see well cudgelled, and then an emperor. To-day there is not a more wretched thing upon the earth, and yet to-morrow he'll have you two or three kingdoms to give away to his squire." —"How comes it to pass then," quoth the landlady, "that thou, who art this great person's squire, hast not yet got thee at least an earldom?"—"Fair and softly goes far," replied Sancho. "Why, we have not been a month in our gears, so that we have not yet encountered any adventure worth the naming: besides, many a time we look for one thing, and light on another But if my lord Don Quixote happens to get well again, and I escape remaining a cripple, I'll not take the best title in the land for what I am sure will fall to my share."

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter II.

Here Don Quixote, who had listened with great attention to all these discourses, raised himself up in his bed with much ado, and taking the hostess in a most obliging manner by the hand, "Believe me," said he, "beautiful lady, you may well esteem it a happiness that you have now the opportunity to entertain my person in your castle. Self-praise is unworthy a man of honour, and therefore I shall say no more of myself, but my squire will inform you who I am; only thus much let me add, that I will eternally preserve your kindness in the treasury of my remembrance, and study all occasions to testify my gratitude. And I wish," continued he, "the powers above had so disposed my fate, that I were not already love's devoted slave, and captivated by the charms of the disdainful beauty who engrosses all my softer thoughts! for then would I be proud to sacrifice my liberty to this beautiful damsel." The hostess, her daughter, and the kind-hearted Maritornes, stared at one another, quite at a loss for the meaning of this high-flown language, which they understood full as well as if it had been Greek. Yet, conceiving these were words of compliment and courtship, they looked upon him and admired him as a man of another world and so, having made him such returns

as innkeeper's breeding could afford, they left him to his rest; only Maritornes staid to rub down Sancho, who wanted her help no less than his master.

Now you must know, that the carrier and she had agreed to pass the night together; and she had given him her word, that as soon as all the people in the inn were in bed, she would be sure to come to him, and be at his service. And it is said of this good-natured thing, that whenever she had passed her word in such cases, she was sure to make it good, though she had made the promise in the midst of a wood, and without any witness at all: for she stood much upon her gentility, though she undervalued herself so far as to serve in an inn; often saying, that nothing but crosses and necessity could have made her stoop to it.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, miserable bed was the first of the four in that wretched apartment; next to that was Sancho's kennel, which consisted of nothing but a bed-mat and a coverlet, that rather seemed shorn canvas than a rug. Beyond these two beds was that of the carrier, made, as we have said, of the pannels and furniture of two of the best of twelve mules which he kept, every one of them goodly beasts, and in special good case; for he

was one of the richest muleteers of Arevalo, as the Moorish author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of him, as having been acquainted with him; nay, some do not stick to say he was somewhat akin to him.[1] However it be, it appears that Cid Hamet Benengeli was a very exact historian, since he takes care to give us an account of things that seem so inconsiderable and trivial. A laudable example, which those historians should follow, who usually relate matters so concisely, that we have scarce a smack of them, leaving the most essential part of the story drowned in the ink-horn, either through neglect, malice, or ignorance. A thousand blessings then be given to the curious author of Tablante of Ricamonte, and to that other indefatigable sage who recorded the achievements of Count Tomillas! for they have described even the most minute and trifling circumstances with a singular preciseness.—But to return to our story: you must know, that after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course,* he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of the most punctual Maritornes's kind visit. By this time Sancho, duly greased and

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Book III., Chapter II.

* In Spain they get up in the night to dress their cattle, and give them their barley and straw, which serve for hay and oats.

anointed, was crept into his sty, where he did all he could to sleep, but his aching ribs did all they could to prevent him. As for the knight, whose sides were in as bad circumstances as the squire's, he lay with both his eyes open like a hare. And now was every soul in the inn gone to bed, nor any light to be seen, except that of a lamp which hung in the middle of the gate-way. This general tranquillity setting Don Quixote's thoughts at work, offered to his imagination one of the most absurd follies that ever crept into a distempered brain from the perusal of romantic whimsies. Now he fancied himself to be in a famous castle (for, as we have already said, all the inns he lodged in seemed no less than castles to him), and that the innkeeper's daughter (consequently daughter to the lord of the castle) strangely captivated with his graceful presence and gallantry, had promised him the pleasure of her embraces, as soon as her father and mother were gone to rest. This chimera disturbed him, as if it had been a real truth; so that he began to be mightily perplexed, reflecting on the danger to which his honour was exposed: but at last his virtue overcame the powerful temptation, and he firmly resolved not to be guilty of the least infidelity to his lady Dulcinea

del Toboso, though Queen Genever herself, with her trusty matron Quintaniona, should join to decoy him into the alluring snare.

While these wild imaginations worked in his brain, the gentle Maritornes was mindful of her assignation, and with soft and wary steps, barefoot, and in her smock, with her hair gathered up in a fustian coif, stole into the room, and felt about for her beloved carrier's bed: but scarce had she got to the door, when Don Quixote, whose ears were on the scout, was sensible that something was coming in; and therefore having raised himself in his bed, sore and wrapt up in plaisters as he was, he stretched out his arms to receive his fancied damsel, and caught hold of Maritornes by the wrist, as she was, with her arms stretched, groping her way to her paramour; he pulled her to him, and made her sit down by his bedside, she not daring to speak a word all the while. Now, as he imagined her to be the lord of the castle's daughter, her smock, which was of the coarsest canvas, seemed to him of the finest holland; and the glass-beads about her wrist, precious oriental pearls; her hair, that was almost as rough as a horse's mane, he took to be soft flowing threads of bright curling gold; and her breath, that had a stronger hogoe than stale

venison, was to him a grateful compound of the most fragrant perfumes of Arabia. In short, flattering imagination transformed her into the likeness of those romantic beauties, one of whom, as he remembered to have read, came to pay a private visit to a wounded knight, with whom she was desperately in love; and the poor gentleman's obstinate folly had so infatuated his outward sense, that his feeling and his smell could not in the least undeceive him, and he thought he had no less than a balmy Venus in his arms, while he hugged a fulsome bundle of deformities, that would have turned any man's stomach but a sharp-set carrier's. Therefore, clasping her still closer, with a soft and amorous whisper, "Oh! thou most lovely temptation," cried he, "oh! that I now might but pay a warm acknowledgment for the mighty blessing which your extravagant goodness would lavish on me! yes, most beautiful charmer, I would give an empire to purchase your most desirable embraces; but fortune, madam, fortune, that tyrant of my life, that unrelenting enemy to the truly deserving, has maliciously hurried and rivetted me to this bed, where I lie so bruised and macerated, that, though I were eager to gratify your desires, I should at this dear unhappy minute be doomed

to impotence. Nay, to that unlucky bar fate has added a yet more invincible obstacle; I mean my plighted faith to the unrivalled Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my wishes, and absolute sovereign of my heart. Oh! did not this oppose my present happiness, I could never be so dull and insensible a knight as to lose the benefit of this extraordinary favour which you have now condescended to offer me."

Poor Maritornes all this while sweated for fear and anxiety, to find herself thus locked in the knight's arms; and without either understanding, or willing to understand his florid excuses, she did what she could to get from him, and sheer off without speaking a word. On the other side, the carrier, whose lewd thoughts kept him awake, having heard his trusty lady when she first came in, and listened ever since to the knight's discourse, began to be afraid that she had made some other assignation; and so, without any more ado, he crept softly to Don Quixote's bed, where he listened a while to hear what would be the end of all this talk, which he could not understand; but perceiving at last by the struggling of his faithful Maritornes, that it was none of her fault, and that the knight strove to detain her against

her will, he could by no means bear his familiarity; and therefore taking it in mighty dudgeon, he up with his fist and hit the enamoured knight such a swinging blow on the jaws, that his face was all over blood in a moment. And not satisfied with this, he got on the top of the knight, and with his splay feet betrampled him, as if he had been trampling a hay-mow. With that the bed, whose foundations were none of the best, sunk under the additional load of the carrier, and fell with such a noise that it waked the innkeeper, who presently suspects it to be one of Maritornes's nightly skirmishes; and therefore having called her aloud, and finding that she did not answer, he lighted a lamp and made to the place where he heard the bustle. The wench, who heard him coming, knowing him to be of a passionate nature, was scared out of her wits, and fled for shelter to Sancho's sty, where he lay snoring to some tune. there she pigged in, and slunk under the coverlet, where she lay snug, and trussed up as round as an egg. Presently her master came in, in a mighty heat: "Where's this damned whore?" cried he; "I dare say this is one of her pranks." By this Sancho awaked, and feeling that unusual lump, which almost overlaid him, he took it to be the night-mare, and began to lay about

him with his fists, and thumped the wench so unmercifully that at last flesh and blood were no longer able to bear it; and forgetting the danger she was in, and her dear reputation, she paid him back his thumps as fast as her fists could lay them on, and soon roused the drowsy squire out of his sluggishness, whether he would or no; who, finding himself thus pommelled, by he did not know who, he bustled up in his nest, and catching hold of Maritornes, they began the most pleasant skirmish in the world; when the carrier perceiving, by the light of the innkeeper's lamp, the dismal condition that his dear mistress was in, presently took her part, and leaving the knight, whom he had more than sufficiently mauled, flew at the squire and paid him confoundedly. On the other hand, the innkeeper, who took the wench to be the cause of all this hurly-burly, cuffed and kicked, and kicked and cuffed her over and over again; and so there was a strange multiplication of fisticuffs and drubbings. The carrier pommelled Sancho, Sancho mauled the wench, the wench belaboured the squire, and the innkeeper thrashed her again; and all of them laid on with such expedition, that you would have thought they had been afraid of losing time. But the jest was, that in the heat

of the fray the lamp went out, so that, being now in the dark, they plied one another at a venture: they struck and tore, all went to rack, while nails and fists flew about without mercy.

There happened to lodge that night in the inn one of the officers belonging to that society which they call the old holy brotherhood of Toledo, whose chief office is to look after thieves and robbers. Being waked with the heavy bustle, he presently jumped out of his bed, and with his short staff in one hand and a tin box with his commission in it in the other, he groped out his way, and being entered the room in the dark, cried out, "I charge you all to keep the peace. I am an officer of the holy brotherhood." The first he popped his hand upon happened to be the poor battered knight, who lay upon his back at his full length, without any feeling, upon the ruins of his bed. The officer having caught him by the beard, presently cried out, "I charge you to aid and assist me;" but finding he could not stir, though he griped him hard, he presently imagined him to be dead, and murdered by the rest in the room. With that he bawled out to have the gates of the inn shut. "Here's a man murdered," cried he; "look that nobody makes his escape." These words struck all the combat-

ants with such a terror that, as soon as they reached their ears, they gave over and left the argument undecided. Away stole the innkeeper to his own room, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her kennel; only the unfortunate knight, and his as unfortunate squire, remained where they lay, not being able to stir; while the officer, having let go Don Quixote's beard, went out for a light, in order to apprehend the supposed murderers; but the innkeeper having wisely put out the lamp in the gateway, as he sneaked out of the room, the officer was obliged to repair to the kitchen chimney, where with much ado, puffing and blowing a long while amidst the embers, he at last made shift to get a light.

CHAPTER III.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE INNUMERABLE HARDSHIPS WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE, AND HIS WORTHY SQUIRE SANCHO, UNDERWENT IN THE INN, WHICH THE KNIGHT UNLUCKILY TOOK FOR A CASTLE.

Don Quixote, who by this time was come to himself, began to call Sancho with the same lamentable tone as the day before, when he had been beaten by the carriers in the meadow; "Sancho," cried he, "friend Sancho, art thou asleep? art thou asleep, friend Sancho?"—"Sleep!" replied Sancho, mightily out of humour, "may Old Nick rock my cradle then. Why, how the devil should I sleep, when all the imps of hell have been tormenting me to-night?"—"Nay, thou art in the right," answered Don Quixote, "for either I have no skill in these matters, or this castle is enchanted. Hear what I say to thee, but first swear thou wilt never reveal it till after my death."—"I swear it," quoth Sancho.—"I am thus cautious," said Don Quixote, "because I

hate to take away the reputation of any person."—"Why," quoth Sancho, "I tell you again, I swear never to speak a word of the matter while you live; and I wish I may be at liberty to talk on't to-morrow."—"Why," cried Don Quixote, "have I done thee so much wrong, Sancho, that you would have me die so soon?"—"Nay, 'tis not for that neither," quoth Sancho; "but because I can't abide to keep things long, for fear they should grow mouldy."—"Well, let it be as thou pleasest," said Don Quixote: "for I dare trust greater concerns to thy courtesy and affection. In short, know, that this very night there happened to me one of the strangest adventures that can be imagined; for the daughter of the lord of this castle came to me, who is one of the most engaging and most beautiful damsels that ever nature has been proud to boast of: what could I not tell thee of the charms of her shape and face, and the perfections of her mind! what could I not add of other hidden beauties, which I condemn to silence and oblivion, lest I endanger my allegiance and fidelity to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso! I will only tell thee, that the heavens envying the inestimable happiness which fortune had thrown into my hand, or rather, because this castle is enchanted, it

happened, that in the midst of the most tender and passionate discourses that passed between us, the profane hand of some mighty giant, which I could not see, nor imagine whence it came, hit me such a dreadful blow on the jaws, that they are still embrued with blood; after which the discourteous wretch, presuming on my present weakness, did so barbarously bruise me, that I feel myself in a worse condition now than I did yesterday, after the carriers had so roughly handled me for Rozinante's incontinency: from which I conjecture, that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and not reserved for me."

"Nor for me, neither," quoth Sancho; "for I have been rib-roasted by above four hundred Moors, who have hammered my bones in such guise, that I may safely say, the assault and battery made on my body by the carriers' poles and pack-staves, were but ticklings and strokings with a feather to this.* But, sir, pray tell me, d'ye call this such a pleasant adventure, when we are so lamentably pounded after it? And yet your hap may well be accounted better than mine, seeing you've hugged that fair

* In the original, were tarts and cheese-cakes to this: *Tortas y pan pinta.*

maiden in your arms. But I, what have I had, I pray you, but the heaviest blows that ever fell on a poor man's shoulders? Woe's me, and the mother that bore me, for I neither am, nor ever mean to be a knight-errant, and yet of all the mis-adventures, the greater part falls still to my lot."—" What, hast thou been beaten as well as I?" said Don Quixote.—" What a plague," cried Sancho, " han't I been telling you so all this while!"—" Come, never let it trouble thee, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; " for I'll immediately make the precious balsam, that will cure thee in the twinkling of an eye."

By this time the officer, having lighted his lamp, came into the room, to see who it was that was murdered. Sancho seeing him enter in his shirt, a napkin wrapped about his head like a turban, and the lamp in his hand, he being also an ugly ill-looked fellow, " Sir," quoth the squire to his master, " pray see whether this be not the enchanted Moor, that's come again to have t'other bout with me, and try* whether he has not left some place unbruised for him now to maul as much as the rest."—" It cannot be the Moor," replied Don Quix-

* *Left some place unbruised, &c.* Literally, left something at the bottom of the ink-horn; that is, left the business incomplete.

ote: "for persons enchanted are to be seen by nobody."—"If they do not suffer themselves to be seen," quoth Sancho, "at least they suffer themselves to be felt: if not, let my carcase bear witness."—"So might mine," cried Don Quixote; "yet this is no sufficient reason to prove, that what we see is the enchanted Moor."

While they were thus arguing, the officer advanced, and wondered to hear two men talk so calmly to one another there: yet finding the unfortunate knight lying in the same deplorable posture as he left him, stretched out like a corpse, bloody, bruised, and beplaistered, and not able to stir himself; "How is't, honest fellow," quoth he to the champion, "how do you find yourself?"—"Were I your fellow," replied Don Quixote, "I would have a little more manners than you have, you blockhead, you; is that your way of approaching knights-errant in this country?"—The officer could not bear such a reprimand from one who made so scurvy a figure, and lifting up the lamp, oil and all, hit Don Quixote such a blow on the head with it, that he had reason to fear he had made work for the surgeon, and therefore stole presently out of the room, under the protection of the night.—"Well, sir," quoth Sancho, "d'ye

think now it was the enchanted Moor, or no? for my part, I think he keeps the treasure you talk of for others, and reserves only kicks, cuffs, thumps, and knocks for your worship and myself."—"I am now convinced," answered Don Quixote: "therefore let us wave that resentment of these injuries, which we might otherwise justly shew; for considering these enchanters can make themselves invisible when they please, it is needless to think of revenge. But, pray thee rise, if thou canst, Sancho, and desire the governor of the castle to send me some oil, salt, wine, and rosemary, that I may make my healing balsam; for truly I want it extremely, so fast the blood flows out of the wound which the fantasm gave me just now."

Sancho then got up as fast as his aching bones would let him, and with much ado made shift to crawl out of the room to look for the inn-keeper; and, stumbling by the way on the officer, who stood hearkening to know what mischief he had done, "Sir," quoth he to him, "for heaven's sake, do so much as help us to a little oil, salt, wine and rosemary, to make a medicine for one of the best knights-errant that ever trod on shoe of leather, who lies yonder grievously wounded by the enchanted Moor of

this inn."[1] The officer, hearing him talk at that rate, took him to be one out of his wits; and it beginning to be day-light, he opened the inn-door, and told the inn-keeper what Sancho wanted. The host presently provided the desired ingredients, and Sancho crept back with them to his master, whom he found holding his head, and sadly complaining of the pain which he felt there: though after all, the lamp had done him no more harm than only raising of two huge bumps; for that which he fancied to be blood, was only sweat, and the oil of the lamp that had liquored his hair and face.

The knight took all the ingredients, and, having mixed them together, he had them set over the fire, and there kept them boiling till he thought they were enough. That done, he asked for a vial to put this precious liquor in. but there being none to be got, the inn-keeper presented him with an old earthen jug, and Don Quixote was forced to be contented with that. Then he mumbled over the pot above fourscore *Paternosters*, and as many *Ave-marias*, *Salve Reginas*, and *Credos*, making the sign of the cross at every word by way of benediction. At which ceremony, Sancho, the inn-keeper, and the officer were present; for as for

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter III.

the carrier, he was gone to look after his mules, and took no manner of notice of what was passed. This blessed medicine being made, Don Quixote resolved to make an immediate experiment of it on himself; and to that purpose he took off a good draught of the overplus, which the pot could not hold: but he had scarce gulped it down, when it set him a vomiting so violently, that you would have thought he would have cast up his heart, liver and guts; and his retching and straining put him into such a sweat, that he desired to be covered up warm, and left to his repose. With that they left him, and he slept three whole hours; and then waking, found himself so wonderfully eased, that he made no question but he had now the right balsam of Fierabras; and therefore he thought he might safely undertake all the most dangerous adventures in the world, without the least hazard of his person.

Sancho, encouraged by the wonderful effect of the balsam on his master, begged that he would be pleased to give him leave to sip up what was left in the pot, which was no small quantity; and the Don having consented, honest Sancho lifted it up with both his hands, and with a strong faith, and better will, poured every drop down his throat. Now the man's

stomach not being so nice as his master's, the drench did not set him a vomiting after that manner; but caused such a wambling in his stomach, such a bitter loathing, kecking, and retching, and such grinding pangs, with cold sweats and swoonings, that he verily believed his last hour was come, and in the midst of his agony gave both the balsam and him that made it to the devil.—"Friend," said Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, "I begin to think all this pain befalls thee, only because thou hast not received the order of knighthood; for it is my opinion, this balsam ought to be used by no man that is not a professed knight." —"What a plague did you mean then by letting me drink it?" quoth Sancho; "a murrain on me, and all my generation, why did not you tell me this before?" At length the dose began to work to some purpose, and forced its way at both ends so copiously, that both his bed-mat and coverlet were soon made unfit for any further use; and all the while he strained so hard, that not only himself, but the standers-by, thought he would have died. This dreadful hurricane lasted about two hours; and then too, instead of finding himself as free from pain as his master, he felt himself so feeble, and so far spent, that he was not able to stand.

But Don Quixote, as we have said, found himself in an excellent temper; and his active soul loathing an inglorious repose, he presently was impatient to depart to perform the duties of his adventurous profession: for he thought those moments that were trifled away in amusements, or other concerns, only a blank in life; and all delays a depriving distressed persons, and the world in general, of his needed assistance. The confidence which he reposed in his balsam, heightened, if possible, his resolution; and thus carried away by his eager thoughts, he saddled Rozinante himself, and then put the pannel upon the ass, and his squire upon the pannel, after he had helped him to huddle on his clothes: that done, he mounted his steed; and having spied a javelin that stood in a corner, he seized and appropriated it to himself, to supply the want of his lance. Above twenty people that were in the inn stood spectators of all these transactions; and among the rest the inn-keeper's daughter, from whom Don Quixote had not power to withdraw his eyes, breathing out at every glance a deep sigh from the very bottom of his heart; which those who had seen him so mortified the night before, took to proceed from the pain of his bruises.

And now being ready to set forwards, he

called for the master of the house, and with a grave delivery, "My lord governor," cried he, "the favours I have received in your castle are so great and extraordinary, that they bind my grateful soul to an eternal acknowledgment: therefore that I may be so happy as to discharge part of the obligation, think if there be ever a proud mortal breathing on whom you desire to be revenged for some affront or other injury, and acquaint me with it now; and by my order of knighthood, which binds me to protect the weak, relieve the oppressed, and punish the bad, I promise you I'll take effectual care, that you shall have ample satisfaction to the utmost of your wishes."—"Sir Knight," answered the inn-keeper, with an austere gravity, "I shall not need your assistance to revenge any wrong that may be offered to my person; for I would have you to understand, that I am able to do myself justice, whenever any man presumes to do me wrong: therefore all the satisfaction I desire is, that you will pay your reckoning for horse-meat and man's meat, and all your expenses in my inn."—"How!" cried Don Quixote, "is this an inn?"—"Yes," answered the host, "and one of the most noted, and of the best repute upon the road."—"How strangely have I been mis-

taken then!" cried Don Quixote; "upon my honour I took it for a castle, and a considerable one too; but if it be an inn, and not a castle, all I have to say is, that you must excuse me from paying anything; for I would by no means break the laws which we knight-errants are bound to observe; nor was it ever known, that they ever paid in any inn whatsoever;[1] for this is the least recompence that can be allowed them for the intolerable labours they endure day and night, winter and summer, o'foot and o'horseback, pinched with hunger, choked with thirst, and exposed to all the injuries of the air, and all the inconveniences in the world."—"I have nothing to do with all this," cried the inn-keeper: "pay your reckoning, and don't trouble me with your foolish stories of a cock and a bull; I can't afford to keep house at that rate."—"Thou art both a fool and a knave of an inn-keeper," replied Don Quixote: and with that clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his javelin at his host, he rode out of the inn without any opposition, and got a good way from it, without so much as once looking behind him to see whether his squire came after him.

The knight being marched off, there re-

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Book III., Chapter III.

mained only the squire, who was stopped for the reckoning. However he swore bloodily he would not pay a cross; for the self-same law that acquitted the knight acquitted the squire. This put the inn-keeper into a great passion, and made him threaten Sancho very hard, telling him if he would not pay him by fair means, he would have him laid by the heels that moment. Sancho swore by his master's knighthood, he would sooner part with his life than his money on such an account; nor should the squires in after ages ever have occasion to upbraid him with giving so ill a precedent, or breaking their rights. But as ill luck would have it, there happened to be in the inn four Segovia clothiers, three Cordova point-makers, and two Seville hucksters, all brisk, gamesome, arch fellows; who agreeing all in the same design, encompassed Sancho, and pulled him off his ass, while one of them went and got a blanket. Then they put the unfortunate squire into it, and observing the roof of the place they were in to be somewhat too low for their purpose, they carried him into the back yard, which had no limits but the sky, and there they tossed him for several times together in the blanket, as they do dogs on Shrove-Tuesday. Poor Sancho made so grievous an

outcry all the while, that his master heard him, and imagined those lamentations were of some person in distress, and consequently the occasion of some adventure: but having at last distinguished the voice, he made to the inn with a broken gallop; and finding the gates shut, he rode about to see whether he might not find some other way to get in. But he no sooner came to the back-yard wall, which was none of the highest, when he was an eye-witness of the scurvy trick that was put upon his squire. There he saw him ascend and descend, and frolick and caper in the air with so much nimbleness and agility, that it is thought the knight himself could not have forborne laughing, had he been anything less angry He did his best to get over the wall, but alas! he was so bruised, that he could not so much as alight from his horse. This made him fume and chafe, and vent his passion in a thousand threats and curses, so strange and various that it is impossible to repeat them. But the more he stormed, the more they tossed and laughed; Sancho on his side begging, and howling, and threatening, and damning, to as little purpose as his master, for it was weariness alone could make the tossers give over. Then they charitably put an end to his high dancing, and set

him upon his ass again, carefully wrapped in his mantle.

But Maritornes's tender soul made her pity a male creature in such tribulation; and thinking he had danced and tumbled enough to be a-dry, she was so generous as to help him to a draught of water, which she purposely drew from the well that moment, that it might be the cooler. Sancho clapped the pot to his mouth, but his master made him desist; "Hold, hold," cried he, "son Sancho, drink no water, child, it will kill thee: behold I have here the most holy balsam, two drops of which will cure thee effectually."—"Ha," replied Sancho, shaking his head, and looking sourly on the knight with a side-face, "have you again forgot that I am no knight? or would you have me cast up the few guts I have left since yesternight's job? Keep your brewings for yourself in the devil's name, and let me alone." With that he lifted up the jug to his nose, but finding it to be mere element, he spirted out again the little he had tasted, and desired the wench to help him to some better liquor; so she went and fetched him wine to make him amends, and paid for it too out of her own pocket; for, to give the devil his due, it was said of her, that though she was somewhat too

free of her favours, yet she had something of Christianity in her. As soon as Sancho had tipped off his wine, he visited his ass's ribs twice or thrice with his heels, and, free egress being granted him, he trooped off, mightily tickled with the thoughts of having had his ends, and got off shot-free, though at the expense of his shoulders, his usual sureties. It is true, the inn-keeper kept his wallet for the reckoning; but the poor squire was so dismayed, and in such haste to be gone, that he never missed it. The host was for shutting the inn-doors after him, for fear of the worst; but the tossers would not let him, being a sort of fellows that would not have mattered Don Quixote a straw, though he had really been one of the Knights of the Round Table.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE DISCOURSE BETWEEN THE KNIGHT AND THE SQUIRE, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTH RELATING.

SANCHO overtook his master, but so pale, so dead-hearted, and so mortified, that he was hardly able to sit his ass. "My dear Sancho," said Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, "I am now fully convinced that this castle, or inn, is enchanted; for what could they be that made themselves such barbarous sport with thee, but spirits and people of the other world? and I the rather believe this, seeing, that when I looked over the wall, and saw thee thus abused, I strove to get over it, but could not stir, nor by any means alight from Rozinante. For, by my honour, could I either have got over the wall, or dismounted, I would have revenged thee so effectually on those discourteous wretches, that they should never have forgot the severity of their punishment, though for once I had infringed the laws of chivalry; which, as I have often informed thee.

do not permit any knight to lay hands on one that is not knighted, unless it be in his own defence, and in case of great necessity."— "Nay," quoth Sancho, "I would have paid them home myself, whether knight or no knight, but it was not in my power; and yet I dare say, those that made themselves so merry with my carcase were neither spirits nor enchanted folks, as you will have it, but mere flesh and blood as we be. I am sure they called one another by their Christian names and sirnames, while they made me vault and frisk in the air: one was called Pedro Martinez, the other Tenorio Hernandez, and as for our dog of an host, I heard them call him Juan Palomeque the left-handed. Then pray don't you fancy, that your not being able to get over the wall, nor to alight, was some enchanter's trick. It is a folly to make many words; it is as plain as the nose in a man's face, that these same adventures which we hunt for up and down, are like to bring us at last into a peck of troubles, and such a plaguy deal of mischief, that we shan't be able to set one foot afore the other. The short and the long is, I take it to be the wisest course to jog home and look after our harvest, and not to run rambling from

Ceca* to Meca, lest we leap out of the frying-pan into the fire, or, out of God's blessing into the warm sun."—

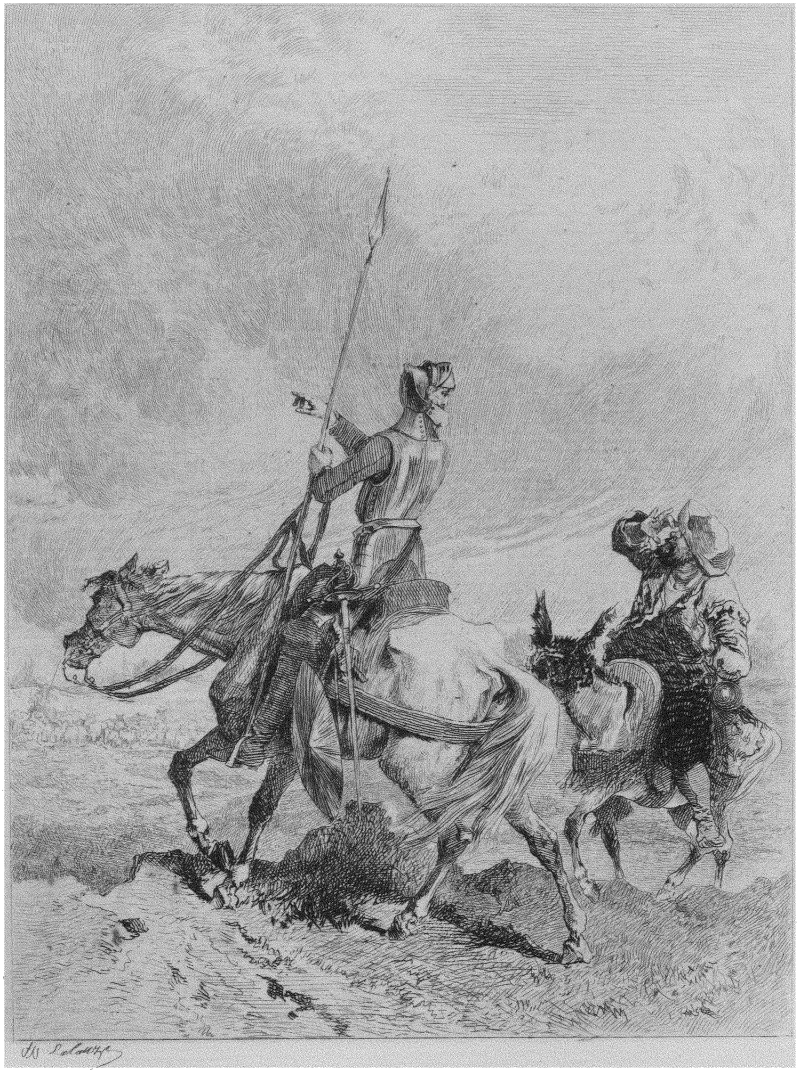
"Poor Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "how ignorant thou art in matters of chivalry! Come, say no more, and have patience: a day will come when thou shalt be convinced how honourable a thing it is to follow this employment. For, tell me, what satisfaction in this world, what pleasure, can equal that of vanquishing and triumphing over one's enemy? None, without doubt."—"It may be so for aught I know," quoth Sancho, "though I know nothing of the matter. However, this I may venture to say, that ever since we have turned knights-errant, your worship I mean, for it is not for such scrubs as myself to be named the same day with such folk, the devil of any fight you have had the better in, unless it be that with the Biscayan; and in that too you came off with the loss of one ear and the vizor of your helmet. And what have we got ever since, pray, but blows, and more blows; bruises, and more bruises? besides this tossing in a blanket, which fell all to my share, and

* Ceca was a place of devotion among the Moors, in the city of Cordova, to which they used to go on pilgrimage from other places, as Meca is among the Turks: whence the proverb comes to signify, sauntering about to no purpose. A banter upon Popish pilgrimages.

for which I cannot be revenged because they were hobgoblins that served me so forsooth, though I hugely long to be even with them, that I may know the pleasure you say there is in vanquishing one's enemy"—"I find, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "thou and I are both sick of the same disease; but I will endeavour with all speed to get me a sword made with so much art, that no sort of enchantment shall be able to hurt whosoever shall wear it; and perhaps fortune may put into my hand that which Amadis de Gaul wore when he styled himself, The Knight of the Burning Sword, which was one of the best blades that ever was drawn by knight. for, besides the virtue I now mentioned, it had an edge like a razor, and would enter the strongest armour that ever was tempered or enchanted."—"I will lay anything," quoth Sancho, "when you have found this sword, it will prove just such another help to me as your balsam; that is to say, it will stand nobody in any stead but your dubbed knights, let the poor devil of a squire shift how he can."—"Fear no such thing," replied Don Quixote; "heaven will be more propitious to thee than thou imaginest."

Thus they went on discoursing, when Don

Quixote, perceiving a thick cloud of dust arise right before them in the road, "The day is come," said he, turning to the squire, "the day is come, Sancho, that shall usher in the happiness which fortune has reserved for me: this day shall the strength of my arm be signalized by such exploits as shall be transmitted even to the latest posterity. See'st thou that cloud of dust, Sancho? it is raised by a prodigious army marching this way, and composed of an infinite number of nations."—"Why then, at this rate," quoth Sancho, "there should be two armies; for yonder is as great a dust on the other side." With that Don Quixote looked, and was transported with joy at the sight, firmly believing that two vast armies were ready to engage each other in that plain: for his imagination was so crowded with those battles, enchantments, surprising adventures, amorous thoughts, and other whimsies which he had read of in romances, that his strong fancy changed everything he saw into what he desired to see; and thus he could not conceive that the dust was only raised by two large flocks of sheep that were going the same road from different parts, and could not be discerned till they were very near: he was so positive that they were two armies, that Sancho firmly be-



lieved him at last. "Well, sir," quoth the squire, "what are we to do, I beseech you?"—"What shall we do," replied Don Quixote, "but assist the weaker and injured side? for know, Sancho, that the army which now moves towards us is commanded by the great Alifanfaron, emperor of the vast island of Taprobana:[1] the other that advances behind us is his enemy, the King of the Garamantians, Pentapolin with the naked arm; so called, because he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare."—"Pray, sir," quoth Sancho, "why are these two great men going together by the ears?"—"The occasion of their quarrel is this," answered Don Quixote. "Alifanfaron, a strong Pagan, is in love with Pentapolin's daughter, a very beautiful lady and a Christian. now her father refuses to give her in marriage to the heathen prince, unless he abjure his false belief and embrace the Christian religion."—"Burn my beard," said Sancho, "if Pentapolin be not in the right on it; I will stand by him, and help him all I may."—"I commend thy resolution," replied Don Quixote, "it is not only lawful, but requisite; for there is no need of being a knight to fight in such battles."—"I guessed as much," quoth Sancho; "but where shall we leave my

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter IV

ass in the meantime, that I may be sure to find him again after the battle; for I fancy you never heard of any man that ever charged upon such a beast."—"It is true," answered Don Quixote, "and therefore I would have thee turn him loose, though thou wert sure never to find him again, for we shall have so many horses after we have got the day, that even Rozinante himself will be in danger of being changed for another." Then mounting to the top of a hillock, whence they might have seen both the flocks, had not the dust obstructed their sight, "Look yonder, Sancho!" cried Don Quixote; "that knight whom thou seest in the gilded arms, bearing in his shield a crowned lion couchant at the feet of a lady, is the valiant Laurealco, lord of the silver bridge. He in the armour powdered with flowers of gold, bearing three crows Argent in a field Azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, great Duke of Quiracia. That other of a gigantic size that marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, sovereign of the three Arabias; he is arrayed in a serpent's skin, and carries instead of a shield a huge gate, which they say belonged to the temple which Samson pulled down at his death, when he revenged himself upon his enemies. But cast thy eyes on this side, Sancho

and at the head of the other army see the victorious Timonel of Carcaiona, Prince of New Biscay, whose armour is quartered Azure, Vert, Or, and Argent, and who bears in his shield a cat Or, in a field Gules, with these four letters, MIAU, for a motto, being the beginning of his mistress's name, the beautiful Miaulina, daughter to Alpheniquen, Duke of Algarva. That other monstrous load upon the back of yonder wild horse, with arms as white as snow, and a shield without any device, is a Frenchman, now created knight, called Pierre Papin, Baron of Utrique: he whom you see pricking that pyed courser's flanks with his armed heels, is the mighty Duke of Nervia, Espartafilardo of the wood, bearing in his shield a field of pure Azure, powdered with Asparagus (*Esparrago**) with the motto in Castilian, *Restrea mi suerte; Thus trails, or drags my fortune.*" And thus he went on, naming a great number of others in both armies, to every one of whom his fertile imagination assigned arms, colours, impresses and

* The jingle between the duke's name *Espartafilardo* and *Esparago* (his arms) is a ridicule upon the foolish quibbles so frequent in heraldry; and probably this whole catalogue is a satire upon several great names and sounding titles in Spain, whose owners were arrant beggars. The *trailing* of his fortune may allude to the word *Esparto*, a sort of rush they make ropes with. Or perhaps he was without a mistress, to which the sparagrass may allude: for in Spain they have a proverb, *Solo comes el Esparago:* As solitary as sparagrass, because every one of them springs up by itself.

mottoes, as readily as if they had really been that moment extant before his eyes. And then proceeding without the least hesitation: "That vast body," said he, "that is just opposite to us, is composed of several nations. There you see those who drink the pleasant stream of the famous Xanthus: there the mountaineers that till the Massilian fields: those that sift the pure gold of Arabia Felix: those that inhabit the renowned and delightful banks of Thermodoon. Yonder, those who so many ways sluice and drain the golden Pactolus for its precious sand. The Numidians, unsteady and careless of their promises. The Persians, excellent archers. The Medes and Parthians, who fight flying. The Arabs, who have no fixed habitations. The Scythians, cruel and savage, though fair-complexioned. The sooty Ethiopians, that bore their lips; and a thousand other nations whose countenances I know, though I have forgotten their names. On the other side, come those whose country is watered with the crystal streams of Betis, shaded with olive-trees. Those who bathe their limbs in the rich flood of the golden Tagus. Those whose mansions are laved by the profitable stream of the divine Genile. Those who range the verdant Tartesian meadows. Those who indulge their

luxurious temper in the delicious pastures of Xerez. The wealthy inhabitants of Mancha, crowned with golden ears of corn. The ancient offspring of the Goths, cased in iron. Those who wanton in the lazy current of Pisverga. Those who feed their numerous flocks in the ample plains where the Guadiana, so celebrated for its hidden course, pursues its wandering race. Those who shiver with extremity of cold, on the woody Pyrenean hills, or on the hoary tops of the snowy Apennine. In a word, all that Europe includes within its spacious bounds, half a world in a army." It is scarce to be imagined how many countries he had ran over, how many nations he enumerated, distinguishing every one by what is peculiar to them, with an incredible vivacity of mind, and that still in the puffy style of his fabulous books.

Sancho listened to all this romantic muster-roll as mute as a fish, with amazement, all that he could do was now and then to turn his head on this side and t'other side, to see if he could discern the knights and giants whom his master named. But at length, not being able to discover any, "Why," cried he, "you had as good tell me it snows; the devil of any knight, giant, or man, can I see, of all those you talk of now, who knows but all this may be witch-

craft and spirits, like yesternight?"—"How," replied Don Quixote; "dost thou not hear their horses neigh, their trumpets sound, and their drums beat?"—"Not I," quoth Sancho, "I prick up my ears like a sow in the beans, and yet I can hear nothing but the bleating of sheep." Sancho might justly say so indeed, for by this time the two flocks were got very near them. "Thy fear disturbs thy senses," said Don Quixote, "and hinders thee from hearing and seeing right but it is no matter; withdraw to some place of safety, since thou art so terrified; for I alone am sufficient to give the victory to that side which I shall favour with my assistance." With that he couched his lance, clapped spurs to Rozinante, and rushed like a thunder-bolt from the hillock into the plain. Sancho bawled after him as loud as he could, "Hold, sir!" cried Sancho; "for heaven's sake come back! What do you mean? as sure as I am a sinner those you are going to maul are nothing but poor harmless sheep. Come back, I say. Woe to him that begot me! Are you mad, sir? there are no giants, no knights, no cats, no asparagus-gardens, no golden quarters nor what d'ye call thems. Does the devil possess you? you are leaping over the hedge before you come at

the stile. You are taking the wrong sow by the ear. Oh that I was ever born to see this day!" But Don Quixote still riding on, deaf and lost to good advice, out-roared his expostulating squire. "Courage, brave knights!" cried he; "march up, fall on, all you who fight under the standard of the valiant Pentapolin with the naked arm: follow me, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on that infidel Alifanfaron of Taprobana;" and so saying, he charged the squadron of sheep with that gallantry and resolution, that he pierced, broke and put it to flight in an instant, charging through and through, not without a great slaughter of his mortal enemies, whom he laid at his feet, biting the ground and wallowing in their blood. The shepherds seeing their sheep go to wrack, called out to him, till finding fair means ineffectual, they unloosed their slings, and began to ply him with stones as big as their fists. But the champion disdaining such a distant war, spite of their showers of stones, rushed among the routed sheep, trampling both the living and the slain in a most terrible manner, impatient to meet the general of the enemy, and end the war at once. "Where, where art thou," cried he, "proud Alifanfaron? Appear! see here a single knight who seeks

thee everywhere, to try now, hand to hand, the boasted force of thy strenuous arm, and deprive thee of life, as a due punishment for the unjust war which thou hast audaciously waged with the valiant Pentapolin." Just as he had said this, while the stones flew about his ears, one unluckily hit upon his small ribs, and had like to have buried two of the shortest deep in the middle of his body The knight thought himself slain, or at least desperately wounded; and therefore calling to mind his precious balsam, and pulling out his earthen jug, he clapped it to his mouth but before he had swallowed a sufficient dose, souse comes another of those bitter almonds, that spoiled his draught, and hit him so pat upon the jug, hand, and teeth, that it broke the first, maimed the second, and struck out three or four of the last. These two blows were so violent, that the boisterous knight, falling from his horse, lay upon the ground as quiet as the slain; so that the shepherds, fearing he was killed, got their flock together with all speed, and carrying away their dead, which were no less than seven sheep, they made what haste they could out of harm's way, without looking any farther into the matter.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hill,

where he was mortified upon the sight of this mad adventure. There he stamped and swore, and banned his master to the bottomless pit; he tore his beard for madness, and cursed the moment he first knew him: but seeing him at last knocked down, and settled, the shepherds being scampered, he thought he might venture to come down; and found him in a very ill plight, though not altogether senseless. "Ah! master," quoth he, "this comes of not taking my counsel. Did I not tell you it was a flock of sheep, and no army?"—"Friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "know, it is an easy matter for necromancers to change the shapes of things as they please: thus that malicious enchanter, who is my inveterate enemy, to deprive me of the glory which he saw me ready to acquire, while I was reaping a full harvest of laurels, transformed in a moment the routed squadrons into sheep. If thou wilt not believe me, Sancho, yet do one thing for my sake; do but take thy ass, and follow those supposed sheep at a distance, and I dare engage thou shalt soon see them resume their former shapes, and appear such as I described them. But stay, do not go yet, for I want thy assistance. draw near, and see how many cheek-teeth and others I want, for by the dreadful

pain in my jaws and gums, I fear there is a total dilapidation in my mouth." With that the knight opened his mouth as wide as he could, while the squire gaped to tell his grinders, with his snout almost in his chaps; but, just in that fatal moment, the balsam, that lay wambling and fretting in Don Quixote's stomach, came up with an unlucky hickup; and with the same violence that the powder flies out of a gun, all that he had in his stomach discharged itself upon the beard, face, eyes, and mouth, of the officious squire. "Santa Maria," cried poor Sancho, "what will become of me! my master is a dead man! he is vomiting his very heart's blood!" But he had hardly said this, when the colour, smell, and taste, soon undeceived him; and, finding it to be his master's loathsome drench, it caused such a sudden rumbling in his maw, that, before he could turn his head, he unladed the whole cargo of his stomach full in his master's face, and put him in as delicate a pickle as he was himself. Sancho having thus paid him in his own coin, half blinded as he was, ran to his ass, to take out something to clean himself and his master: but when he came to look for his wallet, and found it missing, not remembering till then that he had unhappily left it in the

inn, he was ready to run quite out of his wits: he stormed and stamped, and cursed him worse than before, and resolved with himself to let his master go to the devil, and e'en trudge home by himself, though he was sure to lose his wages, and his hopes of being governor of the promised island.

Thereupon Don Quixote got up with much ado, and clapping his left hand before his mouth, that the rest of his loose teeth might not drop out, he laid his right hand on Rozinante's bridle (for such was the good nature of the creature, that he had not budged a foot from his master), then he crept along to Squire Sancho, that stood lolling on his ass's pannel, with his face in the hollow of both his hands, in a doleful moody melancholy fit.— "Friend Sancho," said he, seeing him thus abandoned to sorrow, "learn of me, that one man is no more than another, if he do no more than what another does. All these storms and hurricanes are but arguments of the approaching calm; better success will soon follow our past calamities: good and bad fortune have their vicissitudes, and it is a maxim, that nothing violent can last long: and therefore we may well promise ourselves a speedy change in our fortune, since our afflictions have ex-

tended their reign beyond the usual stint besides, thou oughtest not to afflict thyself so much for misfortunes, of which thou hast no share, but what friendship and humanity bid thee take."—"How!" quoth Sancho, "have I no other share in them! was not he that was tossed in the blanket this morning the son of my father? and did not the wallet, and all that was in it, which I have lost, belong to the son of my mother?"—"How," asked Don Quixote, "hast thou lost thy wallet?"—"I don't know," said Sancho, "whether it is lost or no, but I am sure I can't tell what is become of it."—"Nay then," replied Don Quixote, "I find we must fast to-day"—"Ay, marry must we," quoth Sancho, "unless you take care to gather in these fields some of those roots and herbs which I have heard you say you know, and which use to help such unlucky knights-errant as yourself at a dead lift."—"For all that," cried Don Quixote, "I would rather have at this time a good luncheon of bread, or a cake and two pilchards heads, than all the roots and simples in Dioscorides's herbal, and Doctor Laguna's supplement and commentary: I pray thee therefore get upon thy ass, good Sancho, and follow me once more; for God's providence, that relieves every creature, will not fail us,

especially since we are about a work so much to his service, thou seest he even provides for the little flying insects in the air, the wormlings in the earth, and the spawnlings in the water; and, in his infinite mercy, he makes his sun shine on the righteous, and on the unjust, and rains upon the good and the bad."

"Many words won't fill a bushel," quoth Sancho, interrupting him; "you would make a better preacher than a knight-errant, or I am plaguily out."—"Knights-errant," replied Don Quixote, "ought to know all things: there have been such in former ages, that have delivered as ingenious and learned a sermon or oration at the head of an army, as if they had taken their degrees at the university of Paris: from which we may infer, that the lance never dulled the pen, nor the pen the lance."—"Well then," quoth Sancho, "for once let it be as you would have it, let us even leave this unlucky place, and seek out a lodging, where, I pray God, there may be neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors; for before I will be hampered as I have been, may I be cursed with bell, book, and candle, if I don't give the trade to the devil."—"Leave all things to Providence," replied Don Quixote, 'and for once lead which way thou pleasest,

for I leave it wholly to thy discretion to provide us a lodging. But first, I pray thee, feel a little how many teeth I want in my upper jaw on the right side, for there I feel most pain."—With that Sancho, feeling with his finger in the knight's mouth, "Pray, sir," quoth he, "how many grinders did your worship use to have on that side?"—"Four," answered Don Quixote, "besides the eye-tooth, all of them whole and sound."—"Think well on what you say," cried Sancho.—"I say four," replied Don Quixote, "if there were not five; for I never in all my life have had a tooth drawn or dropped out, or rotted by the worm, or loosened by rheum."—"Bless me!" quoth Sancho, "why you have in this nether jaw on this side but two grinders and a stump; and in that part of your upper jaw, never a stump, and never a grinder; alas! all is levelled there as smooth as the palm of one's hand."—"Oh, unfortunate Don Quixote!" cried the knight; "I had rather have lost an arm, so it were not my sword-arm; for a mouth without cheek-teeth is like a mill without a mill-stone, Sancho; and every tooth in a man's head is more valuable than a diamond. But we that profess this strict order of knight-errantry, are all subject to these calamities; and therefore, since the loss is irretriev-

able, mount, my trusty Sancho, and go thy own pace; I will follow thee."

Sancho obeyed, and led the way, still keeping the road they were in; which being very much beaten, promised to bring him soonest to a lodging. Thus pacing along very softly, for Don Quixote's gums and ribs would not suffer him to go faster, Sancho, to divert his uneasy thoughts, resolved to talk to him all the while of one thing or other, as the next chapter will inform you.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE WISE DISCOURSE BETWEEN SANCHO AND HIS MASTER; AS ALSO OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE DEAD CORPSE, AND OTHER FAMOUS OCCURRENCES.

"Now, sir," quoth Sancho, "I can't help thinking, but that all the mishaps that have befallen us of late, are a just judgment for the grievous sin you have committed against the order of knighthood, in not keeping the oath you swore, not to eat bread at board, nor to have a merry bout with the queen, and the Lord knows what more, until you had won what d'ye call him, the Moor's helmet, I think you named him."—"Truly," answered Don Quixote, "thou art much in the right, Sancho; and to deal ingenuously with thee, I wholly forgot that: and now thou may'st certainly assure thyself, thou wert tost in a blanket for not remembering to put me in mind of it. However, I will take care to make due atonement; for knight-errantry has ways to conciliate all sorts of matters."—"Why," quoth Sancho, "did I ever swear to mind you of your

vow?"—"It is nothing to the purpose," replied Don Quixote, "whether thou sworest or no. let it suffice that I think thou art not very clear from being accessory to the breach of my vow; and therefore to prevent the worst, there will be no harm in providing for a remedy."—"Hark you then," cried Sancho, "be sure you don't forget your atonement, as you did your oath, lest those confounded hobgoblins come and maul me, and mayhap you too, for being a stubborn sinner."

Insensibly night overtook them before they could discover any lodging; and, which was worse, they were almost hunger-starved, all their provision being in the wallet which Sancho had unluckily left behind; and to complete their distress, there happened to them an adventure, or something that really looked like one.

While our benighted travellers went on dolefully in the dark, the knight very hungry, and the squire very sharp set, what should they see moving towards them but a great number of lights, that appeared like so many wandering stars. At this strange apparition, down sunk Sancho's heart at once, and even Don Quixote himself was not without some symptoms of surprise. Presently the one pulled to him his

ass's halter, the other his horse's bridle, and both made a stop. They soon perceived that the lights made directly towards them, and the nearer they came the bigger they appeared. At the terrible wonder Sancho shook and shivered every joint like one in a palsy, and Don Quixote's hair stood up on end: however, heroically shaking off the amazement which that sight stamped upon his soul, "Sancho," said he, "this must doubtless be a great and most perilous adventure, where I shall have occasion to exert the whole stock of my courage and strength." — "Woe's me," quoth Sancho, "should this happen to be another adventure of ghosts, as I fear it is, where shall I find ribs to endure it?"—"Come all the fiends in hell," cried Don Quixote, "I will not suffer them to touch a hair of thy head. If they insulted thee lately, know there was then between thee and me a wall, over which I could not climb; but now we are in the open field, where I shall have liberty to make use of my sword."—"Ay," quoth Sancho, "you may talk, but should they bewitch you as they did before, what the devil would it avail us to be in the open field?"—"Come, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "be of good cheer; the event will soon convince thee of the greatness of my

valour." — "Pray heaven it may," quoth Sancho; "I will do my best."

With that they rode a little out of the way, and, gazing earnestly at the lights, they soon discovered a great number of persons all in white. At the dreadful sight, all poor Sancho's shuffling courage basely deserted him; his teeth began to chatter as if he had been in an ague fit, and as the objects drew nearer his chattering increased. And now they could plainly distinguish about twenty men on horseback, all in white, with torches in their hands, followed by a hearse covered over with black, and six men in deep mourning, whose mules were also in black down to their very heels. Those in white moved slowly, murmuring from their lips something in a low and lamentable tone. This dismal spectacle, at such a time of night, in the midst of such a vast solitude, was enough to have shipwrecked the courage of a stouter squire than Sancho, and even of his master, had he been any other than Don Quixote; but as his imagination straight suggested to him, that this was one of those adventures of which he had so often read in his books of chivalry, the hearse appeared to him to be a litter, where lay the body of some knight either slain or dangerously wounded, the revenge of whose

misfortunes was reserved for his prevailing arm; and so without any more ado, couching his lance, and seating himself firm in the saddle, he posted himself in the middle of the road where the company were to pass. As soon as they came near, "Stand," cried he to them in a haughty tone, "whoever you be, and tell me who you are, whence you come, whither you go, and what you carry in that litter? for there is all the reason in the world to believe that you have either done or received a great deal of harm; and it is requisite I should be informed of the matter, in order either to punish you for the ill you have committed, or else to revenge you of the wrong you have suffered."—"Sir," answered one of the men in white, "we are in haste; the inn is a great way off, and we cannot stay to answer so many questions;" and with that, spurring his mule, he moved forwards. But Don Quixote, highly dissatisfied with the reply, laid hold on the mule's bridle and stopped him: "Stay," cried he, "proud discourteous knight! Mend your behaviour, and give me instantly an account of what I asked of you, or here I defy you all to mortal combat."—Now the mule, that was shy and skittish, being thus rudely seized by the bridle, was presently scared, and, rising up on her hinder legs, threw her rider to

the ground. Upon this one of the footmen that belonged to the company gave Don Quixote ill language, which so incensed him that, being resolved to be revenged upon them all, in a mighty rage he flew at the next he met, who happened to be one of the mourners. Him he threw to the ground very much hurt; and then turning to the rest with a wonderful agility, he fell upon them with such fury, that he presently put them all to flight. You would have thought Rozinante had wings at that time, so active and so fierce he then approved himself.

It was not indeed for men unarmed, and naturally fearful, to maintain the field against such an enemy; no wonder then if the gentlemen in white were immediately dispersed. Some ran one way, some another, crossing the plain with their lighted torches: you would now have taken them for a parcel of frolicsome masqueraders, gambling and scouring on a carnival night. As for the mourners, they, poor men, were so muffled up in their long cumbersome cloaks, that, not being able to make their party good, nor defend themselves, they were presently routed, and ran away like the rest, the rather, for that they thought it was no mortal creature, but the devil himself, that was come to fetch away the dead body which they

were accompanying to the grave. All the while Sancho was lost in admiration and astonishment, charmed with the sight of his master's valour; and now concluded him to be the formidable champion he boasted himself.

After this the knight, by the light of a torch that lay burning upon the ground, perceiving the man who was thrown by his mule lying near it, he rode up to him, and, setting his lance to his throat, "Yield," cried he, "and beg thy life, or thou diest."—"Alas, sir," cried the other, "what need you ask me to yield? I am not able to stir, for one of my legs is broken; and I beseech you, if you are a Christian, do not kill me. I am a master of arts, and in holy orders; it would be a heinous sacrilege to take away my life."—"What a devil brought you hither then, if you are a clergyman?" cried Don Quixote.—"What else but my ill fortune?" replied the supplicant.—"A worse hovers over thy head," cried Don Quixote, "and threatens thee, if thou dost not answer this moment to every particular question I ask." –"I will, I will, sir," replied the other; "and first I must beg your pardon for saying I was a master of arts, for I have yet but taken my bachelor's degree. My name is Alonzo Lopez I am of Alcovendas, and came now from the town of

Baeça, with eleven other clergymen, the same that now ran away with the torches. We were going to Segovia to bury the corpse of a gentleman of that town, who died at Baeça, and lies now in yonder hearse."—"And who killed him?" asked Don Quixote.—"Heaven, with a pestilential fever," answered the other.—"If it be so," said Don Quixote, "I am discharged of revenging his death. Since heaven did it, there is no more to be said; had it been its pleasure to have taken me off so, I too must have submitted. I would have you informed, reverend sir, that I am a knight of La Mancha, my name Don Quixote; my employment is to visit all parts of the world in quest of adventures, to right and relieve injured innocence, and punish oppression."—"Truly, sir," replied the clergyman, "I do not understand how you can call that to right and relieve men, when you break their legs: you have made that crooked which was right and straight before; and heaven knows whether it can ever be set right as long as I live. Instead of relieving the injured, I fear you have injured me past relief; and while you seek adventures, you have made me meet with a very great misadventure."*—

* The author's making the bachelor quibble so much, under such improper circumstances, was designed as a ridicule upon the younger students of the universities, who are apt to indulge in this species of wit.

"All things," replied Don Quixote, "are not blessed alike with a prosperous event, good Mr Bachelor: you should have taken care not to have thus gone a processioning in these desolate plains at this suspicious time of night, with your white surplices, burning torches, and sable weeds, like ghosts and goblins, that went about to scare people out of their wits: for I could not omit doing the duty of my profession, nor would I have forborne attacking you, though you had really been all Lucifer's infernal crew; for such I took you to be, and till this moment could have no better opinion of you."—

"Well, sir," said the bachelor, "since my bad fortune has so ordered it, I must desire you, as you are a knight-errant, who have made mine so ill an errand, to help me to get from under my mule, for it lies so heavy upon me, that I cannot get my foot out of the stirrup."—"Why did not you acquaint me sooner with your grievance?" cried Don Quixote; "I might have talked on till to-morrow morning and never have thought on it."—With that he called Sancho, who made no great haste, for he was much better employed in rifling a load of choice provisions, which the holy men carried along with them on a sumpter-mule. He had spread his coat

on the ground, and having laid on it as much food as it would hold, he wrapped it up like a bag, and laid the booty on his ass; and then away he ran to his master, and helped him to set the bachelor upon his mule: after which he gave him his torch, and Don Quixote bade him follow his company, and excuse him for his mistake, though, all things considered, he could not avoid doing what he had done.—"And, sir," quoth Sancho, "if the gentlemen would know who it was that so well threshed their jackets, you may tell them it was the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Woeful Figure."

When the bachelor was gone, Don Quixote asked Sancho why he called him the Knight of the Woeful Figure?—"I'll tell you why," quoth Sancho; "I have been staring upon you this pretty while by the light of that unlucky priest's torch, and may I never stir if ever I set eyes on a more dismal figure in my born-days; and I can't tell what should be the cause on't, unless your being tired after this fray, or the want of your worship's teeth."—"That is not the reason," cried Don Quixote; "no, Sancho, I rather conjecture, that the sage who is commissioned by fate to register my achievements, thought it convenient I should assume

a new appellation, as all the knights of yore; for one was called the Knight of the Burning Sword, another of the Unicorn, a third of the Phœnix, a fourth the Knight of the Damsels, another of the Griffin, and another the Knight of Death; by which by-names and distinctions they were known all over the globe. Therefore, doubtless, that learned sage, my historian, has inspired thee with the thought of giving me that additional appellation of the Knight of the Woeful Figure:[1] and accordingly I assume the name, and intend henceforward to be distinguished by that denomination. And, that it may seem the more proper, I will with the first opportunity have a most woeful face painted on my shield."—"On my word," quoth Sancho, "you may even save the money, and instead of having a woeful face painted, you need no more but only shew your own. I am but in jest, as a body may say; but what with the want of your teeth, and what with hunger, you look so queerly and so woefully, that no painter can draw you a figure so fit for your purpose as your worship's."—This merry conceit of Sancho extorted a smile from his master's austere countenance however, he persisted in his resolution about the name and

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter V

the picture; and after a pause, a sudden thought disturbing his conscience, "Sancho," cried he, "I am afraid of being excommunicated for having laid violent hands upon a man in holy orders, *Juxta illud; si quis suadente diabolo*, &c. But yet, now I think better on it, I never touched him with my hands, but only with my lance; besides, I did not in the least suspect I had to do with priests, whom I honour and revere as every good Catholic and faithful Christian ought to do, but rather took them to be evil spirits. Well, let the worst come to the worst, I remember what befel the Cid Ruy-Dias, when he broke to pieces the chair of a king's ambassador in the pope's presence, for which he was excommunicated;[1] which did not hinder the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar from behaving himself that day like a valorous knight, and a man of honour.

This said, Don Quixote was for visiting the hearse, to see whether what was in it were only dead bones: but Sancho would not let him; "Sir," quoth he, "you are come off now with a whole skin, and much better than you have done hitherto. Who knows but these same fellows that are now scampered off, may chance to bethink themselves what a shame it is for

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Book III., Chapter V

them to have suffered themselves to be thus routed by a single man, and so come back, and fall upon us all at once? Then we shall have work enough upon our hands. The ass is in good case; there's a hill not far off, and our bellies cry cup-board. Come, let us even get out of harm's-way, and not let the plough stand to catch a mouse, as the saying is; to the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread." With that he put on a dog-trot with his ass; and his master, bethinking himself that he was in the right, put on after him without replying.

After they had rid a little way, they came to a valley that lay skulking between two hills. There they alighted, and Sancho having opened his coat and spread it on the grass, with the provision which he had bundled up in it, our two adventurers fell to; and their stomachs being sharpened with the sauce of hunger, they eat their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper, all at the same time, feasting themselves with variety of cold meats, which you may be sure were the best that could be got; the priests who had brought it for their own eating, being like the rest of their coat, none of the worst stewards for their bellies, and knowing how to make much of themselves.

But now they began to grow sensible of a very great misfortune, and such a misfortune as was bemoaned by poor Sancho, as one of the saddest that ever could befal him; for they found they had not one drop of wine or water to wash down their meat or quench their thirst, which now scorched and choked them worse than hunger had pinched them before. However, Sancho, considering they were in a place where the grass was fresh and green, said to his master—what you shall find in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

OF A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE ACHIEVED BY THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA; THE LIKE NEVER COMPASSED WITH LESS DANGER BY ANY OF THE MOST FAMOUS KNIGHTS IN THE WORLD.

"THE grass is so fresh," quoth Sancho, half choked with thirst, "that I dare lay my life we shall light of some spring or stream hereabouts; therefore, sir, let us look, I beseech you, that we may quench this confounded drought, that plagues our throats ten times worse than hunger did our guts." Thereupon Don Quixote, leading Rozinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter, after he had laid up the reversion of their meal, they went feeling about, only guided by their guess; for it was so dark they scarce could see their hands. They had not gone above two hundred paces before they heard the noise of a great waterfall; which was to them the most welcome sound in the world: but then listening with great attention to know on which side the

grateful murmur came, they on a sudden heard another kind of noise that strangely allayed the pleasure of the first, especially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful, and pusillanimous. They heard a terrible din of obstreperous blows, struck regularly, and a more dreadful rattling of chains and irons, which, together with the roaring of the waters, might have filled any other heart but Don Quixote's with terror and amazement. Add to this the horrors of a dark night and solitude, in an unknown place, the loud rustling of the leaves of some lofty trees under which fortune brought them at the same unlucky moment, the whistling of the wind, which concurred with the other dismaying sounds; the fall of the waters, the thundering thumps, and the clanking of chains aforesaid. The worst too was, that the blows were redoubled without ceasing, the wind blowed on, and day-light was far distant. But then it was, Don Quixote, secured by his intrepidity (his inseparable companion,) mounted his Rozinante, braced his shield, brandished his lance, and showed a soul unknowing fear, and superior to danger and fortune.

"Know, Sancho," cried he, "I was born in this iron age, to restore the age of gold, or the golden age, as some choose to call it. I am the

man for whom fate has reserved the most dangerous and formidable attempts, the most stupendous and glorious adventures, and the most valorous feats of arms. I am the man who must revive the order of the Round Table, the twelve peers of France, and the nine worthies, and efface the memory of your Platyrs, your Tablantes, your Olivantes, and your Tirantes. Now must your Knights of the Sun, your Belianises, and all the numerous throng of famous heroes, and knights-errant of former ages, see the glory of all their most dazzling actions eclipsed and darkened by more illustrious exploits. Do but observe, O thou my faithful squire, what a multifarious assemblage of terrors surrounds us! A horrid darkness, a doleful solitude, a confused rustling of leaves, a dismal rattling of chains, a howling of the winds, an astonishing noise of cataracts, that seem to fall with a boisterous rapidity from the steep mountains of the moon, a terrible sound of redoubled blows, still wounding our ears like furious thunderclaps, and a dead and universal silence of those things that might buoy up the sinking courage of frail mortality. In this extremity of danger, Mars himself might tremble with the affright: yet I, in the midst of all these unutterable alarms, still remain un-

daunted and unshaken. These are but incentives to my valour, and but animate my heart the more; it grows too big and mighty for my breast, and leaps at the approach of this threatening adventure as formidable as it is like to prove. Come, girt Rozinante straighter, and then providence protect thee: thou mayest stay for me here; but if I do not return in three days, go back to our village; and from thence, for my sake, to Toboso, where thou shalt say to my incomparable Lady Dulcinea, that her faithful knight fell a sacrifice to love and honour, while he attempted things that might have made him worthy to be called her adorer."

When Sancho heard his master talk thus, he fell a weeping in the most pitiful manner in the world. "Pray, sir," cried he, "why will you thus run yourself into mischief? Why need you go about this rueful misventure? it is main dark, and there is never a living soul sees us; we have nothing to do but to sheer off, and get out of harm's way, though we were not to drink a drop these three days. Who is there to take notice of our flinching? I have heard our parson, whom you very well know, say in his pulpit, that he who seeks danger perishes therein: and therefore we should not tempt

heaven by going about a thing that we cannot compass but by a miracle. Is it not enough, think you, that it has preserved you from being tossed in a blanket, as I was, and made you come off safe and sound from among so many goblins that went with the dead man? If all this won't work upon that hard heart of yours, do but think of me, and rest yourself assured, that when once you have left your poor Sancho, he will be ready to give up the ghost for very fear, to the next that will come for it: I left my house and home, my wife, children, and all to follow you, hoping to be better for it, and not the worse; but as covetousness breaks the sack, so has it broke me and my hopes; for while I thought myself cocksure of that unlucky and accursed island, which you so often promised me, in lieu thereof you drop me here in a strange place. Dear master, don't be so hard-hearted; and if you won't be persuaded not to meddle with this ungracious adventure, do but put it off 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 lesser bear is just over our heads, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm."—"How! canst thou see the muzzle of the bear?" asked Don Quixote; "there's not

a star to be seen in the sky."—"That's true," quoth Sancho; "but fear is sharp-sighted, and can see things under ground, and much more in the skies."—"Let day come, or not come, it is all one to me," cried the champion; "it shall never be recorded of Don Quixote, that either tears or entreaties could make him neglect the duty of a knight. Then, Sancho, say no more; for heaven, that has inspired me with a resolution of attempting this dreadful adventure, will certainly take care of me and thee: come quickly, girt my steed, and stay here for me; for you will shortly hear of me again, either alive or dead."

Sancho, finding his master obstinate, and neither to be moved with tears nor good advice, resolved to try a trick of policy to keep him there till daylight: and accordingly, while he pretended to fasten the girths, he slily tied Rozinante's hinder-legs with his ass's halter, without being so much as suspected: so that when Don Quixote thought to have moved forwards, he found his horse would not go a step without leaping, though he spurred him on smartly. Sancho, perceiving his plot took, "Look you, sir," quoth he, "heaven's on my side, and won't let Rozinante budge a foot forwards; and now if you will still be spurring

him, I dare pawn my life, it will be but striving against the stream; or, as the saying is, but kicking against the pricks." Don Quixote fretted, and chafed, and raved, and was in a desperate fury, to find his horse so stubborn; but at last, observing that the more he spurred and galled his sides, the more restive he proved, he resolved, though very unwillingly, to have patience until it was light. "Well," said he, "since Rozinante will not leave this place, I must tarry in it until the dawn, though its slowness will cost me some sighs."—"You shall not need to sigh nor be melancholy," quoth Sancho, "for I will undertake to tell you stories until it be day; unless your worship had rather get off your horse, and take a nap upon the green grass, as knights-errant are wont, that you may be the fresher, and the better able in the morning to go through that monstrous adventure that waits for you."—"What dost thou mean by thus alighting and sleeping?" replied Don Quixote; "thinkest thou I am one of those carpet-knights, that abandon themselves to sleep and lazy ease, when danger is at hand? no, sleep thou, thou art born to sleep; or do what thou wilt. As for myself, I know what I have to do."—"Good sir," quoth Sancho, "do not put yourself into a passion; I meant

no such thing, not I." Saying this, he clapped one of his hands upon the pummel of Rozinante's saddle, and the other upon the crupper, and thus he stood embracing his master's left thigh, not daring to budge an inch, for fear of the blows that dinned continually in his ears. Don Quixote then thought fit to claim his promise, and desired him to tell some of his stories to help to pass away the time.

"Sir," quoth Sancho, "I am wofully frighted, and have no heart to tell stories; however, I will do my best; and, now I think on it, there is one come into my head, which if I can but hit on it right, and nothing happens to put me out, is the best story you ever heard in your life; therefore listen, for I am going to begin. —In the days of yore, when it was as it was, good betide us all, and evil to him that evil seeks. And here, sir, you are to take notice that they of old did not begin their tales in an ordinary way; for it was a saying of a wise man whom they called Cato the Roman Tonsor,* that said, Evil to him that evil seeks, which is as pat for your purpose as a ring for the finger, that you may neither meddle nor make, nor seek evil and mischief for the nonce, but rather get out of harm's way, for nobody forces us to

* A mistake for Cato, the Roman Censor.

run into the mouth of all the devils in hell that wait for us yonder."—"Go on with the story, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "and leave the rest to my discretion."—"I say then," quoth Sancho, "that in a country town in Estremadura, there lived a certain shepherd, goat-herd I should have said; which goat-herd, as the story has it, was called Lope Ruyz; and this Lope Ruyz was in love with a shepherdess, whose name was Toralva; the which shepherdess, whose name was Toralva, was the daughter of a wealthy grazier; and this wealthy grazier"——"If thou goest on at this rate," cried Don Quixote, "and makest so many needless repetitions, thou wilt not have told thy story these two days. Pray thee tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or let it alone."—"I tell it you," quoth Sancho, "as all stories are told in our country, and I cannot for the blood of me tell it in any other way, nor is it fit I should alter the custom."—"Why then tell it how thou wilt," replied Don Quixote, "since my ill fortune forces me to stay and hear thee."

"Well then, dear sir," quoth Sancho, "as I was saying, this same shepherd—goat-herd I should have said—was woundily in love with that same shepherdess Toralva, who was a well-trussed, round, crummy, strapping wench, coy

and foppish and somewhat like a man, for she had a kind of beard on her upper lip; methinks I see her now standing before me."—"Then I suppose thou knewest her," said Don Quixote. —"Not I," answered Sancho, "I never set eyes on her in my life; but he that told me the story said this was so true, that I might vouch it for a real truth, and even swear I had seen it all myself. Well,——but, as you know, days go and come, and time and straw makes medlars ripe; so it happened, that after several days coming and going, the devil, who seldom lies dead in a ditch, but will have a finger in every pye, so brought it about, that the shepherd set out with his sweetheart, insomuch that the love he bore her turned into dudgeon and ill will; and the cause was, by report of some mischievous tale-carriers that bore no good will to either party, for that the shepherd thought her no better than she should be, a little loose in the hilts, and free of her hips.* Thereupon being grievous in the dumps about it, and now bitterly hating her, he even resolved to leave that country to get out of her sight · for now, as every dog has his day, the wench perceiving

* In the original it runs, She gave him a certain quantity of little jealousies, above measure, and within the prohibited degrees: Alluding to certain measures not to be exceeded (in Spain) on pain of forfeiture and corporal punishment, as swords above such a standard, &c.

he came no longer a suitoring to her, but rather tossed his nose at her, and shunned her, she began to love him and doat upon him like any thing."—"That is the nature of women," cried Don Quixote, "not to love when we love them, and to love when we love them not. But go on."

"The shepherd then gave her the slip," continued Sancho, "and driving his goats before him, went trudging through Estremadura, in his way to Portugal. But Toralva, having a long nose, soon smelt his design, and then what does she do, think ye, but comes after him bare-foot and bare-legged, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet at her back, wherein they say she carried a piece of looking-glass, half a comb, a broken pot with paint, and I don't know what other trinkum trankums to prink herself up. But let her carry what she would, it is no bread and butter of mine; the short and the long is, that they say the shepherd with his goods got at last to the river Guadiana,[1] which happened to be overflowed at that time, and what was worse than ill luck, there was neither boat nor bark to ferry him over; which vexed him the more because he perceived Toralva at his heels, and

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter VI.

he feared to be teazed and plagued with her weeping and wailing. At last he spied a fisherman, in a little boat, but so little it was, that it would carry but one man and one goat at a time. Well, for all that, he called to the fisherman, and agreed with him to carry him and his three hundred goats over the water. The bargain being struck, the fisherman came with his boat, and carried over one goat; then he rowed back and fetched another goat, and after that another goat. Pray sir," quoth Sancho, "be sure you keep a good account how many goats the fisherman ferries over; for if you happen but to miss one, my tale is at an end, and the devil a word I have more to say.—Well then, whereabouts was I?—Ho! I ha't—Now the landing place on the other side was very muddy and slippery, which made the fisherman be a long while in going and coming; yet for all that, he took heart of grace, and made shift to carry over one goat, then another, and then another."—"Come," said Don Quixote, "we will suppose he has landed them all on the other side of the river; for as thou goest on, one by one, we shall not have done these twelve months."—"Pray, let me go on in my own way," quoth Sancho. "How many goats are got over already?"—"Nay, how the devil can

I tell?" replied Don Quixote. "There it is!" quoth Sancho; "did not I bid you keep count? on my word the tale is at an end, and now you may go whistle for the rest."—"Ridiculous," cried Don Quixote: "pray thee, is there no going on with the story unless I know exactly how many goats are wafted over?"—"No, marry is there not," quoth Sancho, "for as soon as you answered, that you could not tell, the rest of the story quite and clean slipped out of my head; and in troth it is a thousand pities, for it was a special one."—"So then," cried Don Quixote, "the story's ended?"—"Ay, marry is it," quoth Sancho, "it is no more to be fetched to life than my dead mother."—"Upon my honour," cried Don Quixote, "a most extraordinary story, and told and concluded in as extraordinary a manner! it is a non-such, I assure ye; though truly I expected no less from a man of such uncommon parts. Alas! poor Sancho, I am afraid this dreadful noise has turned thy brain."—"That may well be," quoth Sancho; "but as for my story I am sure there is nothing more to be said, for where you lose the account of the goats, there it ends."—"Let it be so," replied Don Quixote; "but now let us try whether Rozinante be in humour to march."

With that he gave Rozinante two spurs, and the high-mettled jade answered with one bound, and then stood stock still, not having the command of his hind legs.

Much about this time, whether it were the coolness of the night, or that Sancho had eaten some loosening food at supper, or, which seems more probable, that nature, by a regular impulse, gave him notice of her desire to perform a certain function that follows the third concoction; it seems, honest Sancho found himself urged to do that which nobody could do for him: but such were his fears that he durst not for his life stir the breadth of a straw from his master; yet to think of bearing the intolerable load that pressed him so, was to him as great an impossibility. In this perplexing exigency (with leave be it spoken), he could find no other expedient but to take his right hand from the crupper of the saddle, and softly untying his breeches, let them drop down to his heels; having done this, he as silently took up his shirt, and exposed his posteriors, which were none of the least, to the open air. but the main point was how to ease himself of this terrible burthen without making a noise, to which purpose he clutched his teeth close, screwed up his face, shrunk up his shoulders,

and held in his breath as much as possible. yet see what misfortunes attend the best projected undertakings! when he had almost compassed his design, he could not hinder an obstreperous sound, very different from those that caused his fear, from unluckily bursting out. "Hark!" cried Don Quixote, who heard it, "what noise is that, Sancho?"—"Some new adventures, I will warrant you," quoth Sancho, "for ill luck, you know, seldom comes alone." Having passed off the thing thus, he even ventured on another strain, and did it so cleverly, that without the least rumour or noise, his business was done effectually, to the unspeakable ease of his body and mind.

But Don Quixote having the sense of smelling as perfect as that of hearing, and Sancho standing so very near, or rather tacked to him, certain fumes, that ascended perpendicularly, began to regale his nostrils with a smell not so grateful as amber. No sooner the unwelcome steams disturbed him, but having recourse to the common remedy, he stopped his nose, and then, with a snuffling voice, "Sancho," said he, "thou art certainly in great bodily fear."—"So I am," quoth Sancho; "but what makes your worship perceive it now more than you did before?"—"Because," replied Don Quixote,

"thou smellest now more unsavourily than thou didst before."—"Hoh! that may be," quoth Sancho: "but whose fault is that? you may e'en thank yourself for it. Why do you lead me a wild-goose chase, and bring me at such unseasonable hours to such dangerous places? you know I am not used to it."—"Pray thee," said Don Quixote, still holding his nose, "get thee three or four steps from me; and for the future take more care, and know your distance; for I find my familiarity with thee has bred contempt."—"I warrant," quoth Sancho, "you think I have been doing something I should not have done."—"Come, say no more," cried Don Quixote; "the more thou stir it the worse it will be."

This discourse, such as it was, served them to pass away the night; and now Sancho, seeing the morning arise, thought it time to untie Rozinante's feet, and do up his breeches; and he did both with so much caution, that his master suspected nothing. As for Rozinante, he no sooner felt himself at liberty, but he seemed to express his joy by pawing the ground; for, with his leave be it spoken, he was a stranger to curvetting and prancing. Don Quixote also took it as a good omen, that his steed was now ready to move, and believed that

it was a signal given him by kind fortune, to animate him to give birth to the approaching adventure.

Now had Aurora displayed her rosy mantle over the blushing skies, and dark night withdrawn her sable veil; all objects stood confessed to human eyes, and Don Quixote could now perceive he was under some tall chesnut trees, whose thick-spreading boughs diffused an awful gloom around the place, but he could not yet discover whence proceeded the dismal sound of those incessant strokes. Therefore, being resolved to find it out, once more he took his leave of Sancho, with the same injunctions as before; adding, withal, that he should not trouble himself about the recompense of his services, for he had taken care of that in his will, which he had providently made before he left home; but if he came off victorious from this adventure, he might most certainly expect to be gratified with the promised island. Sancho could not forbear blubbering again to hear these tender expressions of his master, and resolved not to leave him till he had finished this enterprise. And from that deep concern, and this nobler resolution to attend him, the author of this history infers, that the squire was something of a gentleman by descent, or at least the

offspring of the old Christians.* Nor did his good-nature fail to move his master more than he was willing to shew, at a time when it behoved him to shake off all softer thoughts: for now he rode towards the place whence the noise of the blows and the water seemed to come, while Sancho trudged after him, leading by the halter the inseparable companion of his good and bad fortune.

After they had gone a pretty way under a pleasant covert of chesnut-trees, they came into a meadow adjoining to certain rocks, from whose top there was a great fall of waters. At the foot of those rocks they discovered certain old ill-contrived buildings, that rather looked like ruins than inhabited houses; and they perceived that the terrifying noise of the blows, which yet continued, issued out of that place. When they came nearer, even patient Rozinante himself started at the dreadful sound; but, being heartened and pacified by his master, he was at length prevailed with to draw nearer and nearer with wary steps; the knight recommending himself all the way most devoutly to his Dulcinea, and now and then also to heaven, in short ejaculations. As for Sancho, he stuck close to

* In contradiction to the Jewish or Moorish families, of which there were many in Spain.

his master, peeping all the way through Rozinante's legs, to see if he could perceive what he dreaded to find out. When, a little farther, at the doubling of the point of a rock, they plainly discovered (kind reader, do not take it amiss) six huge fulling-mill hammers, which interchangeably thumping several pieces of cloth, made the terrible noise that caused all Don Quixote's anxieties and Sancho's tribulation that night.

Don Quixote was struck dumb at this unexpected sight, and was ready to drop from his horse with shame and confusion. Sancho stared upon him, and saw him hang down his head, with a desponding dejected countenance, like a man quite dispirited with this cursed disappointment. At the same time he looked upon Sancho, and seeing by his eyes, and his cheeks swelled with laughter, that he was ready to burst, he could not forbear laughing himself, in spite of all his vexation; so that Sancho, seeing his master begin, immediately gave a loose to his mirth, and broke out into such a fit of laughing, that he was forced to hold his sides with both his knuckles, for fear of bursting his aching paunch. Four times he ceased, and four times renewed his obstreperous laughing; which sauciness Don Quixote began to resent with great

indignation; and the more when Sancho, in a jeering tone, presumed to ridicule him with his own words, repeating part of the vain speech he made when first they heard the noise; "Know, Sancho, I was born in this iron age to restore the age of gold. I am the man for whom heaven has reserved the most dangerous and glorious adventures," &c. Thus he went on, till his master, dreadfully enraged at his insolence, hit him two such blows on the shoulders with his lance, that, had they fallen upon his head, they had saved Don Quixote the trouble of paying him his wages, whatever he must have done to his heirs. Thereupon Sancho, finding his jest turned to earnest, begged pardon with all submission: "Mercy, good your worship," cried he, "spare my bones, I beseech you! I meant no harm, I did but joke a little."—"And because you joke, I do not," cried Don Quixote. "Come hither, good Mr Jester, you who pretend to rally; tell me, had this been a dangerous adventure, as well as it proves only a false alarm, have I not shewn resolution enough to undertake and finish it? Am I, who am a knight, bound to know the meaning of every mechanic noise, and distinguish between sound and sound? Besides, it might happen, as really it is, that I had never seen a fulling-mill before, though

thou, like a base scoundrel as thou art, wert born and brought up among such mean implements of drudgery. But let the six fulling-hammers be transformed into so many giants, and then set them at me one by one, or all together; and if I do not lay them all at my feet with their heels upwards, then I will give thee leave to exercise thy ill-bred raillery as much as thou pleasest."

"Good your worship," quoth Sancho, "talk no more on it, I beseech you; I confess I carried the jest too far. But now all is hushed and well, pray tell me in sober sadness, as you hope to speed in all adventures, and come off safe and sound as from this, don't you think but that the fright we were in, I mean that I was in, would be a good subject for people to make sport with?"—"I grant it," answered Don Quixote, "but I would not have it told; for all people are not so discreet as to place things, or look upon them, in the position in which they should be considered."—"I will say that for you," quoth Sancho, "you have shewn you understand how to place things in their right position, when, aiming at my head, you hit my shoulders; had not I ducked a little on one side, I had been in a fine condition; but let that pass, it will wash out in the bucking. I

have heard my grannam say, that man loves thee well who makes thee to weep. Good masters may be hasty sometimes with a servant, but presently after a hard word or two they commonly give him a pair of cast breeches: what they give after a basting, heaven knows; all I can tell is, that knights-errant, after bastinadoes, give you some cast island, or some old-fashioned kingdom upon the mainland."

"Fortune," said Don Quixote, "will perhaps order everything thou hast said to come to pass; therefore, Sancho, I pray thee think no more of my severity, thou knowest a man cannot always command the first impulse of his passions. On the other side, let me advise thee not to be so saucy for the future, and not to assume that strange familiarity with me which is so unbecoming in a servant. I protest, in such a vast number of books of knight-errantry as I have read, I never found that any squire was ever allowed so great a freedom of speech with his master as thou takest with me; and truly I look upon it to be a great fault in us both; in thee for disrespecting me, and in me for not making myself be more respected. Gandalin, Amadis de Gaul's squire, though he was earl of the Firm Island, yet never spoke to his master but with cap in hand, his head

bowed, and his body half bent, after the Turkish manner. But what shall we say of Gasabal, Don Galaor's squire, who was such a strict observer of silence, that, to the honour of his marvellous taciturnity, he gave the author occasion to mention his name but once in that voluminous authentic history? From all this, Sancho, I would have thee make this observation, that there ought to be a distance kept between the master and the man, the knight and the squire. Therefore, once more I tell thee, let us live together for the future more according to the due decorum of our respective degrees, without giving one another any further vexation on this account; for after all, it will always be the worse for you on whatsoever occasion we happen to disagree. As for the rewards I promised you, they will come in due time; and should you be disappointed that way, you have your salary to trust to, as I have told you."

"You say very well," quoth Sancho; "but now, sir, suppose no rewards should come, and I should be forced to stick to my wages, I would fain know how much a squire-errant used to earn in the days of yore? Did they go by the month, or by the day, like our labourers?"—"I do not think," replied Don

Quixote, "they ever went by the hire, but rather that they trusted to their master's generosity. And if I have assigned thee wages in my will, which I left sealed up at home, it was only to prevent the worst, because I do not know yet what success I may have in chivalry in these depraved times; and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for such a trifling matter; for there is no state of life so subject to dangers as that of a knight-errant." — "Like enough," quoth Sancho, "when merely the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill is able to trouble and disturb the heart of such a valiant knight as your worship! But you may be sure I will not hereafter so much as offer to open my lips to jibe or joke at your doings, but always stand in awe of you, and honour you as my lord and master."— "By doing so," replied Don Quixote, "thy days shall be long on the face of the earth; for next to our parents, we ought to respect our masters, as if they were our fathers."

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE HIGH ADVENTURE AND CONQUEST OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET, WITH OTHER EVENTS RELATING TO OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT.

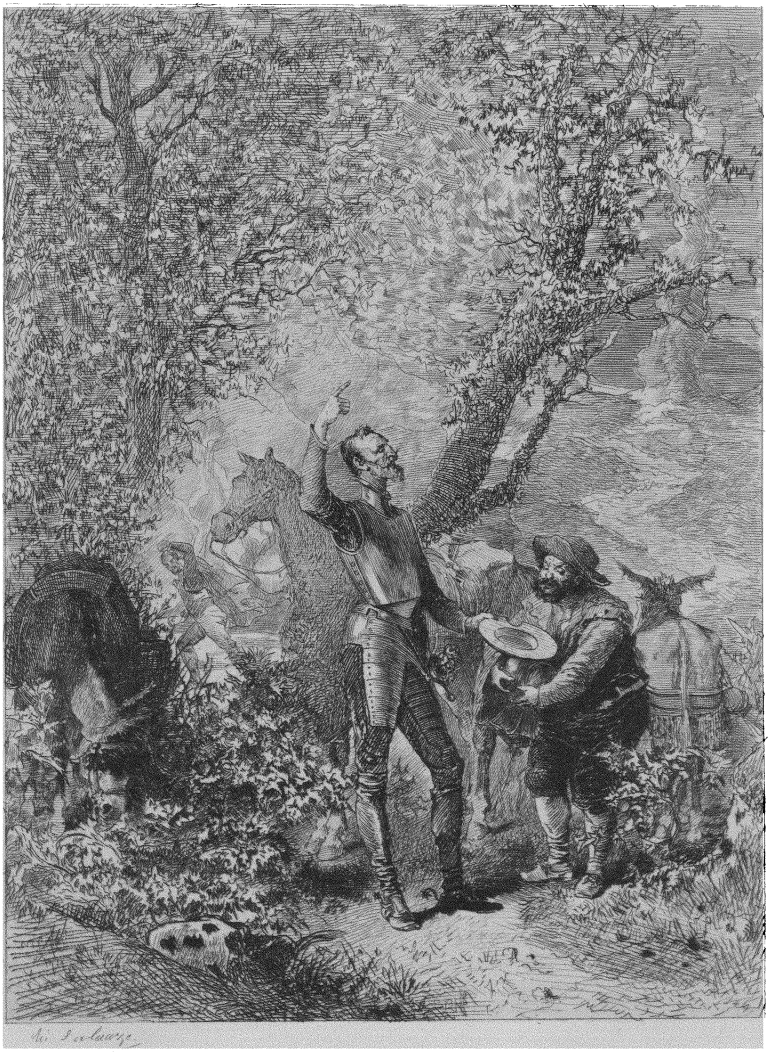
At the same time it began to rain, and Sancho would fain have taken shelter in the fulling-mills; but Don Quixote had conceived such an antipathy against them for the shame they had put upon him, that he would by no means be prevailed with to go in; and turning to the right hand he struck into a highway, where they had not gone far before he discovered a horseman, who wore upon his head something that glittered like gold. The knight had no sooner spied him, but, turning to his squire, "Sancho," cried he, "I believe there is no proverb but what is true; they are all so many sentences and maxims drawn from experience, the universal mother of sciences: for instance, that saying, That where one door shuts, another opens: thus fortune, that last night deceived us with the false prospect of an adventure, this morning offers us a real one

to make us amends; and such an adventure, Sancho, that if I do not gloriously succeed in it, I shall have now no pretence to an excuse, no darkness, no unknown sounds to impute my disappointment to: in short, in all probability yonder comes the man who wears on his head Mambrino's helmet,* and thou knowest the vow I have made."—"Good sir," quoth Sancho, "mind what you say, and take heed what you do; for I would willingly keep my carcase and the case of my understanding from being pounded, mashed, and crushed with fulling-hammers."—"Hell take the blockhead!" cried Don Quixote; "is there no difference between a helmet and a fulling-mill?"—"I don't know," saith Sancho, "but I am sure, were I suffered to speak my mind now as I was wont, mayhap I would give you such main reasons, that yourself should see you are wide of the matter."—"How can I be mistaken, thou eternal misbeliever!" cried Don Quixote; "dost thou not see that knight that comes riding up directly towards us upon a dapple-grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"—"I see what I see," replied Sancho, "and the devil of anything I can spy but a fellow on such another grey ass as mine is, with something that glisters

* See "Orlando Furioso," Canto I.

o'top of his head."—"I tell thee, that is Mambrino's helmet," replied Don Quixote: "do thou stand at a distance, and leave me to deal with him; thou shalt see, that without trifling away so much as a moment in needless talk, I will finish this adventure, and possess myself of the desired helmet."—"I shall stand at a distance, you may be sure," quoth Sancho; "but I wish this may not prove another blue bout, and a worse job than the fulling-mills." —"I have warned you already, fellow," said Don Quixote, "not so much as to name the fulling-mills; dare but once more to do it, nay, but to think on it, and I vow to—I say no more, but I'll full and pound your dogship into jelly."—These threats were more than sufficient to padlock Sancho's lips, for he had no mind to have his master's vow fulfilled at the expense of his bones.

Now the truth of the story was this: there were in that part of the country two villages, one of which was so little that it had not so much as a shop in it, nor any barber; so that the barber of the greater village served also the smaller. And thus a person happening to have occasion to be let blood, and another to be shaved, the barber was going thither with his brass basin, which he had clapped upon his



head to keep his hat, that chanced to be a new one, from being spoiled by the rain; and as the basin was new scoured, it made a glittering show a great way off. As Sancho had well observed, he rode upon a grey ass, which Don Quixote as easily took for a dapple-grey steed, as he took the barber for a knight, and his brass basin for a golden helmet; his distracted brain easily applying every object to his romantic ideas. Therefore, when he saw the poor imaginary knight draw near, he fixed his lance, or javelin, to his thigh, and without staying to hold a parley with his thoughtless adversary, flew at him as fiercely as Rozinante would gallop, resolved to pierce him through and through; crying out in the midst of his career, "Caitiff, wretch, defend thyself, or immediately surrender that which is so justly my due."—The barber, who, as he peaceably went along, saw that terrible apparition come thundering upon him at unawares, had no other way to avoid being run through with his lance, but to throw himself off from his ass to the ground; and then as hastily getting up, he took to his heels, and ran over the fields swifter than the wind, leaving his ass and his basin behind him. Don Quixote finding himself thus master of the field, and of the basin, "The

miscreant," cried he, "who has left his helmet, has shewn himself as prudent as the beaver, who, finding himself hotly pursued by the hunters, to save his life, tears and cuts off with his teeth that for which his natural instinct tells him he was followed."—Then he ordered Sancho to take up the helmet.—"On my word," quoth Sancho, having taken it up, "it is a special basin, and as well worth a piece of eight as a thief is worth a halter."

With that he gave it to his master, who presently clapped it on his head, turning it every way to find out the beaver or vizor; and at last seeing it had none, "Doubtless," said he, "the pagan for whom this famous helmet was first made, had a head of a prodigious size; but the worst is, that there is at least one half of it wanting."—Sancho could not forbear smiling to hear his master call the barber's basin a helmet, and, had not his fear dashed his mirth, he had certainly laughed outright.—"What does the fool grin at now?" cried Don Quixote.—"I laugh," said he, "to think what a hugeous jolt-head he must needs have had who was the owner of this same helmet, that looks for all the world like a barber's basin."—"I fancy," said Don Quixote, "this enchanted helmet has fallen by some strange accident into

the hands of some person, who, not knowing the value of it, for the lucre of a little money, finding it to be of pure gold, melted one half, and of the other made this head-piece, which, as thou sayest, has some resemblance of a barber's basin: but to me, who know the worth of it, the metamorphosis signifies little; for as soon as ever I come to some town where there is an armourer, I will have it altered so much for the better, that then even the helmet which the God of Smiths made for the God of War shall not deserve to be compared with it. In the meantime I'll wear it as it is; it is better than nothing, and will serve at least to save part of my head from the violent encounter of a stone."—"Ay, that it will," quoth Sancho, "so it is not hurled out of a sling, as were those at the battle between the two armies, when they hit you that confounded dowse o' the chops, that saluted your worship's cheek-teeth, and broke the pot about your ears in which you kept that blessed drench that made me bring up my guts."—"True," cried Don Quixote, "there I lost my precious balsam indeed; but I do not much repine at it, for thou knowest I have the receipt in my memory." "So have I too," quoth Sancho, "and shall have while I have breath to draw; but if ever

I make any of that stuff, or taste it again, may I give up the ghost with it! Besides, I don't intend ever to do any thing that may give occasion for the use of it: for, my fixed resolution is, with all my five senses, to preserve myself from hurting, and from being hurt by, any body. As to being tossed in a blanket again, I have nothing to say to that, for there is no remedy for accidents but patience it seems: so if it ever be my lot to be served so again, I'll even shrink up my shoulders, hold my breath, and shut my eyes, and then happy be lucky, let the blanket and fortune even toss on to the end of the chapter."

"Truly," said Don Quixote, "I am afraid thou art no good Christian, Sancho, thou never forgettest injuries. Let me tell thee, it is the part of noble and generous spirits to pass by trifles. Where art thou lame? which of thy ribs is broken, or what part of thy skull is bruised, that thou can'st never think on that jest without malice? for, after all, it was nothing but a jest, a harmless piece of pastime: had I looked upon it otherwise, I had returned to that place before this time, and had made more noble mischief in revenge of the abuse, than ever the incensed Grecians did at Troy, for the detention of their Helen, that famed

beauty of the ancient world, who, however, had she lived in our age, or had my Dulcinea adorned hers, would have found her charms outrivalled by my mistress's perfections " and saying this, he heaved up a deep sigh. " Well then," quoth Sancho, " I will not rip up old sores; let it go for a jest, since there is no revenging it in earnest.—But what shall we do with this dapple-grey steed, that is so like a grey ass? you see that same poor devil-errant has left it to shift for itself, poor thing, and by his haste to rub off, I don't think he means to come back for it, and, by my beard, the grey beast is a special one."—" It is not my custom," replied Don Quixote, " to plunder those whom I overcome; nor is it usual among us knights, for the victor to take the horse of his vanquished enemy and let him go afoot, unless his own steed be killed or disabled in the combat: therefore, Sancho, leave the horse, or the ass, whatever thou pleasest to call it; the owner will be sure to come for it as soon as he sees us gone."—" I have a huge mind to take him along with us," quoth Sancho, " or at least to exchange him for my own, which is not so good. What, are the laws of knight-errantry so strict, that a man must not exchange one ass for another? at least I hope they will give

me leave to swop one harness for another."—"Truly, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "I am not so very certain as to this last particular, and therefore, till I am better informed, I give thee leave to exchange the furniture, if thou hast absolutely occasion for it."—"I have so much occasion for it," quoth Sancho, "that though it were for my own very self I could not need it more." So without any more ado, being authorized by his master's leave, he made *mutatio caparum* (a change of caparisons), and made his own beast three parts in four better* for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted upon what they left at supper, and quenched their thirst at the stream that turned the fulling-mills, towards which they took care not to cast an eye, for they abominated the very thoughts of them. Thus their spleen being eased, their choleric and melancholic humours assuaged, up they got again, and never minding their way, were all guided by Rozinante's discretion, the depository of his master's will, and also of the ass's, that kindly and sociably always followed his steps wherever he went. Their guide soon brought them again into the high road, where they kept on a slow pace, not caring which way they went.

* Literally, leaving him better by a tierce and quint; alluding to the game of picquet.

As they jogged on thus, quoth Sancho to his master, "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to talk to you a little? for since you have laid that bitter command upon me, to hold my tongue, I have had four or five quaint conceits that have rotted in my gizzard, and now I have another at my tongue's end that I would not for anything should miscarry."—"Say it," cried Don Quixote, "but be short, for no discourse can please when too long."

"Well then," quoth Sancho, "I have been thinking to myself of late how little is to be got by hunting up and down those barren woods and strange places, where, though you compass the hardest and most dangerous jobs of knight-errantry, yet no living soul sees or hears on't, and so it is every bit as good as lost; and therefore methinks it were better (with submission to your worship's better judgment be it spoken) that we e'en went to serve some emperor, or other great prince that is at war; for there you might shew how stout, and how wondrous strong and wise you be; which, being perceived by the lord we shall serve, he must needs reward each of us according to his deserts; and there you will not want a learned scholar to set down all your high deeds, that they may never be forgotten: as

for mine I say nothing, since they are not to be named the same day with your worship's; and yet I dare avouch, that if any notice be taken in knight-errantry of the feats of squires, mine will be sure to come in for a share." —"Truly, Sancho," replied Don Quixote,[1] "there is some reason in what thou sayest; but first of all it is requisite that a knight-errant should spend some time in various parts of the world, as a probationer in quest of adventures, that, by achieving some extraordinary exploits, his renown may diffuse itself through neighbouring climes and distant nations: so when he goes to the court of some great monarch, his fame flying before him as his harbinger, secures him such a reception, that the knight has scarcely reached the gates of the metropolis of the kingdom, when he finds himself attended and surrounded by admiring crowds, pointing and crying out, 'There, there rides the Knight of the Sun, or of the Serpent,' or whatever other title the knight takes upon him: 'That is he,' they will cry, 'who vanquished in single combat the huge giant Brocabruno, sirnamed of the invincible strength: this is he that freed the great Mamaluco of Persia from the enchant-

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter VII.

ment that had kept him confined for almost nine hundred years together.' Thus, as they relate his achievements with loud acclamations, the spreading rumour at last reaches the king's palace, and the monarch of that country, being desirous to be informed with his own eyes, will not fail to look out of his window. As soon as he sees the knight, knowing him by his arms, or the device on his shield, he will be obliged to say to his attendants, 'My lords and gentlemen, haste all of you, as many as are knights, go and receive the flower of chivalry that is coming to our court.' At the king's command, away they all run to introduce him; the king himself meets him half-way on the stairs, where he embraces his valorous guest, and kisses his cheek then taking him by the hand, he leads him directly to the queen's apartment, where the knight finds her attended by the princess her daughter, who must be one of the most beautiful and most accomplished damsels in the whole compass of the universe. At the same time fate will so dispose of every thing, that the princess shall gaze on the knight, and the knight on the princess, and each shall admire one another as persons rather angelical than human; and then, by an unaccountable

charm, they shall both find themselves caught and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and wondrously perplexed for want of an opportunity to discover their amorous anguish to one another. After this, doubtless, the knight is conducted by the king to one of the richest apartments in the palace; where, having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet vestment lined with ermines; and if he looked so graceful cased in steel, how lovely will he appear in all the heightening ornaments of courtiers! Night being come, he shall sup with the king, the queen, and the princess, and shall all the while be feasting his eyes with the sight of the charmer, yet so as nobody shall perceive it; and she will repay him his glances with as much discretion, for, as I have said, she is a most accomplished person. After supper a surprising scene is unexpectedly to appear: enter first an ill-favoured little dwarf, and after him a fair damsel between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure so contrived by an ancient necromancer, and so difficult to be performed, that he who shall undertake and end it with success, shall be esteemed the best knight in the world. Presently it is the king's pleasure that all his courtiers should attempt it, which they

do, but all of them unsuccessfully; for the honour is reserved for the valorous stranger, who effects that with ease which the rest essayed in vain, and then the princess shall be overjoyed, and esteem herself the most happy creature in the world, for having bestowed her affections on so deserving an object. Now by the happy appointment of fate, this king, or this emperor, is at war with one of his neighbours as powerful as himself, and the knight being informed of this, after he has been some few days at court, offers the king his service; which is accepted with joy, and the knight courteously kisses the king's hand in acknowledgment of so great a favour. That night the lover takes his leave of the princess at the iron grate before her chamber-window looking into the garden, where he and she have already had several interviews, by means of the princess's confidante, a damsel who carries on the intrigue between them. The knight sighs, the princess swoons, the damsel runs for cold water to bring her to life again, very uneasy also because the morning light approaches, and she would not have them discovered, lest it should reflect on her lady's honour. At last the princess revives, and gives the knight her lovely hand to kiss

through the iron grate; which he does a thousand and a thousand times, bathing it all the while with his tears. Then they agree how to transmit their thoughts with secrecy to each other, with a mutual intercourse of letters, during this fatal absence. The princess prays him to return with all the speed of a lover; the knight promises it with repeated vows, and a thousand kind protestations. At last, the fatal moment being come that must tear him from all he loves, and from his very self, he seals once more his love on her soft snowy hand, almost breathing out his soul, which mounts to his lips, and even would leave its body to dwell there; and then he is hurried away by the fearful confidante. After this cruel separation he retires to his chamber, and throws himself on his bed, but grief will not suffer sleep to close his eyes. Then rising with the sun, he goes to take his leave of the king and the queen· he desires to pay his compliment of leave to the princess, but he is told she is indisposed, and as he has reason to believe that his departing is the cause of her disorder, he is so grieved at the news, that he is ready to betray the secret of his heart; which the princess's confidante observing, she goes and acquaints her with it, and finds the

lovely mourner bathed in tears, who tells her, that the greatest affliction of her soul is her not knowing whether her charming knight be of royal blood but the damsel pacifies her, assuring her that so much gallantry, and such noble qualifications, were unquestionably derived from an illustrious and royal original. This comforts the afflicted fair, who does all she can to compose her looks, lest the king or the queen should suspect the cause of their alteration; and so some days after she appears in public as before. And now the knight, having been absent for some time, meets, fights, and overcomes the king's enemies, takes I do not know how many cities, wins I do not know how many battles, returns to court, and appears before his mistress laden with honour. He visits her privately as before, and they agree that he shall demand her of the king her father in marriage, as the reward of all his services but the king will not grant his suit, as being unacquainted with his birth however, whether it be that the princess suffers herself to be privately carried away, or that some other means are used, the knight marries her, and in a little time the king is well pleased with the match: for now the knight appears to be the son of a mighty king of I cannot tell

what country, for I think it is not in the map. Some time after, the father dies, the princess is heiress, and thus in a trice our knight comes to be king. Having thus completed his happiness, his next thoughts are to gratify his squire, and all those who have been instrumental in his advancement to the throne: thus he marries his squire to one of the princess's damsels, and most probably to her favourite, who had been privy to the amours, and who is daughter to one of the most considerable dukes in the kingdom."

"That is what I have been looking for all this while," quoth Sancho; "give me but that, and let the world rub, there I'll stick; for every tittle of this will come to pass, and be your worship's case as sure as a gun, if you will take upon you that same nickname of the Knight of the Woeful Figure."—"Most certainly, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for by the same steps, and in that very manner, knights-errant have always proceeded to ascend to the throne, therefore our chief business is to find out some great potentate, either among the Christians or the Pagans, that is at war with his neighbours, and has a fair daughter. But we shall have time enough to enquire after that; for, as I have told thee, we must first

purchase fame in other places, before we presume to go to court. Another thing makes me more uneasy: suppose we have found out a king and a princess, and I have filled the world with the fame of my unparalleled achievements, yet cannot I tell how to find out that I am of royal blood, though it were but second cousin to an emperor, for it is not to be expected that the king will ever consent that I shall wed his daughter until I have made this out by authentic proofs, though my service deserve it never so much, and thus, for want of a punctilio, I am in danger of losing what my valour so justly merits. It is true, indeed, I am a gentleman, and of a noted ancient family, and possessed of an estate of a hundred and twenty crowns a-year; nay, perhaps the learned historiographer who is to write the history of my life, will so improve and beautify my genealogy, that he will find me to be the fifth, or sixth at least, in descent from a king; for, Sancho, there are two sorts of originals in the world; some who, sprung from mighty kings and princes, by little and little have been so lessened and obscured, that the estates and titles of the following generations have dwindled to nothing, and ended in a point like a pyramid; others, who, from mean and low

beginnings, still rise and rise, till at last they are raised to the very top of human greatness: so vast the difference is, that those who were something are now nothing, and those that were nothing are now something. And therefore who knows but that I may be one of those whose original is so illustrious? which being handsomely made out, after due examination, ought undoubtedly to satisfy the king, my father-in-law. But even supposing he were still refractory, the princess is to be so desperately in love with me, that she will marry me without his consent, though I were a son of the meanest water-carrier, and if her tender honour scruples to bless me against her father's will, then it may not be amiss to put a pleasant constraint upon her, by conveying her by force out of the reach of her father, to whose persecutions either time or death will be sure to put a period."

"Ay," quoth Sancho, "your rake-helly fellows have a saying that is pat to your purpose, Never cringe nor creep, for what you by force may reap; though I think it were better said, A leap from a hedge is better than the prayer of a good man.* No more to be said, if the king your father-in-law won't let

* Better to rob than to ask charity.

you have his daughter by fair means, never stand shall I, shall I, but fairly and squarely run away with her. All the mischief that I fear is only, that while you are making your peace with him, and waiting after a dead man's shoes, as the saying is, the poor dog of a squire is like to go along barefoot, and may go hang himself for any good you will be able to do him, unless the damsel, Go-between, who is to be his wife, run away too with the princess, and he solace himself with her till a better time comes; for I don't see but that the knight may clap up the match between us without any more ado."—"That is most certain," answered Don Quixote.—"Why then," quoth Sancho, "let us even take our chance, and let the world rub."—"May fortune crown our wishes," cried Don Quixote, "and let him be a wretch who thinks himself one!"—"Amen, say I," quoth Sancho; "for I am one of your old Christians, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl."—"And more than enough," said Don Quixote; "for though thou wert not so well descended, being a king I could bestow nobility on thee, without putting thee to the trouble of buying it, or doing me the least service; and making thee an earl, men must call thee my lord, though it grieves them never so much."

—"And do you think," quoth Sancho, "I would not become my equality main well?"—"Thou shouldest say quality," said Don Quixote, "and not equality."—"Even as you will," returned Sancho "but, as I was saying, I should become an earldom rarely; for I was once beadle to a brotherhood, and the beadle's gown did so become me, that every body said I had the presence of a warden. Then how do you think I shall look with a duke's robes on my back, all bedaubed with gold and pearl like any foreign count? I believe we shall have folks come a hundred leagues to see me."—"Thou wilt look well enough," said Don Quixote; "but then thou must shave that rough bushy beard of thine at least every other day, or people will read thy beginning in thy face as soon as they see thee."—"Why then," quoth Sancho, "it is but keeping a barber in my house; and if needs be, he shall trot after me wherever I go, like a grandee's master of the horse."—"How camest thou to know," said Don Quixote, "that grandees have their masters of the horse to ride after them?"—"I'll tell you," quoth Sancho "some years ago I happened to be about a month among your court-folks, and there I saw a little dandiprat riding about, who, they said, was a

hugeous great lord: there was a man a horse-back that followed him close wherever he went, turning and stopping as he did, you would have thought he had been tied to his horse's tail. With that I asked why that hind-man did not ride by the other, but still came after him thus? and they told me he was master of his horses, and that the grandees have always such kind of men at their tail; and I marked this so well, that I han't forgot it since."—"Thou art in the right," said Don Quixote; "and thou mayest as reasonably have thy barber attend thee in this manner Customs did not come up all at once, but rather started up and were improved by degrees; so thou mayest be the first earl that rode in state with his barber behind him; and this may be said to justify thy conduct, that it is an office of more trust to shave a man's beard than to saddle a horse."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "leave the business of the cut-beard to me, and do but take care you be a king and I an earl."—"Never doubt it," replied Don Quixote; and with that looking about, he discovered—what the next chapter will tell you.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE SET FREE MANY MISERABLE CREATURES, WHO WERE CARRYING, MUCH AGAINST THEIR WILLS, TO A PLACE THEY DID NOT LIKE.

Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian and Manchegan author, relates in this most grave, high-sounding, minute, soft and humorous history, that after this discourse between the renowned Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Pança, which we have laid down at the end of the seventh chapter, the knight lifting up his eyes, saw about twelve men a-foot, trudging in the road, all in a row, one behind another, like beads upon a string, being linked together by the neck to a huge iron chain, and manacled besides. They were guarded by two horsemen, armed with carabines, and two men a-foot, with swords and javelins. As soon as Sancho spied them, "Look ye, sir," cried he, "here is a gang of wretches hurried away by main force to serve the king in the gallies."—"How," replied Don Quixote, "is it possible the king will force any body?"—"I don't say so,"

answered Sancho; "I mean these are rogues whom the law has sentenced for their misdeeds, to row in the king's galleys."—"However," replied Don Quixote, "they are forced, because they do not go of their own free will."—"Sure enough," quoth Sancho.—"If it be so," said Don Quixote, "they come within the verge of my office, which is to hinder violence and oppression, and succour all people in misery."—"Ay, sir," quoth Sancho, "but neither the king nor law offer any violence to such wicked wretches, they have but their deserts." By this the chain of slaves came up, when Don Quixote, in very civil terms, desired the guards to inform him why these people were led along in that manner?—"Sir," answered one of the horsemen, "they are criminals, condemned to serve the king in his galleys: that is all I have to say to you, and you need enquire no farther."—"Nevertheless, sir," replied Don Quixote, "I have a great desire to know in a few words the cause of their misfortune, and I will esteem it an extraordinary favour, if you will let me have that satisfaction."—"We have here the copies and certificates of their several sentences," said the other horseman, "but we can't stand to pull them out and read them now; you may draw near and examine the

men yourself: I suppose they themselves will tell you why they are condemned; for they are such honest people, they are not ashamed to boast of their rogueries."

With this permission, which Don Quixote would have taken of himself had they denied it him, he rode up to the chain, and asked the first, for what crimes he was in these miserable circumstances? The galley-slave answered him, that it was for being in love. "What, only for being in love?" cried Don Quixote; "were all those that are in love to be used thus, I myself might have been long since in the gallies."—"Ay, but," replied the slave, "my love was not of that sort which you conjecture: I was so desperately in love with a basket of linen, and embraced it so close, that had not the judge taken it from me by force, I would not have parted with it willingly. In short, I was taken in the fact, and so there was no need to put me to the rack, it was proved so plain upon me. So I was committed, tried, condemned, had the gentle lash; and besides that, was sent, for three years, to be an element-dasher, and there is an end of the business."—"An element-dasher," cried Don Quixote, "what do you mean by that?"—"A galley-slave," answered the criminal, who was a

young fellow, about four and twenty years old, and said he was born at Piedra Hita.

Then Don Quixote examined the second, but he was so sad and desponding, that he would make no answer; however, the first rogue informed the knight of his affairs: "Sir," said he, "this canary-bird keeps us company for having sung too much."—"Is it possible!" cried Don Quixote, "are men sent to the galleys for singing?"—"Ay, marry are they," quoth the arch rogue, "for there is nothing worse than to sing in anguish."—"How!" cried Don Quixote, "that contradicts the saying, Sing away sorrow, cast away care."—"Ay, but with us the case is different," replied the slave; "he that sings in disaster weeps all his life after."—"This is a riddle which I cannot unfold," cried Don Quixote.—"Sir," said one of the guards, "Singing in anguish, among these jail-birds, means to confess upon the rack. this fellow was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was stealing of cattle; and because he squeaked, or sung, as they call it, he was condemned to the galleys for six years, besides an hundred jirks with a cat of nine tails that have whisked and powdered his shoulders already. Now the reason why he goes thus mopish and out o'sorts, is only be-

cause his comrogues jeer and laugh at him continually for not having had the courage to deny; as if it had not been as easy for him to have said no as yes; or as if a fellow, taken up on suspicion, were not a lucky rogue, when there is no positive evidence can come in against him but his own tongue; and in my opinion they are somewhat in the right."—"I think so too," said Don Quixote.

Thence addressing himself to the third, "And you," said he, "what have you done?" —"Sir," answered the fellow readily and pleasantly enough, "I must mow the great meadow for five years together, for want of twice five ducats."—"I will give twenty with all my heart," said Don Quixote, "to deliver thee from that misery."—"Thank you for nothing," quoth the slave; "it is just like the proverb, After meat comes mustard; or, like money to a starving man at sea, when there are no victuals to be bought with it: had I had the twenty ducats you offer me before I was tried, to have greased the clerk's [or recorder's] fist, and have whetted my lawyer's wit, I might have been now at Toledo in the market-place of Zocodover, and not have been thus led along like a dog in a string. But heaven is powerful. Basta; I say no more."

Then passing to the fourth, who was a venerable old Don, with a grey beard that reached to his bosom, he put the same question to him; whereupon the poor creature fell weeping, and was not able to give him an answer; so the next behind him lent him a tongue. "Sir," said he, "this honest person goes to the galleys for four years, having taken his progress through the town in state, and rested at the usual stations."—"That is," quoth Sancho, "as I take it, after he had been exposed to public shame."*—"Right," replied the slave; "and all this he is condemned to for being a broker of human flesh: for, to tell you the truth, the gentleman is a pimp, and besides that, he has a smack of conjuring."—"If it were not for that addition of conjuring," cried Don Quixote, "he ought not to have been sent to the galleys purely for being a pimp, unless it were to be general of the galleys: for, the profession of a bawd pimp, or messenger of love, is not like other common employments, but an office that requires a great deal of prudence and sagacity; an office of trust and weight, and most highly necessary in a well-regulated commonwealth; nor should it be

* Instead of the pillory, in Spain, they carry malefactors on an ass, and in a particular habit, along the streets, the crier going before, and proclaiming their crime.

executed but by civil well-descended persons of good natural parts, and of a liberal education. Nay 'twere requisite there should be a comptroller and surveyor of the profession, as there are of others; and a certain and settled number of them, as there are of exchange-brokers. This would be a means to prevent an infinite number of mischiefs that happen every day, because the trade or profession is followed by poor ignorant pretenders, silly waiting women, young giddy-brained pages, shallow footmen, and such raw inexperienced sort of people, who in unexpected turns and emergencies stand with their fingers in their mouths, know not their right hand from their left, but suffer themselves to be surprised, and spoil all for want of quickness of invention either to conceal, carry on, or bring off a thing artificially. Had I but time I would point out what sort of persons are best qualified to be chosen professors of this most necessary employment in the commonwealth; however, at some future season I will inform those of it who may remedy this disorder. All I have to say now, is, that the grief I had to see these venerable grey hairs in such distress, for having followed that no less useful than ingenious vocation of pimping, is now lost in my abhorrence of his additional character

of a conjurer; though I very well know that no sorcery in the world can effect or force the will, as some ignorant credulous persons fondly imagine: for our will is a free faculty, and no herb nor charms can constrain it. As for philtres, and such-like compositions, which some silly women and designing pretenders make, they are nothing but certain mixtures and poisonous preparations, that make those who take them run mad, though the deceivers labour to persuade us they can make one person love another; which, as I have said, is an impossible thing, our will being a free, uncontrollable power."—"You say very well, sir," cried the old coupler: "and upon my honour, I protest I am wholly innocent, as to the imputation of witchcraft. As for the business of pimping, I cannot deny it, but I never took it to be a criminal function; for my intention was, that all the world should taste the sweets of love, and enjoy each other's society, living together in friendship and in peace, free from those griefs and jars that unpeople the earth. But my harmless design has not been so happy as to prevent my being sent now to a place whence I never expect to return, stooping as I do under the heavy burden of old age, and being grievously afflicted with the strangury,

which scarce affords me a moment's respite from pain." This said, the reverend procurer burst out afresh into tears and lamentations, which melted Sancho's heart so much that he pulled a piece of money out of his bosom, and gave it to him as an alms.

Then Don Quixote turned to the fifth, who seemed to be nothing at all concerned. "I go to serve his majesty," said he, "for having been somewhat too familiar with two of my cousin-germans, and two other kind-hearted virgins that were sisters, by which means I have multiplied my kin, and begot so odd and intricate a medley of kindred, that it would puzzle a convocation of casuists to resolve their degrees of consanguinity. All this was proved upon me. I had no friends, and, what was worse, no money, and so was like to have swung for it; however, I was only condemned to the galleys for six years, and patiently submitted to it. I feel myself yet young, to my comfort; so if my life does but hold out, all will be well in time. If you will be pleased to bestow something upon poor sinners, heaven will reward you; and when we pray, we will be sure to remember you, that your life may be as long and prosperous, as your presence is goodly and noble." This brisk spark appeared

to be a student by his habit, and some of the guards said he was a fine speaker, and a good latinist.

After him came a man about thirty years old, a clever, well-set, handsome fellow, only he squinted horribly with one eye: he was strangely loaded with irons; a heavy chain clogged his leg, and was so long, that he twisted it about his waist like a girdle: he had a couple of collars about his neck, the one to link him to the rest of the slaves, and the other, one of those iron-ruffs which they call a keep-friend, or a friend's foot; from whence two irons went down to his middle, and to their two bars were rivetted a pair of manacles that griped him by the fists, and were secured with a large padlock; so that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head towards his hands. Don Quixote enquiring why he was worse hampered with irons than the rest, "Because he alone has done more rogueries than all the rest," answered one of the guards. "This is such a reprobate, such a devil of a fellow, that no gaol nor fetters will hold him; we are not sure he is fast enough, for all he is chained so."—"What sort of crimes then has he been guilty of," asked Don Quixote, "that he is only sent to the galleys?"—"Why," an-

swered the keeper, "he is condemned to ten years slavery, which is no better than a civil death: but I need not stand to tell you any more of him, but that he is that notorious rogue, Gines de Passamonte,[1] alias Ginesillo de Parapilla."—"Hark you, sir," cried the slave, "fair and softly; what a pox makes you give a gentleman more names than he has? Gines is my Christian name, and Passamonte my sirname, and not Ginesillo, nor Parapilla, as you say Blood! let every man mind what he says, or it may prove the worse for him."—"Don't you be so saucy, Mr Crack-rope," cried the officer to him, "or I may chance to make you keep a better tongue in your head."—"It is a sign," cried the slave, "that a man is fast and under the lash; but one day or other somebody shall know whether I am called Parapilla or no."—"Why, Mr Slipstring," replied the officer, "do not people call you by that name?"—"They do," answered Gines, "but I'll make them call me otherwise or I'll fleece and bite them worse than I care to tell you now.—But you, sir, who are so inquisitive," added he, turning to Don Quixote, "if you have a mind to give us anything, pray do it quickly, and go your ways; for I don't like to

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter VIII.

stand here answering questions, broil me! I am Gines de Passamonte, I am not ashamed of my name. As for my life and conversation, there is an account of them in black and white, written with this numerical hand of mine."—"There he tells you true," said the officer, "for he has written his own history himself, without omitting a tittle of his roguish pranks; and he has left the manuscript in pawn in the prison for two hundred reals." "Ay," said Gines, "and will redeem it, burn me! though it lay there for as many ducats."—"Then it must be an extraordinary piece," cried Don Quixote.—"So extraordinary," replied Gines, "that it far outdoes not only Lazarillo de Tormes, but whatever has been, and shall be written in that kind; for mine is true every word, and no invented stories can compare with it for variety of tricks and accidents."—"What is the title of the book?" asked Don Quixote.—"The life of Gines de Passamonte," answered the other.—"Is it quite finished?" asked the knight.—"How the devil can it be finished and I yet living?" replied the slave. "There is in it every material point from my cradle, to this my last going to the galleys."—"Then it seems you have been there before," said Don Quixote.

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Book III., Chapter VIII.

—"To serve God and the king, I was some four years there once before," replied Gines. "I already know how the biscuit and the bulls-pizzle agree with my carcase. it does not grieve me much to go there again, for there I shall have leisure to give a finishing stroke to my book. I have the devil knows what to add; and in our Spanish galleys there is always leisure and idle time enough o'conscience: neither shall I want so much for what I have to insert, for I know it all by heart."

"Thou seemest to be a witty fellow," said Don Quixote.—"You should have said unfortunate too," replied the slave; "for the bitch Fortune is still unkind to men of wit."—"You mean to such wicked wretches as yourself," cried the officer. "Look you, Mr Commissary," said Gines, "I have already desired you to use good language. The law did not give us to your keeping for you to abuse us, but only to conduct us where the king has occasion for us. Let every man mind his own business, and give good words, or hold his tongue; for by the blood—I will say no more, murder will out; there will be a time when some people's rogueries may come to light, as well as those of other folks."—With that the officer, provoked by the slave's threats, held up his staff to strike

him; but Don Quixote stepped between them, and desired him not to do it, and to consider, that the slave was the more to be excused for being too free of his tongue, since he had ne'er another member at liberty. Then addressing himself to all the slaves, "My dearest brethren," cried he, "I find, by what I gather from your own words, that though you deserve punishment for the several crimes of which you stand convicted, yet you suffer execution of the sentence by constraint, and merely because you cannot help it. Besides, it is not unlikely but that this man's want of resolution upon the rack, the other's want of money, the third's want of friends and favour, and, in short, the judges perverting and wresting the law to your great prejudice, may have been the cause of your misery. Now, as heaven has sent me into the world to relieve the distressed, and free suffering weakness from the tyranny of oppression, according to the duty of my profession of knight-errantry, these considerations induce me to take you under my protection.—But because it is the part of a prudent man not to use violence where fair means may be effectual, I desire you, gentlemen of the guard, to release these poor men, there being people enough to serve his majesty in their places; for it is a

hard case to make slaves of men whom God and nature made free; and you have the less reason to use these wretches with severity, seeing they never did you any wrong. Let them answer for their sins in the other world; heaven is just, you know, and will be sure to punish the wicked as it will certainly reward the good. Consider besides, gentlemen, that it is neither a Christian-like, nor an honourable action, for men to be the butchers and tormentors of one another; principally, when no advantage can arise from it. I choose to desire this of you, with so much mildness, and in so peaceable a manner, gentlemen, that I may have occasion to pay you a thankful acknowledgment, if you will be pleased to grant so reasonable a request; but if you provoke me by refusal, I must be obliged to tell ye, that this lance, and this sword, guided by this invincible arm, shall force you to yield that to my valour which you deny to my civil entreaties."

"A very good jest, indeed," cried the officer; "what a devil makes you dote at such a rate? would you have us set at liberty the king's prisoners, as if we had authority to do it, or you to command it? Go, go about your business, good Sir Errant, and set your basin right upon your empty pate; and pray do not meddle any

further in what does not concern you, for those who will play with cats must expect to be scratched."

"Thou art a cat, and rat, and a coward to boot," cried Don Quixote; and with that he attacked the officer with such a sudden and surprising fury, that before he had any time to put himself in a posture of defence, he struck him down, dangerously wounded with his lance, and, as fortune had ordered it, this happened to be the horseman who was armed with a carbine. His companions stood astonished at such a bold action, but at last fell upon the champion with their swords and darts, which might have proved fatal to him, had not the slaves laid hold of this opportunity to break the chain, in order to regain their liberty; for, the guards perceiving their endeavours to get loose, thought it more material to prevent them, than to be fighting a madman, but, as he pressed them vigorously on one side, and the slaves were opposing them and freeing themselves on the other, the hurly-burly was so great, and the guards so perplexed, that they did nothing to the purpose. In the meantime, Sancho was helping Gines de Passamonte to get off his gyves, which he did sooner than can be imagined; and then that active desperado having seized the wounded officer's

sword and carbine, he joined with Don Quixote, and sometimes aiming at one, and sometimes at the other, as if he had been ready to shoot them, yet still without letting off the piece, the other slaves at the same time pouring volleys of stone-shot at the guards, they betook themselves to their heels, leaving Don Quixote and the criminals masters of the field. Sancho, who was always for taking care of the main chance, was not at all pleased with this victory; for he guessed that the guards who were fled, would raise a hue and cry, and soon be at their heels with the whole posse of the holy brotherhood, and lay them up for a rescue and rebellion. This made him advise his master to get out of the way as fast as he could, and hide himself in the neighbouring mountains. "I hear you," answered Don Quixote to this motion of his squire, "and I know what I have to do." Then calling to him all the slaves, who by this time had uncased the keeper to his skin, they gathered about him to know his pleasure, and he spoke to them in this manner; "It is the part of generous spirits to have a grateful sense of the benefits they receive, no crime being more odious than ingratitude. You see, gentlemen, what I have done for your sakes, and you cannot but be sensible how

highly you are obliged to me. Now all the recompence I require is, only that every one of you, loaden with that chain from which I have freed your necks, do instantly repair to the city of Toboso; and there presenting yourselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, tell her, that her faithful votary, the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, commanded you to wait on her, and assure her of his profound veneration. Then you shall give her an exact account of every particular relating to this famous achievement, by which you once more taste the sweets of liberty; which done, I give you leave to seek your fortunes where you please."

To this the ringleader and master thief, Gines de Passamonte, made answer for all the rest, "What you would have us to do," said he, "our noble deliverer, is absolutely impracticable and impossible; for we dare not be seen all together for the world. We must rather part, and sculk some one way, some another, and lie snug in creeks and corners under ground, for fear of those damned man-hounds that will be after us with a hue and cry; therefore all we can and ought to do in this case, is to change this compliment and homage which you would have us pay to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, into a certain

number of Ave Maries and Creeds, which we will say for your worship's benefit; and this may be done by night or by day, walking or standing, and in war as well as in peace: but to imagine we will return to our flesh-pots of Egypt, that is to say, take up our chains again, and lug them the devil knows where, is as unreasonable as to think it is night now at ten o'clock in the morning. 'Sdeath, to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree."—"Now, by my sword," replied Don Quixote, "sir son of a whore, Sir Ginesello de Parapilla, or whatever be your name, you yourself, alone, shall go to Toboso, like a dog that has scalded his tail, with the whole chain about your shoulders." Gines, who was naturally very choleric, judging by Don Quixote's extravagance in freeing them, that he was not very wise, winked on his companions, who, like men that understood signs, presently fell back to the right and left, and pelted Don Quixote with such a shower of stones, that all his dexterity to cover himself with his shield was now ineffectual, and poor Rozinante no more obeyed the spur, than if he had been only the statue of a horse. As for Sancho, he got behind his ass, and there sheltered himself from the volleys of flints that threatened his

bones, while his master was so battered, that in a little time he was thrown out of his saddle to the ground. He was no sooner down, but the student leaped on him, took off his basin from his head, gave him three or four thumps on the shoulders with it, and then gave it so many knocks against the stones, that he almost broke it to pieces. After this, they stripped him of his upper coat, and had robbed him of his hose too, but that his greaves hindered them. They also eased Sancho of his upper coat, and left him in his doublet; then, having divided the spoils, they shifted every one for himself, thinking more how to avoid being taken up, and linked again in the chain, than of trudging with it to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Thus the ass, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote, remained indeed masters of the field, but in an ill condition: the ass hanging his head, and pensive, shaking his ears now and then, as if the volleys of stones had still whizzed about them; Rozinante lying in a desponding manner, for he had been knocked down as well as his unhappy rider; Sancho uncased to his doublet, and trembling for fear of the holy brotherhood: and Don Quixote filled with sullen regret, to find himself so barbarously used by those whom he had so highly obliged.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT BEFEL THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE IN THE SIERRA MORENA (BLACK MOUNTAIN) BEING ONE OF THE RAREST ADVENTURES IN THIS AUTHENTIC HISTORY.

Don Quixote, finding himself so ill treated, said to his squire, "Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do a kindness to clowns, is like throwing water into the sea.* Had I given ear to thy advice, I had prevented this misfortune; but since the thing is done it is needless to repine, this shall be a warning to me for the future."—"That is," quoth Sancho, "when the devil is blind: but since you say, you had escaped this mischief had you believed me, good sir, believe me now, and you will escape a greater; for I must tell you, that those of the holy brotherhood do not stand in awe of your chivalry, nor do they care a straw for all the knights-errant in the world. Methinks I already hear their arrows whizzing about my ears."†—"Thou art naturally a coward,

* It is labour lost, because they are ungrateful.

† The troopers of the holy brotherhood used cross-bows.

Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "nevertheless, that thou mayest not say I am obstinate, and never follow thy advice, I will take thy counsel, and for once convey myself out of the reach of this dreadful brotherhood, that so strangely alarms thee; but upon this condition, that thou never tell any mortal creature, neither while I live, nor after my death, that I withdrew myself from this danger through fear, but merely to comply with thy entreaties: for if thou ever presume to say otherwise, thou wilt belie me; and from this time to that time, and from that time to the world's end, I give thee the lie, and thou liest, and shalt lie in thy throat, as often as thou sayest, or but thinkest to the contrary. Therefore do not offer to reply; for shouldest thou but surmise, that I would avoid any danger, and especially this which seems to give some occasion or colour for fear, I would certainly stay here, though unattended and alone, and expect and face not only the holy brotherhood, which thou dreadest so much, but also the fraternity or twelve heads of the tribes of Israel, the seven Maccabees, Castor and Pollux, and all the brothers and brotherhoods in the universe."—"An't please your worship," quoth Sancho, "to withdraw is not to run away, and to stay is no wise

action, when there is more reason to fear than to hope; it is the part of a wise man to keep himself to-day for to-morrow, and not venture all his eggs in one basket. And for all I am but a clown or a bumpkin, as you may say, yet I would have you to know I know what's what, and have always taken care of the main chance; therefore do not be ashamed of being ruled by me, but even get on horseback an you are able: come, I will help you, and then follow me; for my mind plaguily misgives me, that now one pair of heels will stand us in more stead than two pair of hands."

Don Quixote, without any reply, made shift to mount Rozinante, and Sancho on his ass led the way to the neighbouring mountainous desert called Sierra Morena,* which the crafty squire had a design to cross over, and get out at the farthest end, either at Viso, or Almadovar del Campo, and in the mean time to lurk in the craggy and almost inaccessible retreats of that vast mountain, for fear of falling into the hands of the holy brotherhood. He was the more eager to steer this course, finding that the

* Sierra, though Spanish for a mountain, properly means (not a chain, but) a saw, from the Latin Serra, because of its ridges rising and falling like the teeth of a saw. This mountain (called Morena from its Moorish or swarthy colour) parts the kingdom of Castile from the province of Andalusia.

provision which he had laid on his ass had escaped plundering, which was a kind of miracle, considering how narrowly the galley-slaves had searched everywhere for booty. It was night before our two travellers got to the middle and most desert part of the mountain; where Sancho advised his master to stay some days, at least as long as their provisions lasted; and accordingly that night they took up their lodging between two rocks, among a great number of cork-trees: but fortune, which, according to the opinion of those that have not the light of true faith, guides, appoints, and contrives all things as it pleases, directed Gines de Passamonte (that master-rogue, who, thanks be to Don Quixote's force and folly, had been put in a condition to do him a mischief) to this very part of the mountain, in order to hide himself till the heat of the pursuit, which he had just cause to fear, were over. He discovered our adventurers much about the time that they fell asleep; and as wicked men are always ungrateful, and urgent necessity prompts many to do things, at the very thoughts of which they perhaps would start at other times, Gines, who was a stranger both to gratitude and humanity, resolved to ride away with Sancho's ass; for as for Rozinante, he looked

upon him as a thing that would neither sell nor pawn: so while poor Sancho lay snoring, he spirited away his darling beast, and made such haste, that before day he thought himself and his prize secure from the unhappy owner's pursuit.

Now Aurora with her smiling face returned to enliven and cheer the earth, but alas! to grieve and affright Sancho with a dismal discovery for he had no sooner opened his eyes, but he missed his ass; and finding himself deprived of that dear partner of his fortunes, and best comfort in his peregrinations, he broke out into the most pitiful and sad lamentations in the world, insomuch that he waked Don Quixote with his moans. "O dear child of my bowels," cried he, "born and bred under my roof, my children's play-fellow, the comfort of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the ease of my burthens, the staff of my life, and in a word, half my maintenance; for with six and twenty maravedis, which were daily earned by thee, I made shift to keep half my family" Don Quixote, who easily guessed the cause of these complaints, strove to comfort him with kind condoling words, and learned discourses upon the uncertainty of human happiness; but nothing proved so effectual to assuage his

sorrow, as the promise which his master made him of drawing a bill of exchange on his niece for three asses out of five which he had at home, payable to Sancho Pança, or his order; which prevailing argument soon dried up his tears, hushed his sighs and moans, and turned his complaints into thanks to his generous master for so unexpected a favour.

And now, as they wandered further in these mountains, Don Quixote was transported with joy to find himself where he might flatter his ambition with the hopes of fresh adventures to signalize his valour; for these vast deserts made him call to mind the wonderful exploits of other knights-errant, performed in such solitudes. Filled with those airy notions, he thought on nothing else but Sancho was for more substantial food; and now, thinking himself quite out of the reach of the holy brotherhood, his only care was to fill his belly with the relics of the clerical booty, and thus sitting sideling, as women do, upon his beast, he slily took out now one piece of meat, then another, and kept his grinders going faster than his feet. Thus plodding on, he would not have given a rush to have met with any other adventure.

While he was thus employed, he observed, that his master endeavoured to take up some-

thing that lay on the ground with the end of his lance: this made him run to help him to lift up the bundle, which proved to be a portmanteau, and the seat of a saddle, that were half, or rather quite rotted with lying exposed to the weather. The portmanteau was somewhat heavy, and Don Quixote having ordered Sancho to see what it contained, though it was shut with a chain and a padlock, he easily saw what was in it through the crack, and pulled out four fine holland shirts, and other clean and fashionable linen, besides a considerable quantity of gold tied up in a handkerchief. "Bless my eye-sight," quoth Sancho; "and now, heaven, I thank thee for sending us such a lucky adventure once in our lives;" with that, groping further in the portmanteau, he found a table-book richly bound. "Give me that," said Don Quixote, "and do thou keep the gold."—"Heaven reward your worship," quoth Sancho, kissing his master's hand, and at the same time clapping up the linen and the other things into the bag where he kept the victuals. "I fancy," said Don Quixote, "that some person, having lost his way in these mountains, has been met by robbers, who have murdered him, and buried his body somewhere hereabouts."—"Sure your worship's mistaken,"

answered Sancho, "for, had they been highwaymen, they would never have left such a booty behind them."—"Thou art in the right," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore I cannot imagine what it must be. But stay, I will examine the table-book, perhaps we shall find something written in that, which will help us to discover what I would know." With that he opened it, and the first thing he found was the following rough draught of a sonnet, fairly enough written to be read with ease, so he read it aloud, that Sancho might know what was in it as well as himself:

THE RESOLVE.

A SONNET.

Love is a god ne'er knows our pain,
  Or cruelty's his darling attribute;
Else he'd ne'er force me to complain,
  And to his spite my raging pain impute.

But sure if Love's a god, he must
  Have knowledge equal to his power;
And 'tis a crime to think a god unjust:
  Whence then the pains that now my heart devour?

From Phyllis? No: why do I pause?
  Such cruel ills ne'er boast so sweet a cause;
Nor from the gods such torments we do bear.
  Let death then quickly be my cure:
When thus we ills unknown endure,
  'Tis shortest to despair.

"The devil of any thing can be picked out of this," quoth Sancho, "unless you can tell

who that same Phyll is."—"I did not read Phyll, but Phyllis," said Don Quixote.—"O then, mayhap, the man has lost his filly-foal." —"Phyllis," said Don Quixote, "is the name of a lady that is beloved by the author of this sonnet, who truly seems to be a tolerable poet,* or I have but little judgment."—"Why then," quoth Sancho, "belike your worship understands how to make verses too?"—"That I do," answered Don Quixote, "and better than thou imaginest; as thou shalt see when I shall give thee a letter written all in verse to carry to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso: for, I must tell thee, friend Sancho, all the knights-errant, or at least the greatest part of them, in former times, were great poets, and as great musicians; those qualifications, or, to speak better, those two gifts, or accomplishments, being almost inseparable from amorous adventures: though I must confess the verses of the knights in former ages are not altogether so polite, nor so adorned with words, as with thoughts and inventions."

"Good sir," quoth Sancho, "look again into the pocket-book, mayhap you will find somewhat that will inform you of what you would know" With that Don Quixote turning over

* Cervantes himself.

the leaf, "Here's some prose," cried he, "and I think it is the sketch of a love-letter."—"O! good your worship," quoth Sancho, "read it out by all means, for I delight mightily in hearing of love stories."

Don Quixote read it aloud, and found what follows

"The falsehood of your promises, and my despair, hurry me from you for ever; and you shall sooner hear the news of my death, than the cause of my complaints. You have forsaken me, ungrateful fair, for one more wealthy indeed, but not more deserving than your abandoned slave. Were virtue esteemed a treasure equal to its worth by your unthinking sex, I must presume to say, I should have no reason to envy the wealth of others, and no misfortune to bewail. What your beauty has raised, your actions have destroyed; the first made me mistake you for an angel, but the last convince me you are a very woman. However, O! too lovely disturber of my peace, may uninterrupted rest and downy ease engross your happy hours; and may forgiving heaven still keep your husband's perfidiousness concealed, lest it should cost your repenting heart a sigh for the injustice you have done to

so faithful a lover, and so I should be prompted to a revenge which I do not desire to take. Farewell."

"This letter," quoth Don Quixote, "does not give us any further insight into the things we would know; all I can infer from it is, that the person who wrote it was a betrayed lover." And so turning over the remaining leaves, he found several other letters and verses, some of which were legible, and some so scribbled, that he could make nothing of them. As for those he read, he could meet with nothing in them but accusations, complaints and expostulations, distrusts and jealousies, pleasures and discontents, favours and disdain, the one highly valued, the other as mournfully resented. And while the knight was poring on the table-book, Sancho was rummaging the portmanteau, and the seat of the saddle, with that exactness that he did not leave a corner unsearched, nor a seam unripped, nor a single lock of wool unpicked; for the gold he had found, which was above an hundred ducats, had but whetted his greedy appetite, and made him wild for more. Yet though this was all he could find, he thought himself well paid for the more than Herculean labours he had

undergone; nor could he now repine at his being tossed in a blanket, the straining and griping operation of the balsam, the benedictions of the pack-staves and leavers, the fisticuffs of the lewd carrier, the loss of his cloak, his dear wallet, and of his dearer ass, and all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue, which he had suffered in his kind master's service. On the other side, the Knight of the Woeful Figure strangely desired to know who was the owner of the portmanteau, guessing by the verses, the letter, the linen, and the gold, that he was a person of worth, whom the disdain and unkindness of his mistress had driven to despair. At length, however, he gave over the thoughts of it, discovering nobody through that vast desert; and so he rode on, wholly guided by Rozinante's discretion, which always made the grave sagacious creature choose the plainest and smoothest way; the master still firmly believing, that in those woody uncultivated forests he should infallibly start some wonderful adventure.

And indeed, while these hopes possessed him, he spied upon the top of a stony crag just before him a man that skipped from rock to rock, over briars and bushes, with wonderful agility. He seemed to him naked from the

waist upwards, with a thick black beard, his hair long, and strangely tangled, his head, legs, and feet bare; on his hips a pair of breeches, that appeared to be of sad-coloured velvet, but so tattered and torn, that they discovered his skin in many places. These particulars were observed by Don Quixote while he passed by, and he followed him, endeavouring to overtake him, for he presently guessed this was the owner of the portmanteau. But Rozinante, who was naturally slow and phlegmatic, was in too weak a case besides to run races with so swift an apparition yet the Knight of the Woeful Figure resolved to find out that unhappy creature, though he were to bestow a whole year in the search; and to that intent he ordered Sancho to beat one side of the mountain, while he hunted the other. "In good sooth," quoth Sancho, "your worship must excuse me as to that; for if I but offer to stir an inch from you, I am almost frighted out of my seven senses: and let this serve you hereafter for a warning, that you may not send me a nail's breadth from your presence."— "Well," said the knight, "I will take thy case into consideration; and it does not displease me, Sancho, to see thee thus rely upon my valour, which, I dare assure thee, shall never

fail thee, though thy very soul should be scared out of thy body. Follow me, therefore, step by step, with as much haste as is consistent with good speed: and let thy eyes pry every where while we search every part of this rock, where, it is probable, we may meet with that wretched mortal, who doubtless is the owner of the portmanteau."

"Odsnigs, sir," quoth Sancho, "I had rather get out of his way; for, should we chance to meet him, and he lay claim to the portmanteau, it is a plain case I shall be forced to part with the money: and therefore I think it much better, without making so much ado, to let me keep it *bona fide*, till we can light on the right owner some more easy way, and without dancing after him; which may not happen till we have spent all the money; and in that case I am free from the law, and he may go whistle for it."—"Thou art mistaken, Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "for, seeing we have some reason to think, that we know who is the owner, we are bound in conscience to endeavour to find him out, and restore it to him; the rather, because should we not now strive to meet him, yet the strong presumption we have that the goods belong to him, would make us possessors of them *mala fide*, and render us as

guilty as if the party whom we suspect to have lost the things were really the right owner; therefore, friend Sancho, do not think much of searching for him, since, if we find him out, it will extremely ease my mind."

With that he spurred Rozinante; and Sancho, not very well pleased, followed him, comforting himself, however, with the hopes of the three asses which his master had promised him. So when they had rode over the greatest part of the mountain, they came to a brook, where they found a mule lying dead, with her saddle and bridle about her, and herself half devoured by beasts and birds of prey; which discovery further confirmed them in their suspicion, that the man who fled so nimbly from them was the owner of the mule and portmanteau. Now as they paused and pondered upon this, they heard a whistling like that of some shepherd keeping his flocks; and presently after, upon their left hand, they spied a great number of goats with an old herdsman after them, on the top of the mountain. Don Quixote called out to him, and desired him to come down; but the goat-herd, instead of answering him, asked them in as loud a tone, how they came thither in those deserts, where scarce any living creatures resorted except goats, wolves, and other wild

beasts? Sancho told him, they would satisfy him as to that point if he would come where they were. With that the goat-herd came down to them; and seeing them look upon the dead mule, "That dead mule," said the old fellow, "has lain in that very place this six months; but pray tell me, good people, have you not met the master of it by the way?" —"We have met nobody," answered Don Quixote; "but we found a portmanteau and a saddle-cushion not far from this place."—"I have seen it too," quoth the goat-herd, "but I never durst meddle with it, nor so much as come near it, for fear of some misdemeanour, lest I should be charged with having stolen somewhat out of it: for who knows what might happen? the devil is subtle, and sometimes lays baits in our way to tempt us, or blocks to make us stumble."—"It is just so with me, gaffer," quoth Sancho; "for I saw the portmanteau too, d'ye see, but the devil a bit would I come within a stone's throw of it; no, there I found it, and there I left it: i'faith it shall e'en lie there still for me. He that steals a bellweather shall be discovered by the bell."—"Tell me, honest friend," asked Don Quixote, "dost thou know who is the owner of those things?"—"All I know of the matter,"

answered the goat-herd, "is, that it is now six months, little more or less, since to a certain sheep-fold, some three leagues off, there came a young well-featured proper gentleman in good clothes, and under him this same mule that now lies dead here, with the cushion and cloak-bag, which you say you met but touched not. He asked us which was the most desert and least frequented part of these mountains? and we told him this where we are now; and in that we spoke the plain truth, for should you venture to go but half a league further, you would hardly be able to get back again in haste; and I marvel how you could get even thus far; for there is neither high-way nor foot-path that may direct a man this way. Now, as soon as the young gentleman had heard our answer, he turned about his mule, and made to the place we shewed him, leaving us all with a hugeous liking to his comeliness, and strangely marvelling at his demand, and the haste he made towards the middle of the mountain. After that we heard no more of him in a great while, till one day by chance one of the shepherds coming by, he fell upon him without saying why or wherefore, and beat him without mercy: after that he went to the ass that carried our victuals, and, taking away all the bread and

cheese that was there, he tripped back again to the mountain with wondrous speed. Hearing this, a good number of us together resolved to find him out; and when we had spent the best part of two days in the thickest of the forest, we found him at last lurking in the hollow of a huge cork-tree, from whence he came forth to meet us as mild as could be. But then he was so altered, his face was so disfigured, wan, and sun-burnt, that, had it not been for his attire, which we made shift to know again, though it was all in rags and tatters, we could not have thought it had been the same man. He saluted us courteously, and told us in few words, mighty handsomely put together, that we were not to marvel to see him in that manner, for that it behoved him so to be, that he might fulfil a certain penance enjoined him for the great sins he had committed. We prayed him to tell us who he was, but he would by no means do it; we likewise desired him to let us know where we might find him, that whensoever he wanted victuals we might bring him some, which we told him we would be sure to do, for otherwise he would be starved in that barren place; requesting him, that if he did not like that motion neither, he would at leastwise come and ask us for what he wanted, and

not take it by force as he had done. He thanked us heartily for our offer, and begged pardon for that injury, and promised to ask it henceforwards as an alms, without setting upon any one. As for his place of abode, he told us he had none certain, but wherever night caught him, there he lay: and he ended his discourse with such bitter moans, that we must have had hearts of flint had we not had a feeling of them, and kept him company therein; chiefly considering we beheld him so strangely altered from what we had seen him before; for, as I said, he was a very fine comely young man, and by his speech and behaviour, we could guess him to be well-born, and a courtlike sort of a body: for though we were but clowns, yet such was his genteel behaviour, that we could not help being taken with it. Now as he was talking to us, he stopped of a sudden, as if he had been struck dumb, fixing his eyes stedfastly on the ground; whereat we all stood in amaze. After he had thus stared a good while, he shut his eyes, then opened them again, bit his lips, knit his brows, clutched his fists; and then rising from the ground, whereon he had thrown himself a little before, he flew at the man that stood next to him with such a fury, that if we had not pulled him off by main force, he would

have bit and thumped him to death; and all the while he cried out, "Ah! traitor Ferdinand, here, here thou shalt pay for the wrong thou hast done me; I must rip up that false heart of thine;" and a deal more he added, all in dispraise of that same Ferdinand. After that he flung from us without saying a word, leaping over the bushes and brambles at such a strange rate, that it was impossible for us to come at him; from which we gathered, that his madness comes on him by fits, and that some one called Ferdinand had done him an ill turn, that hath brought the poor young man to this pass. And this hath been confirmed since that many and many times: for when he is in his right senses, he will come and beg for victuals, and thank us for it with tears: but when he is in his mad fit, he will beat us though we proffer him meat civilly: and to tell you the truth, sirs," added the goat-herd, "I and four others, of whom two are my men, and the other two my friends, yesterday agreed to look for him till we should find him out, either by fair means or by force to carry him to Almodover town, that is but eight leagues off; and there we will have him cured, if possible, or at least we shall learn what he is when he comes to his wits, and whether he has any friends to

whom he may be sent back. This is all I know of the matter; and I dare assure you, that the owner of those things which you saw in the way, is the self-same body that went so nimbly by you;" for Don Quixote had by this time acquainted the goat-herd of his having seen that man skipping among the rocks.

The knight was wonderfully concerned when he had heard the goat-herd's story, and renewed his resolution of finding out that distracted wretch, whatever time and pains it might cost him. But fortune was more propitious to his desires than he could reasonably have expected; for just as they were speaking they spied him right against the place where they stood, coming towards them out of the cleft of a rock, muttering somewhat to himself, which they could not well have understood had they stood close by him, much less could they guess his meaning at that distance. His apparel was such as has already been said, only Don Quixote observed when he drew nearer, that he had on a shamoy waistcoat torn in many places, which yet the knight found to be perfumed with amber; and by this, as also by the rest of his clothes, and other conjectures, he judged him to be a man of some quality. As soon as the unhappy creature came near them, he saluted

them very civilly, but with a hoarse voice. Don Quixote returned his civilities, and, alighting from Rozinante, accosted him in a very graceful manner, and hugged him close in his arms, as if he had been one of his intimate acquaintance. The other, whom we may venture to call the Knight of the Ragged Figure, as well as Don Quixote the Knight of the Woeful Figure, having got loose from that embrace, could not forbear stepping back a little, and laying his hands on the companion's shoulders, he stood staring in his face, as if he had been striving to call to mind whether he had known him before, probably wondering as much to behold Don Quixote's countenance, armour, and strange figure, as Don Quixote did to see his tattered condition: but the first that opened his mouth after this pause was the Ragged Knight, as you shall find by the sequel of the story.

CHAPTER X.

THE ADVENTURE IN THE SIERRA-MORENA CONTINUED.

THE history relates, that Don Quixote listened with great attention to the disastrous Knight of the Mountain, who made him the following compliment. "Truly, sir, whoever you be, (for I have not the honour to know you,) I am much obliged to you for your expressions of civility and friendship; and I could wish I were in a condition to convince you otherwise than by words of the deep sense I have of them: but my bad fortune leaves me nothing to return for so many favours, but unprofitable wishes." — "Sir," answered Don Quixote, "I have so hearty a desire to serve you, that I was fully resolved not to depart these mountains till I had found you out, that I might know from yourself, whether the discontents that have urged you to make choice of this unusual course of life, might not admit of a remedy; for if they do, assure yourself I will leave no means untried, till I have purchased you that ease which I heartily wish

you: or if your disasters are of that fatal kind that exclude you for ever from the hopes of comfort or relief, then will I mingle sorrows with you and, by sharing your load of grief, help you to bear the oppressing weight of affliction; for it is the only comfort of the miserable to have partners in their woes. If, then, good intentions may plead merit, or a grateful requital, let me entreat you, sir, by that generous nature that shoots through the gloom with which adversity has clouded your graceful outside; nay, let me conjure you by the darling object of your wishes, to let me know who you are, and what strange misfortunes have urged you to withdraw from the converse of your fellow-creatures, to bury yourself alive in this horrid solitude, where you linger out a wretched being, a stranger to ease, to all mankind, and even to your very self. And I solemnly swear," added Don Quixote, "by the order of knighthood, of which I am an unworthy professor, that if you so far gratify my desires, I will assist you to the utmost of my capacity, either by remedying your disaster, if it is not past redress; or, at least, I will become your partner in sorrow, and strive to ease it by a society in sadness."

The Knight of the Wood, hearing the

Knight of the Woeful Figure talk at that rate, looked upon him stedfastly for a long time, and viewed, and reviewed him from head to foot; and when he had gazed a great while upon him, "Sir," cried he, "if you have anything to eat, for heaven's sake give it me, and when my hunger is abated, I shall be better able to comply with your desires, which your great civilities and undeserved offers oblige me to satisfy." Sancho and the goat-herd, hearing this, presently took out some victuals, the one out of his bag, the other out of his scrip, and gave it to the ragged knight to allay his hunger, who immediately fell on with that greedy haste, that he seemed rather to devour than feed; for he used no intermission between bit and bit, so greedily he chopped them up; and all the time he was eating, neither he, nor the byestanders, spoke the least word. When he had assuaged his voracious appetite, he beckoned to Don Quixote and the rest to follow him; and after he had brought them to a neighbouring meadow, he laid himself at his ease on the grass, where the rest of the company sitting down by him, neither he nor they having yet spoke a word since he fell to eating, he began in this manner:

"Gentlemen," said he, "if you intend to be

informed of my misfortunes, you must promise me beforehand not to cut off the thread of my doleful narration with any questions, or any other interruption; for in the very instant that any of you does it, I shall leave off abruptly, and will not afterwards go on with the story." This preamble put Don Quixote in mind of Sancho's ridiculous tale, which by his neglect in not telling the goats, was brought to an untimely conclusion. "I only use this precaution," added the ragged knight, "because I would be quick in my relation; for the very remembrance of my former misfortune proves a new one to me, and yet I promise you, will endeavour to omit nothing that is material, that you may have as full an account of my disasters as I am sensible you desire." Thereupon Don Quixote, for himself and the rest, having promised him uninterrupted attention, he proceeded in this manner:

"My name is Cardenio, the place of my birth one of the best cities in Andalusia; my descent noble, my parents wealthy, but my misfortunes are so great, that they have doubtless filled my relations with the deepest of sorrows; nor are they to be remedied with wealth, for goods of fortune avail but little against the anger of heaven. In the same town dwelt the

charming Lucinda, the most beautiful creature that ever nature framed, equal in descent and fortune to myself, but more happy and less constant. I loved, nay adored her almost from her infancy; and from her tender years she blessed me with as kind a return as is suitable with the innocent freedom of that age. Our parents were conscious of that early friendship; nor did they oppose the growth of this inoffensive passion, which they perceived could have no other consequences than a happy union of our families by marriage; a thing which the equality of our births and fortunes did indeed of itself almost invite us to. Afterwards our loves so grew up with our years, that Lucinda's father, either judging our usual familiarity prejudicial to his daughter's honour, or for some other reasons, sent to desire me to discontinue my frequent visits to his house: but this restraint proved but like that which was used by the parents of that loving Thisbe, so celebrated by the poets, and but added flames to flames, and impatience to desires. As our tongues were now debarred their former privilege, we had recourse to our pens, which assumed the greater freedom to disclose the most hidden secrets of our hearts; for the presence of the beloved object

oftens heightens a certain awe and bashfulness, that disorders, confounds, and strikes dumb, even the most passionate lover. How many letters have I wrote to that lovely charmer! how many soft moving verses have I addressed to her! what kind, yet honourable returns have I received from her! the mutual pledges of our secret love, and the innocent consolations of a violent passion. At length, languishing and wasting with desire, deprived of that reviving comfort of my soul, I resolved to remove those bars with which her father's care and decent caution obstructed my only happiness, by demanding her of him in marriage he very civilly told me, that he thanked me for the honour I did him, but that I had a father alive, whose consent was to be obtained as well as his, and who was the most proper person to make such a proposal. I thanked him for his civil answer, and thought it carried some shew of reason, not doubting but my father would readily consent to the proposal. I therefore immediately went to wait on him, with a design to beg his approbation and assistance. I found him in his chamber with a letter opened before him, which, as soon as he saw me, he put into my hand, before I could have time to acquaint him with my business.

—'Cardenio,' said he, 'you will see by this letter the extraordinary kindness that Duke Richardo has for you.' I suppose I need not tell you, gentlemen, that this Duke Richardo is a grandee of Spain, most of whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I read the letter, and found it contained so kind and advantageous an offer, that my father could not but accept of it with thankfulness; for the duke entreated him to send me to him with all speed, that I might be the companion of his eldest son, promising withal to advance me to a post answerable to the good opinion he had of me.

"This unexpected news struck me dumb; but my surprise and disappointment were much greater, when I heard my father say to me, 'Cardenio, you must get ready to be gone in two days: in the mean time give heaven thanks for opening you a way to that preferment which I am so sensible you deserve.' After this he gave me several wise admonitions both as a father and a man of business, and then he left me. The day fixed for my journey quickly came; however, the night that preceded it, I spoke to Lucinda at her window, and told her what had happened. I also gave her father a visit, and informed him of it too,

beseeching him to preserve his good opinion of me, and defer the bestowing of his daughter till I had been with Duke Ricardo, which he kindly promised me: and then, Lucinda and I, after an exchange of vows and protestations of eternal fidelity, took our leaves of each other with all the grief which two tender and passionate lovers can feel at a separation.

"I left the town, and went to wait upon the duke, who received and entertained me with that extraordinary kindness and civility that soon raised the envy of his greatest favourites. But he that most endearingly caressed me, was Don Ferdinand, the duke's second son, a young, airy, handsome, generous gentleman, and of a very amorous disposition; he seemed to be overjoyed at my coming, and in a most obliging manner told me, he would have me one of his most intimate friends. In short, he so really convinced me of his affection, that though his elder brother gave me many testimonies of love and esteem, yet could I easily distinguish between their favours. Now, as it is common for bosom friends to keep nothing secret from each other, Don Ferdinand, relying as much on my fidelity, as I had reason to depend on his, revealed to me his most private thoughts; and among the rest,

his being in love with the daughter of a very rich farmer, who was his father's vassal. The beauty of that lovely country maid, her virtue, her discretion, and the other graces of her mind, gained her the admiration of all those who approached her: and those uncommon endowments had so charmed the soul of Don Ferdinand, that, finding it absolutely impossible to corrupt her chastity, since she would not yield to his embraces as a mistress, he resolved to marry her. I thought myself obliged by all the ties of gratitude and friendship, to dissuade him from so unsuitable a match; and therefore I made use of such arguments as might have diverted any one but so confirmed a lover from such an unequal choice. At last, finding them all ineffectual, I resolved to inform the duke his father with his intentions: but Don Ferdinand was too clear-sighted not to read my design in my great dislike of his resolutions, and dreading such a discovery, which he knew my duty to his father might well warrant, in spite of our intimacy, since I looked upon such a marriage as highly prejudicial to them both, he made it his business to hinder me from betraying his passion to his father, assuring me, there would be no need to reveal it to him. To blind me

the more effectually, he told me he was willing to try the power of absence, that common cure of love, thereby to wear out and lose his unhappy passion; and that in order to this, he would take a journey with me to my father's house, pretending to buy horses in our town, where the best in the world are bred. No sooner had I heard this plausible proposal but I approved it, swayed by the interest of my own love, that made me fond of an opportunity to see my absent Lucinda.

"I have heard since, that Don Ferdinand had already been blessed by his mistress, with all the liberty of boundless love, upon a promise of marriage, and that he only waited an opportunity to discover it with safety, being afraid of incurring his father's indignation. But as what we call love in young men, is too often only an irregular passion, and boiling desire, that has no other object than sensual pleasure, and vanishes with enjoyment, while real love, fixing itself on the perfections of the mind, is still improving and permanent; as soon as Don Ferdinand had accomplished his lawless desires, his strong affection slackened, and his hot love grew cold; so that if at first his proposing to try the power of absence was only a pretence, that he might get rid of his

passion, there was nothing now which he more heartily coveted, that he might thereby avoid fulfilling his promise. And therefore having obtained the duke's leave, away we posted to my father's house, where Don Ferdinand was entertained according to his quality; and I went to visit my Lucinda, who, by a thousand innocent endearments, made me sensible, that her love like mine, was rather heightened than weakened by absence, if any thing could heighten a love so great and so perfect. I then thought myself obliged by the laws of friendship, not to conceal the secrets of my heart from so kind and intimate a friend, who had so generously entrusted me with his; and therefore, to my eternal ruin, I unhappily discovered to him my passion. I praised Lucinda's beauty, her wit, her virtue, and praised them so like a lover, so often, and so highly, that I raised in him a great desire to see so accomplished a lady; and, to gratify his curiosity, I shewed her to him by the help of a light, one evening, at a low window, where we used to have our amorous interviews. She proved but too charming, and too strong a temptation to Don Ferdinand; and her prevailing image made so deep an impression on his soul, that it was sufficient to blot out of his mind all those beauties that had

till then employed his wanton thoughts. He was struck dumb with wonder and delight, at the sight of the ravishing apparition; and, in short, to see her, and to love her, proved with him the same thing. and when I say to love her, I need not add to desperation, for there is no loving her but to an extreme. If her face made him so soon take fire, her wit quickly set him all in a flame. He often importuned me to communicate to him some of her letters, which I indeed would never expose to any eyes but my own; but unhappily one day he found one, wherein she desired me to demand her of her father, and to hasten the marriage. It was penned with that tenderness and discretion, that, when he had read it, he presently cried out, that the amorous charms which were scattered and divided among other beauties, were all divinely centered in Lucinda, and in Lucinda alone. Shall I confess a shameful truth? Lucinda's praises, though never so deserved, did not sound pleasantly to my ears out of Don Ferdinand's mouth. I began to entertain I know not what distrusts and jealous fears, the rather, because he would be still improving the least opportunity of talking of her, and insensibly turning the discourse he held of other matters, to make her the subject, though

never so far-fetched, of our constant talk. Not that I was apprehensive of the least infidelity from Lucinda: far from it; she gave me daily fresh assurances of her inviolable affection; but I feared every thing from my malignant stars, and lovers are commonly industrious to make themselves uneasy.

"It happened one day that Lucinda, who took great delight in reading books of knight-errantry, desired me to lend her the romance of Amadis de Gaul"——

Scarce had Cardenio mentioned knight-errantry, when Don Quixote interrupted him: "Sir," said he, "had you but told me, when you first mentioned the Lady Lucinda, that she was an admirer of books of knight-errantry, there had been no need of using any amplification to convince me of her being a person of uncommon sense; yet, sir, had she not used those mighty helps, those infallible guides to sense, though indulgent nature had strove to bless her with the richest gifts she can bestow, I might justly enough have doubted whether her perfections could have gained her the love of a person of your merit; but now you need not employ your eloquence to set forth the greatness of her beauty, the excellence of her worth, or the depth of her sense, for, from this

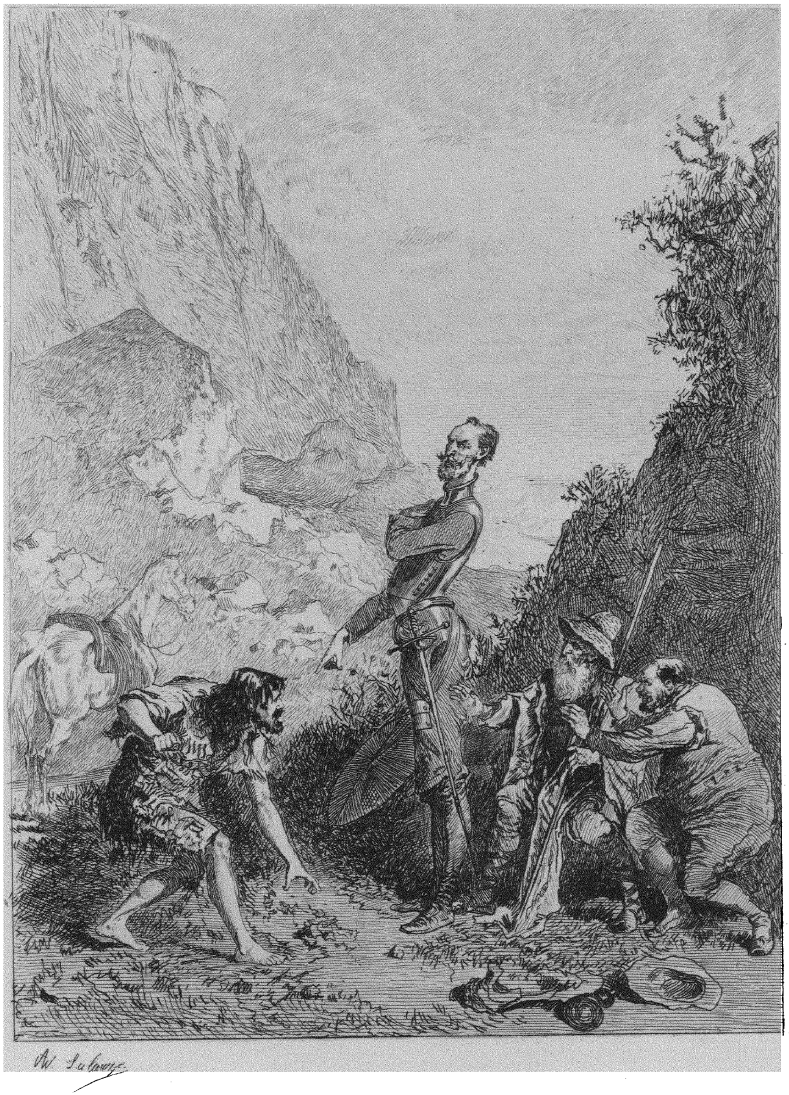
account which I have of her taking great delight in reading books of chivalry, I dare pronounce her to be the most beautiful, nay, the most accomplished lady in the universe; and I heartily could have wished, that with Amadis de Gaul, you had sent her the worthy Don Rugel of Greece; for I am certain the Lady Lucinda would have been extremely delighted with Daryda and Garraya, as also with the discreet shepherd Darinel, and those admirable verses of his bucolics, which he sung and repeated with so good a grace. But a time may yet be found to give her the satisfaction of reading those master-pieces, if you will do me the honour to come to my house, for there I may supply you with above three hundred volumes, which are my soul's greatest delight, and the darling comfort of my life; though now I remember myself, I have just reason to fear there is not one of them left in my study, thanks to the malicious envy of wicked enchanters. I beg your pardon for giving you this interruption, contrary to my promise; but when I hear the least mention made of knight-errantry, it is no more in my power to forbear speaking than it is in the sunbeams not to warm, or in those of the moon not to impart her natural humidity; and therefore, sir, I beseech you to go on."

While Don Quixote was running on with this impertinent digression, Cardenio hung down his head on his breast with all the signs of a man lost in sorrow; nor could Don Quixote, with repeated entreaties, persuade him to look up, or answer a word. At last, after he had stood thus a considerable while, he raised his head, and, suddenly breaking silence, "I am positively convinced," cried he, "nor shall any man in the world ever persuade me to the contrary; and he's a blockhead who says that great villain, Master Elisabat,* never lay with Queen Madasima."

"It is false!" cried Don Quixote, in a mighty heat; "by all the powers above, it is all scandal and base detraction to say this of Queen Madasima! She was a most noble and virtuous lady; nor is it to be presumed that so great a princess would ever debase herself so far as to fall in love with a quack. Whoever dares to say she did, lies like an arrant villain; and I'll make him acknowledge it either a-foot or a-horseback, armed, or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases."

Cardenio very earnestly fixed his eyes on

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



Don Quixote, while he was thus defying him, and taking Queen Madasima's part, as if she had been his true and lawful princess; and being provoked by these abuses into one of his mad fits, he took up a great stone that lay by him, and hit Don Quixote such a blow on his breast with it, that it beat him down backwards. Sancho, seeing his lord and master so roughly handled, fell upon the mad knight with his clenched fists; but he beat him off at the first onset, and laid him at his feet with a single blow, and then fell a trampling on his guts, like a baker in a dough-trough. Nay, the goat-herd, who was offering to take Sancho's part, had like to have been served in the same manner. So the Ragged Knight, having tumbled them one over another, and beaten them handsomely, left them, and ran into the wood without the least opposition.

Sancho got up when he saw him gone; and being very much out of humour to find himself so roughly handled without any manner of reason, began to pick a quarrel with the goat-herd, railing at him for not fore-warning them of the Ragged Knight's mad fits, that they might have stood upon their guard. The goat-herd answered, he had given them warning at first, and if he could not hear it was no

fault of his. To this Sancho replied, and the goat-herd made a rejoinder, till from *Pros* and *Cons* they fell to a warmer way of disputing, and went to fisty-cuffs together, catching one another by the beards, and tugging, hauling, and belabouring one another so unmercifully, that, had not Don Quixote parted them, they would have pulled one another's chins off. Sancho, in great wrath, still keeping his hold, cried to his master, "Let me alone, Sir Knight of the Woeful Figure: this is no dubbed knight, but an ordinary fellow like myself; I may be revenged on him for the wrong he has done me; let me box it out, and fight him fairly hand to fist like a man."—"Thou mayest fight him as he is thy equal," answered Don Quixote; "but thou oughtest not to do it, since he has done us no wrong." —After this he pacified them, and then addressing himself to the goat-herd, he asked him whether it was possible to find out Cardenio again, that he might hear the end of his story? The goat-herd answered, that, as he already told him, he knew of no settled place he used, but that if they made any stay thereabouts, he might be sure to meet with him, mad or sober, some time or other.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE STRANGE THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE BLACK MOUNTAIN; AND OF THE PENANCE HE DID THERE, IN IMITATION OF BELTENEBROS, OR THE LOVELY OBSCURE.

Don Quixote took leave of the goat-herd, and having mounted Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, which he did, but with no very good will, his master leading him into the roughest and most craggy part of the mountain. Thus they travelled for a while without speaking a word to each other. Sancho, almost dead, and ready to burst for want of a little chat, waited with great impatience till his master should begin, not daring to speak first, since his strict injunction of silence. But at last, not being able to keep his word any longer, "Good your worship," quoth he, "give me your blessing and leave to be gone, I beseech you, that I may go home to my wife and children, where I may talk till I am weary, and nobody can hinder me; for I must needs

tell you, that for you to think to lead me a jaunt through hedge and ditch, over hills and dales, by night and by day, without daring to open my lips, is to bury me alive. Could beasts speak, as they did in Æsop's time, it would not have been half so bad with me; for then might I have communed with my ass as I pleased, and have forgot my ill fortune: but to trot on in this fashion, all the days of my life, after adventures, and to light of nothing but thumps, kicks, and cuffs, and be tossed in a blanket, and after all, forsooth, to have a man's mouth sewed up, without daring to speak one's mind,—I say it again, no living soul can endure it."

"I understand thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "thou lingerest with impatience to exercise thy talking faculty. Well, I am willing to free thy tongue from this restraint that so cruelly pains thee, upon condition, that the time of this licence shall not extend beyond that of our continuance in these mountains."—"A match," quoth Sancho, "let us make hay while the sun shines, I will talk whilst I may; what I may do hereafter heaven knows best!" And so beginning to take the benefit of his privilege, "Pray, sir," quoth he, "what occasion had you to take so hotly the part of Queen

Magimasa,[1] or what do you call her? What the devil was it to you, whether that same Master Abbot * were her friend in a corner, or no? had you taken no notice of what was said, as you might well have done, seeing it was no business of yours, the madman would have gone on with his story, you had missed a good thump on the breast, and I had escaped some five or six good dowses on the chaps, besides the trampling of my puddings."—"Upon my honour, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "didst thou but know, as well as I do, what a virtuous and eminent lady Queen Madasima was, thou wouldst say I had a great deal of patience, seeing I did not strike that profane wretch on the mouth, out of which such blasphemies proceeded: for, in short, it was the highest piece of detraction to say, that a queen was scandalously familiar with a barber-surgeon. for the truth of the story is, that this Master Elisabat, of whom the madman spoke, was a person of extraordinary prudence and sagacity, and physician to that queen, who also made use of his advice in matters of importance; but to say she gave him up her honour, and prostituted herself to the embraces of a man of

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter XI.

* Sancho, remembering only the latter part of Master Elizabat's name, pleasantly calls him Abad, which is Spanish for an Abbot.

such an inferior degree, was an impudent, groundless, and slanderous accusation, worthy of the severest punishment; neither can I believe that Cardenio knew what he said, when he charged the queen with that debasing guilt; for, it is plain, that his raving fit had disordered the seat of his understanding."—"Why, there it is," quoth Sancho; "who but a madman would have minded what a madman said? What if the flint that hit you on the breast had dashed out your brains? we had been in a dainty pickle for taking the part of that same lady, with a pease-cod in her. Nay, and Cardenio would have come off too, had he knocked you on the head; for the law has nothing to do with madmen."—"Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "we knights-errant are obliged to vindicate the honour of women of what quality soever, as well against madmen, as against men in their senses; much more queens of that magnitude and extraordinary worth, as Queen Madasima, for whose rare endowments I have a peculiar veneration; for she was a most beautiful lady, discreet and prudent to admiration, and behaved herself with an exemplary patience in all her misfortunes. It was then that the company and wholesome counsels of Master Elisabat proved very useful to alleviate the burden of

her afflictions: from which the ignorant and ill-meaning vulgar took occasion to suspect and rumour, that she was guilty of an unlawful commerce with him. But I say once more, they lie, and lie a thousand times, whoever they be, that shall presumptuously report, or hint, or so much as think or surmise so base a calumny"

"Why," quoth Sancho, "I neither say, nor think one way nor the t'other, not I: let them that say it, eat the lie, and swallow it with their bread. If they lay together, they have answered for it before now. I never thrust my nose into other men's porridge. It is no bread and butter of mine: every man for himself, and God for us all, say I; for he that buys and lies, finds it in his purse. Let him that owns the cow, take her by the tail. Naked came I into the world, and naked must I go out. Many think to find flitches of bacon, and find not so much as the racks to lay them on: but who can hedge in a cuckow? Little said is soon mended. It is a sin to belie the devil: but misunderstanding brings lies to town, and there is no padlocking of people's mouths; for a close mouth catches no flies."

"Bless me!" cried Don Quixote, "what a catalogue of musty proverbs hast thou run through! what a heap of frippery ware hast

thou threaded together, and how wide from the purpose! Pray thee have done, and for the future let thy whole study be to spur thy ass; nor do thou concern thyself with things that are out of thy sphere; and with all thy five senses remember this, that whatsoever I do, have done, and shall do, is no more than what is the result of mature consideration, and strictly conformable to the laws of chivalry, which I understand better than all the knights that ever professed knight-errantry."—"Ay, ay, sir," quoth Sancho; "but pray, is it a good law of chivalry that says we shall wander up and down, over bushes and briars, in this rocky wilderness, where there is neither foot-path nor horse-way; running after a madman, who, if we may light on him again, may chance to make an end of what he has begun, not of his tale of a roasted horse, I mean, but of belabouring you and me thoroughly, and squeezing out my guts at both ends?"—"Once more, I pr'ythee, have done," said Don Quixote: "I have business of greater moment than the finding this frantic man; it is not so much that business that detains me in this barren and desolate wild, as a desire I have to perform a certain heroic deed that shall immortalize my fame, and make it fly to the remotest regions

of the habitable globe; nay, it shall seal and confirm the most complete and absolute knight-errant in the world."—"But is not this same adventure very dangerous?" asked Sancho.—"Not at all," replied Don Quixote, "though, as fortune may order it, our expectations may be baffled by disappointing accidents: but the main thing consists in thy diligence."—"My diligence?" quoth Sancho.—"I mean," said Don Quixote, "that if thou returnest with all the speed imaginable from the place whither I design to send thee, my pain will soon be at an end, and my glory begin. And because I do not doubt thy zeal for advancing thy master's interest, I will no longer conceal my design from thee. Know, then, my most faithful squire, that Amadis de Gaul was one of the most accomplished knights-errant; nay, I should not have said he was one of them, but the most perfect, the chief, and prince of them all. And let not the Belianises, nor any others, pretend to stand in competition with him for the honour of priority; for, to my knowledge, should they attempt it, they would be egregiously in the wrong. I must also inform thee, that when a painter studies to excel and grow famous in his art, he takes care to imitate the best originals; which rule ought

likewise to be observed in all other arts and sciences that serve for the ornament of well-regulated commonwealths. Thus he that is ambitious of gaining the reputation of a prudent and patient man, ought to propose to himself to imitate Ulysses, in whose person and troubles Homer has admirably delineated a perfect pattern and prototype of wisdom and heroic patience. So Virgil, in his Æneas, has given the world a rare example of filial piety, and of the sagacity of a valiant and experienced general; both the Greek and Roman poets representing their heroes not such as they really were, but such as they should be, to remain examples of virtue to ensuing ages. In the same manner, Amadis having been the polar star and sun of valorous and amorous knights, it is him we ought to set before our eyes as our great exemplar, all of us that fight under the banner of love and chivalry; for it is certain that the adventurer who shall emulate him best, shall consequently arrive nearest to the perfection of knight-errantry. Now, Sancho, I find that among the things which most displayed that champion's prudence and fortitude, his constancy and love, and his other heroic virtues, none was more remarkable than his retiring from his disdain-

ful Oriana,[1] to do penance on the Poor Rock, changing his name into that of Beltenebros, or the Lovely Obscure, a title certainly most significant, and adapted to the life which he then intended to lead. So I am resolved to imitate him in this, the rather because I think it a more easy task than it would be to copy after his other achievements, such as cleaving the bodies of giants, cutting off the heads of dragons, killing dreadful monsters, routing whole armies, dispersing navies, breaking the force of magic spells. And since these mountainous wilds offer me so fair an opportunity, I see no reason why I should neglect it, and therefore I will lay hold on it now."—"Very well," quoth Sancho; "but pray, sir, what is that you mean to do in this fag-end of the world?"—"Have I not already told thee," answered Don Quixote, "that I intend to copy Amadis in his madness, despair, and fury? nay, at the same time I will imitate the valiant Orlando Furioso's extravagance, when he ran mad, after he had found the unhappy tokens of the fair Angelica's dishonourable commerce with Medoro at the fountain;[2] at which time, in his frantic despair, he tore up

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Book III., Chapter XI.
[2] See Appendix, Note 3, Book III., Chapter XI.

trees by the roots, troubled the waters of the clear fountains, slew the shepherds, destroyed their flocks, fired their huts, demolished houses, drove their horses before him, and committed a hundred thousand other extravagances, worthy to be recorded in the eternal register of fame. Not that I intend, however, in all things to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotoland,[1] (for he had all those names) but only to make choice of such frantic effects of his amorous despair, as I shall think most essential and worthy imitation. Nay, perhaps I shall wholly follow Amadis, who, without launching out into such destructive and fatal ravings, and only expressing his anguish in complaints and lamentations, gained nevertheless a renown equal, if not superior, to that of the greatest heroes."

"Sir," quoth Sancho, "I dare say the knights who did these penances had some reason to be mad; but what need have you to be mad too? what lady has sent you a packing, or so much as slighted you? when did you ever find that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso did otherwise than she should do, with either Moor* or Christian?"—"Why, there is the point," cried Don Quixote, "in this consists the singular

[1] See Appendix, Note 4, Book III., Chapter XI.

* Sancho says Moor for Medoro.

perfection of my undertaking; for, mark me, Sancho, for a knight-errant to run mad upon any just occasion, is neither strange nor meritorious; no, the rarity is to run mad without a cause, without the least constraint or necessity there is a refined and exquisite passion for you, Sancho! for thus my mistress must needs have a vast idea of my love, since she may guess what I should perform in the wet, if I do so much in the dry. But besides, I have but too just a motive to give a loose to my raving grief, considering the long date of my absence from my ever supreme lady, Dulcinea del Toboso; for as the shepherd in Matthias Ambrosio has it,

Poor lovers, absent from the darling fair,
All ills not only dread, but bear.

Then do not lavish any more time in striving to divert me from so rare, so happy, and so singular an imitation. I am mad, and will be mad, until thy return with an answer to the letter which thou must carry from me to the Lady Dulcinea; and if it be as favourable as my unshaken constancy deserves, then my madness and my penance shall end; but if I find she repays my vows and services with ungrateful disdain, then will I be emphatically mad, and screw up my thoughts to such

an excess of distraction, that I shall be insensible of the rigour of my relentless fair. Thus what return soever she makes to my passion, I shall be eased one way or other of the anxious thoughts that now divide my soul; either entertaining the welcome news of her reviving pity with demonstrations of sense, or else shewing my insensibility of her cruelty by the height of my distraction. But in the mean time, Sancho, tell me, hast thou carefully preserved Mambrino's helmet? I saw thee take it up the other day, after that monster of ingratitude had spent his rage in vain endeavours to break it; which, by the way, argues the most excellent temper of the metal." —"Body of me," quoth Sancho, "Sir Knight of the Woeful Figure, I can no longer bear to hear you run on at this rate! Why, this were enough to make any man believe that all your bragging and bouncing of your knight-errantry, your winning of kingdoms, and bestowing of islands, and heaven knows what, upon your squire, are mere flim-flam stories, and nothing but shams and lies; for who the devil can hear a man call a barber's basin a helmet, nay, and stand to it, and vouch it four days together, and not think him that says it to be stark mad, or without brains? I have

the basin safe enough here in my pouch, and I'll get it mended for my own use, if ever I have the luck to get home to my wife and children."

"Now as I love bright arms," cried Don Quixote, "I swear thou art the shallowest, silliest, and most stupid fellow of a squire that ever I heard or read of in my life! How is it possible for thee to be so dull of apprehension, as not to have learnt in all this time that thou hast been in my service, that all the actions and adventures of us knights-errant seem to be mere chimeras, follies, and impertinencies? Not that they are so indeed, but either through the officious care, or else through the malice and envy of those enchanters that always haunt and persecute us unseen, and by their fascinations change the appearance of our actions into what they please, according to their love or hate. This is the very reason why that which I plainly perceive to be Mambrino's helmet, seems to thee to be only a barber's basin, and perhaps another man may take it to be something else. And in this I can never too much admire the prudence of the sage who espouses my interests, in making that inestimable helmet seem a basin; for did it appear in its proper shape, its tempting value would raise me as many enemies as there are

men in the universe, all eager to snatch from me so desirable a prize. but so long as it shall seem to be nothing else but a barber's basin, men will not value it; as is manifest from the fellow's leaving it behind him on the ground; for had he known what it really was, he would sooner have parted with his life. Keep it safe then, Sancho, for I have no need of it at present, far from it; I think to put off my armour, and strip myself as naked as I came out of my mother's womb, in case I determine to imitate Orlando's fury, rather than the penance of Amadis."

This discourse brought them to the foot of a high rock that stood by itself, as if it had been hewn out, and divided from the rest; by the skirt of it glided a purling stream, that softly took its winding course through an adjacent meadow. The verdant freshness of the grass, the number of wild trees, plants, and flowers, that feasted the eyes in that pleasant solitude, invited the Knight of the Woeful Figure to make choice of it to perform his amorous penance; and therefore as soon as he had let his ravished sight rove a while over the scattered beauties of the place, he took possession of it with the following speech, as if he utterly lost the small share of reason

he had left: "Behold, O heavens!" cried he, "the place which an unhappy lover has chosen to bemoan the deplorable state to which you have reduced him: here shall my flowing tears swell the liquid veins of this crystal rill, and my deep sighs perpetually move the leaves of these shady trees, in testimony of the anguish and pain that harrows up my soul. Ye rural deities whoever you be, that make these unfrequented deserts your abode, hear the complaints of an unfortunate lover, whom a tedious absence, and some slight impressions of jealous mistrust, have driven to these regions of despair to bewail his rigorous destiny, and deplore the distracting cruelty of that ungrateful fair, who is the perfection of all human beauty Ye pitying Napaean Nymphs and Dryades, silent inhabitants of the woods and groves, assist me to lament my fate, or at least attend the mournful story of my woes; so may no designing beastly satyrs, those just objects of your hate, ever have power to interrupt your rest. O Dulcinea del Toboso! thou sun that turnest my gloomy night to day! glory of my pain! north star of my travels, and reigning planet that controllest my heart! pity, I conjure thee, the unparalleled distress to which thy absence has reduced the faithfullest

of lovers, and grant to my fidelity that kind return which it so justly claims! so may indulgent fate shower on thee all the blessings thou ever canst desire, or heavens grant!—Ye lonesome trees, under whose spreading branches I come to linger out the gloomy shadow of a tedious being; let the soft language of your rustling leaves, and the kind nodding of your springing boughs, satisfy me that I am welcome to your shady harbours.—O thou, my trusty squire, the inseparable companion of my adventures, diligently observe what thou shalt see me do in this lonely retreat, that thou mayest inform the dear cause of my ruin with every particular." As he said this, he alighted, and presently taking off his horse's bridle and saddle, "Go, Rozinante," saith he, giving the horse a clap on the posteriors, "he that has lost his freedom gives thee thine, thou steed as renowned for thy extraordinary actions, as for thy misfortunes; go rear thy awful front wherever thou pleasest, secure that neither the Hyppogryphon of Astolpho, nor the renowned Frontino,[1] which Bradamante purchased at so high a price, could ever be thought thy equals."

"Well fare him," cried Sancho, "that saved me the trouble of sending my ass to grass too

[1] See Appendix, Note 5, Book III., Chapter XI.

poor thing, had I him here, he should not want two or three claps on the buttocks, nor a fine speech in his praise neither, while I took off his pannel. But stay, were he here, what need would there be to strip him of his harness? Alas, he never had any thing to do with these mad pranks of love, no more than myself, who was his master when fortune pleased. But do you hear me, now I think on it, Sir Knight of the Woeful Figure, if your worship is resolved to be mad, and send me away in good earnest, we must even clap the saddle again on Rozinante's back; for to tell you the truth, I am but a sorry foot-man, and if I do not ride home, I do not know when I shall be able to come back again."—"Do as thou thinkest fit for that, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for I design thou shalt set forward about three days hence. In the mean while, thou shalt be a witness of what I will do for my lady's sake, that thou mayest give her an account of it."—"Bless my eye-sight," quoth Sancho, "what can I see more than I have seen already?"—"Thou hast seen nothing yet," answered Don Quixote; "thou must see me throw away my armour, tear my clothes, knock my head against the rocks, and do a thousand other things of that kind, that will fill thee with astonishment."—

"For goodness sake, sir," quoth Sancho, "take heed how you quarrel with those ungracious rocks; you may chance to get such a crack on the crown at the very first rap, as may spoil your penance at one dash. No, I do not like that way by no means; if you must needs be knocking your noddle, to go through stitch with this ugly job, seeing it is all but a mockery, or as it were between jest and earnest, why cannot you as well play your tricks on something that is softer than these unconscionable stones? You may run your head against water, or rather against cotton, or this stuffing of Rozinante's saddle, and then let me alone with the rest: I will be sure to tell my Lady Dulcinea, that you bebumped your pole against the point of a rock that is harder than a diamond."

"I thank thee for thy good-will, dear Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "but I assure thee, that all these seeming extravagances that I must run through, are no jests: far from it, they must all be performed seriously and solemnly; for otherwise we should transgress the laws of chivalry, that forbid us to tell lies upon pain of degradation; now to pretend to do one thing, and effect another, is an evasion, which I esteem to be as bad as lying. There-

fore the blows which I must give myself on the head, ought to be real, substantial, sound ones, without any trick, or mental reservation; for which reason I would have thee leave me some lint and salve, since fortune has deprived us of the sovereign balsam which we lost."—"It was a worse loss to lose the ass," quoth Sancho, "for with him we have lost bag and baggage, lint and all but no more of your damned drench, if you love me; the very thoughts on it are enough not only to turn my stomach, but my soul; such a rumbling I feel in my wame at the name of it. Then as for the three days you would have me loiter here to mind your mad tricks, you had as good make account they are already over; for I hold them for done, unsight unseen, and will tell wonders to my lady; wherefore write you your letter, and send me going with all haste; for let me be hanged if I do not long already to be back, to take you out of this purgatory wherein I leave you."

"Dost thou only call it purgatory, Sancho?" cried Don Quixote; "call it hell rather, or something worse, if there be in nature a term expressive of a more wretched state."—"Nay, not so neither," quoth Sancho, "I would not call it hell; because as I heard our parson say,

'There is no retention * out of hell.'"—Retention!" cried Don Quixote; "what dost thou mean by that word?"—"Why," quoth Sancho, "retention is retention; it is, that whosoever is in hell, never comes, nor can come, out of it: which shall not be your case this bout, if I can stir my heels, and have but spurs to tickle Rozinante's flanks, till I come to my Lady Dulcinea; for I will tell her such strange things of your magotty tricks, your folly and your madness, for indeed they are no better, that I will lay my head to a hazel-nut, I will make her as supple as a glove, though I found her at first as tough-hearted as a cork; and when I have wheedled an answer out of her, all full of sweet honey words, away will I whisk it back to you, cutting the air as swift as a witch upon a broomstick, and free you out of your purgatory; for a purgatory I will have it to be in spite of hell, nor shall you gainsay me in that fancy; for, as I have told you before, there are some hopes of your retention out of this place."

"Well, be it so," said the Knight of the Woeful Figure: "but how shall I do to write this letter?"—"And the order for the three asses?" added Sancho.—"I will not forget it,"

* No redemption he means.

answered Don Quixote; "but since we have here no paper, I must be obliged to write on the leaves of bark of trees, or on wax, as they did in ancient times; yet now I consider on it, we are here as ill provided with wax as with paper: but stay, now I remember, I have Cardenio's pocket-book, which will supply that want in this exigence, and then thou shalt get the letter fairly transcribed at the first village where thou canst meet with a school-master; or, for want of a school-master, thou mayest get the clerk of the parish to do it: but by no means give it to any notary or scrivener to be written out; for they commonly write such confounded hands, that the devil himself would scarce be able to read it."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "but what shall I do for want of your name to it?"—"Why," answered Don Quixote, "Amadis never used to subscribe his letters."—"Ay," replied Sancho, "but the bill of exchange for the three asses must be signed; for should I get it copied out afterwards, they would say it is not your hand, and so I shall go without the asses."—"I will write and sign the order for them in the table-book," answered Don Quixote; "and as soon as my niece sees the hand, she will never scruple the delivery of the asses: and as for the love-letter, when

thou gettest it transcribed, thou must get it thus under-written, 'Yours till death, the Knight of the Woeful Figure.' It is no matter whether the letter and subscription be written by the same hand or no; for, as I remember, Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor did she ever see any of my letters, nay not so much as any of my writing in her life: for my love and her's have always been purely Platonic, never extending beyond the lawful bounds of a modest look; and that too so very seldom, that I dare safely swear, that though for these twelve years she has been dearer to my soul than light to my eyes, yet I never saw her four times in my life; and perhaps of those few times that I have seen her, she has scarce perceived once that I beheld her; so strictly, and so discreetly, Lorenzo Corchuelo her father, and Aldonza Nogales her mother, have kept and educated her."—"Heighday!" quoth Sancho; "did you ever hear the like? and is my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, at last the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, she that is otherwise called Aldonza Lorenzo?"—"The same," answered Don Quixote; "and it is she that merits to be the sovereign mistress of the universe."—"Udsnigger," quoth Sancho, "I know her full well; it is a strapping wench, i'faith, and

pitches the bar with e'er a lusty young fellow in our parish. By the mass, it is a notable, strong-built, sizable, sturdy, manly lass, and one that will keep her chin out of the mire, I warrant her; nay, and hold the best knight-errant to it that wears a head, if ever he venture upon her. Body of me, what a pair of lungs and a voice she has, when she sets up her throat! I saw her one day perched up o' top of our steeple to call some ploughmen that were at work in a fallow-field: and though they were half a league off, they heard her as plain as if they had been in the church-yard under her. The best of her is, that she is neither coy nor frumpish; she is a tractable lass, and fit for a courtier, for she will play with you like a kitten, and jibes and jokes at every body. And now, in good truth, Sir Knight of the Woeful Figure, you may e'en play at your gambols as you please; you may run mad, you may hang yourself for her sake; there is nobody but will say you e'en took the wisest course, though the devil himself should carry you away a pick-apack. Now am I even wild to be gone, though it were for nothing else but to see her, for I have not seen her this many a day: I fancy I shall hardly know her again, for a woman's face strangely alters by

her being always in the sun, and drudging and moiling in the open fields. Well, I must needs own I have been mightily mistaken all along: for I durst have sworn this Lady Dulcinea had been some great princess with whom you were in love, and such a one as deserved those rare gifts you bestowed on her, as the Biscayan, the galley-slaves, and many others, that, for aught I know, you may have sent her before I was your squire. I cannot choose but laugh to think how my Lady Aldonza Lorenzo (my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I should have said) would behave herself, should any of those men which you have sent, or may send to her, chance to go and fall down on their marrow-bones before her: for it is ten to one they may happen to find her a carding of flax, or threshing in the barn, and then how finely baulked they will be! as sure as I am alive, they must needs think the devil owed them a shame; and she herself will but flout them, and mayhap be somewhat nettled at it."

"I have often told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and I tell thee again, that thou oughtest to bridle or immure thy saucy prating tongue; for though thou art but a dull-headed dunce, yet now and then thy ill-mannered jests

bite too sharp. But that I may at once make thee sensible of thy folly and my discretion, I will tell thee a short story. A handsome, brisk, young, rich widow, and withal no prude, happened to fall in love with a well-set, lusty Lay-Brother.* His Superior hearing of it, took occasion to go to her, and said to her, by way of charitable admonition, 'I mightily wonder, madam, how a lady of your merit, so admired for beauty and for sense, and withal so rich, could make so ill a choice, and doat on a mean, silly, despicable fellow, as I hear you do, while we have in our house so many masters of art, bachelors, and doctors of divinity, among whom your ladyship may pick and choose, as you would among peers, and say, 'This I like, and that I do not like.' But she soon answered the officious grave gentleman: 'Sir,' said she, with a smile, 'you are much mistaken, and think altogether after the old out-of-fashion way, if you imagine I have made so ill a choice; for though you fancy the man is a fool, yet as to what I take him for, he knows as much, or rather more philosophy, than Aristotle himself.' So, Sancho, as to the use which I make of the Lady Dulcinea, she is

* Motillon, a lay-brother, or servant in the convent or college, so called from Motila, a cropped head; his hair being cropped short, he has no crown like those in orders.

equal to the greatest princess in the world. Pr'ythee tell me, dost thou think the poets, who, every one of them, celebrate the praises of some lady or other, had all real mistresses? or that the Amaryllis's, the Phyllis's, the Sylvia's, the Diana's, the Galatea's, the Alida's, and the like, which you shall find in so many poems, romances, songs and ballads, upon every stage, and even in every barber's shop, were creatures of flesh and blood, and mistresses to those that did, and do celebrate them? No, no, never think it; for I dare assure thee, the greatest part of them were nothing but the mere imaginations of the poets, for a ground-work to exercise their wits upon, and give to the world occasion to look on the authors as men of an amorous and gallant disposition: and so it is sufficient for me to imagine, that Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaste; as for her birth and parentage, they concern me but little; for there is no need to make an enquiry about a woman's pedigree, as there is of us men, when some badge of honour is bestowed on us; and so she is to me the greatest princess in the world: for thou oughtest to know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not already, that there are but two things that chiefly excite us to love a woman,—an

attractive beauty, and unspotted fame. Now these two endowments are happily reconciled in Dulcinea; for as for the one, she has not her equal, and few can vie with her in the other: but to cut off all objections at once, I imagine, that all I say of her is really so, without the least addition or diminution; I fancy her to be just such as I would have her for beauty and quality. Helen cannot stand in competition with her; Lucretia cannot rival her: and all the heroines which antiquity has to boast, whether Greeks, Romans, or Barbarians, are at once out-done by her incomparable perfections. Therefore let the world say what it will; should the ignorant vulgar foolishly censure me, I please myself with the assurances I have of the approbation of men of the strictest morals, and the nicest judgment."— "Sir," quoth Sancho, "I knock under: you have reason on your side in all you say, and I own myself an ass. Nay, I am an ass to talk of an ass; for it is ill talking of halters in the house of a man that was hanged. But where is the letter all this while, that I may be jogging?"

With that Don Quixote pulled out the table-book, and, retiring a little aside, he very seriously began to write the letter; which he

had no sooner finished, but he called Sancho, and ordered him to listen while he read it over to him, that he might carry it as well in his memory as in his pocket-book, in case he should have the ill luck to lose it by the way; for so cross was fortune to him, that he feared every accident. "But, sir," said Sancho, "write it over twice or thrice there in the book, and give it me, and then I will be sure to deliver the message safe enough I warrant ye: for it is a folly to think I can get it by heart; alas, my memory is so bad, that many times I forget my own name! but yet for all that, read it out to me, I beseech you, for I have a hugeous mind to hear it. I dare say, it is as fine as though it were in print."—"Well, then, listen," said Don Quixote.

Don Quixote de la Mancha to Dulcinea del Toboso.

"High and Sovereign Lady!

"He that is stabbed to the quick with the poniard of absence, and wounded to the heart with love's most piercing darts, sends you that health which he wants himself,* sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso. If your beauty reject me, if your virtue refuse to raise my fainting hopes,

* Dulcissima Dulcinea.

if your disdain exclude me from relief, I must at last sink under the pressure of my woes, though much inured to sufferings: for my pains are not only too violent, but too lasting. My trusty squire Sancho will give you an exact account of the condition to which love and you have reduced me, too beautiful ingrate! If you relent at last, and pity my distress, then I may say I live, and you preserve what is yours. But if you abandon me to despair, I must patiently submit, and, by ceasing to breathe, satisfy your cruelty and my passion.—Yours, till death,

"The Knight of the Woeful Figure."

"By the life of my father," quoth Sancho, "If I ever saw a finer thing in my born days! How neatly and roundly you tell your mind, and how cleverly you bring in at last, 'The Knight of the Woeful Figure!' Well, I say it again in good earnest, you are a devil at every thing, and there is no kind of thing in the 'versal world but what you can turn your hand to."—"A man ought to have some knowledge of everything," answered Don Quixote, "if he would be duly qualified for the employment I profess."—"Well then," quoth Sancho, "do so much as write the warrant for the three asses

on the other side of that leaf; and pray write it mighty plain, that they may know it is your hand at first sight."—"I will," said Don Quixote; and with that he wrote it accordingly, and then read it in this form:

"My dear Niece,

"Upon sight of this my first bill of asses, be pleased to deliver three of the five which I left at home in your custody to Sancho Pança, my squire, for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, together with his receipt, shall be your discharge. Given in the very bowels of Sierra Morena, the 22d of August, in the present year."

"It is as it should be," quoth Sancho; "there only wants your name at the bottom," —"There is no need to set my name," answered Don Quixote, "I will only set the two first letters of it, and it will be as valid as if it were written at length, though it were not only for three asses, but for three hundred."—"I dare take your worship's word," quoth Sancho. "And now I am going to saddle Rozinante, and then you shall give me your blessing, for I intend to set out presently, without seeing any of your mad tricks; and I will relate, that I saw

you perform so many, that she can desire no more."—"Nay," said Don Quixote, "I will have thee stay a while, Sancho, and see me stark naked; it is also absolutely necessary thou shouldst see me practise some twenty or thirty mad gambols. I shall have dispatched them in less than half an hour, and when thou hast been an eye-witness of that essay, thou mayest with a safe conscience swear thou hast seen me play a thousand more; for I dare assure thee, for thy encouragement, thou never canst exceed the number of those I shall perform."—"Good sir," quoth Sancho, "as you love me do not let me stay to see you naked! it will grieve me so to the heart, that I shall cry my eyes out; and I have blubbered and howled but too much since yesternight for the loss of my ass; my head is so sore with it, I am not able to cry any longer: but if you will needs have me see some of your antics, pray, do them in your clothes out of hand, and let them be such as are most to the purpose, for the sooner I go, the sooner I shall come back, and the way to be gone is not to stay here. I long to bring you an answer to your heart's content, and I will be sure to do it, or let the Lady Dulcinea look to it; for if she does not answer it as she should do, I protest solemnly I will force an answer

out of her guts by dint of good kicks and fisticuffs; for it is not to be endured, that such a notable knight-errant as your worship is, should thus run out of his wits without knowing why or wherefore, for such a—odsbobs, I know what I know; she had best not provoke me to speak it out; for, by the Lord, I shall let fly, and out with it by wholesale, though it spoil the market."

"I protest, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I think thou art as mad as myself."—"Nay, not so mad neither," replied Sancho, "but somewhat more choleric. But talk no more of that. —Let us see, how will you do for victuals when I am gone? Do you mean to do like the other madman yonder, rob upon the high-way, and snatch the goat-herds' victuals from them by main force?"—"Never let that trouble thy head," replied Don Quixote, "for though I had all the dainties that can feast a luxurious palate, I would feed upon nothing but the herbs and fruits which this wilderness will afford me; for the singularity of my present task consists in fasting, and half starving myself, and in the performance of other austerities."—"But there is another thing come into my head," quoth Sancho; "how shall I do to find the way hither again, it is such a bye-place?"—"Take

good notice of it before-hand," said Don Quixote, "and I will endeavour to keep hereabouts till thy return; besides, about the time when I may reasonably expect thee back, I will be sure to watch on the top of yonder high rock for thy coming. But now I bethink myself of a better expedient, thou shalt cut down a good number of boughs, and strew them in the way as thou ridest along, till thou gettest to the plains, and this will serve thee to find me again at thy return, like Perseus's clue to the labyrinth in Crete."

"I will go about it out of hand," quoth Sancho. With that he went and cut down a bundle of boughs, then came and asked his master's blessing, and, after a shower of tears shed on both sides, mounted Rozinante, which Don Quixote very seriously recommended to his care, charging him to be as tender of that excellent steed as of his own person. After that he set forward toward the plains, strewing several boughs as he rode, according to order. His master importuned him to stay and see him do two or three of his antic postures before he went, but he could not prevail with him. however, before he was got out of sight he considered of it and rode back. "Sir," quoth he, "I have thought better of it and believe I had best take

your advice, that I may swear with a safe conscience I have seen you play your mad tricks; therefore I would see you do one of them at least, though I think I have seen you do a very great one already, I mean your staying by yourself in this desert."

"I had advised thee right," said Don Quixote; "and therefore stay but while a man may repeat the Creed, and I will shew thee what thou wouldst see." With that, slipping off his breeches, and stripping himself naked to the waist, he gave two or three frisks in the air, and then pitching on his hands, he fetched his heels over his head twice together; and as he tumbled with his legs aloft, discovered such rarities, that Sancho even made haste to turn his horse's head, that he might no longer see them, and rode away full satisfied, that he might swear his master was mad. And so we will leave him to make the best of his way till his return, which will be more speedy than might be imagined.

CHAPTER XII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE REFINED EXTRAVAGANCES BY WHICH THE GALLANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA CHOSE TO EXPRESS HIS LOVE IN THE SIERRA MORENA.

THE history relates, that as soon as the Knight of the Woeful Figure saw himself alone, after he had taken his frisks and leaps naked as he was, the prelude to his amorous penance, he ascended the top of a high rock, and there began seriously to consider with himself what resolution to take in that nice dilemma, which had already so perplexed his mind; that is, whether he should imitate Orlando in his wild ungovernable fury, or Amadis in his melancholy mood. To which purpose, reasoning with himself, "I do not much wonder," said he, "at Orlando's being so very valiant, considering he was enchanted in such a manner, that he could not be slain, but by the thrust of a long pin through the bottom of his foot, which he sufficiently secured, always wearing seven iron soles to his shoes; and yet this availed

him nothing against Bernardo del Carpio, who, understanding what he depended upon, squeezed him to death between his arms at Roncevalles. But, setting aside his valour, let us examine his madness; for that he was mad, is an unquestionable truth; nor is it less certain, that his frenzy was occasioned by the assurances he had that the fair Angelica had resigned herself up to the unlawful embraces of Medoro, that young Moor with curled locks, who was page to Agramont. Now, after all, seeing he was too well convinced of his lady's infidelity, it is not to be admired he should run mad but how can I imitate him in his furies, if I cannot imitate him in their occasion? for I dare swear my Dulcinea del Toboso never saw a downright Moor in his own garb since she first beheld light, and that she is at this present speaking as right as the mother that bore her: so that I should do her a great injury, should I entertain any dishonourable thoughts of her behaviour, and fall into such a kind of madness as that of Orlando Furioso. On the other side I find, that Amadis de Gaul, without punishing himself with such distraction, or expressing his resentment in so boisterous and raving a manner, got as great a reputation for being a lover as any one whatsoever: for what I find

in history as to his abandoning himself to sorrow, is only this: he found himself disdained, his lady Oriana having charged him to get out of her sight, and not to presume to appear in her presence till she gave him leave; and this was the true reason why he retired to the Poor Rock with the hermit, where he gave up himself wholly to grief, and wept a deluge of tears, till pitying heaven at last, commiserating his affliction, sent him relief in the height of his anguish. Now then, since this is true, as I know it is, what need have I to tear off my clothes, to rend and root up these harmless trees, or trouble the clear water of these brooks, that must give me drink when I am thirsty? No, long live the memory of Amadis de Gaul, and let him be the great exemplar which Don Quixote de la Mancha chooses to imitate in all things that will admit of a parallel. So may it be said of the living copy, as was said of the dead original, that, if he did not perform great things, yet no man was more ambitious of undertaking them than he; and though I am not disdained nor discarded by Dulcinea, yet it is sufficient that I am absent from her. Then it is resolved: and now, ye famous actions of the great Amadis, recur to my remembrance, and be my trusty guides to follow his example."

—This said, he called to mind, that the chief exercise of that hero in his retreat was prayer; to which purpose, our modern Amadis presently went and made himself a rosary of galls or acorns instead of beads; but he was extremely troubled for want of a hermit to hear his confession, and comfort him in his affliction. However, he entertained himself with his amorous contemplations, walking up and down in the meadow, and writing some poetical conceptions in the smooth sand, and upon the barks of trees, all of them expressive of his sorrows, and the praises of Dulcinea; but unhappily none were found entire and legible but these stanzas that follow:—

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

Del Toboso.

Love's truest slave despairing chose
  This lonely wild, this desert plain,
The silent witness of the woes
  Which he, though guiltless, must sustain.

Unknowing why those pains he bears,
He groans, he raves, and he despairs:
  With ling'ring fires love racks my soul,
In vain I grieve, in vain lament;
  Like tortur'd fiends, I weep, I howl,
And burn, yet never can repent.
  Distant, though present in idea,
  I mourn my absent Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

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

This addition of Del Toboso to the name of Dulcinea made those who found these verses laugh heartily; and they imagined, that when Don Quixote made them, he was afraid those who should happen to read them would not understand on whom they were made, should he omit to mention the place of his mistress's birth and residence; and this was indeed the true reason, as he himself afterwards confessed. With this employment did our disconsolate knight beguile the tedious hours; sometimes also he expressed his sorrows in prose, sighed

to the winds, and called upon the Sylvan gods and Fauns, the Naiades, the Nymphs of the adjoining groves, and the mournful Echo, imploring their attention and condolement with repeated supplications, at other times he employed himself in gathering herbs for the support of languishing nature, which decayed so fast, what with his slender diet, and what with his studied anxiety and intenseness of thinking, that had Sancho staid but three weeks from him, whereas by good fortune he staid but three days, the Knight of the Woeful Figure would have been so disfigured, that his mother would never have known the child of her own womb.

But now it is necessary we should leave him a while to his sighs, his sobs, and his amorous expostulations, and see how Sancho Pança behaved himself in his embassy. He made all the haste he could to get out of the mountain, and then taking the direct road to Toboso, the next day he arrived near the inn where he had been tossed in a blanket. Scarce had he descried the fatal walls, but a sudden shivering seized his bones, and he fancied himself to be again dancing in the air, so that he had a good mind to have rode farther before he baited, though it was dinner-time, and his mouth watered

strangely at the thoughts of a hot bit of meat, the rather, because he had lived altogether upon cold victuals for a long while. This greedy longing drew him near the inn, in spite of his aversion to the place, but yet when he came to the gate he had not the courage to go in, but stopped there, not knowing whether he had best enter or no. While he sat musing, two men happened to come out and believing they knew him, "Look, master doctor," cried one to the other, "is not that Sancho Pança, whom the house-keeper told us her master had inveigled to go along with him?"—"The same," answered the other; "and more than that, he rides on Don Quixote's horse." Now these two happened to be the curate and the barber, who had brought his books to a trial, and passed sentence on them; therefore, they had no sooner said this, but they called to Sancho, and asked him where he had left his master? The trusty squire presently knew them, and, having no mind to discover the place and condition he left his master in, told them he was taken up with certain business of great consequence at a certain place, which he durst not discover for his life. "How! Sancho," cried the barber, "you must not think to put us off with a flim-

flam story; if you will not tell us where he is, we shall believe you have murdered him, and robbed him of his horse; therefore either satisfy us where you have left him, or we will have you laid by the heels."—"Look you, neighbour," quoth Sancho, "I am not afraid of words, do you see, I am neither a thief nor a man-slayer; I kill nobody, so nobody kill me; I leave every man to fall by his own fortune, or by the hand of Him that made him. As for my master, I left him frisking and doing penance in the midst of yon mountain, to his heart's content." After this, without any further entreaty, he gave them a full account of that business, and of all their adventures; how he was then going from his master to carry a letter to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, Lorenzo Curchuelo's daughter, with whom he he was up to the ears in love.

The curate and barber stood amazed, hearing all these particulars; and though they already knew Don Quixote's madness but too well, they wondered more and more at the increase of it, and at so strange a cast and variety of extravagance. Then they desired Sancho to shew them the letter. He told them it was written in a pocket-book, and that his master had ordered him to get it fairly transcribed

upon paper at the next village he should come at. Whereupon the curate promising to write it out very fairly himself, Sancho put his hand into his bosom to give him the table-book; but though he fumbled a great while for it, he could find none of it; he searched and searched again, but it had been in vain though he had searched till dooms-day, for he came away from Don Quixote without it. This put him into a cold sweat, and made him turn as pale as death; he fell a searching all his clothes, turned his pockets inside outwards, fumbled in his bosom again. but being at last convinced he had it not about him, he fell a raving and stamping, and cursing himself like a madman; he rent his beard from his chin with both hands, befisted his own forgetful skull, and his blubber cheeks, and gave himself a bloody nose in a moment. The curate and barber asked him what was the matter with him, and why he punished himself at that strange rate?—"I deserve it all," quoth Sancho, "like a blockhead as I am, for losing at one cast no less than three asses, of which the least was worth a castle."—"How so?" quoth the barber—"Why," cried Sancho, "I have lost that same table-book, wherein was written Dulcinea's letter, and a bill of exchange drawn by my

master upon his niece for three of the five asses which he has at home;" and with that he told them how he had lost his own ass. But the curate cheered him up, and promised him to get another bill of exchange from his master written upon paper, whereas that in the table-book, not being in due form, would not have been accepted. With that Sancho took courage, and told them if it were so, he cared not a straw for Dulcinea's letter, for he knew it almost all by rote. "Then pr'ythee let us hear it," said the barber, "and we will see and write it." In order to this Sancho paused, and began to study for the words; presently he fell a scratching his head, stood first upon one leg, and then upon another, gaped sometimes upon the skies, sometimes upon the ground; at length, after he had gnawed away the top of his thumb, and quite tired out the curate and barber's patience, "Before George," cried he, "Mr Doctor, I believe the devil is in it, for may I be choked if I can remember a word of this confounded letter, but only, that there was at the beginning, high and subterrene lady"—"Sovereign or superhumane lady, you would say," quoth the barber.—"Ay, ay," quoth Sancho, "you are in the right; but stay, now I think I can remember some of that

which followed: ho! I have it, I have it now —He that is wounded, and wants sleep, sends you the dagger——which he wants himself—— that stabbed him to the heart——and the hurt man does kiss your ladyship's hand——and at last, after a thousand hums and ha's, 'Sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso;' and thus he went on rambling a good while with I do not know what more of fainting, and relief, and sinking, till at last he ended with 'Yours till death, the Knight of the Woeful Figure.'"

The curate and the barber were mightily pleased with Sancho's excellent memory; insomuch, that they desired him to repeat the letter twice or thrice more, that they might also get it by heart, and write it down, which Sancho did very freely, but every time he made many odd alterations and additions as pleasant as the first. Then he told them many other things of his master, but spoke not a word of his own being tossed in a blanket at that very inn. He also told them, that if he brought a kind answer from the Lady Dulcinea, his master would forthwith set out to see and make himself an emperor, or at least a king; for so they two had agreed between themselves, he said; and that after all, it was a mighty easy matter for his master to become one, such

was his prowess, and the strength of his arm; which being done, his master would marry him to one of the empress's damsels, and that fine lady was to be heiress to a large country on the main land, but not to any island or islands, for he was out of conceit with them. Poor Sancho spoke all this so seriously, and so feelingly, ever and anon wiping his nose, and stroking his beard, that now the curate and the barber were more surprised than they were before, considering the prevalent influences of Don Quixote's folly upon that silly credulous fellow. However, they did not think it worth their while to undeceive him yet, seeing only this was a harmless delusion, that might divert them a while; and therefore they exhorted him to pray for his master's health, and long life, seeing it was no impossible thing, but that he might in time become an emperor as he said, or at least an archbishop, or somewhat else equivalent to it.

"But pray, good Mr Doctor," asked Sancho, "should my master have no mind to be an emperor, and take a fancy to be an archbishop,[1] I would fain know what your archbishops-errant are wont to give their squires?"—"Why," answered the curate, "they use to give them

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter XII.

some parsonage, or sinecure, or some such other benefice, or church-living, which, with the profits of the altar, and other fees, brings them in a handsome revenue."—"Ay, but," says Sancho, "to put in for that, the squire must be a single man, and know how to answer, and assist at mass at least; and how shall I do then, seeing I have the ill luck to be married? nay, and besides I do not so much as know the first letter of my Christ-Cross-Row. What will become of me, should it come into my master's head to make himself an archbishop, and not an emperor, as it is the custom of knights-errant?"—"Do not let that trouble thee, friend Sancho," said the barber; "we will talk to him about it, and advise him, nay, urge him to it as a point of conscience, to be an emperor, and not an archbishop, which will be better for him, by reason he has more courage than learning."

"Troth, I am of your mind," quoth Sancho, "though he is such a head-piece, that I dare say he can turn himself to any thing nevertheless, I mean to make it the burthen of my prayers, that heaven may direct him to that which is best for him, and what may enable him to reward me most."—"You speak like a wise man and a good Christian," said the

curate: "but all we have to do at present, is to see how we shall get your master to give over that severe unprofitable penance which he has undertaken; and therefore let us go in to consider about it, and also to eat our dinner, for I fancy it is ready by this time."—"Do you two go in if you please," quoth Sancho, "but as for me, I had rather stay without; and anon I'll tell you why I do not care to go in a' doors; however, pray send me out a piece of hot victuals to eat here, and some provender for Rozinante." With that they went in, and a while after the barber brought him out some meat; and returning to the curate, they consulted how to compass their design. At last the latter luckily bethought himself of an expedient that seemed most likely to take, as exactly fitting Don Quixote's humour; which was, that he should disguise himself in the habit of a damsel-errant, and the barber should alter his dress as well as he could, so as to pass for a squire, or gentleman-usher "In that equipage," added he, "we will go to Don Quixote, and feigning myself to be a distressed damsel, I will beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, will not fail to promise me. By this means I will engage him to go with me to redress a very great injury

done me by a false and discourteous knight, beseeching him not to desire to see my face, nor ask me any thing about my circumstances, till he has revenged me of that wicked knight. This bait will take, I dare engage, and by this stratagem we will decoy him back to his own house, where we will try to cure him of his romantic frenzy."

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE CURATE AND BARBER PUT THEIR DESIGN IN EXECUTION; WITH OTHER THINGS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED IN THIS IMPORTANT HISTORY.

THE curate's project was so well liked by the barber, that they instantly put it into practice. First they borrowed a complete woman's apparel of the hostess, leaving her in pawn a new cassock of the curate's; and the barber made himself a long beard with a grizzled ox's tail, in which the inn-keeper used to hang his combs. The hostess being desirous to know what they intended to do with those things, the curate gave her a short account of Don Quixote's distraction, and their design. Whereupon the inn-keeper and his wife presently guessed this was their romantic knight, that made the precious balsam; and accordingly they told them the whole story of Don Quixote's lodging there, and of Sancho's being tossed in a blanket. Which done, the hostess readily fitted out the curate at such a rate, that it would have pleased any one to have seen him; for she dressed him

up in a cloth gown trimmed with borders of black velvet, the breadth of a span, all pinked and jagged; and a pair of green velvet bodice, with sleeves of the same, and faced with white satin; which accoutrements probably had been in fashion in old King Bamba's * days.[1] The curate would not let her encumber his head with a woman's head-gear, but only clapped upon his crown a white quilted cap which he used to wear a-nights, and bound his forehead with one of his garters, that was of black taffety, making himself a kind of muffler and vizard mask with the other: then he half-buried his head under his hat, pulling it down to squeeze in his ears: and as the broad brim flapped down over his eyes, it seemed a kind of umbrella. This done, he wrapped his cloak about him, and seated himself on his mule, side-ways like a woman: then the barber clapped on his ox-tail beard, half-red and half-grizzled, which hung from his chin down to his waist; and, having mounted his mule, they took leave of their host and hostess, as also of the good-conditioned Maritornes, who vowed, though she was a sinner, to tumble her beads, and say a rosary to the good success of so arduous, and truly Christian an undertaking.

* An ancient Gothic king of Spain.

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter XIII.

But scarce were they got out of the inn, when the curate began to be troubled with a scruple of conscience about his putting on woman's apparel, being apprehensive of the indecency of the disguise in a priest, though the goodness of his intention might well warrant a dispensation from the strictness of decorum: therefore he desired the barber to change dresses, for that in his habit of a squire, he should less profane his own dignity and character, to which he ought to have a greater regard than to Don Quixote; withal assuring the barber, that unless he consented to this exchange, he was absolutely resolved to go no farther, though it were to save Don Quixote's soul from hell. Sancho came up with them just upon their demur, and was ready to split his sides with laughing at the sight of these strange masqueraders. In short, the barber consented to be the damsel, and to let the curate be the squire. Now while they were thus changing sexes, the curate offered to tutor him how to behave himself in that female attire, so as to be able to wheedle Don Quixote out of his penance; but the barber desired him not to trouble himself about that matter, assuring him, that he was well enough versed in female affairs to be able to act a damsel without any direc-

tions. however, he said he would not now stand fiddling and managing his pins, to prink himself up, seeing it would be time enough to do that, when they came near Don Quixote's hermitage; and, therefore, having folded up his clothes, and the curate his beard, they spurred on, while their guide Sancho entertained them with a relation of the mad tattered gentleman whom they had met in the mountain,—however, without mentioning a word of the portmanteau or the gold, for, as much a fool as he was, he loved money, and knew how to keep it when he had it, and was wise enough to keep his own counsel.

They got the next day to the place where Sancho had strewed the boughs to direct them to Don Quixote, and therefore he advised them to put on their disguises, if it were, as they told him, that their design was only to make his master leave that wretched kind of life, in order to become an emperor. Thereupon they charged him on his life not to take the least notice who they were. As for Dulcinea's letter, if Don Quixote asked him about it, they ordered him to say he had delivered it; but that by reason she could neither write nor read, she had sent him her answer by word of mouth; which was, that, on

pain of her indignation, he should immediately put an end to his severe penance, and repair to her presence. This, they told Sancho, together with what they themselves designed to say, was the only way to oblige his master to leave the desert, that he might prosecute his design of making himself an emperor; assuring him they would take care he should not entertain the least thought of an archbishopric.

Sancho listened with great attention to all these instructions, and treasured them up in his mind, giving the curate and the barber a world of thanks for their good intention of advising his master to become an emperor, and not an archbishop; for, as he said, he imagined in his simple judgment, that an emperor-errant was ten times better than an archbishop-errant, and could reward his squire a great deal better.

He likewise added, that he thought it would be proper for him to go to his master somewhat before them, and give him an account of his lady's kind answer; for, perhaps, that alone would be sufficient to fetch him out of that place, without putting them to any further trouble. They liked this proposal very well, and therefore agreed to let him go, and wait there till he came back to give them an account of his success. With that Sancho rode away,

and struck into the clefts of the rock, in order to find out his master, leaving the curate and the barber by the side of a brook, where the neighbouring hills, and some trees that grew along its banks, combined to make a cool and pleasant shade. There they sheltered themselves from the scorching beams of the sun, that commonly shines intolerably hot in those parts at that time, being about the middle of August, and hardly three o'clock in the afternoon. While they quietly refreshed themselves in that delightful place, where they agreed to stay till Sancho's return, they heard a voice, which, though unattended with any instrument, ravished their ears with its melodious sound and what increased their surprise and their admiration was, to hear such artful notes, and such delicate music, in so unfrequented and wild a place, where scarce any rustics ever straggled, much less skilful songsters, as the person whom they heard unquestionably was; for though the poets are pleased to fill the fields and woods with swains and shepherdesses, that sing with all the sweetness and delicacy imaginable, yet it is well enough known, that those gentlemen deal more in fiction than in truth, and love to embellish the descriptions they make, with things that have no existence

but in their own brain. Nor could our two listening travellers think it the voice of a peasant, when they began to distinguish the words of the song, for they seemed to relish more of a courtly style than a rural composition. These were the verses.

A SONG.

I.

WHAT makes me languish and complain?
O 'tis disdain!
What yet more fiercely tortures me?
'Tis jealousy.
How have I my patience lost?
By absence crossed.
Then hopes farewell, there's no relief;
I sink beneath oppressing grief;
Nor can a wretch, without despair,
Scorn, jealousy, and absence bear.

II.

What in my breast this anguish drove?
Intruding love.
Who could such mighty ills create?
Blind fortune's hate.
What cruel powers my fate approve?
The powers above.
Then let me bear, and cease to moan;
'Tis glorious thus to be undone:
When these invade, who dares oppose?
Heaven, Love, and Fortune are my foes.

III.

Where shall I find a speedy cure?
Death is sure.
No milder means to set me free?
Inconstancy.
Can nothing else my pains assuage?
Distracting rage.

What, die or change? Lucinda lose;
O rather let me madness choose!
But judge, ye gods, what we endure,
When death or madness are a cure!

The time, the hour, the solitariness of the place, the voice and agreeable manner with which the unseen musician sung, so filled the hearers' minds with wonder and delight, that they were all attention; and when the voice was silent, they continued so too a pretty while, watching with listening ears to catch the expected sounds, expressing their satisfaction best by that dumb applause. At last, concluding the person would sing no more, they resolved to find out the charming songster; but as they were going so to do, they heard the wished-for voice begin another air, which fixed them where they stood till it had sung the following sonnet:—

A SONNET.

O sacred Friendship, heaven's delight,
Which, tired with man's unequal mind,
Took to thy native skies thy flight,
While scarce thy shadow's left behind!

From thee, diffusive good below,
Peace and her train of joys we trace;
But falsehood with dissembled show
Too oft usurps thy sacred face.

Bless'd genius, then resume thy seat!
Destroy imposture and deceit,
  Which in thy dress confound the ball!
Harmonious peace and truth renew,
Shew the false friendship from the true,
  Or Nature must to Chaos fall.

This sonnet concluded with a deep sigh, and such doleful throbs, that the curate and the barber, now out of pity, as well as curiosity before, resolved instantly to find out who this mournful songster was. They had not gone far, when, by the side of a rock, they discovered a man, whose shape and aspect answered exactly to the description Sancho had given them of Cardenio. They observed he stopt short as soon as he spied them, yet without any signs of fear: only he hung down his head, like one abandoned to sorrow, never so much as lifting up his eyes to mind what they did. The curate, who was a good and a well-spoken man, presently guessing him to be the same of whom Sancho had given them an account, went towards him, and, addressing himself to him with great civility and discretion, earnestly entreated him to forsake this desert, and a course of life so wretched and forlorn, which endangered his title to a better, and from a wilful misery, might make him fall into greater and everlasting woes. Cardenio was then free

from the distraction that so often disturbed his senses; yet seeing two persons in a garb wholly different from that of those few rustics who frequented those deserts, and hearing them talk as if they were no strangers to his concerns, he was somewhat surprised at first; however, having looked upon them earnestly for some time, "Gentlemen," said he, "whoever ye be, I find heaven, pitying my misfortunes, has brought ye to these solitary regions, to retrieve me from this frightful retirement, and recover me to the society of men; but because you do not know how unhappy a fate attends me, and that I never am free from one affliction but to fall into a greater, you perhaps take me for a man naturally endowed with a very small stock of sense, and, what is worse, for one of those wretches who are altogether deprived of reason. And indeed I cannot blame any one that entertains such thoughts of me; for even I myself am convinced, that the bare remembrance of my disasters often distracts me to that degree, that, losing all sense of reason and knowledge, I unman myself for the time, and launch into those extravagances which nothing but height of frenzy and madness would commit; and I am the more sensible of my being troubled with this distemper, when people tell me what I

have done during the violence of that terrible accident, and give me too certain proofs of it. And after all, I can allege no other excuse but the cause of my misfortune, which occasioned that frantic rage, and therefore tell the story of my hard fate, to as many as have the patience to hear it, for men of sense, perceiving the cause, will not wonder at the effects; and though they can give me no relief, yet at least they will cease to condemn me; for a bare relation of my wrongs must needs make them lose their resentments of the effects of my disorder into a compassion of my miserable fate. Therefore, gentlemen, if you came here with that design, I beg that before you give yourselves the trouble of reproving or advising me, you will be pleased to attend to the relation of my calamities; for perhaps when you have heard it, you will think them past redress, and so will save yourselves the labour you would take." The curate and the barber, who desired nothing more than to hear the story from his own mouth, were extremely glad of his proffer; and, having assured him they had no design to aggravate his miseries with pretending to remedy them, nor would they cross his inclinations in the least, they entreated him to begin his relation.

The unfortunate Cardenio then began his story, and went on with the first part of it, almost in the same words, as far as when he related it to Don Quixote and the goat-herd, when the knight, out of superstitious niceness to observe the decorum of chivalry, gave an interruption to the relation, by quarrelling about Mr Elizabat, as we have already said. Then he went on with that passage concerning the letter sent him by Lucinda, which Don Ferdinand had unluckily found, happening to be by, to open the book of Amadis de Gaul first, when Lucinda sent it back to Cardenio, with that letter in it between the leaves; which Cardenio told them was as follows:

LUCINDA TO CARDENIO.

"I discover in you every day so much merit, that I am obliged, or rather forced to esteem you more and more. If you think this acknowledgment to your advantage, make that use of it which is most consistent with your honour and mine. I have a father that knows you, and is too kind a parent ever to obstruct my designs, when he shall be satisfied with their being just and honourable: so that it is now your part to shew you love me, as you pretend, and I believe."

"This letter," continued Cardenio, "made me resolve once more to demand Lucinda of her father in marriage, and was the same that increased Don Ferdinand's esteem for her, by that discovery of her sense and discretion, which so inflamed his soul, that from that moment he secretly resolved to destroy my hopes e'er I could be so happy as to crown them with success. I told that perfidious friend what Lucinda's father had advised me to do, when I had rashly asked her for my wife before, and that I durst not now impart this to my father, lest he should not readily consent I should marry yet. Not but that he knew, that her quality, beauty, and virtue were sufficient to make her an ornament to the noblest house in Spain, but because I was apprehensive he would not let me marry till he saw what the duke would do for me. Don Ferdinand, with a pretended officiousness, proffered me to speak to my father, and persuade him to treat with Lucinda's. Ungrateful man! deceitful friend! ambitious Marius! cruel Catiline! wicked Sylla! perfidious Galalon! faithless Vellido! malicious Julian!* treacherous, covetous Judas! thou all those fatal hated

* Julian.—Count Julian brought the Moors into Spain, because the King Rodrigo had ravished his daughter.—See Appendix, Note 2, Book III., Chapter 13.

men in one, false Ferdinand! what wrongs had that fond confiding wretch done thee, who thus to thee unbosomed all his cares, all the delights, and secrets of his soul? What injury did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, which were not all directed to advance thy honour and profit? But oh! I rave, unhappy wretch! I should rather accuse the cruelty of my stars, whose fatal influence pours mischiefs on me, which no earthly force can resist, or human art prevent. Who would have thought that Don Ferdinand, whose quality and merit entitled him to the lawful possession of beauties of the highest rank, and whom I had engaged by a thousand endearing marks of friendship and services, should forfeit thus his honour and his truth, and lay such a treacherous design to deprive me of all the happiness of my life? But I must leave expostulating, to end my story. The traitor Ferdinand, thinking his project impracticable while I stayed near Lucinda, bargained for six fine horses the same day he promised to speak to my father, and presently desired me to ride away to his brother for money to pay for them. Alas! I was so far from suspecting his treachery, that I was glad of doing him a piece of service. Accordingly I went that very evening to take my

leave of Lucinda, and to tell her what Don Ferdinand had promised to do. She bid me return with all the haste of an expecting lover, not doubting but our lawful wishes might be crowned, as soon as my father had spoke for me to be her's. When she had said this, I marked her trickling tears, and a sudden grief so obstructed her speech, that though she seemed to strive to tell me something more, she could not give it utterance. This unusual scene of sorrow strangely amazed and distressed me; yet because I would not murder hope, I chose to attribute this to the tenderness of her affection, and unwillingness to part with me. In short, away I went, buried in deep melancholy, and full of fears and imaginations, for which I could give no manner of reason. I delivered Don Ferdinand's letter to his brother, who received me with all the kindness imaginable, but did not dispatch me as I expected. For to my sorrow, he enjoined me to tarry a whole week, and to take care the duke might not see me, his brother having sent for money unknown to his father. but this was only a device of false Ferdinand's, for his brother did not want money, and might have dispatched me immediately, had he not been privately desired to delay my return.

"This was so displeasing an injunction, that I was ready to come away without the money, not being able to live so long absent from my Lucinda, principally considering in what condition I had left her. Yet at last I forced myself to stay, and my respect for my friend prevailed over my impatience: but e'er four tedious days were expired, a messenger brought me a letter, which I presently knew to be Lucinda's hand. I opened it with trembling hands and an aching heart, justly imagining it was no ordinary concern that could urge her to send thither to me and before I read it, I asked the messenger who had give it him? he answered me, 'That going by accidentally in the street about noon in our town, a very handsome lady, all in tears, had called him to her window, and with great precipitation, "Friend," said she, "if you be a Christian, as you seem to be, for heaven's sake take this letter, and deliver it with all speed into the person's own hand to whom it is directed: I assure you in this, you will do a very good action; and that you may not want means to do it, take what is wrapped up in this;" and saying so, she threw a handkerchief, wherein I found a hundred reals, this gold ring which you see, and the letter which I now brought you · which done,

I having made her signs to let her know I would do as she desired, without so much as staying for an answer, she went from the grate. This reward, but much more that beautiful lady's tears, and earnest prayers, made me post away to you that very minute; and so in sixteen hours I have travelled eighteen long leagues.'—While the messenger spoke, I was seized with sad apprehensions of some fatal news; and such a trembling shook my limbs, that I could scarce support myself. At length, however, I ventured to read the letter, which contained these words.

" Don Ferdinand, according to his promise, has desired your father to speak to mine; but he has done that for himself which you had engaged him to do for you for he has demanded me for his wife; and my father allured by the advantages which he expects from such an alliance, has so far consented, that two days hence the marriage is to be performed, and with such privacy, that only heaven and some of the family are to be witnesses. Judge of the affliction of my soul by that concern, which, I guess fills your own; and therefore haste to me, my dear Cardenio. The issue of this business will shew you how much I love you and

grant, propitious heaven, this may reach your hand e'er mine is in danger of being joined with his who keeps his promises so ill."

"I had no sooner read the letter," added Cardenio, "but away I flew, without waiting for my dispatch; for then I too plainly discovered Don Ferdinand's treachery, and that he had only sent me to his brother to take the advantage of my absence. Revenge, love, and impatience gave me wings, so that I got home privately the next day, just when it grew duskish, in good time to speak with Lucinda; and leaving my mule at the honest man's house who brought me the letter, I went to wait upon my mistress, whom I luckily found at the* window, the only witness of our loves. She presently knew me, and I her, but she did not welcome me as I expected, nor did I find her in such a dress as I thought suitable to our circumstances. But what man has assurance enough but to pretend to know thoroughly the riddle of a woman's mind, and who could ever hope to fix her mutable nature?'—'Cardenio,' said Lucinda to me, 'my wedding clothes are on, and the perfidious Ferdinand, with my

* *A la rexa*, at the iron grate. In Spain the lovers make their courtship at a low window that has a grate before it, having seldom admission into the house till the parents on both sides have agreed.

covetous father, and the rest, stay for me in the hall, to perform the marriage-rites; but they shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my dear Cardenio; but rather strive to be present at that sacrifice. I promise thee, if entreaties and words cannot prevent it, I have a dagger that shall do me justice; and my death, at least, shall give thee undeniable assurances of my love and fidelity.'—'Do, madam,' cried I to her with precipitation, and so disordered, that I did not know what I said; 'let your actions verify your words; let us leave nothing unattempted which may serve our common interests; and, I assure you, if my sword does not defend them well, I will turn it upon my own breast, rather than outlive my disappointment.' I cannot tell whether Lucinda heard me, for she was called away in great haste, the bridegroom impatiently expecting her. My spirit forsook me when she left me, and my sorrows and confusion cannot be expressed. Methought I saw the sun set for ever; and my eyes and senses partaking of my distraction, I could not so much as spy the door to go into the house, and seemed rooted to the place where I stood. But at last, the consideration of my love having roused me out of this stupifying

astonishment, I got into the house without being discovered, every thing being there in a hurry; and going into the hall, I hid myself behind the hangings, where two pieces of tapestry met, and gave me liberty to see, without being seen. Who can describe the various thoughts, the doubts, the fears, the anguish that perplexed and tossed my soul while I stood waiting there! Don Ferdinand entered the hall, not like a bridegroom, but in his usual habit, with only a cousin-german of Lucinda's, the rest were the people of the house: some time after came Lucinda herself, with her mother, and two waiting-women. I perceived she was as richly dressed as was consistent with her quality, and the solemnity of the ceremony; but the distraction that possessed me lent me no time to note particularly the apparel she had on. I only marked the colours, that were carnation and white, and the splendour of the jewels that enriched her dress in many places; but nothing equalled the lustre of her beauty, that adorned her person much more than all those ornaments.' Oh memory! thou fatal enemy of my ease, why dost thou now so faithfully represent to the eyes of my mind Lucinda's incomparable charms! why dost thou not

[1] See Appendix, Note 3, Book III., Chapter XIII.

rather shew me what she did then, that, moved by so provoking a wrong, I may endeavour to revenge it, or at least to die! Forgive me these tedious digressions, gentlemen; alas! my woes are not such as can or ought to be related with brevity, for to me, every circumstance seems worthy to be enlarged upon."

The curate assured Cardenio, that they attended every word with a mournful pleasure, that made them greedy of hearing the least passage. With that Cardenio went on. "All parties being met," said he, "the priest entered, and, taking the young couple by the hands, he asked Lucinda whether she were willing to take Don Ferdinand for her wedded husband? With that, I thrust out my head from between the two pieces of tapestry, listening with anxious heart to hear her answer, upon which depended my life and happiness. Dull, heartless wretch that I was! Why did I not then shew myself! why did I not call to her aloud, 'Consider what thou dost, Lucinda; thou art mine, and canst not be another man's: nor canst thou speak the fatal yes, without injuring heaven, thyself, and me, and murdering thy Cardenio! And thou, perfidious Ferdinand, who darest to violate all rights, both human and divine, to rob me of my treasure! canst thou hope to

deprive me of the comfort of my life with impunity? Or thinkest thou that any consideration can stifle my resentment when my honour and my love lie at stake? Fool that I am! now that it is too late, and danger is far distant, I say what I should have done, and not what I did then. After I have suffered the treasure of my soul to be stolen, I exclaim against the thief whom I might have punished for the base attempt, had I had but so much resolution to revenge, as I have now to complain. Then let me rather accuse my faint heart that durst not do me right, and let me die here like a wretch, void both of sense and honour, the outcast of society and nature. The priest stood waiting for Lucinda's answer a good while before she gave it, and all that time I expected she would have pulled out her dagger, or unloosed her tongue to plead her former engagement to me. But alas! to my eternal disappointment, I heard her at last, with a feeble voice, pronounce the fatal *yes;* and then Don Ferdinand saying the same, and giving her the ring, the sacred knot was tied, which death alone can dissolve. Then did the faithless bridegroom advance to embrace his bride; but she, laying her hand upon her heart, in that very moment swooned away in her

mother's arms. Oh! what confusion seized me, what pangs, what torments racked me, seeing the falsehood of Lucinda's promises, all my hopes shipwrecked, and the only thing that made me wish to live, for ever ravished from me! Confounded and despairing, I looked upon myself as abandoned by heaven to the cruelty of my destiny; and the violence of my griefs stifling my sighs, and denying a passage to my tears, I felt myself transfixed with killing anguish, and burning with jealous rage and vengeance. In the meantime the whole company was troubled at Lucinda's swooning; and as her mother unclasped her gown before, to give her air, a folded paper was found in her bosom, which Don Ferdinand immediately snatched; then, stepping a little aside, he opened it and read it by the light of one of the tapers; and as soon as he had done, he as it were let himself fall upon a chair, and there he sat with his hand upon the side of his face, with all the signs of melancholy and discontent, as unmindful of his bride as if he had been insensible of her accident. For my own part, seeing all the house thus in an uproar, I resolved to leave the hated place, without caring whether I were seen or not, and in case I were seen, I resolved to act such a desperate part in punish-

ing the traitor Ferdinand, that the world should at once be informed of his perfidiousness, and the severity of my just resentment; but my destiny, that preserved me for greater woes (if greater can be) allowed me then the use of the small remainder of my senses, which afterwards quite forsook me, so that I left the house, without revenging myself on my enemies, whom I could easily have sacrificed to my rage in this unexpected disorder; and I chose to inflict upon myself, for my credulity, the punishment which their infidelity deserved. I went to the messenger's house where I had left my mule, and without so much as bidding him adieu, I mounted, and left the town like another Lot, without turning to give it a parting look and as I rode along the fields, darkness and silence round me, I vented my passion in execrations against the treacherous Ferdinand, and in as loud complaints of Lucinda's breach of vows and ingratitude. I called her cruel, ungrateful, false, but above all, covetous and sordid, since the wealth of my enemy was what had induced her to forego her vows to me. But then, again, said I to myself, it is no strange thing for a young lady, that was so strictly educated, to yield herself up to the guidance of her father and mother, who had provided her

a husband of that quality and fortune. But yet with truth and justice she might have pleaded that she was mine before. In fine, I concluded that ambition had got the better of her love, and made her forget her promises to Cardenio. Thus abandoning myself to these tempestuous thoughts, I rode on all that night, and about break of day I struck into one of the passes that lead into these mountains, where I wandered for three days together without keeping any road, till at last, coming to a certain valley that lies somewhere hereabouts, I met some shepherds, of whom I enquired the way to the most craggy and inaccessible part of these rocks. They directed me, and I made all the haste I could to get thither, resolved to linger out my hated life far from the converse of false, ungrateful mankind. When I came among these deserts, my mule, through weariness and hunger, or rather to get rid of so useless a load as I was, fell down dead, and I myself was so weak, so tired and dejected, being almost famished, and withal destitute and careless of relief, that I soon laid myself down, or rather fainted on the ground, where I lay a considerable while, I do not know how long, extended like a corpse. When I came to myself again, I got up, and could not perceive

I had any appetite to eat: I found some goatherds by me, who, I suppose, had given me some sustenance, though I was not sensible of their relief; for they told me in what a wretched condition they found me, staring, and talking so strangely, that they judged I had quite lost my senses. I have indeed since that had but too much cause to think that my reason sometimes leaves me, and that I commit those extravagances which are only the effects of senseless rage and frenzy; tearing my clothes, howling through these deserts, filling the air with curses and lamentations, and idly repeating a thousand times Lucinda's name; all my wishes at that time being to breathe out my soul with the dear word upon my lips; and when I come to myself, I am commonly so weak and so weary, that I am scarce able to stir. As for my place of abode, it is usually some hollow cork-tree, into which I creep at night; and there some few goatherds, whose cattle browse on the neighbouring mountains, out of pity and christian charity, sometimes leave some victuals for the support of my miserable life; for, even when my reason is absent, nature performs its animal functions, and instinct guides me to satisfy it. Sometimes these good people meet me in my lucid

intervals, and chide me for taking that from them by force and surprise, which they are always so ready to give me willingly; for which violence I can make no other excuse but the extremity of my distraction. Thus must I drag a miserable being, until heaven, pitying my afflictions, will either put a period to my life, or blot out of my memory perjured Lucinda's beauty and ingratitude, and Ferdinand's perfidiousness. Could I but be so happy e'er I die, I might then hope to be able, in time, to compose my frantic thoughts; but if I must despair of such a favour, I have no other way but to recommend my soul to heaven's mercy; for I am not able to extricate my body or my mind out of that misery into which I have unhappily plunged myself.

"Thus, gentlemen, I have given you a faithful account of my misfortunes. Judge now whether it was possible I should relate them with less concern. And pray do not lose time to prescribe remedies to a patient who will make use of none. I will, and can, have no health without Lucinda; since she forsakes me, I must die. She has convinced me, by her infidelity, that she desires my ruin; and by my unparalleled sufferings to the last, I will strive to convince her I deserved a better fate. Let

me then suffer on, and may I be the only unhappy creature whom despair could not relieve, while the impossibility of receiving comfort brings cure to so many other wretches."

Here Cardenio made an end of his mournful story; and just as the curate was preparing to give him his best advice and consolation, he was prevented by a voice that saluted his ears, and in mournful accents pronounced what will be rehearsed in the Fourth Book of this narration.

TURNBULL AND SPEARS, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.