

a small box of ointment to cure the wounds they might receive in the course of their adventures; for, it was not to be imagined, that any other relief was to be had every time they should have occasion to fight, and be wounded in fields and defarts; unless they were befriended by some sage enchanter, who would assist them by transporting through the air, in a cloud, some damsel, or dwarf, with a cordial of such virtue, that one drop of it would instantly cure them of their bruises and wounds, and make them as sound as if no such mischance had happened: but, the knights of former ages, who had no such friend to depend upon, laid it down as a constant maxim, to order their squires to provide themselves with money and other necessaries, such as ointment and lint for immediate application: and when the knight happened to be without a squire, which was very seldom the case, he himself kept them in very small bags, that hung scarce perceptible at his horse's rump, as if it were a treasure of much greater importance. Though indeed, except upon such an occasion, that of carrying bags was not much for the honour of knight-errantry; for which reason, he advised Don Quixote, and now that he was his god-son, he might command him, never thenceforward to travel without money, and those other indispensable necessaries, with which he should provide himself as soon as possible; and then he would, when he least thought of it, find his account in having made such provision.

The knight promised to follow his advice with all deference and punctuality; and thereupon received orders to watch his armour in a large court on one side of the inn, where, having gathered the several pieces on a heap, he placed them in a cistern that belonged to the well; then bracing on his target and grasping his lance, he walked with courteous demeanour backward and forward before the cistern, beginning this knightly exercise as soon as it was dark\*. The roguish landlord having informed every lodger in his house, of our hero's frenzy, the watching of his armour, and his expectation of being dubbed a knight; they were astonished at such a peculiar strain of madness, and going out to observe him at a distance, beheld him with silent gesture sometimes stalking along, sometimes leaning on his spear, with his eyes fixed upon his armour, for a considerable space of time. Though it was now night, the moon shone with such splendour as might even vie with the source from which she derived her brightness; so that every motion of our novice was distinctly perceived by all present. At this instant, a carrier who lodged in

\* This custom of watching armour in church or chapel, was a religious duty imposed upon knights, who used to consume the whole night in prayer to some saint, whom they chose as their patron; and this exercise of devotion was performed on the night preceding the said saint's day. The same ceremony was observed by those who were sentenced to the combat-proof.

the inn took it in his head to water his mules, and it being necessary for this purpose to clear the cistern, he went to lift off Don Quixote's armour; when a loud voice accosted him in these words: "O thou! whosoever thou art, bold and insolent knight, who presumest to touch the armour of the most valiant errant that ever girded himself with cold iron, consider what thou art about to attempt, and touch it not, unless thou art desirous of yielding thy life as the price of thy temerity."

The carrier, far from regarding these threats, which had he regarded his own carcase, he would not have despised, laid hold on the sacred deposit, and threw it piecemeal into the yard with all his might. Don Quixote no sooner beheld this profanation, than lifting up his eyes to heaven, and addressing himself, in all likelihood, to his mistress Dulcinea, he said: "Grant me thy assistance, dear lady of my heart! in this insult offered to thy lowly vassal, and let me not be deprived of thy favourable protection in this my first perilous atchievement." Having uttered this, and some other such ejaculations, he quitted his target, and raising his lance with both hands, bestowed it with such good will upon the carrier's head, that he fell prostrate on the ground, so effectually mauled, that, had the blow been repeated, there would have been no occasion to call a surgeon. This exploit being performed, he replaced his armour, and returned to his walk, which he continued with his former composure.

It was not long before another carrier, not knowing what had happened to his companion, who still lay without sense or motion, arrived with the same intention of watering his mules, and went straight up to the cistern, in order to remove the armour; when Don Quixote, without speaking a syllable, or asking leave of any living soul, once more quitted his target, and lifting up his lance, made another experiment of its hardness upon the pate of the second carrier, which failed in the application, giving way in four different places. At the noise of this encounter, every body in the house, innkeeper and all, came running to the field, at sight of whom Don Quixote, snatching up his target and drawing his sword, pronounced aloud, "O lady! of transcendent beauty, the force and vigour of my enfeebled heart; now, if ever, is the time for thee to turn thy princely eyes on this thy caitiff knight, who is on the eve of so mighty an adventure." So saying, he seemed to have acquired such courage, that had he been assaulted by all the carriers in the universe, he would not have retreated one step.

The companions of the wounded, seeing how their friends had been handled, began at a distance, to discharge a shower of stones upon the knight, who, as well as he could, sheltered himself under his shield, not daring to leave the cistern, lest some mischance should happen to his  
armour.

armour. The innkeeper called aloud, entreating them to leave off, for, as he had told them before, the man being mad, would be acquitted on account of his lunacy, even tho' he should put every soul of them to death. At the same time Don Quixote, in a voice louder still, upbraided them as cowardly traitors, and called the constable of the castle a worthless and base-born knight, for allowing his guest to be treated in such an inhospitable manner; swearing, that if he had received the order of knighthood, he would make him repent his discourteous behaviour. "But, as for you, said he, ye vile, ill-mannered scum, ye are beneath my notice. Discharge, approach, come forward, and annoy me as much as you can, you shall soon see what reward you will receive for your insolent extravagance." These words delivered in a bold and resolute tone, struck terror into the hearts of the assailants, who, partly for this menace, and partly on account of the landlord's persuasion, gave over their attack, while he, on his side, allowed the wounded to retire, and returned to his watch, with his former ease and tranquility.

These pranks of the knight were not at all to the liking of the landlord, who resolved to abridge the ceremony, and bestow this unlucky order of knighthood immediately, before any other mischief should happen. Approaching him therefore, he disclaimed the insolence with which his guest had been treated by those saucy plebeians, without his knowledge or consent; and observed that they had been justly chastised for their impudence: that, as he had told him before, there was no chapel in the castle, nor indeed, for what was to be done, was it at all necessary; nothing of the ceremony now remaining unperformed, except the cuff on the neck, and the thwack on the shoulders, as they are prescribed in the ceremonial of the order; and that this part might be executed in the middle of a field: he assured him also, that he had punctually complied with every thing that regarded the watching of his armour, which might have been finished in two hours, tho' he had already remained double the time on that duty. Don Quixote believing every syllable that he spoke, said, he was ready to obey him in all things, and besought him to conclude the matter as soon as possible; for, in case he should be attacked again, after having been knighted, he would not leave a soul alive in the castle, except those whom he should spare at his request.

The constable, alarmed at this declaration, immediately brought out his day-book, in which he kept an account of the barley and straw that was expended for the use of the carriers, and attended by a boy with a candle's end in his hand, together with the two ladies before-mentioned, came to the place where Don Quixote stood: then ordering him to kneel before him, mumbled in his manual, as if he had been putting up some very devout



F. Heyman inv. et del.

C. Grignon sculp.

vout petition; in the midst of which, he lifted up his hand, and gave him an hearty thump on the neck; then, with the flat of his own sword, bestowed an handsome application across his shoulders, muttering all the time between his teeth, as if he had been employed in some fervent ejaculation\*: this article being fulfilled, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his sword, an office she performed with great dexterity and discretion, of which there was no small need to restrain her laughter at each particular of this strange ceremony: but, the effects they had already seen of the knight's disposition, kept their mirth effectually under the rein.

When this good lady had girded on his sword, "Heaven preserve your worship! adventurous knight, said she, and make you fortunate in all your encounters." Don Quixote then begged to know her name, that he might thenceforward understand to whom he was obliged for the favour he had received at her hands, and to whom he might ascribe some part of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his invincible arm. She answered with great humility, that her name was Tolosa, daughter of an honest butcher in Toledo, who lived in one of the stalls of Sancho Minaya; that she should always be at his service, and acknowledge him for her lord and master. The knight professed himself extremely obliged to her for her love; and begged she would, for the future, dignify her name by calling herself Donna Tolosa. This request she promised faithfully to comply with; and a dialogue of the same kind, passed between him and the other lady who buckled on his spur; when he asked her name, she told him it was Mollinera, and that her father was an honourable miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also, to ennoble her name with the same title of Donna, loaded her with thanks, and made a tender of his service. These hitherto unseen ceremonies being dispatched, as it were, with post haste, Don Quixote, impatient to see himself on horseback, in quest of adventures, saddled and mounted Rozinante forthwith, and embracing his host, uttered such a strange rhapsody of thanks for his having dubbed him knight, that it is impossible to rehearse the compliment. The landlord, in order to get rid of him the sooner, answered in terms no less eloquent, tho' something more laconic, and let him march off in happy hour, without demanding one farthing for his lodging.

\* The slap on the shoulders, and the box on the ear being bestowed, the god-father pronounced, "In the name of God, St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee knight, be worthy, bold and loyal."

## C H A P. IV.

Of what befel our knight, when he sallied from the inn.

**I**T was early in the morning, when Don Quixote sallied from the inn, so well satisfied, so sprightly and so glad to see himself invested with the order of knighthood, that the very girths of his horse vibrated with joy: But, remembering his landlord's advice with regard to the necessaries he ought to carry along with him, in particular, the money and clean shirts; he resolved to return to his own house, and furnish himself not only with these, but also with a squire, for which office, he fixed in his own mind, upon a poor ploughman who lived in his neighboured, maintaining a family of children by his labour; a person in all respects qualified for the lower services of chivalry: with this view, he steered his course homeward; and Rozinante, as if he had guessed the knight's intention, began to move with such alacrity and nimbleness, that his hoofs scarce seemed to touch the ground.

He had not travelled far, when from the thickest part of a wood that grew on his right hand, his ear was saluted with shrill repeated cries, which seemed to issue from the mouth of some creature in grievous distress; and no sooner did our hero hear this lamentation, than he exclaimed, "Heaven be praised for the favour with which it now indulges me, in giving me an opportunity so soon of fulfilling the duties of my profession, and reaping the fruit of my laudable intention! These cries doubtless proceed from some miserable male, or female, who stands in need of my immediate aid and protection:" then turning Rozinante, he rode towards the place, whence the complaint seemed to come, and having entered the wood a few paces, he found a mare tyed to one oak, and a lad about fifteen naked from the waist upwards, made fast to another. This was he who screamed so piteously, and indeed not without reason, for, a sturdy peasant was employed in making applications to his carcase with a leathern strap, accompanying each stripe with a word of reproof and advice. Above all things, laying upon him strong injunctions, to use his tongue less, and his eyes more: the young fellow replied, with great fervency, "I will never do so again, master, so help me God! I won't do so any more; but, for the future, take more care, and use more dispatch."

Don Quixote observing what passed, pronounced aloud, with great indignation: "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to attack one who cannot defend himself: mount thy steed, couch thy lance, (for there was actually a lance leaning against the tree, to which the mare was tyed) and I will  
make

make thee sensible of the cowardice of the action in which thou art now engaged." The peasant seeing this strange figure, buckled in armour, and brandishing a lance over his head, was mortally afraid, and with great humility replied; "Sir knight, this lad whom I am chastising, is my own servant, hired to keep a flock of sheep, which feed in these fields; but, he is so negligent, that every day I lose one of the number, and because I punish him for his carelessness, or knavery, he says that I scourge him out of avarice, rather than pay him his wages: tho', upon my conscience, and as I shall answer to God, he tells a lye." "How! a lye, before me, base caitif, cried Don Quixote; by the sun, that enlightens this globe, I have a good mind to thrust this lance thro' thy body: pay the young man his wages strait without reply, or by the power that rules us! I will finish and annihilate thee in an instant: unbind him, therefore, without hesitation."

The countryman hung his head, and without speaking a syllable, untyed his man; who, being asked by the knight, how much money was due to him, said his master owed him for three quarters, at the rate of six rials a month. His deliverer having cast it up, found that the whole amounted to sixty-three rials, and ordered the peasant to disburse them instantly, unless he had a-mind to perish under his hands. The affrighted farmer affirmed, by the grievous situation in which he was, and the oath he had already taken, tho', by-the-bye, he had taken no oath at all, that the sum did not amount to so much; for, that he was to discount and allow for three pair of shoes he had received, and a rial for two bleedings while he was sick. "Granting that to be true, replied Don Quixote, the shoes and the bleeding shall stand for the stripes you have given him without cause; for, if he has wore out the leather of the shoes that you paid for, you have made as free with the leather of his carcase; and if the barber let out his blood when he was sick, you have blooded him when he was well; he therefore stands acquitted of these debts." "The misfortune, Sir knight, said the peasant, is this: I have not coin about me, but, if Andrew will go home to my house, I will pay him honestly in ready money." Go with you, cried the lad, the devil fetch me, if I do! no, no, master, I must not think of that; were I to go home with him alone, he would flea me like another St. Bartholomew." "He won't do so, replied the knight, but shew more regard to my commands; and if he will swear to me by the laws of that order of knighthood which he has received, that he will pay you your wages, I will set him free, and warrant the payment." "Lord how your worship talks! said the boy; this master of mine is no gentleman, nor has he received any order of knighthood, but, is known by the name of rich John Haldudo, and lives in the neighbourhood of Quintanar." "No matter, replied Don Quixote, there may be knights among the Haldudos, especially as every

one is the son of his own works." " True, said Andrew; but what works is my master the son of, since he refuses to pay me for my labour, and the sweat of my brows?" " I don't refuse, honest Andrew, answered the peasant, thou wilt do me a pleasure in going home with me; and I swear by all the orders of knighthood in the universe, that I will pay thee thy wages, as I said before, in ready money; nay, you shall have it perfumed into the bargain." " Thank you for your perfumes, said the knight, pay him in lawful coin, and I shall be satisfied; and be sure you fulfil the oath you have taken: for, by the same obligation, I swear, that in case you fail, I will return to chastise you, and ferret you out, even tho' you should be more concealed than a lizard. If you would understand, who it is that lays such commands upon you, that you may find yourself under a necessity of performing them with reverence and awe, know, that I am the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs, and scourge of injustice: so farewell, remember, not to belie your promise and oath, on pain of the penalty prescribed." With these words, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was out of sight in a moment.

The countryman followed him with his eyes, till he saw him quite clear of the wood; then turning to Andrew, said, " Come hither, child, I must pay what I owe you, according to the orders of that redresser of wrongs." " And adad, said Andrew, you had best not neglect these orders of that worthy knight, who (blessings on his heart) is equally valiant and upright; for odds-bobs, if you do not pay me, he will return, and be as good as his word." " In faith, I am of the same opinion, replied the peasant; but, out of my infinite regard for you, I am desirous of encreasing the debt, that the payment may be doubled." So saying, he laid hold of his arm, and tying him again to the tree, flogged him so severely, that he had like to have died on the spot. " Now is the time, Mr. Andrew, said the executioner, to call upon the redresser of grievances, who will find it difficult to redress this, which by-the-bye I am loth to finish, being very much inclined to justify your fear of being dead alive." At length, however, he unbound, and left him at liberty to find out his judge, who was to execute the sentence he had pronounced. Andrew sneaked off, not extremely well satisfied; on the contrary, vowing to go in quest of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, and inform him punctually of every thing that had happened, an account which would certainly induce him to pay the countryman sevenfold.

In spite of this consolation, however, he departed blubbering with pain, while his master remained weeping with laughter. And thus was the grievance redressed by the valiant Don Quixote, who, transported with the success, and the happy and sublime beginning which he imagined his chivalry had been favoured with, jogged on towards his own village with infinite  
self-



self-satisfaction, and pronounced with a low voice; "O Dulcinea del Toboso, fairest among the fair! well may'st thou be counted the most fortunate beauty upon earth, seeing it is thy fate, to keep in subjection, and wholly resigned to thy will and pleasure, such a daring and renowned knight as Don Quixote de la Mancha now is, and always will remain. Who, as all the world knows, but yesterday received the order of knighthood, and has this day redressed the greatest wrong and grievance that ever injustice hatched, and cruelty committed! To day, he wrested the lash from the hand of the merciless enemy, who so unjustly scourged the body of that tender infant!" Having uttered this exclamation, he found himself in a road that divided into four paths, and strait his imagination suggested those cross-ways that were wont to perplex knights-errant in their choice; in imitation of whom, he paused a little, and after mature deliberation, threw the reins on Rozinante's neck, leaving the decision to him, who following his first intention, took the path that led directly to his own stable.

Having travelled about two miles farther, Don Quixote descried a number of people, who, as was afterwards known, were six merchants of Toledo going to buy silks at Murcia, and who travelled with umbrellas, attended by four servants on horseback, and three muledrivers on foot. Don Quixote no sooner perceived them at a distance, than he imagined them to be some new adventure, and, in order to imitate as much as in him lay, those scenes he had read in his books of chivalry, he thought this was an occasion expressly ordained for him to execute his purposed achievement.

He therefore, with gallant and resolute deportment, seated himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, braced on his target, and posting himself in the middle of the road, waited the arrival of those knights-errant, for such he judged them to be; and when they were near enough to hear him, pronounced in a loud and arrogant tone; "Let the whole universe cease to move, if the whole universe refuses to confess, that there is not in the whole universe a more beautiful damsel than the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the high and mighty empress of la Mancha."

The merchants hearing this declaration, and seeing the strange figure from which it proceeded, were alarmed at both, and halting immediately, at a distance reconnoitred the madness of the author; curious, however, to know the meaning of that confession which he exacted, one of them, who was a sort of a wag, tho' at the same time a man of prudence and discretion, accosted him thus: "Sir knight, as we have not the honour to know who this worthy lady is, be so good as to produce her, and if we find her so beautiful as you proclaim her to be, we will gladly, and without any sort of reward, confess the truth, according to your desire." "If I produce her," replied Don Quixote, what is the mighty merit of your confessing such

a notorious truth? The importance of my demand consists in your believing, acknowledging, affirming upon oath, and defending her beauty before you have seen it. And this ye shall do, ye insolent and uncivil race, or engage with me in battle forthwith. Come on then, one by one, according to the laws of chivalry, or all together, as the treacherous custom is among such wretches as you; here I expect you with full hope and confidence in the justice of my cause." "Sir knight, replied the merchant, I humbly beg in the name of all these princes here present, that your worship will not oblige us to burden our consciences, by giving testimony to a thing that we have neither seen nor heard, especially as it tends to the prejudice of the queens and princesses of Alcarria and Estremadura: but, if your worship will be pleased to shew us any sort of a picture of this lady, tho' it be no bigger than a grain of wheat, so as we can judge the clue by the thread, we will be satisfied with this sample, and you shall be obeyed to your heart's content: for, I believe we are already so prepossessed in her favour, that tho' the portrait should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone with the other, we will, notwithstanding, in compliance to your worship, say what you desire in her favour." "Her eyes, infamous wretch! replied Don Quixote in a rage, distil not such productions, but teem with amber and rich perfume: neither is there any defect in her sight, or in her body, which is more strait than a Guadarrama-spindle: but, you shall suffer for the licentious blasphemy you have uttered against the unparalleled beauty of my sovereign mistress." So saying, he couched his lance, and attacked the spokesman with such rage and fury, that, had not Rozinante luckily stumbled and fallen in the midst of his career, the merchant would have had no cause to rejoice in his rashness; but when the unhappy steed fell to the ground, the rider was thrown over his head, and pitched at a good distance upon the field, where he found all his endeavours to get up again, ineffectual, so much was he encumbered with his lance, target, helmet, and spurs, together with the weight of his ancient armour.

While he thus struggled, but in vain, to rise, he bellowed forth, "Fly not, ye cowardly crew; tarry a little, ye base caitifs; not thro' any fault of my own, but of my horse, am I thus discomfited." One of the mule-drivers, who seems not to have been of a very milky disposition, could not bear this arrogant language of the poor overthrown knight, without making a reply upon his ribs. Going up to him, therefore, he laid hold on his lance, and breaking it, began to thresh him so severely, that in spite of the resistance of his armour, he was almost beaten into mummy; and tho' the fellow's master called to him to forbear, he was so incensed, that he could not leave off the game, untill he had exhausted the whole of his choler;

ler; but, gathering the other pieces of the lance, reduced them all to shivers, one after another, on the miserable carcase of the Don, who, notwithstanding this storm of blows which descended on him, never shut his mouth, but continued threatenng heaven and earth, and those bānditti, for such he took the merchants to be.

The driver was tired at length of his exercise, and his masters pursued their journey, carrying with them sufficient food for conversation about this poor battered knight, who no sooner found himself alone, than he made another effort to rise; but, if he found this design impracticable when he was safe and sound, much less could he accomplish it now, that he was disabled, and as it were wrought into a paste. He did not, however, look upon himself as unhappy, because this misfortune was, in his opinion, peculiar to knights-errant, and that he was not able to rise on account of the innumerable bruises he had received, he ascribed entirely to the fault of his horse.

#### C H A P. V.

In which the Story of our knight's misfortune is continued.

**F**inding it therefore impossible to move, he was fain to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to amuse his imagination with some passages of the books he had read; and his madness immediately recalled to his memory, that of Valdovinos and the marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain. A piece of history that every boy knows, that every young man is acquainted with, and which is celebrated, nay more, believed by old age itself, though it be as apocryphal as the miracles of Mahomet; nevertheless, it occurred to him, as an occasion expressly adapted to his present situation. And therefore with marks of extreme affliction, he began to roll about upon the ground, and with a languid voice, exclaim in the words of the wounded knight of the wood,

Where art thou, lady of my heart,  
 Regardless of my misery?  
 Thou little know'st thy lover's smart,  
 Or faithless art, and false, pardie!

In this manner he went on repeating the romance, until he came to these lines:

O noble prince of Mantuan plains,  
 My carnal kinsman, and my lord!

And

And before he could repeat the whole couplet, a peasant who was a neighbour of his own, and lived in the same village, chanced to pass, in his way from the mill where he had been with a load of wheat. This honest countryman seeing a man lying stretched upon the ground, came up, and asked him who he was, and the reason of his lamenting so piteously? Don Quixote doubtless believed, that this was his uncle, the marquis of Mantua, and made no other reply, but the continuation of his romance, in which he gave an account of his own misfortune, occasioned by the amour betwixt his wife and the emperor's son, exactly as it is related in the book. The peasant, astonished at such a rhapsody, took off his beaver, which had been beaten to pieces by the mule-driver, and wiping his face, which was covered with dust, immediately knew the unfortunate knight. "Signor Quixada," said he, (for so he was called before he had lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober country-gentleman into a knight-errant) who has left your worship in such a woeful condition!" But, he, without minding the question that was put to him, proceeded as before, with his romance; which the honest man perceiving, went to work, and took off his back and breast-plates, to see if he had received any wound; but, he could perceive neither blood, nor scar upon his body. He then raised him upon his legs, and with infinite difficulty mounted him upon his own beast, which appeared to him a safer carriage than the knight's steed.

Having gathered up his armour, even to the splinters of the lance, he tied them upon Rozinante, and taking hold of the reins, together with the halter of his own ass, jogged on towards the village, not a little concerned to hear the mad exclamations of Don Quixote, who did not find himself extremely easy, for, he was so battered and bruised, that he could not sit upright upon the beast; but, from time to time vented such dismal sighs, as obliged the peasant to ask again what was the matter with him? And indeed one would have thought, that the Devil had assisted his memory in supplying him with tales accommodated to the circumstances of his own situation. For at that instant, forgetting Valdovinos, he recollected the story of Abindar-raez, the moor, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, took prisoner, and carried in captivity to the place of his residence: so, that when the countryman repeated his desire of knowing where he had been, and what was the matter with him, he answered to the purpose; nay, indeed in the very words used by the captive Abencerraje to the said Rodrigo de Narvaez, as may be seen in the Diana of George Monte-major, which he had read; and so well adapted for his purpose, that the countryman, hearing such a composition of folly, wished them both at the devil.

It was then he discovered, that his neighbour was mad; and therefore made all the haste he could to the village, that he might be the sooner rid of his uneasiness at the unaccountable harangue of Don Quixote, who had no sooner finished this exclamation, than he accosted his conductor in these words: "Know then, valiant Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this same beautiful Xarifa, whom I have mentioned, is no other than the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have performed, undertake, and will atchieve the most renowned exploits, that ever were, are, or will be seen on earth." To this address the countryman replied with great simplicity: "How your worship talks? As I am a sinner, I am neither Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo, your neighbour; nor is your worship either Valdovinos, or Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman, signor Quixada." "I know very well, who I am, replied Don Quixote, and that it is possible for me to be not only those whom I have mentioned, but also the whole twelve peers of France, and even the nine worthies, seeing that my atchievements will excel, not only those of each of them singly, but even the exploits of them all joined together."

Discoursing in this manner, they arrived at the village about twilight; but the peasant staid till it was quite dark, that the poor rib-roasted knight might not be seen in such a woeful condition. Then he conducted Don Quixote to his own house, which was all in confusion. When he arrived, the curate, and the barber of the village, two of his best friends and companions, were present, and his housekeeper was just saying, with a woeful countenance; "Mr. Licentiate Pero Perez," that was the curate's name, "some misfortune must certainly have happened to my master\*; for six days, both he and his horse, together with the target, lance, and armour, have been missing; as I am a sinner, it is just come into my head, and it is certainly as true as that every one is born to die, those hellish books of knight-errantry, which he used to read with so much pleasure, have turned his brain: for, now I remember to have heard him say to himself more than once, that he longed to be a knight-errant, and stroll about in quest of adventures. May the Devil and Barrabas lay hold of such legends, which have perverted one of the soundest understandings in all La Mancha."

To this remark the niece assented, saying, "Moreover, you must know, Mr. Nicolas," this was the name of the barber, "my uncle would frequently, after having been reading in these profane books of misadventures, for two whole days and nights together, start up, throw the book

\* The author seems to have committed a small oversight in this paragraph; for the knight had not been gone above two days and one night, which he spent in waking his armour.

upon the ground, and, drawing his sword, fence with the walls, till he was quite fatigued; then affirm, that he had killed four giants as big as steeples; and swear that the sweat of his brows, occasioned by this violent exercise, was the blood of his enemies, whom he had slain in battle: then he would drink off a large pitcher of cold water, and remain quiet and refreshed, saying, that the water was a most precious beverage, with which he was supplied by the sage Isquife, a mighty enchanter and friend of his: but I take the whole blame to myself, for not having informed your worship of my dear uncle's extravagances, that some remedy might have been applied, before they had proceeded to such excess; and that you might have burnt all those excommunicated books, which deserve the fire as much as if they were crammed with heresy."

"I am of the same opinion, said the curate, and assure you, before another day shall pass, they shall undergo a severe trial, and be condemned to the flames, that they may not induce other readers to follow the same path, which I am afraid, my good friend has taken." Every syllable of this conversation was overheard by Don Quixote and his guide, who had now no longer any doubt about his neighbour's infirmity, and therefore pronounced with a loud voice, "Open your gates to the valiant Valdovinos, and the great marquis of Mantua, who comes home wounded from the field, together with the Moor Abindarraez, who drags in captivity the valiant Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera."

Alarmed at these words, they came all to the door, and perceiving who it was, the barber and curate went to receive their friend, and the women ran to embrace their master and kinsman, who, though he had not as yet alighted, for indeed it was not in his power, proclaimed aloud, "Let the whole world take notice, that the wounds I have received were owing to the fault of my horse alone; carry me therefore to bed, and send, if possible, for the sage \* Urganda, to search and cure them." See now in an evil hour," cried the housekeeper, hearing these words, "if I did not truly foretel, of what leg my master was lame? Your worship shall understand in good time, that without the assistance of that same Urganda, we know how to cure the hurts you have received; and cursed, I say, nay, a hundred and a hundred times cursed be those books of chivalry, which have so disordered your honour's brain." Having carried him to his

\* The name of an enchantress in Amadis de Gaul. During the age of knight-errantry, it was usual for ladies to study the art of surgery, in order to dress the wounds of those knights who were their servants. One of the heroines of Perceforest says to Norgal, "Fair nephew, methinks your arm is not at ease." "In faith, dear lady," answered Norgal, "you are in the right, and I beseech you to take it under your care." Then she called her daughter Helen, who entertained her cousin with good cheer, and then reduced his arm which was dislocated.

bed,



F. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignon Sculp.

bed, they began to search for his wounds ; but could find none : and he told them that his whole body was one continued bruise, occasioned by the fall of his horse Rozinante, during his engagement with ten of the most insolent and outrageous giants, that ever appeared upon the face of the earth. “ Ah, hah ! cried the curate, have we got giants too in the dance ! Now, by the faith of my function, I will reduce them all to ashes before to-morrow night.”

A thousand questions did they ask of the knight, who made no other answer, but desired them to bring him some food, and leave him to his repose, which indeed was what he had most occasion for. They complied with his request, and the curate informed himself at large, of the manner in which he had been found by the countryman, who gave him full satisfaction in that particular, and repeated all the nonsense he had uttered, when he first found him ; as well as what he afterwards spoke in their way home. This information confirmed the licentiate in his resolution, which was executed next day, when he brought his friend master Nicolas the barber along with him, to Don Quixote's house.

## C H A P. VI.

Of the diverting and minute scrutiny performed by the curate and the barber, in the library of our sagacious hero.

**W**HILE the knight was asleep, his friends came, and demanded of his niece the key of the closet in which those books, the authors of his misfortune, were kept, and she delivering it with great cheerfulness, they went into it in a body, house-keeper and all, and found upwards of an hundred volumes, great and small, extremely well bound ; which were no sooner perceived by the governante, than she ran out with great eagerness, and immediately returned with a porringer of holy water, and a sprig of hyssop, saying : “ Here, master licentiate, pray take and sprinkle the closet, lest some one of the many enchanters contained in these books, should exercise his art upon us, as a punishment for our burning, and banishing them from the face of the earth.”

The licentiate, smiling at the old housekeeper's simplicity, desired the barber to hand him the books, one by one, that he might see of what subjects they treated, because they might possibly find some that did not deserve to be purged by fire. “ There is not one of them, replied the niece, which deserves the least mercy, for they are all full of mischief and deceit. You had better, therefore, throw them out of the window into the



court-yard, and there set fire to them, in a heap: or, let them be carried into the back-yard, where the bonfire may be made, and the smoke will offend no body. The housekeeper assented to this proposal, so eager were they both to destroy those innocents; but, the curate would by no means encourage such barbarity, without reading first, if possible, the title-pages.

The first that master Nicolas delivered into his hand, were the four volumes of Amadis de Gaul. "There is, said the good man, something mysterious in this circumstance; for, as I have heard, that was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, from which all the rest have derived their origin and plan; and therefore, in my opinion, we ought to condemn him to the fire, without hesitation, as the law-giver of such a pernicious sect." "By no means, cried the barber, for I have also heard, that this is the best book of the kind that was ever composed, and therefore ought to be pardoned, as an original and model in its way." "Right, said the curate; and for that reason, he shall be spared for the present. Let us see that author, who stands next to him." "This, says the barber, contains the achievements of Esplandian, the lawful son of Amadis de Gaul." "Truly then, said the curate, the virtues of the father shall not avail the son: here mistress housekeeper, open that window, and toss him into the yard, where he shall serve as a foundation for the bonfire, we intend to make."

This task the housekeeper performed with infinite satisfaction, and the worthy Esplandian took his flight into the yard, to wait in patience for the fire, with which he was threatned. "Proceed", cried the curate. "This that comes next, said the barber, is Amadis of Greece; and I believe all the authors on this shelf are of the same family." "To the yard then, with all of them, replied the curate; for, rather than not burn queen Pintiquinestra, and the shepherd Darinel with his Eclogues, together with the unintelligible and bedevilled discourses of his author, I would even consume the father who begat me, should he appear in the figure of a knight-errant." "I am of your opinion, said the barber." "And I," cried the niece. "Since that is the case, said the housekeeper, to the yard with them immediately." Accordingly they delivered a number into her hands, and she out of tenderness for the stair-case, sent them all out of the window.

"Who may that tun-like author be? said the curate. "This here," answered the barber, is Don Olivante de Laura." "The very same, replied the curate, who composed the Garden of Flowers, and truly it is hard to determine, which of his two books is the most true, or rather which of them is least false; all that I know is, that he shall go to the pile for his arrogance and folly." "He that follows, says the barber, is Florismarte  
of

of Hircania." "What! Signor Florismarte? replied the curate: in faith then he must prepare for his fate; notwithstanding his surprizing birth, and mighty adventures, and the unparalleled stiffness and sterility of his stile. Down with him, mistress housekeeper, and take this other along with you also." "With all my heart, dear sir," replied the governante, who executed his commands with vast alacrity.

"He that comes next, said the barber, is the knight Platir." "That is an old book; said the clergyman, but, as I can find nothing in him, that deserves the least regard, he must e'en keep the rest company." He was accordingly doomed to the flames, without farther question. The next book they opened was entitled, The Knight of the Cross, which the curate having read; "the ignorance of this author, said he, might be pardoned on account of his holy title; but, according to the proverb, the devil skulks behind the cross, and therefore let him descend into the fire." Master Nicolas taking up another book, found it was the Mirror of Chivalry. "Oh, ho, cried the curate, I have the honour to know his worship; away with Signor Rinaldos de Mont-alban, with his friends and companions, who were greater thieves than Cacus, not forgetting the Twelve peers, together with Turpin, their candid historian. Though truly, in my opinion, their punishment ought not to exceed perpetual banishment, because they contain some part of the invention of the renowned Matteo Boyardo, on which was weaved the ingenious web of the christian poet Ludovico Ariosto; to whom, should I find him here speaking in any other language than his own, I would pay no regard; but, if he talks in his own idiom, I will place him on my head in token of respect." "I have got him at home, said the barber in Italian, but I don't understand that language." "Nor is it necessary you should, replied the curate; and here let us pray heaven to forgive the captain, who has impoverished him so much, by translating him into Spanish, and making him a Castilian. And indeed, the same thing will happen to all those who pretend to translate books of poetry into a foreign language; for, in spite of all their care and ability, they will find it impossible to give the translation the same energy, which is found in the original. In short, I sentence this book, and all those which we shall find treating of French matters, to be thrown and deposited in a dry well, until we can determine at more leisure what fate they must undergo, except Bernardo del Carpio; and another called Roncesvalles, which if they fall into my hands, shall pass into those of the housekeeper, and thence into the fire, without any mitigation."

This was approved of as an equitable decision, and accordingly confirmed by the barber, who knew the curate to be such a good christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not be guilty of an equivocation.

cation for the whole universe. The next volume he opened was Palmerin d'Oliva; and hard by him stood another called Palmerin of England, which was no sooner perceived by the licentiate, than he cried, "Let that Oliva be hewn in pieces, and burned so, as not so much as a cinder of him shall remain; but let the English Palmerin be defended, and preserved as an inestimable jewel, and such another casket be made for him as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and destined as a case for the works of Homer. That book, neighbour, is venerable for two reasons: first, because it is in itself excellent; and secondly, because it is said to have been composed by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are incomparable, and contrived with infinite art: the language perspicuous and elegant, and the characters supported with great propriety of sentiment and decorum. I propose, Mr. Nicolas, saving your better judgment, to exempt this book and Amadis de Gaul from the flames, and let all the rest perish without farther inquiry."

"Pardon me, neighbour, replied the barber, I have here got in my hand the renowned Don Bellianis." "Even he, answered the priest, with the second, third, and fourth parts, stands very much in need of a little rhubarb to purge his excessive choler, and ought to be pruned of that whole castle of fame, and other more important impertinencies. For which reason, let the sentence be changed into transportation, and according as he reforms he shall be treated with lenity and justice. In the mean time, friend Nicolas, keep him safe in your house out of the reach of every reader." "With all my soul!" answered the barber; and without giving themselves the trouble of reading any more titles, they ordered the house-keeper to dismiss all the large books into the yard.

This direction was not given to a person who was either doting or deaf, but to one who was much more inclined to perform that office than to compose the largest and finest web that ever was seen. Taking up therefore seven or eight at a time, she heaved them out of the window, with incredible dispatch. While she was thus endeavouring to lift a good many together, one of them chanced to fall at the feet of the barber, who being seized with an inclination of knowing the contents, found upon examination, that it was called the history of the famous knight Tirante the White. "Heaven be praised! cried the curate aloud, that we have discovered Tirante the White in this place; pray give it me, neighbour; for in this book I reckon I have found a treasure of satisfaction, and a rich mine of amusement." "Here is the famous Don Godamercy\* of Mont-alban, and his brother Thomas of Mont-alban, and the knight Fon-

\* In the original *Ξειρομάρτυρ*, from the two Greek words *κείρι* *ἐλέησον*, signifying, Lord have mercy.

feca, together with an account of the battle fought between Alano and the valiant Detriante, together with the witticisms of the young lady, Joy of my Life, with the amorous stratagems of the widow Quiet, and her highness the empress, who was enamoured of her squire Hippolito. I do assure you, upon my word, Mr. Nicolas, that in point of stile, this is the best book that ever was written. Here the knights eat, sleep, and die in their beds, after having made their wills, with many circumstances, that are wanting in other books of the same kind. Notwithstanding, the author who composed it, certainly deserved to be sent to the galleys for life, for having spent his time in writing so much nonsense. Take, and read him at home, and you shall find what I say is true." "Very like, replied the barber; what shall we do with these small books that remain?"

"These, said the curate, cannot be books of chivalry, but must be poems." Accordingly, opening one, he found it was the Diana of George de Monte-mayor, and taking it for granted that all the rest were of the same kind, said, "These books do not deserve to be burnt with the rest; for they neither are, nor ever will be guilty of so much mischief, as those of chivalry have done; being books of entertainment, and no ways prejudicial to religion." "Pray, sir, said the niece, be so good as to order these to be burnt with the rest; for my uncle will no sooner be cured of his knight-errantry, than, by reading these, he will turn shepherd, and wander about the groves and meadows piping and singing. Nay, what is worse, perhaps turn poet, which, they say, is an infectious and incurable distemper." "The young woman is in the right, said the curate, and therefore it won't be amiss to remove this temptation and stumbling-block out of our friend's way. Since we have, therefore, begun with the Diana of Monte-mayor, I am of opinion, that we should not burn him, but only expunge what relates to the sage Felicia, and the enchanted water, together with all the larger poems, and leave to him, a God's-name, all the prose, and the honour of being the ringleader of the writers of that class."

"This that follows, said the barber, is called Diana the second, of Salmantino, and this other that bears the same name, is written by Gil Polo." "Let Salmantino, replied the curate, increase the number of those that are already condemned to the yard; but, let Gil Polo be preserved as carefully as if it was the production of Apollo himself. Proceed, friend Nicolas, and let us dispatch; for, it grows late." "This here book, said the barber, opening the next, is called the ten books of the Fortune of Love, the Production of Antonio Lofrasco, a Sardinian poet." "By my holy orders! cried the curate, since Phœbus was Apollo, the muses the daughters of Jove, and bards delighted in poetry, there never was  
such

such a pleasant and comical performance composed, as this, which is the best and most original of the kind, which ever saw the light: and he who has not read it, may assure himself, that he has never read any thing of taste: reach it me, neighbour; it gives me more pleasure to have found this, than if I had received a cassock of Florence-filk."

Accordingly he laid it carefully by, with infinite pleasure, and the barber proceeded in his task, saying, "Those that come next, are the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Henares, and the Undeceptions of jealousy." "Then there is no more to do, said the priest, but to deliver them over to the secular arm of the house-keeper; and do not ask me, why? else we shall never have done." "Here comes the Shepherd of Filida." "He is no shepherd, cried the curate, but a very elegant courtier; and therefore preserve him as a precious jewel." Then the barber laid hold of a very large volume, which was entitled the treasure of poetry. "If there was not so much of him he would be more esteemed, said the licentiate; that book ought to be weeded, and cleared of certain meannesses, which have crept into the midst of its excellencies: take care of it, for the author is my friend, and deserves regard for some other more heroic and elevated works, which he has composed." "And this, continued the barber, is a collection of songs by Lopez Maldonado." "That author is my very good friend also, replied the curate, and his own verses out of his own mouth are the admiration of every body: for he chants them with so sweet a voice, that the hearers are enchanted. His eclogues are indeed a little diffuse, but there cannot be too much of a good thing. Let them be preserved among the elect: but, pray what book is that next to it?" When the barber told him, it was the Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes; "that same Cervantes, said he, has been an intimate friend of mine, these many years, and is, to my certain knowledge, more conversant with misfortunes than poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, though it concludes nothing. We must wait for the second part, which he promises, and then perhaps his amendment may deserve a full pardon, which is now denied: until that happens, let him be close confined in your closet."

"With all my heart, replied the barber; but here come three more together, the Araucana of Don Alonzo de Ercilla, the Austriada of Juan Rufo Jurado de Cordova, and the Monferrato of Christoval de Virues, a Valentian poet." These three books, said the curate, are the best epic poems in the Castilian language, and may be compared with the most renowned performances of Italy. Let them be kept as the inestimable pledges of Spanish poetry." The curate grew tired of examining more books, and would have condemned all the rest, contents unknown,  
if

if the barber had not already opened another, which was called the Tears of Angelica. "I should have shed tears for my rashness, said the curate, hearing the name, if I had ordered that book to be burned: for, its author was one of the most celebrated poets not only of Spain, but of the whole world, and in particular, extremely successful in translating some of the metamorphoses of Ovid."

## C H A P. VII.

The second fally of our worthy knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.

**W**HILE they were busied in this manner, Don Quixote began to cry aloud: "This way, this way, ye valiant knights, now is the time to shew the strength of your invincible arms, that the courtiers may not carry off the honour of the tournament." The scrutiny of the books that remained, was deserted by the curate and barber, who hastened to the author of this noisy exclamation; and it is believed, that all were committed to the flames, unseen, unheard, not even excepting the Carolea, and Lyon of Spain, together with the exploits of the emperor, composed by Don Luis d'Avila, which were, doubtless, among those committed to the fire, tho', perhaps, had the curate seen them, they would not have undergone so severe a sentence.

When they arrived in Don Quixote's chamber, they found him on the floor, proceeding with his rhapsody, and fencing with the walls, as broad awake as if he had never felt the influence of sleep. Laying hold on him, by force they reconveyed him to his bed, where, after having rested a little, he returned to his ravings, and addressed himself to the curate in these words: "Certainly, my lord, archbishop Turpin, we who are called the twelve peers of France, will be greatly disgraced, if we allow the court-knights to win the victory in this tournament, after we the adventurers have gained the prize in the three preceding days." "Give yourself no trouble about that consideration, my worthy friend, said the curate; for, providence may turn the scale, and what is lost to-day may be retrieved to-morrow. In the mean time, have a reverend care of your health, for you seem to be excessively fatigued, if not wounded grievously." "I am not wounded, replied the knight; but, that I am battered and bruised, there is no manner of doubt; for, the bastard Don Orlando has mauled me to mummy, with the trunk of an oak; and all out of meer envy, because he saw, that I alone, withstood his valour. But, may I no longer deserve the name of Reynaldos de Mont-Alban, if, when I rise from this bed, I do not repay him in his own coin, in spite of all his enchantments. Mean while, bring me some food,

which is what I chiefly want at present; and let me alone, to take vengeance for the injury I have received."

In compliance with his desire, they brought him something to eat, and left him again to his repose, not without admiration of his madness and extravagance. That very night, the housekeeper set fire to, and consumed, not only all the books that were in the yard, but also every one she could find in the house: and no doubt many were burned, which deserved to have been kept as perpetual archives. But, this, their destiny, and the laziness of the inquisitors would not allow: so, that in them was fulfilled the old proverb, *a saint may sometimes suffer for a sinner*. Another remedy which the curate and barber prescribed for the distemper of their friend, was to alter and block up the closet where his books had been kept; that, upon his getting up, he should not find them, and the cause being taken away, the effect might cease: and that upon his enquiry, they should tell him, an enchanter had carried them off, closet and all. This resolution was executed with all imaginable dispatch, during the two days that Don Quixote kept his bed.

The first thing he did, when he got up, was to go and visit his books, and not finding the apartment where he had left it, he went from one corner of the house to the other in quest of his study. Coming to the place where the door stood, he endeavoured, but in vain, to get in, and cast his eyes all around, without uttering one syllable: but, after he had spent some time in this sort of examination, he enquired of his housekeeper whereabouts he might find his book-closet. She being well instructed, readily answered: "What closet, or what nothing is your worship in search of? There are neither books nor closet in this house; for, the devil himself has run away with both." "It was not the devil, cried the niece, but, an enchanter that conveyed himself hither in a cloud, one night after your worship's departure, and alighting from a dragon on which he was mounted, entered the closet, where I know not what he did, but having staid a very little while, he came flying thro' the roof, leaving the whole house full of smoke. And when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find books nor closet: only, the housekeeper and I, can very well remember, that when the old wicked conjurer went away, he cried in a loud voice, that for the hatred he bore to the master of those books and closet, he had done that mischief, which would afterwards appear: he said also, that his name was the sage Munaton." "You mean Freston," said Don Quixote. "I do not know, answered the house-keeper, whether it was Freston or Friton; but this I am certain of, that his name ended in ton." "The case then is plain, said the knight, that same sage enchanter is one of my greatest enemies, who bears me a grudge, because he knows by the mystery of his art, that the  
time

time will come when I shall fight, and vanquish in single battle, a certain knight whom he favours, in spite of all he can do to prevent my success: and for this reason, he endeavours to give me every mortification in his power; but, let me tell him, he won't find it an easy matter to contradict, or evade what heaven has decreed." "Who ever doubted that?" said his niece; but, what business have you, dear uncle, with these quarrels? Would it not be better to live in peace at home, than to stray up and down the world in search of superfine bread, without considering that many a one goes out for wool, and comes home quite shorn." "My dear niece, replied Don Quixote, you are altogether out of your reckoning. Before I be shorn, I will pull and pluck off the beards of all those who pretend to touch a single hair of my mustacho."

The two women did not choose to make any farther answer, because they perceived, that his choler was very much inflamed. After this transaction, however, he staid at home fifteen days in great tranquillity, without giving the least sign or inclination to repeat his folly; during which time, many infinitely diverting conversations passed between him and his friends, the curate and the barber: wherein he observed that the world was in want of nothing so much as of knights-errant, and that in him this honourable order was revived. The clergyman sometimes contradicted him, and sometimes assented to what he said, because, without this artful conduct, he would have had no chance of bringing him to reason.

About this time too, the knight tampered with a peasant in the neighbourhood, a very honest fellow, if a poor man may deserve that title, but, one who had a very small quantity of brains in his skull. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments to persuade, and promised him such mountains of wealth, that this poor simpleton determined to follow, and serve him in quality of squire. Among other things, that he might be disposed to engage chearfully, the knight told him, that an adventure might one day happen, in which he should win some island in the twinkling of an eye, and appoint him governor of his conquest. Intoxicated with these, and other such promises, Sancho Panza (so was the country-man called) deserted his wife and children, and listed himself as his neighbour's squire.

Thus far successful, Don Quixote took measures for supplying himself with money, and what by selling one thing, mortgaging another, and making a great many very bad bargains, he raised a tolerable sum. At the same time, accommodating himself with a target, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up the remains of his vizor as well as he could, he advertised his squire Sancho of the day and hour in which he resolved to set out, that he might provide himself with those things which he thought most necessary for the occasion: above all things, charging him to purchase a wallet. San-



cho promised to obey his orders; and moreover, said he was resolved to carry along with him an excellent afs which he had, as he was not designed by nature to travel far on foot.

With regard to the afs, Don Quixote demurred a little, endeavouring to recollect some knight-errant who had entertained a squire mounted on an afs: but, as no such instance occurred to his memory, he was nevertheless, determined to allow it on this occasion, on a supposition, that he should be able to accommodate him with a more honourable carriage, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet with. He also laid in a store of linen, and every thing else in his power, conformable to the advice of the innkeeper.

Every thing being thus settled and fulfilled, Panza, without taking leave of his children and wife; and Don Quixote, without bidding adieu to his niece and housekeeper, sallied forth from the village, one night, unperceived by any living soul, and travelled so hard, that before dawn, they found themselves secure from all search, if any such had been made: Sancho Panza journeying upon his afs, like a venerable patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, longing extremely to see himself settled in the government of that island which was promised to him by his master.

The knight happened to take the same route, and follow the same road in which he travelled at his first sally thro' the field of Montiel, over which he now passed with much less pain than formerly, because it was now early in the morning, the rays of the sun were more oblique, consequently he was less disturbed by the heat. It was hereabouts that Sancho first opened his mouth, saying to his master, "Sir knight-errant, I hope your worship will not forget that same island which you have promised me, and which I warrant myself able to govern, let it be as great as it will." To this remonstrance Don Quixote replied: "You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was an established custom among the ancient knights-errant to invest their squires with the government of such islands and kingdoms, as they had laid under their subjection; and I am firmly resolved, that such a grateful practice shall never fail in me, who, on the contrary, mean to improve it by my generosity: for, they sometimes, nay generally, waited untill their squires turned grey-haired, and then after they were worn out with service, and had endured many dismal days, and doleful nights, bestowed upon them the title of count, or marquis, at least, of some valley or province, more or less: but, if heaven spares thy life and mine, before six days be at an end, I may chance to acquire such a kingdom as shall have others depending upon it, as if expressly designed for thee, to be crowned sovereign in one of them. And thou oughtest not to be surprized, that such incidents and accidents happen to knights-errant, by means never before known

or conceived, as will enable me even to exceed my promise." "In that case, replied Sancho Panza, if I should ever become a king, by any of those miracles which your worship mentions, my duck Juana Gutierrez would also be a queen, and each of my daughters an infanta." "Certainly: said the knight, who doubts that?" "That do I, said the squire; for, certain I am, that tho' it were to rain kingdoms upon the earth, not one of them would fit seemly on the head of Mary\* Gutierrez; your worship must know, she is not worth a farthing for a queen; she might do indeed for a countess, with the blessing of God, and good assistance." "Recommend the matter to providence, replied Don Quixote, which will bestow upon thee what will be best adapted to thy capacity: but, let not thy soul be so far debased, as to content itself with any thing less than a vice-royalty." "That I will not, answered Sancho, especially as I have a powerful master in your worship, who will load me with as much preferment as I can conveniently bear."

## C H A P. VIII.

Of the happy success of the valiant Don Quixote, and the dreadful and inconceivable adventure of the wind-mills, with other incidents worthy to be recorded by the most able historian.

**I**N the midst of this their conversation, they discovered thirty or forty wind-mills all together on the plain, which the knight no sooner perceived, than he said to his squire, "Chance has conducted our affairs even better than we could either wish or hope for; look there, friend Sancho, and behold thirty or forty outrageous giants, with whom, I intend to engage in battle, and put every soul of them to death, so that we may begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for, it is a meritorious warfare, and serviceable both to God and man, to extirpate such a wicked race from the face of the earth." "What giants do you mean?" said Sancho Panza in amaze? "Those you see yonder, replied his master, with vast extended arms; some of which are two leagues long." "I would your worship would take notice, replied Sancho, that those you see yonder are no giants; but wind-mills; and what seem arms to you, are sails; which being turned with the wind, make the mill-stone work:" "It seems very plain, said the knight, that you are but a novice in adventures: these I affirm to be giants; and if thou art afraid, get out of the reach of danger, and put up thy prayers for me, while I join with them in fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he put spurs to his steed Rozinante, without paying the least regard to the cries of his squire Sancho, who assured him, that those he was going to

\* How comes Juana to be so suddenly metamorphosed into Mary?

attack were no giants, but innocent wind-mills: but, he was so much possessed with the opinion that they were giants, that he neither heard the advice of his squire Sancho, nor would use the intelligence of his own eyes, tho' he was very near them: on the contrary, when he approached them, he called aloud: "Fly not, ye base and cowardly miscreants, for, he is but a single knight who now attacks you." At that instant, a breeze of wind springing up, the great sails began to turn; which being perceived by Don Quixote, "Tho' you wield, said he, more arms than ever belonged to the giant Briareus, I will make you pay for your insolence." So saying, and heartily recommending himself to his lady Dulcinea, whom he implored to succour him in this emergency, bracing on his target, and setting his lance in the rest, he put his Rozinante to full speed, and assaulting the nearest wind-mill, thrust it into one of the sails, which was drove about by the wind with so much fury, that the lance was shivered to pieces, and both knight and steed whirled aloft, and overthrown in very bad plight upon the plain.

Sancho Panza rode as fast as the ass could carry him to his assistance, and when he came up, found him unable to stir, by reason of the bruises which he and Rozinante had received. "Lord have mercy upon us! said the squire, did not I tell your worship to consider well what you were about? did not I assure you, they were no other than wind-mills? indeed nobody could mistake them for any thing else, but one who has wind-mills in his own head!" "Prithee, hold thy peace, friend Sancho, replied Don Quixote; the affairs of war, are more than any thing, subject to change. How much more so, as I believe, nay, am certain, that the sage Freston, who stole my closet and books, has converted those giants into mills, in order to rob me of the honour of their overthrow; such is the enmity he bears me; but, in the end, all his treacherous arts will but little avail against the vigour of my sword." "God's will be done!" replied Sancho Panza, who helped him to rise, and mount Rozinante that was almost disjointed.

While they conversed together upon what had happened, they followed the road that leads to the pass of Lapice, for in that, which was a great thoroughfare, as Don Quixote observed, it was impossible but they must meet with many and divers adventures. As he jogged along, a good deal concerned for the loss of his lance, he said to his squire, "I remember to have read of a Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, who having broken his sword in battle, tore off a mighty branch or bough from an oak, with which he performed such wonders, and felled so many Moors, that he retained the name of Machuca, or the feller, and all his descendants from that day forward, have gone by the name of Vargas and Machuca. This circumstance I mention to thee, because, from the first ash or oak that I met with, I am resolved to rend as large and stout a bough as that, with which I expect,  
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and intend to perform such exploits, as thou shalt think thyself extremely happy in being thought worthy to see, and give testimony to feats, otherwise incredible." "By God's help, says Sancho, I believe that every thing will happen as your worship says; but pray, Sir, sit a little more upright; for you seem to lean strangely to one side, which must proceed from the bruises you received in your fall." "Thou art in the right, answered Don Quixote; and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because knights-errant are not permitted to complain of any wound they receive, even tho' their bowels should come out of their bodies." "If that be case, I have nothing to reply, said Sancho, but God knows, I should be glad your worship would complain when any thing gives you pain: this I know, that for my own part, the smallest prick in the world would make me complain, if that law of not complaining does not reach to the squires as well as the knights." Don Quixote could not help smiling at the simplicity of his squire, to whom he gave permission to complain as much and as often as he pleased, whether he had cause or no; for, as yet, he had read nothing to the contrary, in the history of knight-errantry.

Then Sancho observing that it was dinner-time, his master told him, that for the present he had no occasion for food; but, that he his squire might go to victuals when he pleased. With this permission, Sancho adjusted himself as well as he could, upon his ass, and taking out the provision with which he had stuffed his wallet, he dropped behind his master a good way, and kept his jaws agoing as he jogged along, lifting the bottle to his head from time to time, with so much satisfaction, that the most pampered vintner of Malaga might have envied his situation.

While he travelled in this manner, repeating his agreeable draughts, he never thought of the promise which his master had made to him, nor considered it as a toil, but rather as a diversion, to go in quest of adventures, how dangerous soever they might be: in fine, that night they passed under a tuft of trees, from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch to serve instead of a lance; and fitted to it, the iron head he had taken from that which was broken: all night long, the knight closed not an eye, but mused upon his lady Dulcinea, in order to accommodate himself to what he had read of those errants who passed many sleepless nights in woods and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses.

This was not the case with Sancho Panza, whose belly being well replenished, and that not with plantane water, made but one nap of the whole night; and even then, would not have waked, unless his master had called to him, notwithstanding the sun-beams that played upon his face, and the singing of the birds, which in great numbers, and joyous melody, saluted the

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the approach of the new day. The first thing he did, when he got up, was to visit his bottle, which finding considerably more lank than it was the night before, he was grievously afflicted, because in the road, that they pursued, he had no hopes of being able in a little time to supply its defect. Don Quixote refusing to breakfast, because, as we have already said, he regaled himself with the favourable remembrance of his mistress, they pursued their journey towards the pass, which after three days travelling, they discovered. "Here, cried Don Quixote, here, brother Sancho Panza, we shall be able to dip our hands up to the elbows, in what is called adventure; but, take notice, altho' thou seest me beset with the most extreme danger, thou must by no means, even so much as lay thy hand upon thy sword, with design to defend me, unless I am assaulted by vulgar and low-born antagonists, in which case, thou mayest come to my assistance; but, if they are knights, thou art by no means permitted or licenced, by the laws of chivalry, to give me the least succour, untill thou thyself hast received the honour of knight-hood\*." "As for that matter, replied Sancho, your worship shall be obeyed to a tittle; for, I am a very peaceable man, and not at all fond of meddling with riots and quarrels. True indeed, in the defence of my own person, I shall not pay much regard to the said laws, seeing every one that is aggrieved, is permitted to defend himself by all the laws of God and man." "I say nothing to the contrary, replied Don Quixote, but, in the affair of assisting me against knights, thou must keep thy natural impetuosity under the rein." "That will I, answered Sancho, and keep your honour's command as strictly as I keep the Lord's-day."

While they were engaged in this conversation, there appeared before them two benedictine monks mounted upon dromedaries, for, their mules were not much less, with their travelling spectacles, and umbrellas; after them came a coach, accompanied by four or five people on horseback, and two mule-drivers on foot. In this carriage, it was afterwards known, a Biscayan lady was travelling to Seville to her husband, who was bound to the Indies with a rich cargo.

Don Quixote no sooner perceived the fryars, (who, tho' they travelled the same road, were not of her company) than he said to his squire, "If I am not very much mistaken, this will be the most famous adventure that ever was known; for, those black apparitions on the road, must doubtless be enchanters, who are carrying off in that coach, some princess they have stolen; and

\* Here Don Quixote seems to have been too scrupulous: for, tho' no squire was permitted to engage with a knight on horseback, yet they were allowed, and even enjoined, to assist their masters when they were unhorsed or in danger, by mounting them on fresh steeds, supplying them with arms, and warding off the blows that were aimed at them. Davy Gam, at the battle of Agincourt, lost his life in defending Henry V. of England, and St. Severin met with the same fate in warding off the blows that were aimed at Francis I. of France, in the battle of Pavia.

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there is a necessity for my exerting my whole power in redressing her wrongs." "This will be worse than the wind-mills, cried Sancho, for the love of God! Sir, consider, that these are Benedictine fryars, and those who are in the coach can be no other than common travellers. Mind what I say, and consider what you do, and let not the devil deceive you." "I have told thee already, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, that with regard to adventures, thou art utterly ignorant: what I say is true, and in a moment thou shalt be convinced."

So saying, he rode forward, and placed himself in the middle of the highway thro' which the fryars were to pass, and when he thought them near enough to hear what he said, he pronounced, in a loud voice, "Monstrous and diabolical race! surrender this instant, those high-born princesses, whom you carry captives in that coach: or prepare to receive immediate death, as a just punishment for your misdeeds." The fryars immediately stopped short, astonished as much at the figure, as at the discourse of Don Quixote: to which they replied, "Sir knight, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but innocent monks of the order of St. Benedict, who are going this way about our own affairs; neither do we know of any princesses, that are carried captives in that coach." "These fawning speeches, said Don Quixote, shall not impose upon me, who know too well what a treacherous pack you are;" and without waiting for any other reply, he put spurs to Rozinante, and couching his lance, attacked the first fryar with such fury and resolution, that if he had not thrown himself from his mule, he would have come to the ground extremely ill-handled, not without some desperate wound, nay, perhaps stone dead. The second monk, who saw how his companion had been treated, clapped spurs to the flanks of his trusty mule, and flew thro' the field even swifter than the wind.

Sancho Panza seeing the fryar on the ground, leaped from his ass with great agility, and beginning to uncase him with the utmost dexterity, two of their servants came up, and asked for what reason he stripped their master? The squire replied, that the cloaths belonged to him, as the spoils that Don Quixote his lord had won in battle: but, the others, who did not understand raillery, nor know any thing of spoils and battles, seeing Don Quixote at a good distance, talking with the people in the coach, went to loggerheads with Sancho, whom they soon overthrew, and without leaving one hair of his beard, mauled him so unmercifully, that he lay stretched upon the ground, without sense or motion. Then, with the utmost dispatch, mounted the fryar, who was pale as a sheet, and almost frightened to death, and who no sooner found himself on horseback, than he galloped towards his companion, who tarried at a good distance, to see the issue of this strange adventure. However, being joined again, without waiting for the

conclusion of it, they pursued their journey, making as many crosses as if the devil had been at their backs.

Don Quixote, in the mean time, as we have already observed, was engaged in conversation with the lady in the coach, to whom he expressed himself in this manner: "Beautiful lady, you may now dispose of your own person according to your pleasure, for the pride of your ravishers lyes level with the ground, being overthrown by this my invincible arm; and that you may be at no difficulty in understanding the name of your deliverer, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, adventurer and captive of the unparaelled, and beautiful Donna Dulcinea del Toboso; and the only acknowledgment I expect for the benefit you have received, is, that you return to that place, and presenting yourself before my mistress, tell her what I have performed in behalf of your liberty." This whole address of the knight, was overheard by a Biscayan squire, who accompanied the coach, and who seeing, that he would not allow the carriage to pass forward, but insisted upon their immediate returning to Toboso, rode up to Don Quixote, and laying hold of his lance, spoke to him thus in bad Castilian, and worse Biscayan: "Get thee gone, cavalier, go to the devil, I zay, vor, by the God that made hur, if thou wilt not let the coach alone, che will kill thee dead, as zure as che was a Biscayan." The knight understanding very well what he said, replied with great composure; "If thou wast a gentleman, as thou art not, I would chastise thy insolence and rashness, wretched creature." "I not a gentleman, replied the Biscayan in great choler; by God in heaven! thou liest, as I am a Christian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, che will soon see which be the better man\*. Biscayan by land, gentleman by zea, gentleman by devil, and thou liest, look ye, in thy throat, if thou zayest otherwise." "Thou shalt see that presently, as Agragis said," replied Don Quixote, who throwing his lance upon the ground, unsheathing his sword, and bracing on his target, attacked the Biscayan with full resolution to put him to death †.

His antagonist, who saw him approach, fain would have alighted from his mule, which being one of the worst that ever was let out for hire, could not much be depended upon: but, he scarce had time to draw his sword; however, being luckily near the coach, he snatched out of it a cushion, which served him as a shield, and then they flew upon each other as two mortal enemies. The rest of the people who were present, endeavoured, but in vain, to appease them; for, the Biscayan swore, in his uncouth ex-

\* The literal meaning of the Spanish, is, Thou shalt soon see who is to carry the cat to the water, or rather, in the corrupted Biscayan phrase, "The water, how soon thou wilt see, that thou carriest to the cat."

† This behaviour of Don Quixote, was exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry; which, tho' they hindered a knight from fighting in armour with a squire, did not prevent him from giving satisfaction to an inferior, at sword and target; and every squire who was aggrieved, had a right to demand it.

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pressions, that if they did not leave him to fight the battle, he would certainly murder his mistress, and every body who should pretend to oppose it. The lady in the coach, surprized and frightened at what she saw, ordered the coachman to drive a little out of the road, to a place from whence she could see at a distance this rigorous engagement. In the course of which, the Biscayan bestowed such a huge stroke upon the shoulder of Don Quixote, that if it had not been for the defence of his buckler, he would have been cleft down to his girdle. The knight feeling the shock of such an unconscionable blow, exclaimed aloud: "O Dulcinea! lady of my soul, thou rose of beauty, succour thy knight, who, for the satisfaction of thy excessive goodness, is now involved in this dreadful emergency." To pronounce these words, to raise his sword, to secure himself with his target, and attack the Biscayan, was the work of one instant; for, he was determined to risk his all upon a single stroke. His antagonist, who saw him advance, and by this time, was convinced of his courage by his resolution, determined to follow his example; and covering himself with his cushion, waited his assault, without being able to turn his mule either on one side or the other: for, she was already so jaded, and so little accustomed to such pastime, that she would not move one step out of the way.

Don Quixote then, as we have said, advanced against the cautious Biscayan, his sword lifted up with an intention to cleave him through the middle: the Biscayan waited his attack in the same posture, being shielded with his cushion. The frightened by-standers stood aloof, intent upon the success of those mighty strokes that threatened each of the combatants; and the lady in the coach, with the rest of her attendants, put up a thousand prayers to heaven, and vowed an offering to every image, and house of devotion in Spain, provided God would deliver the squire and them from the imminent danger in which they were: but the misfortune is, that in this very critical instant, the author of the history has left this battle in suspense, excusing himself, that he could find no other account of Don Quixote's exploits, but what has already been related. True it is, that the second author of this work, could not believe that such a curious history was consigned to oblivion; nor, that there could be such a scarcity of curious virtuosi in La Mancha, but that some papers relating to this famous knight should be found in their archives or cabinets: and therefore, possessed of this opinion, he did not despair of finding the conclusion of this delightful history, which indeed he very providentially lighted upon, in the manner which will be related in the second book.



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T H E

L I F E and A T C H I E V E M E N T S

Of the Sagacious H I D A L G O

D O N Q U I X O T E D E L A M A N C H A.

P A R T I. B O O K I I.

C H A P. I.

The conclusion and consequence of the stupendous combat between the gallant Biscayan, and the valiant knight of La Mancha.

**I**N the first book of this history, we left the valiant Biscayan and renowned Don Quixote with their gleaming swords brandished aloft, about to discharge two such furious strokes, as must (if they had cut sheer) have cleft them both asunder, from top to toe, like a couple of pomegranates; and in this dubious and critical conjuncture, the delicious history abruptly breaks off, without our being informed by the author, where or how that which is wanting may be found.

I was not a little concerned at this disappointment; for, the pleasure I enjoyed in the little I had read, was changed into disgust, when I reflected on the small prospect I had of finding the greater part of this relishing story, which, in my opinion, was lost: and yet it seemed impossible, and contrary to every laudable custom, that such an excellent knight should be unprovided with some sage to undertake the history of his unheard-of exploits; a convenience which none of those knights-errant who went in quest of adventures ever wanted, each of them having been accommodated with one or two negromancers, on purpose to record not only his achievements, but even his most hidden thoughts and amusements. Surely then such a compleat errant could not be so unlucky as to want that, which even Platil, and other such second-rate warriors enjoyed.

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I could not therefore prevail upon myself to believe that such a spirited history was left so lame and unfinished, but laid the whole blame on the malignity of time, which wastes and devours all things, and by which, no doubt, this was either consumed or concealed: on the other hand, I considered, that as some books had been found in his library, so modern as the Undeceptions of jealousy, together with the Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares; his own history must also be of a modern date, and the circumstances, tho' not committed to writing, still fresh in the memory of his neighbours and townsmen. This consideration perplexed and inflamed me, with the desire of knowing the true and genuine account of the life and wonderful exploits of our Spanish worthy Don Quixote de la Mancha, the sun and mirrour of Manchegan chivalry, the first who in this our age, and these degenerate times, undertook the toil and exercise of errantry and arms, to redress grievances, support the widow, and protect those damsels who stroll about with whip and palfrey, from hill to hill, and from dale to dale, on the strength of their virginity alone: for, in times past, unless some libidinous clown with hatchet and morrion, or monstrous giant, forced her to his brutal wishes, a damsel might have lived fourscore years, without ever lying under any other cover than that of heaven, and then gone to her grave as good a maiden as the mother that bore her. I say, therefore, that for these and many other considerations, our gallant Don Quixote merits incessant and immortal praise; and even I myself may claim some share, for my labour and diligence in finding the conclusion of this agreeable history; tho' I am well aware, that if I had not been favoured by fortune, chance or providence, the world would have been deprived of that pleasure and satisfaction which the attentive reader may enjoy for an hour or two, in perusing what follows:

While I was walking, one day, on the exchange of Toledo, a boy coming up to a certain mercer, offered to sell him a bundle of old papers he had in his hand: now, as I have always a strong propensity to read even those scraps that sometimes fly about the streets, I was led by this my natural curiosity, to turn over some of the leaves: I found them written in Arabic, which not being able to read, tho' I knew the characters, I looked about for some Portugeze Moor who should understand it; and indeed, tho' the language had been both more elegant and ancient, I might easily have found an interpreter. In short, I lighted upon one, to whom expressing my desire, and putting the pamphlet into his hands, he opened it in the middle, and after having read a few lines, began to laugh; when I asked the cause of his laughter, he said it was occasioned by a whimsical annotation in the margin of the book: I begged he would tell me what it was, and he answered, still laughing. What I find written in the margin, is to this purpose: " This same Dulcinea so often mentioned in the history, is  
said

said to have had the best hand at salting pork of any woman in la Mancha."

Not a little surpris'd at hearing Dulcinea del Toboso mentioned, I immediately conjectured that the bundle actually contained the history of Don Quixote: possess'd with this notion, I bad him, with great eagerness, read the title page, which having perus'd, he translated it extempore from Arabic to Spanish, in these words: "The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian author." No small discretion was requisite to dissemble the satisfaction I felt, when my ears were saluted with the title of these papers, which, snatching from the mercer, I immediately bought in the lump, for half a rial; tho', if the owner had been cunning enough to discover my eagerness to possess them, he might have laid his account with getting twelve times the sum by the bargain.

I then retired with my Moor, thro' the cloysters of the cathedral, and desired him to translate all those papers that related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without addition or diminution, offering to pay any thing he should charge for his labour: his demand was limited to two quarters of rasins, and as many bushels of wheat, for which he promised to translate them with great care, conciseness and fidelity: but, I, the more to facilitate the business, without parting with such a rich prize, conducted him to my own house, where, in little less than six weeks, he translated the whole, in the same manner as shall here be related.

In the first sheet, was painted to the life, the battle betwixt Don Quixote and the Biscayan, who were represented in the same posture as the history has already described, their swords brandish'd aloft, one of the antagonists covered with his shield, the other with his cushion, and the Biscayan's mule so naturally set forth, that you might have known her to have been an hireling, at the distance of a bow-shot. Under the feet of her rider, was a label, containing these words, Don Sancho de Azpetia, which was doubtless his name; and beneath our knight was another, with the title of Don Quixote. Rozinante was most wonderfully delineated, so long and raw-boned, so lank and meagre, so sharp in the back, and consumptive, that one might easily perceive, with what propriety and penetration the name of Rozinante had been bestowed upon him. Hard by the steed was Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, at whose feet was a third label, inscribed Sancho Zancas, who, in the picture, was represented as a person of a short stature, swag belly, and long spindle shanks: for this reason, he ought to be call'd indiscriminately by the names of \* Panza and Zancas; for by both these surnames is he sometimes mentioned in history.

\* Panza, in Castilian, signifies Paunch; and Zancas, spindleshanks.

There were divers other minute circumstances to be observed, but, all of them of small importance and concern to the truth of the history, tho' indeed nothing that is true can be impertinent: however, if any objection can be started to the truth of this, it can be no other, but that the author was an Arabian, of a nation but too much addicted to falsehood, tho' as they are at present our enemies, it may be supposed, that he has rather failed than exceeded in the representation of our hero's exploits: for, in my opinion, when he had frequently opportunities, and calls to exercise his pen in the praise of such an illustrious knight, he seems to be industriously silent on the subject; a circumstance very little to his commendation, for, all historians ought to be punctual, candid and dispassionate, that neither interest, rancour, fear, or affection may mislead them from the road of truth, whose mother is history, that rival of time, that depository of great actions, witness of the past, example and pattern of the present, and oracle of future ages. In this, I know, will be found whatsoever can be expected in the most pleasant performance; and if any thing seems imperfect, I affirm it must be owing to the fault of the infidel its author, rather than to any failure of the subject itself: in short, the second book in the translation begins thus:

The flaming swords of the two valiant and incensed combatants, brandished in the air, seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and hell, such was the rage and resolution of those that wielded them: but, the first blow was discharged by the choleric Biscayan, who struck with such force and fury, that if the blade had not turned by the way, that single stroke would have been sufficient to have put an end to this dreadful conflict, and all the other adventures of our knight; but, his good genius, which preserved him for mightier things, turned the sword of his antagonist aside, so, that tho' it fell upon his left shoulder, it did no other damage than disarm that whole side, slicing off in its passage the greatest part of his helmet, with half of his ear, which fell to the ground, with hideous ruin, leaving him in a very uncomfortable situation. Good heavens! where is the man, who can worthily express the rage and indignation which entered into the heart of our Manchegan, when he saw himself handled in this manner? I shall only say, his fury was such, that raising himself again in his stirrups, and grasping his sword with both hands, he discharged it so full upon the cushion, and head of the Biscayan, which it but ill-defended, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, he began to spout blood from his nostrils, mouth and ears, and seemed ready to fall from his mule, which would certainly have been the case, if he had not laid hold of the mane: yet, notwithstanding this effort, his feet falling out of the stirrups, and his arms quitting their hold, the mule, which was frightened at the terrible stroke, began to run across the field, and after a few plunges, came with her master to the ground. Don Quixote,  
who

who sat observing him, with great tranquillity, no sooner perceived him fall, than leaping from his horse, he ran up to him with great agility, and setting the point of his sword to his throat, bad him surrender, on pain of having his head cut off. The Biscayan was so confounded by the blow and fall he had sustained, that he could not answer one syllable, and as Don Quixote was blinded by his rage, he would have fared very ill, if the ladies of the coach, who had hitherto, in great consternation, been spectators of the battle, had not run to the place where he was, and requested, with the most fervent entreaties, that his worship would grant them the favour to spare the life of their squire.

To this petition, the knight replied, with great stateliness and gravity, “ Assuredly, most beautiful ladies, I am very ready to do what you desire, but, it shall be upon condition and proviso, that this cavalier promise to go strait to Toboso, and present himself, in my behalf, before the unparalelled Donna Dulcinea, that she may use him according to her good pleasure.” The timorous and disconsolate ladies, without entering into the detail of what Don Quixote desired, or enquiring who this Dulcinea was, promised that the squire should obey the knight’s commands in every thing. “ Upon the faith of your word, then, said Don Quixote, I will do him no farther damage, tho’ he has richly deserved it at my hand.”

## C H A P. II.

Of what further happened between Don Quixote and the Biscayan.

**A**LL this time, Sancho Panza, having got up, tho’ very roughly handled by the lacquies of the fryars, stood very attentively beholding the battle of his master Don Quixote, and put up ejaculatory petitions to heaven, that it would please to grant him the victory, and that he might gain by it some island, of which he himself might be made governor, in consequence of the knight’s promise. Seeing therefore the battle ended, and his master returning to mount Rozinante, he went to hold his stirrup, and before he got up, fell on his knees before him; then laying hold of his hand, and kissing it, pronounced with great fervency, “ Sir Don Quixote, will your worship be pleased to bestow on me, the government of that island which you have won in this dreadful combat; for, let it be ever so great, I find I have strength enough to govern it, as well as any he who governed an island in this world.” To this request, Don Quixote replied; “ You must know, brother Sancho, that such as these are not ad-  
ventures,

ventures of islands, but frays that happen on the high road, in which there is nothing to be got but a broken head, with the loss of an ear: have a little patience, and we shall meet with adventures, which will enable me to make you not only a governor, but something more." Sancho made him many hearty acknowledgments for his promise, then kissing his hand again, and his coat of mail, helped him to mount Rozinante; and he himself getting upon his ass, followed his master, who set off at a round pace, and without bidding adieu, or speaking one syllable to those in the coach, entered a wood that was in the neighbourhood.

Sancho followed him as hard as his beast would trot; but Rozinante exerted such speed, that seeing himself left behind, he was obliged to call to his master to wait for him. The knight complied with his request, and checked his horse until he was overtaken by his weary squire; who, when he approached him: "Sir, said he, methinks it would be the wisest course for us to retreat to some church; for, as he with whom you fought, remains but in a sorry condition, 'tis odds, but they inform the \* holy brotherhood of the affair, and have us apprehended: and verily, if they do, before we get out of prison, we may chance to sweat for it." "Peace, Sancho, said Don Quixote, where didst thou ever see or hear, that a knight-errant was brought to justice for the greatest homicides he had committed?" "I know nothing of your honey-seeds, answered Sancho, nor in my life did I ever see one of them: this only, I know, that the holy brotherhood commonly looks after those who quarrel and fight up and down the country; and as to the other affair, I have no business to intermeddle in it."

"Set your heart at ease then, friend Sancho, replied Don Quixote; for, I will deliver you from the hands of the Philistines, much more from the clutches of the brotherhood: but, tell me, on thy life, hast thou ever seen a more valiant knight than me, in any country of the known world? Hast thou ever read in story of any other who possesses, or has possessed, more courage in attacking, more breath in persevering, more dexterity in wounding, and more agility in overthrowing his antagonist?" "The truth is, answered Sancho, I never read a history since I was born; for, indeed I can neither read nor write; but what I will make bold to wager upon, is, that a more daring master than your worship I never served in the days of my life; and I wish to God, that your courage may not meet with that reward I have already mentioned. What I beg of your worship at present, is, that you would allow me to dress that ear, which bleeds very much; for, I have got some lint, and a little white ointment in my wallet." "These would

\* Santa Hermandad was a brotherhood or society instituted in Spain in times of confusion, to suppress robbery, and render travelling, safe.

have been altogether needless, answered the knight, if I had remembered to make a vial of the balsam of Fierabras, one single drop of which, would save abundance of time and trouble." "What sort of a vial and balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza. "It is a balsam, replied Don Quixote, the receipt of which I retain in my memory, and he that possesses the valuable composition, needs be in no fear of death, nor think of perishing by any wound whatsoever: and therefore, when I shall have made it, and delivered it into thy keeping, thou hast no more to do, when thou seest me in any combat, cut thro' the middle, a circumstance that very often happens, but to snatch up that part of the body which falls to the ground, and before the blood shall congeal, set it upon the other half that remains in the saddle, taking care to join them with the utmost nicety and exactness: then making me swallow a couple of draughts of the aforesaid balsam, thou wilt see me in a twinkling, as whole and sound as an apple."

"If that be the case, said Sancho Panza, I henceforth renounce the government of that island you promised me, and desire no other reward for my long and faithful service, but that your worship will give me the receipt of that same most exceeding liquor; for, I imagine, that it will sell for two rials an ounce at least, and that will be sufficient to make me spend the rest of my days in credit and ease: but, it will be necessary to know, if the composition be costly." "I can make a gallon of it for less than three rials," replied the knight: "Sinner that I am! cried Sancho, what hinders your worship from teaching me to make it, this moment." "Hold thy tongue, friend, said the knight, I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and bestow upon thee more considerable rewards than that: but, in the mean time, let us dress my ear, which pains me more than I could wish."

The squire accordingly took out his lint and ointment; but when his master found, that his helmet was quite demolished, he had almost run stark mad: he laid his hand upon his sword, and lifting up his hands to heaven, pronounced aloud; "I swear by the creator of all things, and by all that is written in the four holy evangelists! to lead the life which the great marquis of Mantua led, when he swore to revenge the death of his cousin Valdovinos: neither to eat food upon a table, nor enjoy his wife, with many other things, which, tho' I do not remember, I here consider as expressed, until I shall have taken full vengeance upon him who has done me this injury\*." Sancho hearing this invocation, "Sir Don Quixote,

\* These ridiculous oaths or vows are not confined to romances. Philip the good duke of Burgundy, at a public banquet, vowed to God, the holy virgin, the peacock and the ladies, that he would declare war against the infidels; and a great number of persons who were present lifted themselves under the same vow, and incurred voluntary penance until it should be accomplished. Some swore they would never lye upon a bed, others renounced the use of a table cloth, a third set obliged themselves to fast one particular day in the week, a fourth went without one particular piece of armour, a fifth wore his armour night and day, and many confined themselves to shirts of sackcloth and hair.

said

said he, I hope your worship will consider, that if the knight shall accomplish what he was ordered to do; namely, to present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done his duty, and certainly deserves no other punishment, unless he commits a new crime." "Thou hast spoke very much to the purpose, and hit the nail on the head, replied Don Quixote, therefore I annul my oath, so far as it regards my revenge, but I make and confirm it anew, to lead the life I have mentioned, until such time as I can take by force as good a helmet as this from some other knight; and thou must not think, Sancho, that I am now making a smoke of straw; for, I know very well whom I imitate in this affair; the same thing having literally happened about the helmet of Mambrino, which cost Sacripante so dear\*."

"Sir, Sir, replied Sancho with some heat, I wish your worship would send to the devil, all such oaths, which are so mischievous to the health, and prejudicial to the conscience; for, tell me now, if we should not find in many days, a man armed with a helmet, what must we do? must we perform this vow, in spite of all the rubs and inconveniencies in the way: such as to lye in one's cloaths, and not to sleep in an inhabited place, with a thousand other penances contained in the oath of that old mad marquis of Mantua, which your worship now wants to renew? Pray, Sir, consider that there are no armed people in these roads, none but carriers and carters, which far from wearing helmets themselves, perhaps never heard of any such thing during the whole course of their lives." "There thou art egregiously mistaken, replied Don Quixote, for, before we are two hours in these cross ways, we shall see armed men more numerous than those that came to Albraca, in order to win Angelica the fair." "On then, and be it so, said Sancho, and pray God we may succeed, and that the time may come, when we shall gain that island which has cost me so dear, and then I care not how soon I die." "I have already advised thee, Sancho, said the knight, to give thyself no trouble about that affair; for, should we be disappointed in the expectation of an island, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobrediza, which will suit thee as well as ever a ring fitted a finger, and ought to give thee more joy, because it is situated on terra firma; but, let us leave these things to the determination of time; and see if thou hast got any thing in thy wallet; for, we must go presently in quest of some castle, where we

\* Geoffroi de Rançon having been injured by the Count de la Marche, swore by the saints that he would wear his buskin like a woman, and never suffer himself to be shaved, in the manner of chivalry, until he should be revenged. This oath he scrupulously observed, until he saw his adversary with his wife and children kneeling in distress before the king, and imploring his forgiveness; then he called for a stool, adjusted his buskin, and was shaved in presence of his majesty and all the court.

The knight's forehead was commonly shaved, that in case he should lose his helmet in combat, his antagonist should have no hold by which he might be pulled off his horse.



may procure a night's lodging, and ingredients to make that same balsam I mentioned; for, I vow to God! my ear gives me infinite pain."

"I have got here in my bags, said Sancho, an onion, a slice of cheese, and a few crusts of bread; but, these are eatables which do not suit the palate of such a valiant knight-errant as your worship." "How little you understand of the matter, answered Don Quixote? Thou must know, Sancho, that it is for the honour of knights-errant, to abstain whole months together from food, and when they do eat, to be contented with what is next at hand; this thou wouldst not have been ignorant of, hadst thou read so many histories as I have perused, in which, numerous as they are, I have never found any account of knights-errant eating, except occasionally, at some sumptuous banquet made on purpose for them; at other times, living upon air: and tho' it must be taken for granted, that they could not altogether live without eating, or complying with the other necessities of nature, being in effect men as we are; yet we are likewise to consider, that as the greatest part of their lives was spent in travelling thro' woods and deserts, without any cook or caterer, their ordinary diet was no other than such rustic food as thou hast now got for our present occasions\*: therefore, friend Sancho, give thyself no uneasiness, because thou hast got nothing to gratify the palate, nor seek to unhinge or alter the constitution of things." "I beg your worship's pardon, said Sancho, for, as I can neither read nor write, as I have already observed, I may have mistaken the rules of your knightly profession; but, from henceforward, I will store my budget with all sorts of dry fruits for your worship, who are a knight, and for myself who am none, I will provide other more volatile and substantial food." "I do not say, Sancho, that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing except these fruits, but only that their most ordinary sustenance is composed of them, and some certain herbs, which they know how to gather in the fields; a species of knowledge which I myself am no stranger to." "Surely, answered Sancho, it is a great comfort to know those same herbs; for, it comes into my head, we shall one day or another, have occasion to make use of the knowledge;" and taking out the contents of his wallet, they ate together with great harmony and satisfaction; but, being desirous of finding some place for their night's lodging, they finished their humble repast in a hurry, and mounting their beasts, put on at a good rate, in order to reach some village before it should be dark: but, the hope of gratifying that desire failed them with day-light, just when they happened to be near a goat-

\* We read in *Perceforest*, that there were flat stones placed at certain distances in uninhabited parts of the country, for the use of knights-errant, who having killed a roebuck, pressed the blood out of it upon one of these tables, by the help of another smooth stone, and then ate it with some salt and spices which they carried along with them for that purpose. This diet is called, in the French romances, *Chevaux de presse*, *secretaire des Chevaux*.

herd's hut, in which they resolved to pass the night: and in the same proportion, that Sancho was disgusted at not being able to reach some village, his master was rejoiced at an opportunity of sleeping under the cope of heaven; because he looked upon every occasion of this kind, as an act of possession, that strengthened the proof of his knight-errantry.

## C H A P. III.

Of what happened to Don Quixote, while he remained with the goat-herds.

**H**E received a very hearty welcome from the goatherds, and Sancho having, as well as he could, accommodated Rozinante and his ass, was attracted by the odour, that issued from some pieces of goat's-flesh, that were boiling in a kettle; but though he longed very much, at that instant, to see if it was time to transfer them from the kettle to the belly, he checked his curiosity, because the landlord took them from the fire, and spreading some sheep-kins upon the ground, set out their rustic table without loss of time; inviting their two guests to a share of their mess, with many expressions of good will and hospitality. Then those who belonged to the cot, being six in number, seated themselves round the skins, having first, with their boorish ceremony, desired Don Quixote to sit down on a trough, which they had overturned for that purpose.

The knight accepted their offer, and Sancho remained standing, to administer the cup, which was made of horn: but, his master perceiving him in this attitude; "That thou mayst see, Sancho, said he, the benefit which is concentrated in knight-errantry; and how near all those, who exercise themselves in any sort of ministry belonging to it, are to preferment and esteem of the world, I desire thee to sit down here by my side, in company with these worthy people: and that thou mayst be on an equal footing with me thy natural lord and master, eating in the same dish, and drinking out of the same cup that I use; for what is said of love may be observed of knight-errantry, that it puts all things upon a level."

"I give you a thousand thanks, said Sancho, but, I must tell your worship, that provided I have plenty, I can eat as much, nay, more to my satisfaction, standing on my legs, and in my own company, than if I was to sit by the side of an emperor: and, if all the truth must be told, I had much rather dine by myself in a corner, though it should be upon a bit of bread and an onion, without all your niceties and ceremonies, than eat turkey-cocks at another man's table, where I am obliged to chew softly, to drink sparingly, to wipe my mouth every minute, to abstain  
from

from sneezing or coughing, though I should be never so much inclined to either, and from a great many other things, which I can freely do, when alone: therefore, sir master of mine, I hope these honours which your worship would put upon me, as being the servant and abettor of knight-errantry, which to be sure I am, while I remain in quality of your squire, may be converted into other things of more ease and advantage to me, than those which, though I hold them as received in full, I renounce from henceforth for ever, amen." "Thou must nevertheless, sit thee down, said his master; for, him that is humble God will exalt;" and, seizing him by the arm, he pulled him down to the seat on which he himself sat.

The goatherds, who understood not a word of all this jargon of squire and knights-errant, did nothing but eat in silence, and gaze upon their guests, who with keen appetite, and infinite relish, solaced their stomachs, by swallowing pieces as large as their fists. This service of meat being finished, they spread upon their skins great quantities of acorns, and half a cheese, harder than plaister of Paris: all this time, the horn was not idle, but went, round so fast, sometimes full, sometimes empty, like the buckets of a well, that they soon voided one of the two skins of wine that hung in view.

Don Quixote having satisfied his appetite, took up an handful of the acorns, and after looking at them attentively, delivered himself to this purpose: "Happy age, and happy days were those, to which the ancients gave the name of golden; not, that gold, which in these our iron-times, is so much esteemed, was to be acquired without trouble, in that fortunate period; but, because people then, were ignorant of those two words MINE and THINE: in that sacred age, all things were in common; no man was necessitated, in search of his daily food, to undergo any other trouble than that of reaching out his hand, and receiving it from the sturdy oak, that liberally invited him to pull his sweet and salutary fruit. The limpid fountains and murmuring rills afforded him their savoury and transparent waters in magnificent abundance. In clefts of rocks and hollow trees, the prudent and industrious bees formed their commonwealths, offering without interest, to every hand the fruitful harvest of their delicious toil. The stately cork-trees voluntarily stripped themselves of their light extended bark, with which men began to cover their rural cottages, supported upon rustic poles, with a view only to defend themselves from the inclemencies of the weather. All was then peace, all was harmony, and all was friendship. As yet, the ponderous coulter of the crooked plough, had not presumed to open, or visit the pious entrails of our first mother, who, without compulsion, presented, on every part of her wide and fertile bosom, every thing that could satisfy, sustain and delight her sons, who then possessed

possessed her. Then did the simple and beautiful shepherdesses rove from hill to hill, and dale to dale, without any other cloaths than what were necessary to cover modestly that which modesty commands, and always has commanded to be covered. Neither were their ornaments such as are used now-a-days, enhanced in value by the Tyrian purple, and the many ways martyred silk; but composed of verdant dock-leaves and ivy interwove together; with which they appeared, perhaps with as great pomp and contrivance, as the courtiers of our days, dressed in all the rare and foreign fashions, which idle curiosity has invented. Then were the amorous dictates of the soul, expressed in sensible simplicity, just as they were conceived, undisguised by the artificial cloak of specious words. There was no fraud, no deceit, no malice intermixed with plain-dealing truth: justice then, kept within her proper bounds, undisturbed and unbiassed by interest and favour, which now impair, confound, and persecute her so much: law was not then, centered in the arbitrary bosom of the judge, for, at that time, there was neither cause nor contest. Damsels and decency, as I have already said, went about single, and without fear of being injured by insolence or lust; and their ruin, when it happened, was the fruit of their own will and pleasure. But, now-a-days, in this detestable age, no maid is secure, though she was concealed, and shut up in such another labyrinth as was that of Crete; for, even there, the amorous pestilence, with the zeal of mischievous importunity, would enter, either by the help of wings, or by gliding through some chink or other, and all her barricaded chastity would go to wreck. For the security of this virtue, in process of time, when mischief grew to a greater head, the order of knight-errantry was first instituted to defend damsels, protect widows, and succour the needy and the fatherless. This order, brother goatherds, I profess, and thank you for this kind entertainment and reception, which I and my squire have received at your hands: for, though by the law of nature, all mankind are obliged to favour and assist knights-errant, during the whole course of their lives; yet, as you have received and regaled me, before you knew yourselves to be under that obligation, I think it my duty to return my most sincere acknowledgment for your hospitality."

The whole of this tedious harangue, which might very well have been spared, was pronounced by our knight, because the acorns they presented recalled to his memory the golden age: therefore he took it in his head to make these useless reflections to the goatherds, who without answering one syllable, listened with suspense and astonishment. Sancho was also silent, but, kept his teeth employed upon the acorns, and paid many a visit to the second wine-bag, which that the contents might be the cooler, was hung upon a cork-

cork-tree. Don Quixote was less tedious in his discourse than at his meal, which being ended, one of the goatherds said, "That your worship knight-errant, may be convinced of our readiness and good will to give you all the entertainment in our power, you shall have the pleasure and satisfaction of hearing a song from one of our companions, who will soon be here. He is an understanding young fellow, very much in love, who moreover, can read and write, and play upon the rebec\*, that it will delight you to hear him." Scarce had the goat-herd pronounced these words, when their ears were saluted with the sound of this instrument, and presently after, appeared the musician, who was a young fellow of about twenty, or twenty two years of age, and of a very graceful appearance. His companions asked him if he had supped, and he answering in the affirmative, one of them, who made the offer to the knight, said to him, "If that be the case, Antonio, you will do us the pleasure to sing a song, that this gentleman our guest may see, there are some even among these woods and mountains, who understand music. We have already informed him, of thy uncommon talents, and we desire thou wouldst shew them, in order to justify what we have said in thy praise; I therefore, earnestly beseech thee to sit down, and sing the ballad of thy love, composed by thy uncle the curate, which is so much commended in our village." "With all my heart, replied the young man," who without farther intreaty sat down upon the trunk of an ancient oak, and tuning his instrument, began in a very graceful manner to sing and accompany the following song.

## I.

**Y**OU love, Olalla, nay adore me;  
 In spite of all your art I know it,  
 Although you never smile before me,  
 And neither tongue nor eyes avow it.

## II.

For, sure to slight a lover's passion,  
 So try'd as that which lives this heart in,  
 Were but small proof of penetration;  
 And that you are no fool is certain.

## III.

Sometimes, indeed, and 'tis amazing,  
 Though prov'd by evidence of twenty,  
 You've plainly shewn your soul was brazen,  
 And eke your snowy bosom flinty.

\* A sort of small fiddle of one piece, with three strings, used by shepherds.

## IV.

Yet, in the midst of maiden shyness,  
Affected scorn and decent scolding,  
Kind Hope appear'd with proffer'd spy-glass,  
The border of her robe unfolding.

## V.

Then balance in the scales of reason,  
My love unshaken and untainted,  
Unapt to change from truth to treason,  
By frowns impair'd, by smiles augmented.

## VI.

If love be courtesy refin'd,  
And you be civil to profusion,  
That you will to my hopes prove kind,  
Is but a natural conclusion.

## VII.

If gratitude that breast can soften,  
Which bids to other arts defiance,  
The services I've render'd often,  
Must melt your soul to kind compliance.

## VIII.

For, more than once, had you attended,  
You might have seen me wear on Monday,  
My best apparel scour'd and mended,  
With which I went to honour Sunday.

## IX.

As love delights in finery,  
And women oft are wont by tightness,  
I've still endeavour'd in your eye,  
To shine the mirror of politeness.

## X.

That I have danc'd the swains among,  
To please your pride what need I mention,  
Or with the cock begun my song,  
To wake my sleeping fair's attention.

## XI.

Or that, enamour'd of your beauty,  
I've loudly sounded forth it's praises;  
A task which though a lover's duty,  
The spite of other women raises.

## XII.

For, once, Terefa of the hill,  
 Beneath all notice would have funk ye,  
 " You think Olalla angel still,  
 (Said she) but others scorn the monkey.

## XIII.

Thanks to her beads of glittering glafs,  
 And her false locks in ringlets curling,  
 And the false colour of her face,  
 Which Love himself might take for sterling."

## XIV.

She ly'd, I told her in her throat;  
 And when her kinsman kept a racket,  
 You know, I made him change his note,  
 And foundly thresh'd the booby's jacket.

## XV.

Your lovely person, not your wealth,  
 At first engag'd my inclination;  
 Nor would I now possess by stealth,  
 The guilty joys of fornication.

## XVI.

The church has filken ties in store,  
 Then yield thy neck to Hymen's fetters;  
 Behold, I put my own before,  
 And trust the noose that binds our betters.

## XVII.

Else, by each blessed saint I swear,  
 And Heav'n forbid I prove a lyar!  
 Never to quit this desert drear,  
 Except in form of hooded fryar.

The reader will perceive that I have endeavoured to adapt the verification to the plainness and rusticity of the sentiment, which are preserved through the whole of this ballad; though all the other translators seem to have been bent upon setting the poetry at variance with the pastoral simplicity of the thoughts. For example, who would ever dream of a goatherd's addressing his mistress in these terms?

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

The original sentiments which this courtly stanza is designed to translate, are literally these :

" I do not mention the praises I have spoke of your beauty, which, though true in fact, are the occasion of my being hated by some other women."

Thus

Thus ended the goatherd's ditty, and though Don Quixote desired him to sing another, yet Sancho Panza would by no means give his consent, being more inclined to take his natural rest than to hear ballads; and therefore, he said to his master, "Your worship had better consider where you are to lodge this night; for, the labour that these honest men undergo in the day, will not suffer them to pass the night in singing." "I understand thee, Sancho, replied the knight, it plainly appears that the visits thou hast made to the wine-bag, demand the consolation of sleep, rather than that of music." "They agreed with us all very well, blessed be God;" replied Sancho. I do not deny it, said the knight, and thou mayst bestow thyself in the best manner thou canst; but it is more seemly for those of my profession to watch than to sleep: it would not be amiss, however, Sancho, to dress my ear again; for, it gives me more pain than I could wish." Sancho did as he desired: when one of the goatherds perceiving the wound, bad him give himself no trouble about it, for, he would apply a remedy that would heal it in a trice; so saying, he took some leaves of rosemary, which grew in great plenty round the hut, and having chewed, and mixed them with a little salt, applied the poultice to his ear, and binding it up carefully, assured him, as it actually happened, that it would need no other plaister.

#### C H A P. IV.

What was related by a goatherd, who chanced to come into the hut.

**I**N the mean time, one of the lads who brought them victuals from the village, entering the hut, said, "Do you know what has happened in our town, comrades?" When one of them answered, "How should we." "Know then, continued he, that the famous student Chrysoptom died this morning; and it is murmured about, that his death was occasioned by his love for that devilish girl Marcella, daughter of William the rich. She that roves about these plains in the habit of a shepherdes." "For Marcella, said you?" cried one. "The same, answered the goatherd, and it is certain that, in his last will, he ordered himself to be buried in the field, like a Moor (God bless us!) at the foot of the rock hard by the cork-tree-spring; for, the report goes, and they say, he said so himself, as how the first time he saw her, was in that place; and he has also ordained many other such things, as the clergy say, must not be accomplished, nor is it right they should be accomplished; for truly, they seem quite heathenish: to all which objections his dear friend, Ambrosio the student,



who also dressed himself like a shepherd, to keep him company, replies that he will perform every thing, without fail, that Chrysofom has ordered; and the whole village is in an uproar about it. But, it is believed, that every thing, at last, will be done according to the desire of Ambrosio, and all the rest of the shepherds, his friends; and that to-morrow he will be interred with great pomp in the very spot I have mentioned. I am resolved therefore, as it will be a thing well worth seeing, to go thither without fail, even though I thought I should not be able to return to the village that night." "We will do so too, replied the goatherds, and cast lots to see which of us must stay and take care of our flocks." "You are in the right, Pedro, said one, but, there will be no occasion to use that shift; for, I myself will stay, and take care of the whole, and you must not impute my tarrying to virtue, or the want of curiosity, but, to the plaguy thorn that ran into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking." "We are obliged to thee, however," answered Pedro, whom Don Quixote desired to tell him, who that same dead shepherd, and living shepherdes were.

To this question the goatherd replied, all that he knew of the matter, was, that the deceased was the son of a rich farmer, who lived in the neighbourhood of a village, in these mountains; that he had studied in Salamanca many years, at the end of which he had returned to his family with the character of a great scholar: in particular, they said, he was very knowing in the science of the stars, and what passed betwixt the sun and moon, and the heavens; for, he had punctually foretold the eclipse of them both! "The obscuration of those two great luminaries, said the knight, is called the eclipse, and not the clipse, friend." But, Pedro without troubling his head with these trifles, proceeded, saying, "he likewise, foresaw when the year would be plentiful or staril." "You mean sterile," said Don Quixote. "Sterile, or staril, replied Pedro, comes all to the same purpose; and I say, that his father and his friends taking his advice, became very rich; for, they gave credit to his words, and followed his counsel in all things. When he would say, this year you must sow barley, and no wheat; here you must sow carabances, but no barley; next year there will be a good harvest of oil; but, for three years to come there will not be a drop." "That science, replied Don Quixote, is called astrology." "I know not how it is called, replied Pedro; but this I know, that he knew all this, and much more. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, he appeared all of a sudden, in shepherd-weeds, with his woolly jacket, and a flock of sheep, having laid aside the long dress of a student. And he was accompanied by a friend of his in the same habit, whose name was Ambrosio, and who had been his

his fellow-student at college. I forgot to tell you, that Chrysofom the defunct was such a great man at composing couplets, that he made carols for Christmas-eve, and plays for the Lord's-day, which were represented by the young men in our village; and every body said, that they were tip-top. When the people of the village saw the two scholars, so suddenly clothed like shepherds, they were surprized, and could not guess their reason for such an odd chance. About that time, the father of this Chrysofom dying, he inherited great riches, that were in moveables and in lands, with no small number of sheep more or less, and a great deal of money: of all which, this young man remained desolate lord and master; and truly he deserved it all; for, he was an excellent companion, very charitable, a great friend to good folks, and had a most blessed countenance. Afterwards, it came to be known, that his reason for changing his garb, was no other, than with a view of strolling through the woods and desarts after that same shepherdess Marcella, whose name my friend mentioned just now, and with whom the poor defunct Chrysofom was woundily in love: and I will now tell you, for, it is necessary, that you should know who this wench is; for, mayhap, nay even without a mayhap, you never heard of such a thing in all the days of your life, though you be older than \*St. Paul." "Say Paul's," replied Don Quixote, offended at the goatherd's perverting of words. "St. Paul was no chicken," replied Pedro, and if your worship be resolved to correct my words every moment, we shall not have done in a twelvemonth." "I ask your pardon, friend, said the knight; I only mention this, because there is a wide difference between the person of St. Paul, and a church that goes by his name: but, however, you made a very sensible reply; for, to be sure, the saint lived long before the church was built: therefore go on with your story, and I promise not to interrupt you agen."

"Well then, my good master, said the goatherd, there lived in our village a farmer, still richer than Chrysofom's father; his name was William, and God gave him, over and above great wealth, a daughter, who at her birth was the death of her mother, the most worthy dame in all the country. Methinks I see her now with that face of hers, which seemed to have the sun on one side, and the moon on the other; she was an excellent housewife, and a great friend to the poor, for which reason I believe her soul is enjoying the presence of God in paradise. Her husband died of grief for the loss of so good a wife, leaving his daughter Marcella, young and rich, to the care of an uncle, who has got a living in our

\* In the original Spanish, the goatherd, instead of saying as old as Sarah, says as old as Sarna, which in that language signifies the itch; but as it is impossible to preserve these mistakes in the translation, I have substituted another in its room, which I apprehend is equally natural and expressive.